The Holiday - Jin's Pov

by FAGA

Summary

Kim Seokjin, an internationally renowned and handsome actor, and Jung Hoseok a humble book editor from a small town have something in common; their love life sucks. And they need a rest. For two weeks they will exchange lives, but who's to say if this will turn to be a complete change of their lives. They will turn the globe to get away from their heartaches but this will also turn their worlds upside down.

~based on the movie The Holiday
Chapter Notes

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This is Jin's POV. If you want to read Hoseok's POV go [here](#)
Kim Seokjin • Min Yoongi • Kim Namjoon • Jung Hoseok

a fic by
Angus-D and FAGA

the Holiday
based on the Original Motion Picture

Chapter One
“Please, don’t go” said the blonde. The rain mixing with his tears and soaking their clothes, the umbrella forgotten on the ground. “We can work it out. Let’s just try, give us a chance.”

The other man grabbed his face gently between his large hands, looking him in the eyes even though the rain was pouring heavily. “Stop. Don’t do this.”

“But--”

“I loved you. I really did--.”

“What happened? Please, tell me. What changed?” Begged the blonde with quivering lips.

“I did.”

“Nobody changes from one day to another!” screamed the crying man, dislodging himself from his lover’s hands.

Their eyes met. A gaze full of hurt drilling holes into the other’s face. “How long?”

“Love--”

“How long?!” said the blonde, a thunder matching his anger. “How-long?” he repeated when the other didn’t speak.

Sighing, he opened his mouth. “Just after--”
Suddenly the screen went blank.

“Ugh, worst scene ever.” The newly brown haired man threw the remote on the couch in front of him. “I caught a cold after being under that rain for two hours!”
“Yeah, remember your running nose?” said a deep voice from the kitchen. “And the disgusting sea of used tissues. And let’s not talk about your aspect. I still have nightmares.”

That brat. “Yah! I’m international handsome! People cry to have a face like mine”, gasped Jin.

A petite black haired man emerged from the kitchen munching a huge sandwich, leaving a trail of crumbs on the wooden floor behind him. After years of friendship, Jin knew that fighting with Yoongi about basic hygiene was a lost cause. "Maybe", said the other with his full mouth, "they
cry because your face is actually hideous and they have to see it in every billboard and magazine. It hunts them."

"Yeah, and that's why a lot of directors want to work with me. Because of my horrible face", scoffed Jin.

"I can't explain the industry, dude. It is what it is."

"Shut up. And grab a napkin for God's sake!"

Yoongi chuckled, depositing himself on the couch beside him. Jin decided not to look too intently to the mayonnaise almost dripping into his immaculate white couch and instead reached for his cellphone.

_No messages._

“By the way,” Yoongi interrupted himself to swallow after his friend gave him a disgusted look “how did you manage to do that scene? You know…the whole crying thing.”

A sigh from Jin. “Fake tears. And the artificial rain helped a lot. The director wasn’t thrilled at all but…I don’t know.”

The silence returned for a while. Only the noises of Yoongi eating his sandwich and the wind moving the trees outside disturbing the peace in the room.

“You know…” started Yoongi after a few seconds.

“No. We’ve already done this.” said Jin standing up with a serious face. He had been expecting something like that from Yoongi.

“Dude, you know that it could help talking to someone about your…emotional constipation.”

“I’m not emotionally constipated. It’s just…crying scenes are difficult.” He said, giving the box of tissues to his friend while refreshing his message page to avert the other’s eyes. “So what do you wanna watch next?”

Of course Yoongi couldn’t let it fucking go. “Jin, I’m serious.”

With a blinding smile, Jin raised his head. “Hi, Serious. I’m Jin.”

Yoongi only looked at him with a blank face.
Kim Seokjin, the most well paid actor in USA despite being korean, well known for his looks and talent in front of the camera. Everybody loved him because he didn’t go with the rules. He had been open about his sexuality since the beginning, showing his partner of four years in every single premier and red carpet. Dealing with the prejudice of the press, the public and his own family, helped to harden his spirit and attitude. Pretending that he didn't hear the whispers, the rumors of how he made it to the top (Really? Using his body to lure producers and directors? There had to be a more creative option) or the speculations of what will happen to him when he becomes old and wrinkly.

Hollywood was tough. So he had to learn to be tougher.

Even if he lost a bit of himself in the meantime.

Nobody had seen the Seokjin who struggled with his image and everyone’s expectations. The public knew him as the guy who shocked the entire world when he exited a car in a premier, becoming trending topic in an instant. Or the one that stole the hearts of millions with his flying kisses and his acting skills. His family returned to Korea, escaping from the fame of his son and leaving him and his sister behind. Ken, his boyfriend, only knew this rebuilt version of him. Nobody knew his past self. Nobody except..

“Yoongi--”

“What does Ken say?”

“He will support every decision I make, of course”

“He said that?” Jin nodded.
“Wow, what a nice way of saying he doesn’t care.”

“Yoongi--”

“Don’t Yoongi me. Where’s that wonderful boyfie of yours?”

“Fiancé.”

“Whatever.”

“He’s at his friend’s house.”

“Oh.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

Yoongi pretended that his half eaten sandwich was the most interesting thing in the whole word. "Nothing."

"Have you been reading the Us Weekly again? I told you they like to make things up so they can sell more."

"It's not that."
Closing his eyes, Jin quietly reminded himself that frowning's not good for his skin and, after taking a deep breath, returned to the couch with a gentle smile. "Yoongi-yah" he sing-songed.

His friend made a disgusted face but surprisingly didn't say anything, playing with the remnants of his sandwich.

Jin changed tactics and poked his friend's nose while making kissing noises. "Yoongiiii. Tell hyung what's wong."

"Okay! Okay!" said the other taking his hand away from his face, "don't need to play the hyung with me."

"It always works" said a satisfied Jin.

The silence returned, the wind even stronger than before. Jin's impatience wearing thin.

"Yoongi!"

"I talked to Jennie." He finally said.

"Okay...I'm happy that you talk to your girlfriend, I guess."

The dongsaeng rolled his eyes. "No, dumbass, we were talking about Ken and..."

"And..."

"And...that friend of his." Yoongi looked at him. Trying to say something with his eyes that he couldn't with his mouth. After a few silent seconds he sighed heavily and almost vomited the next words. "Jennie told me that someone saw him dancing really close to a woman two weeks ago at one of his favorite clubs. They were sucking faces all night, went to one of the back rooms and then left together an hour later." The brunet deflates, as if a big weight had been taken off his narrow shoulders.

Jin remained silent. Of course it was a mistake. Ken wasn't a cheater, they loved each other and were even preparing their wedding. Had the kid's talk, deciding to wait for a little while after Jin's schedule calmed down a little bit. Even though he was sure his fiance had been faithful, a myriad of questions appeared. Where was he two weeks ago? Did he talk to his fiance? Did he see anything strange? A foreign perfume maybe? Hickeys?

Then it dawned on him.

"Prague."

"What?"

"I was at Prague with the promotion of "Awake". But," he said with a relieved smile, "we skyped every single night, Yoongi. He was at home and when I arrived I didn't see anything strange. Maybe there's another man that looks like him."

Yoongi gave him a look of disbelief. "There are not a lot of korean men in USA, hyung."

The other laughed. "We know that the occidental people can't see the difference between Asians. They still think I'm Chinese, for crying out loud!" He couldn't stop laughing and he did it even harder after seeing his friend's face. "Yoongi! I know you don't like him but you can't think that he can be so stupid to do that on public knowing the paparazzis are everywhere!"
"Hyung..."

"Besides!" Jin interrupted him. "Nobody took a photo? I mean, if I see the partner of a famous person cheating on them I will surely take a picture of that and sell it to TMZ! Unless you're saying that Ken payed everyone on that club to keep the secret!" said with a final laugh. Yoongi still looking at him intently.

A sudden ping surprised them.
Jin grabbed his cellphone, his smile widening after seeing his fiance's name on the screen. "See? He's not afraid to show me where he is! He even sent a phot----." He abruptly stopped talking and stared at his phone with a shocked face that worried Yoongi.

"Hyung, what--?" He took Jin's phone from his hand and looked at it. A gasp escaping his lips. "Oh, shit."
Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

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See the end of the chapter for more notes
“Jin! Babe! Can we talk about this?!”

Yoongi was eating a bowl of cereal while amusingly watching how Ken grabbed his clothes from the ground. It’s always a good day when you see a grown up man desperately running after his overpriced underwear.

The sound of heels against the wooden floor caught his attention, Jin appearing from inside the house with a huge amount of shirts on his arms and wearing what he calls “Look what’ve you lost” outfit. Only Jin had an attire for every occasion and of course it was a long silk robe.

“Woah woah!” Yoongi stopped him and grabbed a black satin shirt with a satisfied smile. “Okay, you may proceed.”

With his friend’s blessing, Jin threw the clothes from the balcony.

“C’mon Jin! Hear me out!” screamed Ken avoiding the flying clothes.

“Sure! Tell me how many times did you see her behind my back! Or, maybe, explain what was going through your mind when you answered my Skype calls while being together in bed, you sick bastard!” Jin exited the balcony with a dramatic turn, probably to decide which shelve of the closet was going to be on the ground next.

Ken gapped like a fish out of water, prompting a loud laugh from Yoongi.

“Shut up, Yoongi!”

“What?” said the brunet with a mocking tone. “I’m just here, enjoying this beautiful day and helping a bro.”

“Don’t bro me and actually help me” said Jin behind him while carrying what looked like a heavy box of vinyls.

Yoongi gasped, “Don’t you dare. Those babies didn’t do anything wrong.”

“Stop being a music nerd and help me here!”

Yoongi grabbed the box with one hand, trying to stop Jin from throwing it from a first floor while still having the bowl of cereal on the other. “Do you know how much this costs?!”

“Of course I know! I gave them to him!” said the taller man between clenched teeth.

“What the fuck?! You gave them to your stupid boy toy who hears Miley Freaking Cyrus instead of your genius best friend?!”

“Oh my God, Yoongi! Can we have this conversation later?!” Jin said while struggling to grab the box with his sweating hands.

“I’m a fucking music producer, you dumbass! You gave me a watch for my birthday!”

“It was a Rolex!”

“Who even wears a watch nowadays!”

“Shitty friends, apparently!”

“How could you do this to me!” screamed Yoongi before taking advantage of Jin’s light grip to
take the box with both hands...which lead to a flying bowl.

A crash was heard, followed by a scream of pain. They both looked down to see Ken touching his head.

“Oh my god” said Jin before running downstairs.

“That was my favorite bowl, fucker!” yelled Ken.

Yoongi, still holding the box with vinyls like a precious treasure, merely scoffed. “Cry me a river, Ken!”
Jin opened the door with a concerned expression, his robe trailing behind him. “Ken, are you okay?”

Ken looked at him with pleading eyes. “Babe…”

“Really?” Jin whined. “Faking a wound so I would come down? Who’s the actor here?”

“Babe, please, listen to me. It was nothing I swear.”

“Oh! That makes it better! You ruined a relationship because of nothing. Just a fling. Get fucked Ken! Oh wait! You already did! By big tit blonde with a strap-on!”

“Good one, hyung!”

“Shut up, Yoongi!” Jin and Ken yelled in unison.

“Babe, can you please calm down?”

“Suuure” said Jin with a condescending tone. “Let’s all calm down so the cheating bastard can explain what was he thinking when he decided to cheat on his fiance?!”
Ken sighed, letting his head fall on his chest, hiding his face under that ridiculous hat that Jin bought him for their anniversary as a joke but that he totally adored because it was expensive. “We’ve had problems for over a year, even though you don’t want to deal with that. But we have. Your schedule—”

“Oh my God, here we go.”

“You were never home! I felt lonely! I want to feel loved and cherished too, you know?”

“Sure, Ken, I was having a field day being away from home and who I thought was the love of my life.”

“See?” said Ken pointing at him. “It’s all about you! About what you want! What about me? I have dreams too!”

“What dreams, Ken? Because the last time we spoke, you wanted to be a writer, before that a model, before that a DJ. I’ve been paying for every single one of your experiments, even hooking you up with professionals, people who can give you work but a month later you’re done because it’s too difficult, babe! Of course it’s difficult!”

“Oh the national sweetheart is talking! The Korean Brad Pitt! You sneeze and there’s a Golden Globe waiting for you! Imagine if your fans knew that you’re just a frigid prince who breaks up with his fiance and doesn’t even shed a tear!”

“Why does it bother you so much that I can’t cry?”

“Because I just need to know that you’re feeling something!” yelled Ken.

“Let me tell you what I’m feeling, Ken” said Jin taking a step towards him. “I feel anger, disappointment, hate and a big need of kicking you out of my house so I don’t have to see your face ever again. I’m tired of your lies, your excuses and the mere idea of you with that whore who, I have to say, has more balls than you because without her and her photographic skills I will be still believing that you’re the right man to start a family with.”

The other man snorted, “C’mon, do you really think that you’re apt to have a family?”

There’s a sharp intake of breath behind Jin who was rooted to the spot. “What do you mean by that?” said the actor in a low voice.

A strong hand grabbed his shoulder, “Hyung, we better get inside.”

“No, let him speak” argued Jin without taking his eyes of his ex. “What do you mean?”

Ken looked at him with wide eyes, a sudden expression of regret passing his features. “Nothing.”

“Tell me!” Jin still struggled with a nervous Yoongi. “Why did you say that? Why can’t I have a family?”

Ken opened his mouth but was interrupted by a furious Yoongi putting himself as a barrier between his friend and him, pushing him with both hands. “Not a word, asshole! Get out of here!”

“Yoongi” said Jin.

“Take your shit and never come back!”

“Yoongi!”
“No, hyung! You don’t have to hear anything from him!” he said before turning his murderous gaze to Ken. “Don’t you think you did enough damage? Just go so I don’t have to kick your fucking ass in front of my friend.”

“Really?” said Ken, taking a step forward and looking Yoongi down. “Try me, dwarf.”

Before Yoongi could hit that smirk from the other’s face, a pair of strong arms grabbed him by the waist and lifted him up as if he was just a rag doll. “Stop it, Yoongi. I don’t want him calling the police.”

“Let me go, hyung! Let me go and he won’t be able to call anyone when he’s buried underground!”

Jin tried to contain his smaller friend, thanking his visits to the gym because that man might look little but damn he was strong. “Ken, go away” said between clenched teeth. “I don’t want to deal with you anymore. We’re over.” With Yoongi still kicking and yelling, he turned to the door.

“You know why you won’t have a family?” said Ken with poison in his voice, abruptly stopping Jin and silencing Yoongi. “Who would want to give a child to an unemotional fag who can’t even keep his boyfriend?”

Every word felt like a punch in the gut, leaving him numb, without any feeling on his body. Suddenly it was like the air wasn’t enough, like it would never be enough. As if the gravity became too heavy and it was going to crash him.

His gaze met a pair of sad eyes looking at him from under dark bangs. “Hyung…”

On autopilot he turned to a distressed Ken. “Jin, I-”

“Thank you for your input,” said Jin on a calm voice. “I will consider it when I send the papers. Now, get out of my property.” Without saying anything else he took Yoongi’s arm and together entered the house leaving a somber Ken behind.
I should have let Yoongi kill him.

Kim Seokjin liked to describe himself as a smart person, the kind that deceives you with a pretty face and then kicks your ass with a witty comment. Yoongi will say that he’s not a Bond Girl (They’re the best! Fuck your stereotypes.), or that his IQ is as high as his age.

The audacity.

But, sometimes he thought that his friend had a point.

Because there he was, in front of the computer, looking at old pictures of his ex and him.

Deleting a few (a lot), photoshopping others (what? he looks really good in that tuxedo) and cursing himself for being so stupid. For being so blind. Such an... unemotional fag.

Jin’s sigh filled the silence in the room, the words still ringing in his ears, his heart still beating faster than ever.

That definition wasn’t something new. Being a homosexual actor meant that he heard and read every nickname imaginable from haters, producers, journalists, co-workers.

And, now, his partner.

His cellphone came alive with an incoming call. Another one from Ken who had been trying to
contact him since he left the house. Jin declined the call again and the screen changed to his lockscreen image of him and the other man. That was one of his favorite, taken after a celebratory dinner for buying their first house together.

Well, not their house anymore. *His* house.
Jin closed his eyes really hard, hiding his face between both hands. His fiance was gone. The future he wanted so hard was gone. *Come on.* Christmas was around the corner. He was alone. His family away. *Please, just one.* Only him, in that huge house full of memories. No kids. No pets. *Just One. Fucking. Tear.* Nobody. Just him. All by himself.

“Oh, fuck it” he mumbled exasperated. If the tears didn’t come out in years, they wouldn’t appear right there from nowhere.

It wasn’t that he didn’t feel bad for ending his long-term relationship. He was devastated, of course. Because even though a lot of people called him an “Ice Prince” he had feelings. Like a genius said once: “*I do have feelings! I am an actress! I have all of them!*”

Maybe he couldn’t cry, but tears were not the only way of showing sadness and the person who said the opposite obviously saw a lot of Hallmark movies.

He still remembered how depressed he felt after the departure of his family. The numbness when Yoongi found him at their shared department, how he couldn’t tell him what happened or if he needed something. His friend was the only reason why he didn’t die of starvation. Making him eat, forcing him to take a shower (*Deodorant won’t help you anymore, hyung*) and even talking to his agent so she could give him more auditions.

Min Yoongi was an incredible man and if he was his best friend it meant that he was more than an
unemotional fag.

Fuck you, Ken.

This time, when his phone rang, he declined the call immediately. Changed his lockscreen for one of Yoongi and him on their last vacation together, the younger’s hair a bright green that looked surprisingly good on him. (*A seagull is going to think you’re a seaweed!, Close your ass overpaid actor.*)

After spending a few moments looking at that picture, he closed the folder with photos of his cheating fiance and opened the browser with a new found determination.

*Vacation Spots* he typed into the search bar.

He needed to get out of there. Out of that house, far away from the public eye before the media found out about Ken, far away from the prying eyes, maybe even far away from the country.

The first result said “Worry Free vacations”. But after clicking the link and seeing the beautiful scenery of Bora Bora and imagining himself in the middle of all the newlyweds and families... No, thank you.
The next link “Vacation Rentals” was perfect. He could choose a quiet place, hidden from all civilization, where he could spend all day drinking wine and avoiding social interactions. Perfect.

A place where people spoke English, of course, he wasn’t going to make any friends but the wine won’t appear by itself.

England was the obvious choice.

The city was another thing. He didn’t know shit about England.

Choosing to leave the decision to a higher power, he closed his eyes and moved his finger over the screen, opening them once he pointed at one of the options.

Surrey. That sounded nice.

After clicking on the link, the photo of a lovely house appeared.
Christmas in the country

A fairy tale English cottage set in a tranquil country garden. Snuggle up by an old stone fireplace and enjoy a cup of cocoa. An enchanting oasis of tranquility in a quiet English hamlet, just forty minutes from exciting London.

Listing #25422

Obviously, that house had been sent by the Gods.

Thank you, William. I will pour wine over a skull while reciting Hamlet’s monologue in your honor.

Without hesitation, the actor opened the chat to contact the owner of the house.

__________________

Jinlicious:

I saw your add and I was interested in the house exchanging thing.

HoneyBee:

Hello! Yes. have you ever did something like this before?
Jinlicious:

No, I’ve never done it. It’s like Wife Swap or something like that where they trade women and pretend that they’re not treating them like objects but with...actual objects? House Swap?

HoneyBee:

Uhh, yes. That’s pretty much it. We exchange houses, cars, everything! I haven’t done it before but friends of mine have.

HoneyBee:

Where are you?

Jinlicious:

L.A.

HoneyBee:


Jinlicious:


Hi.

Your house looks wonderful by the way.

HoneyBee:
Hi :)  
Why Thank you! What does your place look like?

Jinlicious:

Very nice. A little bigger than yours.

HoneyBee:

Not hard to be.

Jinlicious:

This will sound weird but...are there any men near you?

HoneyBee:

Zero.

Jinlicious:

When can I come?

HoneyBee:

Tomorrow too soon??

Jinlicious:
Oh Hoseok...tomorrow is perfect

**HoneyBee:**

Then, We are on! Two weeks starting tomorrow :)

**Jinlicious:**

The craziest, reckless and most intelligent thing I did in a long time

**HoneyBee:**

Honestly, same. Hope you have a wonderful time in my humble house Seokjin~

**Jinlicious:**

Welcome to the Jineraton, Hoseok. Six stars.
Chapter End Notes

Hello beautiful people!

Thank you so much for reading!!
So, this is Jin POV. If you want to read Hoseok POV click here
I've been having a few problems with the pictures and GIFs, they just don't appear! If you know of a solution or you can't see the pictures, please tell me!
Again, thank you for reading. I will be posting next Monday.
Happy New Year my lovelies!
“What the fucking fuck!?”

Jin held his cellphone away from him in fear of losing his audition because of a certain brunet who kept screaming from the other side of the line.

“Are you trying to get yourself killed? Or robbed? Because exchanging houses with a total stranger will end in one of those. Or both!”

Jin sighed heavily before answering in a low voice, too aware of his surroundings. “Yoongi, I’m not an idiot. Of course I checked everything about this Hoseok person and it seems legit so don’t get your panties twisted.”

“My pan--I---” spluttered Yoongi “I-I told you not to tell anyone about that!”

“Drunk Yoongi had a lot of things to say about that.”

“Drunk Yoongi is an asshole like you, dramatic fucker who decides to go away without telling his best friend.”

“I’m telling you now.”

“WHEN YOU’RE ALREADY ON THE PLANE!”
Yoongi’s voice apparently was so loud that could be heard by an annoyed middle age man two rows in front of him. The actor gave him an apologetic smile while lowering the volume of his phone. “Well, I was really busy making a few arrangements and maybe avoiding this conversation because I knew you were going to be like this.”

“Well, I was really busy making a few arrangements and maybe avoiding this conversation because I knew you were going to be like this.”

“Like a concerned good friend who doesn’t want you dead?!”

“Before you continue screaming at me,” he said interrupting the other, “I’m not going to a recondit place to kill myself after leaving a tragic note on the kitchen table. Not going to have a mid-life crisis at my late twenties and buy a Porsche or have sex with a ton of hot men who are also my heroin dealers. I just really need to get out of that unnecessary huge house before the paparazzis decide that my front garden is the hottest spot in town. Ken’s calls, my manager’s messages and this low budget version of Robert De Niro who keeps looking at me like I just stole his Oscar are driving me nuts! What are you looking at?!” he shouted to the middle age man who turned around immediately after being discovered. Without the noisy viewer, Jin closed his eyes and tried to calm himself a little bit.

That was one of the reasons he didn’t want to talk to Yoongi. He was the most down to earth person he knew. Of course he was going to freak out and demand him to go home, but that wasn’t an option. And no way he was going to go to Yoongi and Jennie’s loft while he was all broody. Those two didn’t know how to deal with human feelings without being awkward.

No, he made up his mind and the time to back off was over. Literally, because the plane was about to depart.

“Yoongi,” he said in a calming voice, “I need time, I need space and I really need my best friend’s support. So, please, let me get away with this for now and pretend that you’re not judging me. Please. I beg you.”

The silence on the other line was deafening.

Jin was about to sigh in defeat and end the call like the flashing signs were telling him to do when Yoongi spoke.

“I support you, hyung. I always did and always will. Even though I don’t approve this plan, I get where this is coming from and, if this is what you want and need, I will shut my ass.”

Jin was more than pleased. Probably sporting a goofy smile for the De Niro’s doppelganger to see. “Your panty clad ass?”

“Okay, this conversation’s over. Choke on your heroin dealer’s dick, you fucker.”

“At least he will use his real dick and not a dildo like a certain rapper’s girlfriend” said Jin with a cocky grin.

“I WILL FUCKING MURDER YOU AND PISS ON YOUR GRAVE!”

Jin laughed out loud and catched the attention of the stewardess who approached him. “I’m sorry, sir” she said “we’re about to depart and I need you to turn off your phone.”

The actor nodded while wiping his tears. “Okay, Yoongi, I have to go. I’ll call you when I land.”

“Wait, hyung!” said a frantic Yoongi.

“Yeah?”
“Please call me everyday. I don’t care if it’s just to tell that you took the trash out. Just tell me how you’re.”

Jin smiled softly to the ground, “Of course. I can’t live without my daily dose of Suga.”

He could hear giggles approaching his napping spot, accompanied by the sound of tiny feets walking carefully on the grass. Containing a smile, he tried not to show that he wasn’t asleep anymore. The sun on his face making it easy to keep his eyes closed. The giggles, getting even closer, and the occasional “shh, don’t wake him up” were breaking his facade really fast, his whole body shaking with contained laughter.

The sudden weight of a small body colliding with his chest made him release a squeaky noise.

“Papa up?”, said a tiny voice right on his ear.

Jin laughed even though his lungs weren’t receiving enough air, “Now, yes.”

“Be careful, baby, you don’t want to hurt Papa, right?”, said someone near them, their low calming voice making Jin smile wider.

“Nooo,” whined the little one, “me love Papa. Papa good? Papa ok?”

The love invaded Jin’s body. An indescribable amount of fondness for this small person who grabbed him even tighter with his chubby hands at the mere idea of him hurting.

“Maybe a few kisses will make Papa feel better,” said that wonderful voice.

Without warning, Jin’s face was being attacked by a pair of pouty lips, determined to cover him with kisses and making him laugh even louder. Stopping abruptly to say “Daddy mooches Papa too!”
The cute demand prompted a quiet laugh from the other man. “Are you sure?”

“Yes! Papa need Daddy mooches to feel ‘etter!”

“Okay, everything for Papa” said the other full of amusement.

“E’rything for Papa!” squealed the little voice.

A figure blocked the sun, allowing Jin to open his eyes. He saw the silhouette of a man over him, his features hidden by the shining light behind. It was difficult to breath but not because of the toddler on his chest.

“Are you okay, sir?”, said the unknown male.

Jin frowned, “Sir? Not baby or sweetheart?”

“Excuse me?”
Jin opened his eyes in shock. Mia, his Uber driver, was looking at him from the driver’s seat. “Sir, are you okay?”, she asked concerned.

“Yeah, sorry,” he said while tiredly rubbing his face.

The flight had been hard, despite the luxury of travelling on first class. After landing and sending a message to Yoongi, he had called an Uber and proceeded to fall asleep on the back seat, lulled by the car’s movement. The last thing he remembered was the sudden change of temperature, the high buildings and the huge amount of people wearing warm clothes.

Now, their surroundings were... bright. Full of snow.

Snow and nothing else.

No buildings, no fairytale houses, no country garden, not a single soul apart from Mia and him.

“This is it? This is Rosehill Cottage?” he asked in a worried tone. Yoongi will never let this down.

“Oh no, it's just down that lane,” said sweet sweet Mia who was going to receive five stars and a recommendation on the app. “But I'll never be able to turn the car around at the other end because of the narrowness of the road. Maybe you can make it from here?”

And bye bye recommendation.

But the five stars were still on.

Watching his only way of transportation disappear around the corner didn’t feel good at all. But worse was looking at the large amount of luggage he had to take with him by foot.

Did he have to wear the most uncomfortable pair of Gucci shoes he owned? Well, he looked fancy as hell so it was a fair price to pay.

Twenty minutes later, and he was regretting that statement with all his heart. Sweating like a sinner at church, face probably as red as the ass of one of those monkeys he used to see at the zoo, his hair had seen better days for sure, his clothes---well, let’s say that he was thankful there was no paparazzis around.

“Kim Seokjin, USA’s sweetheart, found dead on a remote village.” said Jin outloud. “Cause of death: hypothermia and his own stupidness. At least we know white looked really good on him.”

Tired, he stopped walking and took a big breath. That wasn’t how he wanted to start his vacation. He wanted to be drinking hot cocoa while looking at the fireplace, maybe reading a good book or watching Pride and Prejudice to see how Darcy was an adorkable mess around Lizzie. But what he really wanted, what he really desired was to see more than snow and trees.

Woof!

Jin shrieked, hiding behind his suitcase as if it were a shield. He looked down and saw the roundest dog he had ever seen wagging his little tail at him.
“Oh my God! You almost killed me!” screamed Jin to the pup that looked at him like enjoying the show. “Don’t do that to me!”

Trying to catch his breath, the actor looked around to figure out where this furry vandal came from. The fur was shiny and groomed, obviously well-fed, wasn’t afraid of people, so he wasn’t lost. Carefully he crouched and extended his hand towards the dog who excitedly approached him to sniff him.

The actor smiled gently while caressing the soft hair, laughing once the tiny dog licked his face.
“Oh!”, he exclaimed after realizing the dog had a collar with the shape of a bone. “Mickey! What a cute name!” Mickey barked after hearing his name and struggled to be let down. The moment his paws touched the ground, he began running towards a path of trees covered by the snow. After sensing that Jin wasn’t moving, he turned around and barked at him as if saying what are you waiting for?

“Mickey, you’re a genius” said Jin in awe.

The house was just like the picture on the Internet. A cute two floor cottage with a front garden, white windows and what look like not one but two chimneys to keep it warm. So perfect that he wanted to cry.

Mickey took him out of his surprise with a bark, proceeding to open the front gate with his little
paws, rounding the house. Jin behind him, eager to be inside a warm place.

Locating the key under the rug wasn’t difficult at all, an adorable key chain of a sun and what appeared to be a tiny picture of Mickey hooked to it.

“Of course it’s his house,” chuckled Jin before opening the door.

A gasp left the actor’s mouth.

The interior was cosy and inviting. It wasn’t a huge place (the first floor was as large as his kitchen on LA) but it added to the natural charm of the house. The furniture didn’t match at all; an old sofa here, a modern ottoman there, the latest sound system just beside a vintage record-player and was that a walkman? But somehow everything worked good together. The different patterns, textures, every inch screamed home. Nothing was ostentatious, as if the owner didn’t care about design but about comfort.

For the first time in what it looked like ages, the weight on Jin’s shoulders disappeared.

Yes, this is going to work.

This is not going to work, he thought.

The actor had reanimated his cold hands, drank a cup of tea (no cocoa? what the hell Hoseok?), made an impromptu karaoke with Mickey as his most feverous fan, started reading a book and an hour and a half later...he was bored.

One of the things he wasn’t accustomed to was the silence. He was usually surrounded by paparazzis, colleagues, make up artists, etc. The noise and trivial conversations were part of his busy life. But, at Surrey, he had nothing to do apart from being with his thoughts. Something that
of course he didn’t want to.

That’s why, he was inside of Hoseok’s car, having a meltdown.

“I can do this. I can drive on the wrong side of the road, I’m Kim freaking Seokjin for Christ sake.” Mia had been right about the narrowness, every single car that appeared on the other lane looked like was going to crashed the red Mini Cooper he was in. And not being used to drive on the right side of the car wasn’t helping at all.

Then, a huge truck rounded a corner and Jin literally panicked, “Oh, no. Oh, no. Oh, no!”

The driver honked, warning him. At the last second, the actor moved the wheel avoiding hitting the other. Jin took a breath and looked through the rear-view mirror how the truck continued his way, almost missing the biker right beside him.

“Move out the way!” screamed the biker.

“Sorry!” Jin hitted the breaks with force, right on the sidewalk, thankfully avoiding the pedestrians. “Okay,” he was breathless, “I need a drink.”

Kim Seokjin liked to consider himself a food lover, a foodie, a connoisseur (Just say you like to eat and stop bothering me, How dare you Min Yoongi? Respect your hyung’s palate, Is your palate going to taste that cheeseburger or what?). People thought he did a lot of exercise because of his career, actually he did it because he needed space for the next meal. And because his abs looked great.
He was sure his personal trainer, Sergei, would have something to say about all the carbs inside his cart or the can of cocoa on his hand.

“Fuck you, Sergei. Cocoa rocks.”, muttered Jin.

Suddenly, someone gasped right beside him. “That was a bad word!”

Jin was sure he broke his neck at how hard he looked down. There was a little boy in a Spiderman hoodie, looking at him in shock, his light brown hair falling on his wide open eyes and his small mouth forming an “o”. He was the most adorable thing he had ever seen.

“Oh, I’m so sorry! I didn’t know you were there!” said an apologetic Jin.

The cute boy looked at him for a while before abruptly changing his expression. A boxy grin replacing his pout, making his eyes look like moon crescents and his cheeks fuller.

“It’s all right, sir! Daddy says bad words too and puts money in the potty jar. Do you have a potty jar?”

“Umm, no.”

The answer made the toddler gasp again, “But how do you buy lollipops and chocolates if you don’t have a potty jar?”

“I-ah-I work.”

“Daddy works too!” Jin had to refrain himself from cooing at how happy the boy looked talking about his father. “And he says that Kook and I work hard too because we’re growing up everyday to change zoociety in the future and make it better because did you know that zoociety has ouchies? Daddy says that nobody knows how to cure the ouchies but maybe we can cure them because we are the bestest boys because we eat our ‘getables and we always make him happy with kisses. Maybe with kisses we can cure the zoociety!”, finished the little boy with his arms up in victory.

Jin was dumbfounded. This little kid, this little philosopher, talked for almost a minute without having to take a breath, giving the most adorable monologue about society and leaving him speechless.

“Sir?” said the boy looking like a confused puppy. “Kisses are the cure?”

Seokjin was about to answer with something like *All you need is love* or *Can I squish your cheeks?*, when a frantic voice from another aisle interrupts him.

“Tae! Where are you?!”

The boy jumped in surprise. “I’m coming, Daddy!” Tae said before looking at Jin with a guilty expression. “I’m sorry, sir. My daddy said no talking to strangers if I wanted a toy. Can you keep the secret?” he whispered.

Jin smiled, “Of course. But you have to be careful and listen to your father, okay?”

“Because zoociety has ouchies?”

Jin’s smile grew even wider, “Yes, Tae. Because of zoociety’s ouchies. But maybe you can cure them in the future.”

“I will!”, said Tae with his boxy grin.
“Tae! Let’s go!”

“Coming, Daddy!” Tae smiled at Jin and turned to grab a bright yellow truck from one of the shelves. With a last smile, he waved at the man before running towards his father’s voice, leaving a beaming Jin behind.

Chapter End Notes

Cutie Pies!

Sorry for the late update, I hope a little TaeTae is enough to make you forgive me. Thank you so much for your comments and kudos! See you next Monday!

If you want to read Hoseok’s POV click here

If you want to say something nice, you can visit my tumblr
Chapter Notes

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This is Jin's POV. If you want to read Hoseok's POV go here

Photo of Namjoon by remarkable0912

See the end of the chapter for more notes

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Chapter Four
Seokjin had been putting the groceries away when he saw the cute message on the fridge’s door. Jung Hoseok really was one of a kind, any man that encourages you to eat all his food deserves respect.

Even if that food is utter shit.

Seriously, who leaves a few fries and decides to keep them in case they want a soggy dinner later? And the Chinese take out was, apparently, Hoseok’s favorite food because there were a lot of containers in different conditions

“At least I will not be thirsty” muttered Jin after seeing the disturbing amount of Sprite bottles.

The cottage had that ambience that tempted you to just lay down in front of the fireplace with a nice book and a glass of wine. The actor decided to let the wine unopened so he could finally enjoy his cup of hot cocoa while silently searching for something interesting to read. Mickey was looking at him from his throne, a.k.a. the biggest couch of the living room, with his head on his paws and heavy-lidded eyes.

The book shelves weren’t enough to contain the immense collection, having to leave a few of them piled up on the wooden ground, on the table or even under the couch. It was obvious that Hoseok loved reading regardless the genre or date of publication (The Iliad by Homer and A Wild Sheep Chase by Murakami were side by side) and, looking at the state of the books, he took good care of them. Even though there was a huge variety, the romance was all over the place.

“All right, Hoseok, I see that Danielle Steel is your cup of tea. Ha! Get it? Because he lives in
England!” Mickey, in fact, wasn’t amused at all.

Jane Austen, Danielle Steel, Nora Roberts, Nicholas Sparks, J. R. Ward, just to name a few. But also other authors that he didn’t know.

“Love War by Park Jimin.” read Jin out loud. The book was about two businessmen who were in love but couldn’t be together because of the animosity between their families, owners of rival companies. “So like a gay version of Romeo and Juliet.” Jin grabbed the book and made himself comfortable on the couch, Mickey immediately getting close to him.

The actor drank his cocoa while reading, only the passing of the pages and the dog’s little snores filling the silence of the room.

After a few minutes he closed the book with a sigh.

“Okay, this guy really doesn’t know how to write.” he said and looked for the picture of the author. “Well, at least he has his looks.” And he really did. That Park Jimin could be a model and that was coming from an actual model and actor who was constantly surrounded by beautiful people.

Realizing his cup was empty, he went to the kitchen to get a refill but a sudden cold breeze distracted him from his main goal.

There was a door on his left, barely open but enough for the chilly air to pass through.

Jin was a really curious person, totally aware that sometimes he had to contain that curiosity if he didn’t want to get in trouble. Or being impolite.

If Hoseok, who literally opened the doors of his house for him to stay, closed one of them to keep some of his privacy, then he should behave like a normal person and respect his wishes, right?

But, on the other hand, if he were a normal person he wouldn’t be there, at the outskirts of London, living in a stranger’s house, stocking his fridge and almost crashing his car (a fact that said owner will never know).

Knowing that, it was no surprise that Jin didn’t feel any regrets when he opened the mysterious door.

The place was as cold as the freaking Himalaya, consequence of an unlocked dog door which was oscillating because of the wind, that was the cause of the disarray of a lot of papers all over the floor. If he had to describe the room in one word he would have chose chaos.

Quickly, Jin closed the small door but not without sending a disapproving look to the dog on the couch who only waved happily his tail.

After collecting all the papers, he placed them on the big wooden desk under the window beside a computer that was almost drowning under all the sticky notes and manuscripts written in Hoseok’s handwriting. Curious, Jin grabbed the nearest to him and read it in awe.

The main character, H, had found out that his lover was getting married with someone else. Someone richer and more powerful, who will obviously help them to escalate the social hierarchy. H couldn’t stop reliving every kiss, every caress, every word exchanged between them trying to find where he went wrong. Maybe find a clue that the man he loved for a long time was only using him as an entertainment, a willing warm body that will receive him with open arms. That will love him even then, when he was kissing another in front of him.
The way the author described H’s pain was perfect. The actor’s heart breaking for that man whose lover had been lying to him but for whom he couldn’t feel any resentment. The shock of knowing that he was just a dirty secret, that the future he had picture for them wasn’t meant to be because he wasn’t enough. That maybe he will never be enough.

Damn, Hoseok had a gift.

No, Hoseok was a genius.

If Hoseok were a Sim he will have the highest level of the Writing skill.

Was he in love with Hoseok?

No, that was insane. It was only admiration because he really had a way with words.

Frantically, he looked for the next page. Did H find true love? Did his ex-lover realize that he made a mistake? What happened with the plane tickets that H bought for them? Did he used them?

After choosing to grab another pile of manuscripts, he stopped abruptly in his tracks. Those paragraphs were familiar to him. He’d read them recently.

Jin went to the book on the couch, waking up Mickey in his haste.

After finding the page he was looking for, he compared it with the manuscript. His head moving from one side to the other like watching a tennis match.

“Holy shit” he said.

The character’s name changed but the words were exactly the same. Even the punctuation, the dialogue, everything was the same. Jin compared both documents, coming to the conclusion that Hoseok actually wrote a big part of that Park Jimin’s book, the best parts actually. But his name was nowhere. No acknowledgement, no thanks, nothing.

“Asshole” said Jin while still passing the pages in his search of Hoseok’s well deserved praise.

Unfortunately, those things happened all the time. When he began working, he quickly realized that the true heroes weren't the ones posing in front of the cameras, or signing the autographs. Not even the names under the big title of the movie, who took all the recognition at the end of the day. The real masterminds were behind the scenes, writing and extinguishing fires like it was nothing, running behind everyone to verify that everything was perfect. The real heroes were like Jung Hoseok, who did it because he loved his art and not the fame.

Almost at the end of the tome, he discovered a rectangular piece of paper. A plane ticket to L.A. With Park Jimin’s name on it.

Before the actor could connect the dots, a sudden knock surprised him so hard that he jumped on the air letting a scream out.

Without hesitation, he reached the nearest hard object. Which was a lamp. And a book. He even looked at Mickey, who was barking like crazy, to assess if he could use him as a weapon.

Let’s remember that he was in the countryside, on a freezing night, with no near neighbors, alone with a tiny dog that didn’t even reach his knees. Of course he was scared as fuck.

