Happy Farmers

by Farquad

Summary

Jung Hoseok - poor, young and lower class, is going to work at the Min Mansion over the summer.

There he meets Min Yoongi.

From different worlds, classes, and families, they fall in love.

Notes

Sope. Drama. ;) *wink, wink*
Set in 1910, but don't take details too seriously.
This will go up to Explicit!!!!pg18+ later on, but i will warn...
This is built a similar way as my other fic Happy Campers, therefor the similar name (kudos to M for the name idea) but you can read this fic on its own.

Please keep any form of critique and/or negativity to yourself and only comment nice things.

English is not my first language, and with that said… are you ready for happy farmers?? yeehaw!!
here we go... hsjgff,, mama
Hoseok:

"We're here."

Hoseok swallowed nervously. He glanced out the window of the horse carriage, tightened his grip on his trunk.

"Okay." He voiced, his gaze setting on the great house in the distance. It looked like a mansion. The horse carriage was by the gate. The lawn was big; almost the size of a field. Everything was bright green. Clean and neat. No place for someone like Hoseok.

"Sure you haven't changed your mind?" Mother asked from the seat in front of him. As if Hoseok had had a choice in the first place. It was either this or following them to Seoul. Daegu was closer to home. It had to be better.

"No, I'm fine, mother." Hoseok said politely. He might not be of the higher class, but politeness didn't cost a thing.

"Be a good boy now and put our family name out there. Just like your sister." Father muttered with a smile next to mother, his eyes a bit worried.

"Yes, father." Hoseok nodded. He might not be of the higher class, but politeness didn't cost a thing.

"Send us a letter sometime." Father added as Hoseok brushed dirt off his shirt, grimacing at his worn shoes. Money might not be important to him, but to most it was. And status. Class. Hoseok was happy if he would be let inside the gate when he looked simple like this.

"I will, father." Hoseok closed the door. He walked up to the two horses tied to the carriage, gave them a pat each and smiled politely at the coachman. It was an old man with a big hat. He didn't smile back. People rarely did when Hoseok smiled at them. Weird.

"Make us proud." Mother said as she opened the door a little bit, smiling at Hoseok through the window. "We will miss you."

"Same. But it's only for the summer-" Hoseok stopped talking. He felt his heart clench. The look in mother's eyes was too sad. Father looked uncomfortable. And then it hit Hoseok. This wasn't only for the summer. His parents were moving to Seoul, and they hadn't told Hoseok any details at all.

"Hoseok..." Mother trailed off, sharing a look of concern with father next to her. Hoseok darted his eyes between them in confusion, too lost to speak.

"You're a big boy now. Time for you to live your own life." Father decided, nodding and telling something to the coachman over his shoulder that Hoseok didn't hear. The horses started walking again. The wheels of the carriage creaked as they started rolling over the ground.
Hoseok felt his heart sink when his parents' words sunk in.

"Wait-!" He said as he started walking next to the carriage. He was only sixteen. He was too young to be left alone.

"Bye Hoseok, send us a letter!" Mother said with a sad smile, waving a hand on the other side of the window as she closed the door. And then the horses started trotting and Hoseok dropped his trunk and started running.

"But I-! But I don't have any-" Hoseok searched his panicking brain for things to say. Status. Money. Friends. "I don't have anything!"

He stopped running when mother stopped waving. She pulled the thin curtain over the window, covering it. Hoseok came to a stop. He hunched forward, catching his breath as he watched the carriage become smaller and smaller on the road in front of him. Dust swirled in the air, blocking the view of it.

"Damn it," He mumbled, dropping to his butt, burying his face in his hands. What now? His parents hadn't told him much. Father had gotten a new job at a place printing newspapers in Seoul. Mother was following him. Hoseok was going to work at this high class family's farm over the summer. He didn't know what they'd make him do. Perhaps mow their lawn and take care of their animals even though he'd only tended to dogs before. He didn't know anything.

He'd packed a bag. For the summer. Not for a lifetime.

His heart was racing but the horse carriage was already gone from view. His parents had left him. Abandoned him here with an unknown future.

He fell back on his back and blinked up at the sky. It was blue. Spotted with white clouds here and there. No airplanes in sight. If only he could ride an airplane one day. To his sister's place. Wherever that was. Let her take care of him like she always had.

He sat back up with a gasp when he realized that he hadn't gotten an address from his parents. How was he supposed to send them a letter without an address? Didn't they want anything to do with him anymore? He felt unwanted.

He scrambled himself up from the ground and brushed dust and dirt from his clothes. All roads were dusty and dirty this time a year. It was so hot out that everything dried out. The sun burned on Hoseok's skin already. It was afternoon. The sun was unbearable at noon.

With a nervous pout he started walking back for this trunk that he picked up from the ground. He would probably have to work out in the sun at noon from now on. Perhaps forever. He was going to cut bushes and walk animals and who knows what. Be someone's slave basically. Someone with high class. Snobby. Hoseok didn't even know if it was a boy or girl. Man or woman. He wasn't sure what he feared the most. All people could be evil. Had been evil to him. He was lucky school was over. It had never been anything for him. Reading and writing and sitting inside all day in the crowded chapel. He preferred recess. Dancing in the forest. Singing in the outhouse. He wasn't allowed to do any of that, per se, not by his mother or teacher, but no one knew what Hoseok did in secret. No one knew what he planned either. Not that his plans mattered much now. He was poor. Music was for rich people. No one wanted to listen to him sing. No one wanted to see him dance. It only made him look stupid.

He started dragging his trunk behind as he walked for the gate, not caring if he would get any more scratches on it or not. It already looked like a wolf had gone loose on it. He'd accidentally set it on
fire once. When he was little the family dog had taken a bite from it. He'd used it to store his toys when he was even younger. It was an old trunk. He wished people wouldn't judge him for it.

He walked up to the gate and glanced down himself. His white shirt looked mostly gray since it had been washed so many times. It was too short in the sleeves. His dark brown shorts were too short too. He hated them. He hated gray and he hated dark brown. He loved colors. It was unfair that every time he dressed in colors someone made fun of him.

He took a deep breath. Ran a hand through his hair. His scalp was sweaty. His back was sweaty. Both from the sun and nerves. He looked forward, stared at the black gate, wondering if he would spend the rest of his life as someone's servant now. He wasn't sure. The big house had looked lonely at first, but as he glanced around he saw that there was a barn to the left, close to the gate, and several smaller houses scattered around on the lawn. But no other big house in sight. It made Hoseok even more nervous. If there were no neighbors around no one would hear him scream for help in case he was treated badly. Maybe he should run for it and try to catch up with the horse carriage.

"Hello?"

Hoseok startled. Who'd said that?

"Hi, welcome! You're early. Didn't think you'd show up until past dinner time."

Hoseok snapped his head to the side, wondering where the voice came from, when he saw the gate open in front of him. In the middle of it stood a boy, appearing to be about the same age as himself. He was wearing brown pants and a white long sleeved shirt similar to Hoseok. A yellow straw hat sat on his head, secured under his chin with a strap.

Hoseok bent down in a bow so fast something in his back snapped and hurt. He ignored it. Was that the boy he would serve for the rest of the summer? Perhaps for the rest of his life? Hoseok had to make a good first impression.

"There's no need to bow at me," The boy laughed. He had an accent. Not a Daegu accent.

Hoseok glanced up in confusion, squinting against the sharp light of the sun illuminating the boy.

"Hi. I'm Kim Namjoon. I work here, and I was told to show the new guy around. I assume it must be you?" The boy, Namjoon, held out a hand that Hoseok took and shook, his handshake too strong since he was so nervous. He stopped bowing and started nodding.

"Yes, Sir. I'm Jung Hoseok."

"No need to call me Sir either. How old are you?" Namjoon wiped his hand on his pants when Hoseok was done shaking it. He smiled so his dimples were showing. He looked kind. Like he only had good intentions. It was a relief. If he worked here then the rest of the people here might be kind too. Hoseok might fit in after all.

"I'm sixteen." Hoseok hesitated for a moment. "Mate...?"

"You're older than me then." Namjoon shook his head with a smile. "I'll turn sixteen this September. Have worked here since I was about thirteen. Come, I'll show you around." He motioned for Hoseok to step inside. He did. Walking through the gate felt like entering a new world. The lawn was perfect. Green. Bright. Flat.

"That was young." Hoseok commented. When he'd been thirteen he'd sat in school, lost in his head
while the teacher tried to unsuccessfully teach him equations.

"I know- oh, watch out! Don't step on the grass. We're not supposed to walk in the middle. We walk along the sides." Namjoon gently grabbed Hoseok's arm and started leading him to the left. The grass wasn't as green there. More patchy. It was in shadow.

"We can't walk on the grass?" Hoseok questioned, getting a bad feeling in his gut. Why couldn't he?

"Nope. Don't worry though, it's a lot to think about in the beginning but you'll get used to it soon. I did." Namjoon let Hoseok's arm go. "Need help carrying that?" He reached for Hoseok's trunk. Hoseok held it away. He wasn't going to let someone younger than him carry it.

"You're young." He repeated. From a brief glance he saw that Namjoon's hands were dirty. Calloused. He had worker hands. No hands of any fifteen years old Hoseok had met had looked like that.

"Most people are young here. Think Yoongi likes it that way." Namjoon shrugged, giving Hoseok a half smile.

Hoseok raised his eyebrows. "*Yoongi*?"

"Min Yoongi. The son." Namjoon nodded at the mansion in front of them. It looked bigger than it had outside of the gate. It was great. White. Three floors big and it seemed to have an attic and a basement too. A balcony. Porch. Flower garden. Hoseok had to blink twice. It almost looked like a castle. A prince must live in there.

"He lives there?" Hoseok asked, wondering if that was the person he would serve. Probably.

"Yeah. It's the Min Mansion. Or the Minsion that we call it." Namjoon laughed at his own joke. Hoseok stayed silent. Namjoon staged a cough and kept explaining. He led Hoseok along the white fence, towards the barn. "The grounds are owned my Mister and Missus Min. We're a few workers here, but one married off recently and you'll fill his spot."

"Oh, okay." Hoseok said, getting the feeling that Namjoon was struggling to decide what end to start explaining at. If he'd worked here for two or three years he probably had a lot to say.

"Mister and Missus Min lives here along with Min Yoongi, or young master Min that we're supposed to call him. He'll stay the summer here this year instead of going to the usual summer house." Namjoon waved his hand in the air as he spoke. Hoseok watched it, thinking it looked like a worker's hand again.

"It's busy here in the summer. The older son recently married, so there's a lot of pressure on us to keep the place neat in case they would visit." Namjoon let out a sigh. Hoseok's eyebrows drew together in a frown. Everyone was getting married. His sister. The old worker. Yoongi's big brother. Didn't they have any other goals in life?

Then he realized that most people didn't. It was Hoseok who was being weird. He was the strange one for having a dream he would never live.

"There's the barn. I'll show you the tasks tomorrow. It's Wednesday today and we have the evening off." Namjoon motioned for the red barn in front of them. They walked around it. The walls were filled with old spiders' web and dirt and dust. There were four windows on the wall and Hoseok thought he saw a horse or two.
"What tasks?" Hoseok gulped, doing the mistake of looking at one of the spiders on the wall. He almost dropped his trunk in fear.

"This summer we need to paint the barn, tend to the horses, repair the broken furniture, repair the dock, mow the lawn, repair the fence, all of that stuff." Namjoon nodded. Now he looked tired. No wonder he had worker hands.

"I didn't bring a hammer." Hoseok hurried to say, wondering if he should've brought one. He wasn't good with hammers, or joinery at all. He was good at the arts. Moving his body. Singing. Not... creating things. Out of wood. Maybe he should keep that to himself.

"There are tools in the barn." Namjoon calmed him. "I hope you're ready to work up a sweat, because Mister Min wanted the dock ready before the weekend."

Hoseok forced a stiff smile. "Are you and I like a team, or, uhm, will someone else help us repair all those things? I mean, we're kinda young..." He forced a cough and scraped his neck, suddenly feeling spoiled. He hadn't had to fix a thing during his childhood. His family had lived neighbor with a family with five sons and they had always been eager to help Hoseok's father fix the fence and chop firewood.

"No, Taehyung and Jimin will help us." Namjoon reassured him.

"Oh, okay." Hoseok felt instantly relieved. "Are they older?"

"They're fourteen."

Hoseok and Namjoon looked each other in the eyes. Namjoon raised his eyebrows. Hoseok lowered his. He waited for Namjoon to start laughing, claim that he was joking, but nothing. He shrugged and started walking again, and Hoseok followed, wondering where his parents had sent him.

"You can leave your trunk here. We'll come back later." Namjoon helped Hoseok lean his trunk against the wall of the barn, against his will, before he started showing him around again. They walked along the white fence, keeping their feet away from the spotless lawn.

"There's the house." Namjoon motioned for the white mansion that looked great this close. It had to be five times as big as the house Hoseok had grown up in. Maybe ten times as big. Hoseok only gaped, almost stumbling as Namjoon led him forward.

"There's the lake and the dock." Namjoon walked them through the shallow forest to the little beach and lake behind the house.

"The broken dock?" Hoseok asked, his eyes finding the sad, broken thing laying on the beach, gulping when he reminded himself of the fact that he would need to fix it somehow with his zero knowledge.

"Exactly." Namjoon walked to the dock and gave it a kick, grimacing when he accidentally hurt his foot and blinked tears from his eyes. He must be clumsy.

"It looks half rotten to me," Hoseok commented, frowning at the brown wood. It was as brown as Hoseok's pants. The trees behind them were green. And the lawn. Green was Hoseok's favorite color. It was unfair that he wasn't allowed to roll around in the grass.

"Me too," Namjoon agreed, making a face at the dock. "I suggested they bought a new one, but I would have to make it so I think fixing this one is better."
They stared at the dock in mutual sadness for a moment longer. Then Hoseok glanced up, swept his gaze over the clear water surface in front of them. The lake was big. Blue. Reflecting the clear sky above. It was peaceful. Silent. Dreamy. For a moment Hoseok forgot about his unfortunate fate and felt free, but then Namjoon put a hand on his shoulder and started leading him away.

"No time for rest yet. Have to show you the rest." Namjoon said, not sounding as happy as before. Walking around was tiring. The grounds were big.

"Thanks for doing it." Hoseok said, feeling bad since he was taking up Namjoon's time.

"No problem. Rather me than someone else. I've been here the longest and the others would only try to prank you. Or scare you for that matter." Namjoon chuckled for himself. Hoseok didn't feel as cheerful. Had no one worked here longer than Namjoon? Why not? And scare?

"Why would they scare me?" Hoseok asked curiously, following Namjoon to a small hut close to the forest.

"Here's where we store the things that don't fit in the barn anymore. Lawn mower. Some tools. Old furniture and moldy pillows. Taehyung raised kittens in here last year, but since then it's been left untouched, becoming dusty. Missus Min wants us to clean it this summer. Paint it too." Namjoon explained, opening the wooden door with an old looking key, showing Hoseok a glimpse of the crowded space inside before he closed it again. "Not everyone has keys, so for now you need to follow me."

"Okay." Hoseok said. He'd just seen a big spider run over the floor. He did not look forward to cleaning that mess.

"Moving on - let me show you the gazebo." Namjoon flicked his head to the side and Hoseok hurried to follow him. The grass was soft under his feet and the sun was hot. "About the scare part; are you easily afraid?" Namjoon asked over his shoulder.

Hoseok wondered if he should lie or not, choosing to tell the truth. "Yes?"

Namjoon nodded to himself. "The mansion is haunted. Maybe I should tell you that. Everyone knows it. So, uh, watch out for the attic, and the third floor too."

Hoseok wanted to hug a pillow and cry. This place was haunted? Hallelujah. Now he wouldn't be able to sleep at night.

"There are only ghosts in the attic and on the third floor?" He asked, wanting to praise himself since he managed to keep his voice steady, masking his fear by seeming curious.

"The ghosts are in the attic. Min Yoongi is on the third floor." Namjoon clarified, giving Hoseok another knowing look over his shoulder.

"What do you mean?" Hoseok asked, not getting the knowing look. Why did he pronounce Yoongi's name like that? As if Hoseok knew what he was talking about. He didn't. He felt so confused, and scared by ghosts and spiders.

"Everyone's afraid of him. Some more than the ghosts." Namjoon's face broke out in concern. Hoseok felt the knot return in his stomach. Was Yoongi scarier than ghosts? Did he make sounds at night and pull people's blankets away in their sleep?

"Don't be scared though. He's just misunderstood."
"What do you mean?" Hoseok repeated, thinking that he was doing right in being afraid of someone who was as scary as a ghost.
"Do you know him?" Hoseok asked.

"I wish I could say yes," Namjoon heaved a sigh. "I know him some. A bit. I've worked here for a long time, but the things people say about him aren't true." He shook his head defeatedly.

"People?" Hoseok wondered. "What people?"

"Sana and Momo mostly." Namjoon revealed, looking practically miserable. "The maids." Hoseok was silent until he continued. "They clean the mansion on the inside, and they spread rumors about Yoongi for fun. But nothing is his fault. It's Mister and Missus Min who gives us work, but Yoongi gets the blame."

"Why are you defending him?" Hoseok asked. "I thought all workers hated their boss?" That much his father had taught him, spitting curses about his boss as he returned home close to midnight most of the time during Hoseok's childhood.

"You have a point." Namjoon admitted, taking off his straw hat to wipe sweat from his forehead on his shirt. His hair was the same as Hoseok's. Dark brown. Matte. Plain. "But if it weren't for Yoongi I would be homeless, so I have nothing against him." Namjoon added as he put his hat back on.

Hoseok's mouth fell open. "What?"

"I-, I don't wanna talk about it," Namjoon leaned against the fence. He looked uncomfortable. "But there was an accident and I lost my parents. I walked into Yoongi on the street only days later and he offered me work here. I don't trust anything the others say about him. He has a kind heart."

Namjoon sounded emotional. He faced the ground, his nostrils flaring.

"I'm sorry," Hoseok whispered, his heart clenching from just hearing about Namjoon losing his parents. "So sorry,"

"It's not your fault. It's long ago now." Namjoon said, sounding much more mature than fifteen. "And they're still with me. In here." He motioned for his heart and Hoseok felt the sudden need to cry.

"What happened?" He asked even though Namjoon had said he didn't want to talk about it. Hoseok was too curious.

"There was a fire, is all." Namjoon pulled away from the fence, looked Hoseok in the eyes, blinking a bit too fast to seem normal. "Ready to see the rest?"

Hoseok nodded, wondering if it would be okay to give Namjoon a comforting hug or not. He seemed to be in need of one. His voice was emotional.

Hoseok decided to not give him a hug. They were strangers. Sort of. So instead he settled on looking saddened as he followed Namjoon to the gazebo. It looked like a bright white little house with a roof with a pointy tip, reminding Hoseok of a witch's hat. It had three benches inside. It was pretty, but plain. Like most things rich people had. Things that looked fancy from afar but lacked a personal touch once you got close enough to touch them. His sister had taught him that.

Maybe he should stop thinking about his family now. It only made him frustrated. If only walking
around hadn't been so utterly boring. Hoseok was restless already. He wanted to dance.

"Are you coming?"

Hoseok snapped back to reality.

"Yes!"

Namjoon led Hoseok to the last corner of the grounds. There was another fence there, old with patchy paint that was falling off. It was a small paddock for horse riding. Hoseok fought the strange urge to run around in it and pretend that he was a horse. He wasn't ten anymore. He was a big boy.

At least he would pretend to be.

Namjoon must be done with the tour now. He led Hoseok back to the red barn where Hoseok picked up his old wolf-eaten trunk. Namjoon led him inside through the big doors and Hoseok almost choked from the smell of hay, dirt and horse inside. He couldn't breathe. No one could've cleaned the barn in a while.

"You'll sleep back here with the rest of us farmers. We sleep in bunk beds. Hope you're not afraid of heights, because you'll get the top one." Namjoon huffed, walking into the side room to the right, leading Hoseok into a small room that smelled just as bad as the first one. There were four bunk beds there. One looked half-rotten. Hoseok bet his trunk on the fact that that rotten thing was where he would sleep for the rest of the summer.

He dropped his trunk and almost sneezed from the dust swirling up in the air. It was high to the ceiling. The walls separating the rooms weren't tall enough, and the room was connected to the rest of the barn at the top. That's why it smelled so bad. It was noisy too. The horses stomped and neighed and something clattered. A bird took Hoseok by surprise as it landed on one of the beds, looking ready to make a nest and lay eggs.

Hoseok hoped Namjoon would say he was joking again, but he walked to one of the beds and sat down on it. They all looked the same. Brown wood. One white pillow and a white blanket. No colors. Hoseok wondered if he would ever see colors again in his life. Probably not. He should stop hoping. Fate hated him.

"Which bed is mine?" He asked, swallowing the need to cry. He didn't want any of the top beds. He was afraid of heights. He felt like crybaby, and then he saw something run over the floor, screaming when he saw what it was. "Rat! Rat!" He screamed, jumping on the spot and pointing at the floor.

"Shh," Namjoon hushed him, motioning for him to calm down. "We need to be silent or we'll scare the horses."

"There's a rat right there! Can't you see!?" Hoseok hissed, still jumping around, furiously pointing at the place where he'd last seen the rat. It was gone now. Namjoon's fault. It would eat Hoseok in his sleep now. Nibble on his wolf-eaten trunk and give him rabies.

"I know. There are rats and mice here. The traps aren't really working that well." Namjoon shrugged as if it was nothing. Perhaps it was to him. Not to Hoseok. Rats carried deceases and Hoseok may be poor, but he was not ready to die yet. He had lots of things to do before he died. Become rich. Get kissed. Fall in love. Perhaps not in that order. Those things wouldn't happen anyway. Hoseok's thoughts got weird when he was afraid.
Namjoon didn't answer which bed was Hoseok's. Hoseok guessed it was the rotten one above Namjoon. The other beds had clothes thrown over them after all, and one had a book.

He walked to the bed Namjoon was sitting on and started climbing up the ladder, thinking it must be his bed, not liking the way the ladder creaked. It felt like the boards were threatening to break under his feat. It must be old.

"Is it supposed to sound like this?" He asked worriedly, glancing down at Namjoon uncertainly.

"Like what?" Namjoon asked back, appearing unbothered. He spread out on his bed with his arms behind his head, closed his eyes and sighed. Was he going to take a nap? The horses were neighing and the bed creaking. Maybe Namjoon was used to disturbing noises. Hoseok wasn't. He wondered if he would ever get a full night of sleep again. Probably not. He wanted to scream, so he smiled. Smiling made everything better. The bed would probably be really soft.

He climbed the ladder and crawled onto bed. It turned out that the bed wasn't soft. It was everything from it, actually. He fell to his back, wanting to grimace since the bed was so hard. The mattress must be made of straws. Hard sticks stuck out from holes in the fabric, scratching him in the back like creepy fingers. The pillow smelled like mold, and the 'white' blanket had weird spots on it. Some yellow. Some brown. Gray. No colors. Yellow from pee didn't count. Hoseok kicked the blanket off, not wanting to know what had happened with it.

"Who had this bed before me?" He asked Namjoon as he tried to find a comfortable position. He found none. He hated the bed. The roof above was dark brown, and it looked like there was a bird's nest hiding in the corner over there. He hoped he wouldn't wake up from bird poo on his face from now on.

"An older guy," Namjoon mumbled, sounding like he was falling asleep already.

Hoseok nodded to himself. Did older guys pee themselves? He hoped so. Otherwise that yellow spot might be something else, and if that was the case he wanted to burn the blanket and his clothes that had touched it.

After failing to find a comfortable position on the bed that might as well have been a plank, he climbed back down the ladder and grabbed his trunk. "Where do I put my things?" He asked Namjoon, worrying his lower lip when he found him snoring. Had he fallen asleep already? Hoseok felt lost. And was Namjoon a snorer? Hoseok definitely wouldn't be able to sleep now.

He walked to the door connecting the sleeping quarters to the rest of the barn, opened it and peeked his head outside. No one there. He walked into the horse stable to the right, keeping a distance to the four horses standing in their stalls to his right and left. There was another door by the stalls. He opened it, hoping it was a bathroom with an indoor water closet like his grandma had had, only to find it was where they stored the equipment. Saddles and reins, gloves and hats clad the walls. A few whips were leaned against the wall by the door. Everything was clean and sparkling. It looked expensive. Hoseok felt his fingers twitch with eager. He wanted to touch everything. But it was a bad idea. So he closed the door and left, saying hello to the horses instead.

"Hello Tata," Hoseok told the brown horse closest to him. The sign on the wall read Tata. It was an unusual name. Probably. Hoseok knew nothing about horses. Only that the big ones were scary as hell and the small ones were cute. Father had gotten kicked by a horse once and since then his parents had told him to keep away. His sister hadn't been allowed to ride a horse since it wasn't something for girls, and Hoseok had had to keep away since he was a boy and couldn't afford getting injured. Or something. He hadn't helped much at home anyway.
He said hello to all horses, hoping they wouldn't kick him as he walked past them. It smelled like horse shit and dirt. He scrunched up his nose, wanting to flee outside. There was a final door at the back of the barn. He opened it, hoping it would lead outside. It didn't. It led to another big room that might as well have been one third of the barn, and it was filled with hay. So much hay. Yellow and dry and smelling. It laid in heaps. On the floor. Hanged from the ceiling. It must be here the rats lived.

The thought of rats made him break out in a nervous sweat. He left the room and walked back to the sleeping quarters, getting a bad feeling from being alone and lost. He wanted Namjoon to keep him company, so he poked him on the shoulder several times until he blinked his eyes open and stopped snoring.

"Did I fall asleep?" Namjoon yawned, sitting up and almost hitting his head on Hoseok's bed.

"You did. I walked around some myself. Said hi to the horses..." Hoseok trailed off, not sure if he was allowed into the tack room or rats nest or not.

"Oh, that's great." Namjoon nodded to himself. He picked something up from his pocket. It was an old, half-broken pocket watch, silver and round in his palm. "It's almost time."

"For what?" Hoseok asked, sitting down on the foot of Namjoon's bed. It must be an illusion, but this mattress felt softer. Maybe Hoseok had gotten the worst bed. He probably had.

Abandoned by his parents and got the hardest mattress. This was just the best day ever.

"It's our free night, so we celebrate by hanging out by the beach." Namjoon explained, stretching as much as he could in the narrow space and rising up. He put the pocket watch back in his pocket and put on a smile for Hoseok. "Are you coming?"

Hoseok followed. He glanced at his trunk on the floor. "What about my things?" He asked again, not liking just leaving it there for the rats to take. He had no lock on it.

"Keep it in the trunk."

"There's no closet?" Hoseok raised his eyebrows.

"Not at the moment. There was one but we had to throw it away." Namjoon vented, opening the door for Hoseok and leading him outside on the lawn. They walked for the fence.

"Why?"

"It burned up." Namjoon shrugged. Hoseok was surprised. Had someone set it on fire? "There's the outhouse, by the way. Easy to miss." Namjoon brought Hoseok's thoughts elsewhere by motioning for the little wooden house attached to the side of the barn. It was small. Dark red. It had a heart carved on it.

Hoseok gulped. "There's no sink? Mirror?"

"For us?" Namjoon looked about to laugh. "You're a funny one." He chuckled. "We take turns emptying it, by the way. We'll put your name on the list. But it's only the boys. The girls don't have to do it."

"How nice..." Hoseok said, feeling his face turn green, suddenly wishing he was a girl. He did not want to empty that bucket full of shit. He felt the need to puke already.
"Hey, are you alright?" Namjoon asked, putting a hand on Hoseok's shoulder.

"I'm fine." Hoseok lied, probably never going to be fine ever again. He was alone. Afraid. He tried to push those thoughts away. Namjoon had lived here since he was thirteen. Hoseok was much older. He could do this. Only for the summer and then his parents would pick him up. They would. They were only pranking him. They would be back. He knew they would.

Hoseok and Namjoon walked along the fence together. Hoseok glanced longingly at the flowerpots standing by the porch of the mansion. He wished he could be responsible for the flowers. He didn't want to do dirty work. He wasn't good at it.

"See the house over there? Over the fence?" Namjoon asked, coming down to a stop. He put his hands on his hips, appearing a bit nervous.

Hoseok glanced over the fence, not seeing anything but the sky, when he saw the roof and a floor of another house. It was light blue and the roof black. He wondered how he could've missed it before.

"Yeah?"

"It's house of Kim." Namjoon explained, craning his neck to get a better look of it.

"Kim? Isn't that your name?" Hoseok frowned some, looking at Namjoon in confusion.

"It is, but there's many Kim's in Korea. Kim Seokjin lives there. One of Min Yoongi's friends. He visits sometimes..." Namjoon faced the ground, a smile tugging at his lips. "He has an adopted little brother. Jeon Jungkook."

"Okay," Hoseok said, not getting why Namjoon smiled like that. It was a bit creepy. So fond that it got strange. "Do you like them?"

"What do you mean?" Namjoon asked too fast, snapping his head up, alarm in his eyes.

"Uh," Hoseok scratched his chin, feeling like he was missing something. Namjoon was acting weird. "Are they a nice family?" In case they were nice Min Yoongi might be nice too, since they were friends.

"Oh," Namjoon looked strangely relieved. He let out a breath and nodded eagerly. "They are. Very nice. The family over there too," He motioned across the lawn, for a house Hoseok couldn't see behind the trees. It felt like Namjoon tried to change the topic. Hoseok let him. He felt confused and lost. Everything was so new to him.

He followed Namjoon along the fence as he started talking about the different, and few, neighbors the Min's had. The Kim's had horses and puppies from time to time, and the Choi's had a chicken farm. Namjoon pulled a few jokes that Hoseok didn't get before he led him to the beach. It wasn't empty anymore. There were two benches on it and a small fire pit in the middle.

"Hi!"

Hoseok hadn't seen it at first, too occupied by staring at Namjoon's sweaty back since he had the biggest sweat rings Hoseok had ever seen, but three boys were sitting on the bench to the right. They stood up, walking towards Hoseok with their hands held out eagerly.

"I'm Park Jimin," The blonde boy said. He lisped some as he spoke. His cheeks were chubby and he had an accent. He looked nice. It was one of the boys Namjoon had mentioned before.
"Jung Hoseok," Hoseok said, shaking Jimin's hand. Jimin's hand was sweaty. Ugh.

"Kim Taehyung!" The second boy claimed, playfully pushing Jimin away and taking Hoseok's hand in his own. He had a wide, bright smile and big eyes. His ears were big too. Almost like a monkey.

"Jung Hoseok," Hoseok repeated, thankful over the fact that Taehyung's hand was less sweaty.

"Jackson Wang." The third boy presented himself, letting Taehyung finish shaking Hoseok's hand five times before he let go. Hoseok shook Jackson's hand, feeling that everyone had worker hands like Namjoon.

Two other boys walked out on the beach and shook Hoseok's hand, and then two girls joined them. They had nicer clothes than the boys. White and silvery dresses with stockings. Namjoon said it was because they worked inside. Maids got nicer clothes than the farmers. It felt unfair. Not that Hoseok wanted to wear a dress, just, it would be nice with some soft fabrics and new clothes.

Hoseok sat down next to Namjoon on one of the benches and watched as Taehyung and Jimin struggled to light the fire. They had a packet of matches but only two matches left, and it was windy this close to the lake. Jimin cursed as he accidentally dropped the lit match, complaining until Taehyung patted him on the back.

When three more girls and a boy walked out on the beach Hoseok started feeling confused. How many people worked here? How many chores were there?

"Dahyun has the flowers."
"Bogum, Mina and Jisoo help Deedee in the kitchen. They travel to the city, buy groceries and make pastries and stuff."

"Those who spread rumors about Yoongi?"

"Exactly." Namjoon heaved a sigh. "There are two more workers though. The butler and the housekeeper. They are older and don't like to spend time with us. The housekeeper is a real hag."

"They are?" Hoseok asked, his eyes darting to Taehyung and Jimin who managed to light the fire with the last match and high fived each other to cheers from the others.

"Don't do anything wrong when she's near," Namjoon advised, knowing, almost scared tone of his voice. "Or near Mister and Missus Min."

"Okay." Hoseok nodded. He hadn't planned to. "Why not?"

Namjoon's eyebrows drew together in a frown. He put a hand on Hoseok's knee. "Not all people in the world are good." He squeezed Hoseok's knee. "Just stick to your chores and follow me and you'll feel at home in a second. But don't go places you don't belong, okay?"

Hoseok felt confused. What did he mean? He had to clarify.

"Okay?" Namjoon urged, removing his hand from Hoseok's knee.

"Okay." Hoseok agreed even though he thought Namjoon was acting scary. What was 'places you
don't belong'? The mansion? Hoseok didn't understand.

Namjoon dropped it. Hoseok waited for him to explain in vain. He sighed and watched as two of the farmer boys came carrying on blankets that they spread out on the beach. When everyone was sitting down Jimin walked to the center, arm in arm with Taehyung, and held a stick under his mouth.

"Today we welcome our new friend, Jung Hoseok!" He motioned for Hoseok who felt his heart jump and cheeks tint red from the attention. He awkwardly waved at everyone and smiled. He had not expected this. "What will be his nickname?"

Hoseok stopped smiling.

"What?" He whispered to Namjoon.

"Don't mind him. He does this with every new farmer. It usually stops being fun after a week." Namjoon whispered, shrugging with a simple smile. "Jimin was mochi and Taehyung tiger, but no one calls them that anymore."

"Tiger over here has something to say!" Jimin announced, putting his stick under Taehyung's chin. Hoseok raised his eyebrows at Namjoon.

"Okay, so maybe they still use the nicknames sometimes. Still no big deal." Namjoon tried to calm him. It didn't work.

"Tell me something you like." Taehyung urged Hoseok with a giggle. All eyes were on him. He didn't want to share anything. Music, dance and colors all felt dangerous to say. Boys weren't supposed to like rainbows. They were supposed to like swords and machines and working up a sweat.

He looked around, wondering what to say, when he thought of something that must be safe to say.

"Spring."

"What?" Jimin made a face and cupped his ear, struggling to hear him or just wanting to make a scene.

"Spring!" Hoseok said louder this time, feeling embarrassed since Sana and Momo looked at him and started whispering and laughing, probably whispering about him this time. The boy next to them joined in.

"Spring? Give me a minute." Taehyung and Jimin crouched down, whispering, bouncing ideas. Hoseok faced his lap, feeling nervous and like he didn't fit in. Then Taehyung and Jimin rose back up. "We have decided on a name!" Taehyung announced. Everyone started cheering in eager.

"Hope it's a good one." Namjoon joked, smiling at Hoseok who felt even more nervous.

"What is it?" He asked, not liking how excited they all looked.

"Flower." Jimin said. "Isn't it perfect?" He asked the crowd. He high fived Taehyung and then they walked for Hoseok who leaned back as far as he could without falling off the bench. He didn't think the name was perfect at all. It was awful. Girly. Poofy. Cute. It fit him, and that's why it was bad.

"Do you like flowers?" Jimin asked as he grabbed Hoseok's wrist, pulled him up from the bench
and started dragging him towards the camp fire.

"I love flowers," Hoseok mumbled, facing the ground, wondering if being humiliated was part of the entering ceremony here. Maybe it was. He didn't want to look anyone in their eyes. He just wanted to go home.
"You need to speak louder because I can't hear a word you're saying," Jimin said, giving Hoseok a sad, knowing look. As if Hoseok was the younger one there.

Hoseok kept silent. Taehyung ran away, returning a moment later with something in his hands. He giggled and reached for Hoseok's hair.

"What are you doing?" Hoseok asked with alarm, not wanting him to cut off his hair or something. Hoseok knew nothing about the campfire rituals here. For all he knew they could be cutting someone's hair off every week.

"I got these," Taehyung opened his palm and showed Hoseok three little flowers he'd picked. One purple, one yellow and one pink. The most girly and prettiest colors.

"I like green," Hoseok said in a low voice, looking at the pretty flowers. There was some green on the stems.

"I like purple. It means trust and love." Taehyung explained, reaching out again and putting the flowers in Hoseok's hair with hairclips he got from his pockets. Feeling awkward and tense, Hoseok pressed his hands to his sides until Taehyung was done and leaned back with a smile.

"Say hi to Flower everyone!" Jimin took Hoseok's hand in his and raised it in the air, forced him to wave at everyone who snorted and laughed at him. Hoseok was too flustered to tell if it was evil or happy laughs.

"There are more flowers in the forest," Taehyung told Hoseok as he led him back to the bench next to Namjoon who patted his back with a smile. Everyone acted friendly. Tried to make him feel like he was one of them. But he didn't feel like it. He put on his best fake smile and shrugged, just wanting to melt into the bench and become one himself so he wouldn't need to walk or talk or feel lame anymore. Because he was lame. His new nickname was flower and he was a loser for loving it. He wanted nothing more than to run into the forest and put more colorful flowers in his hair. It was wrong.

"I can tell them to stop if you don't like the new name." Namjoon said, bringing Hoseok back to reality, probably thinking he looked sad because he didn't like the nickname.

"No, it's fine." Hoseok reassured, putting on a smile that made his cheeks hurt. Namjoon didn't seem to sense that it was fake. He looked relieved and turned his attention back to the fire. Dahyun and Jackson came carrying on trays filled with food. Hoseok couldn't tell if it was sausages or sandwiches or fruit. It was getting dark. His gaze went back to the lake and for a moment he wished he was a bird. Free. Peaceful. Flying in the sky with nothing dragging him down.

He looked back forward. The boy working in the kitchen brought a frying pan from somewhere that he put over the fire. It looked dangerous to be that close to the flames. Hoseok felt like he should stop being surprised over everything. No one else bat an eye.

"Is this how you eat every night?" He asked Namjoon worriedly as the kitchen boy burned himself on the frying pan. Something told Hoseok that the boy would burn the food. He didn't like burned food.

"No, only on Wednesdays. The other days we get sandwiches from the kitchen. Porridge for breakfast and eggs for lunch." Namjoon smiled again. He shouldn't be smiling.
"Eggs?" Hoseok asked, feeling spoiled. Only eggs? His mother was the best at making food. She could make the best stews seemingly out of nothing, and she'd never let Hoseok or his sister go to bed hungry.

"Yeah, eggs. We get eggs from the neighbor in the morning, the Choi's with the chicken farm, remember?" Namjoon yawned into his hand, unbothered by the topic. "Mina and Jisoo prepare everything for us and bring it to the barn."

"We eat in the barn?" Hoseok gaped. He wasn't a horse. Namjoon wasn't a horse. Humans should eat by tables and chairs.

"Or outside, but it can be a bit cold in the winter." Namjoon frowned, rubbing his hands together as if he remembered a time where he'd eaten outside in the snow. Then he yawned again. He must be more tired than he made out to be.

Hoseok went silent. He watched as the meat fried in the frying pan by the boy in front of him. He watched Jimin laugh and throw himself at Taehyung on one of the blankets on the sand. Many smiled. Some yawned. They seemed happy. Why did they seem happy? Hoseok wouldn't be happy to live like this. This wasn't his dream. He didn't want to be stuck here, waste his life by working for someone else every day. He had higher goals.

"Be right back," He told Namjoon, and then he walked to the end of the beach. He sat down on the damp sand, hugged his knees to his chest and watched the sunset. The sky was orange. Red. Purple. It looked like a bruise. Like it was bleeding. Crying blood. The sun was leaving and it was in pain, but it was still beautiful. Hoseok felt like crying too. His eyes felt strangely dry.

He glanced up the sky, wondering where the moon was today. One time mother had told him he would break his neck if he kept watching the sky like that. He didn't care. He found the moon, to the left of the sun, seemingly chasing it. The moon was only a crescent. It was almost as beautiful as the sun.

He leaned his chin on his knee and smiled. The sun was warm. Not scorching, but like a nice warm hug. It was much cooler now than it had been earlier today. He loved evenings. Sunsets. When the sky turned into all colors he would never have. He didn't like clouds. It made the sunset go to waste.

"Hey,"

He glanced up, not sure who he'd expected when he saw Taehyung sit down on the sand next to him.

"Hello," He replied, wondering if he would need to smile or not to be polite, deciding not to when Taehyung faced the sky instead of facing him.

"Do you like the sky too?" Taehyung asked, dipping his feet into the water. He was barefoot. Hoseok hadn't noticed until now. Taehyung's feet were so dirty. The dirt washed away in the water.

"I love it." Hoseok replied shortly, meeting Taehyung's gaze briefly before they both looked back at the sky. Hoseok wondered if he was making a friend. He hoped so.

"Look. It's the same color as your flowers," Taehyung said,motioning for the sky. And then they sat there, watching the purple and the pink, the red and the gold, until the sun set in the horizon and the few clouds slowly went back to being boring white and boring gray. The sky stopped crying blood and the moon chased after the sun. The first star came out. And another one.
"Tae Tae!" Someone called then. Jimin.

"The food is ready!" Taehyung chirped, rising up and making water splash on Hoseok as he gripped his wrist and helped him up. They walked back for the fire pit where it seemed to be the law of the jungle with farmers gripping for food like hungry wolves. The fire wasn't as strong as before. Smoke filled the air and Hoseok thought his clothes would stink tomorrow.

Hoseok's seat next to Namjoon was occupied by someone else. It made him feel sour and bitter. He didn't want to make a scene though, so he sat down next to Taehyung on the blanket next to Jimin. Jimin wrapped an arm around Taehyung's shoulders, pulled him in for a hug, and Hoseok smiled at them, feeling alone inside.

He watched the tray with food go around, from lap to lap, feeling his stomach growl with hunger. But when it reached him it was nearly empty. He took a burned sausage and the end piece of a bread. He started eating. With his hands. Like a pig. His shoulders sagged, and he sighed. He missed plates. Cutlery. He missed tables. Chairs. His little room back at home.

When he finished eating the burned piece of the sausage that tasted disgusting, he got the rest of Taehyung's bread that he didn't want. Then the food was gone. Hoseok hadn't gotten a taste of the meat or the fried potatoes or the corn that he was sure he'd seen before. He swept his gaze around, wondering who had eaten more than their share.

"Hey, Flower,"

Hoseok didn't look up at the new name. It took a poke to his shoulder for him to do so. He found Jimin looking at him, looking like he'd eaten three times as much as Hoseok with how he was rubbing his stomach with a satisfied look on his face.

"What?" Hoseok asked, just wanting to go to bed and sleep forever. Wake up and find that this had been a bad dream. Find out that he wasn't poor and alone and hungry.

"Here's some useful advice; knock on the door to the outhouse before you enter. Did Joon tell you about it?" Jimin asked, motioning for Namjoon who was talking to the boy who had stolen Hoseok's seat.

"He told me about it." Hoseok replied, not wanting to think about it. "I'll make sure to knock."

"Good." Jimin's eyes turned into slots as he smiled wider. His smile was warm. He must be happy. Hoseok was not. Would probably never be again. "Hope you'll like it here. We're like a big family."

"I can see that," Hoseok mumbled, putting on a smile. The mention of the word 'family' left his heart aching. Where were his parents now? What was his sister up to? He had no idea. He wasn't even sure if his sister knew where he was.

Someone started sharing around a bowl with berries. Hoseok wasn't surprised when it reached him empty. He pushed it away from him, trying to ignore his annoying stomach that kept growling. He'd seen an apple tree before. Maybe he could take one later.

Namjoon surprised Hoseok by walking to the middle of the circle of farmers, keeping away from the dying fire. It became dark as the fire went out. No one had a torch or candle. It just hit Hoseok that the road back to the barn probably would be pitch dark. He didn't like darkness. He bet the mansion was lit up all the time. If only he could sleep in there.

Namjoon thanked them for a week of hard work. Hoseok tried to blend in, not feeling included. He
wondered if Namjoon was like the leader here. Seemed like it. He wasn't the oldest, certainly not
the oldest with the unattractive, faint mustache resting on Jackson's upper lip, but he'd been here
the longest. The others looked at him with something close to respect in their eyes. Some with
more respect than others. Jimin watched him almost in awe, hushing anyone who wasn't silent as
he spoke.

When Namjoon was done with his encouraging speech he surprised Hoseok by sitting down next
to him on the blanket on the sand.

"Hi, how are you doing?" He asked, being kind when he could be mean.

"Good." Hoseok said in a small voice, pressing his legs to his chest again. Taehyung and Jimin
rose up to help put out the fire and carry the trays and trash to the kitchen. Hoseok hadn't been
inside yet. He hadn't met any of the Min's. He felt like an intruder.

"When will I meet the Min's?" He asked, wanting to know. Did they know that Hoseok was there?

"Oh, I'm not sure? They told me to take care of you." Namjoon relented, running a hand through
his greasy hair.

"So I won't meet them?" Hoseok asked, not sure if he felt relief or disappointment the most.

"Mister and Missus Min are very, eh, stiff," Namjoon leaned in to whisper the last part, checking
over his shoulder that no one had heard him. "And Yoongi is in his room most of the time. Don't
think he'll come out here and greet you himself unless he has to, which he doesn't."

"He's never outside?" Hoseok whispered, struggling to make up the picture of Yoongi in his head.
How old was he? Hair color? Was he kind or not? Height? Hoseok knew nothing about him. He
was a mystery. Something told him that if Yoongi was nice people would be telling him so.

"No, he's in his room most of the time. Sana makes his bed in the morning and sometimes she sees
things that she spreads around, you know," Namjoon waved a hand in the air, trying to get his point
across as he leaned back again. Hoseok didn't get it.

"What does he look like?" Hoseok asked, fishing for breadcrumbs. "Do you have a picture?"

"Me? A picture? From what camera?" Namjoon laughed ironically. Hoseok kept quiet. It was a
stupid question. Only rich people had cameras. "There are many paintings of him inside the house,
but we're not allowed in there."

"Don't you know what he looks like yourself?" Hoseok asked, growing impatient. He just wanted
to know something. What if he walked in to Yoongi one day? "Hair color?"

"He's got dark hair." Namjoon was quick to answer. "Dark eyes. Pale skin. That's all I can say."

"Okay." Hoseok said. Yoongi was pale? He figured. All rich people were, with how they walked
around outside under hats and parasols as if they were afraid of the sun. Hoseok loved the sun. Just
not in the middle of the summer.

He glanced at Namjoon's skin. It was tanned; a golden brown from the sun. Hoseok's skin would
probably look like that soon too. He wondered what Namjoon had looked like before he'd got
worker's hands and tanned skin. Probably like Yoongi. Whatever he looked like.

They were silent for a while. Then Namjoon walked away to 'share a few words' with Jackson. He
was gone for an eternity. Taehyung and Jimin were gone too, having walked for the kitchen with
Mina and Jisoo. Left was Hoseok, sitting on the blanket with a pout, not wanting to reach out to any of the strangers next to him, feeling lonely and like a stranger.

When the fire was out and the sky was dark even with the setting crescent of a moon trying to light it up, he rose up and left for the barn. His eyes eventually got used to the darkness, but it was still scary. The different buildings and houses cast spooky shadows on the lawn, and the fence was creepy as well. He pressed a hand against the fence not to get lost, wishing that he'd been able to walk on the lawn so he could've run for it.

He managed to get to the barn and walk into the room with the bunk beds. He felt around the floor until he found his trunk that he opened, wanting to climb into it and hide from the shadows. It was so dark. He almost couldn't see his hand in front of his face.

He changed into his pajamas in record time, threw his worn clothes back into his trunk and found his toothbrush. He wasn't sure if people brushed their teeth here, but he didn't want his teeth to rot so he would still do it.

He started leaving for outside, wanting to ask Namjoon if he could get water from somewhere besides the lake, when he bumped into someone in the doorway. He screamed, thinking it was a ghost. The other person started screaming too. They put a hand on Hoseok's shoulder and he screamed a bit more.

"What's happening in here!?!" Another person asked, running inside. "Jimin?"

"Jimin?" Hoseok repeated, sighing. "So you're not a ghost?"

"No, I'm a real boy!" Jimin insisted, patting Hoseok's shoulder. "Don't scare me like that!"

"Sorry. Thought you were a ghost." Hoseok raised his hand to wipe his forehead, remembering about the toothbrush in his hand. "Is there water somewhere?"

"If you want to bath we usually do that in the lake." The other person was definitely Namjoon, with his facts and gentle tone of his voice. Light streamed into the room, and Namjoon appeared in the doorway with kerosene lamp in his hands.

"I'm gonna brush my teeth," Hoseok waved his toothbrush in the air, relived from the source of light.

"You shouldn't carry that. You'll drop it and start a fire again." Jimin told Namjoon, the lisp back in his voice, hurrying for Namjoon and taking the lamp from him. Hoseok only watched, feeling ignored, invisible and confused. Had Namjoon dropped a lamp like that before?

"There's a well on the other side of the barn, close to the gate." Namjoon explained for Hoseok. "Want me to show you?"

"No, I can find it myself." Hoseok said since he was an idiot. He didn't want to bother Namjoon anymore though. He'd bothered him all day. He had to rest.

"Do you want the lamp?" Namjoon asked, but Jimin was already placing it on the rickety chair next to his bed, lighting up his sleeping quarters as he crouched down next to it and started searching for something under it, returning with a dusty brown bag.

"No, I'm fine." Hoseok put on a smile and nodded at Namjoon before he left. He walked around the barn, keeping as close to it as possible not to mess up the lawn. He spotted the well, not sure how he could've missed it before.
He listened and watched as the rest of the boys walked into the barn while he brushed his teeth. The girls must be sleeping somewhere in the main house. Unfair. Maybe Hoseok could grow his hair out and pretend to be one. Anything to get a soft bed and silence as he was about to sleep.

He walked back into the barn, grimacing some from the smell of horse and hay. He put his toothbrush back, kicked his trunk under Namjoon's bed before he meant to go bed. Then he remembered that he had to use the bathroom. He walked outside again, feeling around the walls until he found the outhouse. He knocked on the door, made sure it was empty, and held his breath and stepped inside. It was crowded and creaked. He should've peed in a bush instead.

When he returned inside the barn Namjoon was already snoring in his bed. Others were changing into nightshirts and pajamas. Jimin appeared to be reading something in the light from the lamp. Taehyung was crammed into the bed next to him, reading something too.

Hoseok climbed up the old ladder and lay down on his creaking bed. It felt even creepier now that it was dark. It felt like he would fall out. He could feel the end of it with his toes. The mattress was hard and sticky. His pillow was smelly.

He draped the blanket over himself, closed his eyes and pretended that he was home. For a second. His home didn't have a snoring boy in the bed under him or whispering boys next to him. It didn't have snickering or groaning boys next to them either. Stomping horses. Birds croaking in the air above him. He wondered if a window was open somewhere, because he thought he could hear leaves rustle. Even feel the wind on his skin.

His feet were cold and his back sweaty. He wanted to shower. He wondered where.

He turned to his side, faced the darkness of the wall. Jimin and Taehyung were hugging down there. Everyone was like a family. Everyone but Hoseok. He felt like crying. Where had his parents left him? He ate food like a pig and slept like a convict. He was alone. He had no friends. No parents. No sister. Nothing. Everything was wrong. Was this his future? He had no future here. He wanted to sing and dance. No one cared about what he wanted.

He swallowed against the lump in his throat, trying to think positive thoughts. He'd seen the sunset today. He'd seen colors. He still had the flowers in his hair. He'd eaten. He had Namjoon. He wasn't alone. But he still felt like it.

He pulled the blanket over his head, shivering from his cold feet. The blanket wasn't long enough. The pillow wasn't fluffy enough. Nothing was enough. Hoseok wanted to go home.

He fell asleep wanting to cry, telling himself that it would be better tomorrow. Tomorrow his parents would come back, realize that they'd made a mistake and take him back.

He could always wish.
Hoseok snapped his eyes open. He sat straight up, wondering where he was and who was shouting, feeling like he hadn't slept at all. His head felt heavy and his throat dry.

"Wake up!" Someone shouted loudly down there. Something clattered. The irritating sound made Hoseok's head hurt more. He gripped the side of his bed and glanced down, gaping in sleepy confusion when he found Namjoon walking around with the lid of a saucepan and a spoon that he used to hit it, creating the most annoying sound ever.

"Five more minutes," Jimin groaned.

"Fifty," Taehyung joined in, back in his own bed. Hoseok made eye contact with him. Taehyung looked almost as tired as Hoseok felt. Almost. No one could be as tired as Hoseok.

Hoseok leaned back. He rubbed sleep from his eyes and yawned before he climbed down the ladder. It wouldn't do any good to stay in bed. Today was his first work day. He had to make a good impression on everyone.

"Ready for your first work day?" Namjoon asked cheerfully when Hoseok came down the creaky ladder, as if he'd read his thoughts, looking too bright for this time a day.

"What time is it?" Hoseok asked with a raspy voice. His back was hurting. His eyes felt cloggy. The barn still smelled bad. He still put on a fake smile, trying to seem eager to work up a sweat. He hoped he wouldn't need to empty the outhouse.

"Five in the morning." Namjoon explained lightly. Hoseok's eyes widened in a stare.

"What?" He said in shock, glancing around. It was light inside. Light streamed in through the window in the corner. Where did that light come from? The sun couldn't be up yet. Or was it?

"We need to make use of the daylight, you know. When did you think we were going to get up?" Namjoon asked, smiling even though he looked tired. Hoseok kept his answer to himself. It hadn't been a dream. He was still here. He still wanted to go home.

Taehyung climbed down his ladder and asked Hoseok for help to drag up Jimin. With united forces they managed to do so. Jimin fell to the floor with a gasp, hitting the side of his face, still half-asleep.

"Bathing time in twenty minutes." Namjoon told them. "I'll feed the horses in the meanwhile. Hoseok, follow me."

Hoseok let go of Jimin's clammy hand and straightened his posture, hoping he looked strong and full of energy when he was not. He followed Namjoon in his pajamas, wanting to change out of it but not daring to ask. Namjoon felt stressed. Responsible. So much older than he was. It was best of Hoseok was silent.

Namjoon led Hoseok into the corner of the hay barn where he showed Hoseok wooden buckets with horse food in them. They had lids. (Probably so the rats wouldn't feast on them.) It mostly seemed to be carrots and apples. Hoseok was tempted to take some of them for himself, had it not been for the old smell.

Namjoon proceeded to teach Hoseok how to feed the horses, give them water and pick up the
manure. Hoseok disliked that task the most. When they were done Hoseok was exhausted. He'd only been awake for half an hour or something and he had the whole day left.

Feeling a bit confused, he followed the trail of boys leaving the sleeping quarters when it was 'bathing time'. He gathered a set of clean clothes from his trunk and brought his dirty pair along too, since Jimin did so. By the lake everyone dropped their things on the beach and started taking off their clothes. When Namjoon started pulling down his pants Hoseok spun around, feeling his cheeks flush.

"What? You've never seen a naked boy before?" Jimin teased, taking off his own shirt, throwing it on the sand next to Taehyung's.

"Of course I have." Hoseok said, trying to look unbothered. He had seen lots of naked boys. When he was younger. He hadn't been prepared for everyone to strip naked next to each other though, out in the open where anyone could walk past and see them. What if the Min's walked past? Anything could happen.

"Don't worry. Boys bathe at five thirty and girls at six. And the Min family isn't awake yet so they can't see you." Taehyung explained. Hoseok was relieved. Finally someone who got him and understood why he was shy. Maybe the others were used to seeing each other naked, but Hoseok was new here. He wasn't comfortable with being naked around strangers. That's why he hid behind a tree awkwardly as he started taking off his clothes.

The wind was chilly this early in the morning, when it hadn't been warmed up by the sun. The sky was blue, clear of clouds but filled with birds. Some birds were singing, refusing to believe that spring was over. It would soon become scorching hot out. Hoseok could feel it.

He heard a loud splash from behind him by the lake, accommodated by a yelp and another splash. Reminded of the task at hand, he folded his clothes in a neat pile on the sand and hurried to the shore, nearly running, cupping his bits, feeling embarrassed. He hoped no one was looking. He felt so awkward.

The water was cold. Not freezing, thankfully. He ran into it, gasping as his bare feet scraped against the stony seabed. When the water reached him to his hips he took a deep breath and dived in the rest of the way, shivering and squeaking from the cold against his skin. He dipped his head in, hearing cheers as he came back up and blinked water from his eyes. Taehyung was smiling and clapping his hands at him. Hoseok smiled back, not feeling as awkward anymore.

Beside them Jimin dived in and out of the water like a fish, trying and failing to swim by the look of it. Jackson was the only one who could swim, and he showed off his talent by swimming out a few meters before he swam back in again.

Namjoon shared around a soap he'd brought with him. Jimin got Taehyung to help him soap his back and clean his hair. When it was Hoseok's turn to use the soap he tried to reach his back, failing, asking Taehyung for help as soap ran into his eyes. Taehyung helped him with a smile. That boy was too kind. Hoseok wanted to clean his legs too, but he didn't dare step out of the water and show himself naked in front of everyone, like Jackson had done just now, so he decided that he would do that at another time.

He passed the soap back to Namjoon and hurriedly looked away when he walked back for the beach. Hoseok didn't want to look. He didn't. His eyes just darted there all the time. Between the others' legs. Because he was curious.

Okay, so he was more than curious. Still. The others couldn't know what he was, so he forced
himself to look away. He looked at the sky, picked up shells with his toes and swatted Jimin away when he dived under the water like a fish again and graced his leg like a creep.

Namjoon had brought a towel that he shared around when he was done bathing. Hoseok grimaced. He hadn't brought a towel. Sharing one with everyone else did not sound good at all. It sounded unhygienic. He would rather dry naked.

Or not. Definitely not. He hurriedly took the towel after Jimin and tried to hide himself as he dried his legs and arms and hairy armpits. He missed the time when he hadn't been hairy. When he'd been smooth. Though, at least he didn't look like the boy next to him. He was super hairy. Everywhere. Not that Hoseok looked. He totally didn't. He only got a glimpse of his body as he handed him the towel, and he must be part monkey.

When everyone was dressed they had a few minutes to wash their clothes. Namjoon shared around the soap again and showed Hoseok how to wash his clothes on the rocks nearby. The soap was almost gone by the time everyone was done with it. They headed back for the barn, smelling good with wet hairs. Dahyun waved at them from the porch to the mansion, towel draped over her arm. Hoseok felt a tug of jealousy. He wanted a towel of his own. He wanted to sleep in there. He kept it in. Staying bitter would get him nowhere in life.

Namjoon walked to the clothing line going from the hut to a tree. They hung their clothes on it. Hoseok hoped no animal would come and bite a hole in his shirt. Mother had fixed the holes in it before he left, but she wasn't here now. He wondered if any of the girls knew how to sew. Mother had taught his sister but not him.

"What are you thinking about?" Namjoon asked Hoseok as they walked back for the barn to 'rest before breakfast'.

"I was just thinking," Hoseok hesitated for a second. "Why are boys and girls raised differently?"

"Oh," Namjoon's facial expression went concerned. "I've wondered about that too. Think it's because we're different."

"I know. But still. What do I do if there's a hole in my shirt?" Hoseok sighed, frowning at the path in front of him. They walked close to the fence. Hoseok was already tired of it. It was dark. He wanted to walk in the sun, even if his skin would burn.

"Taehyung could fix it for you. He learned how to sew from his grandmother." Namjoon said with a nod. "Don't worry about that."

"That wasn't really my point," Hoseok made a face. "I meant that I would've liked to learn it too. My sister did. Father taught me how to paint the house instead."

"Good. It will come in handy now." Namjoon joked. Hoseok saw that he understood, though, there was nothing they could do about it. So they changed the topic. They started talking about how nice it would be with breakfast.

In the barn Hoseok brushed his hair while he waited for breakfast. Jimin got paper and pen from under his bed and started writing something. Or he tried to write. Namjoon sat down next to him on his bed and showed how to write the letters correctly. Hoseok wondered if Jimin hadn't gone to school.

At six thirty Mina and Jisoo knocked on the door of the barn, giving the boys a bowl with porridge each as they went inside. Hoseok smiled when Jisoo gave him a green apple too.
The girls stayed and chatted with them while they ate. They took the dirty dishes when they were done and left for the mansion. And then it was time to work.

Hoseok followed Namjoon to the hut with Taehyung and Jimin following suit. The four of them was going to fix the broken dock.

"But the dock is rotten?" Taehyung complained, taking a hammer and a carton box of nails.

Hoseok took a hammer too. Namjoon and Jimin grabbed a hammer and saw each. It looked sort of dangerous. Hoseok stayed quiet, and the four of them got wooden planks from the inner corner of the crowded hut and walked outside with them. Taehyung complained some more, joined by Jimin, but Namjoon only shrugged it away.

By the dock they started working. It was boring. So boring. To remove rotten pieces of wood and replacing it with new ones. Splinters got stuck in Hoseok's clothes, in his hair, on his hands. He wanted gloves. Working clothes. Something to protect him from the splinters and tools. Maybe he was just too sensitive.

At noon Hoseok was sweaty. Tired. He had blisters all over his hands, and they were far from done with repairing the dock. Namjoon had spotted Mister and Missus Min a while ago and had ran off to bid them good morning and tell them how good everything was going. Hoseok had got a glimpse of them. Mister Min had had a cane and Missus Min a light blue dress and a big hat that looked close to a birds nest. They'd looked customized and snobby from first glance. They didn't look very nice. Namjoon had ran back, letting Hoseok know that the Min's had taken a trip to the town. Jackson had prepared the horses. Hoseok had no idea where they kept the carriage or who drove it. He went back to sawing the plank in his hands, frowning at the rotten dock in front of him. They had to remove twenty wooden planks, prepare twenty new ones and hammer them on. It had taken them five hours to remove and prepare five. Probably because Jimin and Taehyung ran off all the time, playing tag and chasing each other into the water. And Namjoon ran off now and then too, checking that everyone was doing what they should, sometimes walking into the mansion.

"What is he doing all the time?" Hoseok asked Jimin when Namjoon ran off again, mumbling something about a piano.

"Who knows?" Jimin replied, sitting down on the rotten dock and starting removing dirt from under his nails. "Maybe he's hanging out with Moody Min."

"Moody Min?"

"We have lots of nicknames for him." Jimin said with a smug grin, glancing back up at Hoseok.

"Why?" Hoseok asked, taking a break finally. He sat down next to Jimin on the dock, checking his red palms over his lap.

"Oh, you're no fun." Jimin huffed, poking Hoseok's thigh. "Just like a flower."

"Flowers are fun?" Hoseok countered, wondering what they were talking about. He got no time to ask. Jimin stopped talking to him. Taehyung came back soaking wet from the lake, grinning and holding his arms out, ready to throw Jimin in this time. Jimin jumped away and ran into the forest, laughing. Hoseok was left sitting on the dock, feeling lonely and left out. He glanced out the lake, hoping he would find a boat he could take to the other side. He didn't want to be here. He was the only one working on the dock. He felt disgusting in his dirty clothes. He wanted to dance and play on the beach too.
Then Namjoon came back. Hoseok flew up from the dock and hurried for the wooden plank he'd been working on, not wanting Namjoon to think he was slacking off.

"Where's Jimin?" Namjoon asked, looking around.

"He's playing with Taehyung." Hoseok revealed. Was he gossiping? He didn't know.

"Oh, okay. It's lunch." Namjoon said, not commenting on the fact that Hoseok was the only one doing his job. Not saying what he'd been up to. Had he been preparing the food? Hoseok wanted to do that.

Hoseok started following Namjoon for the barn, growing irritated from the fact that he had to eat in that barn reeking of horse and sweaty boys, when he thought about something.

"Joon, when do we get paid?" He asked, walking to the fence, hating that he had to walk in the shade of it. He felt like an animal. Left to follow rules for no reason. Left to be locked inside and walk in shadows, only allowed in the sun when the superiors felt like it.

"Paid?" Namjoon snorted. "We don't get paid?"

Hoseok resisted the urge to scream.

"We don't?" He asked in a calm voice. Namjoon couldn't see his clenched fist as it was hidden in his pocket.

"We get somewhere to sleep and food, but sure, we get a bit of money but not much." Namjoon said, as if he'd just remembered about it.

"How much?" Hoseok asked hopefully, wanting to save so he could move back to Gwangju or move to Seoul or anywhere but here and start living his life like he wanted to.

"Not much. A thousand won a month? Don't know. Haven't counted in a while." Namjoon shrugged. Hoseok came to a stop. He gaped. All this work for that little money? It was as much as Hoseok had gotten every week at home from his father, and he hadn't worked at all. He'd just gone to school and bought candy.

He shook his head as Namjoon put a hand on his shoulder. He put on a smile. He always did. Namjoon wouldn't understand his thoughts. Namjoon had nothing else. This was his home. He'd lived like this for long. Hoseok wondered how long it would take until he started thinking like Namjoon. Brainwashed to serve others, without questioning anything.

As they passed by the mansion Hoseok angled his head to the side. He glanced up, seeing that one of the windows was open. Piano music could be heard from inside. Hoseok would've enjoyed it if it weren't for the irritation he felt in his chest. Here we was, working his butt off from day one, while someone in there had so much time to spare that they could play an instrument.

He frowned at the dirty path in front of him. It was so dark by the fence.

Lunch was served in the barn by Mina and Jisoo. They smelled like cookies and pastries. They must've made some this morning, but they didn't bring any for Hoseok to eat. He got a little bowl with two boiled eggs and a potato in it. It didn't taste very good. No seasoning. No salt. He drank water from the well, wanting to cry since he missed his home and his old life. He hadn't heard a word from his parents. They probably weren't in Seoul yet. That's what he told himself. They hadn't contacted him since they were still on the road.
After lunch he reluctantly returned to the dock with Namjoon, Jimin and Taehyung. Jimin and Taehyung worked for an hour or so before they ran off to play somewhere. Hoseok grew irritated. His back was hurting and he was sweaty. Namjoon ran off again. After an hour of working alone Hoseok threw his stupid hammer on the sand and ran out into the water, having had enough, determined to swim to the other side of the lake, certain it would be better there.

He didn't get far until Namjoon came back. He shouted for Hoseok to stop. He didn't. He walked until he was gasping for air with his chin resting on the water surface and he slipped forward, sucking in water, coughing on his way up.

"Hoseok!" Namjoon shouted. Hoseok felt arms wrap around him. He fought against them until he almost drowned again. Then he let Namjoon lead him back to the beach. "What are you doing?" Namjoon asked, his eyes big and confused and riled up.

"I was sweaty." Hoseok lied. He hadn't planned to lie. He'd planned to tell him the truth. Tell him that he hated it here and wanted to leave. The words got stuck in his throat.

Namjoon wouldn't understand. No one would.

Hoseok would always be alone.
"It didn't look like you took a bath to me. You have your clothes on." Namjoon pointed out, leading Hoseok back to the stupid dock where they sat down. Hoseok started squeezing water from his shirt. His shoes were sandy.

"My clothes were sweaty too." Hoseok said. It wasn't really a lie. He didn't want to work on the dock anymore. His hands were hurting. He didn't tell Namjoon that.

"You shouldn't go into the lake alone. You can't swim, right?" Namjoon checked, grabbing a hammer and starting working. Hoseok picked up the hammer he'd thrown on the sand, wanting to throw it again. His clothes were dripping of water. He was irritated. Sad. He wanted to build castles in the sand. He wanted to play tag like Jimin and Taehyung. This was unfair.

"When can I go to bed?" He asked, ignoring Namjoon's question. It was quite obvious that he couldn't swim with how he'd almost drowned.

"We usually work until sun sets." Namjoon said and Hoseok almost threw his hammer at him.

"Okay."

He bit back the anger and tried to calm down. Namjoon only wanted well. Namjoon was being kind. Hoseok was only not used to this. It would take time to get used to this. He had a lot of maturing to do. It was childish of him to get his clothes wet like this, ignore his chores and take out his anger at Namjoon.

He started working on the stupid dock again, hating every piece of it, hoping that the Min's would see the blood, sweat and tears he'd put in it. Jimin and Taehyung returned who knows how much later, giggling and laughing.

"Where have you been?" Hoseok asked, feeling bitter, pressing a hammer at Jimin's chest until he gripped it.

"In the forest," Jimin replied, sighing as he started working on the dock, as if he had been the one to work on it for seven hours.

"What forest?" Hoseok urged, taking a break and stretching his back. His clothes were dry again.

"The forest next to Jin's house." Jimin explained, shrugging.

"You need cross the fence to get there." Taehyung filled in, taking a twig from Jimin's hair.

"Okay." Hoseok said, wondering if that's what they had been up to while Hoseok was sweating over the dock. He went back to working on it, trying to tune out Jimin and Taehyung, only growing jealous from how happy they looked. Hoseok had no one to play with.

"You could join us sometime," Taehyung said then, starting removing the nails from another rotten wooden plank on the dock. He raised his eyebrows and batted his eyelashes until Jimin burst out laughing. Hoseok stayed silent. Were they making fun of him? He didn't know. And he wasn't sure what he wanted at the moment. Or he did, and it was to go home.

He worked for the rest of the day. He watched the sun as it travelled over the sky, going from warm to hot and back to warm again. As it moved it made the trees behind them on the beach cast
shadows on them, giving them some rest from the sunbeams. Hoseok was sure his face was red already. By tomorrow morning his skin would've burned off.

They ate dinner in the barn. Sandwiches with cheese and ham served by Mina and Jisoo. Hoseok sat on the floor, not caring if he ate like a pig anymore. He was hungry. So hungry. He could've eaten four of those sandwiches. He kept his eyes out for anyone who didn't want theirs, but everyone wolfed down theirs just as fast as he did.

His feet were hurting from walking and his back was hurting from his bad posture and every other part of him was hurting too. He'd only taken breaks to go to the outhouse, not wanting to make a bad expression on his first day even if Namjoon wasn't there to watch, but now he seriously needed a break. He told Namjoon that he had to go to the outhouse again. Namjoon bought the lie and smiled so his dimples showed. Hoseok waited until everyone had left the barn until he sneaked outside, walking along the fence and slipping into the little forest next to the beach, as far away from the dock as possible. He sat down, buried his hands in the earth and fell back on his back, sighing, blinking up at the treetops.

He closed his eyes. Pretended that he was back home, that this wasn't real. He felt dirt between his fingers. It was rough. Dry. Everything was dry this time a year. June was the fire month. After July and August.

He sat up, feeling dizzy for a moment until the feeling faded. He swept his gaze around, searching for flowers. He spotted one by his feet, peeking up over his worn shoes. It was a pink flower with round petals. It was lonely in a sea of brown dirt and green grass. He picked it up, stroked the petals with a smile. He put it in his pocket, deciding that it would be his friend now.

"You need a name..." He mumbled, taking the flower from his pocket again. One of the petals had already fallen off. Only four left. A name with four letters then. He searched his mind for good names, not finding a single one that sounded good. He settled for something easy.

"Your name will be Flowy," He decided. "I'm Flower so it's similar. Easy to remember." He nodded to himself, to his flower, before he put it back in his pocket and started looking for more, wanting Flowy to have a friend. He found a red flower and reached for it when he heard a twig break from behind. He quickly snapped his hands for himself and looked around.

"What are you doing here?" The person asked. It was Jackson. Phew. Hoseok didn't know what he would've done if it had been Namjoon or one of the Min's. The Min's were far worse than Namjoon. Namjoon would've just been embarrassing since he thought that Hoseok was in the outhouse.

"Uh," Hoseok managed, rising up, brushing dirt off his knees. Damn it. He would need to wash clothes tomorrow morning too. He remembered the time when his mother had done it for him. Only two days ago.

"I need to chop firewood. Wanna join?" Jackson asked, showing off the axe in his hands. It had a handle made of wood and axe made of steel. Hoseok stared at it, wanting to cover his neck, before he stopped acting weird and cleared his throat to seem casual and not like he had a girly flower in his pocket.

"Uh, sure?" He said, thinking that anything was better than working on the stupid dock. He had to rest his hands. He had to. He wasn't slacking off.

Jackson walked to Namjoon on the beach and told him Hoseok would join him, not mentioning the fact that he'd met him in the forest instead of the outhouse, and then he motioned for Hoseok to
follow him. He did.

"Where are we going?" Hoseok asked as they walked to the far end of the beach and passed a little fence made with rocks, stepping onto what must be Seokjin's beach.

"To the big forest," Jackson explained. Hoseok nodded, pretending that he understood. Was it the forest Jimin and Taehyung had mentioned? Must be.

They trudged forward on the beach, their feet sinking into the sand and sand sticking to their soles. The beach here wasn't as nice. The sand was filled with dirt and stones, and there was no dock. To their left was the big blue house. It seemed almost deserted.

"So how do you like it here?" Jackson asked, bringing Hoseok's attention back to him.

"It's okay." Hoseok replied quickly. Too quickly. Now he felt awkward.

"I'm new here too. Only been here for two months." Jackson revealed. Hoseok hadn't known that. Jackson had had just as dirty clothes and dark skin as Namjoon. "But the girls are nice, huh?" He gave Hoseok a knowing look over his shoulder.

Hoseok was taken off guard. "Heh. Right..." He said with a nervous gulp he hoped Jackson didn't hear. He waited for counter questions, feeling relieved when Jackson didn't ask any.

They kept walking forward, this time in silence, until they reached the entering of a forest. The road was small and full of twigs, as if it had been a while since someone last walked on it. The trees were tall and green. They probably would've made Hoseok smile if they hadn't cast so dark shadows. There was no fence in sight though. Hadn't Taehyung said there would be a fence?

"Over here," Jackson led Hoseok in a bit further until he came to a stop by a stock. He started working instantly. There were a group chopped trees laying on the ground, waiting for him to chop them into smaller pieces.

Hoseok's eyes went for the muscles of Jackson's arms. Jackson flexed them as he swung the axe. Sweat trickled down his forehead in the summer heat, dripping off his sharp jawline. Hoseok wondered how old he was. He must be older. He was so strong.

"Hello? Are you listening to me?"

"What?" Hoseok tore his gaze away from Jackson's arms, hoping he hadn't caught him staring. Awkward. Hoseok had no excuse to pull. He'd just wanted to look.

"I said, I'm thinking about asking out Sana but I'm not sure what she'll say." Jackson wiped his sweaty forehead on the back of his hand, handing the axe over to Hoseok as if he expected him to start chopping wood too.

"You want my opinion?" Hoseok asked, lining up wood and pretending that he was about to cut it.

"Yeah?" Jackson sat down on the ground and smiled at Hoseok who felt like he was the wrong person to ask. He knew nothing about anyone.

"Oh, I think Mina seems kinder." He just said something. He couldn't say that he knew Sana that well, but hadn't she started saying weird things about Yoongi? Hoseok didn't know what to think of her. Mina was silent. Practically all the time. Better than a gossiper.

"Like her?" Jackson teased, wriggling his eyebrows with a playful smile.
"No," Hoseok felt a sting of irritation in his chest. If he got a coin every time someone had teased him for liking a girl he didn't like at all he would be able to buy himself a new trunk by now. He swung the axe and got it stuck in the wood, pretending it was Jackson before he felt awfully guilty about those evil thoughts.

"Why not?" Jackson was frowning now. He moved away when Hoseok swung the axe with the wood attached to it in the air, cut the piece into two as it hit the stock.

Hoseok was confused. Did Jackson want Hoseok to like her? He couldn't give Jackson the real reason anyway.

"I don't know anything about her." He settled for saying. He handed the axe back to Jackson, disliking how exhausting chopping wood was. Jackson stood up and started chopping again. Hoseok stared at his muscles because Jackson didn't suspect a thing. He thought Hoseok was normal, and if he thought so Hoseok could stare how much he wanted to.

"So I can ask her out? Great. Nice talk." Jackson said with an excited smile, patting Hoseok on the back so hard that he stumbled forward.

"Right." Hoseok put on a smile. He spent the better half of the next hour watching Jackson as he chopped wood and sweated and removed his shirt. Jackson didn't think it was weird at all. Not even as Hoseok offered to hold his sweaty shirt for him.

As they walked back to the Minson farm Hoseok was both relieved and annoyed. Relieved since he'd got to rest for almost an hour. Annoyed since he was weird and different and would never fit in. Also, he started feeling guilty over having abandoned Namjoon.

He had his arms full of firewood as he followed Jackson over the dirty beach. Jackson had an old bag he carried the firewood in. Hoseok glanced at the house to their right, seeing that someone was walking around on the lawn under a pink parasol. The house was a bit smaller than the Min Mansion. Not by much.

They dropped off the firewood on the porch where Dahyun waved and smiled at them. She'd spent all day planting flowers and watering the lawn. That's probably why she was smiling all the time. Hoseok would've wanted to do that. For free even. The flower in his pocket was dying. He wanted a pot for it. Would Dahyun notice if he stole one? Probably.

Jackson thanked Hoseok for the help even though he'd mostly watched him work feeling hot in the shadows. Hoseok bowed and went back for the dock, not surprised when he found Jimin and Taehyung playing in the water again. They had been playing all day. Hoseok wondered if he could do that too or if it would be weird since he was older.

"How did it go?" Namjoon asked as Hoseok grabbed his hammer and started removing nails from the dock. Hoseok mumbled something as an answer, not sure what to say since he wasn't sweaty and it was obvious that he'd watched Jackson as he'd worked. He didn't want to admit that he'd been slacking off though. So he mumbled things about trees and the axe. Then he stopped mumbling and concentrated on the dock. Namjoon looked confused. Hoseok felt weird.

A while later, when he'd hopefully impressed on Namjoon by working on the dock, he took a moment off to watch the sunset over the lake, loving the yellows and reds and purples in the sky. Taehyung sat by the beach and Hoseok sat down next to him, Namjoon following, and lastly Jimin, and they pointed out the colors they saw. A group of birds crossed the sky just as the sun disappeared. The crescent moon was bigger today, a little higher up the sky.
When it was getting darker and colder they put their tools in the hut and went to sleep. In his bed, Hoseok remembered about his flower friend. He climbed back down the ladder, trying not to disturb Jimin and Taehyung who were reading under the light of the lamp in Jimin's bed, and went for his pants pocket. He excitedly smiled as he picked up his flower, wanting to hug it as he fell asleep.

Then he stopped smiling. He put the flower in his hand. All petals fell off. One by one. Left was a sad, dry thing without petals. The flower was dead.

He pouted at his hand. He put the pieces of his flower back in his pocket before he climbed back into bed, pulling the blanket up to his chin, blinking tears from his eyes.

He missed his friend. He missed his parents. He was still alone.
Moody Min

Hoseok snapped his eyes open from the loud sound coming from the spoon hitting the lid of the saucepan. He sat straight up, stared down, seeing Namjoon walking around there. Jimin threw a pillow at him. Taehyung threw his blanket. Hoseok fell back into bed, groaning, miserably covering his face with his arms, wanting to sleep forever.

His hands were hurting. Aching. His feet were hurting. He had blisters. His throat was dry. His insides hurt. Eyes stung. Heart ached. Everything hurt and he had no one to complain to. No one to make it feel better. He hated his life.

He rubbed his eyes, contemplating throwing a pillow at Namjoon too, deciding not to in case someone would take it from him or Namjoon would get them mixed up and accidentally give Hoseok back someone else's pillow.

The routine today was the same as yesterday. Hoseok followed Namjoon to the horses that they fed. They cleaned the boxes. Hoseok suspected that Jackson and the hairy boy that Hoseok had forgotten the name of emptied the outhouse, because they came back with green faces and hands pressed against their mouths. Hoseok wondered where they emptied it. He hoped it wasn't in the lake. The thought horrified him.

The group walked for the lake and bathed in the cold water. Hoseok didn't feel as embarrassed today. He was uncomfortable with being naked around practically strangers, but the need to wash himself was greater than the discomfort. He dived under the water surface, swatted Jimin's hands away as he dived for his feet, and took the soap from Namjoon who must've gotten another one since yesterday. Hoseok kept to himself as he bathed, and when he was done he put on his third set of clothes before he washed yesterday's clothes on the stones. He only had four sets of clothes. Taehyung seemed to only have two.

Breakfast tasted better today. Hoseok wasn't bothered from having to eat in the barn. He was used to sitting on the floor and eat in a hurry now. At least that's what he told himself. He was getting used to this. He could do this.

After breakfast he followed Namjoon to the dock again, overwhelmed by dread and the need to refuse to work. He hated that dock.

The sun was even hotter today. Jimin took off his shirt after a never ending session of complaints. Taehyung tied it around Jimin's head, claiming that he was Pirate Jimin for today. Hoseok didn't say anything. When Taehyung told Hoseok that he was Captain Taehyung he took off his shirt too, tied it around his own head, thinking it wouldn't matter if he wore a shirt or not out here by the lake. It was silly how fun it was to join Jimin and Taehyung's games. They weren't doing what they should, and that's why it was fun. Being Navigator Hoseok was much more fun than being regular Hoseok.

"I'll be right back," Namjoon said around noon, looking hurried. Hoseok had put his shirt back on long ago. Jimin had refused to, claiming that he was a pirate now. "They're leaving."

"Who?" Hoseok, Jimin and Taehyung asked at the same time. They were all half-heartedly working on the dock and listening to Jimin who tried to sound like a pirate and heroically fought the air with an imaginary sword.

"The Mins." Namjoon whispered, motioning between the trees of the little forest separating the
beach from the lawn. He rose up. Hoseok, Jimin and Taehyung followed him, peeked between the
trees as Mister and Missus Min crossed the lawn with a tall, dark man next to them. Must be the
butler. His clothes were fancy. Behind them walked Sana and Momo, struggling to carry two giant
trunks over the lawn. And after them walked Dahyun with a watering can, obsessively watering the
lawn as they had crossed it.

"Bloody hell," Jimin snorted like a pirate. Taehyung slapped his arm, scolding him for using foul
language so Hoseok didn't need to. Taehyung finally managed to pull down Jimin's shirt, covering
his stomach in case the Min's would get a glimpse of them.

"They're leaving for the summer house, I believe." Namjoon informed them, giving Hoseok a
knowing look. "Be right back. Gotta exchange some words with-" He had already left before they
got to hear the name. He walked for the mansion with hurried steps, his head lowered under the
straw hat.

"Should we follow him?" Jimin asked, narrowing his eyes at Namjoon's figure, scratching his chin,
back to normal Jimin-mood. "Or do you wanna teach me how to swim, Tae Tae?"

"I wanna teach you how to swim," Taehyung decided. He looked at Hoseok when he caught him
staring. "What do you wanna do?"

Go home, Hoseok almost said. He didn't. Instead he looked around. He knew what he wanted to
do. What he could do now that Namjoon was gone and he was Navigator Hoseok.

"Make sandcastles."

"Then make some?" Jimin shrugged. "You make sandcastles and hop in and save us if we drown,
sounds good?" He smiled and his eyes formed into slots. Next to him Taehyung removed his shirt,
his smile boxy.

Within a minute Jimin and Taehyung were in the water, splashing water up on the beach, looking
like two fishes that couldn't swim. Hoseok waved at them before he sat down, finally starting
making a sandcastle. It wasn't as fun as he'd thought though. Making a castle all on his own. He
had no bucket. No spoon. No company. Flowy was dead and Hoseok missed him.

He walked to the water and filled his cupped hands with water that he dropped over the sand before
he sat back down and started shaping a tower. He made a wall around it. It was three floors tall,
like the mansion. He put a shell on top. Then it was done. That fast. He was bored. And a bit
stressed. He walked back to the dock, wanting to finish it already. He wondered why Jimin and
Taehyung didn't feel guilty when they didn't do what they were supposed to like he did. Why they
didn't feel responsible. Why they weren't afraid getting caught slacking off.

By the time Namjoon returned Taehyung had taught Jimin to swim one meter. Or he thought so
until Jimin revealed that he was walking on the seabed all along. Hoseok almost laughed.
Taehyung gasped and looked funny. Namjoon told them to get out of there and they did, putting
their shirts back on and sighing as they got a hammer each and started removing the last set of
rotten planks from the dock.

When the four of them worked together it went well. Fast. They only had ten more planks to
prepare.

"Hoseok, could you get some more planks from the barn? They're behind the horse food." Namjoon
asked as he counted the planks laying on the beach, seeing that they hadn't brought
enough.
"Yes," Hoseok said, sighing with happiness. Sitting down wasn't his forte. He walked for the fence, enjoying the shadow for a change, skipped some as he walked. He didn't feel as annoyed today. It was nice. Jimin and Taehyung were immature, but they were fun. Namjoon was tense and busy, but he had a kind heart. Hoseok just had to find his spot among all of these different people who had their own tasks and positions in the group.

He walked into the barn, said hi to the horses and patted one of them before he walked for the side room, keeping away from the hay, not wanting to cross paths with a crazy rat, and found the little pile of planks hidden behind the horse food. He took two in his arms. They were heavy. Rough. Taller than him. He dragged them over the floor, scaring the horses from the sound on the way out. The barn still smelled bad but it didn't bother him as much anymore either. The outhouse smelled worse. Much worse.

Outside the barn he took a break to catch his breath. He wiped his forehead on his arm, squinted against the sharp light of the sun, wondering if it wasn't lunch soon, when he saw something. Or not something. Someone.

A short boy clad in the most uncomfortable looking clothes in the world. He had a stiff hat sitting on the top of his head. Black hair. A dark green satin jacket that looked too hot in the heat. A matching pair of dark green shorts over his thin legs. Socks that reached him to his knees. And heels. Hoseok laughed silently to himself. Who was that? A clown? A jester there to make them laugh? It was a funny costume he was wearing.

Hoseok gathered the planks in his arms again and started to leave when something hit him. That wasn't a clown. It was someone short. Someone pale with dark hair.

It must be Min Yoongi.

Hoseok stopped laughing. He snapped his head to the side. Was that Yoongi who Namjoon had described for him? It had to be. No one else would have strange clothes like that.

Hoseok watched as Yoongi waved at someone on the other side of the black gate. It wasn't a very enthusiastic wave. It looked forced. Tense. The hand dropped quickly. Must be the Min's he was waving at. They were leaving for the summer house. Without him. Why?

Hoseok pressed himself to the side of the barn, stealing glimpses of Yoongi so often he must look like a fool. The gate was open. Hoseok could hear the sound of hooves clattering against the road outside. Hear the wheels of a carriage. Yoongi stood still for a moment. Then he grabbed his hat and threw it on the grass. He kicked his hat away from him and ran a hand through his soft hair.

Hoseok felt his stomach clench when Yoongi glanced over his shoulder, frowning. Had he sensed Hoseok staring? He must have. He locked eyes with Hoseok who felt his heart jolt.

It was too late to hide, but Hoseok still slipped back behind the barn and hid. Hoseok wanted to talk to Yoongi, present himself to one of the Min's he was working for, but he didn't dare to. So he started dragging the planks forward, going for the fence, feeling his heart beat hard in his chest. He held his head low, trying to blend into the surroundings. He couldn't believe he'd thought Yoongi was a clown...

Since he was so worked up, he accidentally dropped the planks. He stumbled over them and fell to the ground, feeling like a loser. He made the most embarrassing high-pitched sound as he hit the ground. He glanced over his shoulder, hoping Yoongi hadn't seen him, panicking again when he realized that he had. Yoongi was frowning at him with his arms crossed.
"You there." He said.

"M-me?" Hoseok stuttered, pointing at himself even though he was the only one there and Yoongi was looking directly at him. So embarrassing.

"Yeah, you." Yoongi clarified with a sharp nod.

Hoseok gulped. He gathered the planks in his hands after dropping them like a loser again and walked over to Yoongi, feeling nervous, hoping Yoongi wouldn't throw him out on the street. It was his biggest fear now. To be homeless.

"What is it?" Hoseok asked as politely as he could when he reached Yoongi, trying to glimpse at him from behind the broad planks in his arms, not daring looking at him directly in the eyes.

"You should call me Sir." Yoongi stated, making a face of mild disgust as he swept his gaze over Hoseok's frame.

"Yes, Sir!" Hoseok hurried to correct himself. He bowed. Almost hit his head on Yoongi's chest and the planks in his arms.

"Who are you?"

"Jung Hoseok, Sir!" Hoseok held out his right hand, bowed a bit lower, staring at Yoongi's shining shoes. Hoseok's shoes looked terrible next to his. Old and worn and dirty. Yoongi's shoes couldn't have been worn much. Hoseok could use them as a mirror.

"I don't recognize you." Yoongi said, taking a step back. Hoseok followed after him, holding out his hand eagerly, wanting Yoongi to shake it. "You need to wash your hands." Yoongi snorted, laughter rumbling from his chest as if Hoseok was funny to him.

"I do?" Hoseok wondered, rising back up and holding his hands out in front of his face to check for himself, seeing that they were dirty from the dock and bruised from the hammer.

It took Yoongi's gasp for him to realize that he'd lost his grip on the planks. They fell forward, landed in front of Hoseok, on Yoongi's feet.

"Shit!" Yoongi cursed, jumping away and clutching at his right foot with a grimace of pain.

"Oh my God!" Hoseok gasped, holding his hands out in panic, wondering how to help. Yoongi kicked one of the planks away and it landed on Hoseok's foot. It hurt. He ignored it. He reached out, going for Yoongi's foot, wanting to see if he was okay.

"Don't touch me," Yoongi warned just as Hoseok's fingers graced his leg.

"Sorry! I didn't know!" Hoseok quickly took his hands back for himself, straightening up, hoping he hadn't peed himself. Yoongi looked scary. His eyes were dark and he was frowning. Hoseok felt like he'd messed up. He had to make it better. "Want me to k-kiss it better?" He asked in a weak attempt to do so, crouching down so Yoongi's foot was in eyesight with him.

"Sorry?" Yoongi huffed, stopping jumping around to stare at Hoseok in confusion.

"You d-d-don't?" Hoseok had never stammered that many times before. He couldn't help it. Yoongi looked irritated.

Hoseok opened his mouth to try and save himself from further awkwardness, wanting to calm
Yoongi, when a voice met them from behind.

"Sir! What's happening over here?"

Namjoon came to the rescue. He ran up to them, crossing the lawn that he wasn't supposed to. When he reached them he leaned forward, steadied himself on his knees and panted.

"This idiot over here just dropped these planks on my feet." Yoongi explained, giving his foot one last pat before he crossed his arms again, glaring at Hoseok who felt embarrassed.

"He didn't mean it." Namjoon reassured. "Right, Hoseok?"

"Right," Hoseok mumbled back, facing the ground.

"You clumsy fool." Yoongi commented. Hoseok felt his cheeks heat up with shame.

"I'm sorry," He mumbled.

"Speak so I can hear you." Yoongi urged. "Look me in the eyes as I speak to you."

Hoseok wanted to run back into the barn. He also wanted to roll his eyes. Yoongi was a brat after all. He wanted to use his power to make Hoseok feel bad. Hoseok should've known better than to hope he was a good person.

"I'm sorry." Hoseok repeated, looking Yoongi in the eyes. His eyes were sharp, but not vile. He darted his eyes over Hoseok's face. Hoseok wondered what he looked like. He had only seen his reflection in the water surface and in the reflection of spoons for the past days.

"Sir." Yoongi said.

"You don't need to call me Sir. I think I'm younger than you." Hoseok vented, nodding a little bit. Namjoon staged a cough next to them. Hoseok wanted to look at him. He didn't. He kept Yoongi's gaze.

"How old are you? You can't have had that many years in school with how you keep forgetting things." Yoongi snarled, raising an eyebrow at Hoseok who felt offended.

"I'm sixteen years old, Sir. I was in school until only a week ago, Sir." Hoseok clarified, thinking it must be older than most people working here.

Yoongi was silent for a while. He gave Hoseok a look over that made him want to squirm and hide himself behind one of the planks.

"Leave." Yoongi said then.

"What?" Hoseok asked, wondering if he'd heard him right.

"I said leave?" Yoongi flicked his gaze to Namjoon who stood silent next to them, radiating stress. "Namjoon, you can stay. He's here now."

"H-he is?" Namjoon, the calm leader, actually stuttered. Hoseok was surprised. So surprised that he forgot to feel hurt by Yoongi. He darted his gaze from Yoongi to Namjoon, wondering what they were talking about. "Already?" Namjoon whispered, his cheeks redder than a moment ago.

"Yes, already." Yoongi rolled his eyes impatiently. Hoseok wondered why. Then they both turned to stare at Hoseok who felt like he was intruding them.
"Are you going to stare all day?" Yoongi asked evilly. Hoseok hadn't heard it before, but a carriage had come to a stop outside of the gate. Had Mister and Missus Min returned? If they were as mean as Yoongi Hoseok didn't want to meet them.

"No... good bye!" Hoseok said. He took his planks and hurried away, not wanting to be there when the Min's got together to be mean and snobby like all rich people were.

He dragged his planks along the fence, still feeling like peeing himself. That had to have been the worst first impression ever. Yoongi probably hated him. Hate at first sight. Hoseok wasn't sure what he felt about Yoongi in return. It didn't matter. He didn't have to like him. He was only going to work for him. Probably wasn't going to see much of him or his fancy clothes and soft hair. This was the only meeting. Hoseok had survived and it was all that mattered. He had to put his focus on the dock now. Stop thinking about that evil brat.

As he reached the shallow forest he glanced back the lawn. Yoongi was gone. So was Namjoon. Who had arrived in the carriage? Someone Namjoon knew? Yoongi had seemed almost friendly towards Namjoon. Odd. Namjoon hadn't told Hoseok a thing about this. Namjoon didn't tell Hoseok anything.

He shook his head. It wasn't any of his business. He should mind his tasks and let the others take care of their tasks. So he walked for the dock with his wooden planks, finally dropping them on the sand, smiling at Jimin and Taehyung who were taking turns burying each other alive in the sand.

He took a break to watch the blue sky while he waited for Namjoon to come back. When he didn't he asked Jimin and Taehyung for help, and they hurried to finish with the dock before Sunday.

By dinnertime the dock was finally finished. Hoseok didn't believe his eyes. It wasn't rotten. It was brown and yellow-ish with the fresh wooden planks. They'd gotten Jackson and the hairy guy to help them with the last planks, since they were done chopping firewood in the forest that they'd done all day. Hoseok wondered what to do with so much firewood in the summer, when he remembered about the oven and fireplace inside. There had to be one since the house had a chimney. Fire was needed to take warm baths too, and they hadn't seen Yoongi bathe with them in the lake so he probably bathed inside.