“Wh-Who is it?” he said, trying to sound like a grown up man and not like one of those teenagers
in scary movies who died first.

“It’s me!” said a low voice. “Hurry up! It’s freezing out here!”

Unsure, Jin looked through the peephole, trying to see the person outside but only being able to see the top of their head. “Who are you?”

“Hoseok, if you don’t open this door I’ll become a popsicle. Could you live with the guilt?”

“Just tell me who you are!”

“Oh my God, I don’t have time to play this game.” Jin heard the movement of the rug outside the door, followed by a discontent sigh. “Did you take the emergency key?”

“Maybe!”

“Jesus.” The man stayed silent for a second before saying in a cocky tone, “I guess I’ll have to relieve my bladder on your petunias.”

“Not my problem!”

“All right, then!” The sound of a belt being unclasped. “You should know, I drank a lot of beer.”

This time, Jin hesitated. This psycho wouldn’t do it, right? “Again, not my problem!”

A zipper going down. “It will be when this beauties die.”

Jin never unlocked a door so fast in his life. “Don’t you dare!” he screamed, opening the door and facing a lanky man with a stoic face.

“You’re not Hoseok” said the tall man with his hands on his hips. “Who are you?”
There, in the threshold, was one of the most handsome men he had ever seen in his life.

His silky hair wet from the melting snow, parted artfully to show his forehead. Piercing brown eyes raking over his body, looking at the loose collar of his shirt that showed his collarbones, his baggy joggers. Jin felt himself shivering and not because of the cold outside. The man licked his lips, taking the actor's attention to that wonderful image, then falling to the dark tie and vest that hugged his chest, over the tight pants showing long and muscular legs.

Mickey chose that moment to take the tall man's attention by barking and munching his shiny shoes, taking them both out of their astonishment.

“Hoseok's not here” he said, returning his eyes to the man’s face who was apparently transfixed by the actor’s chest.

The stranger shook his head and cleared his throat, looking everywhere but Jin. “Umm, sorry for coming like this. I would have called but I thought---where's he exactly?”

Jin frowned, “He didn’t tell you?”

“Maybe he said something but wasn’t totally sure” he shrugged.

“He’s in L.A.”


“Well, apparently he does. He listed this cottage on a home-exchange website and I found it. We switched houses for the holiday. He's in L.A. at my house and I'm here” said Jin while moving his arm like showing the house. The town. The country.

“Oh god, I thought he was joking” said the taller man under his breath.

“Apparently not.” After a moment he added, “I’m sorry, who are you?”

“Oh! Sorry! I’m Namjoon. Hoseok’s brother.” Well, clearly the Jung family won the gene lottery. “Do I know you? You look familiar” Namjoon eyes scanned his face, trying to figure it out where he had seen him before.

“I’m Jin and I--Umm,” Jin blushed profusely, “I’m not from here.” He scowled himself. What the fuck was wrong? Kim Seokjin never let pass a chance to talk about his work, about his accomplishments. He even had professional pictures of him inside his wallet to show everyone.

“Right!” It was Namjoon’s turn to blush. “Mmm, I know this is weird but, can I come in? It’s kinda cold.”

Jin gasped, “Oh my God, I’m sorry! Come in! Do you want some cocoa?” The actor went to the kitchen, leaving Namjoon alone at the Living room. “I was about to make some.”

“I would love to” said Namjoon as he took his jacket off. “I’m sorry for the intrusion. I was working late and Hobi usually allows me to sleep here when---I need to.”

It sounded like Namjoon wanted to say something else. Despite his earlier statement of drinking a lot of beer, the man looked lucid and didn’t reek of cheap alcohol so it wasn’t a I’m too drunk to drive home situation.

But Jin decided not to prrieve and filled their cups with the warm beverage once it was hot enough. “I
guess this is your house more than mine so, don’t worry.”

“I’m sorry, really. But is it horrible if I stay? I’ll be gone before you even wake up. I promise you will never lay eyes on me again.” Namjoon looked like a puppy begging for a rub. And the fact that he was cuddling an actual pup made him even cuter.

Jin giggled, “Of course. I can’t let you become a popsicle, right?”

Namjoon chuckled and grabbed his cup, his long fingers caressing the other’s, making him contain a shiver.

Jin took a seat on the couch, leaving a proper distance to avoid any temptation of burying his face in the other’s neck. “So, ummm, what do you do that keeps you up so late?” he asked to entertain himself from watching those wonderful lips touch the cup’s edge.

“I’m an editor like Hobi. It’s like a family thing.” Namjoon smiled warmly, showing the most wonderful pair of dimples. “Our mother was an editor too so we grew up surrounded by books and after school it was obvious what we wanted to study.”

“Really?” Jin perked up. “Do you write too?”

Namjoon’s smile faltered, his eyes averting his gaze to look at the dog on his lap. “Not for a long time. Hobi’s the talented one. Even though he never published anything.”

Immediately, Jin looked at the book and the manuscript on the table. He grabbed the tome with gentle hands and passed it to Namjoon whose jaw hardened after seeing the name of the author.

“Did you read it?”

Jin shrugged, “I was kind of bored and it looked interesting.”

Namjoon snorted and drank the last of his cocoa. “Yeah, that Park Jimin really knows how to write.”

Jin was mesmerized by the way the other’s Adam apple moved. “Actually, he’s a shitty writer.” Namjoon turned his eyes to him. “I only liked the parts that your brother wrote.”

The frown on the other’s face made him reach for the manuscript, recognition reaching his face. “He’s really talented, Namjoon. He can have his own published book and I’m totally sure it’ll be a complete success. Why does he work for him?”

“It’s a long story and it’s not my place to tell it.”

Jin nodded, understanding how it was to know a loved one’s secret, treasuring it like it was your own, protecting it from others. He couldn’t stop his mind from travelling thousands miles away to a certain rapper, suddenly wanting to hear his voice.


The actor took his time before answering, unsure if it was a sincere question. “You really don’t know who I am?”

Namjoon looked confused. “Should I?”

Surprisingly, the answer relieved him. That beautiful man wasn’t looking at Seokjin, the superstar. In that moment he wasn’t the millionaire Kim Seokjin, America’s sweetheart, owner of one of the
“Namjoon, please tell me if I’m being too forward” he began in a cautious tone, waiting for the other’s affirmative nod before proceeding. “Are you single?”

“Yes” he chuckled.

“No boyfriend, girlfriend, husband, wife or fuck buddies?”

“No, only me and my Netflix account.”

“Are you healthy?”

“Well, I exercise and eat my veggies if that’s what you mean.”

“Do you find me attractive?”

All amusement left Namjoon’s gaze, replacing it with clear lust. “Yes.”

“Because I think you’re unfairly beautiful and I can’t stop thinking about your stupid mouth and long fingers.” He approached him, almost caging him against one of the couch’s armrests, maintaining the eye contact. “And I know this is kind of the beginning of a bad porn where sexy suited man goes to his brother’s house only to find hot willing dude ready to being taken on the nearest surface.”

Namjoon cursed under his breath, closing his eyes only for a second, unwilling to stop looking at the sensual being in front of him.

“So,” he continued while softly touching the silky tie around the taller’s neck, “what do you say if we fulfill a recent fantasy of mine and, let’s say, you fuck me right on this lovely couch?”

Namjoon’s hands, which had remained dutifully on his lap till then, grabbed Jin’s slim hips with force, almost engulfing them. The actor looked at him with hooded eyes, his breathing becoming erratic like his heart. Their noses almost touching, their gazes still connected.

“I would love to.” Namjoon’s voice dropped an octave, becoming Jin’s favorite sound. “But I will have to ask for a change of location.”

“Whatever you say” answered Jin before connecting their lips.
Hi lovelies!

I'm so sorry that I didn't post last week, but my dad was really sick and had to stay at the hospital for a few days. Fortunately he's better and at home, so yay! I just want to say, to everyone who's taking care of an ill person, TAKE CARE. You need to be okay to help others. Your health is as important as theirs. Please take care of yourself. *forehead kiss*

Changing the subject, as you can see, the rating changed to Explicit because of the next chapter (that I will upload soon because it's short). The fifth chapter is NSFW but you don't have to read it to understand the fic.

I think that's everything. I hope you're okay, cuties.

Read you soon!
Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

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This is Jin's POV. If you want to read Hoseok's POV go here

Chapter Notes

WARNINGS: Explicit Sex, Anal Sex, Fingering, Explicit GIFS.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Fuck, y-yess!” Jin’s body tensed with his release, hands grabbing the sheets like they were his only landline, head thrown back, exposed neck. An invitation for the man behind him.

Plush lips left a trail of open wet kisses while he was trying to return from his haze. “Are you okay?” murmured Namjoon from somewhere near his jugular.

Jin had to laugh. Okay? O kay ?! He was more than okay! He was in fucking heaven! Because he had being right, oh so right . Namjoon's mouth was a gift to humankind, the eighth World Wonder, sculpted by the Gods to make him lose his mind. And that, he did.

For almost an hour, Namjoon had worship his body, alternating between soft touches and sudden possessive hands. He was sure he will have marks to prove it the next day, something that elate him in an inexplicable way.

Jin had had sex before, of course, he had been in a relationship with Ken for four years after all. At first it was exhilarating, like a forbidden thing that he did behind his parent’s backs, a hidden part of him that only his partner and him shared.

Then, the first stages of fame came. Everybody wanted to know about the new handsome actor getting all the attention in different movies, even when his parts were almost minimal. The paparazzis appeared. The job offers appeared. But most important, the fans appeared.
He knew how things for Korean idols and actors were, they had to maintain a certain image. They had to be humble, well mannered, stoic, and, of course, straight. It was all part of the facade, a culture of sex gods starring every wet dream of yours but who never saw or touched a dick/vagina in real life. Well, he had a life, desires, fears, he was a fucking human being for Christ sake and not only a pretty face used as spank bank material.

He was Korean but wasn’t in Korea and he will show everyone that famous and human weren’t polar opposites.

After he came out of the closet (or more specific, the limousine) on the red carpet of one of his new movies, the media went crazy but in a good way and he gained even more fans because of his sincerity. He was on top of the world. But, as they say, everything had its consequences. And he faced the consequences of his acts when he went to his parent’s house and saw everything packed up and ready to be delivered to another country far far away from his disgraceful behaviour.

After that, he devoted himself to his career. His relationship with Ken became more difficult after his own parents saw him holding hands with a man on the news. They managed to continue. With time, their sex life became almost automatic, Ken always reaching his pleasure and then claiming he was tired when it was Jin’s turn. And the worst part, the actor thought that it was fair. Because he had been the one who made a circus of their love life. Making their families to stop talking to them (even though Ken’s accepted it after a while), knowing how difficult it was for gay people trying to be part of the unforgiving showbusiness.

In a few words, a long time had passed since Jin felt desired by his partner.

And now, there he was, two orgasms later, ass up in the air, panting as if he had ran a marathon, a sexy man kissing down his back while moving his hard dick between his slick asscheeks. Feeling his body floating in the air, like nothing bad could touch him. Only those experienced hands.

As if to remind him of their presence, Namjoon’s fingers curled, touching his over sensitive prostate.

“Namjoon” gasped the actor.

“Mmm?” said the man while concentrating in the dimples on his lower back. His fingers still inside, taking him to the fine line between pleasure and pain.

“Wait. Stop.”
Immediately, the body behind him tensed up. “Are you okay? Did I hurt you?” he asked worried. Carefully, Namjoon took his fingers out of Jin’s entrance, making him gasp again. His ass lightly moving in the air as if asking them to come back.

“No, I’m fine.” Jin turned over, taking a few deep breaths and then biting back a moan at the wonderful image in front of him.

Namjoon looked delicious.

Tousled hair, a light blush covering his cheeks, muscular chest shining with the perspiration, a few love bites visible under the moonlight coming through the window. His lips red because of the make out session they had and other activities with certain parts of Jin’s body that he was more than willing to repeat. And between those sinful legs...

“Jesus, Namjoon.” Jin closed his eyes, trying to control himself.

“Please tell me. Are you alright?”

“Yes! Yes, of course. You were perfect! It’s just…” Jin hesitated “I hadn't felt so much pleasure with someone else in a while.”

“How’s so?” said Namjoon, tilting his head in confusion.

“Well, my last partner wasn’t so…” perfect and sexy like you “attentive and usually came and…” slept while I felt like a dirty used toy “let me finish by myself.” Because he didn’t care two shits about my own pleasure. “So this is a little overwhelming for me.”

Namjoon looked at him in disbelief, maintaining eye contact as if trying to figure out if Jin was lying.

“You're telling me,” he said after a while, “he had you there, looking like this,” his hands touched Jin’s spread thighs with almost reverence, “sounding like this,” fingers touched Jin’s nipples prompting a moan from the actor, “and he only thought about... nutting?”

Jin took his time before answering, Namjoon’s fingers still doing wonders on his chest, killing all his brain cells. “H-he was a jerk.”

“Totally.”

Namjoon’s mouth joined his fingers, kissing the right nipple and making Jin arch his back even more, snagging the taller’s hair in his hands so he couldn’t scape, gasping when those sinful lips closed around the nub and sucked.

“F-fuck. Please, please.”

Jin’s hips moved up on their own volition, his stirring member touching the bare skin of Namjoon’s tight abdomen, earning him a low whimper and an open mouthed kiss full of promise.

“Tell me, tell me what you want. Anything. I swear” panted Namjoon in his ear.

The actor couldn’t form any words. His mind full of sun kissed skin, strong but gentle hands, experimented hips thrusting against him, a low voice full of raw want.

“Talk to me. Namjoon, talk to me.”

“What do you want me to say, love? Uh? You want to hear how much I love the noises you make?
How hard I am because of them? *Uh?*” The editor marked the question with a hard thrust against Jin, making him sob with delight. “Or maybe I could tell you how I felt watching *this,* ” his hand grabbed one of his asscheeks, “moving back on my fingers while you moaned my name. You want that?”

Jin closed his eyes in pleasure, reveling in every word coming out of the other’s mouth, knowing it would be too much to see Namjoon’s heated gaze over him.

“How I can still feel how you shivered around my tongue. You taste so good, Jin, *so good.*” The actor felt a finger proving his hole, carefully entering him. His legs opening wider on their own accord. “And when I stopped for a second and saw the picture you made. Blushed, shiny, all spread out for me.”

Namjoon sat back on his knees, holding his member and firmly stroking it, hooded eyes devouring the sight before him. “*Fuck, Jin.* You have no idea. No idea how much I want you right now.”

Jin was on the other’s lap in a second. His hands on the back of his neck so he could kiss him passionately. Namjoon’s dick rubbing right where he needed him more. “Do it,” his voice only a whisper between them. “I want it, Namjoon. Do it.”

Namjoon bit his lower lip, eagerly nodding, Jin going back to kissing the daylights out of him while the editor reached out for the lube and condom with a trembly hand.

The moment he felt the other pushing into him, Jin thought this was like nothing he had felt before. This was a total new experience. And then Namjoon pressed all the way inside, burying himself to the hilt.

“*Oh God!*” Jin shaked on the other’s arm, chest to chest, their hearts beating frantically.

“Fuck” Namjoon gasped against his neck. “Jin... *so good.*”

They stayed like that for a few seconds, impossibly close to each other. Namjoon’s hands caressing Jin’s smooth back, Jin searching the other’s mouth with his lips. After a while, the actor rocked his hips tentatively, mewling at the wonderful feeling of the other moving inside him.

“J-Joonie.”

Namjoon groaned under him, possessive hands grabbing his ass so they could move in tandem.
“Yes, love, yes. Just like that.”

“Tell me, Joonie.”


Jin whimpered. He put one hand behind him and the other on Namjoon’s neck, and proceeded to undulate his hips like crazy, watching how Namjoon’s mouth opened in pleasure.

And then he moved the right way, making Namjoon stroked his prostate.

“Fuck!” Jin felt his eyes rolling back, mouth agape, blunt nails ranking over the firm chest of his lover. “Joonie, right there!”

Namjoon breached the distance, kissing him while snapping his hips into Jin’s willing body. Both thanking multiple times having no near neighbors who could hear the moaning mess they had became.

“I-I’m close” said Jin, toes curled, back arched against Namjoon’s chest.

A strong hand closed around his member and after a few strokes it didn’t take long for him to come, sobbing the other’s name.

Jin returned from his climax to the feeling of Namjoon moving inside him, groaning on his neck, his expert dick between them making him shake with over-stimulation. “Yes, Joonie,” he said while stroking the other’s hair. “Do I feel good? Do you like it?” Namjoon whimpered, hands roaming everywhere, desperately. “Look at me,” Jin tugged his hair and moaned at the sight of a feverish Namjoon. “Come for me, baby.” And with that, Jin tightened his entrance, throwing his head back at the almost overwhelming feeling and making Namjoon lose his mind in the process. Hips stuttering against him, circling and making them both gasp.

The actor hold the trembling body under him, hiding his smile on Namjoon’s soft hair, closing his eyes in utter bliss.

Chapter End Notes
The AMOUNT OF SMUT
MY GOD.
This is my first time writing about sexual intercourse.
I had like six tabs open at the same time to write this.
Synonyms of dick? I know them all.
Sounds made while having sex? I'm a freaking Encyclopedia.
Google thinks I'm a pervert right now.

SMUT WRITERS: R E S P E C T
I don't now how yo do it.
Jin had been concentrated on the view in front of him for the last fifteen minutes. The sun was shining over the snow, covering the full expanse of the open field outside the house, making it look like someone spilled a full jar of white brilliantine everywhere. The frozen flowers providing a touch of color, the ice slowly melting from them. A few birds posed on the wooden gate to enjoy the welcoming warm the morning sun provided.

He laughed after seeing Mickey appear from under a little mountain of snow, jumping on another and disappearing again when it gave out under his weight, only his wagging tail visible.

The actor drank his now cold cocoa with a sudden feeling of contentment blooming inside his chest. That day he didn’t check his cell phone first thing in the morning, or had to run to the set with a migraine for not enough sleep longing for a few minutes of rest on the makeup chair. He didn’t had to avoid the tense silence during breakfast when he was leaving again to promote a movie (even though he asked Ken to come several times), making him feel guilty all the way to the airport. And, most importantly, he didn’t had to confront the empty side of his bed.

Because, that day, Kim Seokjin didn’t wake up alone.

The sound of movement behind him took his attention from Mickey’s cute antics.

Namjoon entered the kitchen with disheveled hair, wearing only his open white shirt and his suit jacket hanging over his arm, typing on his phone. Jin had to close his mouth really hard, in fear of drooling.

“Morning” Namjoon’s deep dimples could be seen even when the man was yawning. Adorable.
“Rough night?” Namjoon looked down and chuckled over Jin’s poor intent of joking. It was almost eight in the morning. His inner comedian didn’t wake up yet.

Dropping his phone and jacket on the kitchen isle, he leaned over the nearest wall. “You can say so,” he said with a soft smile. “I had the weirdest dream where a handsome siren lured me to his bed.”

Jin hid his silly smile behind the cup, feeling bashful all of the sudden. Apparently Namjoon’s presence made him go back to his teenage years, when he couldn’t speak to his crush without turning into a giggle machine. “A nice dream, I guess.”

Namjoon smiled, staring at him in silence, lost in thought.

Jin looked down, a little nervous. The atmosphere was different, their minds clearer without the lust and need clouding them. The morning light showing the proofs of the night before. The hickeys covering Jin’s neck and shoulders and what he could see of Namjoon’s chest. They were strangers for God’s sake. A one night stand. A hook up. Butt buddies. They’ve seen the other naked but didn’t actually know each other. They’ve spent more time in bed than talking.

*He’s Hoseok’s brother, you creep. What’s he going to say about this?*

“Cocoa?” he abruptly asked, desperate for something to do beside lusting after the man in front of him.

“Oh no, thank you. There must be a full pot of coffee waiting for me at the office.”

The actor felt the disappointment washing over him. Of course, he wanted to leave as soon as possible. “Right, I totally forgot that it’s a working day.”

The editor’s eyes were trained on the floor again, his arms crossed over his chest, looking conflicted and reluctant at the same time.

*Here we go...* Jin thought. He knew what was coming next.

The feared *talk*.
He had been preparing himself for it since he woke up, knowing the words to be exchanged by heart. He wanted to do this as if they were taking a band-aid off. Fast and painless.

“Namjoon--” he began, trying to do this once for all.


The words kind of hurt, of course, but weren’t unexpected. Jin thought for a second that that was all, that they were going to part ways like every hook up on the story of hook ups. He kind of hope so. But, apparently, Namjoon had other ideas.

“It’s just, my work and...other things are my priority right now and I don’t want you to have to suffer over that.”

“Okay, I get--”

“And I’m so sorry, because you’re so nice and...well, you know.” He said signaling Jin’s body, making him blush again. “I just wish we could have met in other circumstances where I could take you out and we could know each other better.”

Jin tried to stop the other’s rambling. “Namjoon, please, you don’t--”

“And I don’t want you to feel like I used you!” The editor was getting frantic. “Because you are more than a pretty face and body and everything. I wasn’t expecting you at all! I just wanted to talk to Hobi because I was feeling down and needed to release my frustration and you were here and,” he opened his eyes really wide, “Oh my God! I didn’t use you to release my frustration! Okay?! Forget I said---!”

“Namjoon!” Jin shouted, to stop the other from exploding a vein. “You really don’t have to explain anything to me. You didn’t use me and I don’t feel that way.” Namjoon opened his mouth but Jin continued. “I had a wonderful time and I totally appreciate your...help. But you don’t owe me anything.”

They stared at each other in silence. Namjoon nervously playing with a loose thread on his pants, Jin feeling strangely calm. There was a strong connection there, it was obvious, but he was smart enough to know that the fervor of the moment could be deceitful.

Namjoon opened his mouth to say something else when Celine Dion started singing. Confused, Jin looked down at the table, seeing that an Irene was calling Namjoon on his phone.

“I must go” said the editor with a frown on his handsome face, declining the call and putting the phone inside his back pocket.

“Sure.” Jin smiled absentmindedly.

Namjoon looked at him again, his eyes scanning the actor's face as if he was seeing him for the last time.

Which seemed it will be the case.

“I really wish we could have met in other circumstances.”

“I know” sighed Jin. His hands holding the cup with force.

With an awkward smile, Namjoon went to the door, leaving Jin in the kitchen trying to convince
himself that this was the best decision.

The sound of the door opening made his heart go faster, almost sure that he would break the cup if he squeezed a little more. Instead of hearing the door closing, he heard Namjoon's voice from the doorway. “What if I want to contact you?”

The actor closed his eyes really tight.

“Namjoon, don’t feel pressured to call me.”

Namjoon reappeared in the kitchen, cheeks blushed because of the cold coming from the open door. “But I want to--” The chorus of *My Heart Will Go On* interrupted him again.

“I think you should answer that”, said Jin in a low voice.

Celine Dion’s angelic voice continued sounding from Namjoon’s behind for a few seconds before he picked it up and left the room.

“What if I want to contact you?”

Jin sighed heavily and closed Pride and Prejudice in defeat. He had been reading the same paragraph for the last half an hour but, for the love of Beckett, he couldn’t say what he just read.

He absentmindedly caressed Mickey’s soft hair, the small dog tired from his morning adventure of playing with the snow and protecting the house from those evil birds. The pup moved to lay on his back, exposing his tummy to the show of affection coming from the amused man.

What if I want to contact you?

His hand stopped midway, the words repeating themselves on his mind over and over since that morning.

He rubbed his eyes, trying to stop thinking about gentle hands and an experienced mouth moving over his body.

What if I want to contact you?

With determination, he left the book on the small table beside the couch and grabbed his phone, ignoring the thousand emails and texts, going directly to his contact list.
He waited for a few seconds before a grumpy voice answered.

“*What the fuck, Jin! Do you know what time it is?*”

“It’s lunch time!” said Jin excited after hearing his friend’s voice.

“In London, you fucker! It's 7 am here!”

“Oops.”

“You don’t regret nothing and I hate you.”

“I’ve missed you too, honey” chuckled the older until he understood what the other had just said. “Wait! How do you know I’m in London!?”

“*Not your business*” Yoongi answered after an uncomfortable silence.

“Yoongi…”

“I’m a bitch not a snitch.”

“Wow, Neruda will be so proud.”

“Leave Pablo out of this.”

Jin laughed out loud. He really missed talking to Yoongi. They hadn’t spoke for only a day, but he felt it had been weeks. “So, how’s everything in the D-Cave?” He said in a cocky tone, his smile getting wider after hearing the exasperated groan on the other side of the line.

“Genius Lab, overpaid actor. Not D-Cave. Stop calling it that. And everything’s fine. I finished a new piece yesterday and already sent it to the company, apparently they liked it so…”

“Nice! Did my manager tell you about the--?”

“--new movie you’re going to be part of? Yeah, and I said yes to produce the main track. I will be signing the contract tomorrow but I’m sure you didn’t call me at the ass of the morning to talk about work. So what’s up?”

Damn, he was good.

“Umm, nothing important.”

“You’re a shitty liar.”

“I’m an actor, you prick.”

“That doesn’t mean anything. Spill the fucking tea before I hang up and return to dreamland where I have better friends.”

“Fuck you.”

“You wish.” Jin made a disgusted noise. “I don’t have all day.”

The actor scratched his head in a nervous way, trying to find the right words.

“Hyung---”
“I spent the night with someone!” His scream woke up Mickey with a start, almost making him fell down from the couch. It would have been hilarious if he wasn’t so on edge.

“Damn, you’re fast.”

“Shut up.”

“I mean, don’t get me wrong, I’m kind of jealous and proud at the same time.”

“Oh my God” Jin laughed, embarrassed.

“But of course everyone with working eyes will want to spend the night with Kim Seokjin.”

“He didn’t know who I was.”

“Pff, yeah sure.”

“No, really. He didn’t.”

“Hyung, your face is on every billboard, magazine and online publicity over the world. He had to be a hermit--Oh! Please tell me you didn’t fuck a woodsman or Big Foot or something like that.”

“No! Yoongi, iugh! He’s just a really busy person, okay? He spends more time with books than looking at magazines. He thought he knew me from somewhere else but was too occupied to connect the dots.”

“Occupied with your ass, you mean.”

“Well, yeah.” It was Yoongi’s turn to make a disgusted noise. “The thing is, we had a great time and he’s really nice and--”

“You want to see his dick again.”

“I want to see him again.”

“And by him you mean dick.”

“Yoongi!”

“Okay, okay. You want to see him again. So? He doesn’t want to?”

“He asked for my number.”

“Good.”

“After he told me he didn’t do relationships or nothing serious.”

“Okay, ouch. What a way to kill the post-climax mood. But, do you really want something serious? You took the garbage out only a few days ago.”

“Good analogy.”

“Thanks, Pablo will be proud.”

“I don’t know if I want something serious, I only know that I want to see him and his dick again,” he said, ignoring Yoongi’s triumphant aha! “But there’s a little problem.”
“He’s a serial killer or something? Because I saw the Ted Bundy’s documentary and I got so mad that I wanted to summon him so he could see me taking a shit on his grave.”

“No, Yoongi, he’s not a serial killer.” Jin was sure he was getting a headache.

“Good. But do you know where I can find a Ouija board?”

“He’s Hoseok’s brother.”

“Or someone who knows how---Wait...Did you just say he’s Hoseok’s brother?”

“Yes.”

“Hoseok I shit rainbows’s brother? The human version of sunshine’s brother?”

“I see he left a good impression on you”

“Not the point.”

“I mean, I saw pictures of him and he’s kinda hot.”

“Oh, now you want to fuck the whole family?”

“Do I hear a little bit of jealousy?”

“Eat me.”

“Did you say that to him?”

“No, you said that to his brother.”

“I didn’t have to ask, actually.”

“Ugh!”

Jin laughed, always happy to win a battle of wits against sassy Yoongi.

“I still don’t know what the problem is. Yes, he’s his brother. He wants to see your sorry ass again, you want to see him again. He doesn’t want something serious, you don’t either. I mean. What’s the problem?”

That was a really good question. And the answer was simple, he was afraid.

Afraid of finding out that Namjoon was just another person who will leave him behind once he had what he wanted. Afraid of wanting him more than the other did. Terrified of needing more but having to return to his daily life with a Namjoon shaped hole. Scared to death of knowing that they could work, that they could be so much more. Kim Seokjin was scared of falling in love.

“Hyung. Are you there?”

“Yes, sorry. I spaced out.”

After a short silence, he heard Yoongi clearing his throat. “I don’t really know your reasons, but I know you more than anyone and I get where this hesitation comes from. You deserve to have fun, hyung. Don’t think so much. Go with the flow and listen to your heart. If this dude appeared from nowhere and gave you the ‘Dickens’ of your life,” Jin almost hanged up the phone right there,
“why don't enjoy what the Universe put right in your door?”

Jin let those words sink in.

Yoongi was right, he maybe was over thinking everything like he always did. Always expecting the worst. What if nothing happened? What if they just had sex again and Jin went home with the nice memory of expending this few days with a great man?

He startled when he heard something fall beside him. Seeing Pride and Prejudice on the floor, he grabbed the book that fell from the small table. When he lifted it up, he saw something made of leather underneath.

The older smiled widely after realizing what it was. “Thank you, Yoongi. I think I know exactly what to do.”

Namjoon was having a difficult day.

First, the coffee machine broke down thanks to the incapacity of his coworkers, reason why he had to leave his warm office to get his caffeine dose, only to find out that his wallet was gone.

Then, one of the writers he was working with didn't like his suggestions, even asking for a new editor. Fortunately, he was really good in what he did and one client less only meant he was going to have a new one in a few days. But also meant months of hard work going to the trash.

And, of course, it was only midday when he received a really nice call from his parents in law, prompting a strong headache for the rest of the day.

He wanted to go home, rest for a little while, but didn't desire to be by himself. It was always a difficult season for him, work a little chaotic like his thoughts. He usually went to visit his brother, one of the few people who knew what he was going through, but...it wasn't an option right now.

Namjoon rubbed his eyes exasperatedly. Suddenly, images of a sinful body writhing in pleasure under him filled his mind. His name being said between sweet moans. A pair of hooded eyes looking at him like he hanged up the moon. A hurt face when he said he didn't date.

Namjoon groaned out loud.

_Good Lord, I'm a twat._

Jin had been part of his thoughts since he left the house that morning. He had analyzed their last conversation a thousand times, repeating what they said to each other, trying to read between lines.

_You don't owe me anything._

The editor sighed. How wrong the other was.

Last night he had been in a dark place, staying late at the office only to avoid going home. He thought of going to the pub, but didn't like drinking on a weekday ( _Gosh, I'm so old_ ) and having a hangover while working. The moment Jin opened that door was the moment Namjoon lost his common sense. He wasn't a man of booty calls and one-night stands. He didn't go to the bar and left with a lot of numbers on his phone. He was shy, awkward and totally antisocial. He had the sex-appeal of an amoeba, he didn't know how to move his hips in a seductive way (not like
Hoseok), couldn’t say the word *cooch* without blushing like a scholar. So, what the hell happened to him?

_You don’t owe me anything._

He looked at his watch. Only 4 pm and he was ready to get out of there.

After sending an email to his boss to tell her he wasn’t feeling too well, he grabbed his suitcase and went to the elevator.

“Leaving already, bro?”

Namjoon sighed, “Yes, Jackson. And stop calling me bro.”

The blond man laughed. “Okay, _sistah._”

The editor scoffed, still waiting for the damn thing to arrive.

“Tough season, uh? The Holidays.”

Namjoon looked at the man beside him, who had his eyes trained on the floor. Jackson Wang was a good friend and colleague, always there if he needed help with a client or other things. Asian, like Hoseok and him, but coming from China instead of Korea. Alone in London, his family in China, single after his last partner decided to follow his career as a model in Paris.

Like Namjoon, he didn’t enjoy the Holidays like everybody else.

Something that could change if he had the balls to talk to a certain US citizen.

“Indeed, not a good time.”

They stood in silence until the elevator arrived. Namjoon getting inside, Jackson smiling at him from outside.

“This year’s going to be better. I have a nice feeling, Namjo--!” Jackson’s hand knocked the pile of papers that a pale man was carrying, the poor guy trying to stop them from collapsing and almost falling down in the process. Jackson grabbed the other’s biceps, preventing the imminent fall.

Namjoon saw the whole ordeal from inside the elevator. The look of wonder on both faces when their eyes met the last thing he saw before the doors closed in front of him.
Namjoon played with his car keys while walking through the parking lot. Laughing to himself everytime he remembered Jackson’s face. He really looked like he was seeing the most incredible human being ever.

Maybe he was right and this Holiday won’t be so bad...for him at least.

He unlocked his car from afar, always thanking whoever invented that feature because he could never remember where his vehicle was. So immersed he was in finding his pass card that he didn’t noticed the masked man waiting for him.

“Hi Namjoon,” said a soft voice, startling him and making him drop his keys.

“What the h---Jin?”

There he was, in all his glory. A mask covering half of his face, leaving only his eyes on display. A beautiful pair of eyes that looked at him with intensity.

“Did you know that this is the only editorial forty minutes away from Hoseok’s? It was really easy to find you.”

Namjoon looked at him all serious before a huge smile, full of relief, appeared on his face.

“Lucky me.”

Jin giggled and Namjoon thought he was in Heaven.

Maybe Jackson, for once in his life, was actually right.
Hello my lovelies!

I'm so sorry for the delay, but I have a test this week and I have to study.
SO! We have a new link for Hoseok's POV (look at the chapter summary)
We have a little bit of Jackson and Mark (i love them) but they're going to make small appearances
We have a lot of puns (I made myself laugh) (Jin would be so proud)
Hobi's day is coming (did I say how much I love him?)
Have a week full of kisses and warm hugs!
Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

***I do not own the rights to BTS or any of this pictures. If i use anything that you or someone you know edited, let me know so i can give the proper recognition.***

***I do not own, or claim to own, the central idea for this fic, the rights of it goes to the genius of Nancy Meyers. This is a free interpretation of the film.***

This is Jin's POV. If you want to read Hoseok's POV go here

Jin and Ken photo by IKenFly
Yoongi photo by SugaFlow

*If you have a link to this fansite's pages please tell me*

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

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Namjoon looked at the ceiling with a content smile on his face. The room was quiet, the only sounds coming from the fireplace and the softly breathing of the man sleeping on his chest. His hand caressed the silky hair under his jaw, enjoying the warm feeling inside him every time Jin tightened his arms around him or nuzzled his nose against his neck as if basking in Namjoon’s scent even in his unconscious state.

He looked at the bedside table, the digital watch marking only half an hour before sunrise. Taking a deep breath, he closed his eyes and willed himself to go back to sleep. It was Saturday, no need of being up so early. That day he didn’t have to check his email or run to solve a problem at home or the office. He wouldn’t receive any calls from angry parents in law demanding things he wasn’t willing to give. In fact, he was sure his phone died a few hours ago because of the low battery. So, no calls at all.

That day was going to be about him and a certain Sleeping Beauty whose leg was threw over his middle, his member touching the editor’s leg and making him contain a groan, his hand grabbing a plump ass cheek in a sudden rush of lust.

Namjoon bit his lip. Flashbacks of the night before coming back to him, doing nothing to strengthen his self control.

Jin had been perfect. Responsive as usual, so vocal that he was sure Mickey had left the house to
get away from the ruckus. Having sex with Jin was so different from other sexual encounters he had experienced. The physical attraction was obvious, both were young and healthy men who hadn’t been intimate with anyone for a while (Jin admitting he had avoided having sex with his fiancé before the break up). Namjoon knew for a fact he wasn’t totally ugly, his brother always told him that people on the street turned their heads to take a better look of *Long Legged Daddy* (he never told him that that was the name of a spider because Hoseok would find it hilarious and make it his official new nickname), and Jin was of course the most gorgeous man he had ever seen. So the physical part was covered already.

But, for him, sex wasn’t only about seeking his pleasure in a warm body. He needed a connection, being able to have a conversation, laugh together, joke a little bit. That’s why he usually had sex with people he knew for a while, or even with a friend (last time he ended getting married with them but that’s another story). He really wasn’t an adventurous man, always avoiding the unknown and big changes. Something that he shared with Hoseok, both arriving to the conclusion that it was a side effect of their difficult childhoods.

So he was out of his comfort zone here, lying naked on his brother’s bed (a fact that he was really trying to forget) after sleeping for the second time with a total stranger.

Well, not a total stranger. With Jin.

As a logical man, he knew that *love at first sight* didn’t exist. It was impossible to love someone after making eye contact with them. In reality, it wasn’t love but only lust. So of course he knew he wasn’t in love with Jin. But there was something else.

Because he was almost convinced that he could get there at some point.

It would be so easy to fell in love with Jin. He was so confident but became a blushing mess when Namjoon praised his cooking or his looks. He had money (he saw the tag of his Gucci underwear and he was almost sure that the discarded shirt on the floor was Chanel) but did not like to show it off and was really kind to other people (the waitress at the restaurant sure looked surprised at the big tip, even though she wasn’t all that nice. *Everyone has a bad day sometimes, and she looked so stressed Joonie!*). He was funny and made a lot of jokes, but there was a certain sadness there. Jin was really a contradiction. And Namjoon wanted to know more, to talk more, he wanted to hear and be heard, to share happy mornings full of kisses and hot cocoa. He wanted to see his mother’s reaction the first time she sees Jin and how she tries to feed him because he looks too *scrawny*. He wanted to know about Jin’s ex-fiancé and sent him a thank you note for being such a prick and leaving this wonderful man so their paths could cross. He wanted to hold the other’s hand in silence while listening to the kid’s crazy (and fabricated) stories. Finally sharing fatherhood with someone else.

Namjoon opened his eyes with a sigh, accepting the fact that he was not going to go back to sleep. His mind too full of possible scenarios, good and bad. Carefully left the bed, trying not to jostle the other man who groaned a little and proceeded to hug the pillow as a substitute.

After looking at him with a fond expression for a few seconds, he went to the door and closed it behind him without making a sound.

The rest of the house was cold so he quickly lighted the fireplace, giggling at Mickey’s attempts of licking his face in greeting while he was trying to concentrate on his task. After he fed him and poured himself a cup of coffee, he basked in the sun coming through the window.
Quiet mornings really weren’t part of his schedule, those short moments of peace were a blessing and he always thanked to every fictional upper being for the possibility of recharging himself. He listened to the birds chirping, looked at the steam coming from the cup, stroke Mickey’s fur with an absent mind. He heard the faint sound of a bike approaching the house but didn’t pay a lot of attention to it until the dog on his lap tensed and jumped to the floor to bark at the door.

He heard a thud and the bike continuing his path, Mickey sniffing like crazy and growling as if he could do more harm than just a pair of bleeding ankles.

Namjoon opened the door with a frown and then scoffed.

Of course Hoseok like to read the newspaper instead of using his computer to know what was happening with the world.

Namjoon grabbed the plastic bag shielding the paper from getting wet and looked at it. He realized that he never took the time to read it while drinking his coffee. He was always looking at his phone and searching for the news he was interested in, he didn’t care about the crime section of the latest gossip so it was really a waste of money and paper when apparently all the big news were about those two topics. Well, apparently it was time for him to stop being so predictable and enjoy the little pleasures of life.

With a content smile, he left the bag on the table beside the couch and searched for something to eat.

After preparing a tray with biscuits and a new cup of caffeine, he went to the couch and arranged his long limbs, getting ready to spend a considerable amount of time lazing on it.

Happily, he hold his coffee in one hand and took the paper from the small table, surprised at the unexpected heavyweight.

Curious, he opened it, looking for the reason of the heaviness.
And he almost spilled the coffee all over the immaculate couch.

Jin took his time returning from his deep slumber. He blinked his eyes at the harsh light coming through the window and then moved to face the other side of the room. He groaned, because of the delicious sore of his muscles and the wonderful smell of the pillow under his nose.

*Namjoon’s cologne.*

He hid his goofy smile on the pillow, almost kicking the bed like a teenager on one of those Hollywood movies. Images of the editor’s dimples appearing in front of him. The sound of his surprisingly loud laugh when he found one of Jin’s jokes funny. His blush when he asked him if he wanted to come in. A different kind of blush when he was between his open legs.

He never thought sex could be so exhilarating, funny and pure at the same time. Of course they were two naked men, kissing and licking every part of each other’s body, and exchanging...fluids. But when they couldn’t help but giggle every time one of them made a mistake or almost fell down from the bed (Namjoon really was clumsy), or when they had a competition to see who would cum first (Namjoon was really competitive but this time wasn’t ashamed of losing), or when they had a competition to see who could make the most unerotic noises (Jin had no shame), or when they were in the middle of it and they stopped to look at each other as if they were seeing the other in a new light; in that case, Jin could say that he never had such a pure sexual encounter in his whole life.