"Great work," Jackson said proudly, as if he had been fighting with the dock since forever.

"Yeah, great work." Hoseok joined in.

With joined forces they pushed the dock into the water. Jackson, who could swim, swam in under it to secure it to the poles with ropes and nails. When it was secured Jimin and Taehyung got to try it out, running from the beach out on it and jumping off the edge, plunging into the water with a splash. They high fived as they broke through the water surface, matching grins on their faces before they remembered that none of them could swim well and started panicking. They managed to keep themselves floating until they reached shallow water closer to the beach though.

Hoseok walked to the end of the dock, sat down and dipped his feet into the water, enjoying the sight of the sun low in the sky. Tomorrow he would do something else. The dock was done. Finally.

He meant to walk into the forest to find himself a new friend when Mina came jogging on the beach. He stared at her, wondering what she was doing there.

"Hey darling, dinner time?" Jackson asked, putting on his most flirty smile. He winked at Hoseok before he walked up to Mina who hid the lower half of her face under the empty tray in her hands.
"I'm here to get Taehyung." Mina explained, looking around until she spotted dripping Taehyung rolling around in the sand next to Jimin.

"You are?" Jackson visibly deflated.

"I am to bring you to, uh," Mina glanced up, looking like she was trying to remember the words.

"You can speak normal with us, you know. Drop all that fancy talk." Jimin said, standing up and brushing sand off his clothes.

"Okay, so it's dinner, but Moody Min asked me to get Tae for the fancy dinner. I don't know why. Sana told me she had clothes for you and everything." Mina spoke, her voice so low you almost couldn't hear it like always.

"Wait, is it dinner or not?" Hoseok felt slow.

"In the barn, yes. For Tae, in the mansion." Mina explained. "So Tae, are you coming?"

"Why only him?" Jimin whined, gripping Taehyung's hand and refusing to let go.

"Are you coming?" Mina asked impatiently. "Jisoo will be serving dinner in the barn soon so you can go there."

Hoseok proceeded to watch as Taehyung dragged Jimin behind to Mina until he let go. Mina led sandy Taehyung away. Taehyung glanced over his shoulder, making a scared face at Jimin before he looked back forward again. Hoseok didn't understand a thing.

"What was that about?" Hoseok asked, turning to Jimin who looked frustrated.

"Only one explanation." Jimin said with a sour expression on his face. "Jungkook must be here."
"Jungkook? As in Seokjin's brother?" Hoseok wondered, remembering the name from before.

"I'll check later. Come on, I'm hungry." Jimin shook his head, looking lost without Taehyung by his side. Hoseok almost felt sorry for him. He would've if he hadn't felt so alone himself.

Hoseok, Jimin, Jackson and hairy-guy walked to the barn where the two other boys Hoseok had forgotten the name of were already slouching around doing nothing. It wasn't long until Jisoo got there. She'd only brought six sandwiches with her. Damn it. Hoseok had hoped she would've brought Namjoon and Taehyung's by mistake so he could've eaten them.

After dinner Jimin hooked arms with Hoseok.

"You and I are BFF's now." He decided, obviously struggling to cope without Taehyung. Hoseok was silent. He stared at Jimin's arm around his. Then Jimin dragged him over to the hay-room and there they started cleaning the floor with brooms, dusting it off. Hoseok had expected Jimin to fool around with his broom, claiming he was wizard Jimin or something, but he kept to the work and only cleaned the floor. He started organizing the horse food and crouched down to search for rats under the tables. He must miss Taehyung. Hoseok felt like he missed someone too. He wasn't sure who it was. Namjoon maybe. There was an empty feeling in his chest that just wouldn't go away. Maybe he would feel like this forever now.

"Here it is!" Jimin said after a while, throwing hay off to the side until he returned with a little drawer in his hands.

"What is that for?" Hoseok asked. He was so used to trailing after Namjoon. Following Jimin felt a bit odd. He lacked that aura of authority and respect that Namjoon had. No offence.

"Somewhere to store our stuff. We're not supposed to have one, but since the Mins left I don't think they're going to check." And with that Jimin left the room, going for the other side of the barn. Hoseok leaned their brooms against the wall and hurried after Jimin, putting on a smile for hairy-guy who fed the horses as he passed him. He shot Hoseok a wink that looked a tad too friendly. Hoseok swallowed and followed Jimin into their sleeping room. Jimin put the little drawer against the wall and dived in under his bed to get his worn bag and empty it of things.

"Look, Tae gave me this on my birthday last year," Jimin said, putting a knitted cap over his head. It was checkered and gray and brown. It wasn't that beautiful. Jimin seemed to love it.

"Cool," Hoseok said, leaning against Jimin's bed.

"And this one I got from Namjoon." Jimin put something on his dirty palm. His hands were small. The thing he'd put there was round, also small. It looked old and rotten and a bit disgusting. "You don't see what it is?" He asked Hoseok with the lisp back in his voice.

"No, I do," Hoseok lied, squinting at the thing. "A stone?"

Jimin laughed. "No, silly! It's a mochi! Like my nickname, remember?"

"Oh," Hoseok remembered. He nodded. "Did he get Taehyung a tiger for his birthday then?"

"No," Jimin shook his head. He walked to the drawer and put a set of spare clothes and his cap and the old mochi there.
"Do you have any more stuff?" Hoseok asked, following him. "When's your birthday?"

"I was born Sunday October thirteenth '95." Jimin said importantly. "Almost Friday the thirteenth. Spooky right?" Hoseok agreed. "I have a mirror."

"You do? Can I see?"

Jimin buried his hand in his old bag and rummaged around at the bottom of it until he found the mirror. Or calling it a mirror was overdoing it. It was a little piece of what must be a shattered mirror. Just a shard in his hand. It was dirty too, probably never cleaned. Hoseok took it when Jimin gave it to him, startiting when he saw his reflection. He had already got a tan. He looked sweaty and tired. He had dirt on several places in his face, some stuck behind his ear and on his forehead. He tried to wipe it away, failing, and gave the mirror back to Jimin.

"What do we do now?" He sighed as Jimin started making kissing faces at himself in the mirror. Must be a narcissist. Hoseok couldn't say he was one. He would never kiss his reflection like that.

"We should start painting the fence, but we have all summer and it doesn't sound any fun, so I saw we spy on Tae." Jimin suggested, putting the mirror in the drawer. Hoseok didn't have the time to object before Jimin hooked arms with him, starting leading him outside.

Being dragged around here and there by Jimin wasn't that fun in the beginning, but oddly enough Hoseok thought he liked it after a while. Jimin had been so much with Taehyung so Hoseok hadn't got to know him yet. Jimin seemed nice. He was immature, sure, but had potential of being a great friend despite that.

"What are you up to?" Dahyun asked them by the porch to the mansion. She had dirt on her forehead too. She had her hands down another pot, this one with pretty yellow daffodils. Hoseok wondered if he should tell her about the dirt or not.

"Gonna spy on Tae. Boys event only." Jimin hissed, nudging Hoseok's shoulder and laughing against his shoulder. He looked so cute and happy that Hoseok started smiling too. It felt like he had a friend. For the first time here he didn't feel lonely and frustrated.


"Nice try, but your hair is long and you don't have a penis!" Hoseok put a hand over Jimin's mouth before he had the time to say the rest. Jimin laughed behind his hand, his cheeks red. His laugh was light and giggly. Hoseok couldn't suppress the stubborn smile that lingered on his lips.

"Good evening!" Hoseok hissed to Dahyun who looked shocked from the word Jimin had almost said, and then he led Jimin forward, not sure where they were going. Jimin had led Hoseok over the green lawn and Hoseok hadn't bothered leading them to the road by the fence. Walking on the lawn was much more fun. The footprints would be gone by morning anyway. At least that's what Jimin had told him to make him break the rules. According to Jimin rules were only guidelines and could (should) be broken.

"Okay, okay," Jimin said as they rounded the mansion. Hoseok had dropped his hand from his lips. He'd never walked this close to the house before. There were big windows on the sides of it. He hoped Yoongi wasn't looking outside right now. "Over here,"

Hoseok followed Jimin to the back of the house. They almost stepped on the flowers Dahyun had planted. Jimin accidentally kicked a flower pot, making it fall to the side, choking on a laugh when Hoseok gasped.
"Here! Over here!" Jimin giggled under his hand, looking secretive. He made Hoseok feel excited. Like he was doing something undercover. Like he was a kid playing with his sister again. It was fun.

He followed Jimin up the porch by the back of the house. It was much smaller than the porch on the front. There was a balcony over their heads, casting a shadow. Jimin crouched down and Hoseok did the same. Then they crawled forward, hidden behind the fence.

"The dining room is just inside this window." Jimin whispered, smiling at Hoseok over his shoulder. He sat down. Hoseok caught up to him and did the same. "Let's see what Tae's up to."

On three they were going to glance inside the window. Hoseok wasn't sure if he dared too. Was only Taehyung in there? Or Yoongi too? Hoseok didn't want Yoongi to see him. It would be too embarrassing if they made eye contact through the window.

"Where do we hide if they see us?" Hoseok asked, putting a hand on Jimin's shoulder to prevent him from a cheat start. It felt like something he would do.

"We run for the dock and dive into the water." Jimin said as if it was obvious. "Don't think we'll have to do that though. No one will chase us. They don't leave the dinner table until after dessert is served."

"How do you know all this?" Hoseok asked, forcing himself not to think about dessert. His mouth watered just thinking about it.

"I've worked here for a year, and before that I worked at a farm in Busan. I know everything." Jimin said. Hoseok almost replied 'but you don't know how to read'. Luckily he managed to stop himself at the last moment. That would've been shady.

"What about your parents?" Hoseok asked instead. Maybe this was the wrong place to ask. He couldn't help it. He was so curious. He hadn't been alone with Jimin before. This might be his only chance to find out.

"They're in Busan." Jimin explained shortly, the happiness gone from his face, and his voice.

"Why aren't you with them?" Hoseok wondered.

"I had to move out. They didn't have enough money."

"I'm sorry," Hoseok said, feeling awful, wishing he hadn't asked.

"Don't be. I'm happier now." Jimin shook Hoseok's worries away. "And I'll meet them again. When I'm older and wealthy myself! Then I'll buy them a house and meet my little brother again."

Hoseok felt whatever he'd been about to say get stuck in his throat. Jimin smiled at him. Why was he smiling? Did he have a little brother he hadn't seen in years? He shouldn't be smiling. Hoseok felt like crying.

"But buying a house is expensive," Hoseok mumbled, frowning at the floorboards between them.

"I know. But don't you have a dream? What's the point in living if you don't have one?" Jimin said, sounding much older than he was, having that in coming with Namjoon. Maybe all farmers grew up too fast.

Jimin nudged Hoseok's foot with his own impatiently.
"I have one," Hoseok said, wanting to leave it at that. He didn't want Jimin to laugh at him or call him girly for loving dancing. He didn't want anyone to find out about his interests when he was still new here. So he dropped the topic like a coward and changed it back to the mission at hand. "On three?"

"Oh, yeah, on three. You ready?" Jimin's face broke into a lopsided grin. He gripped the window frame with one hand, watched as Hoseok did the same.

They counted to three. Then they glanced through the window. Hoseok held in a gasp when he got a glimpse inside for the first time. He glanced into a room with golden linings around the ceiling. Portraits hung on the walls, the people in them frowning down at ones sitting around the dining table. The table was big enough to fit everyone in the barn times two. A little group of people sat by the middle of it.

"I knew it!" Jimin hissed with realization. "Look, there they are!"

"Where?" Hoseok whispered, too busy glancing around the walls to see who sat around the table.

"Jin and Jungkook!" Jimin hissed. "And Tae and Namjoon, right next to Moody Min! Over there!" He went on, pressing a finger against the glass, leaving a grease stain on it.

"Shh," Hoseok tried to hush him. He was excited, but he was not a fan of the idea of the others noticing that they were skipping work and doing something they shouldn't.

"There they are, eating fancy dinner and-" Jimin muttered. Hoseok stopped listening there. He tuned out jealous Jimin as his gaze went back to the dining table, focusing on the people sitting there. Now that he knew who sat there he could easily make out Taehyung and Namjoon. They were dressed in fancier clothes, with the sweat and dirt gone from their faces. Taehyung slouched on his chair, unused to it, while Namjoon looked stiff as a plank. Maybe that was because the boy next to him kept touching him. He was poking his arm, Namjoon jerking every time, and then he poked his shoulder.

"Why aren't I allowed inside?" Jimin whined. He must've moved closer to Hoseok. He was practically whispering in his ear.

"Because you're too cool, Jimin." Hoseok said in an attempt to silence him. He wished he had stayed silent instead. Jimin gasped in happiness, breaking into a smile.

"Hobi! You really think so? Really!?"

The ones inside must be able to hear them. Hoseok and Jimin were pressing their faces and hands against the glass and no window could be thick enough to keep Jimin's loud shrieks out.

"Y-yeah," Hoseok made an awkward face at Jimin before he glanced back inside, heaving a sigh of relief when no one had their attention turned to them yet. Hoseok saw a dark haired boy sit next to Taehyung. He looked young. Younger than Jimin who resemblance a baby most of the time. His eyes and front teeth were big. His nose too. He reminded Hoseok of a little rat. Or rabbit?

He looked away when he felt Jimin jab a finger on his shoulder. "What?"

"Why do you think I'm cool?" Jimin whispered, looking excited. "Is it because I'm a good swimmer?"

"But you can't swim?" Hoseok whispered back.
"Sure I can? Almost anyway. I'm the best at swimming." Jimin said with confidence.

"Okay?" Hoseok looked at Jimin for a moment. Then he looked back into the room. He didn't know how much time they had left. He wanted to see all details of that fancy room before they left.

"Oh my god, there he is!" Jimin squealed, pointing everywhere on the glass, putting grease stains all over it. They might as well write their names there now. It was obvious to anyone that someone had been there.

"Who?" Hoseok asked, his stomach making a weird swirl when his eyes went back to the dining table and he spotted Yoongi. He was sitting by the corner of the table, playing with his food on his plate, looking uncomfortable in his fancy clothes. The others were talking. Yoongi looked bored. Why did he look so bored?

"Mister Jones!" Jimin hissed, pointing at the glass so fiercely it made sounds. "Look! The butler!"

"The butler?" Hoseok mumbled, wanting Jimin to think he was listening when he was really furrowing his brows, trying to figure out why Yoongi was playing with his food instead of devouring it like a wolf like the boys in the barn. If Hoseok had been in there he would've eaten everything on the table, perhaps even parts of the table cloth, much like Taehyung and Jungkook were doing right now.

"To the left," Jimin said, bumping into Hoseok as he tried to push him away and get the window for himself to see better. "Are you even looking?" He called Hoseok out after a minute of silence.

Yoongi just dropped his cutlery and leaned his head in his hands, closing his eyes as the boy who must be Jin poked him in the side this time. Yoongi's face contorted into a frown, and Jin kept his hands to himself after that.

"Hello? Hobi?" Jimin grabbed Hoseok's shoulders and gave them a shake. Hoseok abruptly stopped overanalyzing Yoongi's every move and hurriedly started looking for the butler. He saw a tall man stand in the corner of the room with a silver plate in his hands. He had dark skin and a weird moustache that wasn't flattering at all. He had white gloves and looked about as stiff as Namjoon.

"I see him. What about him?" Hoseok said, glancing at Jimin, finding him pressing his face against the window again.

"What about him!" Jimin said incredulously. "Are you kidding me?"

"No," Hoseok went back to staring at Yoongi, finding that he could answer Jimin with one word sentences to keep him under the impression that he was listening. Yoongi was joining the conversation at the table now, discussing something with Jin and Namjoon by the look of it. Before Yoongi got the time to finish the food on his plate an old lady limped into the room from the kitchen, probably since she was eating an apple, and leaned down to say something to Yoongi and Jin. Yoongi scowled in discomfort. Jin rose up and started jutting a finger in the air.

"Who's that?" Hoseok asked Jimin, feeling curious. He hadn't seen these people before. It felt like he'd lived in the dark somehow.

"Oh, that's old hag Margareta, but everyone calls her Maggie." Jimin explained, dread in his voice. "She's been a companion to the family and her mom too, and her mom and so on. Now she's house keeper. No one likes her. Hope she'll die soon." Jimin huffed out a laugh at the end that had Hoseok's eyebrows shooting up.
"You want her to die?" He whispered, eyes finding back to the old lady who must be shouting in there. All heads were turned to her and the butler, Jones, put a hand on her shoulder in an attempt to calm her. It didn't work that well. Why was she so mad?

"It's a joke, Hobi." Jimin stated, smiling. "Do you see Jones's moustache by the way? Isn't it charming? Only a real man can grow a moustache like that."

"It looks like there's a snail on his lip." Hoseok said, being awfully honest. "I-I mean," He added when Jimin gaped and looked personally offended. Hoseok didn't understand why he looked offended. It was only a moustache. On the butler.

"Jones' moustache is ten times better than the poor thing resting on Alejandro's lip anyway!" Jimin nearly shouted, making Hoseok grimace. Jimin was being too loud. The others might hear them. They should leave.
"Who's Alejandro?" Hoseok whispered, making his voice as low as possible to try and save them from being caught.

"The foreign guy in the barn?" Jimin huffed. "Didn't know his name?"

"No," Hoseok admitted.

"Didn't Joon give you a tour?" Jimin finally stopped shouting.

"He did, but I couldn't remember everything." Hoseok scratched his neck. Now he felt embarrassed. He should just keep silent and let Jimin talk. He'd been here longer.

"Anyway," Jimin sighed and glanced back inside, slight frown on his face. "Tae and Joon are traitors now. We need to take revenge on them. I say we prank them. Are you in?" Jimin flashed Hoseok an evil grin.

"N-no," Hoseok mumbled, feeling his stomach sink. He missed Namjoon now. Namjoon had responsibility and leadership. Hoseok had a feeling that Jimin would put him in trouble. Namjoon would never do that.

"So you're in? I know what we'll do. But we'll do that tomorrow or something. Look, they're eating dessert now." Jimin glanced back inside again, leaving Hoseok feeling immensely nervous beside him. Hoseok didn't want to prank anyone.

Hoseok glanced inside from the corner of the window, not liking the way the setting sun was shining on their backs, lighting them up from behind, casting shadows on the floor inside. Maggie was gone now, and Jones back in his corner with the tray in his hands. Yoongi dipped a fork into a piece of cake and brought it to his lips. Cake. Hoseok missed it. It made him think of his family.

"Those bastards! I swear, if they don't bring any for me-" Jimin started muttering next to him, sounding agitated. Hoseok meant to calm him, make something up that Taehyung would bring Jimin lots of cake, when Jimin burst out in a scream. Hoseok jerked in surprise, accidentally hit the glass window, groaning from the pain flaring up from his elbow, as Jimin started jumping around screaming "A-a-ant on my arm!"

Hoseok's eyes went wide. He got a brief look inside the window, wishing he hadn't when he saw all heads turn to them. Jones. Namjoon. Yoongi. Yoongi made eye contact with Hoseok who felt his heart jump up to his throat where it stuck. This was not good.

"J-Jiminie, the-they saw u-us," Hoseok stammered, holding eye contact with Yoongi, feeling his face become pale. Yoongi blinked. Hoseok blinked. He felt frozen on the spot. He hoped Yoongi couldn't see him. He wished he hadn't followed Jimin here.

Jin stood up and started running for the window, having seen them too.

"Hide!" Hoseok hissed.

"There's an ant on my arm!" Jimin wailed, swaying his arms around. Hoseok grabbed his wrist and started running on the porch. Their feet hit the floorboards, making a loud sound. Hoseok hoped the others couldn't hear it from inside. He led a complaining Jimin into the forest where they lowered down to the ground, glancing between the trees as the window opened and Jin peeked his
head outside curiously.

"The ant bit me!" Jimin whispered, rubbing the blossoming pink dot on his arm.

"What now Jiminie?" Hoseok frowned at him. He'd known Jimin would end him up in trouble. "They saw us. Will they punish us now? Fire us? What do we do?"

"Oh," Jimin's mouth formed into an 'o'. He swallowed, blinked a few times. "Nah, Namjoon will probably make something up. We're good."

"Good?" Hoseok asked.

"Yeah. Wanna watch the sunset?"

Hoseok sighed. He buried his face in the crook of his arm and groaned. "Sure, we can watch the sunset." He said. They could enjoy the last moments until Yoongi ran out and fired Hoseok and sent him off to live the life of a homeless person.

"Hey, relax." Jimin dropped an arm over Hoseok's back, almost hugging him. Hoseok glanced up, wanting to wipe away the dirt on Jimin's cheek. Hoseok was dirty too. It smelled like moldy forest here. "There's much worse things to happen. See it from the bright side. You still have your clothes and you don't have fleas."

"Fleas?" Hoseok repeated.

"Yeah, or a cold or blood poisoning and all of that stuff that old relatives die from. And last year a stupid boy stole my favorite shirt and burned it up, so you have lots of things to be happy about." Jimin said wisely, raising his chin as much as he could before he let it drop and leaned it on Hoseok's shoulder, smiling at Hoseok as his eyes crinkled into slots.

"Someone stole your shirt and burned it?" Hoseok focused on, wondering if that was why Jimin had so few clothes to wear now. "Who?"

"Just a dick. Don't worry though, he's not here anymore." Jimin shook his head, suddenly looking much sadder. He took a green leaf and crushed it in his small hand.

"Was it the boy I replaced?" Hoseok asked, just thinking about it. "The one who got married?"

"He didn't tell me he was engaged." Jimin muttered, taking another leaf and ripping it into two.

"What do you mean?" Hoseok asked, wondering why Jimin looked so upset. "Did it matter? Do you miss him?" He thought about his sister, thinking Jimin might be missing this boy the same way Hoseok missed her.

"I certainly don't miss him. I hate him!" Jimin picked up a stone and threw it. It hit a tree hard and made two birds take their escape to the sky.

Hoseok swallowed. He didn't know what Jimin was on about. Why he seemed so angry. He wanted to know more, but he also didn't want to cross any lines. He'd just started getting to know Jimin. He didn't want to make him uncomfortable by asking too many questions.

"So do you still wanna watch the sunset?" He asked instead, deciding that taking things slowly would be the best way to go. If Jimin wanted to tell him he could do it at another time. Maybe he didn't want to talk about it. There were lots of things Hoseok didn't want to talk about either. He would understand.
"Does the bear shit in the woods?" Jimin asked, thankfully smiling again. His smile was wonderful. Hoseok reached out and ruffled his hair, unable to prevent himself. He didn't know why. He didn't know how, but Jimin felt almost like a little brother to him.

"Last time I checked it did." Hoseok said, and with that Jimin swatted his hand away from his hair with a warning and they hauled themselves up from the ground. Dirt, twigs and leaves rained down from their clothes and into Hoseok's shirt as they walked to the beach and out on the dock to watch the sunset. They sat down on the far end of the dock, taking their shoes off and dipping their feet in the cool water of the lake.

They watched the sky in silence, watching the exchange from blue to yellow to orange to red. It was like a painting, almost.

"I need to pee," Jimin said when the last little bit of the sun had disappeared under the horizon. They'd been sitting here for at least half an hour, and Jackson and that hairy boy, Alejandro, were sitting on the beach watching the sunset too. There wasn't much interesting things that happened here. They had no games to play. No books to read. The sunset was the most interesting thing on the day. To Hoseok anyway. He was happy that Yoongi had decided to let him live and hadn't followed him out here to fire him.

"Do it then?" Hoseok said, wondering why Jimin found it necessary to tell him details like that.

"I don't like to go into the outhouse, and it's too dark to go into the forest now. Can't you keep me company?" Jimin asked, hooking arms with Hoseok so fiercely he threatened to pull them both into the water.

Hoseok would rather stay here and dream about the other side of the lake for a while longer, but right now Jimin was his only friend here so he didn't really have a choice.

"Sure," He agreed. Jimin made a sound of happiness, or hurry considering his bladder was full, and rose up, wiping his feet on the wood of the dock. Hoseok did the same, putting his shoes back on before his feet had had the time to dry. He got one last glimpse of the orange and gold on the sky before he followed a bouncing Jimin to the forest past Jin's house.

"Are we really allowed in here after sunset?" Hoseok asked worriedly as Jimin hurried to the nearest tree to pee. Hoseok made a face and turned his back towards him, wanting to cup his ears even if it would be rude. He made a mental note to never lean against that tree again.

"No, we're supposed to be on the Minsion all the time, kinda." Jimin explained over his shoulder, between sighs of contentment and other sounds Hoseok would rather not think about. He put his hands over his ears, hoping Jimin wouldn't take offence. "But sometimes we sneak in here to, uh, do stuff."

"What kind of stuff? Peeing?" Hoseok asked, taking a step away from the tree he'd been leaning on, feeling a bit grossed out.

"There are other things you do with your stick," Jimin stated, the joking tone gone from his voice. He must be done peeing, because Hoseok heard a twig break under Jimin's feet, and Jimin walked up to him.

"Stick?" Hoseok asked, feeling lost for exactly one second before he felt stupid. "Oh! Oh, you mean, you mean-" He felt his face go red. "Do you, eh, d-do-"

"If I do that?" Jimin asked, placing himself in front of Hoseok in the darkening forest. He was
shorter. His cheeks were puffy. He was not the one Hoseok wanted to have this conversation with. Absolutely not.

"Are you done? Can we go back?" Hoseok asked, wanting to change the topic, because this topic made him think of another topic, and he definitely did not want to talk about that, with anyone, anytime, for the rest of his life. No one knew and that's the way it should be.

"I do that if that's what you're asking," Jimin stubbornly clung to the old, uncomfortable topic as he ran up to Hoseok to keep even steps with him. His voice sounded a bit different, as if he was playing cool and wanted to seem tough. "I think everyone does."

"Everyone doesn't do that," Hoseok bit back. It was odd. He sounded like he was defending someone. He sounded riled up. He wasn't. He just didn't want to talk about this with Jimin.

"But I've asked and I'm pretty sure-"

Hoseok put his fingers in his ears and started walking faster. Only dirty people did that, and he did not want to know if Jimin did or not. He wanted to believe that everyone was pure and sweet, even if it was silly of him for thinking like that.

"Hobi?" Jimin gripped Hoseok's wrists and forced his fingers out of his ears. Hoseok refrained the need to scream. Jimin hadn't washed his hands since he peed. "What are you doing?"

"Nothing, I, uh, I'm just afraid. I mean, of the dark," Hoseok made up. Not really a lie.

"Oh," Jimin nodded knowingly. "Sorry, I get it, for a moment there I almost thought you didn't want to talk about-"

"I'm so afraid!" Hoseok blurted, starting jogging on Jin's stony beach with his fingers in his ears.

"Okay! We'll run back!" Jimin said, following Hoseok with a smile on his face. Hoseok faced the sand with a red face. He felt weird. Uncomfortable. But he didn't want to listen to Jimin talk about how he masturbated and thought of girls or whatever. It reminded Hoseok too much of the one time he'd had a discussion like that with his friend back home, and how his friend had told him he was a freak for thinking of boys that way. No, Hoseok didn't want to risk his tongue to slip. Not again. It was better to act like an idiot and pretend that he was afraid of the dark.

By the beach they found that Dahyun had joined Jackson and Alejandro. They were talking, or gossiping, Hoseok wasn't sure what. He waved at them before he headed for the barn, wanting to go to bed and pretend that he was home again.

"Where are you going, Hobi?" Jimin asked, slowing down to a stop by the others.

"I'm super tired," Hoseok lied. He staged a yawn, raised a hand to cover most of his face, hoping Jimin wouldn't be able to read his thoughts.

"Oh, okay! It was fun to hang out with you. Tomorrow we'll prank the shit out of them!" Jimin laughed, grinning evilly and waving Hoseok goodbye.

Hoseok mumbled something that didn't sound like an agreement before he found his way back to the barn, following the dark, shadowy path by the fence. He didn't dare risk walking on the lawn. In the barn he made himself ready for bed in a record time before he climbed the ladder and climbed in under his blanket, wishing he'd had something to hug, missing Flowy.

He took his pillow in his arms, his head hitting the hard mattress in return. He hugged it to his
chest, pressing his face against it. He felt tears pool in his eyes. He wasn't sure why. He tried to blink them away. It was dark in here, but not dark enough. He was the only one here. No one could hear him cry.

He turned to his back, blinked up at the ceiling with a chest feeling heavy and tangled. Why was he crying? He missed home. He missed his parents. His sister. But that wasn't why. It was because he didn't belong here. He didn't fit in. He wasn't simple. He wasn't a farmer boy. He wasn't normal. He was abnormal. Different. Weird. Jimin had almost had that conversation with him, and he was terrified. That must be why he was crying. He was afraid of Jimin finding out. Of anyone finding out. He didn't know what he'd do if Yoongi kicked him out, that he was sure to do if word spread around.

He turned to his side again, blinked at the wall with an aching heart. Crying himself to sleep every night was not fun. Maybe life wouldn't be fun from now on. He was a big boy now. Big boys didn't cry. Big boys didn't hug pillows either.

He swallowed against the lump in his throat when someone walked inside. It was the two boys he'd forgotten the names of. He had to stop crying now. He wiped his tears on the moldy pillow, trying to pull himself together. All he wanted was to not feel different. To have someone who understood him. Someone who wouldn't judge him for his love for music. Who would encourage his dreams instead of dismissing and criticize them.

Maybe he should stop wishing to meet someone who didn't exist.

He put his pillow back under his head, pulled the blanket up to his nose. He couldn't describe it. It just felt like he was in the wrong place. Like he should be somewhere else. He didn't want to stay here. But he had no choice. He should stop crying now. It wasn't making anything better. Tomorrow he could watch the sunset again. He would have fun.

He didn't believe that tomorrow would be better, but he fell asleep, to thoughts of the orange sunset gracing the sky, to thoughts of trees and the lake and a life that was easy.
Hoseok snapped his eyes open. He was sweating. He sat up and threw the blanket off of him, panting heavily. It had just been a nightmare. It wasn't real. He wasn't falling. He was still in the barn, in his little creaky bed. He gripped the sides of it, feeling the rough wood under his palms. He was still alive.

He fell back down into bed, sighing, rubbing his face in his hands. He felt something wet hit his hand. And again. And again. Something was dripping on his hand in the darkness. It must be in the middle of the night.

What was wetting down his hand? He strained his ears, listening for sounds. He heard raindrops hit the roof above, sounding drip drop. Every other second the sound was accommodated by a raindrop hitting his skin. The roof must be leaking, he realized. Right over his bed. Hooray. What were the odds.

Wanting to groan, since he was tired and grumpy from always getting the short end of things, he turned to his side, trying to half-heartedly shield his face from the rain with his hand. After a minute he grew irritated. Every time he was about to go back to sleep a new raindrop landed on his hand. It was cold. Water run down his arm, wetting down his pajamas. He did not want to get sick.

He sat up, yawned and scratched the side of his face, wondering if Namjoon would welcome him in his bed or if it would be too crowded, also thinking about napping in the hay barn, when he heard something that didn't quite sound like the rain. Someone was awake. Maybe the roof had several holes in it.

He squinted around in the dark, gripping the sides of his bed when it felt like he was falling off the cliff like he had in his nightmare. He listened for sounds. He felt his heart sink when he realized what it was. Someone was crying.

It wasn't Namjoon. It came from the bunk bed next to theirs. It was closer to the floor. Must be Jimin. Hoseok's heart hurt. What if Hoseok had made him sad earlier? What if it was Hoseok's fault? Even if it wasn't Hoseok could comfort him and make him happy again. That's how you made friends. By being kind and being there for them when they needed you the most.

Only that as he was going for the ladder to climb down he realized that it wasn't cries of sadness that leaked from Jimin's mouth.

Hoseok felt the skin of his face prickle, as if it wasn't sure if it was going to flush red or go pale. He felt immensely uncomfortable. Like he was in the wrong place. Disturbing something private.

He glanced to the side, growing embarrassed before he grew a bit irritated. Was Jimin doing this to prove a point or something? To annoy Hoseok when he knew that the topic made him
uncomfortable?

But no. Hoseok had been asleep right now. Jimin hadn't known that Hoseok was going to wake up from a nightmare.

When it sounded like Jimin started mumbling something into his pillow, Hoseok felt his face go red. He dived into his own pillow, pulled his blanket up over his head and shoved his fingers in his ears, telling himself that this was another nightmare. Being forced to share a room with seven others was one thing, but being forced to listen to them as they pleasured themselves was something entirely different.

It was sweaty under the blanket when his cheeks were so warm. He felt the blanket slowly become wet from the rain hitting his back from the leaking roof above. He inhaled a lungful of the moldy pillow, blinking with tired eyes, wondering what he'd done to deserve this fate. He wanted to go home. His heart was racing and he was stuck here. He didn't dare move in case he would hear Jimin. He didn't think Namjoon would accept him in his bed either.

He laid awake until his pajamas was soaked, partly from sweat and partly from the rain. He curled into a ball on the other side of the mattress, checking that it was silent again, listening to the silence and the annoying flow of drip drop, drip drop. He didn't fall asleep until much later. It was hard to sleep when his bed was wet and he felt uncomfortable.

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The next morning Hoseok kept an eye on Jimin from his bed, trying to read his face, wondering if it had been a dream after all. Jimin jumped out of bed the first of them all. Unusual. He helped Namjoon slam the saucepan lid with the spoon until Jackson and Taehyung threw their beddings at them in protest.

Hoseok's eyebrows were forced down in a deep frown as he sat up and blinked sleep from his sticky eyes. His pajama was wet. His whole bed was wet. He felt a raindrop hit the top of his head. It must still be raining outside.

"Rise and shine, everyone!" Jimin chirped, annoyingly bright for it being five in the morning. Hoseok felt like he hadn't slept at all. He wanted his flower back. He wanted to curl up into a ball and cry some more.

But he had no time for that. So he climbed down the ladder and muttered a very grumpy good morning to Alejandro who graced him with a charming smile. He asked him something in a foreign language, motioning for his pajamas. Hoseok took a stumbling step back, wrapping his arms around his chest protectively. He wasn't going to let anyone steal it.

Everyone grabbed their stuff and they left for the lake. As they stepped outside Hoseok glanced up, seeing the gray clouds above them, closing his eyes as the rain and wind hit his face. It wasn't hot out today. It was chilly. Windy. Wet and cold. He wished he worked inside the mansion.

"So? How was it at the fancy dinner yesterday, traitor- I mean, Tae Tae?" Jimin asked Taehyung, nudging him in the side with his elbow.

"Jimin, you know I wanted you to join." Taehyung said in a small, guilty voice. "You're my best friend." He wrapped an arm around Jimin's shoulders and Hoseok felt jealousy tug at his chest. Jimin giggled, at ease already, having forgotten about Hoseok. Perhaps Hoseok had only been Jimin's 'BFF' for a day.
"Seokjin and Jungkook will come over more often now that it's vacation time." Namjoon said a bit louder beside them, hoping that everyone would hear. "I think it's unfair that only Taehyung and I are invited inside, but Seokjin said that he would try his best to speak with Yoongi about it."

"But it isn't his decision? Isn't it Jin who wants us there?" Taehyung countered, small frown on his forehead. Hoseok walked a little bit closer, deciding to be gloomy later. Now he had to investigate. It felt like no one would tell him in private. He elbowed Jackson to the back of the line and walked up next to traitor Jimin. Hoseok must be his second choice. He was always the second choice.

Namjoon both looked and sounded embarrassed. He must be caught then. Jin only wanted Namjoon and Taehyung in there with them. Namjoon just didn't want to make the others upset so he lied.

"But I want to play with Jungkook too." Jimin pouted. Taehyung forced out a dry laugh and let his arm around Jimin drop.

"Only Joon and I are allowed inside, sorry Chim Chim." Taehyung shrugged, not looking as sad about it anymore.

Hoseok glimpsed at them from the corner of his eyes. It felt like there was more to this. Something they weren't telling them. At the dinner yesterday Yoongi had looked bored. Namjoon and Taehyung's presence didn't seem to bring him any joy. Were Namjoon and Taehyung there since Jin and Jungkook thought they were nice to talk to?

"Uhm, Namjoon?" Hoseok asked. He hadn't decided what to say yet. He should stay quiet and eavesdrop. His brain was too sleep deprived to follow that decision though.

"Hm? Yes, Hoseok?" Namjoon met Hoseok's gaze. It was odd. Namjoon didn't look as bright as he usually did. He looked tired too.

Hoseok searched his mind for what to ask. He wanted to know why Namjoon didn't look as happy. Why Yoongi had looked bored. Why farmers were allowed into the house when the Mins were gone. If Yoongi hadn't caught them yesterday. If they were getting punished. If they could fix the hole in the roof.

"Slept well?" He asked instead, sounding like an idiot. Why had he asked that? Jimin and Taehyung both gave him weird looks.

"I slept okay." Namjoon said, swallowing almost nervously.

"Why only okay?" Hoseok urged, too curious for his own good. They walked into the forest, getting some protection from the rain by the trees.

"I had a lot to think about." Namjoon said vaguely, making Hoseok impossibly more curious.

"Like what?" Hoseok asked, wondering if something had happened during the dinner.

"We saw you snooping, by the way," Namjoon said, and Hoseok wanted to grunt because he changed the topic when it was the most exciting. "Don't worry, though. Yoongi will let it pass."

"Why?" Hoseok asked.

"Do you only ask questions?" Jackson joined in, laughing at Hoseok and giving him a hard, uncomfortable, pat on the back. "Sometimes it's best to be quiet, you know. It's annoying with too curious people."
Thanks for that knife in the back, Hoseok almost said, feeling offended and hurt. He pressed his lips into a thin line, forcing himself to be quiet. People didn't want him to talk? He wouldn't bother them anymore.

They walked up on the beach and started to undress. Jimin and Taehyung talked non-stop about this 'Jungkook' and then Jimin started asking questions about 'Tony' and 'Mark'. Hoseok walked behind a bush before he removed his soaked pajamas, pouting when he saw that he had a rash on his right arm. He had no idea what it was from. A mosquito? Fleas? From something living in the mattress of his bed? He wanted to puke and run back to Gwangju.

He heard a splash. Another splash. Jimin and Taehyung had jumped into the lake from the dock. Hoseok folded his clothes in a net pile on the wet sand, glancing at the lake. The sky was gray. Boring gray. Tired gray. It had been so pretty yesterday. Everything was dark and gray now. Hoseok sat down next to his pile of clothes, feeling gray himself. So gray inside.

"Hey, are you alright?"

Hoseok snapped his head up. Namjoon stood there next to him, covering his parts with his hands awkwardly.

"Yes," Hoseok lied, speaking again even though he weren't supposed to.

"Then why are you crying?" Namjoon raised his eyebrows, nodding at Hoseok who hurriedly wiped his cheeks dry from tears.

"I'm not, I'm- it's the rain-"

"It's okay. I'm no one to judge if you cry." Namjoon crouched down. He put on a smile for Hoseok that looked more tired than anything. Hoseok was shaking. It was from the cold air.

"I couldn't sleep last night," He blurted. It was hard not to speak when Namjoon was such a good listener. He looked kindhearted. Trustworthy. "It rained in on me all night." He hiccuped and nodded, embarrassed over himself. Here he was, naked and crying in the rain. He'd never looked more pathetic.

"Oh," Namjoon's eyes filled with realization. "Right. We haven't fixed the hole yet. Easy to forget when the weather is good."

"Mm," Hoseok nodded a little bit.

"Anything else? Something on your mind?" Namjoon asked in a kind voice.

Yes, Hoseok wanted to say. I want to go home. He didn't say it. Instead he pathetically stood up, cupping his dick and looking away as Namjoon did the same. They were so awkward. "If- if it rains again, could I maybe share bed with you?" He actually asked. He sounded so little. Like a five years old asking his seven years old brother to check under his bed for monsters.

"Share bed with me? Sure. I'm not sure if there will be much space, but yeah, it's my bad the roof isn't fixed yet anyway." Namjoon said reassuringly, putting on one of those smiles again. Hoseok's heart felt instantly lighter.

"I can? Really?" He felt the corner of his lips form into a smile.

"You can," Namjoon stated, reaching out and putting a hand on Hoseok's shoulder. "And about what, uh," His facial expression turned concerned. "Jackson said before - don't mind about that.
You can ask, but I just don't want to talk about it, I guess."

"What's 'it'?" Hoseok asked. When someone shouted from the dock they walked out on the beach, the shore, stepped into the cold water.

"We need to bathe now," Namjoon said, changing topic. "Some other time."

"Okay." Hoseok said, feeling lost and a bit confused, unsure if Namjoon and he were speaking about the same thing, not feeling like they were. He quickly dipped under the water, washing the stupid tears away, feeling his skin break out in gooseflesh from the cold. The seabed was rough from stones and shells. The air felt cold as he broke through the water surface to get air.

They shared around a soap. It was all hairy when it reached Hoseok after Alejandro who winked at him. Hoseok felt his face turn green and he handed the soap to Jimin before he took it back again.

When everyone was clean Hoseok 'swam' over to Jimin. Taehyung was practicing holding his breath so he was under the water surface at the moment.

"Jimin," Hoseok hissed, motioning for him to come over. The others were looking the other way. Hoseok had to ask.

"What?" Jimin asked, offending Hoseok by looking like he'd rather stare at Taehyung under the water than speak with Hoseok who had been his temporary best friend yesterday.

Hoseok didn't know how to say it the right way. It was awkward. They were both naked. Now was the chance though.

"I heard you last night," He whispered, putting a hand over his mouth to hide his red cheeks. Or chattering teeth. He wasn't sure. His body felt frozen.

"You did what?" Jimin's eyes widened until they were as big as planets. He looked embarrassed, awkward almost, then he started smirking. "So? I told you. Everyone does it here. Better get used to hearing this and that."

Hoseok stared. He didn't know what he'd been hoping for. For Jimin to apologize. Make an excuse. Say that he'd been crying. Only not this. Jimin must be putting on an act. He acted cocky to hide his embarrassment.

"But do you have to-" Hoseok started whispering. He cut himself short when Taehyung appeared from the water, gasping for air and jumping around.

"Yes, I had to." Jimin hissed back. He looked annoyed now. "Don't eavesdrop. It's creepy."

Hoseok only gaped. "I'm creepy?" He asked, pointing at himself. Jimin was clearly the creepy one.

"Guys? What are you talking about?" Taehyung asked, looking from Hoseok to Jimin with confusion written all over his face.

"Nothing, Tae Tae, only the birds and the bees." Jimin stated as if it was something they had went through a long time ago.

"What did you say?" Jackson cut in from the other side of the lake. He was the worst eavesdropper Hoseok had ever come across.

"The fleas! Wash your hair or you'll catch them, you dirty sod!" Jimin shouted back at him,
laughing when Jackson poked his tongue out at him. Jimin hooked arms with Taehyung and started walking away with him, going for the beach. Hoseok watched them leave with an increasing pressure over his chest. Was Jimin mad at him? He had no idea. It felt like he'd done something wrong, but he hadn't. He'd been the one who hadn't been able to sleep.

"Hoseok, are you coming?" Namjoon shouted from the beach. He was already putting his pants back on.

"Coming," Hoseok mumbled, taking one last glimpse of the sad, gray sky behind him before he walk-swam back for the beach and dried himself on the wet towel Namjoon had brought with him. Sand stuck to his feet, glued between his toes. He frowned as he took his dirty pajamas and walked for the stones to clean it.

Namjoon and one of the boys Hoseok didn't know the name of also washed their clothes on the stones. Hoseok liked Namjoon's company. Jimin ran back to the barn, arm and arm with Taehyung, laughing together. It hurt. Then Hoseok decided that if he was Jimin's second choice then Jimin would be a second choice to him too. Namjoon was number one.

After they hung their clothes on the clothes rack, Hoseok followed Namjoon to feed the horses. It was routine by now. It was good. Hoseok didn't need to empty the outhouse as long as he kept taking care of the horses. His favorite horse was Tata. He was big but kind, and the white on his muzzle almost looked like a heart.

"Tae named that horse. Did you know?" Namjoon said as they walked back into the hay barn. They grabbed a broom each and walked back outside to clean the floor of the stable.

"Tata? I had no idea." Hoseok said, smiling at the rounded butt of the horse to his left. "Why?"

"He got to name him on his birthday last year. Yoongi told the Mins he's the one who came up with the name though. But you know, we know that it was Tae's idea." Namjoon revealed, sneezing from the dust before he smiled at Hoseok so his dimples were showing.

"Yoongi let Tae name his horse? Really?" Hoseok said with something close to wonder. He faced the floor as he kept cleaning, wondering who this Yoongi was. What his personality was like. How come he'd allowed Taehyung, a simple farmer, name his horse. Were they friends? No. They hadn't spoken at the dinner.

"Here, I have something for you." Namjoon told Hoseok when they were done cleaning and Jackson and Alejandro had just returned to the barn with grimacing faces and hands that kept wiping their thighs. They must've emptied the outhouse again. Hoseok hurried after Namjoon, followed him back into the hay barn. The light was bad now that it was so cloudy out. There was no window, only the holes between the wood of the walls.

"You do?" Hoseok asked curiously. Spending time with Namjoon had been good for him. He didn't feel like crying anymore. Not at all. Namjoon kept putting on smiles for him, and his tone was kind. So unlike Jimin.

"Here. You've worked here for a few days now. Think you've earned this." Namjoon picked something up from behind a hay ball. Hoseok blinked. It looked like he picked up a piece of yellow hay in his hands. Then he saw what it was.

"Oh! A straw hat? For me?" He thankfully received the hat, turned it around in his hands before he put it on his head.
"There are a few holes in it, but it will do. It might not help much against rain, but when the sun is shining this will be gold worth." Namjoon stated, smiling again.

"I bet. Thank you so much." Hoseok smiled back, a genuine smile for a change. He tied the hat under his chin. It was a little big on his head. Didn't matter. He loved it instantly.

They chatted some about the rain and hats, then someone shouted for them. It was breakfast. Hoseok followed Namjoon to the sleeping quarters, feeling proud in his new hat.

As they walked into the room Hoseok heard a wolf whistle. He felt his cheeks heat up, thinking that someone thought he looked silly in his new hat, when he realized that it was Jackson whistling at Mina who'd arrived with the food.

"'sup Mina! How're ya doing today, beauty?" Jackson asked, rising up from the floor and approaching a blushing Mina who looked everywhere but at him.

"Ew! No flirting in here!" Jimin complained, making a big X with his arms.

"What? Only because no one flirts with you?" Jackson snorted, trying to lean against the wall but ending up slipping and falling on Namjoon's bed with a creak and a groan.

"Smooth, Jack." Namjoon commented with a grimace. "Don't mind him." He told Mina and Jimin. "Now we'll eat breakfast."

Hoseok silently followed Namjoon, keeping as close to him as possible. Jackson scrambled himself up from Namjoon's bed and awkwardly winked at Mina. She wasn't looking at him. She shared around the tray with porridge and apples.

"I've been flirted with," Jimin muttered to Taehyung between bites of his porridge five minutes later. "Lots of times," He took another bite. "So many times I've even lost count!" Porridge flew out of his mouth.

"I know, Chim Chim," Taehyung calmed him, wolfing down his own bowl with porridge. Hoseok watched them, wanting to ask who had flirted with Jimin and how come Taehyung knew about it. Someone must've flirted with Jimin here at the Minsion. The question was who.

Hoseok realized that he didn't care. He didn't care about Jimin at all, if he'd been flirted with or not. He looked away from Jimin and ate his porridge and apple in silence, squeezed in between Namjoon and Namjoon's pillow on Namjoon's narrow bed. He felt cool under his straw hat, but not cool enough to ask a lot of questions with Jackson still in the room, even with Namjoon sitting close. It was best to stay silent.

"See you later, my beauty!" Jackson said as Mina walked away with their empty bowls on the tray. She walked away, unbothered, and Jackson sighed with awe.

"You're a loser." Jimin stated as soon as she'd left, blunt and all.

"That's a lot to come from you." Jackson huffed, slumping down on the floor and cursing when his butt hurt.

"What do you mean by that?" Jimin bit back. Hoseok leaned a bit closer to Namjoon. Maybe everyone had slept bad last night. It was raining. Cold. He suddenly hoped everyone wouldn't be picking fights with each other when the colder months came around.

"Cut the arguing, now we need to get to work." Namjoon rose up from the bed and looked
everyone in the eyes, one at a time. Jimin was stubbornly glaring at Jackson while Taehyung patted his arm, trying to calm him down. Jackson glared back.

"He's not following the rules." One of the nameless boys joined in. "Joon."

"Technically, there are no rules Mark." Namjoon said. Hoseok thanked him in his head because now there was only one name he had forgotten.

"Why don't we make some then?" Mark asked. "I didn't think flirting with Mina was okay, but here we go."

"What? Do you like her or something? Who said you had dibs on her?" Jackson rose up from the floor and walked over to Mark in two steps. Hoseok felt like he should've encouraged Jackson to flirt with Jisoo instead.

"Who said it was okay to flirt in here? Some are trying to eat." Mark sucked in air, broadened his shoulders and glared at Jackson.

"Sorry?" Jackson urged, pressing a hand to his chest.

Namjoon sighed. "Stop arguing or you leave me no choice but to get Mister Min."

"You mean Mister grumpy git?" Jackson snorted. He was in such a bad mood today. Hoseok got agitated just watching him. He crossed his legs and frowned under his new hat.

"Don't call him that." Namjoon said, raising a hand to try and calm them.

"Can we make some rules or what?" Mark asked impatiently.

"Why do we need rules?" Taehyung wondered, hugging Jimin close. Next to them Alejandro and the last boy looked equally as lost.

"If you want rules we could make some, but then it's up to everyone to follow them. We need to work in five minutes so it has to go fast." Namjoon said, sitting back down next to Hoseok who scooted to the side to give him space. "Sit down and we'll start. Everyone gets to say one thing."

"But-" Mark and Jackson said both.

"I said sit." Namjoon's voice got deeper, more determined. Mark and Jackson both sat down, as far away from each other as possible. Hoseok pouted a bit. He didn't like it when Namjoon lowered his voice like that.

"I start." Namjoon decided. "I would like for everyone to be silent and listen to me when I speak. Can we agree on that?" He swept his gaze around the room. Hoseok nodded so much that his hat threatened to fall off. The others made agreeing sounds, shrugged, looked confused. "Okay, Hoseok your turn."

Hoseok's heart skipped a beat with surprise. He hadn't been prepared to go next. "Uh, I'd like it to be silent when we're supposed to sleep." He ended up saying. He wished he'd stayed silent. Jimin gave him a dark look. Hoseok gulped and faced the floor.

"Mark, your turn." Namjoon said. "And Taehyung, could you write this down?" Taehyung hurried away to the drawer and got paper and a pen and started writing with his left hand. Jimin watched him, probably wanting to learn.
"You're not allowed to flirt with the food personnel." Mark said, crossing his arms and eyeing Jackson dubiously.

"What the hell is a food personnel?" Jackson questioned.

"The ones who deliver us food, of course." Mark snorted.

"So if Mina changed chores with Momo I could flirt with her? Okay," Jackson nodded and grinned to himself.

"That's not what I meant-" Mark was interrupted when Namjoon clapped his hands together and motioned for Jackson.

"If someone calls bids on a girl then the others have to accept that." Jackson said. "Dibs on Mina!" He started laughing when Mark's face went red.

Namjoon shook his head. He handed around the word. Jimin said that Alejandro had to stop putting his reeking feet in his face when they were going to sleep, and Taehyung said that Mark had to stop snoring. Alejandro and the last boy, Bogum apparently, didn't have anything to add. Or they wanted to sleep for an hour longer, but Namjoon couldn't make that happen.

The rushed meeting ended and Namjoon helped Taehyung put the list on the wall with a nail and hammer.

"Are we done?" Namjoon asked everyone once they had all read Taehyung's scrawny handwriting.

"Yes, Sir!" Everyone but Hoseok replied, putting a hand to their foreheads. Hoseok struggled to keep up with them, wanting to fit in.

"Then we'll get to work. Lots to do today."

Everyone put on their hats, some jackets if they had one, and they walked outside to work in the rain. The path close to the fence had become muddy, and the brown mud stuck to Hoseok's shoes and made him feel gross.

Hoseok, Namjoon, Jimin and Taehyung were going to fix the fence to the paddock. They got wooden planks and walked to the corner of the farm, made faces at the fence before they started removing the rotten and chewed planks from it. Taehyung soon ran off to get paint, and of course he and Jimin started playing around with it, getting white paint all over their clothes and faces. Hoseok tuned them out, focusing on working, only getting irritated from looking at them having fun.

By midday it finally stopped raining. Hoseok was soaked and cold. He walked into the barn for lunch and changed clothes. Everyone was surprised when Momo came with the food tray this time.

"Where's Mina?" Jackson wondered as he squeezed water from his shirt. His stomach was exposed. Hoseok didn't want to look at his muscles anymore. Not after he'd been mean to him.

"She didn't want to go." Momo said, giving Jackson a weird look.

"You scared her away!" Mark laughed mockingly before Jackson silenced him by throwing a piece of bread at his face. Mark grabbed the bread and ran away with.

Hoseok ate his food in silence. Namjoon discussed something with Taehyung so Hoseok ate by himself. It wasn't that fun. He tried not to feel lonely. After lunch he walked back outside to keep
working on the fence.

The days went on like that. The same routine every day.

It stopped raining, and Hoseok didn't need to climb down and hug Namjoon in his bed since he could sleep in his own. But it was odd. When Hoseok woke up in the middle of the night, may it be from nightmares or from a cold wind hitting him in the face, he heard Namjoon mumble things in his sleep. Hoseok peeked down at him in the darkness, heard the bed creak as Namjoon twisted and turned in it. He always mumbled the same thing. 'No, no, I can't, no, no, why," and Hoseok laid back in his own bed feeling sad. Maybe Namjoon were having dreams about his parents. Dead parents. Hoseok was thankful his were alive. He thought so anyway. He still hadn't received a letter. He hadn't heard a thing.

After a week at the Minsion Hoseok stopped crying himself to sleep. Crying made nothing better. It made no difference. It wouldn't take him anywhere. This was what he had now. He had to face it. He wasn't returning home. He had no home to return to. He had nothing waiting for him in Gwangju. This was what he had, and he had to make the best of it.

On the free evening they had on the next Wednesday Hoseok joined in the food making on the beach, grilling sausages on the end of a stick and listening to the funny story Taehyung was telling them. He watched the orange sunset, missing the crescent moon close to it, before he went back to sleep. He'd woken up from Namjoon's sleep talking for two nights in a row. He hadn't asked him about it yet. It never seemed like the right moment. And Jimin hadn't seemed as cheerful after Hoseok had interrogated him about the incident. He didn't want the same thing to happen with Namjoon.

Hoseok kept silent. Sometimes he kept silent so much that he wondered if he'd gone mute. The fence of the paddock was almost done. He and Namjoon spent a day washing and painting it under the scorching hot summer sun. Hoseok used his straw hat every day. It came in handy now that Yoongi started going outside. He took walks with that Jin person, walking around the grounds from the mansion to the gate, passing Hoseok who hid behind his hat every time he saw him, afraid of getting punished or dropping things on him. It was weird. Hoseok's eyes felt nearly drawn to Yoongi. Must be because he knew he wasn't supposed to look. Or because Yoongi looked different. Yoongi's hair was too dark, his eyes too cat-shaped, skin too pale, legs too thin. It was like everything about him was a bit off and it made him special.

Or no. Not special. Just weird. Yoongi was so weird and that's why Hoseok felt the need to stare. Like right now. He hid behind the fence, glanced at Yoongi and his friend Jin from under his straw hat. Jin was dressed in light clothes, walking under a frilly pink parasol that he tried to force Yoongi in under too.

Hoseok wanted it to look like he was doing a good job if they looked over here. He was doing a good job. Every day. Though, he couldn't help but to stare when Yoongi walked past. Hoseok had to take pauses then. Yoongi rarely walked outside at all, let alone took walks. He was dressed in black pants and a black jacket made of a strange material. It looked almost like leather. Hoseok squinted, trying to focus under the sun that made him feel dizzy. He'd never seen a jacket like that before. It looked hot.

You think he looks hot?

Hoseok startled from his own thoughts. Weird thoughts. He must be going crazy. The sun had definitely fried his brain by now. The paint dried quickly, which was the only positive thing about the heat. Hoseok forced himself to stare at the drying paint on the fence, absolutely not wanting to look at Yoongi. He definitely didn't want to look at Yoongi.
"Hey, Joon-ah!"

Hoseok snapped his head up, startling when Jin waved at him. He automatically looked to the side, eyes finding Yoongi, feeling his heart start racing when he found Yoongi looking at him. He got so surprised that he dropped the bucket of paint he was holding. "Oh no!" He hissed, falling to his knees and trying to scoop the white paint back into the bucket hopelessly.

"Sir, I didn't expect to see you here so early." Namjoon replied Jin, putting away his painting brush and walking for Jin and Yoongi. He bowed in front of them and Jin laughed. Hoseok felt like a loser. He'd panicked for nothing. Yoongi wasn't looking at him anymore and Jin had been talking to Namjoon.

"You can skip the formal speech with me, Joonie." Jin laughed, reaching out and bopping Namjoon on the nose. Hoseok stopped scooping up paint and paused to blink a few times. He must be seeing things. Namjoon must have got sunstroke too. His face was all red.

"If you say so," Namjoon agreed, nodding once at Yoongi who tiredly looked up at him, looking nearly exhausted from the short walk.

"Are you feeling for some tea?" Jin asked, gracing them all with a blinding smile. He raised his eyebrows, tapped the green grass with the expensive looking shoe on his foot.

"That was a nice offer, Sir, but I am in the middle of painting the fence." Namjoon motioned for the fence behind them. Hoseok hurriedly started smearing paint on it, with his hands. He couldn't remember where he'd put his brush. It couldn't look like he was slacking off. Painting with his hands had to do.

"Stop talking like that already. You can speak like normal with me." Jin said, sounding more serious this time. Namjoon went silent. He looked a bit tense. Hoseok glanced at them from behind the fence, glimpsing under his straw hat. "And that other boy is painting it, isn't he? Don't you have a few minutes to spare?"

"I'm terribly busy-" Namjoon started excusing himself. Hoseok frowned. He wiped his white palms on the grass, gasping when he realized what he was doing. The green grass was painted white. Hoseok glanced up, making sure no one had seen him, noticing how stiff Namjoon looked. Namjoon was pulling excuses. Why? Didn't he like Jin?

"He can join too if you feel guilty?" Jin tried to bargain. It took a second before Hoseok got that Jin meant him. Was Jin inviting Hoseok for tea? This was his lucky day. He was thirsty.

"No, he can't." Yoongi spoke, bringing the attention to him. Maybe it wasn't Hoseok's lucky day after all. Hoseok felt his heart beat speed up. He tried to hide under his straw hat and look occupied so he could eavesdrop some more, hear what Yoongi had to say about him.

"Why not?" Namjoon asked, taking Hoseok's side, increasing his respect for him.

"Because I say so. He can't join." Yoongi decided. It felt like he looked right at Hoseok. Hoseok frowned again, wanting to walk over there and smear paint on Yoongi's weird jacket since he was immature and Yoongi was mean.

"Okay? But Joonie, can you come or not?" Jin went on, stubbornly. Hoseok glimpsed at them
through the biggest hole in his straw hat.

"I'm terribly sorry-"

"We only walked here to get you," Jin admitted with a disappointed look on his face.

"Don't admit that?" Yoongi whispered, or whisper-talked loud enough so Hoseok hear him. Hoseok felt a bit awkward. He was sitting on the grass with white paint on his lap where everyone could see him.

"Okay, so on second thought maybe I can go." Namjoon gave in, shrugging, still sounding tense. "But where is Jungkook?"

"Oh, he's playing with Taehyung," Jin waved the question away. He started smiling. "So you'll join us? Great! Come here and we can make you some cookies too." He surprised Hoseok by reaching out and patting Namjoon on the back, touching him like a friend. Were they friends? Namjoon didn't seem as keen on spending time with Jin. Maybe it was a one sided friendship.

They turned and walked away without anyone telling Hoseok goodbye. Hoseok rose up, sighed from the mess he'd made and started painting again. He followed the little group with his eyes. Jin started holding the parasol over Namjoon and himself, making Yoongi stand under the sunlight, trying to take it back for himself.

Was Taehyung playing with Jungkook? Skipping work? Hoseok wondered where he was off to. He'd thought he and Jimin had been playing in the woods instead of working on the fence they like had for the past couple of days.

Feeling like a spy, Hoseok walked around the fence of the paddock, checking that no one was watching him, before he started following Jin, Namjoon and Yoongi. He walked close to the fence of the farm, walked in the shadows and glanced at them. He found them walking into the gazebo and not the kitchen like he'd suspected. They sat down, Yoongi on one side and Jin and Namjoon on the other. Yoongi leaned on the railing, not looking as bored anymore, while Jin tucked his parasol under his seat and offered Namjoon another smile.

Hoseok hid behind a bush, narrowing his eyes at them. He wanted to hear what they were talking about. He wanted to ask Namjoon why he seemed so bothered and why Yoongi seemed so at peace with his presence.

He started sneaking closer, not believing his eyes when he saw Jin try to wrap an arm around Namjoon's shoulders, when he walked into something solid and stumbled backwards with a gasp.

"Watch your step," Someone grunted, sounding irritated. Hoseok found his balance and straightened up, seeing that he had walked into Jackson. Hoseok didn't think he looked good anymore. He just looked like a farmer. A rude farmer.

"Likewise." Hoseok said, feeling his lips twitch into a smile when he saw that white paint had smeared on Jackson's clothes. Served him right with how much he was picking on the others.

Jackson walked away while muttering something about a hammer. Hoseok internally high fived himself. Then he stopped feeling happy. He meant to spy some more on Yoongi, Jin and Namjoon. It was only that all three of them were looking directly at him.

"You there," Yoongi said, making a gesture with his hand.

Hoseok felt his stomach clench. He froze, pretended to be a statue and blend in with the fence and
bush behind him.

"We can still see you, dear." Jin stated sadly, smiling awkwardly at him.

Hoseok accepted his fate and walked over to them on legs that felt heavy. He sagged his shoulders, tried to look sad and poor and innocent with the excuse that he'd been on his way to the outhouse to pee ready on his tongue.

"Why are you following us?" Yoongi questioned, leaning forward and pinning Hoseok with a look.

Hoseok swallowed. He wasn't sure if he was allowed to meet Yoongi's gaze or not. He took a chance. He bowed once before he took off his straw hat and looked Yoongi in the eyes, hoping that his hair didn't look like a birds nest, thinking that it did.

"I am not following you, Sir." Hoseok said as politely as he could, not liking how weak his knees felt under Yoongi's gaze. So sharp. So impaling. So different from Namjoon's eyes. Namjoon's eyes were easy. Yoongi's felt difficult.

"Then why does it look like it?" Yoongi asked, leaning back and raising his eyebrows.

"I was just heading for the outhouse." Hoseok used his excuse, hoping he looked trustworthy.

"What's that thing on your pants?" Yoongi asked next. This was becoming a questioning.

"It's paint, Sir." Hoseok explained, thinking that he must mean that.

"Why is there paint on your pants?"

"I dropped it."

"Why?"

"Oh, stop taunting him now, Yoongi-yah." Jin huffed, slapping Yoongi on his knee. Yoongi angled his legs away from him.

"What? I need to make sure that he'd doing his job." Yoongi defended himself.

"Since when has that been your job?" Jin snorted. "So, so, let him go now so we can start our afternoon tea already!"

Hoseok made eye contact with Namjoon who shrugged with one shoulder, looking rather awkward and misplaced in his dirty clothes and straw hat next to Jin who was dressed for the gods in his cravat and jacket with golden lining.

"I changed my mind. You can leave." Yoongi said, motioning for Hoseok to do so.

"Then I will leave, Sir." Hoseok said, bowing once more. He put his straw hat back on and started walking for the fence, keeping to it as he headed back for the paddock. He painted the last bit of it while keeping an eye on the gazebo. Jisoo came carrying on a tray with teacups and cookies after a while. The fence had dried by the time they were done. Hoseok put the tools away all by himself and walked for the barn for lunch. He waited for Namjoon to mention the weird incident inside the barn, but he didn't. Instead he ate his eggs in silence, small smile on his lips. Strange. Hoseok had wanted to hear gossip.

The next day Taehyung was let off work to play with Jungkook. Again. They were by the beach, in swimwear, building sandcastles and diving in from the dock. Jimin was positively boiling from
jealousy. He'd walked to Hoseok, his second choice, to gossip five seconds after Taehyung had happily skipped away to hook arms with Jungkook.

Namjoon was nowhere to be seen. He'd tended to the horses with Hoseok and eaten breakfast. Now he was gone. Mina, who was back at serving them meals, told Dahyun who told Jimin who told Hoseok that they'd seen Namjoon walk into the mansion with Yoongi. Something was going on and Hoseok felt left out. Jimin felt left out too. He stomped around on the green grass, not minding that he wasn't allowed to, claiming that he wanted to leave stains as they headed for the hut to paint it.

Namjoon was nowhere to be seen the next day either. Taehyung kept playing with Jungkook. The next day too. Jimin's face was constantly red with jealousy and he muttered and threw the trash in the hut outside, saying that he was 'cleaning' when in reality he was just upset and was throwing things. Hoseok scraped dry paint from the wall, hiding behind it as Yoongi walked outside to take a walk. Hoseok grew agitated from Jimin's bad company. He grew even more irritated when he found Namjoon showing up on Yoongi and Jin's walks, as if he was one of them now, as if he'd forgotten about Hoseok.

On the third night of Namjoon and Taehyung skipping work and hanging out with the high class, Jimin and Hoseok sneaked back to the window on the porch to snoop. Like they had suspected Namjoon and Taehyung sat around the dinner table inside, ditching the dinner in the barn. Their faces were clean and hands washed.

"It's so unfair." Hoseok whispered. Three days of listening to Jimin's constant complains had left him feeling sour too.

Jimin frowned so deep he must wake up with wrinkles tomorrow. He pointed inside, left a grease stain on the glass. He'd watched Taehyung and Jungkook from afar all day.

"I have it." He said then.

"What?" Hoseok whispered back, looking at him.

"The plan!" Jimin's eyes lit up with excitement. He smiled evilly. He motioned for Hoseok to follow him to the lawn. He did.

"What plan?" Hoseok whispered, checking over his shoulder that no one was watching them.

"The prank! Remember? We're gonna prank Tae and Joon. Serves them right for going in there like fancy hats without the rest of us." Jimin huffed, looking upset.

"Oh," Hoseok voiced. He'd hoped Jimin had dropped the old promise of pranking them. He didn't want to prank anyone. He wanted to mind his own business and not end up in trouble. Yoongi already had his eyes on him. Probably. Hoseok had to stick to his work and be a good boy.

Only that it didn't sound fun at all. It sounded super boring. Why should Hoseok be a good boy all the time? No, he was tired of working while Taehyung was slacking off now. So he nodded eagerly, smiled as Jimin raised a hand and high fived him. He may be Jimin's second choice, but right now he didn't feel like it. They felt almost like real friends.

"Hell yeah! Knew I could count on you! Come on, I know just what we'll do to take revenge on them." Jimin snickered, smirked as he sneaked around the house and started taking big steps over the green grass. Hoseok did too. It was interesting, how thrilling it was to do things he wasn't supposed to do. The fact that he wasn't allowed to walk on the grass made it fun.
They got three wooden buckets from the hut. Jimin filled one of them with feathers he found in a woven basket in the hut. No one knew where the feathers were from. They had apparently been there when Jimin had entered the little house for the first time over a year ago.

The other two buckets they brought to the beach, running over the green lawn and holding in laughter before they kicked off their shoes and rolled up the hem of their pants and waded into the water. They filled the buckets with sand, dirt and mud from the bottom of the lake, high fiving again when Jimin got some seaweed in his too.

They put their shoes back on, not minding their wet feet, and ran back for the mansion. They met Dahyun on the porch where she was cleaning it.

"What are you up to?" She asked with a smile. She was always smiling. Hoseok and Jimin weren't. They shared a look of confusion. They hadn't discussed how to lure away Dahyun yet.

"Dahyun, Jackson is looking for you by the forest! Hurry! He said it was important!" Jimin lied, motioning for the forest. Dahyun bought it. She actually bought it. Without a glance at their shady buckets filled with dirt and feathers she ran off, smiling as she giggled something about 'finally' and 'the forest'. Hoseok felt a love triangle forming. Dahyun liked Jackson who liked Mina.

"Okay, let's see if the door is unlocked. It should be," Jimin said, walking for the front door, leaving muddy footprints on the porch in a trail after him from his wet shoes. He put the buckets down. Hoseok did the same.

"What are we going to do?" Hoseok asked, handing Jimin the little wooden ladder that had been standing by the side of the porch.

"Shh, I'll open the door now. You need to be silent or they'll hear us." Jimin whispered knowingly. Hoseok nodded, pressed his lips together. Jimin had probably done things like this before. Hoseok hadn't. Jimin knew best. Hoseok shouldn't question him.

Jimin placed a hand on the door handle. Made eye contact with Hoseok. Pulled it down. It was golden, perhaps even real gold, and it gave a faint creak as Jimin pulled it down.

"It's unlocked." Jimin stated with a grin. Hoseok smiled back, growing a bit nervous. Jimin opened the door half-way, and they glanced inside. It wasn't much to see. A narrow hallway with old paintings on both sides. It looked spooky. It smelled like old wood, warmth and fried chicken. Hoseok's stomach started rumbling. He hadn't had dinner yet.


"Doesn't it look spooky to you?" Hoseok whispered, just seeing the angry looking woman on the portrait closest to them. Her gaze was sharp, reminding him of Yoongi's. Maybe she was a relative.

"No, it looks fancy, I wanna go inside," Jimin shocked Hoseok by lifting his foot off the porch and moving it to past the threshold. Hoseok grabbed his shoulders and hurriedly forced him back. Anyone could show up in the corridor. Hoseok did not want to get caught.

"Fix the preparations now. Dahyun might be back at any moment and that old lady might hear us." Hoseok whispered close to Jimin's ear, growing offended when Jimin made a grimace and told him to keep his distance.

Jimin got to work. He pushed open the creaking wooden door so it was about a third way open, and then he stepped up on the ladder and balanced the two buckets with dirt at the top of it. Hoseok wondered why. Jimin told him that the buckets were going to fall on top of Taehyung and
Namjoon's heads when they stepped outside.

"But isn't it going to hurt to get a bucket on your head?" Hoseok asked, second guessing this. It didn't sound as fun anymore. Namjoon would have to bathe again and he might get a headache. If he got a headache he might get irritated. Hoseok wanted him to stay happy. "Jiminnie, I'm not so sure about this anymore."

"Shh! I think they're coming now!" Jimin ignored what Hoseok was saying. He smiled to himself and jumped off the ladder, lifted it up and threw it over the railing with a crash. Hoseok gaped, hoping the ladder hadn't broke.

"Jimin? Hoseok? What are you doing here? Jackson wasn't waiting for me?" It was Dahyun they'd heard. She was back. And she was grumpy. "Did you trick me?" She frowned with her hands on her hips, sounding accusing and tricked.

"He wasn't there?" Jimin was quick to pick up the act. He looked confused. "Oh but wait! Did I say forest? I meant the barn! He's there with flowers." Jimin lied so easily that Hoseok gaped again.

"Flowers? Really? If you're lying you'll pay." Dahyun was off again, running for the fence and flattening out her pants over her legs as she stared hurrying for the barn.

"Can't believe she bought it, twice!" Jimin snorted out a laugh, hugging his stomach and leaning on the railing. Hoseok watched him, wanting to go away already. He didn't feel safe here by the mansion. Yoongi might walk outside and see them.

He was about to suggest that they do something else and run before Dahyun came back, when Jimin gasped. "Hide!" He urged, taking the bucket with feathers in his hands and jumping to the other side of the railing, stomping on Dahyun's flowers. Hoseok followed him, thinking apologies to the flowers as he ducked next to Jimin who held the bucket with feathers in his hands. They listened for sounds and soon Hoseok could make out the sound of Namjoon's voice.

"Here they come...!" Jimin hissed, laughing already. Hoseok forced a smile, nervously peeking at the door through the gapes in the railing. He counted to ten and then Namjoon walked out the front door, next to Jin. None of them commented on the fact that the door was half open. But none of them moved it either. The buckets stayed where they were on top of it, and Jimin mumbled a curse.

Next were Taehyung and Jungkook. They laughed at something, perhaps a joke, not touching the door either. Hoseok started sweating now. This was a bad idea. They would have to remove the buckets before Jin or Jungkook got anything on them. Hoseok had no money to buy new clothes for them.

"Hello? Why is the door open? Did any of you open it?"

Hoseok felt his heart jump. That was Yoongi's voice. He stepped outside in his fancy clothes, frowned some as he reached out a hand and pushed the door open the last bit. Hoseok almost shouted 'No!' when the buckets fell down, one of them landing on top of Yoongi's head, the other one bouncing on the floor of the porch and splashing mud over his clothes.

Jimin snickered and got up, threw the bucket of feathers Yoongi's way before he started running, escaping into the forest. In five seconds he was gone. Hoseok wasn't. He was pinned on the spot with shock and fear, gaping, staring at Yoongi who removed the bucket from his head and spit mud from his mouth. His face was brown and golden with mud and sand and he had seaweed in his hair.
"Oh my god!" Jin exclaimed, almost slipping on the feathers that flew around in the air everywhere. The bucket had landed on the door, leaving a mark on it. Hoseok felt his face go pale. Had Jimin destroyed the door? And run for it?

Yoon gi wiped mud from his eyes, from his nose and lips, and opened his eyes. There was mud and sand running from his head down on his satin clothes. He glared around, looking close to rage.

"Jin. Did you do this?" He asked, sounding strangely calm.

"Me? Are you asking me! Your best friend? Why! I would never!" Jin dramatically put a hand to his chest, then he started trying to wipe mud from Yoongi's hair.

"Then who the hell did this?" Yoongi questioned, flicking his gaze to gaping Namjoon, shocked Taehyung and confused Jungkook.

"I think he did." Jungkook said, drawing everyone's attention to him.

"Who?" Yoongi asked impatiently.

"The boy standing right there."

Hoseok felt his stomach turn to ice when Jungkook raised a finger and pointed right at him. He tried to swallow, finding that he couldn't with the lump in his throat. Everyone stared at him now. He was only half hidden behind the fence. But it hadn't been his idea. Jimin had set him up. He should run. He couldn't move his legs.
Chapter Notes

happy birthday Min Yoongi!!

thanks for reading, and farsquad is the best, i love you♥♥♥♥♥♥♥<33333
hope you'll like this chapter...

Hoseok's heart jolted when suddenly Jin leaned on the railing, bent over to see who was hiding there. He made a sound of surprise.

"My, my! You? Hoseok, was it?"

"What?" Namjoon mumbled, walking forward to get a look himself. Hoseok's eyes went big when he saw the disappointment in Namjoon's eyes. He tried not to pee himself. He wanted to make Namjoon proud. He didn't want Namjoon to hate him.

"Bring him up here," Yoongi said, groaning from the mud he had everywhere.

No one had to bring Hoseok though. He walked up on the porch himself, with a pale face and wide eyes, having lost the ability to speak.

"Very funny," Jin commented, clapping his hands as Hoseok's gaze dropped to the floor in front of Yoongi. He didn't want to look him in the eyes. "I'm not sure if I've properly introduced myself before, but I am Kim Seokjin. You may call me worldwide handsome instead." Jin held out a hand for Hoseok who stared at it. The hand was pale. Clean. Hoseok's was dirty.

"No one calls you that." Yoongi cut in. It didn't sound like he wanted to murder anyone anymore. Always something.

"Whatever," Jin took his hand back for himself when Hoseok wouldn't shake it. Hoseok couldn't move anymore. Not his arms. Not his legs, mouth. Taehyung and Jungkook were whispering next to him. He listened to them. He didn't want to listen to Yoongi's breathing in front of him.

"You," Yoongi said, drawing Hoseok's attention back to him. "You're really begging me to punish you, aren't you?"

"N-no," Hoseok stammered out. He didn't want to get punished. Ever.

"No dinner for you tonight." Yoongi decided.

Hoseok felt his stomach drop. It was already rumbling. He swallowed.

"But Jimin-"

"But Jimin what?" Yoongi urged. Hoseok changed his mind. He didn't want Jimin to get caught too. Hoseok had just bad luck. He had bad judgement who'd helped Jimin with this.

"Nothing, Sir." Hoseok mumbled, barely hearable. "I'm sorry,"
"You should be," Yoongi stated. It was silent for a moment. Hoseok waited for Yoongi to kick him out on the street or tell him to pay for the door. "Out of my sight." He said instead.

"Yes, Sir." Hoseok bowed too deep, heard his back snap, and then he hurried away, keeping his gaze to the floor. He didn't want to see Namjoon's disappointed eyes again.

"Oh, Yoongi! Only no dinner-" Hoseok caught Jin say in a teasing voice as he left. He heard no more though. Dahyun came running for him, a frown on her face.

"Jackson was not in the barn either!" She complained. "You tricked me!"

"Ask Jimin," Hoseok said, dodging her questions, hurrying for the barn where he wanted to hide in the box next to Tata and pretend that he was a horse so he could eat and sleep all day with no responsibilities but to look cute.

He was angry and upset. With himself. With Jimin. Mostly Jimin. Jimin had tricked him, set him up for a trap. Hoseok didn't trust him anymore. And Namjoon probably didn't trust him. This day sucked.

With a rumbling stomach, he walked into the barn, going for Tata and patting him until he smelled like a horse himself. When he heard others walk into the barn he hid in the box, fitting himself in the corner. Tata licked his hair. He would hide here now. Until Namjoon trusted him again. Forever.

Though, when he thought he heard Jimin's voice he bounced back up, patted Tata farewell and sneaked into the sleeping quarters. He found Jimin sitting on the floor with the other boys, snorting and laughing with them, seemingly unbothered of what had just happened. Mina was sitting in front of them, running her hair through her fingers in the meanwhile.

"Jimin." Hoseok said, striding inside.

"Hi Hobi," Jimin said, smiling. Why was he smiling?

"We're sharing your food." Hoseok said, reaching for Jimin's bowl. He held it away from him.

"What? No? This is mine!" Jimin turned around, put his back to Hoseok and started eating super fast so there wouldn't be anything left for Hoseok.

"You could have some of mine if you'd like," Namjoon said from where he was sitting on his bed, patting the side of it.

"Joon," Hoseok voiced, feeling ashamed, walking over to him. "I'm so sorry. I swear, it wasn't my idea, it was Jimin's, I would never- I didn't-"

"It's okay, I understand." Namjoon said with a tense smile, breaking his bread into two and giving a piece to Hoseok who brought it to his mouth to munch at it.

"You do? But I didn't tell you any details?" Hoseok said. "But please don't be disappointed in me. I'm so sorry, I didn't mean to-"

Namjoon silenced Hoseok with a look. It wasn't a mean look, but not a kind look either. He looked tired. Run out of energy. Hoseok wondered why he was eating in here when he'd just been drinking tea and eating cookies. Perhaps he hadn't eaten anything. Maybe he'd felt guilty. Hoseok should know better than to listen to Jimin's trash talk. Namjoon was a good person. He didn't deserve to get pranked.
"I understand if you were mad at us. The dirt was supposed to fall over me, wasn't it?" Namjoon asked, being clever. Hoseok nodded with a pout. He regretted it. He would never listen to Jimin ever again. "It's okay, Yoongi was going to bathe anyway, and Jin thought it was funny. But don't do it again."

"Do it again? Never!" Hoseok shook his head so violently he almost choked on the piece of bread in his mouth. "It was Jimin's idea. Everything. He ran away and I got the blame." He whispered, not wanting Jimin to call him a tattletale or traitor. Jimin was arms in arms with Taehyung again. Hoseok felt a stab of jealousy. If only he had a best friend that would hook arms with him like that.

"Sounds typical Jimin." Namjoon contemplated. "But you need to stop him when he gets like that. He almost destroyed the door. He could end himself, and you, in a lot of trouble."

"I know." Hoseok said, not really knowing what they were talking about. The important thing was that Namjoon trusted Hoseok again. He wanted to spend time with him. This fic, Happy Farmers, belong to Farquad on the Archive.

"Hey Mina, there's a hole in my shirt, could you help me fix it?" Jackson asked Mina when Hoseok and Namjoon had fallen into a comfortable silence, sharing his sandwich since Namjoon was an angel.

Mina straightened up. She pondered over the idea before she nodded silently. Mina and Jackson walked outside. Mark muttered something to Jimin, looking grumpy. Ten minutes later Mina and Jackson returned. Mina collected the trash and left for the main house. As soon as she left Jackson high fived the air.

"Hey, 'jandro? High five!"

"Huh?" Alejandro looked confused. He was growing a beard. A very patchy, tangled, gross beard.

"I just kissed Mina!" Jackson revealed, starting running around and playing with an air guitar. Several groans could be heard in the barn, accommodated by a few 'yucks' and 'ew's.

"Hey! He's not following the rules!" Mark complained, pointing at happy Jackson and frowning at Namjoon.

"Fight, fight!" Jimin and Taehyung chanted. Namjoon got everyone to silence down after a while. He looked even more tired now. Hoseok wanted to make him look happy again. He stayed silent. He didn't know how to do so. He would only be in the way.

Namjoon handed out easy chores to do before sunset, and when the sun was setting Hoseok was sitting at the end of the dock, alone this time, watching the sky go from blue to a glowing orange. It was pretty. It turned his head empty for a moment. No worries. No thoughts. Only orange and yellow.

On the way back to the barn he searched for a flower in the forest, missing Flowy. He didn't find any. He walked back to the barn feeling sad.

***

The following day started like the rest. A dip in the lake, cleaning his armpits with the soap, washing clothes against the stones and tending to the horses while two unlucky fellas had to empty the outhouse. They ate breakfast to annoying whistles of Jackson to Mina and hurt grunts from Mark. Mark must fancy Mina too. He looked awfully jealous.
Today Hoseok got new chores. Together with Taehyung, who apparently was an expert at horse riding, he took the horses on a walk to the paddock. He would've liked to walk Tata, but Taehyung was quicker. Hoseok had to walk Mang instead. She was more energetic and a bit crazy. When Hoseok tried to feed her an apple she nearly bit off his fingers, looking smug about it. Hoseok didn't trust that horse.

They led the four horses to the paddock and watched them as they walked around, or ran around and rolled on the ground like crazy Mang. In the meantime they changed the hay in the boxes, cleaned the wood until it glistened and the nameplates too. Hoseok wrapped his arms around Tata when it was time to bring the horses back, and Taehyung walked to Mang with sad pout.

Hoseok scraped off dry paint from the hut the rest of the morning. After lunch he started searching for red paint. The sun was burning even with his straw hat on. He'd gotten an unflattering tan, will say that his hands were several shades darker than the skin of his arms. Charming. Not.

"Hoseok, could you help me with something?" Namjoon asked just as Hoseok had found a bucket of paint and managed to bring it out without disturbing the huge spider in the web next to it.

"Sure," Hoseok replied, hoping it was to take a nap in the shadow. He was all sweaty and his hair had never been greasier.

"Great. So could you help me prepare two horses? I'm so clumsy and the horses don't like me." Namjoon said in a joking tone. They both knew that the horses liked him. Why did he act weird like this?

"I can help you." Hoseok said. "But why? Are you going on a ride?"

"Not me, but Jin and Yoongi." Namjoon said with a little laugh that didn't fit in. It was too airy. Hoseok felt a jab of nervousness. "Jungkook is inside today, learning how to bake, and Jin said he wanted to learn how to ride a horse."

"But then I don't think you should've come to me, I can't ride, but Taehyung-"

"I wanted to ask you." Namjoon said, not explaining why. Hoseok didn't want to be annoying by asking too many questions though, so he stayed silent.

In the barn Hoseok started brushing Tata clean, thinking of the things Taehyung had told him this morning about horse riding. Namjoon led him into the tack room. Dust swiveled up from the floor. It smelled like old leather and wax. He looked around the walls until he found Tata's equipment and brought them out, Namjoon doing the same with Koya's equipment. Koya was a lazy, kind, old horse. He'd pressed Namjoon into the corner of his box several times though. He was a sneaky horse. Hoseok was happy that he got to prepare Tata.

He made Tata ready and helped Namjoon with the saddle straps when he was done. It was not easy. Koya started pushing him into the wall now. Namjoon tried to hold the horse back while Hoseok worked up a sweat by the saddle.

When they were finally done they both hurried out of the box, sharing a look of fear before they started laughing.

"Thanks for the help, Hobi. Now we just have to figure out a way to teach Jin how to ride." Namjoon pondered, funny smile on his face. Hoseok smiled from the new nickname. Hobi.

"I thought all high class people knew how to ride?" Hoseok wondered, walking back into the tack room to grab a whip in case Jin hadn't brought one himself.
Namjoon didn't answer Hoseok's question. A bit weird. Just like the look in his eyes. He avoided eye contact as they led out the horses, crossed the lawn and walked into the paddock. Namjoon accidentally dropped his grip on Koya's reins and Hoseok had to run after him, running from the horse and jumping over the fence when Koya started chasing him instead.

"Joon-Joon, I am here now!"

Hoseok snapped his head to the side. Down the lawn came Jin and Yoongi walking towards them, Jin dressed in equestrian clothes, Yoongi dressed all in black. He was wearing that strange leather jacket again, and his clothes looked almost as simple as Hoseok's. Hoseok stared at that jacket. He didn't get sane on it.

"Oh, Jin!" Namjoon's voice pitched awkwardly. Tata licked the back of his head, making his voice pitch awkwardly again.

"What is he doing here?" Yoongi asked in a degrading tone. It took a second until Hoseok got that he meant him. Ouch.

"Helping me with the horses." Namjoon explained, reaching out to pat Tata, ending up patting the empty air when Tata walked away to bite at Koya's saddle.

"I thought Taehyung was the one who could ride a horse?" Yoongi questioned, frowning at Hoseok who didn't feel welcomed here anymore. He felt like he should apologize for yesterday. Ask if Yoongi had been able to wash away the mud properly. But asking might end him up in trouble. He would remind Yoongi then. Perhaps it was better to stay silent.

"You are correct." Namjoon admitted. "But he was busy."

"I saw him play by the beach on our way over here?" Yoongi frowned, still staring at Hoseok who tried to look everywhere but at him. He glanced up. The sky was blue. He saw a bird. He looked down. Yoongi's shoes were shiny. Hoseok's own only got dirtier and dirtier. He felt Yoongi's gaze burn on him. Burning through the straw hat.

"Anyway, who cares about that?" Jin cut in. "The point is that we're here now and I'm gonna ride a horse! Come here Joonie, escort me please!" He waved a hand in the air impatiently, important look on his face. Namjoon hurried over there and opened the fence for him, bowing a little bit as Jin reached out and ran a hand through Namjoon's hair. Hoseok raised his eyebrows, wondering why Namjoon allowed Jin to do that. It seemed kind of weird. Disrespectful. Was Jin making fun of Namjoon? If Jackson had done that to Namjoon in the barn it would probably have caused a new rule list.

"Hoseok, could you take Koya? I'll take Tata." Namjoon said to Hoseok over his shoulder. Of course Namjoon would take the nice horse. Of course he didn't explain to Hoseok why he was at ease with Jin touching his hair like that. Hoseok was going to live in the dark for the rest of his life.

Hoseok nodded and climbed to the other side of the fence of the paddock, stumbling as his feet hit the ground. He hoped Yoongi hadn't seen him act so awkward. Not that he cared. He totally didn't.

"Koya!" Hoseok called, picking up a carrot from his pocket and waving it around in the air. Both horses came running for him. He almost screamed. He didn't want to get stomped on. Koya was quicker and took a bite of the carrot in Hoseok's hand, nearly biting off his fingers in the process. Hoseok winced, laughing with relief when he saw that he had all of his fingers left. He looked around, wondering if Namjoon had seen him, when he found Yoongi hiding a smile under his hand. Hoseok's heart jumped in his chest and he looked away, suppressing the need to smile.
himself. Yoongi hadn't been smiling at him. Hoseok had seen wrong. He had to have seen wrong.

He walked for Tata and gave him a kiss on the muzzle, holding him in place as Namjoon led Jin to the horse. "Thanks," Namjoon whispered to Hoseok as he led Jin up to him. Hoseok smiled before he walked off to chase Koya around the paddock three laps, trying to catch him. That old horse sure knew how to play tag.

Hoseok finally managed to grab Koya's reins and led him to the side, making sure that Koya didn't step on his feet, fancying keeping all of his toes just as he fancied keeping all of his fingers. He leaned against the fence, patting Koya on the butt as he watched Namjoon awkwardly check that Jin's hat was secured under his chin and get playfully slapped on the thigh with Jin's whip. Hoseok made a face of confusion. Namjoon didn't tell Jin to stop hitting him with the whip.

Jin sat up on the horse with lots of help from Namjoon who hauled him up by pushing at his buttocks. Afterwards Namjoon looked embarrassed and Jin proud. Hoseok blinked several times, wondering if he was seeing things. He had to be seeing things. He swept his gaze around, hoping to spot Taehyung to grimace together with him even if he was by the beach skipping work, when he ended up making eye contact with Yoongi. His heart jumped like that again and he looked away, trying to look normal and cool and unbothered next to grunting and stomping Koya.

Had Yoongi been looking at him? Why? It felt tense between them. Hoseok wondered if it was only him or if Yoongi felt it too. Maybe it would be best if he apologized for yesterday again. Hoseok started sweating, wondering if Yoongi was still watching him. He didn't dare move. Didn't dare look to the side.

Namjoon started trying to teach Jin how to ride. Jin made funny sounds of panic and hugged the horse around the neck as it started walking slowly. Hoseok dared a glance back at Yoongi, surprised when he found him still staring at him. Yoongi made a gesture with his hand. At first Hoseok panicked. Was he going to hit Hoseok? Then he got it. Yoongi motioned for Hoseok to walk over. Hoseok wanted to groan. He didn't want to. He'd much rather stay here and get his arm torn away from his body from Koya's sharp movements.

He still made his way over. He pulled Koya along by the reins and tried to look like he had everything under control. He wondered why he felt so nervous. He tried to ignore the weird feeling.

"Can't you ride?" Yoongi asked when Hoseok was close enough to talk to but still had a safe distance between them, plus a little bit more of distance since Hoseok didn't want to stand too close. To be polite. He wasn't afraid of Yoongi or anything. He just didn't want to stand too close. Smell him or something.

Hoseok stopped those thoughts. He absolutely did not want to smell Yoongi.

"What do you mean?" He asked, trying to focus on the conversation, also trying not to stare at Yoongi's strange jacket. It looked shiny up close. It had pockets with buttons.


"What do you mean, Sir?" Hoseok repeated, ignoring the sting of irritation he felt. He shouldn't feel irritated. He should feel thankful that Yoongi was letting him stay on the farm after what Hoseok had done yesterday.

"Why don't you ride that horse?" Yoongi proposed, motioning for Koya.

"M-me?" Hoseok stuttered out, not liking the idea.
"Yeah," Yoongi nodded. Hoseok glanced at him from under his straw hat. His skin was so pale. Clean. Free from imperfections. His hair looked smooth and soft and washed. Hoseok just remembered about his own greasy hair. He had to keep his hat on at all costs. Yoongi couldn't see him with greasy hair.

"N-no, I can't- I can't ride a horse," Hoseok replied after another moment of staring at Yoongi's perfect skin and soft hair. Hoseok couldn't ride a horse. He didn't want to hurt himself, or the horse, or most importantly: make a fool out of himself in front of Yoongi. He'd already made only bad impressions.

"Want me to teach you?"

"What," Hoseok felt his stupid cheeks flare red for no reason. Yoongi glanced up at him, looking cute.

Or no. Hoseok shook his head. Yoongi was not cute. It was silly. Hoseok's cheeks were silly and Yoongi too. Why was Yoongi saying that? To prank Hoseok? Was he serious? He couldn't be. He must have other plans. Plans to humiliate Hoseok or something. To take revenge on him.

"I, uhm, no thank you. Sir. I'm terribly afraid of heights," Hoseok confessed. It wasn't really a lie. It was the truth. He'd never been so happy of his fear before.

"You'll be fine," Yoongi decided. He approached Hoseok who automatically took a step back, wanting to keep the safe distance. Why was Yoongi acting nice to him? Yoongi stroked Koya's muzzle and went for the stirrups, glancing at Hoseok's legs before he adjusted the strap. "Here. Put your foot here." Yoongi instructed.

And then Hoseok's head went empty. He didn't know what excuse to pull. How to shake Yoongi off. Should he pretend to faint? Scream that he was afraid of horses? Hoseok didn't know what to do. He couldn't run away. So he ended up taking off his straw hat, hanging it on the fence, hoping Yoongi wouldn't notice his greasy hair, still thinking he did. Yoongi must be constantly staring at him to make him uncomfortable and nervous.

Hoseok leaned the whip against the fence, thinking that he wouldn't need it, before he positioned himself next to Yoongi. He was standing so close. Hoseok faced the other way. He didn't want to look at him. He gripped the saddle just like Jin had done just now while making sure to keep the distance to Yoongi so there wouldn't be any bodily contact. He put his foot in the stirrup Yoongi was holding in place for him.


"What are you doing?" He asked in alarm, staring at Yoongi's hand by his thigh. Yoongi put his hand there. Grabbed his thigh.

"Helping you up?" Yoongi explained, questioning look on his face. It didn't look like he was out for revenge. It was weird. Really weird. Yoongi was speaking to Hoseok, almost like a normal person, and not like a peasant like he should. Hoseok wanted to ask why. He didn't. Instead he bit his tongue and tried to get up on the horse, mimicking Jin. He managed on his own. It was for everyone's best. Yoongi wasn't there to give his butt a push anyway. It would've been pathetic if Hoseok had fallen on him.