He couldn’t stop himself from comparing his ex-fiancé with Namjoon.

He knew he wasn’t being fair, he didn’t know Namjoon that well and he had really hard times while he was with Ken. The editor never saw a stressed Jin, or a sleep deprived Jin. He never had to deal with his trust issues or his homophobic family.

But something deep inside tells him that Namjoon would never do what Ken did to him. To them.

Trying to escape that line of thought, he looked at the digital watch beside the bed.

It was almost noon, and his empty stomach decided to make a loud appearance.

He quickly brushed his teeth and put a pair of warm sweatpants and a sweater, leaving his underwear behind with a mischievous smile at the mere image of Namjoon’s face the moment he notices their absence.

He left the room a completely prepared for a new day with a certain editor. It was Saturday, and Namjoon didn't have to work. That meant a day full of possibilities and laughs and kisses and maybe a little more. But his bubble burst when he arrived to the living room.

Something was wrong.

Mickey usually was there, waiting for him and asking to be pet, fed or both.

On the small table was a tray and empty cups all over, a plate of biscuits looking intact as if no one even touched them. The high number of decorative pillows on the couch were all over the floor, an open newspaper with them.

He was starting to worry about Namjoon when he saw something else in the middle of the mess.
And he almost screamed when he saw the magazine cover.

His heart started beating really fast, his breathing getting shallow.

He thought he had more time, he thought they didn’t have that kind of magazine in freaking UK!

“Fuckfuckfuckfuckfuck.” Jin swear while opening the magazine, looking for the right page.

And there it was, his face all over it. Photos of Ken and him at different premieres. Photos of them kissing in front of the cameras. Blurred photos of Ken and that busty woman. A thorough description of their relationship, of their families, their wedding preparations, even a photo of the woman Jin asked about the adoption papers. Everything was there.

When he turned the page and saw the last picture, he lost it.

The abrupt dizziness took him by surprise. The bile leaving a horrible taste in his mouth. He felt like the room was too small and too big at the same time. Like he wanted to run but knew he couldn't escape. He wanted to scream but wasn't able to mutter a word asking for help.

His mind went to Yoongi opening the door and finding him on the couch without saying anything. His face when he saw he wasn’t eating again. His sigh when he smelled him after days without taking a shower. His screams when he called the Kim household and told them to fuck off.
He needed to hear his friend’s voice. He needed to find his cellphone. He couldn’t move. Why he
couldn’t move? Why his legs weren’t responding? He felt the tears trying to come out. But he
couldn’t. He couldn’t.

Suddenly, a pair of strong arms were around him.

A low voice in his ear, talking to him.

*No, don't touch me.*

Little paws were all over him, a wet tongue licking his hands.

*Please, I can't breath.*

The voice said something. He tried to understand but could only hear his own desperate whines.

*There's not enough air.*

The voice continued and he recognized it, but couldn't know from where. His mind full of the
image of a stern looking man and a crying woman.

*Not enough.*

An older version of himself was in front of him, yelling.

His mother, crying and ignoring his pleading gaze.

*Please, help me.*

He was on the floor. Blood coming from his open lip. His father still screaming. His mother
turning her back to him.

*Please.*

Someone was repeating his name, calling him.

He touched his face, but didn’t feel any pain. His fingers weren't stained with blood.

Slowly, he became aware of his surroundings. This wasn’t his parents house, there was no one
screaming at him. He was kneeling on the floor and there were hands touching him, but they
weren’t hurting him. He was being hugged, his face pressed against a firm chest. Only one person,
not two. Only one man trying to calm him down.

“*Joonie*”

Namjoon’s worried face appeared in front of him, his hands gently caressing his face. “Yes, love,
I’m here. I’m here.”

He took a harsh breath, the air abruptly returning to his lungs. His chest heaving as if he had just
ran a marathon.

“Easy there, love. Look at me. Good. Let's breathe together, all right?” He put Jin's hands against
his chest. “Just follow my breathing.”

Jin felt how his heart rate went back to normal. His eyes never leaving Namjoon's, his hands
strongly grabbing his pectorals.
“Good, you're doing so good. Do you need something? Something to drink?” Jin didn't speak. He felt that he couldn't. “Don't worry. Let's stay here. Come.” Namjoon opened his arms invitingly and Jin let himself be engulfed by them, his head rested on the editor’s chest, right against his heart.

He listened to Namjoon’s voice, his heart beating under his left ear. He hugged Mickey to his chest, the dog still restless after the episode.

They stayed like that for what felt like hours. In silence. The room brighter by the hour, the sun coming through the window bathing everything in a warm light. He played with one of Namjoon’s hands and sighed in contentment every time he left a light kiss on his forehead.

He was starting to doze off when he heard a groan from the other man.

“Sorry, my buttocks are suffering.”

Jin opened his eyes, feeling Namjoon’s movement under him, trying to find a better position. Mickey whined at being disturbed from his sleep and decided to leave the pile of bodies to go to his tiny bed.

Jin looked how the dog rested his head on his paws, leaving an annoyed sigh before closing his eyes and proceeding to snore.

“Nice picture.” Namjoon's voice sounded raspy after not using it for a long time. “Black looks good on you.” The actor looked at him, confused, then following Namjoon’s line of sight to the magazine on the floor.

He remembered that day. They were expecting the valet parking with their car when it had started to rain. It was their first night at their new house and he had been really excited to drive home for the first time. Ken couldn't stop talking about the celebrities he saw at the party. Jin thought it was cute.

“It really does.” He said before looking at the other. “Did you read it?”

Namjoon stared at him with calculating eyes before answering. “Only the cover. Frankly, I was too shocked to read more. Do you wanna talk about what just happened?”

Jin shook his head. “No.”

“Okay, I'm here if you need to.”

Namjoon tried to hug him again but Jin stopped with a frown. “What do you mean?”

“Well,” Namjoon gaze went to the magazine, “since day one I’ve asked myself what did you see in me, a workaholic editor who appeared at his brother’s house in the middle of the night threatening to kill his petunias so you could let him in.” Jin giggled at the memory. “And now, the only question on my mind is What the hell is doing Kim Seokjin, America’s sweetheart, with me?”

Jin stared at him before taking the magazine from his hands, Namjoon’s eyes wide open at the sudden movement.

“You listen to me, Kim Namjoon.” Said the actor with vehemence. “First, America is a big continent and not a single country so stop saying that before my Latinos friends kick your ass. Secondly,” Jin took his hands between his, “I’m surrounded by movie stars and models every single day of my life. I work with them and producers pay us to pretend that we’re in love in front
of the cameras, that’s all. At the end of the day, the contract is over and I’m relieved to stop seeing their fake asses. And let me tell you, you can have a pretty face but if you’re full of shit everybody can smell it.”

Namjoon chuckled, Jin couldn’t resist and touched those beautiful dimples with reverence.

“But, with you, I swear Namjoon I don’t need to pretend. The moment you told me you didn’t know who I was, I felt so relieved. I had been Kim Seokjin for so long that I almost forgot the difference between a fake smile and a real one. With you, I could be Jin. Only Jin. The hot stranger staying at your brother’s house, who saved you from a shameful death after falling from a high bed.”

Namjoon rolled his eyes. “Oh my God, you’ll never forget that.”

“Nope, I will treasure that memory forever.”

They laughed together, the tension in the room finally broken. Namjoon touched one of Jin’s soft cheeks, their noses bumping into each other, their mouths connecting. The kiss went from being a simple touch of lips to a full make out session. Jin was straddling Namjoon, the editor’s hand under his shirt, when the house phone rang. They both jumped, surprised by the unexpected sound.

“Wh-Who even has a landline telephone?” panted Jin.

“My hipster brother.” Said an annoyed Namjoon, reaching for the source of the annoying noise.


Jin ate his sandwich while looking at Namjoon nervously pacing the room, his own sandwich intact on the kitchen table.

He had talked with Joy for a few minutes before the woman’s phone died. Then he muttered something about his mother before charging his own dead phone and connecting it to the charger, the device coming into life with a thousand unread messages and missing calls.

Fortunately, his mother was okay, but that meant that Joy was coming over in half an hour. That was almost thirty minutes ago.

He tried to ask him what was happening, who Joy was, why he was so nervous; but Namjoon looked so stressed that he didn’t want to add more to it.

_Joy._

_Irene._

_Jin._

Apparently the editor really was a busy man.

“Umm, Jin.” Oh, he wasn’t _love_ anymore. “I’m so sorry about this. I can explain. I swear I wasn--”

“Namjoon, what’s going on? Who’s she?”

“It’s not what you think. I swear--”
Jin got to the door before the other, wanting this to be over once for all.

On the other side was a beautiful woman with long black hair and plump lips, her smile disappearing from her pretty face after seeing him.

“Who are you? Where’s Namjoon?”

Jin opened his mouth to answer when a tiny gasp interrupted him.

“Sir! Z oo ci et y is cured?!”

Chapter End Notes

Darlings, babies, honeys,

Babies Jungkook and Taehyung are coming.

Kisses and hugs
Kim Seokjin liked to perceive himself as a very calm man with nerves of steel who couldn’t be easily surprised.

Of course that was an utter lie he liked to tell himself.

In reality he was full of fears and would run at the first sign of trouble. Or cockroaches. Or both. Mainly cockroaches.

Specially if they could fly.

Okay, maybe he wasn’t a very brave person. But he could pretend. Because Kim Fucking Seokjin was a really good actor.

That’s why his smile didn’t wavered at the confused and almost angered face of the woman in front of him with a big travel bag in one hand and a very excited toddler in the other. Even though he was literally freaking out inside.

“Sir! Sir! It’s Tae! ‘member? Tae from the store!”

Jin’s smile became warmer at the cute little jumps the boy was giving. Seeing him at his doorstep had been quite a shock. I mean, what were the odds of seeing the adorable bouncing boy again? But it was a really welcoming surprise. “It’s Jin, Tae. And of course I remember. How could I forget our important conversation about society?”

Tae giggled behind his free hand before widening his eyes and gasping again as if he just
remembered something of vital importance. “Look! Look, Jin-sir!” he yelled signaling beside the still suspicious woman. Right there, sleeping peacefully on his seat car despite the other boy’s screams, was a little boy no more than two years old with dark hair and wearing such a big coat that only his closed eyes, chubby cheeks and pacifier could be seen. Jin could feel how his heart fluttered at the high amount of cuteness and the sudden desire of kissing that cute nose.

“That's Kookie! My li’le bother!”

Jin was about to ask the baby’s name when a deep voice behind him interrupted.

“Brother, honey, Kookie's your little brother.”

“Daddy!” yelled Tae, dislodging his small hand from the woman's grasp who sighed in relief.

“Namjoon, there you’re. I was about to take the kids to the car again.”

Jin looked in shock how the editor opened his arms to the boy who hugged his neck with force. His dimples making an appearance when his face started to be attacked with kisses followed by little muahs.

Daddy?, mouthed Jin when their gazes met.

Namjoon gave him a apologetic look before turning his attention to the woman who was currently taking everything inside the house. “Sorry, Joy. My phone died.” He said while bringing Tae’s head against his chest, the little boy closing his eyes as if he was at his favorite place in the whole world.

Relatable, thought Jin.

“So I heard. I think you were too...occupied to charge it.” Joy's eyes scanned Jin as if she had x-ray vision.

“Joy” said Namjoon in a warning tone.

“All right, all right.” Joy's slender arms raised in surrender. “I will take my leave, now. I have a class in half an hour. They had breakfast and Jungkook’s diaper has been changed. Irene said that you should call her when you had the time. Goodbye Tae!”

That prompted the boy to lift his head from his father’s chest. “Ssoy! Wait! Tell Daddy,
Joy looked confused for a second before emitting a little right under her breath and facing Namjoon with a serious face. “Namjoon, Tae has been a really good boy and didn't cry or complained when his Grandma woke him up early so, in my humble opinion, I think he deserves the biggest cup of cocoa with all the baby marshmallows in the world.” Jin had to contain his giggles when he saw the little boy mouthing the exact same words. “And,” she continued with an impressive stoic expression, “a new war tank so his Barbie can defeat all the villains.” Joy looked at Tae in confirmation, the little boy giving his approval with a simple nod, both then looking at an amused Namjoon.

“Yes to the cocoa, maybe to the tank.”

Tae looked disappointed but accepted his destiny with a sigh.

“We did our best, Tae” Said Joy with an exaggerated pout.

Tae nodded before whispering into his father’s ear, Namjoon’s expression full of curiosity. “Oh, okay.” Namjoon cleared his throat before looking at Jin. “We need to use the bathroom.”

“Sure” said Jin in a low voice, smiling at the boy who was waving at him from behind his father’s shoulder.

Once they were out of sight, Jin cautiously returned his attention to the woman currently looking at him with a deathly expression.

“Umm--”

Joy crossed her arms in front of her and Jin sweared she suddenly looked taller. “Look, darling. I’m quite in a hurry so I will be short. This little boys are my life and Namjoon is one of my favorite people along with Hobi and Emma Thompson, bless her soul. So,” said while taking a step forward, “don’t you dare hurt them. All right?”

Jin knew he looked like a fish out of water, gaping at the woman still waiting for an answer.

“I would never...”

“You better not.” Joy looked at him for long minute before looking down at her watch. “Oh shoot! I should really go! Goodbye!”

And just like that, Joy took off in his shiny car, Jin’s gaze following it.

What the fuck was going on?

He felt in one of those thrillers where you have to put the puzzle together with pieces that made no sense.

His lover was apparently a father of two little boys, one of them he met when he had been scolded by him for saying bad words and not having a potty jar. There were not one but two women, apart from his mother, in Namjoon’s life who he talked to daily apparently. One of them so close to him that she even took care of his children. Joy was beautiful and he couldn’t stop thinking that Irene must be gorgeous too.

He didn’t notice he was still at the open door until a loud sneeze took him from his thoughts. In alarm, he turned his head to the ground, where a pair of sleepy doe eyes looked at him from his
seat before sneezing again.

“Oh, I’m so sorry!” He quickly closed the door, admonishing himself for forgetting about the other child. He kneeled on the wooden floor to clean the snot coming from his button nose with the sleeve of his sweater. “There you go. We don’t want you to catch a cold, right?” Jin was too occupied cleaning the boy that he didn’t notice the teary eyes looking at him in shock until he saw the tiny lips forming a trembling pout. “Oh nonono, don’t worry!” He took the forgotten pacifier from the boy’s chest and gave it to him. “Here you go. No need to cry. See?”

The little boy accepted the pacifier but still looked as if he was going to cry any moment. Jin looked at the stairs, thinking of calling Namjoon but too afraid of scaring the boy even more with his shout. And suddenly, he had an idea. Maybe a stupid one, but he was desperate to calm the boy down.

He looked at Jungkook and, while maintaining eye contact, did something he hadn’t done in a long time.

Seokjin sang.

The lullaby came out of his mouth without any effort, not even stumbling at the right pronunciation of the korean words, even though he hadn’t spoke the language for years. The baby looked at him in wonder, the imminent tantrum forgotten. Jin smiled when a pair of little arms reached for him, asking to be picked. He continued singing in a soft voice, the baby’s doe eyes still on him, a tiny hand against his throat as feeling the vibrations of his voice. They stayed like that for a long time. Jin’s voice filling the room while looking at the baby in his arms, even cuter now that he’s awake.

“Jin-Sir sing etter than you, Daddy” said a tiny voice followed by a deep chuckle.

The whisper broke the bubble of contentment, surprising both Jin and the baby in his arms who almost began to cry again until he saw his brother and...

“Addy!” he cried with the pacifier still in his mouth while trying to get closer to Namjoon with his short arms.

The actor tried to stop him from falling down, a difficult task when said baby had the unexpected strength of two horses.

“Hello, my Kookie-yah” Namjoon cooed at his son. Namjoon’s smile could light the whole room when he finally had his children with him, both hugging him and kissing his cheeks. A pang of longing hitted Jin so suddenly that he had to take his eyes away from the soft image.

“Daddy?” he asked softly.

He felt Namjoon’s gaze on him, the little boys silently watching the exchange as if sensing its importance “Yes, I’m Daddy.”

“Married?”

“I wouldn’t be here with you if I was.”

“You’re D-I-V-O-R-C-E-D?”

“W-I-D-O-W-E-R. Almost two years ago.”
Jin gasped. His heart breaking for those little boys who had lost their mother at such a young age. Jungkook must had being a newborn. “Joy is---”

“A great friend with a very nice girlfriend.”

“Auntie Irene always has cookies!” screamed Tae. His brother looked at him with a questioning look, prompting a loud laugh from the toddler. “No, Kookie! I said cookiesss! The one you eat! I can’t eat you, right Daddy?”

“Right, baby. You’re very smart.” Jin almost melted at the content look in Tae’s face when his father placed a soft kiss on his forehead, and then smiled when Jungkook whined asking for one.

*Kids, man. Only them can cut the tension so smoothly.*

“Jin-Sir, you have cookies?”

Jin pretended to think for a while only because Tae’s expectant face was really funny and cute. “Mmm, maybe I have some.”

“And hot coco’?”

“Hot cocoa, honey, but you already had breakfast and we should go home now.” Namjoon’s arms must hurt by then, holding both little boys.

“B-b-but Jin-Sir loves coco’ and don’t care what Ser-Ser--”

Tae looked at him asking for help, until Jin realized what he was trying to say, “Sergei.”

“Sershay said.” Frankly, Jin was surprised by his good memory.

“Wait, who’s Sergei?” asked a very confused Namjoon.

“Jin-Sir’s friend, Daddy.” He said, looking at his father as if he was doubting his intelligence.

“Taehyung, how do you know Jin?”

*Oh-uh,* thought Jin.

“We talked about the potty jar at the supermarket, Daddy. Jin-Sir doesn’t have one.”

Namjoon’s face became serious in an instant, it would have been hot in other situation. With less kids. And no clothes.

*Focus, you horny dog.*

“What did I tell you about talking to strangers, Kim Taehyung?”

“B-but Daddy! Is Jin-sir! Not a stranger!” Said a very pouty Tae.

“But he was a stranger then.”

“He’s not.”

“Not now, but he was.”

Jin could see that Namjoon was getting impatient, sensing how the conversation was going nowhere because of Tae’s stubbornness.
“What you father’s trying to say,” began Jin capturing the attention of everyone in the room, “it’s that is really dangerous to talk to strangers because maybe they’re not good people and can do bad things.”

“Why?”

“Tae--” said Namjoon in a warning tone.

“Because they’re the reason of a few ouchies ,” whispered Jin dramatically as if saying an extremely important information to the little boy. Tae gasped, his chubby hand grabbing his father’s shirt with force. “So, you understand why you shouldn’t talk to them.”

Jin thought Tae was going to hurt himself because of how hard he shook his head. “I won’t, Jin-Sir! They can’t know I’m helping zoociety .”

“Exactly.”

Both shared a secretive smile until Namjoon squirmed in discomfort.

“Okay, Tae, we’re going to talk about this later but first, Daddy’s arms are hurting.” Namjoon’s uneasiness became worse when Tae’s little arms hugged his neck. Balancing Jungkook on his left arm while trying to stop his other son from choking him, his arms looked as if they were about to give up.

“Nooo, Daddy! I wanna cuddle!”

“I know, baby. But let’s do it once we’re home, okay?”

“But I’m hungry, now!”

“Tae, please…”

The unexpected sob surprised them. Both looking at the boy who had been smiling just a few seconds ago. “And Jin-Sir can’t be alone!”

The actor saw that the argument wasn’t going to end well. Tae was specially clingy all of the sudden, trying to have his father’s attention who was also rocking a teary Jungkook who didn’t understand why his brother was upset. Without thinking, Jin took the baby and soothed him with soft words and gently rubs on his back. Namjoon silently thanked him and shook his numb arm with a pained expression. Tae was still sobbing against his neck, hiding from everyone on the room.

Jin frowned in confusion and carefully, as if approaching a scared animal, touched his silky hair. “Tae, what’s going on? Are you tired?” The little boy only sobbed louder. “Are you hungry?” A tiny nod. “Okay, then. I can pack a few cookies so you can eat them on the ride home. What do you think about that?”

An eye peaked from underneath a curtain of hair. “How many?” whispered the little boy prompting a laugh from both men.

“All the cookies I have.”

Tae seemed to be thinking about it until a worried frown appeared on his face. “But, what about Jin-Sir? You won’t have cookies. You will be famissed .”
“Famished?”

“Your tummy will growl like a lion.”

“Oh, famished, honey. That’s a really difficult word. Daddy is so proud.” Namjoon kissed his son again, his deep dimples showing.

Tae looked at his father, a small hand rubbing his eye. “Daddy, can Jin-Sir come to our house? He can eat cookies and drink coco’ and we can watch movies and nap and I promise I won’t snore and-and Kookie promises he will share Tata so she can protects him and I will be good and eat all my veggies and his veggies so he doesn’t have to eat the carrots if he doesn’t want to.”

Namjoon gaped like a fish out of water. Looking at his son as if it was the first time the little boy said that amount of words in one go (something that he of course did before, he was sure Tae was going to be a rapper or something like that when he was older because of how fast he talked). He looked at Jin with wide eyes, trying to tell him that he didn’t had to do it even though he was sure his baby’s heart will be broken if he said no.

“Okay,” said the actor, “if your father gives you permission, I’ll go with you.”

Jin felt he was going to pass out at any minute.

For the last eight hours he had been the bestest chef in the whole world because he could make a mean hot cocoa and mac and cheese without setting the kitchen on fire. He had also been the knight in distress who needed to be saved by the brave commander Barbie with her new war tank
instead of a faithful steed. He had to repeat that character a lot of times because Kookie liked to put the dragon inside his mouth, reason why he became the dragon. An adorable one but maybe Jin was biased.

Namjoon tried to convince his sons to take a nap at some point, but Kookie had pouted and, with a really fierce expression, said “Addy, no.” Then, he took his beloved Tata and his pacifier and gave them to his father with a final “You bed.”

Namjoon’s face had been priceless.

And now, at eight pm, silence filled the Kim house.

The actor fondly looked at the sleepy toddler beside him on the couch. His little boots still on after wanting to show him the garden, proclaiming that fairies like to visit him and say goodnight.

Kim Taehyung was a precious child. Full of imagination and love. During the day, he had looked in shock at Namjoon several times after hearing a particular difficult word coming from those tiny lips. He was as smart as his father, full of ideas that stopped him in the middle of a sentence until he could externalize them. He was so playful and loud, but had moments when he would be silent and searched for his father for a sudden hug. Jin could see a sadness in that child that he had never seen in anyone. Tae understood so much that sometimes could get overwhelmed. Jin wondered if in those moments he realized something new and needed to know that his father was there for him.

Kim Jungkook was another story. He had being shy for a long time, avoiding Jin’s gaze and sometimes jumping when he heard him laugh out loud. He didn’t talk much, only a few scattered words, something that it was a little strange at his age but not implausible. After a few hours, the actor saw that the younger liked to watch everything from outside. Liked to see his older brother playing, his father cleaning, or Jin cooking. That’s why sometimes he would let Namjoon and Tae play by themselves and take a seat beside the observant child. After a while, Kookie got near him until he was on his lap, his tiny head resting against his chest while calmly watching his family play. He could swear his heart tripled his normal size.

Jin softly caressed Tae’s head, aware of not waking him up. Namjoon was currently taking a very unconscious Kookie to his crib and preparing Tae’s bed.

That feeling of longing returned like a wave.

With a trembling sigh, he rubbed his eyes. His mind drifted to a certain pile of papers at his office in L.A. waiting to be signed.

A family, a loving partner, a house. That was what he wanted for himself. To connect with someone beyond a physical relationship or a romantic way, to have someone beside him and share a life together, make plans for the future.

Spending a day with Namjoon and his sons had been a wonderful dream, a physical manifestation of what he wanted the most but a clear reminder that it was an impossible. At least for now.

“Jin, are you all right?”

The editor’s deep voice took him away from his self pityness, replacing his serious expression with a smile almost on autopilot.

“Yeah, sorry. Just a little overwhelmed, that’s all.”

“Oh.” A deep frown distorted his handsome face. “I know it was too soon and the kids can be---”
“They’re perfect, Namjoon. Never apologize for your wonderful kids.”

All tension left Namjoon’s body at once. “They’re quite wonderful.”

“The bestest.”

“I see that my son left an impression on you,” he chuckled and then added with a wicked smile, “Jin-Sir.”

“Why Jin-Sir, Tae?”

“You s’times say Hobi-hyung to Uncle Hobi.”

“Yes, honey, that’s right but because hyung is a sign of respect to someone who’s older than you.”

“I know, Daddy! Jin-Sir is older than Tae!”

This time, Jin was the one who softly laughed at the memory. “He’s the cutest and smartest kid I’ve ever met.” Namjoon went over to his sleepy son, kissing his cheek before taking his boots off. “Just like his father.”

Namjoon gave him a bashful smile before taking the little boy in his arms. “I’ll be right back,” he whispered.

The editor’s attempts of no waking his son up evidently failed because Tae opened his eyes in an instant to look at his father in confusion. “Daddy?”

“Shh, hon, you’re going to bed.”

“Nooo,” softly whined the toddler, “Jin-Sir is here, Daddy.”

“Don’t worry, Tae. I should go home, anyways.” Jin regretted his words the moment he saw the tears beginning to appear in those expressive eyes.

“Don’t go.” The tiny sob that followed broke his heart. Immediately he was beside Namjoon, stroking the boy’s back and then holding him when a pair of arms asked him to. “Sleep over. You can sleep with me.”

“That’s so sweet of you to invite me, TaeTae, but maybe another time. Mickey is alone and we don’t want him to be sad, isn’t?” That was the right choice, Tae loved that dog and the only idea of him being sad made him relent.

Tae nodded while rubbing his eye. Jin couldn’t resist and kissed him on one of his chubby cheeks, the little boy doing the same instantly. The actor tried to return the boy to his father’s arms but apparently he had other ideas and asked to be put down. “Wait here, Jin-Sir” said before going to his room.

Namjoon and Jin exchanged a confused look, both hearing sounds of drawers being opened and a few grunts coming from the toddler’s room.

“Tae, do you need h--?” began Namjoon but couldn’t end the sentence because the boy returned with a toy car on his hand.
Tae extended his arm towards the actor, “This is Mickey’s favorite toy so he won’t be sad.”

“Aw, thank you.” Jin could cry because of how precious the boy was.

“But I need it tomorrow so Barbie can fight the dragon, Jin-Sir. Pwomise ?”

Jin looked at the little boy in shock, Namjoon laughed out loud. Of course, Tae was more intelligent than any of them.

“Pwomise ? Tomorrow?” repeated Tae.

Jin looked at the editor with uncertainty. A question being asked silently.

Namjoon only smiled and answered for him without breaking eye contact. “Yes, Tae. Jin-Sir promises he will come back tomorrow.”

Chapter End Notes

Who’s the cutest baby boy? KIM-TAE-TAE
Who do you wanna hug? KIM-KOO-KIE

The babies are here and I'm in loooooove.
You were really worried but we knew Namjoon is a gentleman and our true president.

If you want, you can follow my Tumblr . I will be uploading a few moodboards and announcing when a new chapter is up.

Thank you for reading my cutie pies!
Jin was freaking out.

He had arrived at Hoseok’s home after promising Tae he was going to have breakfast with them and receiving kisses for the ride back, a strong hug so he didn’t feel cold outside and another toy so he wasn’t “shelous” of Mickey getting one.
He was checking the doors and turning the lights off so he could go to bed after his bath when he saw the magazine forgotten on the floor. The picture of Ken and him mocking him from the cover.

But that wasn’t what caught his attention.

What really caught his attention was the reason why he was desperately calling at Yoongi, cursing at himself for being such a shitty friend. He was so on edge that he had started cleaning the freaking kitchen in the middle of the night while expecting his friend to pick up the goddamn phone.

“JIN! FUCKING FINALLY.”

“Hyung for you, you brat!” He answered in reflex. “Oh my God, Yoongi! Did you see the Us Weekly?”

“My manager sent me the photo this morning. Hyung… how do you feel?”

The actor frowned, confused. “How do I feel? How do you feel? What the fuck is going on with Jennie? Are you leaving with her? Why didn’t you tell me anything!” He knew he was screaming and that he should calm down, but he was still too vulnerable after the magazine episode of that morning and the mere thought of his friend leaving without telling him made him want to puke.

“Because until a couple of hours I didn’t know it myself. I am not leaving…” Jin breathed again. “I think.” Jin cursed under his breath and continued trying to get rid of a stain on the stove. “Ugh, I don’t know what to do, what to say. It’s… Been rough for sometime now with her, our relationship is not in a good place. I just got back from seeing her, but I don’t feel like talking about it yet.”

“Uh-Uh, Min Yoongi.” Said the actor in an authoritative voice. “You have been suffering for a long time and you didn’t say anything? It’s time to take a metaphorical laxative, leave your emotional constipation behind and talk to your best friend once and for all.”

“I don’t think Shawn Mendes is available to have a talk at this hour.”

“Ha-Ha. First of all, fuck you. I’m way better than him.”

“As if.” The producer scoffed.

“The disrespect, I swear.”

“Have you seen his hair? It’s not products, it’s natural! All natural, not like your chemically straightened hair.”

Jin was getting impatient. “I see what you’re doing. Trying to avoid the main subject here by attacking my perfect hair. Talk to me, Yoongi.”

He waited, hearing a frustrated growl from the other side of the line. He knew feelings were a touchy subject for Yoongi (pun intended), but he wasn't going to let this go until the other explained to him what was going on.

“Yoongi…”

“Fine…” he sighed. “Jennie in the last few months began to work harder on getting a solid contract with a record label. She got really mad and grumpy when something went sideways, so we started fighting for the tiniest of the things, like… a couple, fighting over couple stuff. We’d never had those type of issues before. It was like if she was trying to sabotage us, like it would make it
easier when eventually she got what she wanted.”

Jin rolled his eyes. That was so Jennie. Instead of talking things through she would become irritated and keep everyone away until she could figure everything out and then pretend that nothing happened. Return to be a sweetheart even though everyone who knew her knew that for a fact that she only had his career as a main priority and wouldn't hesitate to leave his life behind, always thinking about her next step and not caring about anything else.

“Yoongi...You never fought with her but only because you two didn’t share anything too serious. You know that.”

“I know…”

“I mean, of course couples fight. You can’t live with someone without having arguments or bumping a few heads. But you two barely shared something beside your love for music, work and the bills.”

“There's something worse than that, hyung…”

“What do you mean?”

“When I went to talk about her leaving she starts explaining how this was her dream and that I could always tag along and go with her if I chose to, but... you know in movies? When the protagonist girl is about to leave forever and the guy goes to stop her, he either convinces her to stay or goes with her “to the end of the world”?”

Jin’s hand stopped mid air, holding a wet rag that dripped on the floor..”...Did you watch one of my movies?”

“That's not the point…” He knew he was lying, hiding his nervousness under a fake cough, but he decided to let it go.

“Right, sorry. Go on.”

“I didn't felt that, I felt nothing at all. I was upset of course, but once we spoke I felt nothing, hyung. No love, no fright, nothing.”

Jin’s heart broke for his best friend. He knew that feeling too well and it was awful. Realizing that the person beside you made you feel nothing but emptiness was one of the worst experiences in the world. “I know what you mean. I...felt something like that with Ken. It was like letting go something that wasn’t there anymore. That had been gone for a long time already.”

“Well, fuck…”

Jin laughed without any humor. Well fuck indeed.

“Apparently we have a lot in common, uh?”

“No... I'm friends with Shawn and you're not.”

“He doesn’t even follow you on Twitter.” He rolled his eyes at Mickey as if saying can you believe this . Of course the dog only closed his eyes in disinterest. Jin sighed and silently look at the sleeping puppy, trying to find the right words. “Yoongi, I don’t want to sound egocentric or something like that.”
“That’s a first… You can’t see me right now but I’m looking at the camera like in The Office.”

“Yah! I was trying to say something emotional so close your ass and listen to your hyung!!”

“Lol.”

“Shut the fuck up. Okay, as I was saying before you disrespected me again.” He took a big breath before answering. “Please don’t go. Don’t follow her. I won’t...Yoongi, I won’t be able to be away from you. You’re so important to me and knowing that you’re there with new people and that fucking heartless—” he stopped himself before saying out loud what he really wanted to say, “woman...I swear I will pack everything and go with you. I don’t care what she says or what her dreams are. I just care about you and I will do everything in my power to help you. If you want to go, okay. But you better prepare an extra room for me because I will be there eating all your fucking food and mocking you when you wear those horrible boxers with bears.”

“That’s gay.” Said Yoongi in a soft voice. Jin almost laughed out loud, knowing his friend was touched even though he try to hide it with a joke.

“Your girlfriend using a strap-on in bed to use it on you is gay, Yoongi.”

“I was joking, hyung. Calm your 600 dollar Gucci anal plug, okay? Has England taken all your sense of humor already?”

“I will fucking end you. Good luck in France. I hope she puts a baguette up your ass.”

“I do enjoy a crusty fit.” Jin threw the rag onto the floor in disgust. “…just so we’re clear though…” said Yoongi after a while. “I’m not going to France.”

“…oh.” Jin could feel himself deflating. Damn Yoongi and his emotional rollercoaster.

“I just decided it would be an inconvenience you eating all our food. What if you gained weight and then lost your job? I’m not taking care of no hobo.”

The actor softly smiled, fully knowing what the producer was trying to say. “All I heard is that you are staying because you love me.”

“Oh good, you were paying attention then.”

“Say it.”

“Bush was guilty for 911.”

“True, but not what I was expecting. Say it, Min Yoongi. Say that you love me or I will show the world drunk Yoongi’s aegyo.”

“I love…”

“You can do it.”

“I love...Mygoodfriendshawn.”

“Say goodbye to your public image.”

“I love you, hyung,” said the producer in a very low voice.

“Now, that’s gay,” said a very happy Jin.
“It's good to get it out of my chest.”

“For the record, I already knew you had a crush on me.”

“Mmm? Sorry? I was texting Shawn... how does it sound? “I love you, hyung.“? Maybe the hyung it's a bit much since he isn't Korean... Mmm. Meh, I love you will work fine. Aaaa and sent.”

“Sure, keep lying to yourself. But I heard it and I recorded it and I will treasure it.”

The actor’s cheeks hurt because of how hard he was smiling. It was so good to talk to his best friend again. Okay, they’d talked just a day ago but it had been too long. Since his parents decided that his son was a disgrace, Yoongi became his only family. They supported each other since they were little and they’l continue doing it till the end of times. Now, Jin felt quite guilty for not being there with Yoongi when he was having a hard time with his actually-not-girlfriend. He wanted to be physically there for him but at least, he could be a willing ear and a supportive virtual friend.

“So, if you’re not going to France...what are you gonna say to Jennie?”

“I'm breaking up things with her I guess.”

“You don’t sound sad at all. Good for you.”

“Thank you, I'm an emotionally vacant child and particularly good at it too.”

Jin didn’t like how that sounded. “Are you Ok? Please don’t make a joke. Seriously.”

“I'm feeling just fine.”

And that, ladies, gentleman and non-binary people; that was a complete lie. When you’re friends with Min hard as a rock and not in a sexual way Yoongi you receive a full course of How to smell someone’s bullshit from afar, specially said man’s bullshit. Yoongi had this incredible power of talking with such conviction that you believed everything he said. It was something about the cadence of his voice or his stoic face, he didn’t know. The thing was that only a few people knew when Yoongi was really telling the truth and those were his mother and his best friend, who were also the only two people he could open up with.

Jin knew that if he let this slide Yoongi will hide behind his dark humor and successfully avoid the subject. Jennie and him weren’t a couple per se, but they’ve been living together for a long time and shared a lot of things. Saying that the break up was nothing was a defense mechanism that will only hurt him in the long-term and he couldn’t let him do the same mistake as him. That’s why he decided to open up with his best friend, even though it was really hard for him.

After taking a deep breath, he almost vomited his next words. “Namjoon found out who I was and about Ken and I had an episode in front of him. So yeah. I ended a four year relationship with the man who I thought was the love of my life even though he treated me badly for the last months. I travel miles away escaping from that but it bit me in this ass. Maybe I had two wonderful nights with a gorgeous man, but at the first sight of trouble I literally panicked. All because I didn’t want to face what happened. Your turn.”

Jin exhaled, his head bumping against the wall behind him and his eyes closing on their own accord. After a few moments of nothing, he thought Yoongi wasn’t going to answer, until he heard a deep inhale on the other side of the line.

“I met Jennie when I had the emotional maturity of a peeled potato and called it rushly love, I never had experienced it before nor after, I’m scared to let someone into my life that can see my
most intimate side because I have issues so I asked her to be my girlfriend without any other thought in mind than to have an amazing occasional bone and because honestly she is still a cool person to hang out with so I said “what the hell let's have a relationship.”"

They remained silent for a few seconds, both trying to calm themselves after being honest about their feelings in God knows how long.

We’re really emotionally constipated.

“I have to say that I was surprised when you told me you two were going to live together after only four months.”

“We both barely got cash for rent so we just took that as a problem solver.”

Jin winced. “Yeah, not a good start for any relationship.”

“Deep down I think we both saw our relationship like nothing more than a good shared investment.”

“I guess we are both taking the trash out,” he sighed.

“Mmm, more like incinerating the trash.”

Jin laughed softly. “Pyromaniacal.”

“I prefer to be called Yoongi.” He said before clearing his throat in discomfort. “So.. This Namjoon fella... What happened after your shit show?”

“Well...let’s say I took your advice and I had another close encounter with his dick.” Jin sighed dreamily while thinking about the wonderful night with the editor.

“That's...one way to make amends I guess.”

“It’s a really nice dick on a really nice man, Yoongi.”

“Ugh, please...let's stop talking about this guy's dick, please.”

“So he knows who I am and everything is...okay? I don’t know actually, we didn’t talk a lot about it.”

“So he is okay with it, and?”

“And...maybe he had a few surprises for me after that.” Two adorable surprises as a matter of fact.

“Ew.”

“Not that kind of surprise! That’s for later.” Said the actor with a wicked smirk. “No, he kinda...he hadn’t been completely honest about his personal life.”

“I mean- You guys met like two days ago and fucked once. I assume - And do not tell me if more, I do not want to know- He wouldn’t tell you he has two kids right away...”

Jin gaped, surprised. “How the fuck do you---?!?” he began before realization hit him. “Oh. I see.”

“See what?”
“Someone has been having deep conversations with a certain british?” He said in a teasing tone, almost laughing out loud at Yoongi’s uncomfortable cough and failed attempt of sounding chill.

“Ye, we been hangin’.”

“Pfff, hanging he says. Did you show him the studio?”

He already knew the answer with the other’s gasp and the following dramatic pause.

“Fine, yes, I SHOWED HIM THE STUDIO.”

The actor threw his fist in the air in a victorious way. “I knew it! That’s the Min move, baby.”

“Stop it. It’s not like that.”

Jin quickly sobered up, feeling that this was a touchy subject for the other. “Sorry, I’ll stop talking about your crush.” He cleared his throat before excitedly talking about the Kim family. “Okay, so, yeah. Namjoon has two kids. And, Yoongi, they’re the cutest kids in the world. Tae, the eldest, is so smart and creative and he lets you there like “Aristotle who?” And Jungkookie? Oh my God, he’s so calm and observant but sassy at the same time. He has those beautiful eyes, so expressive. You’ll love them. I swear.”

“Am I gonna met them?? What are you saying? should I call Namjoon Daddy anytime soon?”

Jin realized what he had just said and nervously tried to correct himself. “What? No! I was just saying that you would love them. If you meet them. One day. Maybe. I don’t know! Use your kink with your crush and leave mine alone!”

“Offensive!” Answered Yoongi in a horrible imitation of a British accent.

“Shut up.”

“Hoseok is...something else. I couldn’t use my usual charm techniques with him. It’s...”

Jin frowned in concern, not liking how uncertain his friend sounded. “Yoongi. I support this crush and I hope you can have the Kim experience soon. But first, talk to Jennie and end it. I know that you know that she’s going to do whatever she wants and will expect for you to follow her. End that part of your life so you can take the next step with Hoseok.”

“I’m not sure Hoseok is ready for anything. He had a rough ending to a relationship before getting here. But I’m fine with that, I don’t care, I just want to hang with him. I will however end thing with Jennie, hyung.”

The actor sighed in relief.

“You better. Or I will personally call her. You know I will.”

“If you do I’m exposing pictures of yo- see when you are an actor comfortable with his body image it makes blackmailing you harder.”

“It’s hard to make fun of perfection.”

“I guess I have to talk to her now,” Yoongi sighed.

Oh how he wanted to hug him right now. “I’m a call away, Yoongi. You know you can call me at
any hour and I’ll answer. You don’t have to do this alone. You had been there for me in my darkest moments. Let me do the same for you.”

“Thank you, hyung. I need to face this, it’s time. You should rest it’s really late, and your face bloats when you don’t sleep enough.”

“Such a good friend. Hyung’s touched. Text me after you talk to Jennie. And say hi to Hoseok for me. Don’t drool when you see him, please. My floors stain easily.”

“Take care, hyung. Don’t wear out Dad’s penis.”

“This conversation is over. Fuck you so much.”

Jin balanced the bag of baby marshmallows and the box of warm croissants on his left arm so he could knock on Namjoon’s door. The prospect of expending another day with the editor and his kids thrilled him so much that he couldn’t stop bouncing in excitement. He had been awake even before his alarm rang, already making mental notes of what he needed to buy before going to the Kim’s house.

Finally the door opened, Namjoon’s warm smile quickly becoming his favorite greeting.

“Hi.” He said in a soft voice, thankful of having his hands occupied so he couldn’t jump the attractive man in front of him.

“Hello.”

Calm down, Seokjin. You’re in a public area for Christ’s sake, thought the actor when the editor’s deep voice almost made him moan.

“Please, come in, it’s freezing outside.” Namjoon quickly moved so he could let Jin enter to the cozy home and then proceeded to help him with the bags so he could take his coat off. “Are those for me?”

Jin looked down at the third package in his arm, a huge bouquet of colorful flowers that he had been adamant to bring. “Actually, they’re for Kookie. I saw how mesmerized he was with the flowers in your garden and I thought maybe he could actually touch this ones without you been afraid of him ripping them off.”

“Oh, right. Actually I don’t let him touch because he likes to chew them. I had to take all the plants out of the house.”

“Fuck. Okay, so I think they’re for you then.”

“I feel so loved right now.” Namjoon chuckled while intensely looking the tight sweater the other was wearing under his coat, the actor’s back muscles clearly visible when he hanged it. “I...will put this on the kitchen.” He said before scurrying into the other room.

Jin took off his shoes, smiling when he saw the little boots of Tae and Kookie beside the larger ones of Namjoon. He put his beside the editor’s, secretly enjoying the image of the four pairs together.

“Where’re the kids?” he asked once inside the small kitchen.
“Sleeping. Kookie started crying in the middle of the night and woke Tae up. They finally collapsed in my bed after two hours.”

Jin winced in sympathy. “Oh dear, and I thought my night had been rough.”

Namjoon frowned and immediately stopped filling the flower vase with water to gently grab his face, worry evident on his handsome features. “What happened? Are you all right?”

The actor tensed in surprise, not expecting the sudden but not unwelcome show of affection. “I’m fine. My friend was having a hard time and I got worried, that’s all.”

The taller sighed in relief, but didn’t take his hands away, his thumbs caressing the soft cheekbones under them. “Good. I just thought that maybe...it happened again.”

Jin’s hands closed around the other’s wrists. “I’m okay, Joonie. I promise.” He said while maintaining the eye contact so the editor could see he was being completely honest.

Namjoon nodded, still looking at him with a fiery gaze. That was the moment Jin realized how close they were. He was looking up at the taller man, their fingers intertwined on his face, he could almost count the other’s eyelashes when his eyes moved down to his mouth, his lips tingling at the mere thought of the editor kissing him again.

“Jin…” Namjoon’s silky voice made him whimper, this time out loud. “Jin, could I--?”

The actor didn’t let him finish, hastily closing the distance between them. His arms hugging the other’s neck, his hands grabbing his nape. They both closed their eyes in pleasure once their lips finally connected, feeling like they hadn’t done that in a very long time even though only a day had passed. Namjoon threaded his fingers through Jin’s hair, his other hand grabbing his hip, his tongue sensually caressing his and prompting a whiny moan from him.

The need to breath was what made them end the kiss, but their lips didn't go too far away. Namjoon nipped Jin's neck, the actor's mouth opening in a silent moan, hips looking for any kind of friction. He gasped out loud when Namjoon put both hands on his ass and lifted him as if he weighed nothing so he could pin him against the kitchen table. The actor immediately closed his long legs around the editor’s narrow waist so they could rut against each other in a desperate haste.

“Joonie,” he moaned into his mouth. He was drunk on the feeling of Namjoon’s hands, the sounds he was making, his cologne, his taste; surrounded by Namjoon and only Namjoon. “Ah!” he cried. His forehead fell on the taller’s shoulder, overwhelmed by pleasure, feeling close to the edge.

Trying to regain his sanity, he opened his eyes and looked at the floor. “Oh my God. Joon!” He said, anxiously.

“Yeah, darling. I’m close too.” Groaned the man against his neck.

Jin pushed him away, his feet touching the ground again. “No! Joon! Look!”

Namjoon looked at him in confusion and followed his line of sight.
A pair of sleepy eyes were intensely staring at them, drooping eyelids fighting to stay open.

They quickly put some distance between them, clearing throats in embarrassment.

“Good morning, Kookie-yah.” Jin cooed in a sweet voice, his cheeks in flames. He crouched in front of the baby who looked at him in confusion, as if not recognising who was talking to him at first. Jin laughed at the tiny frown and puckered lips. A few seconds later Jungkook apparently regained enough consciousness and opened his arms with his chubby hands making gripping motions toward him. The actor happily picked him up, kissing his soft cheeks in the process. The baby snuggled against his neck and sighed in contentment when Jin stroked his back in soothing movements.

“I can't imagine anyone being a bigger hit with my children.”

Jin turned to smile at Namjoon and then laughed when he saw where his hands were positioned. “Do you need a moment?” he joked.

The editor groaned in distress, trying to adjust himself in his jeans. “I can’t believe my son chicken blocked me.”

“Chicken?” Asked Jin in confusion.

“When you’re around a really observant Tae, you need to change your vocabulary for your own good or you will receive a note from his teacher asking how a four year old knows the concept of cun–”

“Daddy?”

“-ning. Yes, cunning. Hello, baby. How did you sleep?”

Jin covered his laughter on Jungkook’s mop of hair, the baby already sleeping again.

Taehyung whined before going to his father and hiding his face against one of his thighs, the man tensing when he came close to his groin.

“He’s not a morning person.” Said Namjoon in a straining voice.

“I can see that,” joked the actor.
There, in a little house of London at nine in the morning, two men held a sleepy child in their arms. Looking at each other in silence, exchanging a soft smile that sent a clear message.

*Here's where I belong.*

Chapter End Notes

Hello my darlings!

Today's my birthday!!
And I thought "if I'm receiving presents, I'll give a present to my beautiful readers"
So, this chapter is dedicated to all of you.
Thank you for reading this, for leaving your comments, for making me want to write, for inspiring me.
I love to read everything you have to say.
Thank you so much.
Love you cuties!

FAGA.
Namjoon looked at his phone absentmindedly, his brother’s message still unanswered on the screen.

*Hey Nams. It’s Hoseok, my phone died and this is my new number.*

*So, I really don't know how to explain this but— I kinda left the UK? Hah, yeah I’m in L.A.*

*Remember I told you about that house exchange thing? Well, someone messaged me and they were really eager to do the trade so it was all kind of rushed and I forgot to phone you. Sorry!*

*Call me back when you can, please. Love you and send kisses to my little babies!*

*Don’t forget to!*
Of course he didn’t forget. Because he never saw the message till the night before, when his phone was finally fully charged and the children were finally asleep. Hoseok surely wasn’t upset about his lack of contact, he knew how chaotic his life could get and how to reach him if he was having an emergency. He couldn’t be mad even though Namjoon didn’t answer his message in two days...right?

He sighed into Tae’s mop of hair, then brushing the messy locks and earning himself a groan from the boy who was trying to drink his hot cocoa in peace.

“Daddy, hajima.”

Seokjin giggled, the spoon with yogurt he was holding stopping mid air in front of a expectant Jungkook with his mouth wide open. “I still can’t believe you teach them Korean.” He said after feeding the very hungry infant on his lap.

“My mother does. She talks in English but likes to speak in Korean with us. When Tae started talking repeated a few words and well, let’s say my mother almost asphyxiated him because of how hard he hugged him when he said eomma instead of mom.”

Tae frowned, chocolate covering his pout like lipstick. “Grandma is really strong.” He said in a solemn voice.

Seokjin laughed out loud. Jungkook startled and looked up at him with his big doe eyes, when the actor made eye contact with him, still laughing, the baby smiled amused by the other’s windshield wiper laugh.

“Jin-Sir?”

“Yes, Tae?”

“Your grandma is strong like the Hulk too?”

“Oh, umm.” The actor sent Namjoon a worried look. “Well, umm, my grandma was really strong, yes.”

Namjoon saw the pity on his smart boy’s face once the words settle in, chubby fingers grabbing his father’s hand with force, wide eyes looking at Jin with sadness. “Was?”

“Yes, well she--” stuttered Seokjin, looking at Namjoon nervously. The editor smiled at him, trying to make him see that it was okay for him to continue with the conversation. “She passed away a few years ago. She was my father’s mom and I didn’t meet my other grandma so...yeah, no grandma.”

Both adults looked at Tae as the toddler seemed to be thinking really hard about the new information. After a few long seconds, he left his father’s lap and went to the fridge, carefully grabbing one of the photos pinned there. Then walked towards the actor and offered the photo to him. “She’s my grandma. She’s really nice and bakers cookies. She can be your grandma for a day and you can baker cookies together. But not in Christmas because she bakers cookies with me and she needes me.”

Seokjin’s eyes looked misty. “Oh, Tae I---”

“I can ask her today! Because we need her cons-, consie-. Daddy?”

“Consent, honey.”
“Consent.” Said Taehyung with a final nod.

Seokjin bit his bottom lip, containing a huge smile. With his free arm, he scooped the little boy so he could attack his cheeks with kisses, prompting giggles from him. “How can you be so cute?” Said the actor between kisses. Taehyung glowed under the sudden attention. His boxy smile blinding, his cheeks flushed.

Of course Jungkook wasn’t going to be only a mere witness of the cuddling session his brother was enjoying. He patted the actor’s cheek with his little hand, whining for smooches that both Seokjin and Tae were more than happy to provide.

Namjoon melted at the image. Seokjin holding his sons gave him a sense of serenity he couldn’t quite explain. Usually, having someone else with his children had always been a stressful matter, with him being all over the place trying to keep an eye on them in case they felt uncomfortable. Especially Kookie, the shy boy crying every time a stranger tried to hold him. So, looking at him giggling with the actor and accepting to be fed by him warmed his heart. Tae was more social, but if he didn’t like someone he became very taciturn and avoided any kind of contact with them. The fact that he was so comfortable with Seokjin and didn’t like to see him sad, talked a lot about said man’s effect on him. Namjoon loved seeing his boys happy.

And Jin. He loved seeing his boys happy with Jin.

“Okay, okay, you win.” The actor tried to say with both of his cheeks squished between the excited boys.

“We all win, Jin-Sir!”

“Shi-se!” squealed Jungkook, trying to imitate his brother with his limited vocabulary.

“Be careful, boys. You don’t want to hurt him, isn’t it?,” warned Namjoon.

“No!” gasped Tae right in Jin’s ear. “We like Jin-Sir! Right, Kookie?” The younger nodded fervorously. “He can’t have boo boos, Kookie. Careful.” Said Tae in a stern voice as he showed his little brother how to caress the actor’s face with his tiny hands.

“Boo boos, no.” Whispered Jungkook, a little frown on his tiny face because of how concentrated he was on being as cautious as possible with his petting. As if his chubby hands could hurt a grown up man like Jin.
Namjoon couldn't stop himself from giggling at the serious faces of his sons. Tae every so often correcting his brother with littles “careful, kookie” and the doe eye baby murmuring “erful, ookie” to himself. Both asking if he was okay to Jin, who looked like he was going to melt from all the love he was receiving.

“All right, kids. I think Jin-Sir feels better, you did a very good job. Now--”

“You too, Daddy!”

“W-what?” said a very dumbfounded Namjoon.

“We need adult superstition. Because we are learning and growing to be strong like grandma and you said that if we do something new we needs to show you or grandma or uncle Hobi or Ssoy or auntie Irene or a teacher or--”

“I get it, Tae. Breath”

Tae took a huge breath and continued. “A-and that we need to show you if we do something new so you cans help us and and do things ‘etter if we make a mistake, because is okay to make mistakes because we are learning and we have pe-pee- people to help us and we never helped Jin-Sir before and we need you to superswise if we did good.”

Namjoon blinked at his son, then looked at an equally surprise Jin. “I think he looks good.”

“No, Daddy.” Tae rolled his eyes, an habit he must have learned from a Joy. “You need to superswise.”

“And how do I do that?”

“Daddy mooches Jin-Sir too!”

The beautiful man looked at him with an intense blush decorating his handsome face, his mouth open in a silent oh when he realized where his son's monologue was going. His own son, his innocent ray of sunshine, being a better wingman than any of his adult friends had ever been.

Surely the other man didn’t know what a huge step this was, what this meant. After his mother’s death, Tae had never seen his father being affectionate with someone outside their more intimate circle. Everytime a stranger came close to them he put himself as a barrier between his family and the outsider. After long conversations where Tae tried to avoid the subject, Namjoon realized that the last time his son saw his mother was at the hospital when she was surrounded by doctors and nurses trying to stop the hemorrhage after Kookie's birth. Of course Hobi had taken him out before he could see anything traumatic, leaving the room right away. But it didn't stop the little boy to make a connection between strangers and losing one of his loved ones.

He didn't know what the actor said or did when Tae met him, but he gained the toddler's trust in just one encounter. And that made him fall even more for him.

“Are you sure?” he asked without taking his eyes off the bashful man as he walked towards them, watching attentively the movement of his Adam's apple when he swallowed.

“Yes! Jin-Sir need mooches to feel ‘etter!”

The boy's voice rang in his ear now that he was at the same height as the other man. His eyes falling on his mouth. “Okay, everything for Jin-Sir.” He didn't imagine the other's gasp at having his sultry voice so close, his own breath becoming quicker at their nearness.
“E’rything!” squealed the little boy.

“ryting!” repeated Jungkook.

The actor licked his lips, the editor contained a groan, aware of the presence of his children. Their noses touched, their eyes closed. Jin puckered his lips. Namjoon closed the distance. But, before connecting their mouths, he deflected and kissed his cheek. Taking his time there. Enjoying the feeling of the other’s soft skin.

Jin's soft whine almost made him change his mind, but he knew what could happen if he went there. He put his forehead against the other's, wanting to be as close as possible.

“'etter, Jin-Sir?” asked Tae in a soft voice.

Namjoon moved away to look at the beautiful smile directed at him. At the glowing man holding what was most precious to him.

“More than ever.”

“May I asked what happened to…?”

“Wendy.”

“Wendy. Beautiful name.”

Namjoon smiled at the snow covered grass, his dimples making the actor's heart lose a beat.

Tae’s laugh and Jungkook's squeals filled the empty park, both playing with an over excited Mickey who had a lot of pent up energy after expending the whole morning and noon at Hoseok's house.

“And she was. So smart too. First of her class at college and so out of my league that I didn't talk to her until Irene, her roommate at the time, and I had to work on a group project and she arrived early. I swear I choked on my tea so hard that I almost passed out when she said hello to me.” Namjoon chuckled. “After that we were friends for years before dating and well, let’s say Tae was a huge surprise.”
“Oh, shit. You were still at…”

“College. Yeah. Our last year. It was an...interesting time. Working full time and studying and raising a baby who didn’t know what sleeping meant. But still the best years of my life.”

Namjoon looked at his children with a soft expression on his face, a permanent feature every time he was around them. Jin's gaze on him, watching how the fondness morphed into a more serious look. “Kookie’s pregnancy was difficult. A premature baby, only seven months. I was so scared. I read a lot about that and knew what could happen, but the doctors said that I had to be calm for her, you know?” The editor bit his lip, his eyes downcast. “I just had our baby in my arms, she looked at him and smiled. Tae came to meet his little brother. I thought everything was over but then...the seizure.”

“Oh, Joonie.” Seokjin hugged him sideways, his lips kissing his shoulder in reassurance.

“The blood. So much blood. I thought it was over. I thought the worst had passed but I was so wrong. So wrong.” The actor hold him in his arms while he sobbed, his own eyes getting misty because of the unshed tears. His heart breaking for this wonderful family that didn’t deserve such a traumatic event in their lives. “I didn’t know what to do. I had to continue because I had a little boy and a baby who depended on me, but it was so hard. I wanted to stay in my bed forever. I wanted to cry until nothing came out anymore, but they needed me. I had to be strong for them. The first months were terrible, I tried really hard to show Tae that I was okay, that I could do this. But everytime he asked me where her mother was. God.” He closed his eyes in pain.

“You did great, Joonie. They’re wonderful.”

“Yeah.” Namjoon chuckled, tears still falling down. “My mother and Hobi helped me a lot. Talked to him and explained what happened. That his mother was not here anymore because she went to Heaven but that she left a part of her here so we didn’t miss her so much.”

Jin smiled. “Now I see why he protects Kookie so much.”

“Yes. Tae's unfortunately taken on the role as our protector. He's brilliant, but I hate it when he worries about us so much. And Kookie's...he didn’t had a lot of time with his mother. I-I sometimes feel like I'm not giving him enough. He almost doesn’t talk and it kind of worries me. Maybe he feels like something is lacking. Maybe he doesn’t feel comfortable enough.”

“You’re a wonderful father, Namjoon. Those boys love you so much and look up to you as if you are their hero. Kookie will talk when it feels right. Sometimes they won’t say a word and then pum! you have a parrot at your house.”

Namjoon chuckled, this time with more humor into it, turning his head to make eye-contact with the actor. “How do you know so much?”

“I read.” shrugged Jin.

“About child development?” Namjoon asked with a brow raised.

“I...I wanted to adopt a child with my ex partner. Well, more like I wanted to be a dad and he didn’t.”

“That’s why you two…”

“Oh yeah. That and the woman he was sleeping with behind my back.”
“What a twat.” Namjoon dimple smile made an appearance at making Jin laugh out loud. When the actor calmed down, he raised his hand to softly caress his cheek. “Wow. You...being a dad.”

Jin scoffed. “Yeah, I know. Impossible.”

“No,” Namjoon shook his head vehemently, “I totally see it.”

Jin blushed. “Stop it.”

“No, really. Jin, I'm a full-time dad. I'm a working parent. I'm a guy who reads parenting books before I go to sleep. About how to treat them and take care of them. How to make them feel loved but not to overwhelm them with my love. I'm constantly learning about how to do this, I'm still worried that I’m doing it wrong. But you, you talk to Tae as if he wasn’t just a toddler with silly worries and thoughts. You saw that Kookie didn’t feel comfortable and knew exactly what to do. You had been so patient and careful with them. I didn’t have to tell you anything and you already knew what they should and shouldn’t eat. You’re totally prepared for this.”

Jin had to kiss the man after that. It was necessary.

He pecked his lips swiftly, not wanting the children to see. Namjoon surprised him by grabbing his face and kissing him deeply. Their mouths warmed up against each other, their breathing turning erratic.

A loud bark surprised them both, dislodging their lips with a gasp.

“That dog is a totally cock-blocker.” Muttered Jin when he saw that Mickey was barking to a pigeon to the children amusement.

Namjoon laughed and kissed him again. This time more PG-13.

“Namjoon, why you didn’t tell me about them at first? I would had totally understand.”

The editor sighed. “I'm on some kind of constant overload and it helps...to compartmentalize my life. Just till I figure this out. This weekend, the children were going to be with my mom. And when they're gone, I get to be somebody...who doesn't have hot chocolate spilled on his jeans. I have no idea how to date and be this. And I suppose there's...the possibility I'm afraid of what another person...might think about all of this. I mean, I'm a book editor from London. You're a...beautiful, talented and loved movie star from L.A. We're worlds apart. I have a cow in the backyard, for Christ’s sake!”

“You have a cow?” Said Jin with a joyful expression.

“Not the point.”

“Sorry” He answered, trying to sober up.

“I just, I just wanted to be the stranger’s hot brother for a little longer.”


Namjoon made a disgusted face. “Ugh, don’t. Daddy kink doesn’t work when you have kids.”

“Mmm.” Jin hummed and bit his lips in a seductive manner. “I’ll have that in mind next time.”

Namjoon was about to kiss that cocky smirk away when Tae spoke closer than they’d expected.
“Daddy, I’m cold and I don’t want to have hi-pohernia .”

Both adults laughed, with their foreheads connected. “Hypothermia, honey. How did my son become so intelligent?”

Tae frowned and looked down, thinking the right answer. “Because I eat my veggies and I’m Kookie’s big bother.” He said with a final nod.

And because you’re like your father, thought Jin while looking at the wonderful man laughing beside him.

It was getting late. The boys were asleep on the back seat with an equally sleepy Mickey in the middle.

Jin looked at Namjoon’s hand engulfing his on his lap, occasionally bringing it to his lips to leave light kisses on the soft skin.

He felt elated, full of a certain calmness that made him feel as light as a feather. The Kim effect, as he liked to call it.

Namjoon parked in front of Hoseok’s house and kissed him before getting out of the car to help with Mickey. Jin did the same, taking his bag and wanting to kiss the kids before saying goodbye to them. He was so happy that he almost didn’t see the man standing on the front yard.

“Namjoon?” he said in a low voice.

“Yes?” Namjoon looked at him in worry, Mickey in his arms.

“Isn’t that…?”

Namjoon followed his line of vision, handsome face getting dark immediately. “What the hell do you want?” He said with his voice full of menace.

“Hello, hyung. It had been a long time.” Said a very bright Park Jimin.
Darlings!

First of all, thank you so much for all your birthday wishes. You made my day and I hope I make your day with every new chapter. It's so beautiful to see people enjoying my hard work because and commenting such nice things. Thank you so much.

Returning to the chapter...ooohhh drama!!!
One of you inspire me to bring Jimin to the mess so thanks to you sweetie!

Kisses and warm hugs for all of you!
“What do you want, Park?”

Jin grabbed Namjoon's wrist, trying to calm him down even though he also wanted to slap that innocent smile from the bubbly brunet’s face.

“I just wanted to talk to Hobi. I know he’s on a vacation but I can’t contact him and that never happened before. Did he change his number?” The man said with big eyes and a worried expression.

*Oooh, he’s good*, thought Jin. Jimin was more handsome in real life than in his book’s picture, his bright smile making him look younger and his small physique giving him an angelic appearance. It was obvious he took care of himself, those tight jeans showed his strong and long legs and quite an impressive backside. And a man of good taste too. Jin had seen that pair of shoes before because he had wore them at one of the premiers.

In sum, Park Jimin was a very attractive man who looked like an angel and dressed like a model. But the actor knew his type. Years in show business prepared you to recognize the wolf wearing the sheep that he killed minutes ago.

“Hoseok’s not here at the moment. And if he’s not answering his calls I guess he just wants to get the rest he deserves.” He said in the sweetest voice he could muster, the stranger’s gaze leaving Namjoon and turning to him. “Maybe you could wait till he returns. Or if you want to, leave a message and I’ll be happy to inform him you were here.”

He could see the gears working under that mop of styled hair, trying to figure it out where he knew him from. Jin was a really famous actor so of course people recognized him all the time, but sometimes the unbelievable truth of having him there, talking and breathing in real life, make them
doubt if it was a figment of their imagination. “Oh, it’s just, ummm, I don’t want to trouble you. It’s about work and it’s a little urgent so…”

Namjoon scoffed. “Of course. Urgent, he says. How’s your book going on? Still trying to write something good without having the talent to do it?”

“Hyung, don’t do this.” Jin could see the anger in those eyes despite the crestfallen expression the other was wearing. “I just want to know if he’s all right. You know how much I adore my best friend. And I don’t want him to get into trouble at work only because I couldn’t reach him on time.”

Namjoon took a step closer, Jin still holding his wrist. “Maybe, if you adore my brother so much you would give him the recognition he deserves for saving your analphabet ass so many times before.”

“And maybe, if you love him so much,” said Jimin with a venomous smile, “you would have being there for him so he didn’t have to escape to another country.”

Jin had to put himself in the middle before Namjoon kicked that smirk from the other’s face. “You little shit!”

“I think you should go.” Jin struggled to keep the editor away, thanking his personal trainer for making him lift all those bells before. Jimin only looked at them with a satisfied expression. “I don’t want him touching that greasy face of yours. Really, dude, use some lotion once in a while.”

If stares could kill, Jin would be dead on the floor. “Tell Hoseok I was looking for him. I’m sure he will be thrilled to know I was here.”

“Oh I’m sure he will be so happy when I tell him how you attacked his brother just in front of his beloved nephews.”

Jimin looked scandalized. “I didn’t--!”

Jin's smirk disappeared to be replaced by a terrified expression. “Namjoon!” Said man flinched when a pair of hands suddenly grabbed his face. “Are you okay?! I thought he was going to kill you! I was so scared! Why did he do that?! And in front of the kids!” He closed his eyes as if remembering a horrible situation. “Oh Namjoon the kids...we're so lucky they didn't wake up to see that.” The actor took a shaky breath. “I can't...I can’t believe he was waiting for us to do that. What was he thinking? What kind of lunatic would do something like that?” He said between sobs, letting his head fall on the other’s shoulder. He stood like that for a few seconds, until he suddenly lift his head with a proud smile, both men looking at him in shock. “And that’s how you do it.”

Suddenly Namjoon laughed. His hand posing on Jin's broad shoulder to stop himself from falling to the floor, his arm hugging his middle section. “Oh good lord. I-I---” he tried to say between giggles.

Jin stared at Jimin with a cocky smirk on his face, ignoring his murderous expression. “I think you should really go now.”

The brunet clenched his jaw but didn't say another word as he purposely bumped into the actor on his way to his car, parked a little bit away from the house. Jin giggled when Namjoon hugged his waist and kissed his neck while still laughing. Dimples in full display.

But of course once the snake strikes, it wants to leave all the poison behind.
“Oh!” Jimin exclaimed, making both men turn. “I loved that movie of yours! What was the name? *Amour Really?*” Jin tensed. “I think Hobi said something on one of our late nights together.” Namjoon growled under his breath. “House exchange maybe? That’s why you’re here, isn’t it?” And he added with a knowing smirk. “*Kim Seokjin*.” The brunet smiled at Jin’s tense expression, fully aware that he had touched a sensitive matter. “You know,” he continued, “I have a few connections in the industry. It shouldn’t be really hard to get the address of one of the most famous actors in the USA.”

“You fucker,” muttered Namjoon between clenched teeth.

“Don’t be like that, hyung.” Jimin pouted. “I’ll give Hobi your regards.”

And with a final bright smile, he was gone.

Namjoon sighed tiredly, trying to calm himself down.

He had been on edge since he left a really worried Jin at his brother’s house, planning on leaving as fast as possible so he could feed the kids and put them to bed. He had been about to flee the scene when a soft pair of hands grabbed his face with care and a warm gaze catched his.

*Call him*. Jin had said before giving him a tender kiss that put him at ease momentarily, giving him the strength to drive home and take care of his sons without worrying them.

Now, three hours later, with the kids bathed and asleep; Namjoon felt he was losing it again. He hadn’t thought his lovely day with Jin and the kids would end with that fucker Park ruining it. He hated the man’s guts, always hiding his true nature behind his bubbly demeanor and pretty looks.

They had been friends once. Well, not *friends* per se, but Jimin was an important person for his brother so he had been part of his life for a long time. He didn’t know why, but one day he felt that there was something else behind that smile that didn’t quite fit. A certain way of looking at Hobi that made his skin crawl. At first he had convinced himself that it was only his protective side acting up. But it had been Wendy who made him realize it wasn’t like that.

“What’s that Jimin’s deal?”

“What do you mean?” Asked Namjoon while preparing two cups of tea so they could warmed up
after being out late at night.

“I just...I don’t like him.” Namjoon looked at her. Her arms crossed and her gaze on the floor as if trying to figure it out her feelings. “There was this moment, while you and Hobi were waiting for the drinks at the bar, he kept looking at him with a certain...possessiveness. I suddenly felt the need of hugging your brother so hard. I can’t explain it.”

Namjoon frowned. “Possessiveness?”

“He looked at him not as if he was protecting him but as if he was making sure that nobody got near him.” And with that he lift his head to look at him. "As if he was a prey, Joon."

After that conversation, both had tried to talk to Hoseok. Subtly attempting to figure out his true relationship with Jimin and always being brushed off with a blushing laugh and a simple "don’t be silly! He’s my friend! " With time, they saw how Hoseok became more dependable of the other man, always spending time with him and only him. He had always been a very reserved person, with not a lot of friends; a bookworm, how Namjoon liked to call him. But that was another level. Everything was Jimin. I saw Jimin. I went to the cinema with Jimin. I have to help Jimin. Jimin wanted to talk to me. He had his suspicions that his brother's feelings were more profound even though he didn't want to admit it.

He had wanted to help. He really did. But then Tae came and his life changed forever. His already complicated life becoming even more complicated, leaving him with even less time to talk to his brother.

It wasn't until he went to Hoseok's house unannounced that he realized how right he had been with his suspicions.

_Namjoon knocked on the wooden door, hiding his face on his scarf, his dark under bags on full display_.

_Tae was teething. Teething in the middle of midterms. Wendy and him took turns, one of them studying while the other took care of him and then changing. But having your son crying and suffering while you were trying to implant as much knowledge as you can in a few hours didn’t quite work out._

_That’s why he had come to his brother’s, looking for a quiet place where he could study. He hadn’t answered his calls but that was a Hobi thing, always immersing himself in a new book or his writing._

_He was about to call the landline again when he heard footsteps from the other side of the door._

“Finally,” he said out loud with a smile, “I thought you’re going to leave me to freeze to de--” He interrupted himself, his mouth agape at the image in front of him.

“Oh, hi hyung! We weren’t expecting you!”

_His eyes travelled down the brunet’s body, stopping at the exposed chest under the robe. His brother’s robe. “Park..what’re you doing here?”_  

_He hated that knowing smirk. He really did. “Oh well, I was just visiting Hoseokie hyung. I’m afraid he’s sleeping so...”_  

“What-what...?” Namjoon couldn’t form a coherent sentence.
“He was really tired after...you know...but I can leave him a message if you want to.”

Namjoon thought he was about to explode right there, on his brother’s doorway, Gaping like a fish out of water and his ears red from shame and fury. “You...and my...”

“Hyung, are you okay?” Said the shorter with a fake concerned expression.

“You piece of shit.” Namjoon finally said.

“What?”

“You piece of motherfucking shit. What are you doing to him?”

“Nothing he doesn’t want to,” the brunet scoffed.

“No, Park. What are you doing? What the fuck are you doing? Playing with my brother’s feelings? Uh? Using him as a toy? Not only taking all his time but his dignity as well?”

“Hoseokie is my fr---”

“Just a friend? A friend who expects to have him at his disposal everytime? Who shares his bed in a casual way even though you know he has feelings for you? You’re not my brother’s friend. You’re a piece of shit who pretends to be a good person when, in fact, only takes whatever he wants whenever he wants to without thinking about the other’s feelings.”

Jimin stared at him with a impassive expression, his smile finally leaving his face. “I think it’s not your business.”

“It is my business! He’s my brother!”

“I think you should leave.”

“Don’t you dare closing that door in my face. I want to talk to him right now.”

“Oh yeah? When was the last time you talked to him? Mmh? Two weeks ago? Or was it two months ago? When was the last time you cared about your brother’s doing? Or called him just to ask how he was doing instead of asking something from him?” Namjoon became silent, fully knowing that he was right. “Make yourself a favor and for once let your brother enjoy something without having to take care of you.”

And with that, he closed the door.

Namjoon scratched his hair in a nervous manner. He knew that was Jimin’s signature move, finding your weakest point and using it to his advantage. He hated him. He hated him and the idea of him using that ability against his brother.

And he hated himself for not being there for Hoseok.

Namjoon had thought it was over between them when Hoseok stopped talking about Jimin unless it was about work (both of them surprisingly been hired by the same editorial, he had been happy for his brother even though he had to keep seeing that twat every day). He really thought that his brother had realized what kind of person Jimin was and had decided to end everything, that he deserved better. Of course he was wrong, of course Jimin wouldn’t let him go so easily.

Namjoon sighed for the hundredth time that night, trying really hard not to cry at the idea of his brother suffering in silence and him not noticing it. He had been so busy with his own problems,
his own drama, that he hadn’t see that one his favorite person in the whole word needed his help.

And maybe, if you love him so much, you would have being there for him so he didn’t have to escape to another country.

Namjoon clenched his jaw. Fuck Park Jimin. Fuck his designer clothes and his plastic personality. Fuck his manipulative powers. Fuck him. He had been the worst brother ever, yes, but that didn’t mean he couldn’t change. He was going to protect his brother, he was going to help him and if that meant he had to kick some arrogant asses, he would do it.

With full determination, he grabbed his phone and made the call.

(Phone rings)

H: Nams! Where have you been? I’ve missed you so much!

N: Hello Hobi. I...really really miss you.

H: Awww. How you’ve been?

N: Good. How are you? Are you okay? How do you feel?

H: Well, I’ve met a really nice a guy. He’s really cute. I feel great when I’m with him, which is an entirely new experience. He’s Jin’s best friend. Oh, by the way! You should probably meet him.

N: Yeah, I have actually (clears throat)...Are you having fun?

H: It’s been a blast! The house’s beautiful and cozy and Yoongi visits me all the time so I don’t feel lonely at all.

N: That’s nice, hyung.

H: Nams! (laughs) You haven’t called me “hyung” in a while!

N: I know. I’ve missed that too...hyung...I need to talk to you.

H: Oh! Are the kids all right? Tae said bad words in front of mom again? Because if he did, it’s all Irene’s fault. I swear.

N: No, no. He didn’t. He is great, Kookie is also great.

H: Then what’s it?

N: I...(sighs)

H: Nams?
N: (voice breaks) I’m so sorry.


N: (faltering voice) For being such a failure. The worst brother ever. I’ve never answered your message and it was important and you’re important, always there for me and the kids and I’m just such a mess.

H: Nams…

N: I always go to you when I need it, when everything feels chaotic. You’re always there for me! With your arms open and available if I need someone to rely on. After Wendy I felt so overwhelmed and you helped me back on my feet, took care of the kids, talked to me, took me out of the bed when I just wanted to lay there forever. And---

H: I don’t--I don’t know what you are trying to say.

N: Hobi. What did I do for you? Where was I when you decided to leave the country?

H: I...um...It was a rushy decision. I didn’t give it much thought.

N: It was because of Jimin, isn’t? (pause) I know about him. Hobi, I know . I saw him at your house when Tae was only a baby. I talked to him.

H: What are you talking about?

N: I went to your house and he was there wearing only a robe.

H: (gasps) Oh my God.

N: That’s why you’re always helping him? Hobi, he’s not a good person. You know that right?

H: (sighs) Yes.

N: So, why?

H: (strained voice) I loved him.

N: (sighs) For how long?

H: (pause) About six years.

N: (a thud and low curses) Six years? You have been with him for six years ?

H: It doesn’t matter now.

N: No, it does. You were a couple for so long?

H: I thought we were, turns out we weren’t.

N: (tense pause) I’m going to kill him.

H: Save it. It’s in the past Nams, let’s both move on from him, okay?

N: Oh, I wish we could. But there’s a problem. Remember that I met Jin?

H: Yes, you said that like two seconds ago.
N: ...right. Okay, well, I was at your house having a really polite conversation with him and…
H: And…
N: That dipshit was there.
H: (surprised) Jimin?
N: Yes. Hyung, he said---

(Tone advising of an incoming call)

H: Oh, bugger.
N: What?
H: Call waiting. Can you hold for a sec? Hold on, I really wanna talk to you.
N: Wait, Hobi, no--
H: I know. Just wait.

(Line change)

H: Hello?
J: Hoseok, hi! It’s Jin!
H: (cheerful) Jin! How are you? How’s it going?
J: Everything is going great. How are you?
H: I’m loving it. Listen, can you hold for a sec? My brother’s on the other line.
J: Namjoon?
H: Yes! He said you’ve met.
J: Yes, we did meet. How’s he?
H: He is fiiine. Can you hold on for a sec?
J: Sure.

(Line change)

H: Sorry, that was Jin.
N: (flustered) Oh, how’s he? Did he mention me?
H: He just asked how you are.
N: And what did you say?
H; I... asked him to hold. I should take this. Can I call you back?
N: Wait! I- (clears throat) I can hold while you speak to him.
H: Really?

N: Yes, no problem at all. Ask him if...if Mickey’s tired.

H: Okay…

(Line change)

H: My brother wants to know if Mickey’s tired?

J: Oh! He’s exhausted because of how hard he...walked...yeah...we just had a powerful walk.

H: (confused) But, it’s winter. It’s already dark outside. And cold.

J: Yes. I love the cold, I mean cold weather. And darkness. You know. Danger. In the manger. (wince) Umm...how’s Namjoon doing? Is he cold?

H: ...I’m not sure. Do you want me to ask him?

J: Uh, sure. Why not?

H: Okay, hold please.

(Line change)

H: (yelling) I can’t believe you had sex with the man staying in my house!

J: (gasps) He told you that?! Oh my God!

H: Oh my God! I thought I was talking to Namjoon! Can you hold please? I’m terrible sorry.

(Line change)

H: I can’t believe you had sex with Jin! The one thing he asked me was if they’re any men in town and I assured him that there were not. And then you meet him and immediately get into his pants!

J: Umm...still me.

H: (facepalm) Bullocks! I’ve must have lost him. Jin, I’m so sorry. I swear, I-I---Can I call you back?

J: Sure.

H: I’m really sorry.

(Call ends)
Jin silently looked at his phone.

“Fuck,” he muttered with his eyes closed.

How did Hoseok know about Namjoon and him? Did the other man tell him? Or did he, in the middle of their short conversation, say something that put in evidence the truth?

He had the feeling that Namjoon didn’t kiss and tell, him being the twentieth-first century version of a gentleman. And, besides, he had said something about not telling his brother about their relationship so he could enjoy his me-time at the actor’s house.

But, of course, that was before a certain Mean Girl wannabe decided to pay a visit and ruin a beautiful day with the Kims.

Jin sighed and looked at the piece of paper on his lap.

He had been too edgy after Namjoon left with the kids, unable of eating or sleeping. That’s why he had decided to clean the house (he could almost hear Yoongi’s voice singing “why call a maid when Jin does the work without getting paid?”). But, of course, the kitchen was already clean after his deep talk with Yoongi the night before and, for that reason, he made the smart decision of cleaning Hoseok’s bookshelves. And by smart he meant stupid. Idiotic. Suicidal. He was about to give up, drowning under all the tomes, when Jimin’s book appeared from nowhere. He had forgotten all about that poor intent of literature and poor Hoseok’s talent hidden inside. Why such an incredible person like Hoseok was so adamant on helping that soul sucker? He really didn’t know what kind of person he was? Or was there another reason why he stayed with him?

Everything began making sense once he saw that piece of paper. The plane ticket to L.A. he had seen the night he met Namjoon. The one with Jimin’s name on it.

*I think Hobi said something on one of our late nights together.*

He had thought that comment was weird. Maybe only aimed to provoke Namjoon, to boast about Jimin’s close relationship with Hoseok and nothing else. But it was more than that. Way more than that.
He’s really talented, Namjoon. He can have his own published book and I’m totally sure it’ll be a complete success. Why does he work for him?

It’s a long story and it’s not my place to tell it.

And that’s how Jin connected the dots.

Hoseok’s sudden departure, taking everyone, even his brother, by surprise. His dedication to that man who talked about him as if they were only friends when, in reality, they were more. And, how Jimin said, Hoseok had changed his number, only giving it to his brother and Jin in case of emergency. Because he didn’t want to be found by the same man for whom he had bought a plane ticket that hadn’t been used.

That’s why he called the younger. To warn him. If he had left the man he supposedly love behind, that meant something bad happened between them. And, knowing Jimin’s type, he was sure who was guilty of that.

But the call had been a failure because of course he began a drama between siblings instead of doing what he had been trying to do.

He wanted to talk to Namjoon but it was already too late and he didn’t want to get in the way again. Namjoon would tell Hoseok everything, he just needed to stay on his lane.