Hoseok gripped the front of the saddle with shaky hands. He swallowed. Tried not to look down, feeling seasick already.
"Put your feet here," Yoongi said, gripping Hoseok's dirty shoe that had slipped out of the stirrup and putting it in place again. "And your knees here. Here, let me show you-" Yoongi touched Hoseok's thigh again, and Hoseok's heart jumped so much that he startled, and he accidentally kicked his horse in the side and it started running.

"Ah!" Hoseok screamed, clinging to Koya's neck not to fall off. "Help!" He shouted, wondering what was happening. One second the world had been still and the other the wind was tugging at his clothes from the speed. Namjoon gasped and jumped out of the way as Koya ran around. Tata started running too, and Jin joined Hoseok's screaming, hanging on to Tata with a strong grip with his legs.

"H-help," Hoseok stuttered as Koya ran and ran, feeling helpless. He held on as long as he could, but then Koya kicked him off. Hoseok lost his grip around Koya's neck from the force and hit the ground with a painful blow to his head. "Ow," He groaned, curling into a ball on his side. His head hurt. He started crying from the pain. He knew it had been a bad idea. He was afraid of heights. The horse didn't trust him.

"Hoseok! Are you okay?" Namjoon shouted, coming running for Hoseok who hurriedly wiped the tears away from his cheeks. "I'm so sorry," Namjoon went on, as if it was his fault that Hoseok hadn't been able to say no to Yoongi. "I should've brought Taehyung. I thought you would think it was fun. I- I didn't think that Yoongi would actually put you on a horse."

Namjoon helped Hoseok sit up. The world was spinning. Hoseok slammed a hand over his mouth not to throw up.

"Do you feel sick?" Namjoon asked, worried crease on his forehead. Behind him Yoongi managed to get Tata to stop running.

"Wow, what a ride Joonie!" Jin exclaimed happily. Hoseok didn't feel as happy. He wasn't happy at all. He rubbed a hand against his greasy hair, feeling like he was bleeding. The world was still spinning. He missed his straw hat.

"Will you be alright out here? I need to lead Hoseok back to the barn. He's got a concussion."

Namjoon asked Jin and Yoongi over his shoulder. Hoseok faced down, not wanting to look at anything, feeling sick.

"We'll be fine," Yoongi stated. Hoseok couldn't define the tone of his voice. He closed his eyes and didn't dare open them again. His head hurt so bad. He blamed no one but himself. Why had he freaked out in the first place? Yoongi had only touched him. He hadn't been scary. He'd acted nice. Hoseok was the weird one. It was his own fault that he was in pain now.

He lied down for the rest of the day. He was led to Namjoon's bed where Namjoon tucked him in with double pillows and double blankets, that was awfully hot in the summer heat. Namjoon got a bucket of water to drink from if Hoseok got thirsty, and when word reached the house Sana came over with a wet towel that she draped over Hoseok's forehead while making grimaces over how dirty the barn was.

"Ask someone to get me if you get worse, okay? I'm pretty much a nurse by now," Sana said with a wink. Her smile looked fake. She stopped smiling when she saw Hoseok's pained face. "Someday I will be, anyway. But Hoseok, was it? Rest is the best against headaches. It will be better tomorrow." And then she was off. Her skirt flowed after her as she hurried away, and Hoseok was left alone in the hot barn. The air was bad. It was dusty. The sounds of the horses scared him. He was restless and in pain. He had to paint the hut. His scalp itched from his greasy hair. He was sweaty. But even though he felt awful he drifted asleep.
He woke up later, at dinner time. Everyone gathered around his bed, wondering what happened, keeping their voices down after Namjoon told them so.

"What happened!" Jimin gasped, elbowing his way forward, not minding keeping his voice down. Seeing him made Hoseok's head hurt more. He pretended to be asleep so Jimin and the others would walk away. The plan was not a good one. When Mina arrived she told someone to watch Hoseok's food for him until he woke up, and Jimin took it and ate it himself. Hoseok boiled with irritation in his hot bed as he watched Mina leave. Speaking would only make his head hurt more. Now his stomach was rumbling. One day Jimin would pay.

When it was time to sleep Namjoon took Hoseok's bed, climbing up the creaky ladder and lying down on the creaky thing. Hoseok listened to the creaks. He'd just went to the outhouse. Then he'd filled his empty stomach with water from the bucket. His head was pulsating. Hurting no matter how he twisted or turned in bed. He wanted to cry. He didn't. He was a big boy now. A big boy who had decided not to cry anymore.

Jimin and Taehyung seemed to have some sort of midnight meeting in Jimin's bed. They were gossiping under the blanket, not keeping their voices down at all. Hoseok wanted to throw a pillow at them. He also wanted to hear who they were discussing about, hoping it wasn't himself.

"Thanks!" Jimin burst out laughing when Mark threw a pillow at them, tired of the noise. Alejandro was already snoring. Namjoon was still trying to find a comfortable position on Hoseok's moldy mattress above.

"Shh!" Jackson hushed them. Taehyung started laughing too.

"Guys, remember the rules. It needs to be quiet when we're supposed to sleep." Namjoon reminded them, finally stopping moving around in the bed above Hoseok.

"When are we supposed to sleep then? I like being up after dark," Jimin said, waking up Alejandro who stopped snoring and started muttering in Spanish.

"We're supposed to sleep now, smarto." Jackson mumbled.

"What did you call him?" Taehyung spoke up, sitting up on Jimin's bed and attacking Jackson's feet in the other bed, probably tickling them since Jackson started screaming. The scream woke up the horses that started neighing. Hoseok felt his right eye twitch with irritation. He stared into the darkness, wondering what silence sounded like.

After some more bickering Jimin and Taehyung's gossip session, or pajamas party that they called it, ended and Taehyung climbed back to his own bed on his creaky ladder. It went silent and everyone went to sleep.

Everyone but Hoseok.

He'd slept earlier today. He wasn't tired. He was awake for much, much longer until he drifted asleep, counting flowers in his head, wishing the pain would be gone tomorrow.
Spin the bottle

The most of the ache was gone in the morning. Hoseok could stand upright and walk, and he only stumbled once as he dressed down on the beach. He stepped into the water of the lake. It got a bit warmer every day. Jimin swam a bit better. Alejandro's unflattering beard-moustache grew a bit longer.

After the bathe Hoseok didn't help Namjoon tend to the horses. Taehyung helped him instead. Hoseok rolled his thumbs, feeling pathetic, wishing he wasn't so afraid of everything.

He rolled his thumbs for another moment, then he had enough of being a scaredy cat. He walked into the stable feeling nervous.

"Hoseok! Do you want to pat Koya? He's kind again," Namjoon welcomed him. Hoseok shook his head. He would just look at them. He walked to Tata and patted his butt, keeping his eyes on Koya, not liking him anymore. Though, with Taehyung and Namjoon backing him up he dared give Koya a pat too, and he felt brave from facing his fears.

The days went on. Hoseok painted the hut under the scorching hot sun, hiding behind the little house every time Yoongi or Jin walked past, sometimes accompanied by Jungkook who always looked like he was lost in his head. Maybe he lived in a different world than the rest of them. Hoseok had no time to investigate further. He hid and hoped that Yoongi hadn't seen him, planning on hiding from him forever.

Wednesday evening Jimin and Taehyung lit the usual campfire by the beach, and Mina and Jisoo brought food on trays for them to grill. Hoseok sat squeezed between Taehyung and Jungkook on a bench. It was odd. Jungkook had followed the trail of smoke and walked out on the beach, his whole face lighting up when he spotted Taehyung. They'd exchanged a complicated handshake and then Jungkook had joined. He was dressed in simple clothes, fitting in. No one seemed to notice that he was there. Jimin was possessive though. He'd hugged Taehyung's arm to himself, forced Hoseok to work as a wall between Taehyung and Jungkook. And here he was, squeezed between them on the narrow bench.

"Hi. My name is Hoseok," Hoseok presented himself to Jungkook when he realized that he hadn't done that before.

"Jungkook," Jungkook said with a nod. A firefly landed on his leg and he smiled. "Tae, look," He pointed at his leg.

"Did you want something?" Jimin urged, peeking his head forward before Taehyung had the time to.

"Oh! A firefly! Now you get to make a wish!" Taehyung giggled. That had Hoseok frowning.

"A wish? What?"

"Yeah? And if you see a shooting star too, break a cookie in three, see a cow without spots on it and so on," Taehyung counted on his fingers.

"You get a wish if you say the same thing at the same time as someone too," Jimin filled in. Hoseok only nodded. Sounded like they made a lot of wishes here. Hoseok only wished when he saw a shooting star or a clover with four petals, which had never happened.
They started discussing wishes. Jimin didn't look suspicious of Jungkook for once. Maybe he'd just been jealous. Now that he got to share Taehyung, instead of having him pulled away from him, he was more at ease. Hoseok wasn't as comfortable. He had laughing kids and hands flying around in front of him, doing handshakes and high fives, threatening to hit him in the face, and the wind blew his way so he literally sat in the gray smoke from the fire, feeling like coughing.

"Hobi," Jimin leaned in to whisper in Hoseok's ear when Taehyung went to help with the food, Jungkook joining him and putting everything edible in his mouth along the way.

"Hm?" Hoseok glanced at Jimin, ignoring how his eyes stung from the smoke.

"I wanna apologize," Jimin said, taking Hoseok by surprise. "For the prank. Sorry that I left you there. I don't know what I was thinking, I-, I wasn't myself but then I felt guilty." He finished with a pout. It had been days now. Hoseok was over it. Or he wasn't, so this apology was nice.

"It's okay Jiminnie, good that you apologized. I accept it. But don't leave me like that again, or anyone else for that matter." Hoseok tried to scold him, not really thinking that Jimin would listen to his advice since he never listened to anyone's advice.

"So we're friends again?" Jimin asked, excited smile on his lips.

"We never weren't friends," Hoseok lied. He still remembered about Jimin being reluctant to share his food and eating all of Hoseok's. That didn't seem like anything friends did. "We're good."

Jimin's smile was wholehearted and happy. He pulled Hoseok in for a tight hug, grinned against his cheek. After the hug he jumped away and pressed himself to Taehyung, starting helping him fry the meat with the rest. Hoseok turned around on the bench and watched the sunset. It looked a bit different every day. He listened to the sounds of the others laughing and chatting and frying meat while he counted the colors in his head.

"Who want to stay up and watch the full moon tonight!" Someone shouted.

"We still need to go up at five." Namjoon stated.

"Boo! Joy killer!" Jimin laughed, slapping Taehyung on his back, giving Jungkook a slap too. Hoseok glanced at them over his shoulder before he faced back forward.

When the food was ready plates and bowls were shared around. Hoseok thankfully got to put food on his plate before Jungkook whose stomach much be a never-ending hole. Jisoo shared around apples afterwards. Hoseok took three before she slapped his hands away.

As the sun set and everyone (save from Jungkook) was full, Jackson announced that they would play spin the bottle. Most cheered at the idea, but Hoseok and Mark groaned.

"What? Come on, it'll be fun." Jimin told Hoseok, patting his leg. Hoseok was squeezed in-between Jimin and Taehyung now. Jungkook was sitting on Taehyung's lap, smiling even though it was a bit weird. No one else had someone on their lap. Hoseok wondered when Taehyung and Jungkook had gotten so close.

"I can watch," Hoseok decided. He didn't want to share anything more about himself than what Jimin already knew, which wasn't much. Still. It was best that way.

"So you'll join? Great!" Jimin laughed. He wasn't listening to what Hoseok was saying. He cheered when Jisoo showed everyone a glass bottle, complained when he saw that it was empty.
"Okay, who's eager to reveal things?" Momo asked with a sneaky look on her face. The beach went dead quiet. Hoseok gulped. He definitely didn't want to reveal anything. Telling Namjoon things was one thing, but he didn't trust the others. He didn't want them to make fun of him.

He glanced around. He didn't want Momo to pick him to answer first. Or something. He wasn't sure about the rules of this game. He'd only played it once and it hadn't ended that well. He saw Namjoon sitting on the blanket to the left of the bench. He looked unusually nervous. Did he have things to hide? Maybe he did. There had to be a reason for his strange sleep talking.

Momo started. The bottle pointed at Sana. Jimin complained that it was rigged. Momo spun the bottle again and this time it landed on Mark. He replied truth and Momo proceeded to ask him about his ideal type. It was enough to have Hoseok sweating. He wanted to get out of here. He didn't know what excuse to pull.

Jimin yawned next to him, sounding bored and not nervous like Hoseok. Taehyung was playing with Jungkook's hair, brushing it to the side and making him bounce on his legs. They looked unbothered too. Namjoon looked like he'd just choked on something. Maybe no one else saw. Hoseok didn't understand why he looked like that.

"Boring!" Momo stated after Mark had shrugged and said that he didn't have an ideal type. He looked offended and spun the bottle. It pointed at Jimin.

"Bring it on. I have no secrets. Truth." Jimin said proudly, broaden his chest. Hoseok wanted to disagree. It felt like Jimin had lots of secrets.

"Where were you two nights ago?" Mark asked. The whole beach broke out in confusion. Even Jimin looked faced.

"What do you mean? I was in my bed?" Jimin huffed, crossing his arms. Namjoon frowned some.

"Yeah, but I heard you leave in the middle of the night when I was going to pee?" Mark countered.

"Ew, did I ask?" Jimin made hurling noises. No one laughed.

"Did you sneak out?" Namjoon asked. "We're not allowed to do that."

"No, I didn't," Jimin rolled his eyes. It felt like he was lying. "And if it's a rule it should be on the list."

"Did you sneak out to meet one of the girls?" Jackson asked with a dumb look on his face. The girls shook their heads, denying it. "But can I?" Jackson flashed Mina a flirty smile. She hid her face in her hands. Momo and Sana looked grossed out.

"Answer what you did," Mark urged Jimin.

"I had to pee?" Jimin defended himself. "Okay? Believe it or not but I need to pee too."

It was silent. There was a tension in the air. Hoseok felt awkward. Jimin was next to him and it felt like everyone was staring at him too. It felt like Jimin was lying.

When Mark accepted the answer it was Jimin's turn. The bottle pointed at Sana, and when it was her turn to spin Jimin started a hurried whisper session with Taehyung behind Hoseok's back. They sounded upset and excited and Hoseok shared a look of confusion with both Jungkook and Namjoon.
Jackson spun the bottle again and it landed on Hoseok. He picked truth. It would be easier to lie than to stay floating on the deep end of the lake for five minutes like Mark had just had to do. At least he hoped so.

"Who's the hottest chick here?" Jackson asked. Hoseok wanted to groan. All heads turned to him. He started sweating, wondering who to pick. He had to say someone. He didn't want anyone to tease him about it, though. It was a stupid question.

"Uh," He started, wanting to say 'no one' like a weird loser, when a twig broke in the forest in front of him. His heart skipped a beat, thinking it was a bear, when Yoongi broke through the trees and walked out on the beach, his fancy clothes forgotten as he walked out in a plain white shirt and pants like the rest of them. The beach went dead silent again. The only sound came from the crackling fire.

"Where's Namjoon?" Yoongi asked the silent crowd. Hoseok straightened his posture when Yoongi swept his gaze around, searching for Namjoon in the dark. His gaze lingered for a second too long at Hoseok who felt his cheeks heat up again. Must be from the heat of the fire. No other explanation behind it.

Yoongi finally looked away from Hoseok and Hoseok let out the breath he'd been holding. He tried not to look at Yoongi's fingers that looked especially pale in the light from the fire. It wasn't good to stare. The others had stopped staring already, starting whispering to each other instead.

"I'm here," Namjoon said what felt like an eternity later. Yoongi's eyes darted to him on the ground.

"Could we talk?" Yoongi asked. Everyone snapped their heads back and forth, noticing the lack of formal speech between them.

"Of course. Be right back," Namjoon told the nosy crowd before he got up from the blanket and followed Yoongi into the forest. Everyone stared after them. Hoseok internally panicked when Yoongi glanced over his shoulder, making brief eye contact with Hoseok again. Why was Yoongi staring at him? Not that Hoseok cared. He was probably overreacting. He must have something on his face. He wiped his chin on his sleeve, groaning when he saw that he'd had food stains there. Now he felt embarrassed. Had Yoongi looked at him because he'd had food on his face? He almost shouted for Yoongi to come back so he could look at him again, this time without food on his face. Then he stopped himself. Why would he do that? So weird.

"Hoseok, answer? Who's the hottest chick here?"

Hoseok tore his gaze from the dark trees in front of them. No one else was staring after Yoongi. Hoseok awkwardly ran a hand through his hair to buy himself more time, wanting to pull an excuse and trail after Yoongi and Namjoon and hear what they were talking about.

"Oh, uh," He glanced around. "Dahyun?" He regretted saying it as soon as the words left his lips. The others must figure out that he'd only picked her since she dressed like a boy and was handy like one.

A series of 'ooh's was voiced. "Heard that, Dada?" Sana teased Dahyun, nudging her shoulders. She giggled and Hoseok felt so uncomfortable. He hurriedly grabbed the bottle and started spinning it, wanting to run after Yoongi as soon as he'd asked the next person a silly question. It pointed at Dahyun. Of course it did. She batted her eyelashes at him and picked truth.

"What's your favorite color?" Hoseok asked, sounding like an idiot. Dahyun and Sana looked
offended both. Hoseok didn't hear the answer. He started rising up, unable to sit still, wanting to hear what Yoongi and Namjoon were talking about already.

"Do you like her?" Taehyung whispered to Hoseok just as he started walking away. He internally groaned and sat back down.

"No," He whispered back. He thought that Jimin and Jungkook were hearing what they were saying, maybe Alejandro too since he leaned a bit too close to them.

"Okay. But did you see the way Yoongi looked at you?" Taehyung asked in an innocent voice that didn't match the knowing, smug look on his face.

"What do you m-mean?" Hoseok whispered, suddenly unable to speak properly. He snapped his head around, making sure that no one was eavesdropping on them, even Jimin and Jungkook.

Taehyung smirked. "Why are you panicking, hyung?"

"What?" Hoseok frowned, uselessly trying to ignore his hot cheeks. There was something wrong with his body today. His cheeks had broken. "I'm not panicking?" He said. He didn't like the satisfied, knowing look on Taehyung's face. Why was he looking at Hoseok like that?"

"But you are," Taehyung went on, voice low. "Didn't you see how long he looked at you?"

"Stop talking now," Hoseok scolded him. He didn't want to hear any more. Taehyung was silly. He was tired of playing with Jungkook's hair so he wanted to tease Hoseok now. Hoseok would have none of that. "I wanna listen."

"If you say so..." Taehyung trailed off, odd look on his face.

"Stop looking at me like that," Hoseok said, facing forward, starting sweating when he got what Taehyung might be implying.

"Yoongi looked at you like this-"

"Stop talking about him or I'll change seats. I mean it." Hoseok warned. He wasn't sure why he got so upset, but he didn't like the way Taehyung teased him. Hoseok was normal. If no one else cared about Yoongi's gaze then Hoseok didn't either.

"Wow, you're so not panicking," Taehyung mused, tickling Jungkook until he started laughing.

"What are you talking about over there?" Jimin joined in, leaning over Hoseok to glance at Taehyung.

"Merciless Min," Taehyung explained.

"A new nickname? Nice one, Tae Tae!" Jimin patted Taehyung on the back, made Jungkook almost fall off his lap from the force. They started laughing as they thought of more mean nicknames for Yoongi. Hoseok turned them out, planning to leave again, when Namjoon returned. Hoseok had missed his chance to snoop on them. He crossed his arms and frowned, wondering where Yoongi was now and what he'd wanted. Namjoon took his seat on the blanket with an odd facial expression that was hard to read. He looked embarrassed. Happy. Worried and secretive. Hoseok hoped that someone would ask him where he'd been. No one did. The game came to an end and Jackson stomped out the fire, turning the beach pitch dark even with the faint light from the rising full moon. Hoseok would probably never figure out what was going on here. Namjoon was so secretive. Yoongi too. Jimin. The only one who seemed stupidly honest was himself.
Alejandro helped Jisoo and Sana carry the trays with the used dishes to the kitchen. Jimin and Taehyung hooked arms and started some sort of moon dance down the beach, dancing up on the dock where Jungkook ran after them, pushing them both into the water. With joined forces Jimin and Taehyung managed to grab Jungkook's ankles and pulled him into the water too. Hoseok watched them, not sure if he wanted to join or not.

"Mina, wait!" Came Jackson's desperate voice from behind Hoseok.

"Sucker," Mark muttered under his breath. They started fighting over Mina who hurried away next to an upset looking Dahyun. Maybe it finally dawned on her that her feelings for Jackson weren't mutual.

Hoseok sat down next to Namjoon on his blanket. He was the only one still sitting down. Everyone else were running around, putting things away or wading into the water to watch the full moon.

"Hey, what did he want?" Hoseok asked, hoping that he sounded smooth and not like a curious bastard.

"Uh, nothing special," Namjoon said not-so-convincingly. He didn't make eye contact.

"Okay," Hoseok told himself to be patient. It didn’t work. He wanted to know. "So what was it?"

Namjoon was silent for a moment. He glanced at Taehyung and Jungkook who were chasing Jimin in the lake. They were soaking wet from top to toe. "I lost my shoe!" Jimin complained, diving under the water surface to search for it. Taehyung grinned and held up what must be Jimin's missing shoe, high fiving Jungkook before they threw the shoe at the beach.

"Jin will move in here for the rest of the summer." Namjoon spoke. He didn't sound happy. He didn't sound sad either. Hoseok struggled to read the tone of his voice.

"He will?" Hoseok asked, wondering what that meant, taking that Jin hadn't done that before. "Is that why Jungkook is here?"

"No. I don't know why he's here? But yeah, Yoongi asked for my opinion about it." Namjoon explained. "Wanted to know what I thought about it."

"Okay," Hoseok repeated, confused. He wondered why. He put a hand over the cold sand, spread his fingers in it. He tried not to appear too curious. He burned to know everything. "Are you close?" He settled for asking. Namjoon and Yoongi had to be. Why else would Yoongi care about Namjoon's opinion?

"Yes and no. When he lets me in we're close." Namjoon said. He didn't make any sense.

"What do you mean?" Hoseok asked, feeling even more confused. When Yoongi let him in? Into the house then or what?

"Never mind. Do you want to do some moon dance or head to bed?" Namjoon tried to change the topic. Hoseok had none of it.

"Bed. But why did you look so weird when you got back?" He asked, cutting to the point. He was so curious and he wouldn't be able to sleep otherwise. "I thought you liked Jin?"

"I do," Namjoon stated. Simply. Hoseok couldn't see his face. He angled his head away. Suspicious.
"So is Jin staying for the summer?"

"He is."

Hoseok watched Namjoon in silence. He was acting weird. He was using short, vague answers, and it wasn't like him at all. But it was late. Namjoon might be tired. Hoseok might be reading too much into it.

"Actually, I changed my mind. I think I'd like some moon dance before we head to bed." He tried to lighten the mood. He didn't like it when Namjoon looked so stiff and uncomfortable.

"You would? Want me to push you into the lake?" Namjoon joked, rising up and stretching on the spot.

"Just watch it from the dock is fine with me." Hoseok laughed, relieved that Namjoon seemed more at ease now. They walked out on the dock and bathed in the moonshadows. The light reflected on the water surface, making it look mysterious. Hoseok smiled at it, thankful that Namjoon was there to protect him from ghosts and mermaids and werewolves and other scary creatures that came out during the full moon.

"Hey! You took my shoe!" Jimin shouted as Taehyung and Jungkook ran up on the beach and took Jimin's missing shoe with them. Jimin chased after them, as fast as he could consider he couldn't swim. The three of them disappeared into the forest and Hoseok and Namjoon headed back for the barn. Hoseok glanced up at the mysterious moon in the meanwhile. He tried to ask Namjoon more questions along the way, but he was being mysterious too, just like the moon. He didn't tell Hoseok a thing.

That night as Hoseok closed his eyes in his narrow, creaky bed Yoongi came to mind. Hoseok remembered how he'd looked by the campfire in his ordinary clothes and pale hands. Hoseok tried to think about something else, about Flowy like he usually did, but the picture of Yoongi returned. He allowed himself to think about it, because it made him smile. He fell asleep without feeling like crying. It was a nice change.
Hoseok snapped his eyes open the next morning. He rubbed his face in his hands, trying to forget the dream he'd had. Thinking about Yoongi before he fell asleep was not something he would do again. It was Taehyung's fault. Hoseok had dreamed that Yoongi had sat down next to him by the campfire. It had been a weird dream. Hoseok was silly for trying to remember it.

"Rise and shine everyone!" Jimin sang, slamming the spoon against the lid, creating the most horrible noises.

"You sneaked out tonight again!" Mark claimed.

"What are you? A watch dog? I had to pee!" Jimin shouted over the noise he was making.

"Jack, I saw you too! You sneaked out too!" Mark accused. He must be in a bad mood. He emptied all of his beddings over Jimin's head to silence him. Jimin sputtered as he threw the beddings back at him, throwing the spoon at his head too. Mark grabbed it and threw it back. Jimin gaped and frowned as he ran away to pick it up from the floor.

"What was I supposed to do? Mina wanted to get a piece of this tiger," Jackson laughed, full of pride. Jimin and Taehyung made disgusted sounds.

"Actually, Tae is Tiger." Jimin corrected him like a know-it-all as he threw the pillow and blanket back at Mark who'd thrown them at him again.

"Did anyone else sneak out?" Namjoon asked tiredly. Everyone silenced when he spoke, remembering about his presence.

"I had to pee," Bogum added.

"I mean leave to meet someone. In the dark. It's not safe to be out after dark. Anything could happen." Namjoon sighed. Hoseok wanted to agree with him. He didn't want to seem like an ass-licker though, so he stayed quiet.

The bickering continued for a bit longer, then they all headed for the lake to bathe. Hoseok kept silent and listened to the others' conversations, wanting to know everything about everyone. He didn't find out much. Jimin was bickering with Mark who was bickering with Jackson who was bickering with Jimin. Hoseok eavesdropped on Taehyung instead. He was talking to a shell. It made Hoseok miss Flowy.

When everyone was clean Hoseok followed Namjoon and tended to the horses, facing his fears. Mina came with food during breakfast. Everyone (Mark) groaned and complained that they wanted Jisoo to come instead. Mina looked confused. Jackson's face got red with anger.

Hoseok was going to fix broken planks on the wall of the barn today. He jogged between the hut and the barn, picking up nails, hammers and planks. He had Taehyung to help him. Jungkook tagged along, wanting to help. Hoseok wondered if he'd moved in already.

It was good that Jungkook wanted to help. It left Hoseok time to investigate, and he felt this strange need to know what Yoongi was up to. He made different excuses to Taehyung and Jungkook who weren't listening anyway, and searched for Yoongi. He kept track on him as he took walks around the grounds, mostly with Jin but sometimes alone.
The second day of working on the barn Yoongi sat in the gazebo, writing on a piece of paper. Hoseok glimpsed at him every other second, craning his neck to see across the lawn. It wasn't odd of him. He was just curious. About Yoongi. Because Yoongi was strange. Interesting. He became interesting because Hoseok knew nothing about him and never knew what he was up to.

The third day of working on the barn Yoongi caught Hoseok staring, and Hoseok squeezed himself between Taehyung and Jungkook, hoping that they hid him, knowing that they didn't. He got so flustered that he accidentally hit the hammer against his thumb, shouting in pain. Taehyung kissed the pain away and Hoseok felt awkward.

The fourth day Yoongi wore something around his neck that reminded Hoseok of a dog collar. It was dark. Made of leather. Hoseok had to walk past the gazebo twice to stare at it, wondering why the sight of it made it hard to breathe. When Yoongi sent a glare over his shoulder, sensing Hoseok staring, Hoseok dropped the hammer on his foot and crouched to the ground to hide while blinking tears from his eyes. He was not smooth. This investigation of Yoongi was going to kill him one day.

Hoseok and Taehyung finished working on the barn and Jin moved in. He arrived in a big horse carriage, coming to a stop by the gate. He brought four farmers with him and two maids. Jungkook jumped out of the carriage, opened the gate and ran inside to find Taehyung by the beach and handshake him.

"Joon Joon!" Jin sang, shielding his eyes from the sun with a hand over them, gazing around for Namjoon who came running from the barn, having awaited them. Probably. He'd been mumbling things in his sleep tonight again. Hoseok hadn't told him about it. He didn't know how to bring it up nicely. It was weird.

Hoseok watched Namjoon from where he stood by the barn, wanting to spy.

"I'm here!" Namjoon announced, bowing deep before he walked to the other side of the gate and helped Jin step on the ground. Jin was dressed in an expensive looking outfit, baby pink from top till toe, matching his parasol.

"What's all this noise?"

Hoseok felt his heart jump when he recognized Yoongi's voice. He came walking for the gate from the mansion, dressed in black again. Hoseok pressed himself against the corner of the barn, hiding behind the wall, only his head peeking out to steal glances, hoping no one saw him.

"Yoongi, my best friend!" Jin said, his whole face lighting up. "Why are you dressed like that? Who died?"

"My faith in humanity," Yoongi muttered.

"I asked who, not what," Jin rolled his eyes dramatically. "Hold this," He gave Namjoon his baby pink parasol and started talking to one of the maids. It was a blonde girl. Two of the peasants were blonde too. Hoseok tried not to stare at them. They didn't look Asian, but they didn't look like Alejandro or Jones either.

"So Joon Joon thought me moving in was a good idea then, hm?" Jin went on, grabbing something from the horse carriage. Hoseok almost gasped when he saw what it was. A little white poodle. Jin held it under his arm, angling his face away when it tried to lick him. "Not the face, angel, everything but the face!"
"Who said that you could bring your dog?" Yoongi questioned, reaching out and trying to take the little fluffy thing from Jin who held it away. Between them stood Namjoon with the pink parasol, looking awkward about the situation.

"Sir, where do we put your belongings?" The blonde girl asked. Her voice was loud, even from Hoseok's distance.

"Sir, where do we sleep?" The other girl asked. Her hair was red. Strange color.

"Yoongi, you heard them." Jin said, smiling at his puppy.

"Joon, you can show them to the basement." Yoongi said with a smirk.

"Hey, I'm not sleeping in the basement!" Jin warned. "And I want Joonie to stay here with me, someone else has to show them."

Hoseok listened to the arguing, snapping his head back and forth, wanting to pat the puppy. He watched as Namjoon jogged off, returning with Sana and Momo who bowed at Jin and made ugly faces at the other girls. Their names were Lisa and Rose, if Hoseok heard them right. They started walking for the mansion, following Sana and Momo who led the way for the farmers who carried Jin's many bags.

"Where is Jungkook?" Jin asked once his farmers had walked away, one of them bringing the horse carriage back to Jin's house.

"If I had to guess I'd say he's playing with Taehyung." Namjoon filled in. Jin handed him the puppy as he started searching for Jungkook. Namjoon, clumsy as he was, dropped the parasol and got attack-licked in the face by the puppy.

It turned out that Jin's farmers were going to sleep in the barn with the rest of them. It became crowded. Mark and Alejandro pressed in two more bunk beds along the wall where Jimin had had his drawer. Hoseok didn't know where they'd got the beds from. They had had to move the drawer to the hay barn and Jimin didn't like it at all. Hoseok neither.

Jin's farmers were older than them, the youngest seventeen and oldest nineteen. Tommy, Nils, Mino and Jinwoo were their names, and Hoseok's first impression of them wasn't the best. The oldest and biggest one, Mino, draped himself over Namjoon's bed the first thing he did when he'd carried Jin's bags into the mansion, sighing with content as he scraped off dirt from his dirty shoes on the mattress.

"That bed is taken." Hoseok had told Mino. Jimin whispered about nicknaming him grizzly bear. He looked like one.

"No, it's fine. I can sleep over there." Namjoon had said, smiling kindly at the hairy bear lying on his bed before he walked across the room to one of the new ones, lying down there. Hoseok's heart had jolted with panic. He wanted to sleep above Namjoon. Not above some hairy stranger that probably snored and kicked the bed in his sleep.

Now Hoseok stood by the hut with a very grumpy Jimin and confused Taehyung and Jungkook. Hoseok had no idea what Jungkook was doing here. He was hiding from Jin for reasons unknown. Hoseok, Jimin and Taehyung were hiding from Jin's farmers.

"It's bullshit that we need to share the barn with them," Jimin muttered. He'd been saying the same thing for an hour now. He loved gossiping and talking shit. Today Hoseok felt like joining in.
"How are we supposed to make a new outhouse in one day?" Taehyung sighed. They had been rummaging through the hut in search for wooden planks for a while. Jungkook held the seven planks they'd found. Not nearly enough. None of them wanted to go to the barn to look for more. Jimin had caught Tommy trying to steal his pillow and had almost started a fist fight with him.

"Most importantly, are they gonna to make us share it with the weirdos?" Jimin huffed, striding into the hut and throwing out another wooden plank a moment later. "I bet their shit stinks worse than Jackson's!" He shouted over his shoulder.

"Do we need to share the food too? The soap?" Hoseok asked, his mind going for the more practical things. "They were big. They might use up the soap."

"That's the least of our problems," Taehyung added, helping Jungkook pick up one of the wooden planks that he'd dropped. Jungkook looked like one of them now. He'd played so much in the sun that his skin was tanned, and he was wearing one of Taehyung's old shirts. "Are they snorers?"

"The biggest problem is that they don't care about Namjoon!" Jimin countered, throwing out a hammer and a box of nails to the ground that Hoseok picked up. He agreed with Jimin.

"I can't believe that that guy took Namjoon's bed." Hoseok said, thinking back on it.

"And they are napping now while we're working!" Jimin sounded mad with frustration. Hoseok wanted to add that Hoseok had worked while Jimin played with Taehyung many times, but he kept that to himself, not wanting Jimin to lash out on him too.

They found a few more planks, then Jimin and Hoseok jogged to the barn where they slipped inside and got a few more planks from the hay barn. Jimin glared at Mino who was sleeping in Namjoon's bed, and glared some more at Tommy who'd taken Jackson's bed. By the beach they met up with Taehyung and Jungkook who tried to put the planks together like a puzzle.

"Hobi, you'll take charge. We don't know how to make things like this." Jimin said as they let the planks drop to the warm sand and wiped their sweaty foreheads on their arms.

"But I don't know either," Hoseok complained.

"You're the oldest," Jimin muttered, frowning at the little forest beside them. "Where's Namjoon?"

"Probably spending time with Jin-hyung," Jungkook said. All heads turned to him. He'd been silent until now. "What? Jin likes him."

"Define like," Jimin said, picking up a knife and a little piece of wood from his pocket and starting carving. Hoseok hadn't seen him carve before. Maybe he did that when he was angry.

"Namjoon is all he ever talks about," Jungkook shrugged, grinning when Taehyung ran a hand through his hair and teased him.

"Are you allowed to spread around the things you hear?" Hoseok asked. "Please don't tell the new guys what we've said about them."

"What do you take me for? A Tattletale?" Jungkook asked as he swatted Taehyung's hands away from him with a smile.

"We don't know anything about you, Kookie. How are we supposed to know if you're a tattletale or not?" Jimin asked with a roll of his eyes.
"I'm not a tattletale," Jungkook argued, a bit more stubborn this time, crossing his arms.

"Were you adopted?" Hoseok asked, crouching down and starting putting planks together. The outhouse would be small. Maybe it was for the best. Then the buff new guys wouldn't fit and the original gang would get it for themselves.

"Yup," Jungkook nodded so his bangs were flying. Jimin put away his carving things and started helping Hoseok, motioning for Taehyung and Jungkook to do the same.

"Do you want to tell us about it?" Taehyung asked in a kind voice. "If you're going to be one of us now it would be nice to know more about you."

"Since when is he one of us?" Jimin snorted. "He's rich and we're poor. He's just on a visit."

"Please don't be mean to him, Jiminie." Taehyung tried to mediate.

"I'm not rich though," Jungkook revealed. Hoseok snapped his head up to look at him in surprise. "I grew up in an orphanage and Jin's family adopted me when I was ten."

"They adopted you last year?" Jimin asked with a frown.

"Almost three years ago." Now it was Jungkook's turn to roll his eyes. "I'm almost thirteen. Not eleven."

"Same thing," Jimin grinned evilly. Jungkook frowned at him until Taehyung patted him on the back and ruffled his hair. Hoseok kept silent, listening while he was the only one still working on the outhouse. He started putting planks together with the hammer and nails.

"I have some money, but I don't feel like them. I don't feel rich," Jungkook went on, sounding older than almost thirteen. "I'd rather be here."

"On a dirty beach with dirty workers building a dirty outhouse?" Jimin asked, raising his eyebrows.

"I meant more like being with boys my own age and, uh, like play around. Jin doesn't like it when I run inside." Jungkook vented, sharing a look with Taehyung who smiled and nodded at him.

"I understand perfectly," Taehyung said, pulling Jungkook in for a hug. Jungkook looked shy and Jimin jealous, so Jimin threw himself at the both of them and joined the hug. Next to them sat Hoseok, stiff smile on his lips as he felt the sun burn on the top of his straw hat. He felt left out, but Mino taking Namjoon's bed was still his biggest problem.

Now that they knew Jungkook a bit better Jimin stopped teasing him for being a rich brat. Hoseok wasn't sure if Jungkook knew that he was working for free, but he gladly accepted his help when he wanted to keep helping them make the outhouse.

By the end of the day they stood in front of the new outhouse on the beach. It was small. Wooden. The toilet was a plank with a hole in it and a bucket underneath.

"Good work everyone!" Jimin said as if he hadn't run off every hour to do god knows what.

"Yeah! Team work makes the dream work!" Taehyung joined in as if he hadn't run off every half hour to play with Jungkook in the forest.

"It was sort of fun." Jungkook admitted as if he hadn't run off to 'go to the restroom' every ten minutes.
"I'm just glad we finished it," Hoseok wiped his sore palms on his thighs and made a face at the outhouse. It looked really bad. The planks were put on unevenly and the carving of a crescent moon at the top looked more like a banana. "It looks great." He said anyway, forcing a smile. He was dead tired.

"Now we just need to find a way to move it to the barn." Jimin rubbed his chin in thought. They hadn't thought this far.

They discussed how to move the outhouse for a while, then they took a break to watch the sunset from the end of the dock. It looked like the sky was burning. It would be July tomorrow. Jungkook had told them so. The sun kept getting hotter and hotter.

"What's this? Are you slacking off?"

The four of them snapped their heads to the side at the unfamiliar voice. They found Mino walking out on the dock, yawning. He'd been sleeping in Namjoon's bed all day.

"Talking to yourself?" Jimin asked, high fiving Taehyung.

Mino's eyebrows drew together in a frown. "Hey,"

"What?" Jimin went on. "Ready to work now? Because we already finished."

Mino glared at Jimin. Jimin glared back. Hoseok felt his stomach clench. There was tension in the air. Then Mino turned and started walking away. Hoseok was confused, relieved that Mino wouldn't push him into the water.

"Finally. What was he doing here? Weird bear..." Jimin muttered, facing back to the sunset.

Hoseok let his eyes linger on Mino, wondering who he was, when he saw him form his hand into a fist and punch the outhouse. The force made the outhouse fall to the side with a crash and break. Hoseok gasped. Mino walked away.

"J-Jimin!? He b-broke the outhouse!" Hoseok sputtered, scrambling to rise up from the dock and running for the broken outhouse laying on the beach.

"He did what!" Jimin exclaimed, sounding horrified as he turned and got a look for himself.

"That's fucked up," Jungkook commented.

"Don't use bad words like that, Kookie," Taehyung scolded him. Hoseok couldn't hear any more of their conversation. He ran up to the outhouse, gaping, wondering what to do.

"That's it. I'm going to put ants in his bed tonight," Jimin grunted, forming his hands into fists.

Hoseok sadly blinked at the outhouse for a moment. They all gathered around it, sharing sad sighs and pouts. They had worked on it all day. In vain.

Jimin taught Jungkook bad words to use when Namjoon surprised them all by breaking through the trees in the forest, coming to a halt when he saw them.

"What happened?" He asked hurriedly. His cheeks were red and shirt put on inside out.

"We could ask the same for you?" Jimin crossed his arms with a weird look on his face. "Your shirt? What happened to it?"
"What do you-" Namjoon glanced down himself. Hoseok hadn't seen it at first, but there was dirt all over it.

"Did you roll around in the dirt?" Taehyung asked in confusion, frowning with Jungkook.

"No, uh," Namjoon cleared his throat. He ran a hand through his greasy hair and let his gaze drop to the sad thing on the beach. "Uh, is that the new outhouse?"

"It was. Mino broke it," Hoseok vented, growing annoyed. "Can't you make him sleep somewhere else? I liked it when you slept under me." He added, unable to resist after he'd dwelled on it all day.

"Oh, but I won't be sleeping in the barn anymore," Namjoon revealed.

"What?" The four of them asked in confusion. Namjoon put on a smile for them.

"Jin's afraid of sleeping at new places and he wants me to sleep in the room next to his," Namjoon explained.

"He's not afraid of sleeping at new places?" Jungkook countered. "He's slept here lots of times."

"Uh, but that's what he told me," Namjoon shrugged. He didn't look any of them in the eyes.

Hoseok felt betrayed. He must be Namjoon's second choice too.

"You can't leave us with the new guys unsupervised like this," Jimin said. "You can't."

"Sorry, but Jin said he's afraid," Namjoon told the broken outhouse in front of them. "I already helped him prepare a room."

"So you'll get a whole room for yourself in the mansion? What the hell? This is just unfair," Jimin stated, crossing his arms. Hoseok felt irritation stir in his own chest. Namjoon couldn't leave them like this when they needed him the most. They needed their leader with intruders in the barn.

"Jin is not afraid of the dark. The only thing he's afraid of is waking up with a pimple on his face," Jungkook muttered.

They went silent. Hoseok heard something in the distance. It sounded like someone was running over the lawn, getting scolded for it.

"Will you live in there now?" Hoseok asked, feeling nervous. Namjoon was his stable point.

"Only for the summer," Namjoon said. It didn't look like he spoke the truth. He still didn't look any of them in the eyes. Hoseok remembered that he didn't know what Namjoon had been up to today. Maybe Namjoon had been strolling around inside the mansion, relaxing. It didn't explain why he looked so rough though.

Jimin asked Namjoon why again. Namjoon made up several excuses. Jin was afraid of ghosts. The attic. Yoongi. When the beach got so dark that Hoseok struggled to see his hand in front of him they stopped arguing. Namjoon didn't give them any answers anyway. With joined forces the five of them lifted up the broken outhouse, Jimin shrieking when two planks fell off, and carried it to the barn. Jungkook ran back for the beach to collect the missing planks and they half-heartedly attached them again.

"Good night then," Namjoon bowed to them when they were done putting the outhouse in place, weird smile on his lips. He must be hiding something. Hoseok felt strange. Like lots were going on under the surface.
"Why the hurry? You usually don't go to bed until much later." Jimin narrowed his eyes at Namjoon suspiciously in the darkness.

Namjoon didn't stay long enough to answer. He hurried away in the dark, almost running, as the others stared after him.

"That was weird," Taehyung commented.

"Yeah? Looks like he's gonna pee himself," Jungkook snorted. Taehyung tickled his stomach and they ran away, leaving Hoseok and Jimin by themselves.

"Something isn't right here. I can feel it," Jimin said. "Oh wait, it's just the outhouse. No one emptied it today, I think," He added as he sniffed the air like a dog and hurled.

"What do we do now?" Hoseok asked, ignoring Jimin who opened the door to the outhouse and staged another hurl from the smell. Hoseok scrunched up his nose, wondering what he was going to do now that Namjoon wouldn't be in the barn to protect him anymore.

"We'll show the new guys who runs this place. They're only here on a visit. I'm not gonna do anything they say," Jimin said with determination. He was not as confident as they walked into the barn. Mino was already spread out on Namjoon's bed, two pillows under his head. Hoseok noticed that his own pillow was missing. Mino must've taken it. And in Jimin's bed laid Nils, scratching his back and rubbing his oily chin skin against the pillow.

Hoseok and Jimin shared a look of confuse and panic. They kept quiet. Taehyung and Jungkook stood by the new bunk beds, looking lost. Jungkook lingered for a while longer before he bid them goodnight and left to sleep in the mansion.

Hoseok made himself ready for sleep and went for his ladder, starting climbing up to his creaky bed.

"You can't sleep there." Mino said. Hoseok grew irritated and a bit afraid.

"But it's my bed-"

"You need to sleep somewhere else," Mino stated, spitting on the ground.

"Hey, no spitting inside. Clean that up," Mark spoke from his bed, sounding alarmed.

"Don't think so," Mino snickered, glancing at Mark over his shoulder.

"Man, we have rules," Jackson countered, sharing the same opinion as Mark for once.

"I don't see any?" Mino raised his eyebrows. He looked stupid. Like his mother had never taught him how to eat properly and like he never made his bed in the morning.

"Here they are," Taehyung, always the friendly one, got the note with rules from the wall and handed it over to Mino.

"Still don't see any?" Mino said, and then he ripped the note into two. The room filled with gasps.

"Hey! Namjoon made that note!" Mark started climbing down his ladder, rolling back the sleeves of his pajamas and gritting his teeth.

"Namjoon? The sucker who let me take his bed just like that?" Mino asked, throwing the pieces of the note back at Taehyung who gaped at it, fumbling for the pieces in the air.
"Don't you dare call Namjoon a sucker." Jimin growled, rolling back the sleeves of his shirt too.

"He isn't here to defend himself, is he? Where is he? Did he leave for mommy?" Mino asked, sitting up and darting his gaze from Jimin to Mark. Jackson got up from his bed too, rolled an old newspaper in his hands with a grim look on his face.

"He doesn't have a mommy," Hoseok voiced. He wished he'd stayed silent. All heads turned to him. He had one hand on the ladder and an uncomfortable grimace on his face.

"He doesn't have one?" Mino asked, raising his eyebrows some.

"No. She's dead," Hoseok swallowed. Why was he talking about that? He made himself sad now. Jimin looked sad too. And Taehyung. Mark. Jackson. Even Alejandro that barely could speak Korean looked sad.

"She's dead? What? He accidentally killed her or something?" Mino joked, running a hand through his hair and laughing at his own joke. "What? He seems clumsy."

"No one is allowed to joke about that," Taehyung said with a shake of his head. "No one."

"What? Is it true?" Mino frowned. Hoseok gulped. Ice set in his stomach. He hadn't known about this. Was it Namjoon's fault that his family was dead?

"You have no right to speak about Namjoon in that way," Jackson said, nodding at Mark before they approached Mino on the bed, gripped him under the armpits and lifted him up.

"Oi! What are you doing!" Mino shouted, fighting against them. Alejandro jumped up from his bed and helped Mark and Jackson. He muttered something in Spanish, kicking Mino's heels.

"Anyone else want to join him?" Jimin asked the three other new guys. All three of them shook their heads rapidly. "Out of my bed," Jimin urged Nils who left it and took one of the other ones.

Hoseok watched how Jackson, Mark and Alejandro dragged Mino away with them. They left the barn. It went silent. Hoseok didn't dare move, unsure what was going on. The others were still too. Waiting for them to return.

"So!" Jackson cheered when he, Mark and Alejandro returned an eternity later. They high fived and grinned at each other in the doorway. "That will teach him not to mess with Namjoon."

"What did you do?" Taehyung asked, lying down next to Jimin on his bed just as Jimin brought out the pen and paper and started practicing writing under the flicking light of the lamp standing on the floor beside the bed.

"We threw him into the lake and told him to stay there," Jackson laughed. "Mark's idea. Give credit to him." He reached out and ruffled Mark's hair, as if they were friends. Hoseok blinked, not believing his eyes. They had bickered so much. Hoseok must be seeing things.

"'here's Nam'o'on?" Alejandro asked as he walked back to his bed and slumped down it, groaning, ready to hit sleep.

"Yeah? Does anyone know where he really is?" Bogum questioned. He'd been silent until now.

"He's staying inside the house. Gonna protect Jin, I think." Jimin said, writing a full sentence on the paper and rejoicing with happiness with Taehyung next to him.
"Oh. Wait, what?" Jackson scratched his head in confusion. He laid down his bed, yawned and shook his head. "Whatever. No one's sleeping in his bed but him. He has practically built this place from the ground."

And with that speech everyone quietened down and went to sleep. Hoseok climbed up his bed, made sure to take his stolen pillow back from Namjoon's bed on the way, and tried to make himself comfortable on the hard mattress. He listened to Jimin and Taehyung's low murmurs, the soft snores from Bogum and the loud snores from Alejandro, as he blinked up the ceiling, wondering where Namjoon was now.

Sleeping inside the mansion must be nice. Hoseok's back was hurting. His chest started hurting when he thought back on the things that the others had said about Namjoon. They must've been wrong. Namjoon hadn't killed anyone. He couldn't have.

At least that's what's Hoseok told himself as he fell asleep.
Hoseok jerked awake. It was dark. Early in the morning. He couldn't have slept for long. His eyes were sticky and his throat dry. His back was wet with sweat and it smelled like smoke.

He listened to the crackling mixing with the snores, turned to the side and tried to find a comfortable position. He was so warm. So sweaty. His blanket was almost burning hot, and the room looked light on the other side of his eyelids. He must've woken up from a nightmare. He didn't feel as safe without Namjoon sleeping under him anymore.

He changed position, laid on his back. He noticed something. He sniffed the air. Smoke. Right. It smelled like smoke. Why did it smell like smoke?

Someone screamed. He snapped his eyes open. He inhaled sharply when he saw that the room was lit up. Flames of yellow and orange and red climbed the walls, gray smoke blooming at the ceiling.

"Help! Fire! The barn is on fire!" It was Jimin shouting. He found the lid and the spoon and started slamming them together, waking up everyone.

"What's going on!" Jackson asked before he gave a shout of surprise. Alejandro shouted too, sounding confused.

"Wake up! Tae Tae!" Jimin threw the spoon and lid to the side and got on his toes to rustle Taehyung awake in his bed. He almost fell out of bed when he saw the fire.

Hoseok stopped staring at everyone and sat up. He gripped the sides of his bed and pressed a hand against his nose. Breathing smoke was dangerous. He was trapped in a fire. That's why he was so sweaty. Why he'd felt so hot. Why his throat was dry. He watched the flames spread over the walls, wondering if he was trapped in a nightmare. He had to be.

"Hobi! Don't just sit here, help me!" Jimin threw a pillow at Hoseok who snapped out of his daze. He climbed down the ladder, stumbling and falling down the last bit since he was so shaky. "Save our stuff! Tae and I will take the horses!" Jimin instructed, sounding like he was panicking.

Hoseok's hands were shaking as he threw himself down the floor and grabbed his trunk and Jimin's and Taehyung's bags from under the beds.

"We don't have time for that! Run!" Jackson grabbed Hoseok under the armpits and hauled him up the floor. "Jimin, don't go in there!" Jackson shouted for Jimin who pressed the sleeve of his pajamas to his mouth before he dragged Taehyung into the stable with him. Hoseok stared, feeling dizzy, wondering where the fire had started. It looked like it had started in the hay barn. Hay was dry. Easy to catch fire.

"Hurry!" Mark dragged the last ones out of bed and gripped two suitcases under his arms. Hoseok did the same, managing to balance his, Jimin and Taehyung's bags from under the beds.

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"Hurry!" Mark dragged the last ones out of bed and gripped two suitcases under his arms. Hoseok did the same, managing to balance his, Jimin and Taehyung's things under his arms before he followed Mark through the door into the smoky stable outside. Alejandro threw the main door open and urged them outside on the lawn. Hoseok dropped the bags, took a second to catch his breath before he remembered about Jimin.

"Jimin!" He shouted, running back inside. His eyes watered from the smoke. It was horrible. The fire was everywhere, spreading along the walls. The smoke was thick, like poison in his lungs. He heard the horses neigh and stomp around. He couldn't see them through the smoke.

"We don't have time for this!" Hoseok heard Jackson shout somewhere in front of him before he
started coughing violently.

"I can't leave Tata!" It was Taehyung's voice. It was sad and hurried. Hoseok jumped to the side when a horse came running in his direction, pressed himself to the wall, recognizing crazy Mang. The horse ran out the lawn, shaking their head and snorting from the smoke.

Hoseok kept to the wall as another horse came running. It was Koya. Jimin, Taehyung and Jackson was still somewhere in the smoke.

Hoseok took a deep breath of the toxic air before he started running forward, feeling along the walls until he found Tata's box. He heard someone cough and Tata snort, and then Tata started running. Hoseok thought he heard the last horse take off too. The door to the hay barn was left open. The fire was spreading from that room.

"Tae Tae?" Jimin coughed. Jackson hurried him on, found Taehyung by the sound of it, and started leading them outside. Hoseok felt dizzy from the smoke. He couldn't hold his breath anymore and breathed in, starting jogging for the door himself. His lungs hurt and his clothes were burning hot, but he made it outside.

"Where's Hobi!?!" Jimin was shouting, looking for him, bringing Hoseok in for a hug when he stumbled out the door. "What were you doing in there!" Jimin asked, hitting Hoseok on the back until he stopped coughing.

"Is everyone here?" Mark asked, starting counting them. "Okay, so everyone is here. The horses are outside and Namjoon is in the big house." He slumped down on the grass with a sigh.

"I don't get it," Jackson relented, slumping down next to Mark, putting his head in his hands. Jimin pulled Taehyung into the hug with Hoseok, pulling both of them close and hugging them with trembling arms.

"Jimin, did you put out the fire in the lamp last night?" Mark asked. Jimin nodded.

"I was with him when he did it," Taehyung added. "He's very careful."

"Did anyone leave a lamp in the barn last night before we went to bed?" Mark went on.

"Oh god, one night without Namjoon and this happens," Jackson muttered.

"Do you think it was an accident?" Hoseok asked, sitting down when the others did so too.

"What else?" Jackson pondered. "Do you think someone planned to burn up the barn? It's been our home for years." He said, even though he'd only been there for months.

"I don't know, I just- think it's weird, so sudden," Hoseok stopped talking when he saw something in the distance, lit up by the burning barn. It looked like someone running. Several. Running from the mansion with their clothes flowing around them.

"What happened!" Namjoon, the first one of the group from the mansion, exclaimed in shock and despair, coming down to a stop by the barn, staring with big eyes.

"Joon!" Jimin cried, leaping forward and throwing himself at him in a tight hug.

"Joon, we almost burned up in our sleep," Jackson said, rising up.

"Yeah, if it hadn't been for Jimin we would've all faced the same fate as your p-" Mark was
silenced by Jimin who hurriedly slapped him on the stomach.

"H-how...?" Namjoon's gaze was fixed on the golden flames meeting the dark sky. The stars were out. Twinkling. The moon too. Now they just looked scary. The black smoke destroyed everything. Turned them spooky.

The rest of the group of running people came down to a stop behind Namjoon. Hoseok felt his heart jolt when he recognized Yoongi dressed in a white nightgown that reached him to his feet. His mouth was agape and he had a napkin in his hand.

"Sir!"

Shocked, and instantly irritated, Hoseok saw Mino on the lawn beside them. He showed up out of nowhere and ran up to Yoongi. "I sat who did it!" He exclaimed.

"You-, what are you doing here?" Jackson warned, nudging Mark's shoulder as they approached Mino with matching glares.

"Don't touch me," Yoongi told Mino with a frown, taking a step to the side. The little poodle in Jin's arms gritted its teeth and growled.

"I saw who did it!" Mino went on, his voice deep and annoying. Yoongi's face scrunched up in a grimace. "This boy!" Mino pointed at Hoseok.

Hoseok felt his stomach knot together. Why was Mino pointing at him? Hoseok hadn't almost died in the barn only to get wrongly accused like this again.

"You again?" Yoongi asked, giving Hoseok a disapproving look.

"No- no I'm innocent!" Hoseok stuttered out, his whole body shaking. Yoongi had to believe him. Hoseok would never do something like this. He was a good boy.

"He was angry that I'd taken Namjoon's bed," Mino said in a knowing voice. "He threw me in the lake and then as I walked back for the barn this morning I saw him light the hay on fire."

Hoseok was so shocked and scared that he went silent. He was too tired. Too dizzy from the smoke. He had no energy to argue. He was innocent. They had to be able to see it in his eyes. He'd gone to bed together with the rest.

"No! I woke Hobi up just now! It wasn't him!" Jimin said from where he was still clinging to Namjoon.

"Mark, Jandro and I were the ones to carry the rat to the lake," Jackson explained, giving Yoongi a nod. "We're telling the truth, Sir."

"Why did you throw him in the lake?" Namjoon asked, resting his hands on Jimin's shoulders, his eyes still sadly locked on the burning barn in front of them.

"He insulted you. We couldn't accept that." Bogum said with a bow, as if he had been the one to defend Namjoon.

"Back to the topic," Yoongi interrupted them. "Who did this?" He tiredly motioned for the barn. "I need a name to report to Mister and Missus Min." His face went pale for a second. Then he looked like normal again. Hoseok wondered why he didn't refer to his parents like mother and father.
"He did." Mino stubbornly pointed at Hoseok.

"Dude, stop lying?" Jinwoo spoke, betraying his farmer friend by taking the others side.

"I'm not lying, I saw him!" Mino pointed a finger at Hoseok who straightened up, swallowing nervously.

"Oh really?" Jin asked, handing his poodle over for Yoongi so he could cross his arms. "Tell me then, what's that in your pocket?"

"Uh?" Mino twirled around, trying to glance at his pants pockets over his shoulder. Jin was faster. He picked up the object from his pocket, held it out for everyone to see. It was a small, square shaped box. "A packet of matches."


Yoongi gripped Mino's wrist, holding him in place.

"You did it."

Mino snapped his hand back for himself, almost slapped Yoongi in the face on the way, making Hoseok gasp again.

"Hold him in place," Yoongi said to no one in particular. Jackson, Mark, Alejandro, Bogum and Nils all reached out to hold one part of Mino in place.

"What are you doing-" Mino started, interrupted by Jackson who pressed a hand against his mouth, glaring at him along with the rest.

"I had no idea he was crazy, Yoongi, I swear," Jin told Yoongi with big eyes. "If I'd known I never would've brought him here."

"Yeah, yeah, I know," Yoongi waved Jin's concerns away. He swept his gaze up and down Mino's body, scrutinizing him. "You'll pay for this," He stated. Mino made muffled sounds from behind Jackson's hand on his mouth.

"What will you do, Sir?" Mark asked, kicking Mino's heels.

"Don't you wonder about that," Yoongi sighed, taking a step back and squinting up at the barn. Hoseok did the same, feeling his heart hammer in his chest. The barn was half burned down by now, the red wood turned ashy black. The fire burned yellow and orange, lighting up the night. Taehyung coughed from the smoke, and it wasn't until Jungkook patted him on the back that Hoseok realized that Jungkook was here. Jimin moved from Namjoon's arms to someone else's, and it took another moment for Hoseok to realize that the butler was here too.

"Jesus Christ!" A new person spat, elbowing her way forward. It was the old hag. Her hair was put in a net and her pantaloons were showing as her nightgown had stuck in the back. "My grandmother was here when they built that barn!" The hag shouted, hitting the air with her cane as a weapon. "For hundred years it has been here!"

"Maggie dear, the barn was built fifty years ago, not a hundred-" Jin started explaining. Maggie wasn't listening. She fell down to her knees and buried her face in her hands, either crying or pretending to. Hoseok thought he heard Jimin snort. This was weird.

"When was the mansion built?" Hoseok asked Taehyung who stood the closest to him, tearing his
gaze from Maggie on the ground. Another old woman with her hair in a net crouched down next to Maggie, patted her back as the maids came running down the lawn. Momo and Sana gaped so big that Hoseok could've thrown coins in their mouths. If he'd had any.

"In 1805," Taehyung explained, pouting at Hoseok who nodded to him and took a step to the side, feeling like the third wheel when Taehyung hugged Jungkook like this.

Jin walked up to Namjoon and leaned his head on his shoulder as they watched the barn burn up. Jackson and Mark still forced Mino to stay where he was. Sana tried to approach Maggie who swatted her hands away.

When most of the barn had burned up, and two of the horses had run up to the group, Hoseok grabbed his trunk, stroked the hard surface in the meanwhile. He was tired. The outhouse was gone and he had no bed. He stroked his trunk to distract himself from the sad thoughts.

"What do we do now?" Taehyung was the one to ask. Everyone had been silent for long, listening to Jimin's muffled sniffles and Namjoon's shocked mumbles. Jimin was holding Taehyung's hand now, wiping tears from his cheeks as new tears continued to fall.

"See it from the bright side," Jimin choked out a raspy laugh. "We won't have to fix the hole in the roof anymore." He got everyone to laugh, or cry. Everyone but Yoongi whose face was concerned. He'd been standing like a statue since forever. If he hadn't been blinking Hoseok could've mistaken him for one.

"It's quite obvious what we'll do, isn't it?" Jin turned to look at Yoongi with raised eyebrows. "They'll sleep in the mansion, right Yoongi? Until the new barn is in place. And the horses can stay in my stable. I'll ask my other farmers to feed them a few times a day along with my own, and then you can come over if you want to ride them."

Hoseok held his breath. Sleep in the mansion? He hadn't even set a food in there before. Yoongi would never allow that to happen. Hoseok didn't want it to happen either. He was used to sleeping in the barn by now. Sleeping in the old house would be a big change.

"They're not allowed inside," Yoongi stated, meeting Jin's gaze. Hoseok wanted to argue that it was unfair since Namjoon had been let inside and slept there tonight. Plus the fact that the girls always slept there. Why weren't boys allowed? Because they were loud and dirty?

"There are four empty bedrooms, aren't there?" Jin proposed, stroking the top of his little poodle's head in his arms.

"Your point?" Yoongi crossed his arms, looking uncomfortable. Hoseok didn't think that he had any reason to look uncomfortable. It wasn't like he was more or less treated like a slave and wasn't allowed inside a house.

"It's in the middle of the night and they have nowhere to sleep," Jin said, motioning around him. Taehyung pouted and Jimin dried tears from his cheeks. "Let them sleep inside just for tonight, and then we'll discuss this further tomorrow."

"But they're not allowed inside?" Yoongi countered. "I didn't make the rules. Ask Mister and Missus Min."

"They aren't here. They won't notice," Jin said cleverly, putting on a charming smile. Everyone watched them in tense silence, confused, unsure of what was going to happen next. "Come on. They won't break anything, right?" He looked at Jimin who nodded eagerly. "See?"
Yoongi was silent for a moment. Then he sighed. "Fine," He gave in.

Hoseok didn't believe his ears. The others neither. They cheered and high fived each other, dancing around, the sadness from the burned barn suddenly forgotten.

And then they got to work. Hoseok, Taehyung, Jungkook and Jimin tracked down the horses and led one each to Jin's stable. Jungkook led the way, opened the gate to Jin's farm and Jin's stable with golden keys. They returned just in time to see Mino get kicked out on the street, locked outside without anything but the clothes on his body. Hoseok overheard Jin tell Yoongi that he would rebuild the barn with strong workers super fast before Mister and Missus Min found out about what had happened. Yoongi did not look calmed.

Hoseok felt stressed when he saw the moon slowly go down in the west, marking the end of the short summer night. The stars grew fainter and it would soon be dawn. He didn't feel like bathing in the lake and work all day when he hadn't slept. His clothes were gray with smoke. It felt like he'd got a slight burn on his hand.

"Mina! I almost died!" Hoseok heard Jackson exclaim dramatically to Mina as they grabbed their bags and started dragging them for the mansion. Yoongi was already gone. Jin and Namjoon led the way, Jin clinging on Namjoon and making his dog lick him in the face. Hoseok was too tired to think anything more about it.

"Hyung, Kookie told me that I can sleep with him in his room," Taehyung said then. Hoseok blinked in confusion. No one had called him hyung yet. He'd almost forgotten what it felt like.

"What are you saying, Tae Tae?" Jimin gasped, as if he'd been the one Taehyung had talked to. "You and I are roomies? We've been for two years!"

"I know Chim, but Kookie already asked me," Taehyung shrugged, not looking half as sad as he made out to be. Next to him Jungkook yawned, appearing unbothered by Jimin's panic. "Can't you share with Hobi?"

"But I wanna share with you!" Jimin whined. Hoseok felt offended. He was tired of being Jimin's second choice now. Though, he'd rather room with Jimin than any of the others so swallowed the need to snap back and stayed silent. He stared at the grass, wondering if he would ever be someone's first choice. If he squinted he thought that he could read no on the ground.

Jin and Namjoon stood on the porch, next to Jones who handed out pillows for them. Hoseok gaped when he got a pillow. It was beige with golden embroideries. Thick. Fluffy. It didn't smell like mold.

"Jungkook give that back, you already have a pillow," Jin muttered, trying to take the pillow back from Jungkook's arms. He didn't budge and Jin stopped the tug of war quickly. He brushed imaginary dust from his shirt and cleared his throat. "You are the last ones and there's only one room left. It's on the third floor; the door to the immediate right."

"Tae will sleep with me in my room," Jungkook spoke up, sharing a smile with Taehyung, either not seeing or choosing to ignore Jimin's jealous glare.

"Oh, okay," Jin nodded some to himself, shared a look with Namjoon. "Then Hoseok and Jimin, was it? You will get that room for yourselves." He smiled at Hoseok and Jimin who looked equally tired. "So, so, hurry now so you'll get some sleep before it's time to go up!"

Jungkook hurried away, pulling Taehyung along. And then they were gone. Hoseok and Jimin
stared after them, frowning.

"Where's the outhouse?" Jimin asked Jones, putting on a sad face. Jones proceeded to tell him about the very complicated way to the restroom by the kitchen in the basement. Hoseok put on a polite smile for Namjoon before he walked inside, feeling intimidated by the old portraits on the walls of the hallway. It felt like the people in the portraits were staring at him. He felt even more misplaced. His dirty shoes left footprints on the floor after him. His hands were dirty too.

"We'll have much more fun than Tae and Kookie," Jimin appeared next to Hoseok and hooked arms with him. "I know the way to the kitchen, too. Now we can eat until we're as fat as Maggie!"

They turned a corner and someone cleared their throat. Hoseok felt his heart jump when he recognized Maggie. She stood in the middle of what must be the second hallway, guarding the grand staircase. It was a round room with doors leading into different side rooms.

"You look terrific today, Maggie!" Jimin said before he hurried for the staircase and dragged Hoseok along. The steps of the staircase were broad and so polished they went slippery. There were more portraits around the walls here, these with children on them. Children with pale skin and sad eyes. Hoseok didn't like the feeling he got from them. The tapestry was dark gray, only making them look even paler.

They walked up the stairs until their legs hurt. The third floor had dark gray walls too. They walked into a dark corridor. This one didn't have portraits on the walls. It had paintings. Paintings of forests and the sky and what must be the lake outside.

"Wow," Hoseok breathed, walking up to the painting that instantly drew him in. It was a painting of a crescent moon, golden by the tree tops.

"Isn't it here that Moody Min lives? On the third floor?" Jimin asked, narrowing his eyes at the painting, angling his head to the side. "I had no idea he liked things like this."

"He lives here?" Hoseok asked. He couldn't remember. He was mesmerized by the paintings. He hadn't seen colors like these in forever. He looked at another painting, smiling when he recognized the sunset.

"Look, here's a window," Jimin rushed for the end of the dark corridor to the window there. He opened it, making Hoseok grimace from the creaky sound, and glanced outside. "I can see everything!"

"Let me see," Hoseok pressed himself next to Jimin in the window. His fear of heights kicked in when he saw how high up they were. He could easily make out the lake, beach, forest, hut and neighbor house.

Hoseok didn't want to fall out the window, so he walked back to the painting with the moon. Jimin glanced outside for a while longer as Hoseok watched the paintings. They abruptly stopped when they heard noises come from one of the rooms to their left, and hurriedly ran into the first room to the right. Jimin closed the door after them, trying to lock it even though it lacked a lock.

Hoseok turned around and swept his gaze over the room. It was small. There was a window against one of the walls, draped with dark curtains. Two beds stood leaned against the other wall, next to an old closet. Two carton boxes and a rocket chair stood in the other corner.

"Cozy," Jimin commented. Hoseok wasn't sure if he was joking or not. Jimin walked into the middle of the room with his hands on his hips, frowning. "But something tells me Kookie's room is
"Does it matter?" Hoseok asked, trying not to feel sour when he saw the layer of gray dust on the floor. His nostrils pricked. The rug in the middle of the room had holes in it. This room probably hadn't been used in a while. Or a hundred years.

"Bet Jungkook doesn't have a creepy chair like this, though!" Jimin ignored Hoseok and flung himself down the old chair. It creaked and gave out from Jimin's weight. They both gasped as Jimin rose up from the mess of broken pieces on the floor. Jimin tripped and landed on one of the boxes, and they heard the significant sound of glass breaking. "Oops,"

"Please don't tell me there was glass in there." Hoseok rushed up to Jimin and opened the box, grimacing when he saw the colorful, shattered glass inside.

"Don't worry, no one will notice. We'll just hide it in the closet." Jimin waved Hoseok's worried away. He lifted up the box and walked for the closet that Hoseok opened. It was old and creaky like everything else, smelling like mold. Jimin threw the box inside and got Hoseok to help him throw in the broken pieces of the chair too. Then Jimin moved the beds so they were close to each other, lined up by the wall, and slumped down on one of them, hugging his new pillow to his chest. "Sleep tight," He mumbled.

"It's morning now, Jiminnie," Hoseok sighed, lying down his own bed, hugging his own pillow. Jimin didn't answer. He rarely did. Hoseok stared up at the ceiling. It looked like someone had written something there. Names maybe. It looked a bit scary. He turned to his stomach, wanting to look out the window, when he saw that there was something written on the wall by his bed. He squinted, wondering what it was.

"Jimin," He hissed. "Jimin, did you see this?" He glanced at Jimin, wanting to crawl up his bed and hug him since he was so scared. "Jimin!"

"I want chocolate pudding..." Jimin mumbled, already sleeping, facing away from Hoseok. Hoseok pattered out of bed and walked to Jimin, shook his shoulders until he snapped his eyes open.

"What's burning this time!?" Jimin sputtered, sitting straight up and snapping his head around.

"Nothing's burning Jiminnie, but look, I think someone has written something on the wall by my bed." Hoseok pointed at the simple headboard of his wooden bed before he pointed at the ceiling. "Look, there too,"

"You're overreacting," Jimin mumbled, frowning and looking a bit scared himself. "Do you think we're in a ghost room?"

"What if someone died here?" Hoseok hissed, scooting closer to Jimin who shook his head. "Someone could've died in here. Didn't you see the portraits? Everyone looked sad. We don't know anything."

"Hobi, it's too late for this," Jimin yawned. "Go to bed and we'll investigate later."

"But." "I'd like to sleep in my new bed now. We don't know for how many days we'll get to stay here, so don't wake me up again," Jimin said with a finish to it, pushing Hoseok out of his bed and turning his back to him.
Muttering, Hoseok walked back to his own bed. He pulled the blanket up to his chin, staring at the text in the ceiling, missing the barn. It had smelled bad. People had snored. His mattress had been hard. But he'd had Namjoon just under him and there hadn't been ghosts there. It was odd. He'd never thought he'd miss the barn.

He tried to go to sleep. He was woken up what felt like minutes later. Namjoon walked into their room, telling them it was time to bathe. Jimin pretended not to hear him and Hoseok sat up with his body feeling heavy.

They walked to the lake where they met the other boys. Jimin ran to Taehyung and clung to him and Hoseok was left alone. Again. He tiredly rubbed the skin of his arms in the lake, trying to wash away the ash from yesterday.

Breakfast was served inside the mansion today. Jin led them into the second dining room. It was located in the basement by the kitchen. Hoseok sat down on a chair. The girls ate along with them. It was weird. Even Dahyun was there. Hoseok had never seen her anywhere else but on the porch before.

Hoseok pushed his bowl away from him and put his hands in his lap when he was done eating. He tapped the floor with his foot, letting his gaze travel along the walls. They were light. There was a flower pot in the corner. Dahyun watered it. Hoseok wanted to steal the pink flower and put it in his pocket. He missed Flowy.

He meant to ask Namjoon what the plan for today was when he heard footsteps. The door opened and Jin walked inside. And Yoongi. Hoseok straightened inside and tried to look like normal, hoping Yoongi wouldn't notice him in the crowded table, internally panicking when he met Yoongi's gaze instantly. Yoongi was dressed in beautiful clothes today. Dark blue and silver. Hoseok felt simple in his worn clothes.

Then he stopped those thoughts. He had no reason to mind about that. It wasn't like he had to look good for Yoongi. He only worked for him. Yoongi didn't care. Hoseok certainly shouldn't waste time thinking about that.

Hoseok casually scratched his neck. Yoongi most certainly swept his gaze over him and Hoseok felt his cheeks heat up. It was warm in the room. That's why his cheeks felt hot. Hoseok met his gaze for only a second before Yoongi looked away. Jin tugged at his arm, whispered something in his ear that had him frowning. Hoseok wished he could hear what they were saying.

"Hey, what's up with you? Did you choke or something? You look weird," Jimin whispered to Hoseok, nudging his side.

"What?" Hoseok answered absentmindedly, his eyes stuck on Yoongi's hand. There was a dark blue ring sitting on his middle finger. It was the biggest jewel Hoseok had ever seen.

"Hello?" Jimin furiously waved a hand in front of Hoseok's face. "Did you freeze?"

Hoseok snapped back to reality. He tore his gaze from Yoongi's blue ring and blinked at impatient Jimin. "What is it?"

"I could ask the same," Jimin said with a weird look on his face. "Why did you space off? Scared of Moody Min or something? Because he might appear scary but he's not that good at running so he won't catch you."

"What?" Hoseok repeated, confused, looking back at Yoongi. He was sitting down by the end of
the table now, holding out a piece of parchment in front of him. Jin leaned over his shoulder, pointing things out. Hoseok craned his neck, trying to see what they were doing. Namjoon sat next to them, pointing at the parchment too.

"Are you even listening to me?" Jimin urged, poking Hoseok painfully on the shoulder.

"Yes," Hoseok lied to buy himself more time. Why was Yoongi here? Sitting at the same table as them? Was he supposed to do that? Everyone was dressed in white and beige and boring brown, and there he and Jin were at the end of the table, dressed in blue and pink.

"I heard that Mark kissed Mina yesterday!" Jimin hissed close to Hoseok's ear, making him jerk. "Jackson doesn't know a thing!"

"You shouldn't listen to rumors Jimin," Hoseok advised him. He couldn't care less about that love triangle.

"It's not rumors, it's true!" Jimin hissed, giggling to himself, putting a hand over his mouth. "Sana told me. Want to know what else she told me?"

"Yes?" Hoseok mumbled, not caring at all. When had Jimin heard all this? Sana sat next to him. Maybe she'd told him just now.

"She told me Dahyun likes you!" Jimin whispered excitedly. "Great, right?"

Hoseok choked. He fumbled for his glass of water and gulped down the contents of it, accidentally spitting some out as Jimin started hitting him on the back, helping him breathe. Hoseok felt his face turn red with embarrassment when he saw that the whole table had gone silent and everyone was staring at them, including Yoongi.

"Sorry, uhm, Sir," Hoseok added weakly, meeting Yoongi's gaze, feeling his face burn. He should've just stayed silent. Now Yoongi was looking at him.

"It's okay, dear," Jin said as if Hoseok had been talking to him. He smiled at him before he went back to whatever he was doing. Yoongi looked away without a word and Hoseok felt like the biggest loser. What had he hoped for? For Yoongi to speak to him? Help him wipe his mouth? Hug him until it felt better?

Hoseok shook his head. That's exactly what he'd hoped for Yoongi to do. It was weird. His thoughts were becoming weird. It was the lack of sleep. It had to be.

"So should I tell her you like her back or what?" Jimin whispered, apparently unable to sense Hoseok's resistance.

"What? No," Hoseok whispered back, grabbing a napkin, wiping his mouth and helplessly started wiping the table. It was wooden and had small gaps in the wood. Some water had run down and wet down Hoseok's pants. Now it looked like he'd had an accident. He hoped Yoongi wouldn't see.

"Why not? I thought you said she was hot before?" Jimin asked with a dumb face of confusion. Hoseok wanted to take his dirty napkin and slap him with it. Jimin must be either slow or an idiot for not getting that Hoseok didn't like girls that way.

"I lied," Hoseok tried to look casual and not like his heart was beating hard. Sana was definitely eavesdropping on them now. Next to her Momo glanced at Hoseok, sneaky smile on her lips. Was everyone gossipers here?
"Why would you do that?" Jimin questioned, gaping a little bit. "I already told her you liked her."
"You did what!" Hoseok exclaimed, unable to hide his panic anymore. The table went silent and everyone turned to stare at him again. He wanted to disappear when he made eye contact with Yoongi for the third time. Yoongi was frowning. "Sorry Sir," Hoseok repeated hurriedly, swallowing.

"I told you, it's fine!" Jin scoffed, smiling and waving a hand in the air before he ruffled Namjoon's hair, taking him by surprise and making him accidentally slap Jungkook next to him. Jin laughed at him with happy eyes.

"It feels like you're hiding something from me, Hobi," Jimin said, crossing his arms and raising his eyebrows at him. "You need to tell me what it is."

Hoseok started sweating nervously. "I'm not, Jiminnie. Honest. But I want to focus on work. I don't want to, uh, like have a relationship right now."

"Who said something about a relationship? You could just hug and kiss when you feel like it." Jimin shrugged. "That's what people do here."

"What people?" Hoseok asked, feeling curiosity stir in his chest. He felt Dahyun glance at him from across the table but ignored it. She would get the message. Hoseok was not interested in anyone. Not anyone.

"I'd say about everyone but you," Jimin pondered, nodding importantly.

"Everyone?" Hoseok's eyes went for Yoongi. His hair was especially fluffy today. It must be newly washed. Hoseok wondered why he was up so early. Hoseok had never seen him earlier than ten before.

"Yeah, like Jack and Mina and Mark, Sana, Momo, probably the new guys, me,"

"How about Yoongi?" Hoseok asked, wishing he hadn't. Jimin's eyes narrowed and Hoseok felt his cheeks flame again. For no reason. And what was that last thing Jimin had said?

"Why? Are you interested in him or something?" Jimin asked with a strange look in his eyes.

Hoseok staged a very stiff laugh. Jimin was saying weird things. "No, of course not. I'm just curious. And what was that thing you said? Are you one of those who have someone to hug and kiss when they feel like it? I didn't know that."

Now it was Jimin's turn to blush. He avoided eye contact, played with his cutlery as a small smile splayed on his lips. "No, I just said that to see if you were listening or not."

"Okay," It sounded like Jimin was lying. Hoseok didn't comment on it. It felt like Jimin was thinking similar thoughts of Hoseok, which was odd since Hoseok was telling the truth.

They had no time for further discussion. Jin cleared his throat and got everyone's attention. He showed them the parchment Yoongi had held in his hands, revealing a drawing of the new barn. It would be bigger than the previous one, with a bigger room for the farmers to sleep in. Jin would be in charge of building it with the help from workers from the town. While Jin spoke Hoseok's eyes drifted to Yoongi again. Yoongi was nodding to what Jin was saying, looking like he was somewhere else in his head. Hoseok wondered what he was thinking about. Why he kept looking
"That's it for today's meeting!" Jin said with a finish to it when he was done, clapping his hands together. Hoseok hadn't been on a meeting before. He hadn't known this had been one.

Everyone scattered. Momo and Sana walked off with Lisa and Rose, the new girls, and said something about cleaning the living room. Jungkook jumped up on Taehyung's back, getting a ride out of the room. Hoseok lingered, not sure why until he glanced around and found that he was alone with Yoongi. Yoongi who was watching him. Hoseok's heart gave a weird jump when they made eye contact.

"Oh, h-hello," Hoseok wanted to groan. Why was he stuttering? Why had he lingered? He should be smart and follow Jimin.

Yoongi watched him in silence. Hoseok held his breath. He was nervous. He didn't understand why he was so nervous. Didn't understand why Yoongi didn't say anything today. Why Yoongi was watching him with that look in his eyes. Hoseok felt scrutinized.

"Why are you still here?" Were the words that came out of Yoongi's mouth. Hoseok felt disappointed. He didn't understand why. It wasn't like he had expected Yoongi to be nice to him. Be friendly. Hoseok was a fool for hoping.

"Good question, Sir." Hoseok licked his dry lips. Why were they so dry? He got up from his chair and bowed at Yoongi who watched him with a plain face. Hoseok wondered what he was thinking. Yoongi wasn't saying much. Did that mean that his head was full of things to say that he didn't or that it was empty?

"What are you waiting for?" Yoongi questioned, his voice deep. Hoseok's heart jumped and he felt awkward. It was a strange combination. Why was he still standing here?

"Yes, uhm," Hoseok glanced up, looked into Yoongi's eyes and tried to read them. It was impossible. Yoongi was silent. Hoseok felt tense. Nervous. He had to say something fast.

"Is your head empty?"

"What?" Yoongi asked with confusion written all over his face.

Hoseok gasped when he realized what he'd said. He hadn't been supposed to say that.

"Nothing! Good day!" He hurriedly strode past Yoongi, ignoring the strange need to stroke his arm, ignoring his thumping heart, and started running once he was out of the room. He was probably not allowed to run inside. Maggie spat at him to stop from where she was sitting in the couch of the small living room. A fur was thrown over the back of the couch. Hoseok started running faster. Up the stairs. Through the hallway. Once he was outside he spotted Jimin by the black mess of ash that was the barn.

Hoseok didn't know why he was running. Why he was running away from Yoongi. He tried to relax as he walked up to Jimin.

"Gotta repair the fence today," Jimin told him, motioning for the fence next to them. It was burned here and there and was colored gray from the smoke. "Have no idea where Tae and Kookie are, so it's you and me."

"Yay," Hoseok forced out before he glanced over his shoulder and made sure that Yoongi wasn't following him. But the lawn was empty. Yoongi wasn't following him.
When he realized how silly he was for even thinking that Yoongi would do something like that he almost started laughing. He was acting so weird today. He felt weird too. Lack of sleep was scary.

He started repairing the fence with Jimin, and when Jimin ran off to do who knows what Hoseok took a break to watch the sky. He let his mind drift to his parents. He hadn't heard a word from them and he'd been here for almost three weeks. They must not be missing him. He should stop missing them. He was a big boy now. He had his own life. And with that thought he started working again. He didn't mind that he was working alone while the others were off having fun. He wanted to make a good impression on Yoongi. Or not only Yoongi. Jin too. Namjoon. Everyone. He'd rather stay here than walk around and risk stepping on the wrong place or say something weird.

He worked on the fence the next day too. Jimin came to help him after an hour, dragging Taehyung along after him. They were both wet and covered in sand. Taehyung said something about 'marco polo' before he grabbed a hammer and started working while giggling to himself.

Hoseok's routine changed a bit. He was still woken up at dawn, but food was served in the little dining room in the basement. He could use the restroom down there too, and it was different experience. The bathroom had white tiles, a sink and a real toilet that could flush. Hoseok, Jimin and Taehyung had stood next to it yesterday, gaping as they flushed it time after time, holding on to their clothes and shoes so they wouldn't drop them and lose them in the toilet.

Sleeping in the scary room was, well, scary. Hoseok tried to read the words in the ceiling. He stopped when he failed. Jimin told him to chill. It was difficult when the floor creaked and the wind was whispering outside. Hoseok hadn't slept well in two days. He hoped tonight would be better.

It turned out that tonight did not get better. Hoseok had finished repairing the fence with the help from the others, and they had eaten dinner in the dining room. Then Momo had told them a scary story about the people in the portraits, claiming that all of them had died in Hoseok's room, and Hoseok had suppressed the need to scream.

"Don't believe that story, Hobi," Jimin mumbled against his pillow. Two minutes later he was asleep. Hoseok on the other hand sat on his bed, legs pressed to his chest and eyes darting over the walls. It was late. Probably. He didn't dare start looking for a pocket watch. He didn't dare move. He thought he heard something. It sounded like someone was crying. It must be the ghosts wanting to scare him. The ghosts were howling. Maybe it was wolves outside. Werewolves. They all wanted to scare Hoseok.

"I'm not afraid," He mumbled to himself. "I'm not afraid." He wished he'd had someone, or something, to hug but himself. Jimin. Flowy. Even old hag Maggie would do at this moment. That's how scared he was.

When it sounded like someone was shouting he winced. He couldn't stay here. Anything was better than this ghost house. He'd sleep outside. In the restroom. In Maggie's lap.

He put a foot on the floor, his heart racing, sighing in relief when the monsters under the bed didn't bite his foot off his leg. He moved the curtains to the side by the window, glanced out of it. The grounds were dark, only lit up some from the waning moon. It was windy. Waves hit the shore from the lake. A bird flew past the window and he suppressed another scream when he remembered that birds were asleep at night. It was a ghost bird. Or a bat. Both were scary. He was all sweaty.

He decided to take a walk. Search for Namjoon until he found him. Namjoon would save him. He'd
hug him. Make it okay again. But what floor was he staying at? The one below them? If he told Hoseok there was no ghosts then Hoseok would believe him. Namjoon wouldn't make fun of him. The problem would be to find him in the darkness.

Hoseok grabbed the first thing he saw - Jimin's reeking sock - and walked to the door. He slowly pulled down the door handle, grimacing from the loud creak. He cast a glance at peacefully sleeping Jimin over his back before he entered the dark corridor. It was spooky. The bright painting of the lake seemed to shine on the wall.

"I'm not afraid," He told himself again, putting a hand against the wall to guide himself to the stairs. He hoped Namjoon would let him share the bed with him. There was no way Hoseok was sleeping alone.

He felt around the walls, inhaling sharply when he almost pushed down one of the paintings. He carefully caught it in his hands and put it back on the wall, gazing around, making sure that no one had heard him. He started walking again, stopped when he heard something. He wasn't sure what it was, so he tilted his head to the side, strained his ears. It sounded almost like wailing. Was it Jin's dog poodle?

Hoseok sneaked to his right, further into the corridor rather than towards the stairs like he'd first planned to. It sounded more like sniffling now. A lonely sniffle in the silence. He walked to the door the sounds came from and pressed his ear against it, wondering what it was that made the sounds when it dawned on him. Someone was crying. On the other side of the door someone was sad.

"Hello?" He whispered, tugging at the door handle. It was locked. The handle rustled and the crying came to a stop inside. "Anyone there?" He whispered to the door, thinking that the person might hear him. "Are you afraid of ghosts? I am too. You don't need to cry." He said in his softest voice.

Then it hit him. It might be a ghost making the sounds in there.

Much more frightened, he pressed his ear harder against the door, facing his fears. He closed his eyes and listened. Nothing. He heard nothing. No crying ghosts. No sniffling. Had he made it up in his head? Sometimes when he'd been little he'd done things like that.

He listened to the silence for a while longer. He was about to leave when he felt the door handle being pulled down. His heart jumped and settled in his throat in fear. A ghost was pulling at the door handle.

"Shit, shit," He mumbled, heart racing. He heard the lock turn. The ghosts were going to kill him. He'd disturbed them. He was too young to die.

He struggled to get his legs to work before he hid behind the door, pressed himself against the wall and held his breath. He couldn't allow the ghosts to see him.

The door swung open. Hoseok bit his lip, wondering if he was going to die now.

"Hello?" The ghost asked. Hoseok almost cried. Then he stilled. Stopped panicking.

Wait, he though with eyes widening. He recognized that voice. It belonged to no ghost. It belonged to Min Yoongi.

Double wait. Why had Yoongi been crying? Or had it been him? Was someone else in there?
"Hello?" The voice repeated. It was definitely Yoongi. It sounded like he glanced into the corridor. His voice was raspy. Sad. Why was he sad? Hoseok's heart started hurting from the sad tone in Yoongi's voice.

He pressed himself tighter against the wall, praying that the painting he was leaning on wouldn't fall. His heart was beating hard in his chest. He could hear Yoongi breathing. Could hear him voice another sniffle. He was sad. Hoseok wanted to comfort him. Tell him that it would be okay. He resisted that feeling. Comforting Jimin was one thing. He was younger. Almost like a little brother. Yoongi was older. Superior. Hoseok shouldn't touch him at all. He shouldn't want to.

But Yoongi sounded really small and innocent right now. He glanced out the door some more, muttered something to himself under his breath before he closed the door and locked it. Hoseok let out the breath he'd been holding. He was full of questions. Why had Yoongi been crying? Why had he said hello? What would he have done if he'd seen Hoseok? Would he have opened up to him?

No. He wouldn't. Hoseok was silly for thinking that. And he was silly for not having remembered about Yoongi staying on the third floor. There was only him, Hoseok and Jimin staying up here. And the ghosts of course. The attic was above Hoseok's head. He glanced up, wondering if the ghosts living in there liked to scare little boys like himself at night.

He snapped his head back down when he thought he heard a new cry. This one was muffled. The sound of it made his heart hurt. Why was Yoongi crying in there? Maybe he was afraid too. If only Hoseok hadn't been such a coward. He wished he'd been braver. Then he'd knocked on the door and tried again, told Yoongi that it was okay and that he shouldn't be sad, no matter what was bothering him.

Though, Yoongi might get angry at him for being nosy. For eavesdropping. Spying on him even. Hoseok hadn't been spying on him, but Yoongi might think so. Why did Hoseok even feel the need to comfort him? He felt embarrassed now. It was weird of him to spy on Yoongi like this in the middle of the night.

Still. He pressed his ear against the door again, closed his eyes and listened for sounds. It sounded like Yoongi was walking around. Pacing. Hoseok wondered what he was doing. What his room looked like. If he liked to hug someone when he was afraid too.

Then Hoseok stifled a laugh. What was he thinking? It almost sounded like he wanted to hug Yoongi. Like he wanted to hug Moody Min. His landlord. He did not. He was just tired and desperate for human contact.

He heard the lock turn and hurried away with panic. Had he laughed out loud? God, he was not a good spy. He practically ran to the stairs and ducked on the second step, crouching down as Yoongi opened the door again. This time Yoongi was silent, asking no questions as he glanced around in the corridor. Hoseok started climbing down the stairs on all fours. It was difficult. He ended up climbing on his side like some sort of worm. The people in the portraits around him stared at him, probably thinking he looked like a terrified loser. He was one, so they were not wrong.

On the second floor he straightened up and walked into another dark corridor. He hadn't been there yet. There was a soft rug on the floor that warmed up his cold feet. He looked around, thankful for the little source of light from the unsupervised lamp put on a table at the end of the corridor.

There were so many doors. Three on every side. It was odd, how the mansion seemed twice as big on the inside than on the outside. Easy to get lost.
He wondered what room Namjoon stayed in when he heard one of those shouts again. It made his heart jolt with fear, and he raised Jimin's smelly sock in the air as a weapon. The sound came from the room to the immediate right, straight under the room he was staying in on the third floor. It was dark. He squinted at the brown door, searching for a name tag or something.

"Joon?" He whispered, hoping Namjoon was awake and had his ear pressed against the door so he could hear Hoseok's whisper, wherever he was.

"Who's there?" Someone rasped out then. It wasn't Namjoon. The old voice came from the stairs. It was Maggie.

"Shit, shit!" Hoseok hissed, dropping the sock in panic. He opened the first door, relieved when he found it unlocked, and hurried inside. He tried to calm his racing heart and pressed his back against the door. The room went silent. He heard fast breathing. It smelled sort of bad.

"Namjoon?" He whispered, wishing there had been more light in the room. He couldn't see anything in the dark. What luck would he have to walk into Namjoon's room on the first try?

"Who is it?" Someone asked. Out of breath. It wasn't Namjoon's voice.

"It's Hoseok," Hoseok replied, squinting around, keeping to the door.

"Are you looking for Namjoon? He isn't here."

Hoseok nodded some. It was Jin, he heard now. "Okay, sorry that I walked in here and interrupted your sleep, Sir."

Weird. Hoseok wasn't nervous at all when he spoke to Jin in Jin's room, but he hadn't dared saying hi to Yoongi in a corridor. Probably since Hoseok knew so little about Yoongi. Yoongi was so mysterious. Hoseok wanted to know more about him.

He didn't feel the need to know more about Jin though…

"It's okay," Jin said after a minute of strained silence. "Close the door when you l-leave,"

"You sound funny Sir, are you okay? I'm afraid of ghosts," Hoseok said as he opened the door and glanced outside, seeing that the corridor was empty and free from scary old hags.

"I'm just tired," Jin forced out a stiff laugh. "Good b-bye!" His voice pitched at the end.

"Maybe you should air out the room. It smells kinda bad," Hoseok advised before he left. The moment he closed the door he thought he heard one of those shouts again. He frowned, wondering if he'd made it up in his head. He shook his head and started searching for Namjoon. He opened every door and peeked inside, whispering "Namjoon?" but nothing. In one of the rooms he heard Alejandro snore and in another he saw Taehyung and Jungkook hug in a bed under the moonlight. They looked cute. Hoseok felt creepy as he watched them sleep with a smile.

He eventually sneaked back to his and Jimin's room. He'd picked up Jimin's dirty sock on the way.

"Jimin," He hissed, throwing the sock to the floor where he'd got it and sitting down on Jimin's bed. It dipped under his butt. Jimin had an open mouth and was drooling on his pillow. "Jimin, I couldn't find Namjoon. He's gone missing," Hoseok got worried when he said it. "I think the ghosts got him. And Yoongi's crying and Jin's shouting. Tae and Jungkook are hugging in a bed."
"Say what?" Jimin sat up quickly, waking up, rubbing sleep from his eyes and blinking.

"Yeah, Namjoon is gone-

"No, are they hugging in a bed? Seriously?" Jimin questioned, yawning with an open mouth. "Where? Did you spy on them? I can't wait to tease them tomorrow!"

"No, don't tell them that I saw them," Hoseok tried to mediate. "And didn't you hear? Namjoon?" Hoseok stopped talking when he heard the strange shout from the room below. Jimin must've heard it too. His eyes widened.

"What was that?" Jimin asked, weird look on his face.

"The ghosts!" Hoseok hissed, panicking, putting a hand to his heart.