With a sigh, he put the last book on its place and turned the lamp off. He yawned, tired all of the sudden. He had a foot in the air, about to walk up the stairs when he heard a knock.

His heart started beating really fast, remembering the last time someone had knocked in the middle of the night. He combed his hair quickly, and tried to make himself more presentable.

“Coming!” he said, stopping in front of the door and taking a deep breath before opening it.

There, in the threshold, was one of the most grumpy ladies he had ever seen in his life. Her face hidden under a huge and colorful scarf and a warm beanie.

“You’re not my Hobi,” said the short woman with her hand on her hips. “Where’s my son?”

Chapter End Notes

Sweethearts!

Thank you for your patience! I’ve been really busy with Uni.
BTS WON AT BBMAS! I’m so happy! So proud! We did it, ARMY! Teamwork made the dream work.
I made a Twitter! Follow me and let’s talk!
Thank you so much for reading and commenting and breathing and just living.

Love you!
“I said,” said the short woman with a stern voice. “Where’s my son?”

“Uhhh…L.A.?” he stuttered. One will think he was already accustomed to being interrogated about the writer’s location every single time he opened the door, but it wasn’t the case.

“L.A.” she repeated in a calm tone, as pondering the answer. “If he’s there what are you, a stranger, doing here?”

“I--”, began Jin.

“Be careful with your answer, young man. I have pepper spray in my purse and strong muscles because of Zumba.”

Okay, Jin loved and feared a woman. “Of course, madam.” He kept a calm voice, fully knowing he was walking on thin ice. “I understand this is a weird situation for you. Hoseok was looking for accommodation in L.A. for the holidays so he contacted me through a website to make a house exchange. Right now, he’s in my house while I’m here. I can call him in case you want to confirm it.”

He looked at the woman, uncertain. Thankful that she couldn’t see his tense smile because of the lack of light coming from inside the house. After a few seconds in silence, the woman, Hoseok and Namjoon’s mom, sighed in defeat.

“I swear those kids never tell me anything. I sent him a text last week asking how he was and he just says Fine, eomma. Really busy with work. Love you.” She said in a very good impression of Hoseok’s voice. “And of course you don’t want to get in his business but--help me with this, sweetheart.” Jin tried not to make a sound when she put two heavy bags on his arms, then making room so she could enter the house with a bright red suitcase behind. “I mean, they’re adults but I’m their mother and I care,” she continued. “Don’t get me wrong, that kid needs to relax a little bit.
Was I worried when he said he wanted to go to USA on Christmas? Of course! But I know he has a lot of things in mind and I’m happy that he’s finally having some fun with--oh, honey, why’s so dark here?"

“I--” tried to say Jin while holding two very heavy bags and avoiding a very excited Mickey who was sniffing everything. “I was about to go to sleep.”

“Oh! I’m so sorry! I arrived later than I thought.” Namjoon’s mom said in an apologetic voice, helping him with his charge. “I called JoonJoon but I guess he’s busy with the kids and Hobi wasn’t answering my texts or my DM’s so I didn’t know if he was here or in USA. And the extra key wasn’t under the rug so I freaked out a little bit. I’m sorry, sweetheart, I can’t see anything. I’ll just...”

Seokjin squinted at the sudden light right in front of his face. So occupied he was, trying to regain his vision, that he didn’t realize that the woman became silent for the first time since she came into the house.

“Oh my Goodness,” she said in awe. “KIM SEOKJIN?”

Jin blinked at her in confusion. “Uh...hi?”

“Jesus on a cracker.” The woman took a seat on the nearest surface, looking at him with a hand on her chest. “Yo--you’re...”

“Uhhh...nice to meet you. You must be Namjoon and Hoseok’s mother.” Jin said after an uncomfortable silence that only consisted in him blushing while the woman gaped like a fish out of water. “I’ve heard a lot about you...uh...nice things, of course.”

“I...I’m sorry, honey but... you’re Kim Seokjin.”

“...yes?”

“Amour Really ’s Kim Seokjin.”

“Yes.”

“When Larry met Sammy.”

“Yes, madam.”

“PS: I’m leaving you.”
Jin brightened, “That was one of my favorites.”

“Oh, same, sweetheart. You were so incredible there.”

“Thank you.” Jin knew he was blushing, but he couldn’t stop.

“When you found out the real reason why he left you and decided to stay even though he was losing his sight and the monologue you gave...chills, darling, chills.”

“Yes!” Jin took a seat, excited to have this conversation with someone who knew his work and was obviously interested in more than his rom coms. “That script was wonderful. It was the same screen writer from 13 seasons late.”

Based on her excitement, she knew who he was talking about.

“Runch Randa? I read his latest book and, I swear, if I weren’t retired I would be fighting to be his editor. He’s so young and so talented and the alias is ridiculous but his work is from another world.”

Jin was thrilled. “Right?! And let me tell you something,” he said in a hush tone as if making sure nobody was listening to their conversation in the middle of nowhere at midnight, “he’s already working on another script. A thriller.”

“Oooh! His writing is perfect for that!” She kissed his fingers as if she was an Italian chef tasting the best meal.

Jin laughed out loud, feeling the tension and awkwardness finally leaving his body. The Jung matriarch was a delight, something that wasn’t really surprising knowing who her kids were. He observed while she continued talking about his movies and Runch Randa. The woman in front of him wasn’t the typical korean mom. She had the feisty personality and the loudness and that over protective side, but there was something about her way of talking that made Jin think of a cool mother who will send you memes everyday but also complain if you didn’t eat all your food. Because of Namjoon, he knew she had raised her kids all by herself while maintaining a full time job as an editor.

She’s the strongest woman I know, till this day we look up to her.

And Jin could see why.

“I’m sorry!” he exclaimed abruptly. “I never asked if you wanted something to eat...umm...”

“Seungki, sweetheart. Jung Seungki, but you can call me Kiki. And don’t worry. I had dinner
It’s raining men suddenly started playing, making them both jump on their seats. Seungki took her bright red cellphone from her bright red purse in a hurry.

“Speaking of the devil.” Seungki smiled, showing a familiar pair of dimples. “JoonJoon finally decided to answer his mother.” Jin giggled, taking note of the nickname for later use. “Let’s put him on speaker so you can witness my son’s surprise when I tell him who’s at his brother’s house.” Before Jin could say he already knew his son, she answered the call. “Hello?”

“Eomma?”

“Hello, hun!”

“I just saw your messages.”

“Don’t worry! Everything’s solved.”

“Where are you?”

Seungki winked at Jin. “Hobi’s, of course.”

Namjoon spluttered. “What?!”

“Well, you weren’t answering my texts and I knew your brother was going to the States so I thought I could sleep here and try to reach you again in the morning. And, honey, you won’t believe who’s beside me.”

“Oh my god. Jin, I’m so sorry.”

“Kim Seok--- what?! How did you know?!”

Jin had to laugh at Seungki’s scandalized face. “Hi, Joonie.”

“I’m really sorry. She was going to arrive tomorrow.”

“Don’t worry! We’re having a nice time.” Jin said into the phone with a smile, picturing Namjoon’s exasperated face.

“H-how? Wh-? OH.” Seungki looked at Jin, her eyes wide open. “You said Namjoon and Hoseok’s mom. You already met my son.”

“Yeah, we met.”

“Jung Namjoon! You knew Kim Seokjin, my third favorite actor, was here and you weren’t going to tell me?”

“Third favorite?” Jin pouted.

“I’m sorry.” Seungki touched his knee with an apologetic expression. “But Colin Firth and Ian McKellen are also part of this world, sweetheart.”

“I can’t argue with that.”

“Mom, you know I don’t know a lot of famous people.”
“He didn’t recognize me at first. It was--yeah.” Jin cleared his throat, remembering that first night with the other man.

“But he’s Kim Seokjin!” Seungki continued, unaware of Jin’s discomfort. “How could you not know?! Who raised you?!”

“Eomma,” sighed Namjoon, “I’ll pick you up so you can spend the night here.”

“Namjoon, don’t.” Jin said in a stern voice. “It’s too late and the kids are sleeping.”

“I don’t want to bother--”

“It’s not a bother. She can sleep here and I would drive her to your house tomorrow. It’s really no problem.”

“Are you sure? I don’t want to use you as my mother’s chofer.”

“A very handsome chofer.” Jin smiled at Namjoon’s deep laugh. “I’m totally sure. It will be a great excuse to see the kids. Tae said something about a tea party with hats involved and I would love to see that.”

Namjoon laughed. “Of course. But you know you don’t need an excuse to come, right? We’ll be happy to have you.”

“I know, silly. Now, go to sleep a few hours before a grumpy Kookie escapes his crib and appears on your bed.”

“I still don’t know how he does it.”

“Intelligence runs in the family.”

“That’s for sure. All right then. I’ll see you tomorrow. Goodnight.”

“Goodnight.”

Jin ended the call, a soft smile still on his face. A sense of contentment that he related to Namjoon invaded him. Talking to the other man always made him feel as if he were lighter, softer. His voice calming him to the point he knew he could fall asleep on the spot.

“I see,” said a voice beside him.

Jin’s smile fell when he saw Seungki’s knowing expression. “Oh, sorry. I didn’t ask you if you wanted to stay. I can drive you now if you want to.”

“Sweetheart, no one is going to drive at this hour.”
“Right.” Jin smiled at her and grabbed her luggage. “I’ll sleep on the couch, of course. If you wait a little bit, I’ll just change the sheets and give you a new towel so you can take a bath. I’m sure you must be tired—”

“Seokjin.” The actor stopped on his tracks, carefully avoiding Seungki’s eyes. “You’ve met my grandchildren.” Jin stayed silent, not knowing if she wanted a verbal confirmation. “You went to my son’s house and spent time with his family.”

“Seungki, I—”

“Do you know how difficult is to convince my stubborn son to do something without him arguing for a long time? Or to receive an invitation to play from Tae?”

Jin didn’t say anything, sure that his cheeks were going to burst into flames at any moment. From shame? Pride? Satisfaction? He didn’t know. He only felt a warm feeling on his chest at the mere thought of those kids and his father. Of having a tea party with hats and imaginary pastries with a four year old. Or at the memory of a sleepy baby on his arms, looking at him while camly sinking into dreamland.

He was lost in his thoughts that he didn’t realize Seungki was beside him until her hand touched his elbow.

Their eyes met, a silent conversation taking place. Her red lips stretched in a warm smile so similar to Hoseok’s that he felt himself returning it.

“Stop thinking so much, dearie. There’s time for that later.” She said in a soft voice while rubbing his bicep in a soothing manner. “Now, I know you’re a famous actor but that doesn’t mean you have to be this skinny.” She tightened her hold with a scowl. “Thankfully, I have a tupperware full of my homemade cookies so we can change that right away. Without complains.” She said in a final voice.

Jin definitely loved and feared a woman.

“Grandma!” Tae’s arms were wide open, boxy smile in full display. “I misses you!”

“Oh my little tiny prince! I missed you too! It has been ages since I last saw you!”

Jin looked how Seungki attacked the little boy’s chubby cheeks with kisses, making him giggle like crazy.

“You saw him two days ago,” laughed Namjoon while rapidly helping Jin with his mother’s multiple bags. “Eomma, you’re staying for three weeks, not three months. You don’t need so many clothes.”

Seungki stopped smooching her grandchild with an exasperated expression. “And who says I’m carrying clothes? When I have a family to feed!”

Namjoon’s mouth opened in shock. “Please, tell me this isn’t full of food.”

“Cookies?” Tae jumped in excitement on his grandmother’s arms.

“A lot of cookies for the sweetest boys on Earth,” cooed Seungki.
“Yayyy! Jin-Sir! Grandma has cookies!”

Tae’s smile was contagious. “I know! I’m so excited.”

Namjoon took advantage of his mother’s distraction to greet him with a kiss on the cheek and a soft *Hi, darling* that melted him.

“Where’s your brother, dearie?”

“Still sleeping,” said Namjoon while discreetly caressing Jin’s hand hidden behind his back. “He will cry out when he wakes up---”

“ ‘anny!’”

“Or escape his crib all by himself.” Jin had to laugh at Namjoon’s defeated voice and Tae grumpy face when his grandmother had to leave him on the floor to pick Jungkook up. Of course, he couldn’t let that happen and immediately opened his arms to the pouty toddler who happily went to him.

“Here’s the baby bun of the house!”

Jin smiled at the cute image of grandma and grandson laughing together as he calmly rocked Tae.

“You smell nice, Jin-Sir.” Said the toddler while sniffing his neck like a puppy.

“Yeah, your grandma’s doing. I woke up and she had my outfit and cologne prepared.”

“That’s why you’re wearing the tightest pants I had the pleasure of seeing you in?” Namjoon whispered into his ear. “Or it’s because you wanted to make me crazy?”

Jin blushed and looked at Namjoon from under his lashes, knowing what he was doing to the man's libido. It was the latter, actually. In Seungki’s exact words: "I need my son to want to jump you right when he sees you wearing this. Your legs are so long, sweetheart. It’s a shame not to show them!"

“Maybe I was hoping you will be paying attention.” Said Jin, coyly.

“I always pay attention to you, darling.” Namjoon hold the actor’s gaze, his hand on the man’s lower back. “Even when you’re not here, I pay attention to you.”
Jin wanted to kiss him so bad.

“I think it's time.” Seungki said in a teasing tone making both men to look at her as if they had being caught with their hands in the cookie jar. “This two beautiful boys,” she said, valiantly taking Tae from Jin’s grasp, “are going to spend alone time with grandma so you two beautiful men can have some fun.”

“What? Mom--”

“Hush now, luv. I might be older but not blind and I can see when the UST gets too intense.”

“UST?” Asked Jin, confused.

“Unresolved Se…,”Namjoon looked at a very attentive Tae and hesitated, “…nsorial Tension. Are you all right, baby?”

“Yes, Daddy. What’s unesoved ?”

“A very difficult word that grandma will teach you later while we bake cookies for your Dad and Jin, allright?”

“Are you sure, eomma ? I’m...Jin and I--”

“Go, hun. We’ll talk later.”

“B-but,” interrupted Tae, “Jin-Sir has to bakers cookies with you too. ‘ member ? Because Jin-Sir doesn’t have a grandma like Kookie and me and you contsented , ‘ member ?”

“That’s right, sweetie, but--”

“And you said that the secret ingridient is love and if we put a lot of love is gonna taste delishous so if we put one, two,” Tae counted with his fingers,” three, four, five loves is gonna taste ’etter because five is higher than four. You see?”

Jin could see how Seungki was about to say yes to everything Tae asked after that adorable demonstration of logic. Which was a relatable reaction because he also was a very weak person that couldn't fight against those puppy eyes.

But, on the other hand,he wanted to have some time alone with a certain hot editor, father of two, owner of a pair of skilled hands and a tongue that could make him cry. In a good way, of course

“Don’t you want to cook with grandma, Tae? She travelled a lot to see you.” Jin had to admit that it was a good attempt from Namjoon.

“I’ll cook with grandma, Daddy. With grandma, Kookie, Jin-Sir and you.”

Jin wanted to laugh out loud. That kid was more intelligent than all of them together. He looked at the dumbfounded adults and sighed, knowing that it was up to him to convince the little boy.

“Tae.”

“Mmm?”

“I think your father wants to have some time with me.”

“Me too,” pouted the boy.
“I know. And we’ll have our tea party later. But now, we want to have some adult time. Just the two of us. Do you understand?”

“Without Tae and Kookie?”

“Yes.” He caressed the boy’s cheek, hating the sad expression on that little face. “But that doesn’t mean we don’t love you. We keep loving you even when we’re not here.”

“You do?”

“Of course! Do you stop loving Daddy when you go to school?”

Tae looked horrified at the idea. “No! I’ll never stop loving Daddy! Even if I’m on utter-space! He’s on my heart!” He said, touching his small chest. Kookie curiously looked at his brother and repeated the same motion.

“Exactly. We’re going out just a little bit while you bake cookies for everyone. And you two,” he said while tickling both little tummies and making them laugh, “are going to be in our hearts, too.”

“Okay, Jin-Sir.” Tae smiled. “Let’s go, grandma. We have to cook.”

“‘ook, Anny.”

Seungki looked at Jin with a soft smile on her face. “Have fun, luv.”

“Thank you, Kiki. Bye, boys.”

“Bye Jin-Sir! Bye Daddy!”

“Shi-se! ‘addy!” Kookie waved over her grandmother's shoulder.

The trio went inside, but before the door closed behind them, Tae screamed.

“Jin-Sir!”

“Yes?”

“You’re going to be in our hearts too,” he said with the boxiest smile.

In that moment, in the middle of the street and for the first time in years, Jin could feel the tears coming.

Chapter End Notes

Perfect creatures!

Here you have it, a new chapter full of fluff, a strong female character, cuteness and all my love.
I have to say, I almost made myself cry with that ending.
And what about Namseok’s mom??? Jung Seungki’s the best and WE-STAN.
The greatest Namjin shipper.
Thank you so much for reading and taking the time to leave a comment. You have to know how you warm my heart everytime I read your beautiful words.
Love you!

Twitter: Follow me and let's talk!
Chapter 13

Jin’s musings were interrupted by the sound of a cup being left on the coffee table in front of him. The actor flinched, but didn’t say a word while looking how Namjoon added milk to his tea.

“I thought you may need this,” he said before taking a seat on the couch.

He drank almost on autopilot, his mind still running wild with all the thoughts he couldn’t quite externalize yet. It had been like that since they left the Kim’s house almost an hour ago, with him being all silent and Namjoon patiently waiting for him to come back from his introspective journey. The actor felt kind of bad because he knew this was Seungki’s gift for them, a moment to be alone and enjoy their young horniness (not his words), and he was absolutely ruining it with his strange mood. Maybe he should excuse himself so Namjoon didn’t have to deal with him like this. Or apologize for being such an idiot who didn’t know how to express himself like a fucking
human being. He was supposed to be the unproblematic hot stranger for fuck’s sake, not the hot stranger who had more luggage that an airport on holiday season.

Jin was about to open his mouth to ask Namjoon if he wanted to take Hoseok’s car when a gentle hand took his cold and almost untouched cup and left it on the table. He felt himself relax when a pair of strong arms surrounded him, letting out all the air he didn’t know he had been holding. Namjoon rearranged them so he could lie down with the actor between his legs, his chest a comfortable pillow for the troubled man.

They both sighed in contentment, basking in each other’s presence. Jin could fall asleep like that, with Namjoon’s hand caressing his hair and his heartbeat lulling him.

“You don’t have to tell me,” said the man, “just know that my ears and arms are always open for you.”

Jin giggled, the sound surprising them both because of the weirdness of it at such a tense moment. “Sure that that’s the only part of your body open for me?” he said in a teasing tone, touching the long legs bracketing him.

Namjoon chuckled, the vibration resonating on Jin’s ear. “I hope you meant my heart.”

Jin could feel himself tensing again, the intruding thoughts returning like an unforgiving wave. Namjoon must have felt it because he immediately asked, “Darling, everything alright?”

Jin sighed and sat up, still maintaining physical contact with the editor but needing to look at him properly. He hated the frown on his handsome face, the clear worry for him.

“It’s just--” the actor began hesitantly, “Tae took me by surprise, that’s all.”

“About you being in their hearts?”

“Yeah, I--Sorry.” Jin hid his face between his hands.

“What’s happening? Tell me.” Said the man in a soothing voice, sweetly caressing Jin’s arm.

“Just--Fuck. It made me feel so happy, Namjoon, I swear. So happy that I could cry.”

“Allright, love, do it. Tears of happiness are the best.”

“But I can’t.”

“Of course you can. I won’t judg--”

“No, Namjoon. I can’t.” He said in a very loud voice.

Jin let his hands fell on his lap, evading the other’s gaze in shame of his overreaction. He hated this, his inability of showing his true feelings and instead replacing them with anger or indifference. He wanted to get better, he wanted to finally have the power to express his emotions without having to fight against the armour he had fabricated himself over the years. To let someone in, someone who would accept him and his flaws, that would believe he deserves a family of his own, that would want to have a family with him. Jin wanted a future full of love and acceptance, something that he lacked for a long time.

And he wanted it with Namjoon.
The mere thought scared him. It was crazy, he was fully aware of that. They’d known each other for less than a week, and he wasn’t in his right state of mind after the break up with Ken. But he couldn’t stop feeling that, with time, they could have all that. Together.

“I haven’t cried in years.” He finally said after a long silence.

Namjoon frowned in confusion. “What do you mean?”

Jin shrugged. “My friend says is emotional constipation. My ex says it’s because I’m an unemotional fag. Others say that I’m an ice prince.”

“And what do you think?”

Jin looked at him straight in the eye before answering. “I think I’m broken.”

The actor closed his eyes with a sigh, not wanting to see Namjoon’s expression when he told him what had happened.

“I don’t know how long you stayed in Korea before coming here, but I guess you know how difficult is for gay people.”

“Of course,” said Namjoon in a low voice.

Jin blindly searched for the other’s hand, holding it tight once he found it. “I had my first kiss when I was twelve. I knew I liked boys more than girls and I thought it was normal, like when you prefer lobster instead of meat.”

“Of course you’ll make a food analogy” joked Namjoon.

Jin smiled, finally opening his eyes and looking down at their joined hands. “Nobody told me that it was wrong because homosexuality or sex wasn’t something that you could talk about with your parents or, in my case, the nannies. No talks, no instructions, no advice, just a big void on that matter. But, fortunately, I had someone beside me who was having the same thoughts and didn’t have the prejudice that comes with adulthood. I explored a little bit, always hiding but not because I was ashamed but because I thought that, if my parents didn’t talk about it, it wasn’t something of great importance. What parent wouldn’t talk to their children about things that could hurt them? And what parent would think that loving someone that loves you back is a disgrace? I was a good son, a good brother, a good student, I had friends that loved me and a cute boy who wanted to kiss me. And I did. And I was so happy that I had my first kiss that I ran home and told my father, who I thought was going to be proud of me, but I only received a slap in the face and a sudden move to the States where I could correct myself.” Jin could still feel the impotence, the anger, the silent tears he shed on the plane while seeing his homeland for the last time. “My father had a business opportunity there, but didn’t like the idea of us blaming him for having to leave. So, I was a good scapegoat and my family always took the time to remind me about it.”

“Idiots,” murmured Namjoon with anger in his voice.

Jin brought Namjoon’s hand to his lips, kissing it softly before resting his cheek against it. “It wasn’t that bad. My sister was really mad but with time realized our father was the only one to blame and my mother...well we never had a close relationship. And a few years later, the cute boy followed me.”

“Really?” Namjoon sat down in interest. “Was...was it Ken?”

Jin chuckled. “Of course not silly. I met Ken at a club a long time after that. I was talking about
Yoongi.”

“*What?*”

“Mhm. We’ve been friends since high school.”

“Your best friend was your first kiss *and* followed you to another country.”

“I know what you’re thinking and no, we had never been in a romantic relationship.”

“Why not?”

“Why do you look so scandalized about me not being Yoongi’s boyfriend?” Asked Jin in a teasing tone.

“You have to admit that your story sounds like it comes straight from a drama that my mother would watch because you will be the main star.”

Jin hid his face on Namjoon’s neck and laughed. “Oh my God.”

“Seriously! Why did you two never…?”

“We were experimenting but that’s all.” The actor took advantage of his new position and made himself comfortable on the editor’s arms. “I love him with all my heart but there isn’t a sparkle between us. He followed me because he missed me and he knew he would have more opportunities in the States. We pave our own path together.”

“He sounds great.”

“He is. He stayed with me when I came out of the closet publicly and through all the backlash I received after. Even from my own family.”

Namjoon tightened his embrace, as if trying to assure him he was there. “They were mad?”

Jin tried to speak even with the knot on his throat. “They left me, Joonie. They told what a disgrace I was and didn’t even say goodbye. Like a pet you leave on the sidewalk when they’re becoming a nuisance.”

“They didn’t deserve you, love.”

“I know. Now I know. But in that moment I was only a son whose parents didn’t want him around.”

He closed his eyes, allowing the memories to come back.

Yoongi screaming on the phone after he finally told him why his cheek was bruised.

His sister, Jisoo, hugging him for the last time.

The sound of his mother voicemail and the realization that she had blocked him.

His first red carpet after the incident with his parents and his fake laugh when the reporters asked about how he was doing.

“I cried so much that I felt that I was going to die from dehydration. Maybe I wasted all my tears on them, who knows,” shrugged Jin.
Namjoon gently kissed his forehead, keeping his lips there while his free hand caressed Jin’s. They remained silent for a little bit, only basking in each other’s presence and warm.

“Tears are only an accessory. You can be sad and not shed a single one. The fact that you can’t show it, doesn’t mean that you don’t feel it.” Said the editor in a soft voice.

Jin chuckled. “A lot of Hallmark film directors would say something different.”

“Well, they have to do it for the paycheck.”

“Crying is also part of my job so…me too.”

“No, acting is part of your job and you do it great.”

“You didn’t see any of my movies.”

“Maybe not, but my mother is really picky so I trust her taste.”

“Mama’s boy.”

“I’m not even ashamed.”

Jin left a kiss on Namjoon’s neck before nuzzling against it. “I’ll be the same with a mother like yours. Mine was all about appearance, money and connections. Sadly for her, she had me.”

“Don’t say that.”

“Only quoting her own words.”

Namjoon suddenly sat up, moving a surprised Jin in the process.

He grabbed the actor’s face with both hands, making sure that he couldn’t avert his gaze. “Whatever they’ve told you, don’t believe it. The fact that such an amazing person came from that kind of environment says a lot about you.”

“Joonie…”

Namjoon kissed his forehead. “You.” Kissed his nose. “Are.” His right cheek. “Not.” The left cheek. “Broken.” He met his eyes again, gaze full of resolution. “They are. They are the broken ones. Because a parent not loving their children for who they are means they don’t deserve them.”

Jin stared at him in wonder. His heart beating so fast that he was sure it wanted to leave his chest to
reach the incredible man in front of him.

“Joonie.” He muttered before closing the distance.

The kiss became desperate in no time, their bodies pressed against each other, leaving no space between them.

Jin moaned when Namjoon grabbed his ass, moving his hips in a tantalizing way. “Fuck,” he said out loud. The editor’s lips now leaving open mouthed kisses on his neck. “Namjoon, please.” He thrust his hips harder, making the man under him groan.

Jin was working on taking Namjoon’s shirt off, when a pair of hands stopped his actions. “Namjoon,” he whined only to receive a soft laugh in his ear.

“Not here. You deserve more than a quickie on the couch.” Namjoon bit his earlobe before disentangling them both and standing up. “Are you coming?” he asked with a dazzling smile, dimples on full display.

And who was Jin to say no to such invitation?

Chapter End Notes

Darlings!

So sorry this took me too long but being an adult (or pretending to be one) means having responsibilities u.u
I still have a lot to do but there you have, a short chapter with a little bit of Jin's past and a supportive Namjoon (a.k.a. our true president).
This is a really emotional chapter and I think it comes at the right time.
Pride Month is a really beautiful moment for me, full of color and festivities. But also fear and really sad stories of people too afraid to come out or that suffered because they did.
Fortunately, I have a family that supports me no matter what and always shows how much they love me.
I just want to say that you're not a failure, or wrong, or sick, or whatever they've told you.
You, like Jin, will find people who will accept you for who you are. That will look at you with fondness and pride because you, lovely reader, are more than who you choose to love.
You are lovely, wonderful, beautiful and strong.

Love you,
FAGA.

Twitter: Follow me and let's talk!
Namjoon had seen beautiful things in his life. Things that left him speechless, wondering how something so pretty could be real and right there for him to see and experience. Namjoon had seen things that had made him feel unworthy of being on the same plane of existence. Making him question how he could be so lucky to be at the right time and place.

Yes, Namjoon had seen beautiful things.

But nothing had prepared him for the mere sight of Kim Seokjin climaxing under him. With open plump lips in a silent scream, red and wet. Eyes closed in ecstasy, arched back and legs wide open, surrounding Namjoon’s waist, with the man’s fingers still inside him.

The editor closed his eyes, the image too much for him. His pants feeling too uncomfortable but still thanking every deity for the decision of leaving them on because everything would have ended sooner if not.

“Joonie” said Jin in a breathless voice.

Namjoon had to groan out loud when he reopened his eyes. Jin’s chest was going up and down rapidly, shirt still on and raised up to his armpits so he had his nipples exposed to Namjoon’s delight. “Mmm? Are you all right?” he asked, carefully withdrawing his fingers without taking his
eyes from the muscular chest and abdomen.

Jin chuckled, “why are you always asking me that when I’m obviously fine?”

“I don’t want to hurt you.”

“You never will.” Answered Jin with a soft smile. “And I’ll never let you.”

Namjoon felt a sudden rush of pride for the strong man under him before kissing those tantalizing lips, pouring all his love and respect in that mere action. His hips softly grinding against the other’s thigh without making direct contact with his still sensitive member.

“We’re a good team then.” He said between kisses.

“The best.” The actor grinned into the kiss, dragging his nails down the editor’s back. “And do you know what makes the perfect team?”

“Mmm?” Namjoon hummed against his neck, too occupied leaving a hickey there.

“The uniform.”

Namjoon straightened up, amusement illuminating his face. “Uniform?”

With a wicked smile, Jin let his hands roam to the front of the editor’s pants. “You’re wearing too many clothes.” He said while rubbing the prominent bulge hidden under the tight pants.

“Jesus .” Namjoon moved his hips against the actor’s hand, closing the distance to continue mouthing at his neck with fervor. “So clever, beautiful. You have the best ideas.” He groaned on his ear.

Jin chuckled and then moaned at the editor’s ministrations, his own hips moving in tandem with the other. “Namjoon, come on.” He growled, impatient. Tugging his hair so he could meet the editor’s eyes. ”Take it off, babe .” He whispered before caressing his tongue against the editor’s, trying to convince him to undress faster.
With a last peck, Namjoon climbed down the bed to undo his trousers, feeling Jin’s gaze watching every single move. He slid them down his legs, no caring about being graceful in a moment like this, and flung them to the floor. He almost lost it when Jin licked his plump lips after the boxers joined the growing pile of clothes, his gaze trained on his groin.

He was about to join him on the bed when a hand stopped him. “Wait. Stay right there.”

Namjoon looked at him in confusion, not quite understanding the order when merely seconds before he was being asked to hurry up. But then Jin crawled towards him like a damn cat, his ass on the air and pupils dilated. “What are you doing?” he asked in a breathless voice, his heart beating at full speed. A smirk was his only warning before a firm hand wrapped around his length. “Goodness, Jin.” He said, tangling his fingers in his silky hair.

The man hummed before licking a stripe from the base to the tip, his hooded eyes watching intently the reaction of his partner when those sinful lips closed around his dick and sucked with fervor.

“Ah.” Namjoon couldn’t take his eyes off the beautiful man, his hold tightening on the strands but not yanking, too afraid of hurting Jin in his haste. “Jin—ah your mouth,” he moaned out loud at the sight of plump red lips on his member, the feeling of that skillful mouth going up and down. He was getting shamefully close, oh so close.

Apparently Jin could feel that he was about to cum, because he pulled his mouth away, a trial of spit connecting them and killing a few of Namjoon’s brain cells in the process. “Don’t cum yet,” said Jin in a throaty voice, “I want you inside me when that happens.”

Namjoon leaned down with a growl, capturing the other’s lips with passion. His hands roaming desperately over the other’s body, squeezing his ass cheeks with both hands, making Jin moan. “As you wish, darling.”

Rapidly, Jin finally took his shirt off and settled on his back, spreading his legs to touch his hole while Namjoon grabbed a condom. “Come on, Joonie,” he said impatiently. “You prepped me so good, I’m-- mmm” he bit his lip when two fingers breached his entrance, “I’m so open, babe. So wet.”
"Goodness." Namjoon had never put a condom so fast in his life. Not wanting to waste a second longer, he climbed the bed to take the fingers off before proceeding to lick the twitching hole like a starving man.

"Joonie!" Jin unconsciously grind back against his tongue, his hands holding his legs against his chest for better access. Namjoon groaned against his entrance, enjoying the positive reaction and feeling of the other trembling under his ministrations.

"You taste so good, love. Remember last time? How you lost yourself when I did this,” a lick, "and this?" A loud kiss against his rim. "Because I remember every single sound and how good you felt. God, I can't wait."

"Yes yes so good. Just for you. Please. Come on." Begged the actor.

The editor gave a last lick before sitting back on his heels, his pupils wide and dick twitching as he enjoyed the sight. “So pretty.” He said before slowly entering the other man.

“Oh my God.” Jin bit his lip hard, looking down at where Namjoon was breaching his body before meeting the other’s gaze with something close to desperation in his eyes. “Fuck, you feel so good,” he sobbed.

Namjoon captured his lips in a bruising kiss, hips moving in circles, going deeper every time. “So beautiful, so pretty.” He groaned.

Jin gasped, dislodging their mouths in the process. Mesmerized, Namjoon watched how the gorgeous man threw his head back with an expression of pure bliss taking over his handsome face. With careful hands, he touched the soft skin of Jin’s long neck, full of new hickeys that made him feel proud of his good work. Then ran a thumb over the fullness of his bottom lip. The other closing his mouth around the finger and sucking with vigor, looking at him from under his lashes. Namjoon groaned and snapped his hips, touching that special spot and making the other roll his eyes in pleasure.

“N-namjoon,” the actor managed to say between thrusts, “f- ah -faster, please.”

Namjoon smiled, “so polite.”

Jin's chuckle turned into a loud moan. Desperate whimpers punching out with each thrust, nails scratching at the other’s back, feeling the muscles moving under his fingers. Loudly demanding
Namjoon to go faster, harder, wanting to feel him for days, begging for more, asking if he liked the feeling of his body, how good he was taking him.

"Yes,ˮ moaned the editor. “So perfect, darling, taking me so well. Sounding so sexy, so hot. I love how you sound. I love your moans and your-- god yes --your voice when I do this.” He thrusts in deep, making the other cry out. “Yes, like that. So beautiful. Let me hear you, don’t contain yourself.”

“Joonie.” Jin didn’t know what he was asking for, what he wanted. He just felt close, on the precipice but still needing a push to fall over.

“Mmm?” Namjoon bit his lip, looking down at how Jin’s dick moved between their stomachs. At his rosy nipples, mouth watering at the prospect of playing with them until the other man couldn't take it anymore.

“I want you from-- ah fuck --” Namjoon played with the sensitive buds, tongue caressing them before sucking them inside his mouth. "Ah! From behind. Take me from behind.”

“All right, love.” The editor said with a last kiss, carefully pulling out and almost cumming at the sight of Jin’s body twitching all over. “Come on, let me help you.” He helped him to change the position, delighted at how Jin looked as if he didn’t have the strength to do it by himself. Knowing that it was because of him, because of how much pleasure he was giving him. “Are you ready?” He said against Jin’s neck, feeling the other’s weak nod before entering him again.

“Ah! Oh my God yesssss …” Jin let his head fall on the mattress, sobbing against the sheets.

“ Oh darling, you feel so good. Look at you.” Namjoon growled, the actor’s ass cheeks jiggling every time their hips met.

His thrusts became erratic, deeper. Moans and sighs encouraging him on, making the pleasure pool on his gut faster, his breathing more shallow. “Jesus. Are you close?” He said against Jin’s shoulder.

Jin didn’t need to respond, his gasps getting louder and louder until he looked behind him, catching Namjoon’s eyes. “Joo--” he began to say before tensing up, eyes rolling back and body arching like a bow as he rides out his orgasm.

He fell on the mattress, arms feeling like jello all of the sudden, taking a still erected Namjoon with
him. He moaned weakly, overstimulated by his climax and the hard member moving inside him with force.

“Jin,” Namjoon moaned against the back of his neck.

“Yes, come on. Yes!”

With a final hard thrust, Namjoon cummed. Teeth lightly biting the actor’s neck and prompting a helpless sound from his mouth.

Namjoon let himself calm down, enjoying the feeling of silky hair against his nose. The distinct smell of Jin surrounding him, their breathing synching.

*Please, let me have this for a little longer,* he begged to no one in the middle of his bliss.

Chapter End Notes

Is it hot in here or it's just me?

Hello magical creatures,

Thank you so much for your support and cute messages. You have no idea how happy it makes me feel to see how much you are enjoying the story so far. How you love every character even when they're not part of the fandom. Writing is my passion and you, lovely reader, make me feel that I'm on the right path. Take care!

Love,
FAGA.

[**Twitter**](#): Follow me and let's talk!
[**Texting can be a dangerous thing**](#): My text AU has new chapters!
“So…”


“Don’t eomma me, young man. I’ve cleaned your rear and even treat your acne when you were a teenager. I deserve to know the latest gossip, especially if involves Kim Seokjin, my third favorite actor.”
had been quite intense since Jin and him came back from their few hours escapade turned into a whole day escapade. He had worried, at first, that the kids will be angry because of their absence (which was fair because they’d said a little bit and not 24 hours), but apparently his mother had talked to them beforehand.

“Adult time is boring Daddy and I don’t want to die of borrdorm.”

“Boredom, honey.”

“Bourdom.” Namjoon smiled at his son’s impatient tone. “And Grandma said Jin-Sir and you had to talk because you were being strubborn. I don’t know what strubborn is, Daddy, but I took the dictionary and put it in your bed so you can show me when you come back home. When are you coming home Daddy?”

“Tomorrow,” repeated Namjoon for the fifth time.

“All right. We bake a lot of cookies and I didn’t let Grandma eat all of them because I wanted Jin-Sir to have some. Can I talk to Jin-Sir?”

“He’s taking a nap, luv.”

“Oh, all right.” Said a disappointed Tae, he could picture the pout grazing his son’s features. “Kookie’s sleeping too but I’m a big boy now and I don’t nee---” a yawn interrupted his monologue, “I don’t need a nap.”

Namjoon softly chuckled, trying to not wake Jin up. “Maybe you do.”

Of course his little boy said no and then fell asleep with the phone in his hand. A few hours later he called again to know if Jin-Sir was already up and if he could read a bedtime story for Kookie and him. The actor’s voice soothed to sleep not only the Kim children but his father as well.

“Are you listening to me?”

Namjoon abruptly raised his head and looked at his annoyed mother. “I’m sorry. What?” Seungki scoffed but her trembling lips showed how hard she was trying to contain her smile. “Eomma ?”

“Ugh, I can’t.” She said while finally giggling like a little girl. “I’m just so glad to see you like this.”

“Like what?” Namjoon said with a confused smile.

“Happy, hun. You look so happy and relaxed. Look!” She moved her arms, showing the cups of tea and the almost empty plate of cookies. “We’re having a talk and you’re not on your phone or worrying about what the children are doing. You’re here.”

“I’m usually here.”

“Physically, yes. Mentally?” She shrugged. “I don’t know”

Namjoon looked down in shame. Apparently he hadn’t only disappointed Hoseok but also their mother with his self loathing.
“I’m very so--” he started saying in a low voice before his mother interrupted him.

“Oh nothing of that, hun.” Seungki softly smiled at him, her eyes full of softness and comprehension. “It was a difficult moment for you and the boys and I knew you needed time to adjust to your new reality.”

“Still. I was so immersed in my own sadness that I’ve failed you and Hobi.”

Seungki seemed horrified. “Of course you didn’t fail me! Or your brother! What gave you that impression?”

“I barely spent time with you, eomma. My life has been Tae, Kookie, work, groceries, trying not to kill my children with my clumsiness, or poison them with my cooking. I can’t even remember the last time I exchanged a few words with my own brother without talking about me and my problems. Or asking you how have you been! For God’s sake!” He said in a strained voice. “Hoseok left the country and I just took notice because I went to his house to vent about my day! What kind of brother I am?”

“Alright, hun. Let me stop you right there.”

“He was suffering!” Namjoon yelled abruptly, surprising Seungki with the sudden outburst. “Having a difficult time and where was I?! Hiding myself behind my chaotic life when in reality I am just a bloody twat who only thinks about himself and can’t even stop his brother from getting hurt!”

“Kim Namjoon shut that goddamn mouth right this instant or else!”

Namjoon stopped in his tracks, realizing for the first time that he had been pacing the kitchen like a mad man without noticing. With his heart still pounding in his ears and a heaving chest, he looked at his mother in horror; not quite believing that he had lost his mind like that. In front of his mother, with his children and current lover in the other room for fuck’s sake.

They remained silent for a few seconds. Namjoon tried to contain his tears but to no avail, the sobs shaking his body with force.

“Oh, hun.” Said Seungki in a soft voice before embracing him.