Jimin snorted. "No I mean, who's down there being dirty when there's more of us in the house? Jack? Jandro?"

"What do you mean?" Hoseok asked, feeling slow and a bit grossed out. "Jin is staying there."

"Ew! Are you kidding me?" Jimin groaned. "I can't get those pictures out of my head now. Jack would've been better."

"What?" Hoseok whispered, confused.

"Never mind, you don't get it." Jimin laughed some. It felt like he laughed at Hoseok. "Good night." He fell back in bed and pulled the blanket up to his chin. Hoseok hurriedly climbed up next to him, wrapped his arms around him and persisted when Jimin tried to push him away. Jimin complained and whined, but in the end Hoseok got to stay and he could finally fall asleep with Jimin protecting him from the ghosts.

Tomorrow morning Hoseok sat next to Jimin by the table eating breakfast. Jimin had been teasing Taehyung and Jungkook for ten minutes and now they were ignoring him. The silence didn't stop Jimin who kept teasing them.

Hoseok flicked his eyes to Namjoon who'd just sat down. He was late. He played with the porridge in his bowl, looking like he was thinking. He was back. Hoseok was confused.

"Joon, where were you last night?" Hoseok asked over the table. He'd hoped that only Namjoon would hear him. As usual he was wrong.

"Yeah? I wonder that too." Mark joined in with his mouth full of food. "I stopped Jack from sneaking out and wanted to tell ya."

"You're making that up," Jackson muttered, winking to Mina over the table. Jimin hurled and Mark rolled his eyes.

Namjoon looked uncomfortable. Guilty even. His face was pale and he didn't eat the food in front of him. Why did he look like that? He avoided eye contact too. Hoseok leaned forward, wanting him to look at him. He'd been kicked out of Jimin's bed four times tonight. He had to know where Namjoon had been.

"Where's your room?" Hoseok asked instead.

"First one to the right on the second floor," Namjoon mumbled so low Hoseok struggled to hear it.
Jimin cupped his ear and leaned forward so much that he almost dipped his chin in Namjoon's bowl of porridge.

"What? But that's where I went?" Hoseok countered, growing even more confused.

"Y-you did?" Namjoon stuttered out. "Weird. I, uh, I didn't see you…" He swallowed and faced the table, his face both pale and red at the same time. Hoseok didn't understand. That's where he'd found Jin yesterday.

"Hobi," Jimin whispered in Hoseok's ear. "Don't you get it?" He sounded all bubbly with excitement.

"No?" Hoseok whispered back. He made brief eye contact with Namjoon who seemed a lot less calm than usual.

"I think Joon has someone to hug and kiss too,"
Hoseok blinked. He blinked once more.

"Remember the 'shouts'? I think it was something else. I don't think Joon was missing yesterday. I think he was having fun with Jin," Jimin finished with a smug tone, leaning back in his chair with a proud smirk on his face.

"But-, but-" Hoseok said, staring at Namjoon in front of him. Was it true? It made sense. Namjoon and Jin had been in the same room and Namjoon had hid when someone had come in. He probably hadn't wanted anyone to know what they were up to. Maybe they'd forgotten to lock the door.

But Jin and Namjoon. They were two men. Did this mean that they were like Hoseok? They had to be, one way or another, a little bit. There were lots of cute girls here. Probably.

Hoseok rubbed his chin in thought. He felt scared for their sake, that someone would find out. He also felt excited. Thrilled and happy that he wasn't as alone as he'd thought. He thought that it was bad of Namjoon to lie, but he understood. He would've done the same.

"Are they a thing?" Hoseok whispered in Jimin's ear. "And don't tell anyone, okay? I don't want Namjoon to get into trouble."

"Of course I won't say anything," Jimin said with a shake of his head. "What do you take me for? Namjoon has to stay here. And yes, I definitely think they're a thing. Haven't you wondered about what Namjoon is mumbling about in his sleep? Must be about this."

Hoseok actually gasped. "Have you heard it too? It thought it was only me!"

"I think everyone has heard it at some point. I think he's afraid of being, you know, that way. Since it's against nature and is wrong," Jimin whispered with a knowing look. Hoseok felt a stab of worry at that. Jimin was right. It was considered wrong. He wished it wasn't.
"I think it's okay. I won't judge him for it," Hoseok said, hoping he hadn't said too much, growing nervous.

Jimin frowned. "Who said we would judge him? I won't judge him either. Never."

"Why not?" Hoseok urged, curiosity bussing in his chest. Maybe Jimin wouldn't turn the back to him if he ever told him about the fact that another poof sat right next to him.

"No reason. I just won't. I think people should be allowed to love whoever they want. No matter gender or class or age or color," Jimin stated.

Hoseok jerked back some at that. "But Jin and Joon are almost the same age and color?" It felt like Jimin was talking about something else. Or more like someone else.

"Yes. But not everyone are. People are so fast to judge. So old fashioned. I sure won't be married off by eighteen to some silly girl to get seven kids and be poor for the rest of my life," Jimin huffed, crossing his arms and frowning.

Hoseok wasn't sure what to say. It felt like the topic was changing now. Changing to Jimin. It felt like Jimin was telling him only parts of this story. Telling it by the table where anyone could eavesdrop on them didn't feel like the best place.

"What will you do then? Get three kids?" Hoseok asked in a joking tone.

Jimin rolled his eyes. "Maybe I don't want kids at all. Maybe I want to break the norm. Be different. Korea is so small."

"You wanna leave Korea?" Hoseok raised his eyebrows in surprise. "How? With a boat?"

"Don't make fun of me," Jimin muttered, giving Hoseok a grumpy look. "I don't know what I'll do right now, but I just don't want to be stuck here for the rest of my life."

"Who wants that?" Jackson filled in, nudging Jimin's shoulder. Hoseok hadn't thought about it, but they had started speaking in louder voices. Most were watching them now, some looking scared and some excited.

"My dream is to go to Seoul and become a ballet dancer," Momo revealed with a sigh.

"I'd like to become a nurse," Sana shrugged.

"I want to paint," Taehyung joined in.

"Sing and dance and eat food from all countries," Jungkook added. Hoseok watched in silence as more joined in. Jimin went silent too. This had started with him, but now everyone shared their dreams for the future. Hoseok didn't dare share his though. Dancing wasn't for boys. Even if Jungkook had said he wanted to.

"I want to swim!" Jimin exclaimed, standing up and accidentally hitting the table with his knee so their bowls clattered.

"I want to learn how to sew," Jinwoo, one of the new guys, said.

"I want to wear pants!" Lisa said, surprising everyone by starting removing her apron.

"Wait, wait, everyone!" Namjoon said. Everyone sat down and quietened down. Namjoon looked tired. "It's great that you have dreams, but let's not start a revolution here. One day at a time."
"We're not starting a revolution," Jimin said. "We're just motivating each other. Right guys?" Jimin looked around. Hoseok flicked his gaze from Lisa who was rolling down her socks to Taehyung who practiced painting with his spoon on the table.

"Right," Most mumbled, calming down. They had no time to discuss further. Jin walked into the room, cheerful with a wide smile on his lips. The smile must be contagious, because a similar smile plastered on Namjoon's face as well.

"Good morning!" Jin sang. "I heard your, ehm, voices from the second floor, and since you sounded so cheerful I thought that you could get the day off today!" He said. The room broke out in loud cheers and high fives. Hoseok felt happy and confused. He made eye contact with Jin that soon turned awkward as they both remembered the encounter last night.

"How come?" Namjoon asked, the smile turning nervous as Jin patted him on the shoulder. Now that Hoseok knew of the suspected secret relationship he wondered how he could've missed it before. Jin touched Namjoon all the time, and Namjoon let him. Namjoon didn't let anyone else touch him like that.

"I think you have deserved a day's rest. You've got the evening off too, right? Go outside in the sun," Jin said with a smile. It was a bit ironic that he told them to be in the sun considering his skin was much paler than theirs. "Oh and Joon? Could you help me with something after breakfast?" He added.

"Sure thing," Namjoon said with a small, nervous smile. Jimin nudged Hoseok's shoulder and snickered about Namjoon being whipped. Hoseok didn't feel as cheerful. He thought they should be careful. And he was confused. Someone was missing.

"Sir, where is Yoongi?" He asked Jin. Why was Jin here but not Yoongi?

"In his room," Jin replied with a smile turning stiff. "Why are you asking?" He asked with a suggestive wink. Jimin choked out a laugh and Jin blew him a kiss. He must be in a good mood today.

"Do you perhaps know when he's going out of his room?" Hoseok asked next, not sure why his lips kept moving when he should stay silent. He sounded like a stalker. Too nosy. Too curious. Jimin gave him an odd look next to him, and Dahyun stared at him.

"I don't know? At noon perhaps? He didn't tell me," Jin shrugged. "But now…! There's ice cream in the kitchen and towels in the restroom!"

The room erupted in cheers again. Jimin even got up and hugged Jin, joined by Taehyung who grinned so much his cheeks must hurt. Hoseok was so surprised he turned mute. Ice cream? He didn't believe his ears.

Hoseok smiled at the sun, loving the fact that he didn't have to work today.
"Ew! Shield my eyes!" Jimin wailed when Jackson and Mina, hand in hand, came from the forest with secret eyes and small smiles. "I'm blind!" Jimin complained when Jinwoo and Rose, arm and arm, came walking on the beach.

"Why are you shouting?" Jinwoo asked. Jimin poked his tongue out at him.

After lunch in the kitchen, where Hoseok spent the entire time wondering if Yoongi was eating too but somewhere else, they grabbed a towel each and walked back to the beach. They spread out on their towels on the sand and started playing games. Next to them Dahyun, Momo, Sana, Jisoo and Lisa sat on another set of towels, whispering among each other and stealing glances of them, making Hoseok feel uncomfortable with eyes burning in his neck.

"Hoseok, do you have a minute?" Dahyun asked when Hoseok had just been about to leave to get more ice cream. He'd eaten three bowls of it and Jimin four. Jimin was winning the improvised competition. Jungkook was too occupied trying to make the biggest sandcastle to join, which was good since he definitely would've won otherwise.

"Uh, sure," Hoseok mumbled, forcing a smile at her. She had a friendly face and kind smile. He'd planned on sneaking up to the third floor to stalk Yoongi now though. She had to make it quick.

"Hi," She said when they stood in the little forest, hiding between a group of green trees.

"Hi," Hoseok repeated, impatiently tapping his foot against the ground.

"Jimin told me you liked me," Dahyun blurted, tucking a piece of hair behind her ear. Hoseok felt his stomach clench with discomfort. Damn Jimin. That was not true. "Do you?"

"Uh, well..." He trailed off, swallowing, wanting to buy himself more time. Was that what the girls had been talking about? Him? He thought he'd felt a twig get thrown at him sometime during the day. Had they been trying to get his attention?

Dahyun took a step closer and Hoseok took a step back, his back hitting a tree. "Do you?" She repeated. Her eyes were big and glowing. Hoseok's were probably small and scared.

"I-, n-no, sorry," He managed. He saw sadness flash in her eyes. He felt instantly guilty. He hated making people sad. "You're a great girl, but sorry, I don't feel for you that way,"

"But Jimin, he-?" Dahyun didn't look sad. She looked a bit angry and upset. "Do you like someone else?"

Hoseok opened his mouth to say no. It was strange. He felt like he should say yes. He shook his head instead. It got the message across.

"Can't you try then?" Dahyun asked. Now she just sounded desperate. She put on a smile and put a hand on Hoseok's shoulder.

"No, I-, I can't," Hoseok said, making a pained face. He felt uncomfortable. Pressured. Put in a corner. Dahyun finally let her hand drop from his shoulder.

"Why not?" She asked, thankfully not getting it.

"You're not my type," Hoseok settled for saying. Not really a lie.

"What's you type then?"
Hoseok should've been prepared for that counter question.

"Uh," He searched his mind for something to say. He had no good answer. He hadn't been in love before. "Dark hair and pale skin." He settled for saying. It sounded hot.

"But I have that?" Dahyun asked, confused look on her face. Hoseok swallowed nervously when he saw that it was true.

"Short black hair," He corrected himself with a nervous smile.

"Wait. Do you like Momo?" Dahyun started gaping.

"No! No, I don't like anyone," Hoseok hurried to say. "I'm sorry, hope you're okay."

"I'm okay. I just thought- since Jimin-" Dahyun started mumbling for herself. She frowned and shrugged and then she walked off. Hoseok could breathe again.

That had been close. Short, black hair? No girls had that. They had long hair in braids, and the girls working here had tanned skin. The only ones with pale skin here were Jin and Yoongi. Jin was taken, probably, so that left Hoseok meaning that he liked Yoongi.

Weird.

Hoseok shook the thoughts away and walked for the mansion to get ice cream. In the kitchen he met Deedee; the kind, old lady. She patted his back and smiled at him, helped him fill a bucket with ice cream and handed him silver spoons to go along with it. He stared at the spoons, barely daring touching them. He'd eaten with wooden spoons and chopsticks until now. He smiled and bowed and hurried away before she could exchange them.

The ice cream melted quickly. He walked for the beach with hurried steps and smiled at the little group of people that was his friends as he put the bucket on the towel next to Jimin.

"What took such a long time?" Jimin asked, squinting up at Hoseok with a hand shielding his eyes. Hoseok mumbled something as an answer, not sure what, not liking the shady looks he got from Dahyun and Rose who sat on the towels next to theirs.

"Wow! I've never seen this much ice cream in my life!" Taehyung said as he grabbed a spoon and started digging in. Jungkook was quick to follow, Jimin too. In no time the bucket was down to half full, and Hoseok hurried to get some ice cream for himself. He felt a bit guilty with Dahyun sitting right next to him. He tried to ignore the prickly feeling on his skin. She didn't really like him. He was her second choice. She liked Jackson.

By the time they finished the bucket Hoseok's stomach was hurting. Taehyung had brain freeze and Jungkook's teeth were clattering. Jimin draped an arm over Hoseok's shoulders, wondering how he'd got Deedee to give them so much.

A while later Namjoon joined them, surprisingly enough with Jin who carried his poodle under his arm. "Here Taehyung, take care of Yeontan," Jin smiled as he handed the excited dog to Taehyung who got licked in the face. Jin sat down close to Namjoon. Too close. He almost sat in his lap. He wasn't carrying his parasol. "Are you enjoying your day off?" He asked the group curiously.

"Best day of my life," Jimin admitted, patting his stomach with a lazy smile.

"Glad to hear that," Jin mused. It was strange. He was so nice today. He wrapped an arm around Namjoon's shoulders, bringing him in close. Namjoon showed off his dimples in a smile. He
looked happy too.

They started talking about random things. When Taehyung and Jungkook were off to take Yeontan on a walk, Jimin and Hoseok shared a look.

"We know," Jimin whispered to Namjoon. Hoseok chewed on his lower lip, feeling tense. He didn't think it was a good idea to bring it up here. Or anywhere. Dahyun and Rose were silent at the moment, probably eavesdropping on them.

"Know what?" Namjoon definitely broke out in a nervous sweat. He guided Jin's arm off of him and gave him an odd look. Jin looked offended.

"You really seem to like each other," Hoseok said instead, wanting Jimin to wait with the interrogation. "Not now?" He whispered to Jimin.

"Okay, fine," Jimin whispered back, rolling his eyes.

"What are you whispering about?" Jin asked. Next to him Namjoon looked apprehensive. "Is it how handsome I am today? Because thank you, I know!" He laughed.

"No, it was something else," Jimin said. "But who wanna play who am I?"

Jin and Namjoon did not want to play that. They left with the excuse that they had to make dinner. Everyone knew that the kitchen personnel made dinner. Hoseok and Jimin followed them with their eyes, wondering what they were whispering about. They probably hadn't liked the interrogation. Hoseok had known it had been a bad idea.

They didn't play who am I. Instead they searched for Taehyung and Jungkook, finding them by the dock playing with Yeontan.

By dinner time Hoseok followed the happy group of farmers for the mansion. He smiled and cheered at Yeontan when he saw something that caught his eye. A mess of black hair in the gazebo. His heart jumped like that again. Was it Yoongi? Was he outside again? It looked like he was writing something. Did anyone know that he'd been crying yesterday? Was he okay?

"Be right back," Hoseok told Jimin. Jimin wasn't listening to him. He was patting Yeontan. Hoseok slipped away, walked along the fence until he was so close to the gazebo that Yoongi must be able to hear him. Because it was Yoongi sitting in there, with a journal leaned against his lap and a pencil in his hands. His posture was bad and his shoulders were sagging. He was all alone.

Hoseok crept closer, craning his neck until it hurt from the effort. Yoongi hadn't noticed him yet. Hoseok shouldn't be here. This new obsession with Yoongi hadn't noticed him yet. Hoseok shouldn't be here. This new obsession with Yoongi was starting to creep himself out too. No sane person creeped up on someone like this.

"I can hear you."

Hoseok froze. His heart jumped. Again. He stared forward with big eyes as Yoongi glanced over his shoulder, frowning when he saw Hoseok.

"H-hi-"

"Did you want something? I'm busy," Yoongi said with an edge to it. He gave Hoseok a disapproving look over. Hoseok just remembered about the ice cream stain on his shirt and the dirt on his pants.
"No, I-, I just wanted to ask what you're doing." Hoseok wanted to stop stuttering already. He never stuttered. It was not cool. He had to be cool. He put his hands in the pockets of his pants and tried his best. Something told him that he failed.

"Why should I tell you that?" Yoongi asked. He put the journal and pencil to the side and turned around further, so that he could look at Hoseok without breaking his neck.

"Because I wanna know," Hoseok felt like a fool. He sounded like a kid speaking to someone much older. Like a teacher or older cousin.

"Why do you want to know?" Yoongi must only be asking questions today. He narrowed his eyes at Hoseok, and Hoseok thought he must be hungry because his stomach felt funny.

"Because I'm curious." Hoseok nodded a little bit. Curiosity ran in his family. Yoongi was a mystery to him and that's why he felt the need to spy on him.

"Are you not calling me Sir on purpose?" Yoongi wondered, his face plain, making it difficult for Hoseok to determine if he was joking or not.

"No, I keep forgetting about it. Sorry," Hoseok relented, shrugging. "Sir. I mean, sorry Sir." He made a face over how awkward he sounded. He was so nervous. Speaking had never been this hard.

Yoongi was silent for a moment. Hoseok put on a smile. He felt sweaty.

"Don't disturb me," Yoongi said then. Hoseok deflated. He felt disappointed. "Leave."

Ouch. Hoseok felt that.

"You could ask please. Didn't your mother teach you any manners?" Hoseok blurted. He had not meant to say that. He sounded rude. Like he wanted to argue. He didn't. He'd just been hurt.

"Excuse me?" Yoongi looked insulted. He rose up so they were almost eye to eye. Hoseok's stomach clenched with worry. He shouldn't have said that. He had to make it better again. Yoongi stood in front of him, and Hoseok hadn't noticed until now, they had never been close enough, but Yoongi was a little bit shorter than him.

"I-, uh," Hoseok stared at Yoongi. His cheeks were puffy and hair fluffy. Hoseok felt his heart thump in his chest and it scared him. "I heard you cry yesterday,"

Hoseok inhaled sharply. He should not have said that either. He hadn't meant to tell anyone that. Surprise washed over Yoongi's face. Then embarrassment. Anger and irritation. Hoseok wished he hadn't said anything. Most people didn't want others to hear them cry. Especially not their workers.

"Are you running around in the house at night?" Yoongi asked in a cold voice. His voice was steady. Hoseok shifted foot. He wasn't sure if he wanted to take a step closer or a step back. "It is forbidden,"

"I didn't know that," Hoseok said, thinking that he sounded childish and unmannered next to Yoongi who spoke with such calmness and practiced ease. "But I heard you cry, ehm, are you happier now?" He put on a nervous smile. Yoongi shouldn't feel alone.

His smile dropped when Yoongi frowned at him.
"Don't stick your nose where it doesn't belong," Yoongi said. It sounded almost like warning. Hoseok felt like he'd messed up. "Mind your own business and don't eavesdrop on others at night. One more time and you'll move to the basement."

Hoseok felt his heart sink. "B-but-

"For your information, I did not cry last night. What I was doing is none of your business. Stick to your own kind and don't come near me." Yoongi flicked his gaze over Hoseok's outfit again. "And wash your clothes. You stink. Don't want you to bring fleas inside."

Hoseok gaped. He felt a jab to his heart and stared at Yoongi who smirked at him. His eyes had gone cold. He took his journal and pencil and left the gazebo.

"Don't follow me. Touch my door and I'll throw you out." Yoongi warned over his shoulder, frowning as he faced back forward.

"But, but," Hoseok kept saying, following Yoongi with his eyes as he walked into the mansion and disappeared.

Hoseok glanced down himself. His clothes were dirty and his white shirt had mostly gone brown by now. But did he stink? He sniffed under his armpit. Not worse than Jimin.

He started walking for the mansion with a lump in his throat. He didn't feel like eating at all. His stomach was hurting. He was so disappointed. So upset. Yoongi had been mean to him. Just like Hoseok had known he'd be if he found out that Hoseok had heard him. Hoseok was so stupid. Why had he brought that up? Why had he sneaked away here to creep up on Yoongi all scary like that? The rich weren't supposed to associate with the poor. Jin hanging around didn't mean that Yoongi would like to do the same. Hoseok was such a loser. He had to be careful now. He didn't want to move into the basement. For Jimin's sake. He couldn't leave Jimin alone in that ghost room.

He was surprised when Mina and Jisoo came carrying on trays on the lawn, going for the beach. Hoseok had forgotten that it was Wednesday. It was time for the campfire. He felt no motivation. He just wanted to lie down in bed. Forever. Think about what a poor loser he was.

Dahyun walked out with another tray of food. She gave Hoseok a weird look as she walked past him. He lowered his head, feeling even worse. The lump in his throat grew. Yoongi didn't want to talk to him. He didn't want Hoseok to touch his door. Why did Hoseok care so much? It was stupid. Hoseok was weird and now Yoongi had sensed it and didn't like him.

"Hi Hobi, what happened?" Suddenly Taehyung appeared next to Hoseok, looking up at him with concerned eyes. "You look so down."

"What?" Hoseok asked. He didn't feel present. "Uh, nothing."

"You're a bad liar, you know," Taehyung said with a raise of his eyebrows. "Has anyone ever told you that?"

"I usually never lie, so no," Hoseok said, wondering if he was lying right now. Lately he'd pulled quite a lot of lies. Taehyung didn't need to know of that though.

Taehyung was a bother for a while longer, then he finally walked away. Hoseok walked into the kitchen and helped Jimin carry bowls and plates. When Jimin asked him why he looked sad he almost snorted. Jimin didn't care about him ever, but now that Hoseok didn't want him to he did. Irony.
By the beach Jimin and Taehyung started lighting the campfire. Jungkook sat next to them, watching with big eyes and bunny teeth. Was he really almost thirteen? He looked like ten.

Hoseok sat down next to Namjoon on one of the benches, purposely pressed himself close to him and pouted. Namjoon tried to scoot to the side, awkward smile on his face.

"Hello Hoseok," He said when conversation was inevitable.

"Hi," Hoseok pouted, jerking some as Jimin burned his hand on the fire, shouted and started running for the lake.

"How are you?" Namjoon asked. It didn't look like he cared. His eyes were focused elsewhere and his voice was distant.

"I think Yoongi hates me," Hoseok blurted. Namjoon looked back at him. Looked him in the eyes.

"What?"

"I think he hates me," Hoseok sighed miserably. He hugged his knees to his chest and glanced up at Namjoon.

"Why?" Namjoon looked a bit confused.

"Can't tell." Hoseok shook his head. "He just does."

Namjoon sighed. "Sorry, but I can't help you unless you give me something to work with." He pondered. "He probably doesn't hate you. Why would he do that?"

Hoseok went silent. He was overreacting. Of course he was. Namjoon didn't seem to care and Yoongi probably didn't care either. He had probably been mean to several farmers today. Hoseok wasn't special. He should stop thinking he was.

The conversation died out. Hoseok watched as Jisoo shared around cutlery. Mina was too busy cuddling with Jackson. Jimin, Dahyun and Mark gave them the stink eye. Someone had just started preparing the food when Jin walked out on the beach, dressed in all white. He looked like a ghost.

What was he doing here?

"Joon Joon!" Jin laughed, walking up to Namjoon and Hoseok. He started pushing Hoseok to the side.

"Excuse me, but this seat is taken," Hoseok said, holding his ground.

"We'll sit somewhere else then," Jin decided as he grabbed Namjoon's hand and dragged him up. He led them to the other bench and sat down there, shooring away Tommy and Nils that had been sitting there. Namjoon offered Hoseok an apologetic smile. Hoseok's pout reached him to his knees. Great. Now he was all alone too.

After a very boring dinner Hoseok sulked as he walked over to Namjoon and Jin. He wanted to ask them some questions.

"Didn't Yoongi want food?" He wasn't sure why he'd felt the need to ask that, but here he was.

"Who knows?" Jin said, waving it away with his hand.

"Why not?" Hoseok asked, thinking that without Jin in the house Yoongi must be eating alone right now.
"And he's back with asking never ending questions," Jackson snorted from where he was sitting with an arm around Mina's shoulders next to them. Hoseok felt his cheeks heat up with embarrassment.

"Stop being mean," Jimin spoke up, poking his tongue out at him.

"Stop acting like a baby," Jackson countered, making an ugly face. They started bickering. Hoseok started walking back for his own bench, feeling uncomfortable. When he found it occupied by Rose and Dahyun he walked for the dock instead. He walked to the end of it and sat down, watched the sun set in the distance. He wasn't sure what he was feeling. Or he did. He felt left out and unwanted. Left out by Namjoon and unwanted by Yoongi.

"Want some company?"

Hoseok hopefully glanced over his shoulder. He ignored the jab of disappointment when he saw that it wasn't Yoongi. Why would it have been Yoongi? He was never seen out here. Hoseok was being weird. So weird.

"Sure," He answered. Taehyung smiled before he sat down next to him, dangling his legs over the edge. They sat in silence and watched the sky color yellow and orange. A bird crossed the sky. The moon was nowhere to be seen.

Hoseok stayed on the dock until he'd made sure that Jackson was far away. He didn't want to get teased by him again. He trailed after Taehyung and tried not to feel left out when he laughed and talked with Jungkook. Jimin was gone. Literally. When Hoseok walked into their room to sleep hours later Jimin was still gone.

With a sigh he flopped down his bed. Was Jimin doing a Namjoon? Disappearing to hug and kiss someone and ultimately making Hoseok worry? Hoseok rolled to his stomach and buried his face in his pillow. He felt weird. Confused. Tense. It would be better tomorrow.

He stayed awake until Jimin returned who knows how much later.

"Where have you been?" Hoseok asked. Jimin visibly jumped and put a hand over his heart to calm himself.

"Hobi? Are you still awake?" Jimin asked, not sounding guilty at all even though he'd made Hoseok worry. He'd left him alone with the ghosts.

"I thought you'd gone missing," Hoseok spoke, sounding small and scared. The room was pitch dark and he'd heard scary noises from the attic all night.

"I didn't go missing. I knew exactly where I was," Jimin stated lightly, throwing himself down his own bed and laughing.

"What's so funny?" Hoseok asked, sitting up and squinting at Jimin in the darkness. "Where were you?"

Jimin didn't answer. He turned his back to Hoseok and fell asleep instantly. Hoseok blinked at him in the darkness, feeling like he'd stayed up late in vain.

He laid back down in his own bed, pressed two fingers in his ears and closed his eyes, telling himself that ghosts weren't real. If he tried hard enough he could almost trick himself that he was back in the barn. If only he could go back to the barn.
Sick Sana

The next day Sana was sick. She lay in her bed, coughing and sneezing, caught with a cold. According to Momo who was staying with her, tending to her and giving her food. That left them with a little problem. Sana and Momo couldn't work, leaving their chores to someone else.

Somehow Hoseok ended up with them.

"I can do it," He said during breakfast. He waited for Jimin to complain, or even Taehyung and Jungkook to say 'no, we will miss your company today, hyung', but nothing. They were whispering with each other. Complaining over Sana being sick. Jimin didn't even speak with Sana that much. Hoseok felt grumpy.

Lisa and Rose, who gave him odd looks, showed him to the cleaning room close to the kitchen. He got a very girly white apron and a bucket with cleaning supplies.

"Lisa has this floor, I the second and you can take the third," Rose said as if she run the place. She'd only been here for a few days.

"Why can't I take the second floor?" Hoseok suggested, not wanting to linger on the third one when Yoongi might be there.

"You're standing in for Momo and Sana, right? They had the third floor," Rose went on. Hoseok wanted to fill in that before Rose and Lisa had gotten here Momo and Sana had cleaned the entire house and not only one floor of it. He kept that thought to himself. He didn't want to clean the whole house.

"We need to make the beds too," Lisa added with a knowing look. Hoseok widened his eyes. He'd wondered who'd made Jimin's bed yesterday. Had it been Sana and Momo?

"So you will make the beds on the third floor when you're done cleaning. Okay?" Rose checked. She didn't wait to see if Hoseok understood or not before she started walking away. "Oh, and Min needs to get dressed. Good luck!"

Wait. What?

Rose and Lisa ran up the stairs laughing in their flowy dresses. Hoseok stared after them, wondering what he'd gotten himself into. Had they said dress Min? As in Min Yoongi?

"Hi Hobi, what are you doing in that girly outfit?" Jimin asked, having walked up to him. Hoseok stared at him. Hadn't he heard Hoseok at the table?

"I'm gonna clean the house,"

"What?" Jimin made a weird face. "Tae and I gonna eat ice cream by the beach. Was gonna ask if you wanted to join."

Hoseok's jaw dropped. "What?"

"Yeah, Jin said we could get some more. Think he's trying to buy our silence or something, and I'm
not gonna be the one to tell him it won't be necessary." Jimin laughed.

"But-"

"But what?"

"But I wanna eat ice cream too," Hoseok said, growing annoyed and stressed. "Can't you help me clean so it will go twice as fast? Please?"

"Me? Clean when I can eat ice cream? Hell no!" Jimin hugged his stomach and laughed some more. Hoseok felt his right eye twitch with irritation. Everyone was laughing at him today. He opened his mouth to argue some more, but it was meaningless. Jimin danced away, singing about ice cream and the lake and summer. Hoseok sighed and started climbing the stairs. Why was he so nice all the time? Someone else could've volunteered.

He dragged his feet after him to the third floor. He walked into the corridor and started dusting off the paintings, listening for sounds in the meanwhile. His hair was still damp from the dip in the lake and dust stuck to it. He accidentally dropped one of the paintings and he grimaced from the crash. It didn't break. Thankfully. He had no money to pay for it.

He walked into every room, cleaned them and made every bed. One of the rooms was a bathroom. He had to press his eyes shut hard twice. It didn't look real. The room was great, with tiled floors and walls with a grand, white bathtub in the middle. There were golden feet keeping it up, and golden knobs on the cupboard under the sink. Everything was big and airy. He gaped as he walked around, feeling like a prince from just being in the room. He caught his reflection in the mirror and smiled at himself, waving, pretending he was royal for a moment.

He cleaned all rooms and only slipped on the slippery floor three times. He cleaned the windows too, happy that his mother had taught him how to. When he was done he headed for the staircase, ignoring the annoying voice in his head that told him that he'd forgotten about a room. He knew he had. But he wasn't welcomed in there.

"How did it go, Hoseok?" Rose asked in the cleaning room in the basement. She'd just finished too.

"It went okay," Hoseok piped, hating his bad conscience.

"I've only heard rumors of Min's room from Sana. Is it true that he sleeps in a coffin?" Rose asked curiously, raising an eyebrow at him.

"O-oh, yeah he does..." Hoseok trailed off, quickly taking off the apron and leaving the bucket in the corner. "But I will be leaving now, good bye-" He stopped walking when Rose put a hand on his arm.

"You didn't do it, right?" Rose frowned. "Were you too scared? Dada was right. You are weird."

Hoseok snapped his head to the side, hurt mixing with the guilt in his chest. "Excuse me?"

"Yeah, you're a sissy," Rose shrugged, letting her hand drop. "Guess I'll do it myself then." She started heading for the door. "If you haven't got the guts to do it."

"Wait-" Hoseok reached the door before her. "I'm not a coward? I'll do it now. Watch me." He grabbed the bucket from Rose's hands and left, hurrying up the stairs, almost missing how Rose laughed over him. It wasn't until he reached the third floor and glanced out the window that he realized he'd been tricked. Rose was already eating ice cream on the beach. If he hadn't been so desperate to prove himself he could've been there instead.
While muttering over what an idiot he was, he made it to Yoongi's door. He took a deep, steadying breath. He raised his hand and knocked on the door. One time. Two times. After five times he started feeling jittery. Was Yoongi asleep?


He forced himself to drop those thoughts and opened the door. It swung open easily, revealing the most beautiful room.

"Wow," Hoseok breathed as he swept his gaze around. The tapestry was deep blue and golden. There was a grand four-poster bed in the middle of the room, with deep blue sheets and tassels hanging from the corners of the blanket. There was a big painting of the sea on the wall to the left, and a brown piano against the wall to the right. There were closets. Drawers. Chairs. Shelves. Telescopes. Pencils spread out over a table. Paper, notes and pieces of parchment put into piles on the desk and on the floor. The room was big and filled with things that screamed of Yoongi. Hoseok was overwhelmed.

"What are you doing here?" Yoongi asked with sudden alarm, bringing Hoseok's attention back to him. He was sitting in the middle of the cozy bed, his hair messy and body hidden under the blanket. He looked so cute.

Hoseok's eyes widened. Yoongi wasn't cute. He was mean. He was frowning right now.

"Hello? Are you deaf? Where is Sana?" Yoongi urged, pulling the blanket up higher, so it rested just below his nose, hiding most of his face. Hoseok felt his heart melt. That's the cutest thing he'd ever seen in his life. Yoongi looked so small.

"She's ill," Hoseok said vaguely, eyes on Yoongi. He didn't sound like himself. He didn't feel like himself. He couldn't when Yoongi looked like that.

He took another step inside and heard the door close behind him. He breathed in, filled his lungs with air. The room smelled like three things; sleep, old wood and antique furniture. It smelled old. And warm. Welcoming. He saw a fireplace under the painting of the sea. Everything was framed in gold or silver.

"Momo then?" Yoongi questioned.

"She's taking care of Sana." Hoseok put his bucket down on the floor, his eyes darting around everywhere. There was a guitar leaned against the wall by the piano. Did Yoongi know how to play it? Could he play piano too?

"What are you doing here?" Yoongi repeated. His voice was muffled from behind the blanket.

"I'm standing in for them," Hoseok explained, hoping that he sounded professional. He wiped his shoes on the carpet by the door and walked deeper into the room, going for the window to pull the curtains aside.

"What about Rose or Lisa?" Yoongi asked. He must be too sleepy to sound mean. Too tired to call Hoseok out on the fact that he wasn't calling him sir. He only sounded curious.

"They were busy." Hoseok wanted to high five himself. Here he was, ignoring his nervousness and showing Rose how brave he was by being in Yoongi's room with Yoongi. He wasn't stuttering. He was cool. Brave. He pulled the curtains to the side and started dusting them off with his hands.
"You can sleep some more. I'll, uhm, dress you when I'm done." He felt his cheeks heat up. He glanced at Yoongi over his shoulder, waiting for him to say something mean or chase him out, but he pulled the blanket up the last bit over his head and disappeared under it.

Confused, Hoseok started cleaning. He dusted off every surface with extra care, taking his time, wanting to prolong the moment when he'd have to dress Yoongi. He put the notes on the floor back on the table, stealing glimpses of the text, pouting when the handwriting was too messy to read. He opened the window and aired out the room, humming as he dusted off the piano.

"You can wake up now," He told Yoongi when he was done. He approached his bed and anxiously chewed on his lower lip. Yoongi was hiding under the blanket and Hoseok felt a bit weird. "Hello?" He reached out and poked Yoongi through the fabric, taking several steps back when Yoongi groaned and threw the blanket off, revealing his face and top half of his body before he threw the blanket to the floor.

"Pick it up," He said. "Hurry?" He added when Hoseok only stared at his face in silence.

"Oh, uh, sure." Hoseok picked up the warm blanket from the floor and draped it over Yoongi again. Then Yoongi kicked with his legs so it fell to the floor again.

"Pick it up," Yoongi repeated, evil smirk on his lips. Hoseok felt a twitch of irritation in his chest. He obediently picked the blanket up again and draped it over Yoongi's legs. He waited for Yoongi to kick it off again, ready this time, when Yoongi took one of his pillows and dropped it to the floor this time. "Oops. Dropped it."

Hoseok picked up the pillow with an annoyed sigh. He clenched his jaw when Yoongi dropped more pillows. Hoseok stayed silent. He'd come here feeling worried and nervous. Now he was just irritated. Yoongi was playing with him. Bossing him around because he could. Hoseok was not going to give in.

"Can I dress you now?" Hoseok asked after Yoongi had thrown all of his three pillows to the floor again like some disobedient child. Perhaps he wasn't himself in the mornings. He kept smirking, as if he thought it was fun to mess with Hoseok like this.

"No?" Yoongi said, starting frowning. Hoseok put the pillows back and fluffed them behind his back.

"Why not?"

"No boys like you are allowed to dress me," Yoongi snorted, as if Hoseok was stupid for suggesting it.

Hoseok raised his eyebrows in surprise. Then he lowered them. He was frustrated and his back started to hurt from crouching down to pick up Yoongi's bedding. "Don't make it sound like I want to," Slipped out of him before he had the time to think. He pressed a hand against his mouth and squeaked with awkwardness.

"Sorry?" Yoongi asked, staring at Hoseok as if he thought he'd heard him wrong.

"Can't you dress yourself?" Hoseok questioned, feeling mean words creep up his throat, just waiting to hop out. He'd been picking up stuff from the floor since forever. He hated being played around like this. He couldn't stand it. "Are you too lazy?"

Hoseok's eyes widened when he realized what he'd said. *Shit*, he thought. The pent up frustration ran out of him now. This was not good. He had to take it bad. Yoongi narrowed his eyes at him.
"S-sorry, I didn't mean that last part, ehm, I-" He tried to save himself.

"No, it's fine. You can sleep with the horses tonight," Yoongi stated, satisfied smirk on his lips when he saw how Hoseok started panicking.

"But- but the barn has burned down?" Hoseok said weakly.

"Oh, you're right. Guess that means you'll be sleeping outside." Yoongi shrugged.

"Why?" Hoseok whined, wishing he could take back the words he'd said. He didn't want to sleep outside.

"Stop questioning me." Yoongi snapped.

"Okay." Hoseok pressed his lips together. He stared at Yoongi, waiting for his next move. When he kept staring back at Hoseok in tense silence, Hoseok walked for one of the closets and opened it. He gaped when he saw the colors inside.

"What are you doing? Going to steal my clothes?" Yoongi warned from the bed. Hoseok almost rolled his eyes.

"No, Sir, I'm gonna dress you. What do you wanna wear?" Hoseok stroked a hand over the bright green satin jacket in front of him, mesmerized by it.

"I would like for you to leave," Yoongi replied.

"You didn't answer the question," Hoseok said absentmindedly, picking out a pair of shorts and a white, long sleeved shirt. He grabbed a pair of socks from the top drawer and Yoongi's shoes that stood by the door.

He pulled a chair to the bed and sat down on it. He laid out the clothes in front of him, seeing how mismatched the outfit was. He blamed it on stress. Yoongi was watching him. And he was silent. Not Hoseok's favorite combination. He wondered what Yoongi was thinking.

"Is Sana the one who usually dresses you?" Hoseok asked, sounding kind even though Yoongi was being mean to him. He wanted to ask how Sana did it. Hoseok had never dressed anyone else before. He was the youngest one in his family. Others had dressed him.

Yoongi must want to give Hoseok a difficult time. He didn't answer the question. He only glared at him, eyes dark, looking grumpy and stubborn for reasons unknown.

"Lift your arms, please," Hoseok instructed him. Yoongi put his arms behind his back and smirked at him. Hoseok grew irritated again. He should've seen that coming. Yoongi wasn't going to obey him. He took a deep breath. At least Yoongi had moved so he sat in front of him on the bed. Their knees were almost touching and they were almost in eye height.

"Don't touch me," Yoongi warned as Hoseok reached for his arms.

"How am I going to dress you then?" Hoseok argued, feeling hopeless and tense and weird. He just wanted to get this over with so he could leave. Yoongi was acting as a brat.

"I told you that I want someone else to dress me. Are you too stupid to get that?" Yoongi asked with a mocking snarl, as if he was proud from speaking the mean words. Hoseok felt his cheeks heat up with embarrassment.
"I'm not stupid. What's stupid is how you're making people dress you when you can dress yourself," Hoseok snapped. He'd had enough of this now. Yoongi was irritating. He was evil. He probably thrived on making Hoseok agitated.

"Calling me stupid?" Yoongi asked. He narrowed his eyes further. "Tell me, what's fifty times four?"

"What?" Hoseok frowned. An equation?

"Wrong answer. Knew you were an idiot. You can't even do simple math," Yoongi laughed haughtily and Hoseok felt the last bit of his face turn red.

"You're evil," Hoseok stated. "Why are you so mean?" His chest was hurting and he wasn't sure if it was from hurt or anger.

"You're asking me why I am mean? Why are you so stupid?" Yoongi questioned, the smirk back on his face. Hoseok hated that smirk.

"Stop calling me stupid," Hoseok said as he tried to take deep breaths. Yoongi knew what he was doing. Hoseok would resist. He couldn't allow himself to lose his temper. Not now.

"Stop looking like an idiot," Yoongi snorted. "It's hard not to call you that when you look like that. Idiot."

And then Hoseok felt something inside of him snap. He'd tried to be nice. He'd picked up every pillow. He'd been kind and gentle when he could've been mean. He snapped.

"Shut up," He warned, glaring back at Yoongi. It felt like he was boiling. Boiling inside.

"Excuse me?" Yoongi didn't look as smug. The smirk dropped from his face. He looked tense.

"I said, shut up." Hoseok panted. He'd never told anyone that before. He'd never been this angry.

"Stop being so mean."

"You should know your place, peasant. Don't speak to me that way," Yoongi said, voice evil but eyes hesitant. "Who do you think you are? Why would I let you touch me?"

Hoseok was going to explode. Snap again. He closed his eyes. He opened them. Then he reached out and forcefully grabbed Yoongi's arms, one in each hand, and forced them forward from where he'd been hiding them behind his back.

"What are you doing?" Yoongi asked with alarm, fighting against him. "Let go of me," Hoseok managed through gritted teeth. He forced Yoongi's arms over his head and started pulling the white nightgown over his head. He managed to pull it off, and it fell to the floor beside him. In front of him Yoongi pressed his arms to his side, not cooperating. He was almost naked. There was only a pair of loose, white underwear covering his groin. Hoseok felt his cheeks burn. Yoongi's chest was bare. His skin was pale. His nipples were pink.

Hoseok stared between Yoongi's legs, wondering if he should remove the underwear too. Rose hadn't given him any instructions. He decided not to. Yoongi stopped fighting now. It was good. Hoseok had to hurry to dress him so he could run away and hide for the rest of the day.

He started with the socks. He crouched down and helped Yoongi's feet slip into a sock each. He
grabbed the shorts and felt the rest of his face turn red when Yoongi stood up to make it easier for him to do the buttons at the front.

He picked up the white shirt. "Lift your arms, please," He repeated. This time Yoongi obliged. He raised his arms over his head, his eyes locked on the floor. He must be angry. His cheeks were pink. Hoseok was angry too, but mostly nervous. Yoongi was almost naked. Hoseok stole a glance of Yoongi's hairy armpits and under them, seeing the protruding ribs there. He couldn't be eating much. He was so thin.

"I don't want this shirt," Yoongi spoke just as Hoseok had draped it over his stomach. "It's too tight."

"What shirt do you want then?" Hoseok asked, starting taking it off.

"Not this one," Yoongi said. He was frowning. Hoseok got the feeling that he just wanted to be a pain again. Wanted Hoseok to work and become exhausted.

"Okay," Hoseok said. He got Yoongi to lift his arms and pulled off the shirt. Then he saw something. There was something pink in Yoongi's pale skin, going from his waist to his lower back. "What's that?" He asked, standing to get a better look of it.

"Nothing." Yoongi quickly started pulling the shirt back down.

"Lemme see-" Hoseok's curiosity took over. He pulled up the shirt at the back, wanting to see what it was. He abruptly stopped when he felt something cold and wet splash him in the face.

"Out," Yoongi said. Hoseok wiped his eyes on his hands and blinked at him in confusion. He had an empty glass in his hands. "Now. Get Namjoon instead."

"But-" Hoseok started, feeling disoriented.

"Out!" Yoongi pushed Hoseok away from him on the chest and strode to the door, holding it open for him. Hoseok scurried away, grabbed his bucket and stumbled outside. The door smashed shut behind him the second he was out of the room.

He turned and glanced at the door. What had just happened? He'd had a fight with Yoongi. Hoseok had said some things he regretted. Yoongi had called him an idiot. Now Yoongi had thrown him out. Would Hoseok have to sleep outside tonight? This was bad. So bad.

His hair was wet and shirt too. He kicked the wall, feeling frustrated and riled up and embarrassed. His cheeks were red and it was annoying. He wanted to go in there again. It made no sense. He should never want to go in there again after how evil Yoongi had been to him. He wanted to hit something. Hit Yoongi. Grab him and threw him on the bed and, and then maybe he wanted to grab his arms and put them over his head and it confused him. It scared him. He shouldn't go in there again. It made no sense that he wanted to do so.

As he started walking down the stairs he heard piano music start playing from Yoongi's room. Sad piano music. Fast, dark tones. Hoseok wondered what he'd done wrong. Why Yoongi seemed to hate him. They were so different. He didn't understand.

"How did it go?" Rose asked as Hoseok passed her by the hut outside a while later. Namjoon, Jackson and Mark were making a swing and Rose and Mina worked as the audience.

"Okay," Hoseok lied before he slipped away. Rose was looking at him weirdly. Everyone was. Maybe because Hoseok's cheeks were so red. He walked around with red cheeks all day. When
Jimin asked what's the matter Hoseok made something up about having heatstroke. He sat on the beach and drew stick people in the sand as Jimin, Taehyung and Jungkook helped Jin move two boats from his own beach to this beach.

"Wanna go out on the lake with us?" Jimin asked after lunch.

"No, I'm gonna be sick," Hoseok excused himself. In reality he was having an internal battle. The picture of half naked Yoongi repeated itself in front of his eyes time after time. He looked at the sky and saw Yoongi's pale skin. He looked at Jimin and Jin waving him off and saw Yoongi's collarbones. He accidentally made eye contact with Dahyun and saw Yoongi's rosy nipples.

Hoseok shook his head. He was incredible. What was he doing? He wasn't a pervert. He should not be thinking about that. It was weird. Creepy. Even weirder considering the fight he'd had with Yoongi. No, he shouldn't be thinking about Yoongi at all.

But he did. He sat down on the far end of the dock, under the hot sun, and let his mind wander back to Yoongi's body. Thinking about it made his stomach feel funny. Something else happened too. His pants felt tighter and he desperately tried to hide it. That's why he sat hunched over his legs as far away from the others as possible.