He had always loved her perfume. It reminded him of cold and peaceful evenings in front of the fire, the sound of pages being passed and the muttering of his brother who couldn’t stop reading out loud when he was getting to a good part. The tender smile of his mother at Hoseok’s gasps and wide eyes moving rapidly over the page, and the amused expression they shared once they gazes met, before returning to their respective books.

He allowed himself to search refuge in his mother’s arms like he had done almost two years ago when the other important woman in his life had gone forever.

“Eomma.” He almost wailed on her neck.

“Shhh, hun. I’m here.” She stroked his hair.

“I’m so sorry.”

“For what, luv? You didn’t do anything wrong.”

“You helped me so much. Hobi and you. And-and I just--”
“No, listen to me.” She took his face between firm hands and looked at him in the eye. “Those wonderful kids, playing in the living room, they’re the result of two beautiful parents who love them with their hearts and a family that would do everything for them. And for you.” Seungki.

“You’re so strong, hun. But we all need someone to help us and rely on from time to time. And Wendy--” She stopped, her eyes becoming misty. “And Wendy’s gone now, but she left us two rays of sunshine who need their father and that’s why you need to be alright. For them and for you.” Namjoon nodded. “And about that brother of yours,” Seungki sighed, “he’s an adult. Of course I don’t like to see any of my children having a harsh time but there’s nothing we can do if he doesn’t want to see that he deserves better.”

“You knew?” Sniffed Namjoon.

“About that Park bloody Jimin?” She said with fire in her eyes. “Of course I did. Your brother never stops talking about him and excusing him. But let me tell you something. The moment I put my hands on him, he will wish he never messed up with one my babies.”

Namjoon almost feared for Jimin in that moment.

“Alright, now.” She said while drastically changing her hard expression to a soft smile. “Let’s stop the waterfalls. Remember what I said about crying pussies?”

Namjoon made a disgusted noise. “Eomma! I’m not going to repeat that sexual innuendo you did when I was fifteen!”

“You needed to know how to pleasure a woman, hun! I knew for a fact that those Sex Ed classes weren’t going to be of any help. Our talk was really necessary.”

“But you didn’t need to do that kind of commentary!”

“It was to make it fun! At least your brother thanked me for the effort.”

“You had the talk with Hobi too?”

“Of course! I have to say that with him it was a little tricky. You know, gay sex wasn’t as well known as today. Even though the mechanism is still the same, the preparation is a little bit harder--”

“No. No.” Namjoon covered his ears. “I’m not hearing this today or ever.”

“Well, if I knew you liked to pay attention to other D’s apart from yours,” another sound of disgust from Namjoon, “I could have gave you the same talk. But I can see that you’re doing pretty well on your own.” She moved her head towards the living room. “I’m really proud of you, Joon. You got your mother’s moves...”

“Alright, this ends here. I’m going to put the kettle on so I don’t have to see your smug face.”

“Please do. And while you’re there, you can thank your mom for those wonderful trousers your handsome lover wore yesterday.”

Namjoon groaned.
Jin heard Namjoon’s shouting from the kitchen but continued drinking his imaginary tea as if nothing weird was happening, too afraid of scaring the already worried kids seated around the small plastic table with him. They were having the promised tea party, with hats and everything.

“Kookie? Could you serve me some tea?” He said to the big eyed boy who was sucking his thumb nervously. With careful hands, he took the boy’s small hand and made eye contact with him to divert his attention from the kitchen door. “I drank it all, already and I’m still thirsty.” Jin showed his empty cup (that had never had any tea inside in the first place) and sent him a reassuring smile when Jungkook grabbed the tiny cup with his chubby hands.

“‘esty?”

The actor chuckled at the baby’s cuteness. “Yeah, really thirsty.” He answered while gently fixing the too big bucket hat for such a small head. “Tae, do you want more tea?” Silence was the only response he got and the reason why he took his eyes off the youngest Kim to look at the pouty toddler. “Tae?”

“Daddy screamed.” Jin could hear the wariness in that soft voice and it broke his heart.

“I know. I think he’s having an intense conversation with your grandma.”

“He is angry?”

Jin sighed, he really wanted to calm the poor kid but without lying to him. “Not with her, sweetie. I think he’s angry with himself.”

Tae’s widened his eyes, partially covered by the Mario hat on his head. “You can do that?”

“What? Being angry with yourself?” The boy nodded. “Yeah, sometimes it happens when you make a mistake or do something wrong.”

“Bu-but Daddy is the bestest and always know what to do when my tummy hurts and he changes Kookie dirty nappies and he cooks for us, Jin-Sir.” Jin felt his cheeks aching because of how hard he was smiling at the little child’s devotion for his father. “He cooks pasta and we love pasta. Right Kookie?”

“Yummy,” was the confident response of the baby before returning the cup to Jin. “‘ilk?”
“Yes, please. And two sugars.” Said Jin with two fingers up, nodding in approval when Jungkook made an affirmative sound before grabbing the bottle that said Sugar instead of Milk.

A tug on his sleeve grabbed his attention. “Jin-Sir, help Daddy?”

Jin was a really weak man when someone as cute as Tae made puppy eyes to him and of course he couldn’t contain himself and caressed the toddler’s cheek. “Your father is a really smart man, TaeTae. That’s why he’s talking to your Grandma.”

“Because she is smart too?” He asked against the adult’s chest.

“Yes, baby, so smart.” He kissed his head and hugged him with one of his arms. “And because your Grandma knows how to deal with stubborn people like him.”

Tae almost hit him on the chin when he raised his head in excitement. “S-strubborn is when when a person don’t listen and are a pain in the bumbum. Right Jin-Sir? Daddy read it in the dictionary.”

Jin chuckled, that didn’t sound like something Namjoon would say to his children. He was about to answer when Jungkook interrupted him. “Shi-Se, Buzz.” The baby was pointing to one of the couches were his cellphone had been forgotten the moment Tae declared it was Tea and Hats time.

“I grab it Jin-Sir!” Tae crawled over the carpet, arranging his Mario hat with a whine every time it fell on his eyes (it must be Namjoon’s because that thing was enormous for Tae). Jungkook giggled with every annoyed sound his brother made. “Don’t laugh, Kookie. I’m hyung!”

That made the baby clap harder. “TaeTae funny.”

Tae frowned at his baby brother before taking the phone with careful hands. “It’s Y-Y-I don’t how to say it, Jin-Sir. He has white hair and face like a circle.”

Jin’s eyes widen. “Yoongi. Sh--oot.” He stopped before saying a bad word in front of the children. “I didn’t call him yesterday. He must be really mad.”

Tae gasped. “We helps Jin-Sir! Don’t worry!”
“O wowy.” Said Jungkook.

Jin would totally die for those two.

“You know what? You can! Give me the phone, please.” Tae went to him and gave him the still buzzing phone. With a wicked smile, Jin passed it to Jungkook. “For you, Kookie.”

Bambie eyes looked at him. “Gukkie?”

“Mmhm. For you.” He said before pressing the green button and activating the speaker.

“Ellou?”

“Hello? Who’s this?”

“’addy?”

“Dadd--No, I’m Yoongi. Where’s Jin?”

“Shi-se tea patty.”

“I--wait. Taehyung?”

Jin smiled at the little gasp beside him when the boy heard his name being called. “Shi-se! He say my name! He know me!” Tae hid his excited giggle behind his small hand.

“No. Gukkie.”

“Oh. Jungkook. Hi.”

“Sleep!” Giggled Jungkook when he saw Yoongi’s contact picture.

“Jesus. Jin please delete that f---”

“Language, Yoongi!” Jin took the phone before kissing Jungkook on his button nose. “Thank you, Kookie. I need to talk to Yoongi before he says something naughty.” He said to both boys, ignoring the scandalized hey! coming from his phone. “I’ll be right there.” Jin pointed to the hallway, from
where he could still watch the boys. “Would you be good boys and drink tea quietly till I come back?”

“Yes! Take yours, Jin-Sir. It gets cold!”

Jin definitely would die for those two.

“What’s up?”

“So, you’re with your boy’s boys uh?”

“Wow.” Jin was not amused. “Great lyricist and music producer, everyone. Boy’s boys.”

“I’m on a vacation so fuck you.”

Well, that was new. “Really? Where are you?”

“At your house.”

“That’s not a vacation, Yoongi! You sleep and use the studio at my house even when you’re working!”

“I guess I’m always on vacation mode, then. Perks of doing what you love.”

“You’re a millionaire, for fuck’s sake. Go to Cancun or another exotic place where your skin can see the sun for once.”

“And have sand in my butt? No, thank you. I prefer other things in there.”


“Fuck you.”

“No, Fuck me it’s what you should say to him. Maybe with a Please, I beg you at the beginning.”

“You think you’re funny.”

“No.” He paused for dramatic effect. “I’m hilarious.”

“Yeah, sure.” Yoongi sighed. “He’s okay, I guess.”

“You guess? Isn’t he at my house?”

“Well--”

Yoongi started talking before a distinct British accent interrupted him.

“Yoongi! I’m sorry to interrupt. Do you prefer souffle or pancakes? Your mom said something about you being too skinny and not having the proper nutrients in your system. I have to say that I agree, I know for a fact that you didn’t have breakfast today. But maybe a fruit could be better, what do you think?”
“Uhhh…” Was Yoongi’s eloquent response.

Jin could feel his jaw on the floor. “It’s that---”

“Oh! I’ll make blueberries pancakes, alright?”

“Sure.” Said Yoongi after a pause.

“Good, then! I’ll leave you to it!” And then the sound of door closing.

The line went dead silent. Both men taking in what had just happened.

“Did I just hear Hoseok asking you about lunch and then agreeing with your mother about your

health?”

“Yeah.” Yoongi sounded defeated.

“You mean your mom,” Jin was really trying to convince himself that he wasn’t crazy, “Mama I
don’t take a shit from no one Min, is cooking at my house with your current crush and they’re both
taking care of your diet?”

Yoongi definitely sounded defeated, as if he had lost a huge battle. “Yeah.”

“And she’s being nice to him?” Jin was losing his mind, obviously.

“She loves him, hyung. That’s why I call.” He hissed into the phone. “You need to take me out of

here. She has been behaving like a fucking Downton Abbey character and he loves it!”

“I think I’m gonna pass out.”

“If I hear the word ‘indeed’ and ‘suppah’ one more time I’ll kill myself.”

“Oh my god, Min Yoongi!” Jin laughed. “And I thought I was the one moving too fast!”

“Years, I was with Jennie for years and she never allowed her inside the kitchen while she was

cooking. But with Hoseok she’s all giggles and smiles and what did he do with my mother?”

“Oh, Yoongi, please. Don’t be a drama king.”

“Oh my God! You don't need to gender adequate a saying; it’s a saying!”

Jin ignored him. “Hoseok seems like a genuinely nice person. Namjoon said that he had always

been a social butterfly because everybody loves him. It’s really good that your mom does too. She

has a bullshit radar. Remember what she said about Ken?”

Yoongi snorted. “Asian Peter Pan hidden behind expensive clothes.”

“And she was so right.”

“I swear I have to call her every time I write a diss track.”

“Just, chill for a while. Enjoy your mother’s attention and the view of Hoseok’s legs in tiny shorts.”

“How did you--?”

Jin smiled at one of the pictures hanging on one of the hallway walls. Hoseok was at the beach

with an even smaller Jungkook in his arms and Tae showing his sand castle with open arms. The
three of them with big smiles on their sun-kissed faces, looking at the camera. “I’m at Namjoon’s house, remember? Apparently he lives with a camera in his hand.”

Yoongi chuckled. “Yeah, Hoseok said something about that.”

Jin’s smile turned sad when his eyes landed on another picture. A slightly younger Namjoon with dark hair was hugging an upset Tae. A dark haired woman beside them was trying to calm down the little boy with a kiss on his head.

For an instant he didn’t understand why Kookie wasn’t there, until he realized that he had never met his mother properly. Wendy had died minutes after giving birth to him. She never had the chance of taking a picture with him.

“Hyung? Are you there?”

Jin jumped a little at Yoongi’s sudden voice. “Yeah, sorry. I was--yeah. So, how did it go with Jennie?”

“Well…”

“You did talk to her, right?”

“Define ‘talk’.”

“Min Yoongi, please tell me you talked to her like a normal adult person would.”

“Well, in this technological era---”
“Oh my God, you sent her a message. I can't believe this.”

"What was I supposed to do? Go to the flat and do a monologue of why our paths must bifurcate so we can become a better version of ourselves?”

“What do you keep quoting my movies?”

“We weren’t that close, hyung. We’ve already established that. I can move on.”

“And you’re doing it pretty well I have to say. Did you know Hoseok was a dancer?”

“Mmm, yeah.”

“Kinky bastard.” Smirked Jin. “I won’t take more of your precious time. Go back to your nightmarish lunch, get fat and get fucked.”

“Uh, I didn’t know you were a poet.” Jin laughed out loud. “But, hyung, this is not the only reason why I called you.”

Yoongi’s tense tone worried him. “What happened?”

Yoongi took a deep breath. “Today Hoseok received a letter with your name on it. He gave it to me the moment I arrived. It’s from Ken.”

Jin rolled his eyes. “What does he want now?”

“Apparently he wants to see you again...with your lawyer this time.”

“What are you talking about?”

“The fucker claims that he should receive part of your assets. He’s after your money, hyung.”

“What?!”

Chapter End Notes

Hello my baby unicorns!

Here I am, with another chapter full of love, angst, humor and babies. Sometimes I ask to myself, why? Why using so many pictures of cute babies that are not near me to hug and cuddle? So I try to share that pain with you, wonderful readers. Let’s cry together because Tae and Kookie are freaking adorable. I hope you liked this chapter! Thank you for your lovely comments!

Love,

F.A.G.A.

Bonus:
Cinematic parallels between Mama and Baby Jung
Other works:
Texting can be a dangerous thing
Not a need but a choice (Sope fic)
The roommate debacle (Namgi fic)
Social Media:
Twitter: Follow me and let's talk!
Tumblr
Jin-Sir is upset and I don’t like it.

Uncle Hobi said that upset means sad and angry. That’s how Daddy was when Mommy went to Heaven.

Upset is my least favorite word in the world.

And broccoli. Because I don’t like broccoli.

I asked Grandma why Jin-Sir screamed at Mr. White Hair on the phone and she said he had bad news. I know bad news can hurt your soul and only a lot of kisses and hugs can help. And sleeping, because your soul is tired and you need to dream of a better world so you can make it true when you wake up. That’s what Uncle Hobi said when Daddy didn’t have breakfast with me for a long time after Kookie came home. He said he needed to rest so his soul could fight the ouchies.

I don’t know what a soul is, but I know is important. When Mommy went to Heaven, the vicar said that her soul was resting in peace. Maybe her ouchies were really bad and she had to leave. But she
didn’t want us to be sad so Kookie stayed with us.

“Grandma?”

“Yes, hun.”

“Can we helps Jin-Sir?”

“Your Dad is already working on it, hun. Why don’t you come here and have some cocoa with Kookie and me?”

“I don’t want coco’. But I can ask Jin-Sir and Daddy be-because they like coco’ and it’s cold outside, Grandma. They can frizz like Anna! Daddy is wearing his hat but Jin-Sir don’t have one and his ears look red. Why are you laughing?”

“Oh, hun. I know you are worried but let them talk.”

“B-but they are on the snow and they’re not making a snowman so the body is not hot and hipo-hernia can happen. Auntie Ssoy always wears a hat and gloves because your ess-esstrimitis can fall down when it’s too cold.”

“Your Auntie Joy and her hypochondriac behaviour.”

“What’s that?” New words are really fun. When I hear a new one, I ask Daddy or Uncle Hobi so we can use the dictionary and I have a really nice time because it’s a huge book with a lot of letters. “What’s hipo-hipocondrac ?”

“Well, it’s when--”

‘anny smell.” Kookie is frowning and touching his bumbum. He always do that when his diaper is dirty and Daddy has to change it.

“Kookie pooped, Grandma.”

“Oh my nasty-nasty little bun!” Daddy don’t laugh like Grandma when Kookie poopes, because it smells. “Let’s get you changed, all right?”

“Yes, pwease .”

“Good boy. Tae, please stay here while I clean your brother.”

“But Grandma, Jin-Sir and Daddy...”

“I know, luv. But your Dad’s already talking with your Jin-Sir. It’s his way of helping. Maybe you can do something else.”

“I can help in my way?”

“Yes, of course. Like you, being a good boy and staying here is a way of helping me . I’ll be right back. Behave, please.”

I have a lot of questions but Grandma goes to Kookie’s room before I can ask, so I look at Jin-Sir hugging Daddy outside.

I miss my Uncle Hobi.
When Daddy is busy and Grandma is taking care of Kookie, Uncle Hobi talks to me and answers all my questions without getting angry. Sometimes Daddy works late and we go to his house and sleep there and it’s really fun. We eat pizza and we watch many movies all night (Daddy can’t know because is a secret). And if I can’t sleep because I miss Mommy or Daddy, Uncle Hobi reads a book to me and we talk a little more. Sometimes I call Daddy so I can say goodnight, but I can’t talk to Mommy because Heaven don’t have a good signal. Uncle Hobi says that I can say things to her even if she can’t answer with words, she will find another way. Maybe I can do the same with Uncle Hobi, because I need adult superstition when I use the phone and the adults are not here but I need help right now.

I close my eyes really really hard and I put all the energy in my brain.

*Uncle Hobi, Jin-Sir is upset and I want to help. What is my way to help?*

I have to wait because he’s really far but I have the answer. I know what to do!

Uncle Hobi is really smort, like Grandma.

*Thank you, Uncle Hobi. I love you.*

“I’m so sorry, Jin. I’m so sorry that this is happening to you.”

Jin hugged Namjoon even harder. He had been ranting to the poor man for over half an hour in the middle of the snowy backyard, freezing to death but wanting to avoid yelling and swearing in front of the kids. He couldn’t believe that Ken was doing that to him. Well, maybe he could, but he wasn’t expecting it. Specially the day before Christmas Eve. That was low, even for Ken.

“Yoongi read the letter to me. There’s an extensive list of all my belongings and how much they cost. Ken has never being a dedicated person, but with money in the picture all of the sudden he becomes a fucking expert in commitments.” Jin sighed against Namjoon’s chest. “I can’t believe he thinks that I owe him something after everything that happened. After he broke my heart and belittled me in front of my friend and half of the world.”
“What do you mean?”

“US Weekly magically has personal pictures of us and knows about the adoption papers? I don’t think so. He has been selling the story to the paparazzi.”

“That bloody twat.” Jin could hear the anger in the editor’s voice. It made him feel better knowing that he wasn’t the only one feeling like that. “At least you ditched him before the wedding.”

Jin closed his eyes and burrowed his face into Namjoon’s jacket. “I’ll have to sell the house. Both of our names are on the contract.”

Namjoon tightened his embrace. “Oh, darling.”

“The first house I bought with my money, Joonie. My own money. I put our names like a fucking idiot because I loved him so much and I wanted to see his face when he saw it. I was so naive.”

“No, you’re not. You were in love with a man who didn’t deserve you and you wanted to give him everything. It’s what we do when we feel that the person beside us is the one we want to spend the rest of our lives with. There’s nothing to be ashamed of. He should be feeling that for taking advantage of you.”

“It’s just that...I kinda feel like I owe him something.” Jin pulled away, looking at the white ground. The snow almost covering their feet. “We were together for so long and we went through a lot and I really...I don’t know.” The actor played with his fingers in a nervous manner. The situation was really taking a toll on him. He had been prepared to have a peaceful stay, enjoy a quiet Christmas Eve (or maybe a loud Christmas dinner at the Kim household) and take everyone on funny excursions until he had to leave after New Year. But, apparently, his plan had to change. “I think I would have to return home before New Year.” Jin could see the sadness on the editor’s face. “Yoongi said he can take care of a few things because of the holidays but my absence is making things worse publicly. It makes me look like I’m hiding, presenting Ken as the poor victim. I need to tell my side of the story.”

“Couldn’t you do it from here?”

Jin smiled even though he only wanted to kiss the man’s pout that looked so alike to his older son. “Unfortunately, no. My manager has a family and it will be really selfish to make her travel when she did everything she could so I didn’t have to worry about anything while staying here.”

“I understand.”

“But it’s not the end of this, Namjoon.” Jin grabbed the other’s face between his hands. “I know that I’ll be asking a lot of you and the kids but, if you think we can make it work, I want to be part of your lives for as long as I can.”

Namjoon’s dimple smile made an appearance but it didn’t reach his eyes. “I know we can be so much more, I really do. But you need to understand that the kids...I have to think about them.”

“I see.” Jin had never felt such a painful hole in his chest. His hands fell down to his sides, immediately missing Namjoon’s warm.

“Our lives are here and yours is in another country. I can’t move them from one place to another while they’re so small. And not seeing you for months...I don’t know if they can do it. I don’t know if I can do it.”

“I can make a few arrangements. I-I can talk to my manager, look out for works here. I’m sure it
could work. I can move here and be near to you and the kids. Of course in another house so we can take our time a-and I know we have only met a week ago and that I have to be realistic but I just feel so good here with all of you and—–”

His rambling was interrupted by a warm pair of lips. Jin sighed into the kiss, surrounding Namjoon’s neck with his arms, licking his mouth so he could have a taste of the wonderful man in front of him.

“Don’t think about that right now.” Namjoon said between kisses. “Let us enjoy this.”

Jin nodded, rubbing his nose against his cheek, and kissed him as if he wanted to carve the moment into his brain. The movement of Namjoon’s mouth against his. The way he moved his head so they could get deeper. The feeling of their tongues caressing each other. He wanted to remember everything, he needed to.

“Allright, lads! Fingers on your lips, please!” Seungki’s voice made them jump on their places, both looking at her with wide eyes and blushed cheeks (not from the cold). “I know you’re all hot and horny,” she smiled at his son’s embarrassed groan, “but the sun is almost down and it’s getting really cold.”

“Thank you, eomma.”

“And,” she continued with a less sassy smile and a soft tone, “Tae prepared something that I really want you to see.”

They looked at each other before entering into the house, fingers intertwined. Namjoon helped him take his coat off, both frowning at the sound of Tae giving directions to his brother from the living room.

“Kookie, Tata goes there. Yes, there.”

“Gukkie ?”

“And Kookie stays here.”

“What’s happening?” asked Jin to Seungki who was looking at the living room from the threshold.

The woman only smiled and extended her hand towards him. “You should see.”

Jin took the offered hand, placing himself beside her so he also could look into the room.

The image was one of the cutest things he had ever seen. The coffee table was full of random stuff. Books, toys, clothes, even food. There were also framed pictures that obviously had been collected from different places of the house (the empty spaces on the wall were proof of that). It was a huge variety of things that almost covered the two little boys behind. Tae was combing Jungkook’s hair while the little boy dutifully stayed really still.

“What’s going on here?” Namjoon’s deep voice had a hint of amusement.

Both boys looked at their audience with wide eyes, then smiled at the adults. “Surprise!” Screamed Tae with open arms.

“Uprise !” Jungkook followed his brother’s lead.

“What’s all this, boys?”
“A surprise for Jin-Sir, Daddy!”

“For me?” Jin wasn’t quite catching what was happening.

“Yes!” Answered Tae, running to the actor and taking his free hand so he could take him to the table. “Come, Jin-Sir! I want to show you!” Kookie was making grabbing hands at him too, prompting him to come closer. “It was Uncle Hobi’s idea!”

“Uncle Hobi? When did you talk to him, Tae?” Namjoon looked at his son in suspicion. “You didn’t use a phone without supervision, isn’t it?”

“Nope. I put my energy in my brain, Daddy, and he answereded.”

“Okay?”

“Look, Jin-Sir!” The toddler pointed at all the things.

“What’s all this?” Jin said before kneeling on the floor, Kookie immediately waddling towards him so he could claim his lap.

“I know Jin-Sir is upset because of the bad news.”

Jin winced. He hated that he hadn’t been able to hide his distress and made the kids worry in response. “Oh, Tae. You don’t need to worry about that. It’s okay.”

The little boy shook his head, soft bangs falling into his eyes. “No, Jin-Sir. Bad news are bad and can break your heart, but we can’t kiss it better because we can’t touch it. See?” A tiny hand touched his chest, as if trying to reach for his heart. “But we have to cure it because the ouchies have to go or you go to Heaven like Mommy and I don’t want that because they don’t have phones in Heaven.” The actor heard an intake of breath behind him but didn’t turn to see, too occupied with the boy in front of him. “Uncle Hobi said that if someone is upset you should give them space. But if they don’t get better you should ask nisly what happened, but Daddy did that so I has to help in my way, like Grandma said but I didn’t know how, so I askeded Uncle Hobi and then I ‘membered it.”

“What did you remember?” Jin kissed his chubby hand.

“We can make peeple happy if we show the things that makes us happy. So Kookie and I want to show you what makes us happy and maybe we can pass the happy to you and your heart can cure. Wanna see?” He said, tilting his head like a puppy.

“Yes, of course.” Jin tried to say even though he could feel a tight knot inside his throat.

Tae graced him with his cute boxy smile and turned to the table, humming while selecting his first object which was a photo of Hoseok and Mickey.
“Uncle Hobi is my bestest friend because he listens to me and writes stories for Kookie and me. And he teaches me how to dance! He’s a good teacher.” He gave the photo to Jin with a happy smile. “This is my favorite book.” He said before returning to the table.

Jin laughed at the image of Tae trying to pass the big and well loved Dictionary to him. The little boy struggled for a little bit before depositing it in his hands. “Daddy says that is always important to ask when we don’t undel-undels-,” Tae stuttered, “undelstan.” He said with a final nod. “We has to ask if we don’t undelstan something because knocklege is powerful, right Daddy?”

“Yes, honey. That’s right.”

“And the Dictionary has all the knocklege in the whole world and that’s why I like it.”
“Tata!” Jungkook made grabby hands to his brother, who obliged by giving the heart shaped plushie to him. “Shi-Se, Tata. Gukkie ‘oy.” Jin smiled at the baby and put the dictionary on the floor before grabbing the offered toy.

“Thank you, Kookie.” He said before kissing his head.

“That’s Kookie favorite toy, Jin-Sir. Tata always protects us when we has bad dreams. Maybe he can protect you from the bad news.”

“I’m sure he will.” Jin smiled at both boys and then all the adults in the room, including himself, gasped when Tae grabbed his next happy thing.

“This is my Mommy.”

Jin took the picture with reverent hands and then brought Tae towards him so the three of them could look at it together.

Wendy looked beautiful. Full of life and happy. Her hair was dyed there but he knew, because of the photo on the hallway, that her natural color was dark brown, almost black, like both her children. Tae looked almost like her, their smiles really similar, his eyes also becoming little crescents when he smiled. He looked at the photo with misty eyes. That beautiful woman, that beautiful person who gave birth to the wonderful children sitting on his lap, whose life had been over before she could enjoy Tae’s quick-witted mind and big heart and Kookie’s...everything.

“’ommy.” Kookie pointed at the picture and looked at Jin with his big doe eyes.

“Yes, honey, that’s your mommy.” Jin hugged both kids and looked behind him, towards the other part of the Kim family. Namjoon smiled at him with tears in his eyes, his arm around his mother’s shoulders; Seungki was silently crying. “You made her really happy, I’m sure of that.”

“Mommy was really smort. Be-because she didn’t want us to be sad so she left Kookie so we could be happy. Kookie makes me happy too, Jin-Sir! Because he’s my li’le bother.”

“I’m sure Kookie feels the same about you, baby.”

Tae smiled at him and then gasped when he saw something on the table and went to grab it. “Look!”
“What’s this?”

“It’s the truck Daddy bought me when I met Jin-sir!”

“This--” Jin had to clear his throat because of how hard he was trying not to cry. “This makes you happy?”

“Of ‘cos! Because I ‘member when I met you and you makes me happy!”

Jin looked at him, awestruck, his mouth agape and his heart beating like crazy. “I--I-- oh my God, Tae.” He said in a low voice.

“Are you alright, Jin-Sir?”

“I’m just...so happy.” And he was. He could feel a sudden lightness on his chest. Like he could beat anything and anyone. Nothing mattered, only the two most beautiful boys on Earth.

Tae’s eyes shone like two marbles, his boxy smile boxiest than ever. “We did it, Kookie! We helps!” Both boys started giggling and clapping. In no time, Jin was been hugged by two pairs of tiny arms. Two small heads leaning on his shoulders. “You’re in our hearts, Jin-Sir.”

“Shi-Se.”

Jin took a shaky breath, his arms holding them as if someone was about to take them away from him. “You’re in my heart, babies.” He kissed their heads, feeling like his eyes had never felt as
wetter as in that moment. “And you’ll always be.”

Chapter End Notes

Darlings,

Don't hate me, please. Remember I love you.
Beauties, this story is coming to an end in a few chapters.
Please, don't be sad because we have a few more surprises for you :)
I hope you know how important this fic has been for me, how your beautiful comments makes me feel. I reread them all the time because that's how loved you make me feel and I really appreciate your words.
If you want to ask me anything, inspire me with a prompt or just tell me something nice, I have a Curious Cat now or here is my Twitter.
Thank you so much for reading!

Love,

F.A.G.A.

Bonus:
The lovely AngustD reacting to today's chapter

Other works:
Texting can be a dangerous thing
Not a need but a choice (Sope fic)
The roommate debacle (Namgi fic)

Social Media:
Twitter: Follow me and let's talk!
Curious Cat: Ask me anything!
Chapter 17

Chapter Notes

***I do not own the rights to BTS or any of this pictures. If i use anything that you or someone you know edited, let me know so i can give the proper recognition.***

***I do not own, or claim to own, the central idea for this fic, the rights of it goes to the genius of Nancy Meyers. This is a free interpretation of the film.***

This is Jin's POV. If you want to read Hoseok's POV go here

See the end of the chapter for more notes

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Chapter Seventeen

Jin opened his eyes and groaned.

His neck was hurting and his right arm felt numb because of the weight currently holding it in place.

He looked down at the sleeping boy and smiled at his twitching button nose, so similar to a bunny's.

After Tae and Kookie’s surprise, and a tearful hug session from the rest of the Kim family, Seungki convinced him that he couldn’t go to Hoseok’s home without having dinner. And then convinced him that it was too late to go back in the middle of the dark and the snow. In few words, that woman would be a really good seller. Of course, the boys were ecstatic, talking about a slumber party with a lot of movies and food and board games and lots of fun.

Naturally, they fell asleep in the middle of the first movie.

Because Seungki was already occupying the guest room, Jin ended sleeping in Namjoon’s bed. He wasn’t complaining, of course. Especially when they laid with the lights still on, looking at each other’s eyes with their fingers intertwined between them, and talked about the kids and their possible future together. That’s how they fell asleep.

It was 5 am when the first child joined them on the big bed. An hour later, Jin woke up with a start when a small hand tapped him on the back, asking for help so he could be part of the pile too.

Jin smiled at the image of Namjoon and Tae sleeping together. They were both snoring, Tae’s snore sounding more like a kitten’s compared to his father’s, with their mouths wide open.

Trying not to wake up the baby sleeping on his arm, he carefully moved so he could use the bathroom. He softly shushed Jungkook who whined in his sleep, but eventually succeeded and took care of his needs before going to the kitchen to prepare breakfast for everyone.
“Oh! Good morning, hun!”

Jin felt like he had just entered into the Master Chef’s Korean edition.

“Wow, Kiki! It smells like home!” Seungki laughed from the stove where she was stirring something inside a big pot. Everything looked magnificent. The whole kitchen counter was full of appetizers, different kinds of sauces, meat, noodles. It was beautiful. “You’re an artist.”

“You’re making me blush, hun. But take a seat! I made something for breakfast. The coffee is ready too.”

Jin felt his cheeks aching because of how hard he was smiling. “Oh my God! It’s that hotteok?!?”

Seungki nodded. “I found an old receipt and wanted to try. You’ll be the first one to taste what would be the best hotteok of our lives.”

“Adopt me,” said Jin with a serious face.

Seungki laughed again. “I’ve done it before, so why not?”

Jin smiled at the woman.

Namjoon had talked to him about those horrible moments of his childhood when he went from foster home to foster home and how he had lost any hope when he was seven years old and no one had adopted him. Knowing the babies were in demand, he surrendered at the idea of him living at
the State’s mercy until he was too old. Fortunately, the Jungs had appeared in his life, providing
him with a home and a big brother (only by a few months, but a hyung nevertheless). Years later,
their father died in a car accident, leaving Seungki alone with the two teenagers. She had to work
her ass off to provide for them, becoming their superhero.

“Did Namjoon take his father’s last name in his memory?” Try to asked Jin even with his mouth
full.

Seungki frowned, confused. “His father’s last--oh, you mean why he is a Kim and we’re Jung?” Jin
nodded over his cup. “It’s not because of my husband.” She gave him a nostalgic smile, looking
down at the pot. “Wendy was a Kim.”

Jin almost choked on his coffee. “Oh my God.” He said between coughs. “That’s so Namjoon.”

Seungki laughed at his reaction. “Imagine how scandalized and proud I was. Not every day your
son says he’s going to take his future wife’s last name. I think I even gave Wendy a high five.” She
chuckled. “That girl was something else, I’d never seen my son so in love...until now.”

They both exchanged a meaningful look, the man already prepared for that conversation. Knowing
Seungki, she would want to know what will happen with his son and grandchildren once their new
friend went home; the last thing she would want is for them suffering again. It was true that Jin
hadn’t thought about that until he received the news about Ken’s actions, too occupied being
whipped by the Kim children and their father. In retrospect it had been really wreckless of him, it
was one thing ending a holiday love with an adult man (with the strong emotional attachment or
not) but it was a completely different thing saying goodbye to two beautiful children who had lost
their mother and didn’t trust strangers so easily. He didn’t know what happened, if it had been the
kisses, smiles, hugs or their mere presence; he didn’t know, but he would rather die than hurting
those boys.

“So, what’ll happen now?” Asked Seungki. “You have to return to the States?”

Jin looked down at his cup. “Unfortunately, I do.”

“I see.”

“I’ve already talked to Namjoon, We decided to---”

“Hun,” Seungki interrupted him, covering the pot and lowering the fire so she didn’t have to worry
about the food burning during their conversation. Jin heard her approaching, his eyes still trained
on the dark liquid while she took a seat on the table with him. “I hope you don’t take this the
wrong way, but my family is always my main priority and that’s why I feel the need to protect
them at all cost.”

“I know he’s a responsible father that would never do something that could hurt his sons, but he always forgets himself in the meantime and that worries me. You see,” she sighed,”I know for a fact that the only adults he’s in contact with are his brother, his coworkers and me. The only friends he has are Joy and Irene but they always talk about the kids and nothing else, no visits to the pub or to have a cup of tea or the movies. Tae and Kookie are his favorite and only theme of conversation. Lord, I can bet that a parenting book was the last book he read that it wasn’t for work.” Jin chuckled. It was called Your child’s self-esteem by Dorothy Briggs, to be exact, and was still in his bedside table, with post its and everything. “The thing is,” Seungki continued, “I’m in the middle of a dichotomy, because I want my son to have what you two have, with my grandchildren as happy as they’re now; but, at the same time, I saw how they lost one of the most important people in their life once, and I don’t want that to happen again.”

Jin tightened his grip around the cup, a reaction that didn’t go unnoticed by Seungki who grabbed his hands in a comforting manner. “You are not a stranger, Jin, at least not anymore. The children saw something in you that made them leave their shells, and I trust my grandchildren’s intuition.”

“I’ll never do anything to hurt them,” he made eye contact with her so she could see the truth in his words. “I swear.”

Seungki softly smiled at him. “I believe you, luv. But, please understand my wariness. You’ve met them only a few days ago and they’re already completely enamoured with you. I needed to know that you are aware of how important you’re becoming for them.”

Jin nodded. “We talked, Namjoon and I.”

“And?”

“It was established that they weren’t the only smitten ones.” He chuckled. “I swear that my heart had never been so full in my whole life and I wish it could stay like that forever but,” his expression changed into a more somber one, “there’s something called reality that’s not working on our side at the moment.” He paused for a second. “I offered to move here.” Seungki widened her eyes. “Not at the house just...the country.”

“I see,” she said, hopeful.

“Namjoon said no.”

“Of course he did,” she sighed, looking deflated.

“But,” Seungki looked at him in interest, “this is not a mere fling. With time, I know that Namjoon and me...and the kids,” he added with a dreamy smile, “we can be so much more. And I’ll do everything in my power to make that happen.”

“What about your ex?”

Jin frowned. “What about him?”

“You two were going to get married, hun, that’s something you don’t forget so easily.”

He winced. “Yeah, please don’t remind me that. I’m still grateful that I found out he was cheating me before saying I do :.”
Seungki's scandalized gasp was almost comical. “Good Lord.”

“Yep.” He popped the P with his eyes downcast,

“I can’t believe it. He-- how dare he?” Suddenly, the actor was surrounded by her floral scent, her strong arms holding him with a care that only a mother could give. "And now he wants to have your money, that you worked so hard to earn. Oh,hun, I'm so sorry." Jin felt warmth bloom all across his body at hearing those words, hesitating for a few seconds before returning the hug and then letting his body relax in the lovely embrace. He hadn't realized how much he had missed this, someone holding him with such sincerity only for the sake of letting him know that they’re there for him to share a little bit of the weight. Namjoon had shown his support but Seungki wasn't his lover. She was... Seungki. "Everything will be alright, you'll see." She caressed his hair. "We'll be there if you need us."

Jin sighed against her shoulder. "Thank you, Kiki." He said as he tightened his arms around her.

Namjoon laughed at the scene taking place in front of him, ignoring the mess his sons were making so he could enjoy Jin's helpless expression when his boys, one on each side, doted on him; making sure that he wasn’t famissed.

Like that could happen with the amount of plates filing the table. As expected, his mother had cooked food for a battalion instead of three adults and two children. The bags she had brought with her full of different ingredients and precooked meals that were going to feed them (and the neighbors) for weeks. He tried to invite Irene and Joy to their Korean Christmas Eve in London but the couple opted for a quiet evening with greasy food, lots of alcohol and private presents not suitable for sensitive eyes (the last thing he heard before hanging up was Irene's evil laugh at his disgusted groan).

So it was a Jung-Kim dinner, full of caloric dishes and children philosophy.

“You have to eat all the veggies, Jin-Sir, because you need to be big and strong like Barbie and save the world.” Taehyung said while grabbing pieces of carrot from his own plate and then happily giving them to the adult who had his mouth already full of vegetables. “They don’t taste good but veggies has nootrins that help. Right, Daddy?”

“Correct, baby. They have nutrients, that’s why you should eat yours instead of giving them to Jin.” Namjoon contained a self satisfied smile when he took one of the bowls and put more lettuce
and tomatoes on his child’s plate, almost breaking his facade when he saw Taehyung’s
dumbfounded expression at the vegetables now filling his plate.

“B-but the veggies were gone, Daddy. You said no more veggies when my plate was empty.”

“Exactly, when the veggies were gone because you ate them, not Jin-Sir. He’s an adult. You’re the
one who needs to become big and strong like Barbie.”

“Kookie is not eating veggies,” pouted Tae. “And he’s small.”

Seungki laughed from beside Namjoon, amused by her grandson’s logic. “But what I found inside
his nappies wasn’t as small, that’s why he’s on a chicken and rice diet for now.”

Tae giggled behind his chubby hands. “Kookie pooped a lot.” He said before laughing out loud,
reclining against Jin’s side. Kookie, unaware of his brother joking about him, continued feeding Jin
with his spoon.

“Aaaaah, Shi-se .” He said, opening his small mouth really big to show him what he had to do.

Namjoon watched how Jin dutifully opened his mouth, not even flinching when half of the rice
ended on the table and another part on his shirt. “I think he can do it himself, Kookie.”

“It’s Krismas , Daddy.” Tae simply said, as if that was the only reason they needed.

Namjoon smiled at his son, who returned the gesture with a boxy smile.

This was something that always surprised him, the love he felt for that little human being right in
front of him. How grateful he felt for every breath Taehyung took, the happiness he experienced
every morning when his little boy opened his eyes. Even when he was being stubborn and didn’t
want to listen, even then, he thanked every deity for having him on his life. “I love you, TaeTae.”

Tae smiled even wider. “I love you too, Daddy!”

“’Addy !” Screamed Jungkook from his high chair. “Gukkie love too.”

“I love you too, Kookie.” He beamed at his adorable baby that stared at him with those big doe
eyes that looked so much like Hoseok’s. While Tae had a loud personality like his mother, Kookie
was quiet like his father. A little clingy sometimes when he prefered to stay in Namjoon’s arms
instead of playing but, even though the editor worried about his introversion, he liked to feel that
his baby trusted him, always seeking for him when he wasn’t well or needed protection. And
protect him he will. Namjoon would die for him, would do anything in his power to fight anything
that could hurt his little boys.
His gaze met Jin’s for a second, both of them caught in each other’s eyes, oblivious to the myriad of *I love yous* being yelled from different sides of the table. Namjoon, still immersed in that warm gaze, put his hand on the table, palm up in a silent invitation that the actor accepted with a small smile.

*Yes, we can have this and so much more.*

“Oh!” Seungki’s exclamation took them away from their private bubble. “Your uncle Hobi wishes us a Merry Christmas!”

Tae lit up at the mention of his favorite person in the world. “Uncle Hobi! Can I answer, Grandma? Can I? He has to know that I pass the happy to Jin -Sir because he answered my brain question!”

Namjoon watched his sons taking turns in sending an audio to Hoseok with a frown on his face. With his free hand, grabbed his phone from the table and looked at the unanswered messages he had sent his brother the last days. Messages that he still hadn’t read.

“I’m sure he’s busy, Joonie.” Namjoon looked at Jin who tightened his hand, trying to reassure him. “He knows your mother’s here and thought it was easier. Or...maybe he doesn’t want to think about certain things. Give him time.”

Namjoon sighed and nodded, taking Jin’s hand to his mouth so he could kiss it. He’d tried several times to talk to his brother, warned him about a certain someone and their unwelcomed plans. If he
had had that Park’s number or address...he was sure that would have ended in a restraining order with his name on it.

“And Daddy and Jin-Sir hold hands like capis on the tele,” said Tae into the phone. “But, don’t worry, Uncle Hobi! Grandma said no funny bis-- bisnessis in front of Kookie and me.”

Seungki laughed out loud, clapping her hands in excitement.

Namjooon covered his mouth, looking at a very flustered Jin with his eyes trained on his glass of water as if it had all the answers in the universe and then joining his mother when he groaned and put his forehead on the table after Tae asked in a tiny voice what funny bisnessis meant.

“I say something wrong?” Asked Tae, worried at Jin’s antics.

“Oh no, luv,” said Seungki between giggles, “you’re perfect.”

Chapter End Notes

Hello lovelies!

Sorry for the long disappearance but Christmas Eve in the Kim household!
The babies are as adorable as ever and we love them and want to hug them really hard.
Seungki, as usual, a queen who can defeat Gordon Ramsay with her eyes closed.
Namjin, well, the heart eyes are always a must between them.
Only three more chapters to go! I’m really excited! A friendly warning: prepare yourselves for the angst.
(mysterious music)
Okay then! Thank you so much for reading and your beautiful comments.
Love you,

F.A.G.A.

Bonus:
A younger Tae feeding a baby Kookie the first day he got home.
Other works:

All we have is now (contribution for Sope Week and possible next long fic)
Texting can be a dangerous thing
Not a need but a choice (Sope fic)
The roommate debacle (Namgi fic)

Social Media:

Twitter: Follow me and let's talk!
Curious Cat: Ask me anything!
Namjoon heaved a sigh of relief once the glass door closed behind him, leaving the chilly wind outside where it belonged, and then took the time to enjoy the aromas of fresh brewed coffee and pastries surrounding him.

After seeing that the clerk was occupied with another order, he took his phone out to check that he hadn’t received any messages in the last forty minutes, time he had spent looking for a bloody bakery that was open on that fine Christmas morning because he was a sucker for puppy eyes.
“Croissants? I’m sorry, Tae, we don’t have any. But there’s Grandma’s hotteok.”

“Daddy, we can’t eat that because is not tradishon. We always eat crussa on Krismas.”

“Maybe we can change the tradition today.”

Namjoon swore he had never seen his son so scandalized. “But we never show the tradishon to Jin-Sir and we can’t change tradishon if we don’t say goodbye first, Daddy. A-and you can’t decide that without asking, Daddy, because that’s deetatorship and it’s really naughty and you can’t be naughty on Krismas because Santa say so. Don’t be naughty, Daddy.” He said, arms crossed over his little chest.

“No ‘ughty, ‘addy.” Pouted Jungkook, his chubby finger pointing at him because of course he had recognized the word from when his own father used it against him.

The editor had been firm with his negative, until he had not two but three pair of puppy eyes on him.

“Actually, croissants does sound pretty good.” Said Jin, the traitor, while looking at him from under his lashes.

And what kind of villain would say no to his three favorite boys?

He rubbed his hands, trying to regain a little bit of warmth. Even though he had only walked a few meters from his car to the bakery entrance, the wind had been so relentless that it only took a few seconds for the cold to pass through his thick jacket.

So occupied he was with his mid hypothermia and cellphone that he didn’t see the man smiling at him until he bumped against a solid chest.

“Oh, I’m so so-- Jackson ?”

“Hey, bro!” Said the cheerful man.
“Wow!” Namjoon looked at him with wide eyes, feeling like he hadn’t seen his coworker for ages when in reality it had been just a week. “The hair is new.”

Jackson brushed his hair, looking bashful for once, a weird expression to see on his face. “Yeah. I thought, you know, why not returning to the roots? If you know what I mean.”

“Yeah, I think I know what you mean,” Namjoon laughed at the silly joke. He had always felt appreciation for Jackson Wang, a man who looked happy all the time and cracked jokes to break the tension in the room even when people scoffed at him for it. They were more than colleagues, Namjoon liked to think they were friends, but he had been too worried about his own problems that he hadn’t given space for a new person in his life. Yes, they used to have coffee together, talk about their lives, complain about terrible clients or boring drafts; but Namjoon always maintained a safe distance from anyone new after Wendy’s death, hiding behind the excuse that Tae and Kookie needed him when in reality he was the one needing them. “You look merry for someone who loathes the Holidays.” He said in a mocking tone and then frowned at his reaction. Was that a blush he was seeing on the usually unshameful man?

“Well,” the newly brunet said after clearing his throat, “maybe Santa gave me a break this year.”

Namjoon raised an eyebrow, prepared to ask what he meant when a pale man materialized right beside his friend, eyes trained on a dark wallet in his hands. “Hey, can you buy one of those fresh muffins?” Said the red head, taking a few bills. “And sandwiches for dinner because I’m not cooking ag--oh, hello.” The stranger’s cheeks matched the color of his hair when he finally noticed Namjoon’s presence. “Sorry, I didn’t see you there.”

Namjoon smiled at him. “Don’t worry.” He answered and then looked at Jackson, both waiting for him to do the introductions.

“Right!” He said. “This is Namjoon, he also works in the editorial. Namjoon, this is Markie Poo-ugh” Jackson’s cheerful introduction ended prematurely because of a bony elbow connecting with his side.

“Mark.” Said the stranger, offering his hand for the other to shake. “Mark Tuan, I transferred to Lee’s Books a few months ago.”

Namjoon shook his hand and then stopped his motions, face lighting up in recognition. “Wait! I remember you! The man from the elevator. The one that Jackson almost knocked down!”

Mark laughed at the memory, his perfect teeth in full display while he looked at the timid brunet by his side. “Oh yeah, we had to spend almost an hour rearranging the only copy of the manuscript I was working on. But everything worked at the end, isn’t it?” He said with a gentle voice, Jackson finally gazing up at him with a soft smile on his face.

“Yeah,” whispered Jackson, lost in Mark’s gaze. “An early Christmas gift.”
Both men continued looking at each other like the other was the best thing they had seen in a long time, making Namjoon feel like he was witnessing a rather personal moment between them.

Watching the couple in front of him, he wondered if Jin and him looked like that to other people. As if everything stopped around them, like the world had a pause button that they can press whenever they’re together. As if having the other in close proximity was like having a shield that protected them from the outside world. Like a balm that relieved every bad feeling and chased away dark thoughts. As if they were home.

“Sir? Sir?” Said the poor girl behind the counter, making Namjoon almost jump out of his skin. Or she was too sleepy or this was a normal scene for her, because he didn’t even bat an eye at the couple. “Your coffee.”

Jackson regained his senses, looking away from Mark, a little bit dazed. “What? Ah, yeah! Sorry.” He said, grabbing the coffees and bowing in autopilot. “Sorry, but can I have a muffin? And four sandwiches to go. Namjoon, you needed something?”

The clerk nodded at Namjoon’s order, then asked the flavors of the muffins and sandwiches at a very enthusiastic Jackson who had his face almost squished against the glass counter where the pastries were displayed. Namjoon hid his amused smile behind one of his hands. “I’ve never seen him like this.” He confessed to the red haired. “He’s usually so loud all the time, like a golden retriever in human form, but with you...It’s like seeing a different person.”

Mark chuckled, scratching his neck in embarrassment. “It’s kind of funny how much a person can change when they don’t feel like they need to fill any voids.” He turned his gaze at the brunet, currently paying their order. “I had a hard time with my last relationship and I was prepared to spend Christmas all by myself and my dog. I have to confess that, at first, I thought I was taking advantage of him; just an excuse to avoid the loneliness. But, now,” he looked at Namjoon with a peaceful expression on his handsome face, “now I just feel that I need to stop analyzing everything, enjoy the unexpected development and see where it takes me. Not everyday a hot and funny man appears in your life and sweeps you off your feet.”

They both chuckled at the word play, feeling at ease even though they were basically strangers. “I see that he really found the person who could beat him in a battle of wits.”

“Oh my God,” gasped Jackson, hugging Mark from behind. “That was the most British sentence I’ve ever heard.”
Namjoon rolled his eyes at his dramatics. “You’ve been living here for...what? Three years?”

“Two and a half and still...that was Britisher than Doctor Who.”


Jackson kissed his cheek with a loud mwah, disregarding the consequential disgusted face. “Because you’re cute. Ah!” He said, wide eyed. “Namjoon here has two adorable cuties at home! How’s Tae and Jungkook?”

“Warm at home while his father freezes to death so they can have their crussa .”

Jackson chuckled. “And of course you couldn’t say no to those adorable faces.”

They laughed at Namjoon’s blushing face, knowing that that had been the case. The clerk came with their orders, Jackson insisting on paying for Namjoon and only answering with a loud HoHoHo to cover his complaints. They said their goodbyes, Namjoon needing to return home and they to their coffee waiting for them on the table. After Jackson hugged him really hard, wiping imaginary tears and sobbing like a drama actor, he finally went to the door, his hand on the handle. He stopped there for a second before turning around. “Jackson,” said man turned on his spot, looking like a deer in the headlights. “Let’s have dinner sometime,” said Namjoon in a spur of the moment. “At my house so you can meet the kids. Both of you, of course.”

The brunet looked surprised for a second, and then a huge smile appeared on his face. “I’ll love to.” He said, sounding almost breathless. “I--,” he cleared his throat and then chuckled, “Yeah, I’ll love that. Thank you.” Mark took his hand and they both smiled at each other.

Namjoon nodded, “Good! Maybe we can do something for New Year’s Eve.” Jackson looked like he was about to cry and that made him wonder how lonely his colleague must had been all this time in a different country full of strangers. “I know my mother would love to feed your insatiable appetite.”

“We’ll be there,” said Mark, his hand moving up and down Jackson’s back. “He’ll text you later.”

Namjoon smiled at them before waving and leaving the bakery.

Once inside his car, he took a moment before driving away. His eyes came back to the store’s big windows, looking at the smiling couple inside.

This year’s going to be better had said Jackson a week ago and, for the first time in his life, he had been right.
Namjoon was attacked the moment he opened the front door.

“Daddy! We waited for you forever and my tummy growls.”

“Sorry, Tae, I had to drive a lot for your croissants.”

Tae gasped, taking his father’s bigger hand between his. “You’re cold like Anna! You can frizz to death and your esstrimitis can fall!”

Namjoon chuckled. “I don’t think that would happen, baby.”

Tae shook his head, opening his arms. “I share my heat, Daddy! I drank hot coco and I’m really warm.” Namjoon didn’t even resist, leaving his coat on the hanger before gathering his son and hugging him really hard. “The cold goes away.” Tae rubbed his back with chubby hands, trying really hard to warm his father up. “Do you feel ‘etter ?”

“Of course, baby. You made it so much better. Thank you.” Tae leaned back, looking at his father with a boxy smile and then giggling when the man kissed his button nose. “Now, where’s everybody?”

“Kitchen. Grandma is making more food but I didn’t eat! Crussa is tradition.”

“Good boy. Let me take this,” he said in a strained voice, trying to grab the brown package with the pastries without dropping his precious cargo. “Let’s have your croissant with hot cocoa.”

“Yes!” Cheered Tae with his arms up.

The little boy continued talking all the way to the kitchen, that fortunately was only a few meters away, about how happy he was with the gifts Santa brought him and promising to share them with his brother but only if he was careful with them. “But he has to clean his hands, Daddy, because Santa can’t think I’m sloppy.”
“Of course.” Nodded Namjoon, smiling at his mother once he entered the kitchen and then at his youngest who was comfortably leaning on Jin’s chest, drinking from his sippy cup. The editor frowned at the actor’s lost expression, his gaze down and a hand absentmindedly rubbing the baby’s tummy. “Hey,” he said in a soft voice, kissing Jungkook’s hair before doing the same with Jin. “Everything alright?”

“Mmm?” hummed the actor, finally leaving his trance. “Oh, yeah, sorry. I was...thinking.”

“About?”

Seungki cleared her throat to catch everybody’s attention. “Why don’t we make some hot cocoa, mmm?” She said to the children, holding her arms out towards Jungkook who happily left his cup down to make grabby hands at her. “Could you help me, Tae?”

“Of cowse , Grandma.” Tae struggled to be let down, running to her side the moment his feet touched the ground. “I share the warm with Daddy and I need more for me.”

Namjoon smiled at the image of his children with their grandmother before turning his attention to the actor who was also looking at them but with a downcast expression. “Let’s go to the sitting room,” the editor said, his hand caressing Jin’s cheek. “They’ll tell us when the breakfast is ready.”

“Second breakfast, you mean.” Jin was still avoiding eye contact. ”Tae agreed to eat some hotteok fifteen minutes after you left.”

”Betrayed by my own blood.” Said Namjoon with a mocking gasp, satisfied with his humor attempt when the actor grazed him with a little smile. A small victory even when it didn't reach his eyes. “Come.” He said, reaching the man’s hand and taking him to have a little bit of privacy. The actor’s silence was a little eerie, making him to prepare mentally for what was about to come. He had the feeling that it had something to do with the imminent departure to L.A., a subject they had tried to leave behind at least until Christmas day was over. But, no matter how hard you try, reality doesn’t wait for no one. It only gives you a breather before biting you in the ass. “Tell me.” Said Namjoon once they were both comfortable on the bigger couch. He had left a little bit of space between them, trying not to suffocate the actor but still holding his hand, leaving an open door for him in case he wanted to increase their physical contact.
“I-” Jin paused, biting his lip in a nervous manner.

“Darling, it’s alright. Take your time.”

“I talked to my manager,” he finally blurted out. “Sunday is my deadline. I have to fly to the States before noon and prepare for my first interview on Monday.”

“I see.” Namjoon didn’t want to sound so deflated, but he couldn’t hide his disappointment.

Jin held the editor’s hand harder. “After that, a few television appearances, more magazine interviews, meetings with producers, photoshoots; everything to make it look like I was only taking a rest before a really packed schedule.”

“But...New Year is--”

“Oh yeah,” Jin chuckled humorlessly, “Times Square’s already waiting for me. Did I tell you I’m not going to be home ‘til the 15th of January?”

“Jin…” Namjoon couldn’t take it anymore and hugged him. He hated seeing like that, looking so small sitting there, talking about all those obligations that were forced upon him. And only because the man he thought he loved was trying to take away everything he had worked for. “Do you have to? I mean, there’s no other way to fix this?”

Jin shook his head. “Ken was really quick. Not only did he say awful things about me but also about Yoongi. He’s implying that the only reason for his success as a producer was because of me; as a way of paying him for his...services.”

“What the fuck is wrong with him?!” Said Namjoon between his clenched teeth, almost squeezing the actor because of how hard he was hugging him.

“The money must be running out. Without me being active on this whole thing he has to maintain the people’s interest in one way or another. The public will buy every lie he says, the media will continue giving him a stable platform, feeding his ego and his wallet. I have to stop this before it escalates to such an extent that I would not be able to clean the mess he leaves behind.” Jin raised his head, his sad eyes setting on Namjoon’s. “My manager tried to stop the rumors releasing an official statement in my name but it isn’t enough when he’s going to every TV show to say lies about me. My silence is like agreeing with everything he says.” Jin closed the distance between them, connecting their foreheads, basking in each other’s proximity. “I tried to convince her to let me stay at least until next week, but she’s right. I was about to sign an important contract for an upcoming movie with a director that I’ve been dying to work with since I was only a drama student. It only takes a single misstep for the producers to change their minds.”

Namjoon pulled him further into him. “It’s your dream, darling, and you made it all this way on your own. I know it’s hard but you’re stronger than any obstacle that comes your way.”

Jin sighed. “I don’t know if I’m strong enough to leave you and the kids behind…”

“We’re not going anywhere.” Namjoon looked at him in the eye, the intensity of his gaze taking Jin by surprise. “This,” he moved a hand between them, “it’s not going anywhere. It’s not going to disappear the moment you take that flight on Sunday because it doesn’t matter if you leave, we will be here for you.”

“Jin-Sir is leaving?”

The soft voice felt as if a bucket of cold water was thrown over them, causing both Jin and
Namjoon to step apart, looking at the wide eyed toddler with shocked faces.

“Tae…” began Namjoon, his heart breaking at the teary eyes of his eldest.

“Why is Jin-Sir leaving?” Tae’s tears began rolling down his tiny face. “We pass the happy, we cure the *ouchies*. You don’t have to leave.”

“Not forever, Tae, just--”

“I-eat my *veggies*, I *pwomise*. And I won’t ask questions and talk a lot and I *pwomise* I take my nap. I *pwomise*, Daddy. He can stay. Please, Daddy,” Tae sobbed, looking at Namjoon with pleading eyes. “I be good. Kookie too.”

The actor grabbed his chest, paralized on his seat, without knowing what to do. The editor went to his son, taking him into his arms and letting him sob against his neck. “Tae, baby, he’s not going forever. He needs to go home for a little bit, but he will be back.”

“The signal is bad, Daddy,” said the boy between sobs. “I can’t talk with Jin-Sir because they don’t have good signal.”

Namjoon frowned in confusion. “What are you saying, Tae? I don’t understand.”

“We pass the happy.” Repeated Tae. “The *ouchies* gone. Please, Daddy. We *helps*. We *helps* .”

Namjoon looked at Jin with a helpless expression, not understanding what was happening with his son who continued repeating the same sentence over and over again, the tears damping his shirt.

Jin growled out loud when the zipper of his suitcase didn’t want to work like it should, his anger increasing every time he had to press redial on his phone only to receive the same waiting tone from the airlines. Of course he wasn’t going to get a ticket to L.A. at the last minute. It was Christmas day for crying out loud! If they flights weren’t outsold they were cancelled by the copious snow falling down from the sky joined by the strong wind that it made almost impossible for him to drive to Rosehill Cottage after the debacle at the Kim house.

“Fucking shit!” He yelled, sending his phone to the other side of the room when he heard the same joyful recorded voice telling him that all the lines were busy, and reclined himself against the wall. He rubbed his eyes, tired. It was almost two am and he felt like he wanted to hide under the sheets and never come up.
I be good. I pwomise.

Jin winced, remembering that tiny voice full of desperation.

Please, Daddy. Please, Jin-Sir.

His sweet Tae. Sweet sweet boy who had lost a very important person in his life. Who had been wary of new people until they had that conversation in the supermarket. Who opened his big heart for Jin, only to be disappointed again. Another person for Jin to disappoint

The actor grabbed his hair with both hands, dragging himself to the floor while taking deep breaths to calm himself down. The toddler fall asleep from exhaustion of how much he had cried; those puffy eyes finally closing after a full hour of sobbing and whimpering like a hurt puppy. Seungki tried to convince him that it wasn’t his fault, that the boy had an issue with people leaving him after his mother’s death. That didn’t make him feel better, only reinforce the idea that he was a terrible human being for doing that to that innocent boy.

After the impromptus nap, Tae didn’t look at him. He stayed silent through the day and dutifully ate when the adults told him to. The hole in Jin’s chest became unbearable, witnessing how the boy put up his barriers again had been one of the most terrible things to see. He left the house with a heavy heart and the resolution of leaving them alone, not wanting to bring more pain into their lives.

A wet tongue licked his foot and took him away from his dark thoughts. Looking through his fingers, he saw Mickey’s big eyes staring at him, his tail slightly wiggling at him. “Hi, boy. What are you doing here?” Mickey excitedly tried to lick his face, prompting a giggle from the actor who tried to fight the attack. When he finally managed to defile his handsome face, the puppy laid down beside him on the floor, his head propped on his thigh while he received his well deserved petting.
They remained like that for a while, the actor ignoring the cold floor and his aching limbs after maintaining the same posture for too long. His eyes were about to close, the tiredness getting to him, when the silence in the house was interrupted by a sudden knock that made him slightly jump on his seat.

Mickey rapidly went down the stairs, barking at the door as a guardian dog of more than forty centimeters tall would do.

The actor groaned, shaking his numb legs a little bit before following the pup.

“Who is it?”

“It’s me!” said a low voice. “Hurry up! It’s freezing out here!”

“Namjoon?” Jin fought with the keys, trying to open the door as fast as he could. “What are you doing here?! It’s two am! Are you in--?” Jin opened the door and he felt his mouth opening in surprise after realizing the man wasn’t alone.

“Jin-Sir!” Said a teary Tae, almost jumping from his father’s arms into his.

“Tae!” Jin hugged the boy with all his mighty, nuzzling the boy’s dark mop of hair and kissing his head as he sobbed against the actor’s neck.

“Don’t be mad, Jin-Sir! Tae was sad but I like Jin-Sir. You’re in my heart!”

“Oh, baby.” Jin closed his eyes, murmuring soothing things into the boy’s ear, trying to appease him.

“He talked to Hobi,” said the editor, closing the door behind him. “My mother finally managed to communicate with him so Tae could have a little chat with his Uncle. Right, Tae?”

Tae nodded, lifting his head to look at the actor. “Jin-Sir is not leaving jodeve. He needs to make things right so he can come home again and and he still loves Tae and Kookie and Daddy because it’s like when I go to school. I don’t stop loving Daddy because he’s in my heart like Jin-Sir.”

“That’s right, Tae.” Jin smiled at the boy, wiping a few stray tears from his rossy cheeks. “You’re in my heart even if I go to outer space.”

“He wanted to see you.” Namjoon stroke Tae’s back, smiling at the little boy and then at Jin. “He didn’t want his Jin-Sir to think that he didn’t love him anymore. And I hated the idea of you getting to the same conclusion.”

“Thank you.” Jin looked at them with starts in his eyes, sighing when Namjoon embraced him and Tae, breaching the space over the toddler’s head to share a kiss full of promises and compromise.
Chapter End Notes

Jackson: *appearing from behind the curtain* I bet you thought you'd seen the last of me.

Writing this chapter, I realized how much I miss him u.u Any ahgases out ther sharing that feeling?
Once again, thank you so much for reading and commenting!

Love,

F.A.G.A.

Bonus:
The Holiday scenes and moodboards: Tumblr/Twitter

Other works:
All we have is now (contribution for Sope Week and possible next long fic)
Texting can be a dangerous thing
Not a need but a choice (Sope fic)
The roommate debacle (Namgi fic)

Social Media:
Twitter: Follow me and let's talk!
Curious Cat: Ask me anything!
Chapter Nineteen

Jung Seungki was a strong willed woman, had always been and will always be. She liked to call herself “that bitch” (even after her son’s numerous attempts to stop her from doing it) because no matter what life puts her through, nothing was enough to make her fall.

She had helped to raise two wonderful men while working her arse off and even had time to enjoy her privacy whenever she felt the need to.

Her husband’s death had been the only moment in her life when she had felt that nothing was going to be alright again.

They had been married for almost six years when the doctor announced he was unable to have biological children, her beautiful husband looked at her in the eye and said with a bright smile: “well, I still have a lot of love to give and I’m quite sure there are plenty of children out there in need of some.” A few years later, Hoseok entered into their lives, filling their home with laughter and even more books. When Namjoon arrived they felt like their family was finally complete and prepared themselves to enjoy their promising future.

But then, an angry couple took their eyes off the road while in the middle of an argument, too occupied to see the red light in front of them and the car that a tired man was driving home after a long day. That’s how a family of four became a family of three, leaving her with two teenagers and a shattered heart.

When Wendy died she had cursed at the skies, seeing how the story repeated itself but this time having her son and grandchildren on the fire line. She asked herself the same thing over and over again while having her devastated son in her arms and looking how the other gave his heart to a person that would never do the same for him.

Hadn’t our family suffered enough already?
And, now, she was asking the same damn question as he closed Tae’s door, leaving the weeping boy and his troubled father at the other side. She sighed feeling helpless at the muffled sobs coming from inside the room. This wasn’t Seokjin’s fault, she had tried to tell him this before the poor man left the house, a somber expression clouding his face. This was anyone’s fault. They knew this day was going to come, the moment that the actor would have to return to his life, away from England and the Kim family. It was sad, of course, but sometimes reality was. What they weren’t expecting was Tae’s reaction, the little boy crying his eyes out at the prospect of his Jin-Sir leaving him forever. They tried to calm him down, to make him understand that it wasn’t forever, but the word *leaving* was too strong for him.

Seungki went to the sitting room, knowing there was only one thing she could do to put her mind at ease.

Read.

She had always felt a special connection with the books, passing the same passion to her sons much to the dismay of her husband who wanted them to play a little bit of football with him instead of reading under a tree. She had discovered having a book on her hands relaxed her and even made her think a little bit clearer in moments of high stress, and, right now, she really needed clearance.

The actor had to leave, they couldn’t change that fact even if it kills them. Tae, understandably, had reacted really badly to the news and frankly he would have reacted the same way even if they had calmly explained to him instead of him hearing it while eavesdropping. Two unchangeable facts. He was too sad and would not hear what they have to say, not even his father who he loved most in the whole world. Another fact. Not even his Grandma, who had the title of “best Grandma”. Kookie was too young to understand what was happening, so that left…

“Of course,” she closed her eyes, indignant, and knocked her head against the tome, chastising herself for not having thought about it before. She took her phone and pressed the contact number of the person she had been trying to reach for the last few days to no avail, praying for them to answer. Right when she thought it wasn’t going to happen, they picked up. “Hello? Hoseok?” She felt her heart racing, anxious to hear his son’s voice once again.

“Mom! Hi!”

Seungki couldn’t contain her smile, too happy of hearing his boy’s cheerful tone. “Hello luv! How are you doing?”

“I’m...good! How are you? How are my babies?”

“Oh, good good. I’m so happy to hear your voice, darling. But I need to tell you something, hun, before I continue.”

“Blimey, that sounds serious… Is everything alright?”
“Oh, yes. Just, how to say it…” She made a dramatic pause, liking to have her audience on the edges of their seats before dropping the Mother bomb. “What’s going on in your bloody mind, Jung Hoseok?!”

“Oh dear. I- I’m not sure how to answer to that…”

“First of all,” she started counting with her fingers even though her son couldn’t see her, “not answering me? Your mother? I didn’t give birth to you but I cleaned your arse more than enough times to have the right of receiving a text whenever I write to you. Do you hear me, young man?”

“Oh…,” Hoseok sounded regretful already, but she really needed him to understand how worried she had been. “Sorry Mom, you are entirely in your right to call me off. I was in a bad place. Which it’s not an excuse, but I just needed some days to cool off. I’m so…so sorry. It was hard…”

That placate her anger in an instant, the thought of her baby being sad while being far away was not something she had wanted to hear. “Oh, hun, I know. That’s why I was trying to reach you! I was so worried! My son leaving the country? On the Holidays? I know you’re an adult but I’m a mother and I worry. And knowing that you’re having a bad time…”

“Yeah, I understand. I won’t do it again, I promise! I won’t let this--- situation get to me anymore, you can rely on that. I’ve grown these last few days, you’d be proud.”

“I’m always proud of my boys, hun.” She pondered for a while how to make the next question without hurting his feelings. “I’ll be forward here. It’s about that Jimin character, isn’t it?”

Her son sighed on the other side. “Unfortunately, yes. It was him.”

“I see…,” she said between clenched teeth.

“Not to worry though. It’s all in the past now, let’s not talk about him. This is a mom/son call, yeah? Tell me something about how things are back at home.”

Oh boy, and wasn’t that a merrier subject than his broken heart? “They were good but…we have a situation now and I need your assistance.”

“My assistance?” He wondered. “Is about Tae?… a fairygoduncle knows.”

“Yes, luv. You are the only one who can calm him down. He’s so distressed and I--” She stopped mid sentence interrupted by the sound of a door opening in the distance, followed by socked feet walking over the wooden floor. “Oh hun…,” she said once her grandson appeared on the threshold, a chubby fist rubbing his eye, wide teary eyes looking at her.

“Grandma…,” Tae sniffed.
Seungki opened her arm, an invitation that the sad boy took to make himself at home on her lap. “Shhh, I know, I know.” She said in a soft voice when the sniffing got louder, kissing the boy’s head as she rocked them both.

“Why is Tae distressed? What happened?” Hoseok had always have a soft spot for his oldest nephew since he was born, their relationship getting even stronger when Namjoon entered in a dark place after Wendy’s death. Hoseok had given a step forward, taking care of both boys and explaining Tae why his mother hadn’t come home with Kookie, doing everything in his power to make the situation more amenable for everyone. It was no surprise that the idea of the toddler being distressed worried him.

“Well, I guess you know about your brother and Jin, your current tenant.”

“Yeah...I know…”

“I know it must be disturbing but...they’re good for each other. Your brother,” she chuckled at the memory of Namjoon’s heart eyes everytime he looked at Jin, “he looks like a lovesick puppy.”

“Mom...you are not telling me...my brother is... in love?” Seungki laughed at the excitement in his son’s voice. “Because I would not handle the happiness on my chest.”

“Calling it love could be too fast, they’ve known each other for over a week now but...he has the same expression he had the first time he said Wendy’s name in front of us. Do you remember? The dopey smile?”

“I remember him seeing Wendy with that dopey smile when he met her.”

“It’s nice seeing that smile again.”

“And of Kim Seokjin nonetheless! You must be over the moon, mum.” That ungrateful son of hers dare to laugh.

“Oh, stop it. You almost peed yourself when we saw David Tennant on the theater. So don’t pretend you’re not going to lose it when you see Kim Seokjin in person for the first time, Hoseok.”

At the mention of his uncle’s name, Tae lifted his head up from his grandmother’s chest, looking at her with wide eyes. “Uncle Hobi?” he asked in a small voice.

“Ow, Let me speak with my bab- I mean big boy…”

Seungki put the phone on speaker and then passed it to Tae who grabbed the device with both hands, his little knuckles turning white because of how hard he was holding it, as if it was his only anker.

“Uncle Hobi?”

“Hi TaeTae, What’s wrong, luv? Grandma tells me you’re upset…”

The tears returned to Tae’s eyes, who started sobbing after hearing the voice of his favorite person. “Uncle Hobi.”

“Hey, Hey...It’s alright, baby. Breathe and tell uncle everything, yes?”

“Jin-Sir is leaving.” Hiccupsed Tae. “He can’t go, Hobi. We can’t let him. We pass the happy, why he leaves? I don’t un-,” his voice broke, doing the same to Seungki’s heart, “I don’t unelstan.”
“Oh, oh, my sweetie. Do you know why Jin-sir is leaving? Has he told you the reason?”

Tae nodded at the phone. “Mr. White Hair called and he had bad news and and Jin-Sir was upset, that’s not good so we tries to cure the ouchies and Jin-Sir says he’s happy and he sleeps with Daddy and Kookie and Tae and we are happy.” Tae gasped suddenly. “Santa came and I didn’t ask for Jin-Sir to stay. Jin-Sir is leaving because I didn’t ask Santa? I don’t want my new Barbie anymore. I want Jin-Sir!” Tae wailed, hiding his face on Seungki’s chest. The woman hugged him tighter, shushing him gently.

“Oh no, nonono. Tae...this is absolutely not your fault, baby. This has nothing to do with what you asked from Santa. Listen...I’m one hundred percent sure Jin-sir is cured off all of his ouchies thanks to you and Kookie. He is so happy for your help, but he needs to do something else before, it’s hard to explain but...I can assure you, my sweet, it’s not because of you or Kookie.”

“B-but they don’t have good signal, Hobi. I can’t speak to him if he leaves.”

Seungki frowned at that statement, confused of all the sudden.

“They don’t have good signal? Where honey?”

“In Heaven, Uncle Hobi.”

“Oh, Lord.” She knew she was almost suffocating the toddler between her arms but she couldn’t stop herself, closing her eyes hard to contain her own tears. Her baby, her little prince. Now everything made sense, because of course the word leaving meant another different thing to a four year boy who had lost his mother not too long ago. Who left to Heaven, leaving them behind.

“You say they don’t have good signal.” Continued her brave boy. “Daddy said Jin-Sir is gonna fly. I don’t like that. I don’t want to. I can’t talk to Mommy on the phone and I misses her.”

Seungki almost lost it again when she heard Hoseok crying over the phone. “Tae...”

“I put energy on my brain, I tried, like you told me. But she doesn’t answer. I tried. I swear, I tried a lot. Mommy can’t answer and Jin-Sir flies to Heaven...Uncle Hobi, help me.”

She couldn’t stop herself any longer, hiding her face on his silky hair and sobbing silently with him, wishing she was stronger for the wonderful boy in her arms.

It took awhile for them to calm down, grandma and grandson clinging to each other, with the phone between them, Hoseok’s sniffing in unison with them. “Tae...” he cleared his throat, “Jin-sir is not going to where Mommy went, okay hun? You can talk with him just like how you are talking to me right now. Don’t be upset, please...I know it can be frustrating that you can’t talk to Mommy like you’d like to, and that you miss her, but she always listens to you.”

“She does?”

“Yes, my love. Always.”

Tae pondered before speaking again, the adults patiently waiting for him while he still sniffled quietly. “Uncle Hobi...”

“Yes, Tae?”

“I couldn’t cure Mommy’s ouchies because I was small. But I’m a big boy, now. I can helps. I eat my veggies like Daddy say.”
“Such a big boy! The smartest, cute, and helpful big boy!”

“I’m sowwy that I can’t cure Mommy, but now I’m big. I can cure your ouchies if you want. Because you cure mine.”

Good Lord, her grandson was adorable.

“Oh Tae…” Hoseok was crying again.

“Don’t cry, Hobi. You’re in my heart. Tae loves you.”

“My ouchies feel better already thanks to you, you know why? Because you’re always on your uncle’s heart, making me happy. I love you, TaeTae…”

“I love you, Uncle Hobi. Even if I’m in utter space.”

Her son’s laugh made her smile, tears still rolling down her cheeks. “Looks like uncle needed Tae more than he needed uncle’s help. Oh my, you have grown so much lately, Taehyungie. Uncle Hobi is so proud!”


“I’ll be home for New Year! I wouldn’t miss for the world hear you sing the “Happy New Year! So wait for me, yes?”

“Yes, I love you Uncle Hobi. Thank you. You’re smort.” He looked at her with big eyes that she gently wiped with her sleeve. “Grandma?”

“Yes, luv.”

“I wanna see Jin-Sir. I need to aplogize.”

“Umm…It’s really late, Tae…”

“Please…I wanna hug Jin-Sir.”

Seungki sighed, knowing herself defenseless to her grandson’s pout and tenacity. “Ask you father, yes?”

He nodded. “Yes, Grandma. Uncle Hobi?”

“Yes, sweetheart?”

“You’re the bestest. Tae loves you.”

“You’re the bestest, bud. I love you.”
“Please come home. I wanna hug you too.”

“I pwomise.”

Seokjin woke up to a little whine coming from down his chest, a tiny hand grabbing his nightshirt with force. Instinctively, he brushed Tae’s hair trying to soothe the troubled boy who apparently was having a bad dream and kissed his forehead while letting quiet calming noises.

“Shh, baby, it’s okay.” He said in a low voice, hugging the little boy a bit tighter against him so he could feel his presence even in his unconsciousness. The actor smiled when his attempts finally worked, the toddler sighing and nuzzling against him before going back to a peaceful slumber.

Tae had latched onto him as soon as he arrived, not wanting to leave his side for one single moment, making the act of going to the bathroom quite uncomfortable. He had explained in great detail what Hoseok had said to him, how he managed to make him understand that he wasn’t going to Heaven like his Mommy and that he was going to still be able to talk to him even if he was away. In that moment Jin had exchanged a troubled look with Namjoon, both encaging the little boy between them as if trying to protect him from other ugly thoughts. And they stayed like that for the rest of the night, the three of them sleeping in Hoseok’s big bed. The two adults sharing gentle smiles, listening to Tae’s soft breathing, falling sleep with their hands intertwined.

At the thought of the other man, he looked up, jumping a little bit when he found him already awake.

Namjoon chuckled at Jin’s reaction, “Good morning,”

“You scared me.” He said in a hushed voice, checking if Tae had woken up because of his start. “How long have you been up?”

“Not for long.” Namjoon caressed his son’s head, a serene expression on his face. “Mickey was asking for food and you two looked so cosy...I didn’t want to disturb you.”

“That dog,” he shook his head, “I swear I fed him last night and even filled his bowl before…”

“Leaving?” Namjoon tore his eyes from his son to look at him with a sharp gaze. “That’s why your suitcase is already prepared?”
Jin remained in silence, trying to collect his thoughts. “Namjoon…”

“Were you going to say goodbye? Or let us figure out your departure once we came here to visit you?”

Jin felt dread falling over him. “It was an impulse. I’m so so--”

Namjoon’s hand on his cheek stopped what was going to be a neverending rambling about his own stupidity and lack of self confidence. He closed his eyes with a sigh, not wanting to see the disappointment that was surely manifested on the editor’s face.

“Please, tell me what’s going on in that mind of yours.”

“I don’t think you want to know.”

“Try me.”

Jin took a deep breath, reminding himself that if there was one person who had proved over and over again that they didn’t judge him, that person was the man in front of him, waiting for a well deserved answer. Saying to hell to his vulnerability, he made eye contact, expecting Namjoon to see his honesty when he muttered his reasons. “I don’t want to be the cause of anyone’s pain or sadness. It happened to my family, to my partner and I don’t want that to happen to someone else. Especially someone as precious as you and the boys.”

Namjoon frowned in worry, then tried to get closer to him even with an asleep boy in the way. “Oh, darling, don’t say that.”

“I know you don’t agree and that we’ve already talked about it, but it’s what I feel and I can’t fight against those thoughts. At least not for now. They had been with me for a long time, their roots too deep inside me.” He looked down at the dozing boy, touching his soft cheek, puffy eyes from crying so hard. “And seeing Tae like that was only a confirmation of them.”

“You’re seeing it the wrong way, I think.” Said Namjoon after a moment of silence.

“What do you mean?”

“You always talk about what a hindrance you’re to others, and assume that you’re being one for us, which is totally incorrect.”

“Just you wait,” the actor said in a sarcastic tone.

Namjoon shook his head as much as he could with the pillow under him. “I can assure you that won’t happen any time soon.” Namjoon took a deep breath, his eyes trailing over Jin’s face. “Being yourself and being the cause of someone’s pain are not the same thing. Unless you intentionally do something specific to hurt another person and, knowing you, that never crossed your mind.”

“My parents--”

“Your parents were trying to force you to follow the path they’d choose for you, refusing to see what they were doing to their own son and exploding the moment you found a way of escaping them. Not doing what others ask of you is not the same as causing pain or being a hindrance. You only managed to hurt their ego and I assure you they survived. And before you say anything,” continued Namjoon after seeing the actor opening his mouth to retaliate, “you owe them nothing. Family is a wide concept. I’m sure your friend Yoongi is more family to you than your parents ever were.”
Jin snorted. “More like a pain in the ass.” Even though his words said one thing, he couldn’t hide the fondness in his voice.

“Not like me, I expect.”

“Mmm,” Jin bit his bottom lip, “that’s a different kind of pain.”

Namjoon widen his eyes in surprise before bursting into a loud laughter, grazing him with a pair of deep dimples and shining smile. Jin joined him, his window wiper laugh resonating in the room. The both of them oblivious of an angry toddler until a disheveled mop of hair covered their line of vision.

“Daddy, sikkeuleoun,” Tae whined, glaring at his father as if he had just committed a terrible sin. Jin giggled against the pillow because of course he talked in korean when angry. Such a Seungki move.

“I’m sorry, baby,” said Namjoon while trying (and failing) to contain an amused smile. “I’ll keep it quiet from now on.”

The toddler continued glaring at him in silence, assessing if he was really sorry, before turning around and hiding his face on Jin’s nightshirt again.

The duo tried to stop laughing, a difficult task when they began giggling like teenagers whenever they made eye contact. After a while they managed to calm down, Jin caressing Tae's hair while Namjoon did the same to him. It was getting late. They knew they should get dressed and return to the Kim house where a wide awake Jungkook will be waiting for them, demanding his morning cuddles as usual; but they were too comfortable with their current situation to think about changing it.

“Jin.”

“Mmm?”

“You weren’t the reason of Tae’s sadness.” Namjoon smiled at his confused face. “He was sad at the idea of you leaving. You not being there in his future was what made him sad, you see? His tears were only a confirmation of how important you are to him. To us.” He clarified, closing the gap between their mouths, softly pecking his lips. “We can’t stop you from doubting yourself,” he said against his mouth, “but we will be there everyday to assure you how much you mean to us.”

Jin swooned at the editor’s words, crashing their lips in a more fierce kiss. He had basically said there was a certain future together, with them beside him no matter what, filling his once lonely days with laughter, tantrums and sleepy boys with no intention of waking up to attend school. Frankly, he couldn’t wait.

“And I’ll do the same for you. Even if I’m continents away.”

Namjoon grinned, nuzzling their noses together, looking at him in adoration, similar to Jin’s own expression. “Only a few hours away, darling. Don’t be so dramatic.”

Jin fake gasped. “I’m an actor. They pay me to be dramatic.” Namjoon giggled at his poor intent of humor. Get yourself a man that laughs even at your worst jokes, Jin thought before sighing in content when he felt Namjoon’s hand on his waist.

Minutes passed before he felt the drowsiness return. “How do you wake him up when he has to go to school?” Whispered Jin, in an attempt of keeping himself awake, trying to maintain his heavy-
lidded eyes open. “I’m sure that must be quite a battle.”

“It surely is. I can’t wait for him to be old enough to drink coffee.” Joked Namjoon, prompting a soft chuckle from the actor. “Don’t fall asleep. We need to go in a few.”

“Mhmm,” agreed a drowsing Jin, obviously too sleepy to understand what Namjoon was saying. “Lemon and water. I read it’s good for your health and ugh,” a yawn cut the middle of his sentence, “and it wakes you up. Maybe we can try with that.”

“Of course.” Namjoon’s voice sounded really far away. “I don’t know if I can convince him to drink lemon but we can try.”

“Hoseok would help,” murmured Jin, “our secret weapon,” was the last thing he said before his eyes finally closed on their own accord.

Chapter End Notes

Hello lovelies!

One more chapter to go and I’m getting a little bit emotional. The Holiday is my longest fic and I'll miss the babies and you u.u SO...I have a little surprise for all of you.
Now, and until the last chapter is uploaded, you have the opportunity to talk to TaeTae and Kookie!
Ask them whatever you want to or just leave comments for them on any of this platforms or here, in AO3, and they’ll answer to you and pass the happy. Remember to use the #AskTheKimBabies and clarify with which baby you wanna talk!:

Twitter/Curious Cat/Tumblr

I hope you like my gift for you!
Remember, spread love and positivity, always.

Love,

F.A.G.A.

Bonus:
The Holiday scenes and moodboards: Tumblr/Twitter

Other works:
All we have is now (contribution for Sope Week and possible next long fic)
Texting can be a dangerous thing
Not a need but a choice (Sope fic)
The roommate debacle (Namgi fic)
Social Media:
Twitter: Follow me and let's talk!
Curious Cat: Ask me anything!
They had been right.

The moment they stepped inside the house, an excited squeal resounded over the hall before an excited Jungkook wobbled over as fast as his small legs let him before falling on his butt, fortunately the diaper functioning as a barrier between him and the hard floor, continuing laughing nonetheless, too happy to see them again.

“Addy! Addy!”
“Hello, my baby Kookie.” Cooed Namjoon, taking the baby in his arms, blowing raspberries on his tummy, making him squeal even louder.

Jin smiled at the happy scene, holding a still sleepy Tae and Mickey’s leash. “Kookie’s loud,” whined Tae before hiding his face on the actor’s neck again.

Jin chuckled, wanting to comment about Kookie being loud because he had woken up hours ago, not like a certain boy dozing on his chest. But he refrained from saying anything, knowing Tae had been exhausted after all the emotional turmoil from the day before, and he couldn’t blame him for needing to rest. “What about some cocoa, mmm?” Tae perked up a little bit at the mention of his favorite.

“With mashmellows?”

“Sure.”

“Shi-se!” A tiny hand tugged at his coat, catching his attention. Jungkook was making grabby hands at him, a full smile displaying his bunny teeth. “Gukkie up too!”

“Uhhh,” he looked down at Tae, who was unwilling to leave his arms, and then at an excited Mickey, jumping and barking like crazy still on his leash. That dog was small but a menace for delicate ornaments. “I’m sorry Kookie I--”

“Let me help you, hun.” Seungki appeared from nowhere like an angel sent by the Heavens, taking Mickey and helping him to take his and Tae’s coats off. She laughed at the baby’s demands to be Shi-Se arms. “Shhh, Kookie-yah, I’ll give him to you soon.” Jin thanked her in a small voice, holding both children impossibly close to him once Namjoon passed Kookie to him.

He had just managed to stop a hyperactive Jungkook from yelling into Tae’s ear to play with him when Seungki gently took his face between both hands, a smile brightening her face. The actor looked at her in surprise, not expecting the sudden show of affection, but still bowed a little bit so she could place a soft kiss on his forehead. “Welcome back.” She said only for him to hear, patting his cheek in a motherly way.

The actor looked at her with a lump on his throat. That woman had always a way of reminding him how much he had craved for those caring gestures that only a mother could give. His own mother had never been an emotional person. In her mind children having a roof over their heads and a warm meal on the table was all the care they needed. It talked about her upbringing and what her parents had taught her. Did he feel any animosity towards her because of that? Yes, of course. But it also made him feel glad, because he knew that wasn’t the right way and he would never do that to his own children.

Yoongi’s mom, YoungMi, felt more like a mother to him that his own. She had a way of showing her love by nagging and shoving food into the people she cared for (not really complaining to that part actually), it was a “tough but efficient” love, her own words, and she would give it to anyone who needed it. Mama Min was a force to be reckoned with and he would never change a single thing about their relationship.

Well, maybe she could lose some of her sassines but that was a request that would never leave his lips if he wanted to keep his head attached to his body.

And now, this woman in front of him had revealed another kind of love. Full of hugs and deep conversations, of companionship and a shoulder to cry on, with gentleness but also a fierce protectiveness of everyone she loves. Kim Seungki was what he aspired to be as a parent and he
will always be thankful to destiny for putting him on her way.

"Thank you, Kiki." He said in a strained voice. "I'm glad everything worked out at the end."

"Of course it did! I hope this is an example of why you should always listen to me. Eomma knows best."

Namjoon grunted beside him. " Eomma... "

"Silence, young man. Mama is making a point here. Remember I cleaned your--"

"Oh my God! You keep saying that but I wasn’t using diapers anymore when you took me home. I was almost six!"

Seungkí gaped at him. "The ungratefulness. So the diarrhea debacle happened in my imagination then!"

Namjoon gaped at him, looking betrayed. “I can’t believe you brought that up.”

Jin laughed out loud at the sheer ridiculousness unfolding in front of him. A mother and her adult son discussing if said man had in fact “pooped” his pants so many times that they had to buy a new washing machine. That was not a scene he witnessed every day.

“Jin-Sir?” Said a small voice in his ear.

“Yes, Tae?”

“Coco´?”

“Good idea.” He looked at the arguing duo, wondering if they would notice him quietly leaving the room with the two boys in his arms, but that thought flies through the window when Seungkí starts speaking in korean in an angry tone. “A great idea, actually.”
“TaeTae, massmello .”

Jin smiled to himself while finishing his own cup of hot cocoa at the counter, fully expecting what he saw once he turned around. “Kookie, please stop giving your marshmallows to your brother. He has his own.”

Jungkook’s chubby hand stopped midair, his plastic spoon with a marshmallow almost falling down into his brother’s cup, wide doe eyes looking at him in surprise. Maintaining a straight face at their expressions was even harder than he thought. “Tae hangy , Shi-se.”

“He already ate his so I don’t think he’s that hungry.” Jin stretched over the table to clean the corner of Jungkook’s mouth with his bib. “And too much sugar is not good for you.”

Tae furrowed his eyebrows. “Why, Jin-Sir? Sugar is delishos and makes all better.”

“Yes,” chuckled Jin, taking a seat in front of them, “but you have to be careful because if you eat too much your tummy hurts and you get sick. Eat with moderation.”

“Modereshon ?”

“Yes, with moderation. That means you have to be careful and know when to stop.”

“Before my tummy hurts?”

“Exactly. Before you get hurt.”

Jin then directed his attention to a very demanding baby whose massmello had disappeared into thin air apparently. The actor had to kiss those cute hands, open as if trying to show him how empty they were, before surrendering to his demands and taking the almost empty bag of candy. It wasn’t until he finally grabbed his cup and took a sip that he realized that the little boy had been too silent.

“Are you okay, Tae?” He asked, worried. “Are you really hungry?”

The boy shook his head, his gaze still downwards. “No.”

The monosilabic answer and the following silence made him worry even more. “You wanna tell me something? Wanna talk?” No response. “Tae, tell me.”

A few seconds passed before the boy finally spoke. “When you coming back?”
The question took him by surprise, leaving him speechless while he tried to come up with an answer. “I...I don’t know.”

“You coming back?”

“Yes. Yes, absolutely.” The sigh of relief that Tae let out was heartbreaking. “I won’t leave you. We will Face Time everyday and you can call me whenever you want to. I promise once I end the things I need to do there I’ll come back to you.”

“Why you leaving?”

Jin’s eyes returned to the baby calmly eating his pillowy sugar on the high chair, apparently unaware of the subject being discussed beside him. Thankfully, he may add, because he didn’t know if his heart could function at the mere sight of tears running down those rosy cheeks. It already had been really hard witnessing Tae in that state.

“Tae, I want you to understand something.” The boy finally lifted his gaze. “The reason why I’m leaving has nothing to do with you or your family. You helped me a lot. I was really sad and angry when I arrived and then you pass the happy and everything got so much better.”

“Really?”

“Yes!” Jin could not contain himself and took Tae’s face with both hands, his pout slowly morphing into a little smile. “You make me so so happy. If it depended on me I would never leave this house and stay with you to organize tea parties with hats everyday.”

“Tea patty, Shi-se!” Jungkook clapped, excited. “Gukkie wan Mawio hat.”

“Okay, baby,” Jin laughed, “let me talk to Tae for a little bit so we can have a tea party, okay?”

Tae looked down for a second, his furrowed eyebrows making him look like a younger version of his father when he looked at his phone without his glasses on. “Why you leaving?” He repeated. “Is cause of the bad news?”

“Yes, unfortunately.”

“What bad news, Jin-sir? Someone hurt? I helps?” Asked his sweet Tae with the earnest expression he had ever seen.

“No, baby. Nobody’s hurt. I...I had a disagreement with someone.”

“You fight?”

“Yes, we did.”

“Oh! I know! I know!” Tae jumped on his seat, his hand in the air as if answering a question in class. “When you fight you can apologize because you hurt your friend. Apologies are different, Jin-sir, you can bakers cookies or write a letter or give a hug. Daddy always makes me apologize to Kookie when I don’t share my toys and Kookie do the same when he breaks my toys. We can make a nice drawing too.”

“Those are great ideas, baby. Thank you. But I don’t think they’re going to work this time.”
“Well..you see...he was my boyfriend--"

“Like Auntie Irene and Auntie Ssoy ?”

“Kind of.”He paused. “We were going to get married.”

Tae gasped. “Like Mommy and Daddy?”

“Yes.”

“But you hug Daddy like cups on tele. You can’t do that if you have a boyfriend. That’s naughty.”

“You’re right, but I don’t have a boyfriend anymore.”

“I don’t unelstan .”

Jin closed his eyes and let his head fall forward, cursing Ken in his mind before taking a deep breath so he could reincorporate himself and face the little boy again. “He lied to me and that’s why we broke up, now he did something naughty and I have to go there to put him in his place.”

Tae put his hands on his waist and shook his head. “He’s a bad boy. I don’t like him, Jin-sir. Bad boys go to adult time out and they can’t play with toys ’cause they hurt someone.”

“I don’t think he’s going to jail,” he laughed. “But he did hurt me and that’s why I have to go there and stop him from doing it again.”

“Modereshon , Jin-sir.”

Jin frowned. “Moderation?”

Tae nodded. “Yes, ’cause you stop before you get hurt. With modereshon your tummy don’t hurt and the ouchies stay away. If he’s naughty you has to use modereshon and say ‘No! You are a bad boy and I don’t like you!’ ” He pushed the empty bag of marshmallows off the table. “Or you can call Grandma, she’s scary when she’s mad.”

Jin blinked at him, dumbfounded. Then had to hide his smile behind his hand, gently touching Tae’s head with the other. “You’re the smartest boy I’ve ever met, you know that?”

Tae widened his eyes. “The smartest ?”

“The smartest of them all.” Jin hugged the boy, kissing his cheeks and prompting loud giggles from him.

“Shi-se! Kiss!” Jungkook opened his arms as wide as he could, asking to be lifted.

That’s how Jin ended with two squealing boys in his arms, attacking (and being attacked) with kisses. Their hot cocoa and worries forgotten for a while.
“How do you see yourself waking up like this for the next, let’s say, six years?”

“How do you see yourself waking up like this for the next, let’s say, six years?”

“How do you see yourself waking up like this for the next, let’s say, six years?”

“Do you really believe Tae will continue sleeping in your bed when he’s ten years old?”

“Do you really believe Tae will continue sleeping in your bed when he’s ten years old?”

“Do you really believe Tae will continue sleeping in your bed when he’s ten years old?”

“Five then.”

“I guess that’s more possible.”

“...are you patronizing me?”

A wicked smile. “Of course not, honey.”

Silence. “I like that. And this.”

“What?”

“You, calling me honey. Waking up together in the same bed, with two snoring children in the middle.”

The actor chuckled, looking down at Tae who was hugging his brother in his sleep. Probably confusing him with his plushie Tata. “I don’t want to go,” he admitted after a while.

The editor sighed. “I know.”

“Maybe I can post something on my Instagram or my Twitter. Or write a letter and send it to--”

“Jin.” Namjoon placed his hand on his cheek, shutting him up. “We already talked about this. Went through all the possibilities only to arrive to the same conclusion. You need to go there and show him and the world that no one messes with Kim Seokjin.”

“Worldwide Handsome.”

“I refuse to use that nickname.”

“You say that now.”

They became silent then and Jin swore he could stay like that forever. Namjoon’s eyes on him, their gazes connected, hands entwined, the soft puffs of breaths coming from the two small humans between them the only distinctable sound in the room. For a while, there was nothing outside of that bedroom, of that bed. No Ken wanting to take everything he had worked for, no media flooding his phone with calls and messages, no nothing. Only him, the wonderful man currently nodding off on the other side of the bed and the most adorable children in the world.

“I’m afraid that once I’m gone you’ll realize that you’re better without me.”

Jin’s voice took Namjoon out from his doze, reason why he didn’t respond immediately. “I think the opposite is going to happen.” He cleared his throat, trying to get rid of the gruffness in his voice. “Knowing my son, I’ll have to answer the same question over and over again. Daddy,” he changed his voice for a high-pitched one, exaggerating the d, “when we call Jin-Sir? Daddy, it’s already five hours later? And now? Maybe he needs help, Daddy, we has to call.”
“Oh my God.” Jin hid his face against the pillow.

“And let’s not forget the huuuge photo he will sleep with for the next few weeks. I still can’t believe you gave my son your own picture for Christmas.”

“He loved it.”

“The same picture you have in your wallet. Of the same size.”

“It’s a good photo.”

“It’s almost the size of Tae’s chest. Bigger I think.”

“So he can appreciate my lack of flaws.”

“That picture is so huge that I’m sure we can appreciate your pores.”

Jin hid his laughter with a cough, blushing when Namjoon adoringly looked at him, dimples in full display. “My pores are as beautiful as me.”

“Sure, darling.”

“Now who’s patronizing who?”

“Karma’s a bitch.”

Jin dramatically gasped, “Kim Namjoon. Did you just say a bad word in front of your children?”

“My unconscious children.”

“Still! There are studies that say that if you play classical music for babies while they sleep, they became more intelligent. Imagine what happens when they hear curses.”

“And where did you read that?”

Jin blushed even more. “In a parent’s forum.”

Namjoon seem to be considering him in silence, his unwavering gaze making him feel naked, a stupid thought taking on account that he had sex with the man. But this was another kind of nakedness. The kind you have with a loved one, someone that makes you feel like you can expose every one of your fears and dreams. The kind of things he shared with Yoongi and, once, with Ken; the only people that had known of his desire of being a father.

And, now, Namjoon.

The man that had made him believe that his dream wasn’t as crazy as he thought once. The one who really thought that he was capable of making it true.

“You’re going to be a wonderful dad.”

“You really believe that.”

“No. I know that. And,” he continued with a soft smile, “I hope I’ll be there to see it.”

“You will.” Jin moved towards him, to connect their lips over the kids. “I’ll promise you will.”
"Where are we going Grandma? " Tae looked at his grandmother with curious eyes. His body consistently getting engulfed by every piece of clothing the woman put on him.

"We are going to the shop to buy milk and more cocoa. And then," Seungki whispered conspiratorially, "the bookshop."

Tae widened his eyes, a tiny hand covering his gasp. "Really?"

"Yes."

Seungki let a little oof out when the boy hugged her tightly. "You're the bestest, Grandma! Thank you!" Kiss. "Thank you!" Kiss. "Kookie! We are going to visit the books!"

Jungkook giggled at his brother's antics, excitedly stomping his socked feet on the floor and clapping his hands. "Kookie-yah," said Namjoon, "stay still so Daddy can finish putting your gloves on."

“Daddy! I tell Jin-Sir!” Tae animatedly began running to his father’s bedroom, decided to wake the actor up so he could meet his hardcover friends. But a strong arm intercepted his path, lifting him up on the air and making him squeal. “Daddy! Let me down!” He laughed when his father tickled his tummy mercilessly. “I has to tell--,” he hugged himself in an attempt to protect himself from his father’s attack, “I tell Jin-Sir!”

“Jin’s resting, young man.” Namjoon struggled with the shifting boy in his arms. “He needs it after a certain someone woke him up with a dirty nappy and another someone organized two tea parties in a row.”

“But he liked it!” Tae complained, a little breathless after the tickle monster finally ceased his attack.

Namjoon nodded. “He did, but he’s not accustomed to having two little rascals around him all the time. He needs to regain some energy."

“But but he's big and strong, like you! He has no more energy than me?"

Namjoon chuckled at his son's impressive logic. "Let's see." He tapped his chin with his finger, trying to find a reasonable answer his boy could understand. Tae was very curious and liked when people took the time to help him comprehend the mysteries of life. Sometimes his questions could get a little bit overbearing and almost annoying, but, as his father, he wanted to give him everything in the world and if his son wanted to learn, who was he to say no? "Remember when you wanted to drink your orange juice box from Kookie's sippy cup?" Tae nodded. "What happened?"

"Too much juice and a liwwle cup makes you spill and make everything dirty."

"Exactly. And when you put it inside Daddy's glass?"

"Too liwwle juice."

"That's right. So, what's the difference between you and Jin-Sir?"

Tae pondered for a while. "Ah! I know!" He said with a boxy smile. "He's bigger than TaeTae! He needs more juice!"
"Perfect." Namjoon booped his button nose, proud of his baby. "Jin is an adult, bigger and taller than you. That's why he needs more energy, or juice in this case, so he can keep playing with you two, that spill energy everywhere."

"We make mess?"

Namjoon raised an eyebrow. "What do you think?"

Tae had the audacity of looking smug. "Yes. A lot." He then giggled as wickedly as a four year old boy could muster, laughing harder at his father's dramatic gasp.

After that, the adults finally wrapped up both children to face the cold. Namjoon gave his mother a warning look before giving her the car keys. Of course he trusted that she would drive carefully because of her precious cargo, but receiving another parking ticket after expending a considerable amount of money on Christmas presents wasn't something he wanted to do.

"Have fun," she winked at him, prompting a groan, rapidly replaced by a warm smile when the boys waved at him from the backseat.

It only took thirty minutes for the house to be spotless. The sitting room ridden of hats and tea cups and crumbles (at some point the trio got too hungry and decided to replace the imaginary pastries for real ones), the kitchen returning to his original state and the kid’s rooms finally didn’t look like a tornado had passed through. Namjoon sighed after putting Tata in Kook’s crib. It was already time to change it for a small bed. Frankly, he should have done it already taking on account that his baby was almost two years old and that he had found a way of leaving the crib by jumping over the rail.

“My little SpiderMan,” Namjoon said to himself. A fond and terrifying memory coming to his mind, of the first time the boy had appeared on his bed at 5am and almost caused him a heart attack.

He gently closed the door, not wanting to disturb the unusual calmness in the house, and went to his own room, frowning at the sound of a deep voice speaking to someone from inside.

Jin was still in bed, leaning back against the headboard, holding his cellphone against his ear.

“No, I understand...I know that but I---yes, I know.” Jin passed his fingers through his hair, forcing a smile when Namjoon entered the bedroom. “I’ll call you later, okay?...I’ll think about it and let you know. Okay, bye.” With a sigh, he left the phone on the bedside table, then hid his face on the editor’s shoulder once he joined him on the bed. “That was my manager.”

Namjoon put his arm around those wide shoulders, bringing him impossible close. “Again?”

“Just reminding me she will be waiting at the airport tomorrow. My flight information has been leaked,” he made air quotes, “so the media and fans would be there. If I am lucky, they will buy the story my manager thought for my escapade.”

“Which is?”

Jin took a deep breath before reciting the prepared lines. “I came to London to talk to an important director about a British and American co production, played with the snow, drank a lot of hot cocoa and read a lot of books. My relationship with Ken is over and I just want to solve everything like two adults would do. No further comments.” The actor sounded tired, his voice getting lower with every passing minute, the tension in his body more palpable now that they were close. “And she wants you to sign a confidentiality agreement, saying that you agree to never talk about our
time together or even mention that we know each other. I said no but she insisted, even saying that your mother should do the same. Can you imagine?"

“I’ll do it.”

Jin straightened, looking at him with wide eyes. “No, Namjoon…”

“I’ll do it, and my mother too. If this is what you need, we’ll do it.”

“But I trust you!” Jin reaches for him, touching his newly shaved cheek with his hand. “I don’t want you to do this, you don’t have to!”

“Jin,” Namjoon placed his hand over his, “she’s trying to protect you. It’s logical that she thinks that if your fiance already broke your trust, a total stranger would see this whole situation as an opportunity to make money. I understand and I’m kind of relieved that she’s taking such good care of you.” The actor looked down, biting his bottom lip in a nervous manner. “See it this way,” continued Namjoon, releasing the abused lip with his finger and then caressing it with his thumb. “If no one knows about how we met, we can invent crazy stories about our first encounter. Like, I don’t know, you found my number inside an old book, decided to call me and then fell in love with my sultry voice.” Jin fought a smile. “Or maybe you took Mickey out for a walk and his leash tangled all over our legs, trapping us and almost making us fell over, but then our eyes met and we ended up falling into each other’s arms. Or,” he chuckled at Jin’s embarrassed groan and how cute he looked hiding his face behind both hands, “just hear me out. We went to the mountains, shared a tent and had a passionate night together but knew we had to return to our lives with--”

“Oh my god!” He said into his hands. “That’s Brokeback Mountain, you dork!”

They both burst into laughter, collapsing on the bed and giggling until they could feel the tears welling up. Jin hugged his waist, his chest going up and down rapidly as he tried to calm himself, totally unaware that his shirt had raked up leaving a sliver of delicious skin uncovered for Namjoon to appreciate.

The editor caressed the tempting treat. “Everything will be alright. You’ll see.”

Jin wiped his eyes, his smile warming Namjoon up. Fondness visible on his features, the tension finally gone from his body. “Thank you.” He whispered, gasping then, when that hand moved up to his chest. “Namjoon,” he said, his breathing getting slightly frantic but this time for a different reason.

“I know I told you already but…I’m gonna miss you.” Namjoon took his eyes off where his hand was consistently touching Jin under his shirt. "Not only this." He softly pinched a nipple, prompting a soft moan from the other man. "I'll miss you .” He stopped his ministrations, making eye contact with that half lidded gaze. “Jin. I’ll miss you.”

Jin softly smiled at him, slowly breaching the distance between them so he could connect their lips in a sweet kiss. “I know.” He said against his mouth, swiftly moving the editor to lie on his back as he straddled him. “I’ll miss you too,” he kissed his neck, “so much. You have no idea. I--fuck take this off.” Namjoon straightened so he could take his shirt off, being careful not to knock Jin down with his elbow.

“You too,” Namjoon said, breathless, almost moaning out loud at the mere sight of that beautiful chest finally bared in front of him. “God, Jin,” he obediently laid down again when Jin pushed him against the mattress.
The actor bit that damn lip again, raking his hands all over the editor’s exposed chest. Obviously knowing what he was doing to him if the fact that he was sitting right on his erection was any proof of how much he was enjoying it. “I think you’ll like my surprise.” He murmured in his ear.

“Surpri-- God.” Namjoon closed his eyes when the actor started grinding on his lap, their erections moving against each other under their pants.

“I heard you talking about a visit to the library,” he said between gasps, “and I thought I could save us time but-- ah yeah ,” he moaned when Namjoon massaged his ass.

“Yes?” Namjoon literally could not have enough of how sensitive Jin was, he swore every part of that beautiful body was an erogenous zone in his hands.

"But," continued Jin,"you took your sweet time and then my manager called. Fuck , Joonie, harder.”

Namjoon rutted against him with more force, lifting his hips up while pushing Jin’s down. “What’s the surprise, love?” He muttered between clenched teeth. “Tell me.”

Jin reached behind him, holding one of Namjoon’s hands and taking it under the back of his pants, maintaining eye contact with him all the time. He smiled once Namjoon widened his eyes when his fingers touched his wet entrance.

“Did you--?”

The actor didn’t let him finish, kissing him with vigor, gasping when those skillful fingers were finally inside him. They stopped talking, only enjoying the sensation of their bodies in contact, their breaths mingled, their moans filling the room. Namjoon tried to etch in his memory every single detail. The sounds, the feeling of his soft skin, how he moved against him, the way his pupils dilated when he found the perfect spot, those full lips opening, the stuttering of his hips as a signal of how close he was. Namjoon took the lead then and reversed their positions, loving how the other felt under him.

“You have to promise me,” Jin said, “we will change these sheets before the kids come home.”

If Namjoon wasn’t as horny as he was, he would have swooned at the man’s thoughtfulness. “Whatever you want,” he moaned, “I’ll give you whatever you want.”
“Goodnight, Kookie.”

“Nigh-nigh, Shi-se.”

Jin smiled, making sure the blanket covered him enough. “You want Tata?” Kookie nodded, doe eyes peering at him from under the covers. Jin put the plushie beside him so he could hug it, sucking the thumb of his free hand. “Okay, baby.” He murmured. “Time to sleep.”

It didn’t take long for Kookie to fall asleep. The combination of Jin singing to him and the hand rubbing his tummy enough for him to finally close his eyes and enter dreamland. Jin kissed his soft cheek before going to the door and shutting it in. Though not fully because of the baby’s habit of ending in his father’s bed.

“Tae?” Jin knocked, sensing the boy was still awake from the muffled voice coming from inside the room. “It’s time to sleep. What are you doing?” He amusedly looked at the mess the bed had become.

Tae lifted his head from the book in his lap, then gathering the others dispersed all over the bed with protective hands. “Can I finishes? Please? One more and I sleep. Pwomise.” He crossed his fingers and kissed them. “One more.”

Jin chuckled. “Only one, okay? It’s getting late.”

Tae grace him with his characteristic boxy grin before continuing reading out loud. Jin assumed he was inventing a story for the characters that were drawn inside, doubting the prince had decided to
stop fighting against the monster because he was hungry. Once the bed was book free, with every
tome put aside on the tiny book shelf, the actor took a seat beside the boy to enjoy the surprising
end when the prince erased every broccoli in the kingdom for being too yucky.

With his book placed on the bedside table and his requests of reading one more book for him
denied, Tae compliantly let Jin tuck him in, obviously still too awake to fall asleep as easily as his
brother.

“Jin-Sir?”

“Yes, Tae?” Jin turned the bed light on, standing up to do the opposite to the bright ceiling light.

“Why the magazine seller has your photo? Are you famous like Santa?”

Jin stopped in his tracks, slowly turning around to look at the curious boy. “What?”

“I saw your photo in the magazine shop and I askeded Grandma and she said you’re an actor. An
actor plays pretend. You can be a pirate or a princess or a dragon or Doctor Who! Are you an actor?
You play pretend like Kookie and me when we plays?”

Jin let out the breathe he was containing without noticing, before returning to his place beside the
boy. “Yes, I’m an actor.”

Tae gasped, “Wow. And famous?”

“Yes,” Jin chuckled, “I’m quite famous.”

“You’re so cool, Jin-Sir.” Tae smiled, his eyes finally dropping a little.

Jin blushed, sheepish. “I suppose.” He caressed his cheek, brushing the hair out of his forehead and
prompting a sleepy sigh from the boy. He was about to get up when a tiny voice broke the silence.

“Jin-Sir.”

“Mmm?”

“You’re in my heart even if you’re flying in the sky.”

Jin had to fight to speak through the knot in his throat, swallowing before talking. “You too.
Always.”

“I’ll misses you,” Tae yawned, squinting at him through half-lidded eyes, a small smile lifting up
the apple of his cheeks.
“Me too.” He answered with a strained voice.

“‘night.”

“Goodnight.”

Jin stayed there, in the middle of the boy’s room, watching said boy sleep. Struggling to keep the wetness in his eyes at bay. Wishing for tomorrow to never come.

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**Sunday**

Jungkook was crying.

Jungkook was crying and Jin wanted to die.

“‘Addy!’” The baby wailed, crying over the plastic fence Namjoon usually used to maintain him in one room while he cleaned.
“I know, baby, Daddy’s is coming back. Shhh.” Namjoon hugged him against his chest, his ears tingling of how loud the baby was crying.

Jungkook was a calm kid who rarely cried or threw a tantrum. But he was also perceptive. He must have felt the tension blooming over the house that morning, only a few hours before the actor’s departure. Probably he saw how strange his brother behaved, how silent the breakfast table had been, his Grandma patting Jin’s arm whenever he let a tired sigh. Maybe he finally connected the dots when the actor hugged Tae, the little boy sniffing against his shoulder and leaving a damp spot on his coat. Or maybe when Jin hugged him, his eyes closed as hard as his arms around him, breathing him in for one last time.

He really didn’t know how he figured it out. And didn’t ponder about it when those arms extended towards, breaking his heart in a million pieces.

“Shi-se!”

Jin kissed his hand and his forehead, “It’s okay. It’s okay.” He couldn’t hold him, he couldn’t. If he did, he would never let him go.

Seungki appeared, taking Jungkook from his father’s grasp. The baby cried even harder, making grabby hands at them both and repeating their names. Jin had to closed his eyes, his heart pounding like crazy, his stomach revolted.

He didn’t want this. He didn’t.

“Go, luv. Don’t worry.” Kiki smiled at him, teary eyes shining like two marbles. “Have a nice flight.”

“Thank you,” Jin’s voice broke and then turned towards the door with his head low. The last thing he heard was a baby’s wail, screaming his name.

“Passengers for flight BA 214 to Los Angeles Airport please go to Gate 26. Please, passengers for flight BA 214 to Los Angeles Airport go to Gate 26.”

“That’s me.” Namjoon tightened his arms around his shoulders, unwilling to let him go so soon
even after they had remained as close as possible during their waiting at the airport. “I--” he stopped himself, clearing his throat. “I’m a call away.”

“Yes.”

Namjoon’s tone made him leave the warmth of his neck to look up at him. “Oh Joonie,” he sighed. One of his hands wiping the tears from those sorrowful eyes.

“It’s so strange,” Namjoon’s voice cracked, “how easy is to accustom to the pretty things in life and how hard is to live without them once they’re gone.”

“I’m not gone, Joonie. I’m not.” Said Jin, holding his face. “I’m going to come back. I promise.”

Namjoon sniffled, nodding, tears still running down his cheeks. “And I’ll be here, waiting.”

“Not for long. Please, believe me. Not for long.”

Jin kissed him then, in the middle of the overcrowded airport, not giving a second thought to the fact that he was an international star that everyone knew. The man in front of him being more important than anything else. He was the future ahead, a future full of lazy mornings with an overcrowded bed and loud afternoons. A future full of love and mistakes and triumphs. Future full with discoveries and new things. Kim Namjoon was his future. And he would fight for it.

“Final call for passengers for flight BA 214 to Los Angeles Airport.”

Namjoon broke the kiss but stayed closed. “Go. Call me when you land.” He lightly chuckled when Jin nodded but didn’t move. “Go, darling. I’ll be a call away.”

Jin pecked his lips one last time. The lady on the speakers repeating herself once again. With a sigh, he started walking backwards, wanting to look at Namjoon as long as he could. Wanting to engraved that face in his memory. His reason to come back.

When Namjoon was out of sight, Jin finally let himself crumble. Breathing deeply to calm his heart down, each step towards the plane’s open door feeling as if a thousand stones anchored him to the ground. He looked through the glass walls surrounding the passenger boarding bridge, the rain falling, blurring the view and making him feel even more claustrophobic on the unclosed space. He could swear he almost felt the wetness on his own face.

*Jin, c’mon. Get a hold of yourself. He thought. You have to do this, c’mon. You can’t let that fucker*
got everything you’ve worked so hard for. You need to calm down, breathe.

There must be a leak or something, because his face felt wet. The drops falling down his face rapidly.

You are not alone. Yoongi’s there. He will help.

Yeah, it must be a leak. And why did he feel so cold all of the sudden? So numb?

C’mon, get on that plane. You’re so close. C’mon.

Tae must be asking for him. He hoped Jungkook finally stopped crying and was now eating his Grandma’s tasty food. Maybe he thought he left him. That he was not going to come back.

Jin, breathe. C’mon.

Oh my God, he didn’t have their pictures. He didn’t take any pictures of them or with them. What if they forget about their time together? What if they forget him?

“Sir? Are you okay?”

A hand suddenly touched his arm, making him look up, suddenly aware of where he was.

He had stopped right a step away from the plane, looking directly at a worried stewardess that had been trying to catch his attention.

“I’m sorry. What?” His voice sounded gruff, as if he had drank a glass of gravel.

“I wanted to know if you’re okay. You’re crying.”

Jin frowned, touching his face. “What? No, I don’t--” Jin’s jaw went slack, looking at her for a few seconds, dumbfounded. Tears, he had fat tears tracking their way down his cheeks. Suddenly a new wave escape the corners of his eyes, fast and unstopping, and he squeezed his eyes shut. “I’m sorry,” he cried. “I’m sorry, I can’t. I can’t.” He shook his head frantically, his legs moving on their own accord.

He ran as fast as he could.

“Can I call now?”

“No, luv, he’s on the plane now. I’m sorry.”
“Grandma?”

“Yes?”

“It hurts here.”

“I know, luv.”

My chest really hurts. And my heart. And my tummy. And my head.

I want my Jin-sir.

And my uncle Hobi.

And my Mommy.

I know I don’t have to cry when Kookie’s here, but I have ouchies and I cry when I have them. It’s inelitable. I can’t stop it. So I go to my room ‘cause Kookie is sad too and two sads together are not good.

Grandma said Jin-sir is in the sky now, but the sky it’s too high for me. I’m liwwle and I can’t reach the sky even when Daddy tells me the sky’s the limit. Jin-sir is too high up and I can’t reach him. Like Mommy.

I hug Tata really hard, cleaning my face on his head but it’s okay, Grandma unelstans that I had bad news and bad news can break your heart so she’s not gonna tell Daddy.

“Tae? You want to eat something?”

“My tummy hurts.”

“I know, but maybe you’re hungry and that’s why it hurts.”

“I wanna talk to Jin-sir.”

“We can’t yet, hun.”

“Please,” I cry, “I has to.” Grandma’s hugs are the best, she smells like roses. Jin-Sir smells like hot cocoa and Daddy’s perfume, I like cocoa and Daddy.

“Let me prepare something fast, maybe we can fight that sadness with a little bit of sugar and a call to your uncle, yes?”

I say yes with my head. Uncle Hobi cures my ouchies all the time and I has a lot of them now. Maybe if I close my eyes and try to talk to him he can help. I try many times but my head hurts and I’m tired.

But them I ’member! Uncle Hobi say I can talk to Mommy ‘cause she listens. And she’s in Heaven and that’s in the sky! Where Jin-sir is!

I put all my energy in my brain and I think really hard so Mommy can hear.

Mommy, it’s Tae. Hi. I know you can’t answer but that’s okay, I know you don’t have good signal. I’m a big boy now, I eat my veggies and I’m careful with Kookie, I help zoociety. I have a friend, we have a friend. Kookie, Daddy, Grandma and me. He’s Jin-sir and he’s really nice. He makes cocoa, has tea parties with me and Kookie, laughs funny and hugs Daddy like cups on tele. I like
him, Mommy. He’s the best. And I misses him. A lot. He’s flying in the sky now, close to you, and I can’t talk to him. That’s why my heart hurts, Mommy, it hurts really bad. I don’t know if you have the same ouchies and that’s why you’re in Heaven, ‘cause doctors can’t cure them. But maybe you can cure mine? Help me, Mommy. I want the ouchies to go. I’m tired. Talk to my Jin-sir, please.

I wait, but nothing happen. I know Heaven is really high up, so it’s okay. Mommy can take her sweet time, like Grandma says. Don’t know what that means, but it’s funny.

I hug my Tata, imagining Jin-sir in the sky. It must be cold, and wet because it’s raining. I hope he has an umbrella.

I hear Daddy’s car, he opens the door and I’m up because Daddy’s *smort* and know how to cure my tummy. Maybe he can hug me really hard and give me that nasty drink he gave me when I’m not feeling well.

I take Tata with me ‘cause she’s afraid of storms and we can sleep with Daddy, he’s gonna protect us. But when I go to the door, Daddy is not here. “Daddy?” I’m confused, where’s he? “Daddy, where are you? My tummy hurts.”

“I’m here, TaeTae.”

My heart don’t hurt anymore and my tummy has butterflies. That’s not Daddy. That’s…

“Jin-sir!” I cry. My Jin-sir is here and is crying too. My Jin-sir didn’t leave. He’s not in the sky.

“Tae.” I run really hard and Jin-sir catches me and hugs me really strong. He smells like hot cocoa and wet clothes but I don’t care. Jin-sir is here!

"Jin-sir you didn't fly!"

"No, I couldn't. I wanted to stay here with you. Aw, baby, don't cry."

"I cry ‘cause I’m happy. Jin-sir’s with me and the ouchies are gone forever."

"Forever." He hugs me really hard again, and then Kookie is sharing the hug too, happy crying like Jin-Sir and me.

Hugs always *helps* to pass the happy and cure the ouchies in the soul. Maybe we don't *needs* doctors when our tummy hurts. Maybe we *needs* a Jin-Sir and a Kookie and a Grandma and a Daddy and a Uncle Hobi and a Mommy that hears you even with bad signal.

*Thank you, Mommy. Maybe hugs are the answer.*
Chapter End Notes

And that's a wrap.
Thank you so much, lovely readers, for reading/commenting/breathing.
Thank you for showing your love for Namjin, the babies and Kiki.
This has been my first long fic and I hope that you enjoyed it or that I least made you feel better.
I have a few more surprises that I'll be posting here and Twitter so stay tuned.
Thank you again.
You're in my heart.

F.A.G.A.

Bonus:
The Holiday scenes and moodboards: Tumblr/Twitter

Other works:
All we have is now (contribution for Sope Week and possible next long fic)
Texting can be a dangerous thing
Not a need but a choice (Sope fic)
The roommate debacle (Namgi fic)

Social Media:
Twitter: Follow me and let's talk!
Curious Cat: Ask me anything!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!