"Hi, Hobi!" Jimin waved at him from the boat he and Jin were floating around in the lake. Hoseok loosely waved back at him. He didn't know what to do. Jimin looked so happy, and here Hoseok was feeling absolutely miserable. He couldn't concentrate at all. It was all Yoongi's fault. He'd done something with him. He made Hoseok feel unsure. Angry. Riled up. He'd broken him.

"What are you thinking about, hyung?"

Hoseok jumped so much that he almost fell into the lake. For a second he'd thought it was Yoongi. It wasn't. It was a very kind looking Taehyung. He was dressed in a loose shirt Hoseok hadn't seen before and a hat he hadn't seen before either. They were both purple. Must be Jungkook's or Jin's.

"Oh, n-nothing..." Hoseok mumbled. He didn't like how close Taehyung sat to him. He should stay away. Keep a good distance. Hoseok was weird and it might be contagious.

"I heard you dressed Min today," Taehyung said lightly, his gaze fixed at the boat in the lake as he giggled at them.

"Who said that?" Hoseok asked with sudden panic, hoping Yoongi hadn't walked around telling people that Hoseok was an idiot or a pervert or something worse, whatever that would be.

"Rose told me," Taehyung explained. "How did it go?"

"Why is everyone asking that?" Hoseok mumbled.

"Did it go bad?" Taehyung asked. Hoseok didn't want to lie.

"It went terrific," He lied anyway, putting on the fakest smile ever.

"So it did go bad? I thought so since you looked so weird," Taehyung pondered.

"What do you mean by weird? Do I look weird?" Hoseok felt like he was overreacting.

"Never mind." Taehyung gave Hoseok a strange look, as if he was crazy and Taehyung pitied him, before he looked back at the lake. They kept to easy topics after that. Like the question when Jin had become one of the gang and had started hanging out with Jimin on his own. No one knew.
oops hoseok got sana's chores and has to dress yoongi

you know what that picture means
i'm changing this to mature now
Much later when they were heading for dinner Hoseok saw Yoongi sitting in the gazebo. His heart jumped so hard that he stopped walking and had to put a hand against it, afraid of dying of a heart attack. Yoongi hadn't seen him. Good. He was writing something again. Still wearing the white shirt Hoseok had dressed him in.

"Yoongi, my friend!" Jin exclaimed, laughing as he pushed Hoseok to the side and approached the gazebo. Yoongi looked their way and Hoseok squeaked with panic and hid behind Taehyung and Jungkook, hoping Yoongi wouldn't see him.

"Why are you panicking?" Jimin snorted when he saw Hoseok. "Afraid of Merciless Min?"

Hoseok kept silent. He wasn't sure what he was doing, or feeling, but as he laid in bed that night, waiting for the sleep train, the picture of Yoongi's bare chest repeated itself in his head again. His pale skin. Rosy nipples. Hoseok's focus always returned to those nipples. His cheeks were constantly red and he didn't like it. He had to do something about it. Fix himself.

He glanced at Jimin's side of the room. He was asleep. Softly snoring with his back turned to Hoseok. The mansion was silent. Even the ghosts were silent. It was as if everyone was anticipating what Hoseok was about to do.

Hoseok made sure that he was all covered by his blanket before he pulled down his pajama pants. No one would notice. No one would care. Jimin had done this. Jin. Namjoon. Everyone was probably doing it in secret, or not in secret. Hoseok would just relieve the pressure. It had nothing to do with Yoongi. He just felt like doing it now so he wouldn't have to think about it for a while. He was being clever. Helping his future self.

He stared at Jimin's back in the darkness, hoping that he wouldn't wake up and ask Hoseok why his face was so red. It was red. Burning almost. His heart beat fast in his chest, nervously. Before he had the time to change his mind he lowered his right hand to his thigh and started stroking the sensitive skin there. The friction from the blanket wasn't the best, and it was heavy, but he couldn't risk taking it off in case someone might see him, may it be Jimin or a ghost.

Stroking his inner thigh felt nice, but it wasn't enough. He felt excited, but he wasn't hard. He spread his legs and took his soft dick in his hands. He started stroking, feeling stressed from how slow it was going. Jimin might wake up and he might get tired himself.

Maybe stress wasn't the best trick to get hard. Right.

He closed his eyes and breathed in deep. His mind automatically went back to Yoongi's rosy nipples, and he felt himself blush. Why was he thinking about that again? Now? He should not think about that now. It was weird.

Only that it helped. He bit his lip as he thought back on Yoongi's body. He wasn't tall or fit or tanned like any of the farmers. He didn't have a hairy chest or muscly thighs. He had a thin body and a small frame. Fragile arms. As if he would break unless you handled him with care.

For some reason that thought made Hoseok suppress a whimper. He stroked his dick, half hard already, and thought of how he'd seen Yoongi's ribs peek out. He had a delicate body. Small and untouched. Long fingers. Cat shaped eyes. A unique face.

Hoseok stopped himself when he started thinking about Yoongi's face. That's where he drew the
line. Thinking about bodies was okay, since male bodies were what turned him on in general, but
Yoongi's face wasn't okay. Then it became Yoongi. And Hoseok didn't like Yoongi that way. He
was just appreciating his body in a creepy way in the middle of the night since he wanted to be
clever and relieve pressure.

He made sure that Jimin was still asleep before he started bucking his hips, thrusting into his hand.
He felt pleasure build up. He chased the feeling, stroked his cock until he was fully hard and
started jerking himself harder. He put his pillow over his face to muffle the sounds, groaned into it
when it got too much, finding it difficult to stay silent. He snapped his hips faster, thinking of
Yoongi's body, of the way he'd looked only in his underwear on front of him.

He bit down on the corner of his pillow and pressed his eyes shut as he cried out, coming hard
from the thought of Yoongi taking off his underwear. His body stiffened and he sobbed into his
pillow, his mind on Yoongi's body as he panted, tried to get enough air with his face against his
pillow like this.

He threw the pillow to the floor and tried to catch his breath. That had felt nice. But he was sweaty
now. His heart was beating fast. He groaned when he felt that he'd spilled over the blanket.

He allowed himself one more minute of dreamy sighs and heavy eyelids before he sat up, quickly
putting his pants back on, and pattered out of bed with his dirty blanket with him. He opened the
door and glanced into the corridor, slipping out and walking through it until he reached the fancy
bathroom. He should've gone to the basement, but this one was closer. No one would notice. His
new motto.

The bathroom was unlocked. He sneaked inside and hurried for the sink, guided by the faint light
from the moon outside. He started wetting down the damp spot of the blanket. It didn't go that
well. He was tired, warm and fussy, and his limbs were a bit shaky. He ended up splashing a large
chunk of water on the floor.

He struggled to wipe up the water with the paper he found next to the fancy toilet. He almost
clogged the toilet with the paper. He took some and cleaned himself with it while he was at it. He
didn't want the others to give him strange looks in the lake tomorrow.

When his blanket was a wet mess he walked back for his room, figuring that he would only make it
worse. He thanked god for the fact that he didn't meet Yoongi, or Maggie, in the corridor and
slipped back into his room. He turned his pillow upside down and made himself ready to sleep,
hoping that Jimin wouldn't ask any questions in the morning even though his blanket was drying
against the closet and Hoseok was laying on his bed without one.

***

The next morning Jimin asked questions.

"What is your blanket doing over there?"

Hoseok faked ignorance. "O-oh?" He slowly blinked his eyes open, glancing at Jimin who was
standing next to the blanket hanging on the closet, taking it down. "Oh no! The ghosts!"

"The ghosts took your blanket?" Jimin gave Hoseok a skeptic look. "This smells funky to me."

"No, the ghosts really did, I-, I have no idea when," Hoseok went on, sitting up and feeling like an
idiot.

"No I mean, this blanket smells funky. What the hell?" Jimin gave the blanket a close inspection.
He sniffed it and scrunched his nose up in disgust. "Ew! What did you do with it? Hump it or something?"

Hoseok threw his pillow at Jimin. It landed on his head, made him sputter in confusion. Jimin looked away and couldn't see Hoseok's panicked eyes. Jimin was too close to the truth.

"What are you saying? Me humping the blanket? Never," Hoseok said in a low voice, sitting up and stretching with his back to Jimin, hoping Jimin hadn't pretended to be asleep yesterday. Jimin hearing him would be too awful.

"Ew! It smells disgusting!" Jimin went on, shrieking. Hoseok looked at him, found him pressing his nose against the still damp spot in the middle. Hoseok got embarrassed.

"Stop sniffing my blanket." Hoseok jumped up from his bed, walked up to Jimin in three big steps and snatched his blanket from Jimin's arms. "I'll wash it today."

Jimin's lips curled into a smug smirk. "You'll wash it? Everyone knows what that means. And I thought you'd told me you didn't do stuff like that." He knowingly tapped Hoseok's shoulder with a finger.

"I don't. Leave me alone," Hoseok muttered, taking his blanket and leaving through the door. Jimin followed suit, laughing mockingly.

"Why are you so embarrassed?" Jimin sang, teasing him. "Did you think of someone? I thought you said you didn't like Dahyun?"

Hoseok stopped walking and Jimin walked into him from behind. "I don't," He clarified. "Stop spreading false rumors and putting me in trouble, please."

"So you were thinking about someone else?" Jimin's smirk grew. His eyes were sneaky little slots on his face. "Who?"

Hoseok grunted with irritation. He walked down the stairs, two at a time, and stormed outside through the front doors once he was on the first floor. He spotted Namjoon further down the lawn and ran up to him. Annoying Jimin followed him.

"Namjoon, wanna hear what Hobi did last night?" Jimin chirped as he pressed himself up against Namjoon's side.

"Uh, sure?" Namjoon said with a kind smile. "Something fun?"

"Oh, I bet it was lots of fun," Jimin snickered. Hoseok felt his face go tomato red. Jimin couldn't. Hoseok had to deny it.

"What's up, hyung?" Hoseok startled when Taehyung and Jungkook walked up to him. They were a package now. Always together. Take one and get the other one as a bonus.

"Nothing," Hoseok mumbled, trying to eavesdrop on Namjoon and Jimin in front of them.

"I even heard him say a name!" Jimin exaggerated, motioning with his hands as Namjoon's neck colored red.

"Say a name when?" Jungkook asked, having heard the conversation too. Hoseok stared at him, feeling his heart beat speed up. Jungkook was twelve. Hoseok was not going to explain it to him.
By the beach they dressed out of their clothes. Jimin walked close to Hoseok who was hiding between the trees. Jimin squinted between his legs.

"Hobi's dick, did you get some action last night?" Jimin spoke.

"Hey." Hoseok lightly pushed Jimin away from him, embarrassed. "It's not funny. Stop it."

"Namjoon, Hobi pushed me!" Jimin shouted, running for Namjoon with a teasing laugh. Hoseok clenched his jaw, tired of being made fun of. He folded his clothes and walked for the lake where Alejandro was already using up most of the soap. At least he'd gotten rid of his horrible beard and moustache. Once the soap had gotten stuck in it. It had not been pretty.

At the breakfast table Jimin started whispering with Jungkook, gesturing wildly with his hands and stealing glances of Hoseok now and then. Hoseok got a bad feeling and spoke with the one sitting on his other side. Or he didn't, because it was Dahyun and she acted cold towards him.

"Wait, where is Sana?" Hoseok asked halfway through breakfast. He hadn't noticed it until now, but she was missing.

"She's still sick," Momo explained, coming out of the kitchen with a tray with two bowls balanced on it. "I heard you took our chores yesterday. Could you do it again today? Thanks." She smiled before she left.

Hoseok dropped his wooden spoon and stared at the bowl in front of him. He wasn't hungry anymore. He would have to meet Yoongi again. Be alone with him. Dress him? Repeat yesterday? He did not want to do that. He didn't fancy feeling weird for the entirety of today too.

"Ooh, guess you're stuck with Moody Min again today," Jimin teased, elbowing Hoseok in the side roughly. "Are you really dressing him though? Like, do you have to see him naked?"

Hoseok felt his face flare red in a second. He wished he didn't blush so easily. It was annoying how easy it was for others to read his face.

"He wasn't naked," Hoseok forced out, grabbing his spoon until his knuckles whitened. He felt tense. He didn't know what to do. He wasn't ready to meet Yoongi yet.

"Phew! Spare your eyes, right?" Jimin laughed. "I've heard from Sana that he's sickly pale and so thin that you could snap his bones with your fingers!"

"Jimin, just stop talking," Hoseok said. Everyone was listening now. What Jimin was saying wasn't true. Yoongi had a good body. He didn’t look like anyone else.

"Why? Are you defending him?" Jimin made a face of surprise. "What did he do? Give you candy?"

"He didn't give me anything," Hoseok said, forcing himself to raise his spoon to his lips and eat one more spoon of porridge. At the thought of seeing Yoongi naked again, or half naked, he lost his appetite. He wasn't ready. He didn't want to go in there again. Be alone with him.

"Why are you defending him then?" Rose asked from across the table. "I've heard he's really weird,"

"Who are you talking about?" Namjoon joined the conversation. "Yoongi?"

"Think Moody Min," Jackson corrected him.
"Why is he called Moody?" Jungkook looked confused next to Taehyung. When had he started eating breakfast with them? He could probably get fancy breakfast like Jin and Yoongi. Whatever they ate.

"Because he's grumpy all the time and loves being mean," Jimin said wisely.

"And when have you spoken to him in private?" Hoseok surprised himself by asking. "You don't know him. You only listen to rumors."

"But you know him?" Jimin countered. He crossed his arms and all eyes were on Hoseok.

"I, uh, be right back..." Hoseok pushed his bowl away from him with disgust and left the room. His heart was racing and his face was red. He hadn't been prepared for that interrogation. What was he thinking? He knew nothing about Yoongi. Nothing. The others were probably right. They might get weird ideas if Hoseok kept defending Yoongi like this.

He returned to the table a while later, mumbling something about having been to the restroom. He grabbed his bowl and spoon, gaped when he found it empty. "Where's my food?"

"Oh, I didn't think you would come back so I ate it," Jimin explained, not looking guilty at all.

"But it was my food?" Hoseok said, struggling to comprehend.

"And I ate it? Thanks, I was really hungry today." Jimin rubbed his stomach and burped. Hoseok had to bite his tongue not to say anything mean. Dahyun had her eyes on him and he didn't like it at all.

"Hello everyone!" All heads turned to Jin as he walked into the room, happy smile on his face and poodle under his arm. "Today I would like for you to help me make another boat. If you make a good job Deedee will hand out more ice cream. Sounds good?" Everyone cheered. Hoseok wasn't as happy. Would they get paid in candy now? He wanted real money.

Jin sat down on the chair next to Namjoon and they started talking about something. Soon thereafter everyone scattered. Hoseok followed Lisa and Rose to the cleaning room feeling like he was going to hell.

"Okay Hoseok, you will do the third floor again," Rose instructed him.

Hoseok squirmed in discomfort on the spot. "But can't we switch? I can do the second floor today, you know, as a change."

"We will have none of that. It will take an unnecessary amount of time to learn new routines," Rose said with a shake of her head. "We'll be going now. See you." She hooked arms with a smiling Lisa, and then they were gone.

Hoseok muttered to himself as he grabbed a bucket with cleaning supplies and tied the stupidly girly apron around himself. No one listened to what he was saying anymore. No one cared about his opinion. He'd been nice to volunteer yesterday and now suddenly doing these chores was mandatory. Good people always got used. He had to stop being so kind.

He walked to the third floor and cleaned it. It was pretty unnecessary. It looked just as clean as it had the day before. Though, he lingered, took extra time to dust off the painting with the lake to procrastinate having to clean Yoongi's room.

It wasn't until after he'd cleaned his own and Jimin's room three times over that he mannered up
and headed for Yoongi’s door. He felt jittery. His stomach started feeling weird. It wasn’t hurting, but it wasn’t a particular good feeling either. He was nervous. He bet Yoongi would throw something at him. Call him an idiot again. Hoseok could not afford losing his temper again.

He raised a hand and knocked on the door. Once. Twice. No answer. Yoongi didn’t tell him that the door was left unlocked. Wasn't it? Hoseok tugged at the door handle. He could pull it down. It was unlocked.

"Good morning..." He mumbled as he opened the door and took a hesitant step inside. He was filled with shame instantly. He sincerely hoped Yoongi couldn’t read minds and find out what Hoseok had done yesterday. Not that it had anything to do with Yoongi as a person, just, Hoseok had thought about his body and it was creepy behavior.

"You again?" Yoongi asked from the bed. He must be awake then. Hoseok stopped by the door and felt awkward and unwanted and a bit irritated already. "I told you not to return. And what happened with getting Namjoon? You didn't do as I told you to."

Hoseok had forgotten about that. "Sorry," He settled for saying. It was easier. Short. He walked for the window and pulled the curtains to the side, starting cleaning the windowsill. He felt Yoongi’s eyes burn on him. He tried not to shiver. There was no use in doing that. His body was weird today.

"How was it to sleep outside?" Yoongi asked in a mocking tone.

"Sorry, I slept inside," Hoseok said. He'd forgotten about that too. Yoongi hadn't been there to force him though. It had felt like an empty threat.

"Thought so. I didn't see you as I looked out my window last night," Yoongi stated. He didn’t sound angry. It was strange. Hoseok dared a glance at him over his shoulder. Yoongi was watching him from under the big blanket that reached him to his nose.

"Were you looking for me?" Hoseok asked in a lower voice. He paused the cleaning and anticipated Yoongi’s answer.

"That's not what I said at all." Yoongi shook his head. "Listen to what I'm saying when I'm speaking to you."

"Fine." Hoseok looked away again. Was Yoongi trying to be intimidating? He was not. Hoseok shrugged it off and started humming, pretending that Yoongi wasn't there. Yoongi was the weird one. And how had he managed to make such a mess in only one day? There was dirt by the foot of the bed and notes thrown all over the floor. Pieces of food on the table and papers by the piano. The room was so dirty and full of trash that Hoseok almost thought that Yoongi had done it on purpose. But why would he do that?

Hoseok walked around and picked up trash. He dusted off and cleaned and hummed some more. It kept Yoongi silent. Hoseok could still feel his eyes burn on him though. When he was done he walked for Yoongi who was still lying in his bed.

"You missed something," Yoongi said, pointing under his bed. "You're doing a bad job."

Hoseok felt a twitch of irritation in his chest. He crouched down and started crawling on the floor until he'd picked up the ridiculous amount of paper notes Yoongi had thrown in under the bed. Nothing was written on them. He'd just put them there for someone else to pick up. Brat.

"I'll dress you now," Hoseok said as he walked for the closet and picked out an outfit similar to the one he'd chosen yesterday. He wondered where those clothes were now. If Yoongi needed help
taking off the clothes too or if he just wanted to be snobby in the mornings.


"Sir," Hoseok mumbled, bringing the clothes to the bed. He dragged a chair to beside the bed and threw off Yoongi's blanket. His body was small and warm, radiating heat. His pale skin mixed with the white of the nightgown. "Please don't throw a glass of water at me again."

Yoongi started frowning. "Why not? Looked like you needed a bath."

Hoseok internally screamed. Yoongi was so mean. "Well, but now I don't. I just took a bath."

Yoongi sniffed the air. "Sure about that? Doesn't smell like it to me,"

"You don't smell like roses either, you know." Hoseok sniffed the air too, scrunching up his nose on purpose when he got a whiff of Yoongi's scent. He smelled so sweet. Like warm sleep and apples. Hoseok wanted to press his nose against his skin. He resisted that urge.

"You smell like you haven't taken a bath in a month." Yoongi shrugged. A small smile danced on his lips. Hoseok stared at it, a strange combination of feelings mixing in his chest. Nervousness and excitement and fear from liking that smile so much.

"You smell bad. Just bad. Has no one helped you into the bathtub in a while?" Hoseok didn't know where those words came from. Those lies. He should really stop now. He had to stop. He was playing with fire. But he didn't feel like it. He wanted to win. Mock Yoongi back. No one else was doing it. Hoseok had to.

"How did you know?" Yoongi replied, surprising Hoseok by his joking tone. He didn't seem as vile today. As grumpy.

"I didn't know, Sir. Is Sana the one who helps you bathe?" Hoseok asked, genuinely curious.

"Mina and Jisoo prepare the water. Sana prepares the rest," Yoongi explained simply, as if Hoseok knew what fancy baths were like.

"The rest?"

"Why so curious?" Yoongi pushed back the question. "Finally realizing that you're in need of a bath?"

Hoseok grunted. "No. I thought I could help you prepare one." He put a hand over his mouth. He stared at Yoongi and Yoongi stared at him. He had not planned to say that. "Anyway," He staged a stiff laugh. "Will you let me dress you today?"

"Depends?" Yoongi pondered. "You could always try,"

"Okay," Hoseok said, feeling weird. Were they arguing? No. Fighting? Definitely not. Speaking like friends? Perhaps. Hoseok wanted to talk more, and he wasn't sure if it was good or bad. Considering Yoongi hadn't threatened him yet it might be good.

"Lift your arms," He instructed Yoongi who obliged without a fight. Strange. He lifted his arms and Hoseok started pulling off his nightgown. Yoongi's skin radiated warmth and he smelled even more this close. Hoseok blushed. He would get to see Yoongi's chest soon. He shouldn't feel so excited.
He threw the garment to the side of the bed. He ignored his speeding heart and went for the shirt he’d picked out. Then he noticed something. Something different from yesterday. He startled when he saw that Yoongi wasn’t wearing any underwear. He was naked.
The Undercover Perv

Hoseok felt his eyes go wide as saucepans and cheeks burn off his face as his gaze flicked down, from Yoongi's rosy nipples that looked just as pretty as yesterday, to his soft penis among the dark hairs between his pale thighs.

_Don't stare!_

Hoseok gulped. A loud gulp that must've made Yoongi look at him. Was Yoongi looking at him? Why was Yoongi naked? No, he could be naked if he wanted to. But why was Hoseok staring? He had to stop staring now. He couldn't. He had to look.

"Uhm," He voiced awkwardly as he started fumbling around, forcing himself not to stare. He temporarily lost control over his arms and accidentally graced Yoongi's bare knee with his hand.

"Sorry!" He piped, staring at Yoongi's penis again as Yoongi crossed his legs, probably feeling uncomfortable. "O-one second!" Hoseok squeaked, and then he clumsily made the chair hit the floor behind him as he stood up. He left it there and rushed for the closet to find a pair of underwear. He found a folded pile of them in one of the drawers. All white and small to fit Yoongi's cute little butt.

Okay. He really had to stop those creepy thoughts now. This was not good.

He hurried back for the bed and picked up the chair from the floor, feeling like his face was burning up.

"I'll, uhm, eh, s-start with t-these." He held out the pair of underwear and crouched down on the floor. Then he changed his mind. "Wait! This one." He picked up the white shirt instead and held it out for Yoongi to see.

"Okay," Yoongi said. Simply. With ease. As if his heart wasn't hammering painfully in his chest and he didn't feel like fainting any second now. He blinked, appearing calm.

"R-raise your a-arms." Hoseok wished he would stop stuttering. He probably wouldn't do that. He should just stay silent.

Yoongi raised his arms and Hoseok draped the shirt over his head. Then he was the biggest pervert ever, because when Yoongi's head was trapped in the shirt he stared all he could. He saw Yoongi's ribs poke out. Collarbones. Teasing nipples that Hoseok wanted to touch. He saw the dip of his bellybutton. Hipbones. He saw everything. The hair between his legs. Thighs. Knees.

It was strange. Hoseok bathed with the others in the lake every morning. Had for almost a month. He was used to naked bodies by now. He'd seen so many dicks that he'd lost count of them. But that was outside. With others. Not on Yoongi's bed with only Hoseok and Yoongi in the room.

"I can't breathe-" Yoongi mumbled from inside the shirt.

"O-oh! Sorry!" Hoseok's voice pitched awkwardly. He forced himself to stop staring. He was creeping himself out and he was suffocating Yoongi. He pulled the shirt down. He didn't bother trying to catch a glimpse of Yoongi's back, having learned from the day before, and focused on not looking Yoongi in the eyes instead. He did not want Yoongi to read his thoughts.

"Now I'll put on these..." Hoseok whispered, holding up the little, cute pair of underwear. Why was he whispering? Yoongi must think he was crazy by now. Hoseok got down on the floor and draped
the pair over Yoongi's legs. When he reached the crotch-area Yoongi stood up. Hoseok angled his face away, staring at the door, feeling childish. He did the same as he put on today's pants. It was another pair of shorts, these ones baby blue with a ribbon in the back.

"Why did you pick these ones?" Yoongi snorted. Hoseok's heart jumped. Was it a happy snort or a mocking snort?

"I, uh, thought you would look cu-, I mean, eh," He scratched the back of his head. He felt sweat run down the sides of his face. He probably had sweat rings. What was with him today? Had he been about to call Yoongi cute? "I picked the first pair I found."

So that was a lie. Hoseok had picked the cutest pair since he'd wanted to know what Yoongi would look like in them. He regretted that now. Yoongi looked so cute. Like a little doll. A little prince.

"They're very tight," Yoongi said. Hoseok wasn't sure if he was complaining or not. The shorts were of a soft material that made his butt look round.

Stop thinking about his butt!?

"Want me to change them?" Hoseok asked hurriedly, shocked over how fast he got used to the role of Yoongi's dresser. He was surprised over himself.

"No, it's fine," Yoongi stated, sitting back down. "Socks, shoes and then I want you to grab my ring."

"Yes, Sir," Hoseok mumbled, crouching down to put on Yoongi's socks. "Hey, stop moving around." He warned when Yoongi kept swaying his feet around.

"You're not fast enough," Yoongi countered. Hoseok grabbed his ankle and held him in place as he draped a sock on the first foot. "That's cheating,"

"I didn't know there were any rules." Hoseok grabbed the other ankle and put on the other sock on the other foot. He walked for the door and grabbed Yoongi's shiny shoes before he put them on and started tying them, making a ribbon at the end. Yoongi went silent. It was for the best. Hoseok didn't like listening to his voice. He liked it and it made him feel nervous and feel like stuttering again. "Where's your ring?"

"In the drawer by my desk," Yoongi said. He stood up and started stretching, checking himself out in the big, round mirror leaned against the wall next to his bed.

"Mirror, mirror on the wall, who's the fairest of them all?" Hoseok joked, smiling to himself in the reflection of the mirror. He looked sweaty.

Yoongi made a face. Then he looked amused. "I had not expected you to say that,"

"What?" Hoseok joked, holding his breath when Yoongi looked him in the eyes. "Do you know who?"

"Jin says it's him," Yoongi said. "I'm not sure if I agree with that, though."

"Who do you think then?" Hoseok asked as he walked for the desk drawer and pulled it out. He gaped when he saw the great amount of jewelry there. Diamonds and pearls, rings and bracelets, silver and gold.

"Don't steal anything," Yoongi warned, dropping the topic of the mirror. "I want the blue one."
"I won't steal anything, and I knew you meant that one," Hoseok said as he carefully brushed his fingertips over the jewelry. He found the blue ring and closed the drawer again, thinking Yoongi should have a lock on it.

"How did you know I meant that one?" Yoongi wondered, holding out his left hand.

"You're always wearing it." Hoseok put the ring on Yoongi's middle finger, ignoring the way his stomach swirled as their fingers graced on the way back.

"Do you pay attention to details or are you really stalking me?" Yoongi asked.

"D-details!" Hoseok sputtered, panicking.

"So you're stalking me? Okay. Are you spreading rumors too?" Yoongi walked to the piano chair and sat down on it.

"Spreading rumors? Of course not. I'm a good person." It was weird. Hoseok didn't feel like leaving yet, so he walked for Yoongi's bed and started making it. He fluffed the pillows and sniffed the air, hoping Yoongi couldn't see his nostrils moving.

"You're a good person?" Yoongi questioned. He crossed his legs. "Yet you fail to do what I'm telling you to do."

"That's not true. I can follow orders. Look, I just made your bed." Hoseok motioned for the bed, feeling silly for wanting praise.

"I did not ask you to make it," Yoongi said. It was true. Hoseok felt dumb. He also felt tense. He didn't belong in this gold and silver room.

"Okay." They stared at each other for a moment. Hoseok felt his sweaty face go red again. "I'll be leaving then. Uh, good morning and good day, Sir." He bowed and started walking for the door. He didn't get far.

"Wait-" Yoongi stopped him. Hoseok almost groaned impatiently. "You forgot my hair,"

"Huh?" Hoseok stopped walking and felt confused.

"Here," Yoongi walked up to Hoseok and handed him a hairbrush. The handle was made of silver and the hairs had to be horse hair. "Brush it for me."

"Please," Hoseok corrected him out of habit. He probably shouldn't have done that. Yoongi didn't look happy. Hoseok hurriedly brought the brush to Yoongi's hair and started brushing it. Roughly. He wanted to get out of here.

"Ow," Yoongi complained, nose scrunching up with discomfort.

"Sorry," Hoseok slowed down his movements. He gently put a hand under Yoongi's chin, heart racing when Yoongi smiled a little bit. Hoseok must be seeing things.

Yoongi's hair was already soft. Hoseok ran the brush through the dark curls, combing through it, brushing his fringe back and exposing his eyebrows and forehead. When Yoongi closed his eyes and Hoseok felt the need to stroke his cheek he decided it was time to leave. He threw the brush on the bed and let Yoongi's chin go. His hand was warm where Yoongi had leaned on it. He didn't want to wash it.
"Good day, Sir." Hoseok bowed once more before he left for the door. He grabbed his bucket and pulled down the door handle.

"Hoseok, was it?" Yoongi asked, opening his eyes, sounding calmer than Hoseok had ever heard him.

"Yes?" Hoseok wondered how long Yoongi would pretend not to know his name. He got a bit offended.

"Tell Sana that she doesn't need to come back," Yoongi said with a little curt nod.

"What?" Hoseok asked in confusion.

"See you tomorrow," Yoongi said, and then he turned his back to him and sat down by the piano.

Hoseok left. He closed the door after him and wondered what Yoongi had meant. Was this Hoseok's job now? To dress Yoongi and clean his room? Even when Sana got better?

Piano music started streaming out from Yoongi's room. Today's tune was a happier one. It made Hoseok smile. He smiled all the way down to the basement, and he kept smiling as he walked outside and Jimin asked him why he was so red in the face.

"Why do you look so happy, hyung?" Taehyung asked with a smile of his own as Hoseok sat down next to him on the beach. Only some were working on the boat. Namjoon was one of them, urged on by a babbling Jin sitting on a beach chair behind him.

"No reason, I'm, uhm," Hoseok felt his smile go shy. "I'm just excited for tomorrow."

"Why? Is something fun happening then?" Taehyung giggled. He poked Jungkook in the side. He paused the sandcastle making and glanced up at Hoseok.

"No," Hoseok had no idea what he was talking about. "Oh, Jimin's calling for me, eh, what did you say Jimin?" He staged a gasp and walked up to Jimin who was chatting with Tommy at the other side of the beach. When Tommy and Jimin walked away Hoseok walked into the forest to gather his thoughts. He was still smiling. It was odd. He found a pink, five petal flower and started laughing. "Flowy! You're back!" He exclaimed, picking it up and putting it in his pocket. He smiled until his cheeks hurt, wondering why. He only left the forest when Jackson and Mina stumbled into it. Then Hoseok started helping Namjoon and Mark make the boat.

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Hoseok felt like an undercover pervert the next morning. He swept his gaze around as everybody dressed down on the beach by the lake. He glanced at Jimin's dick and felt weird. He glanced at Taehyung's dick and felt grossed out. He shouldn't be looking at them though. They were younger and his friends. So he flicked his gaze to Alejandro's penis. He was older. Not Hoseok's friend. But it was difficult to see anything since he was so hairy. Practically a monkey. He darted his gaze to Mark's. His dick was much bigger than Yoongi's. But Hoseok didn't feel anything.

"Hi hyung, what are you doing?"

"N-nothing!" Hoseok sputtered and jumped with panic. Taehyung had walked up to him with smile that looked forced.

"Really? It looked like you were staring at Mark's bits to me?" Taehyung said in an innocent voice. Stupid, intelligent kid. He was too smart for panicky Hoseok.
"Weird, he he," Hoseok forced out a dry laugh that got stuck in his throat and made it sound like he was choking, or dying. "Why would I do that? Gross..."

"I saw you stare at Jandro's too," Taehyung added in a lower voice. "Why? Are you afraid you're not big, because you look pretty big to me-"

"Just-, just stop talking!" Hoseok hissed, feeling his cheeks go red. "It's not what you think."

"But you don't know what I'm thinking?" Taehyung whispered back, clever smirk on his face. "But maybe I'm thinking that you were checking them out?"

Hoseok sputtered again. He blinked and put a hand over his heart. "I don't know w-what you're talking about Tae Tae, I-, I was not-"

"You'll tell everyone Jiminie. Sorry, but it's true," Taehyung admitted with an apologetic smile.

"So you were sharing secrets?" Jimin whispered with an excited glow in his eyes. "Tell me!"

Hoseok groaned. He stared at Taehyung with desperation, silently begging him not to, before he walked to the lake and dived in, dipped his head under the water surface to hide himself from the world that must be hating him. He got the soap after Namjoon and scrubbed his skin three times over. He didn't want Yoongi to think he smelled bad.

"It's okay. I didn't tell him." Taehyung surprised Hoseok by appearing right next to him in the lake.

"Don't scare me like that," Hoseok scolded him. He'd dropped the soap and bent over to reach for it. Luckily there was no one standing behind him, so he felt safe.

"But what were you doing?" Taehyung asked in a low voice as he took the soap after Hoseok. "You can tell me. I'm not a gossiper," He said solemnly with honest eyes. Hoseok had nothing to tell. He had no secrets. Almost. He had one and it was that he liked boys but he didn't feel like sharing that when they were naked in the lake like this so it didn't count.

Jimin showed up next to them and Taehyung changed the topic. Hoseok cleaned his clothes and grabbed his blanket that had dried overnight. They headed for breakfast and everyone was happily chattering. Hoseok bounced his leg up and down under the table, wondering what dressing Yoongi would be like today so much that he spaced off and Jimin had to shout his name five times before he heard him and could pass him the salt.

After breakfast Hoseok stormed out of the dining room, ran into the cleaning room and grabbed his stuff. He hurried upstairs and cleaned the third floor and all rooms in a record time. Then he stood outside of Yoongi's door, his heart hopping around wildly in his chest. He knocked once. Twice.

"It's unlocked," Yoongi replied from inside. Hoseok's stomach swirled at the sound of his voice. It
was a new feeling. He was probably still hungry.

"Good morning," Hoseok said as he opened the door and walked inside. He came to a stop in the doorway, shocked by the mess. "What happened?" He asked. The room was even messier than yesterday. There was dirt all over the floor and clothes thrown over the piano and candy wrappers around the bed.

"What do you mean?" Yoongi asked as he sat up in bed. There was a sneaky smile on his lips.

"Why did you throw out all the clothes?" Hoseok questioned, staring at the mess.

"Why are you accusing me? I think it was the ghosts," Yoongi countered. He folded his arms behind his head and laid back down. "So go on, clean it up. I'm waiting."

Hoseok stared at Yoongi. "Are you serious?"

"You should stop questioning me all the time and get to work like a good maid," Yoongi suggested him.

"I'm not a maid though. I'm-"

"No excuses. Start cleaning. I'm waiting," Yoongi interrupted him.

Hoseok sighed with distress. He got a glimpse of Yoongi's cocky grin, hating the fact that it made him feel fussy inside. He got to work. He put back all clothes in the closet, picked up the candy wrappers, cleaned away the dirt, and started on his normal chores.

"I will dress you now," He said when he was done cleaning. He picked out today's outfit and put it on the bed. "Yoongi!" He exclaimed when he saw the new amount of candy wrappers that lied on the floor he had just cleaned.

"What did you call me?" Yoongi asked with raised eyebrows.

Hoseok grunted. He started picking up the wrappers. "Are you eating candy right now?"

"No?" Yoongi said stubbornly, smirking before he started chewing. It smelled sweet.

"But you are?" Hoseok countered, glancing up at him from the floor. He stood up, stared at him.

"Nope," Yoongi chewed some more, teasing look in his eyes.

"Yes you are, here," Before he knew what he was doing, Hoseok reached out and gripped Yoongi's chin, forcing his mouth open. He saw a round, yellow piece of candy rest on Yoongi's pink tongue. His breath smelled like lemon.

"Want some?" Yoongi asked as Hoseok let him go, not commenting on the fact that Hoseok had invaded his private space and had acted weird and dominant.

"No, thank you." Hoseok picked up the last wrappers and put them in the trash bag by the door. Why had he touched Yoongi's chin like that? He should apologize.

"There's a bunch of them in the drawer. If you do a good job you could get one."

"What?" Hoseok frowned some at that. Was Yoongi going to pay him in candy too? Like Jin? He walked back to Yoongi.
"There's strawberry, blueberry and lemon flavor, but you're not allowed to pick lemon since they're my favorite," Yoongi explained. He sat on the side of the bed and opened the drawer on the nightstand next to them, showing off the colorful caramels without wrappers. Yoongi must've taken the wrapper from them and thrown them on the floor before Hoseok got here.

Hoseok quickly picked a yellow one and put it in his mouth.

"Oops," He shrugged with a smile. "Wasn't I allowed to take a yellow one?"

"Hey," Yoongi frowned and closed the drawer. Both of their voices sounded funny with candy in their mouths.

"I think yellow is my favorite too," Hoseok furrowed his brows in thought and sucked on the candy resting on his tongue. It was sweet. Sugary sweet. A bit sour.

"It's not called yellow. It's lemon," Yoongi said with a roll of his eyes, as if Hoseok was stupid.

"But it's yellow?"

"It's lemon."

They stared at each other. Hoseok finished eating his candy. Yoongi must've done so too because he opened the drawer to take another one. Hoseok quickly grabbed another yellow and put it in his mouth. Yoongi glared at him.

"Maybe you shouldn't have told me which flavor was your favorite?" Hoseok teased.

"Maybe you shouldn't eat up my expensive candy," Yoongi grumbled.

"Maybe you should lift your arms now so I can dress you." Hoseok finished the game. It looked like Yoongi suppressed a smile and it made Hoseok feel giggily inside. Yoongi lifted his arms and Hoseok pulled off the nightgown, feeling even gigglier when he saw that Yoongi wasn't wearing any underwear again. He let the nightgown drop to the pillows and he forced himself to stop staring. He put on Yoongi underwear before he put him in the green shirt, green shorts and green socks. He draped Yoongi's ring on his finger and stood back and awaited Yoongi's reaction as he got a look of himself in the mirror.

"Exactly why did you dress me up as a tree?" Yoongi questioned, raising his eyebrows at Hoseok in the mirror.

"You're not a tree," Hoseok said with a smile going shy. "Green is my favorite color."

"I see." Yoongi ran his pale hands over the green shorts. "But it isn't mine."

"What is your then?" Hoseok asked as he placed himself behind Yoongi and tried to imagine what the green clothes would look like on him.

"I'm not sure if I have one," Yoongi revealed. "I like white, but it's not a color."

"White? It's all colors, if I remember it right." Hoseok thoughtfully rubbed his chin.

"I think I fit better in blue." Yoongi frowned some as he turned around in front of the mirror. His blue ring glowed on his middle finger.

"I think you look good in every color," Hoseok said. He didn't realize how weird it sounded until after the words had left his lips and Yoongi's eyes widened. Hoseok's eyes widened too. That had
sounded like he was flirting. Not good. "I, uh, I mean, ehm,"
"You think so?" Yoongi replied, glancing at Hoseok over his shoulder.
"Uhm, y-yeah..." Hoseok felt his cheeks go red. What was he doing? He should stop talking now.
Yoongi was silent for a moment. His gaze dropped to Hoseok's chest. He had a plain face. Hoseok hoped he couldn't hear his heart beating.
"My hair," Yoongi said then. "You forgot to brush my hair,"
"Right." Hoseok picked up the hairbrush from the nightstand. Today Yoongi sat on the side of his bed. Hoseok gently brought the brush to his forehead and started combing through his fringe. Yoongi closed his eyes and Hoseok took the chance to stare at his face.
When he was done he made Yoongi's bed and they said goodbye. Hoseok walked to the basement with a little smile on his lips, not sure if he felt excited or nauseous.
And that's how it went. Two days became three, and three became four. Soon Hoseok had spent a week cleaning Yoongi's room and dressing him. Every day Hoseok slipped up one way or another. Called Yoongi good looking or graced the bare skin of his thigh. He teased him and took his candy. He clearly didn't know his place. Hoseok didn't know how he'd survived.
He had Yoongi's eyes on him and dressed Yoongi while Jimin and the others innocently ate ice cream outside, building sandcastles on the beach and helping Jin make a navy of boats, unknowing of Hoseok's panic and late night sessions next to innocent, pure Jimin.
Hoseok wasn't sure when it had happened, when it had started to become a habit, but that first time to 'relieve the pressure' hadn't been a onetime thing. Not at all. Quite the opposite. He didn't know what was wrong with him. There had to be something wrong with him. He felt the need to do that, and he thought about Yoongi all the time. It felt like those two were connected to each other. They were. Hoseok should stop pretending that they weren't.
He stared at the ceiling. He made sure that Jimin was still asleep in his bed and bit his lip. He whined and jerked himself the last bit until he came. He thought about Yoongi now. It was weird. And wrong. And bad, but...
Hoseok wiped his hand on his dirty blanket and turned over, groaning miserably into his pillow. He wanted to wash his blanket and his hand and his whole body until they were all clean again.
He turned his head to the side and gasped for air. He was sweaty. He was still thinking about Yoongi. Of his nice skin and soft hair. His little lips and button nose. Hoseok thought about his face. And body. He was a pervert. He was so ashamed, for thinking of Yoongi this way.
He turned to his back again, feeling complicated. This was the fourth night he'd done this. In a row. He had to face it. He liked Yoongi. He had feelings for him. Sexual feelings. Feelings that kept him up in the middle of the night to do this.
Or no. That must not be the case. Yoongi was cute, or he wasn't cute, but Hoseok liked him for his body. He was a man. Boy. No, he was a man otherwise it sounded even worse. Hoseok must be so starved of human contact that he started seeking it from Yoongi.
He glanced over at Jimin again. He hung around Jimin every day. The others too. He had lots of people around him if he felt alone. Maybe that wasn't the case then.
The feelings were complicated, but they would go away once Hoseok's confused body remembered that he wasn't alone and he didn't need to lust after Yoongi's body because there were lots of bodies here.

Did that sound weird or what?

Hoseok closed his eyes. He felt lighter at heart already. The feelings would go away.

Then he started feeling tense again. A picture of Yoongi's face appeared in front of him, his small smile and high cheekbones, and the feelings didn't feel as simple anymore.

He draped the blanket over his head. He didn't want anyone to see him.

Did he like Yoongi? Like, like like? Maybe it wasn't about his body at all. Hoseok talked with Yoongi in the mornings and he thought about Yoongi's voice and his eyes, not his arms or body.

But Hoseok couldn't like him. First of all Yoongi was straight. He would never like Hoseok back. And even if he would, they couldn't be together. Homosexuality was wrong, and they were from different classes. Yoongi hated him. Probably. He had hated him anyway, and Hoseok had hated him back. Maybe. Hoseok didn't understand why he was feeling like this. He shouldn't feel like this.

But he didn't think there was any other explanation to why thinking of Yoongi made him feel both bubbly and nervous, and how Yoongi teasing him made him blush, and how he wanted to be good for him. He didn't care about Jin. He gave Hoseok instructions sometimes too. But when it was Yoongi Hoseok just had to make a good job.

He emerged from under the blanket. It smelled. Hoseok smelled too. He was ashamed. If Yoongi knew Hoseok's true intentions, that Hoseok might like him in that way, he would never let him close again. He'd probably fire him. Throw him out on the street when he realized what thoughts Hoseok got when he saw him naked.

And Hoseok didn't want to be homeless. He couldn't continue like this. Being close to Yoongi might make the feelings worse. He had to do something now while they still felt easy to handle. Or okay to handle. Nothing felt easy when it came to Yoongi.
The next morning Hoseok made up a plan. He would change chores with Rose. And if she opposed he would just tell her that he was hired here to work outside, not inside. He was a farmer, not a maid.

However, performing the plan appeared to be more difficult than he'd planned it to be.

"I've already told you no?" Rose said as they sat down by the breakfast table. Hoseok's hair was still damp from the dip in the lake. He'd spent ten minutes staring at dicks again and he felt a bit desperate.

"Please?" Hoseok actually begged. "I'm supposed to work outside, you know. I've been doing this for a week now, and-

"Hi, Lisa!" Rose exclaimed, and then she rose up and walked to the other side of the table where Lisa was nowhere to be seen. Hoseok gaped, feeling offended and hurt. Then he perked. Sana walked into the room. She was finally not sick anymore.

"Sana, over here!" Hoseok waved at her, feeling like she was his savior. He ignored Dahyun's jealous glare and Jimin's face of confusion.

"Hi, eh? What was your name now again?" Sana asked with a stiff smile as she sat down beside him.

"Hoseok." Hoseok smiled back at her, albeit a nervous smile. This was even better than his initial plan. "Great that you're feeling better. Are you going back to your old chores now?" He staged a laugh, wanting to high five the table since this was perfect. No more picking up candy wrappers from the floor. No more deciding outfits. No more naked Yoongi. Hoseok would go back to normal again. He couldn't wait.

"Nah, Moody Min gave me new ones." Sana shrugged. Hoseok felt his stomach drop. He had done what? "I'm helping Bogum get the eggs in the mornings now. We'll be going to the town to do grocery shopping with Deedee too."

"But what about Momo?" Hoseok asked in confusion. Last time he checked they'd been a team.

"I'm in the kitchen now," Momo stated, sitting down next to Sana. "Over the summer anyway. Don't know what will happen then."

"Over the summer?" Hoseok piped. How many weeks of summer were left? Did they mean that Hoseok would have to hang around Yoongi every day for the rest of the summer? How had that
"What's the matter, hyung? You look a bit pale," Taehyung asked kindly as he slipped down the chair next to Hoseok's.

"No, uh, it's nothing..." Hoseok trailed off, feeling concerned and so nervous. He would have to meet Yoongi again after breakfast. After the discovery yesterday he was not ready. He would never be ready. Someone else had to do it.

"You sure? You could tell me." Taehyung put a hand on Hoseok's shoulder and Hoseok got another idea.

"Wait Tae, would you like to do something different today?" He asked. He felt guilty after a second. He couldn't do that to Taehyung. Taehyung was little and kind. Yoongi would drive over him. Hoseok didn't want Yoongi to throw something at innocent Taehyung. "Wait, never mind,"

"Like what?" Taehyung asked, grinning when Jungkook sat down next to him. "Dress Moody Min?"

"No, uhm, I meant something else." Hoseok ran a hand through his hair to appear like he didn't care. Mina and Jisoo served the porridge and Hoseok grabbed a bowl.

"No, I think you meant that," Taehyung said knowingly. "Don't you like doing it? Seeing him naked?"

Hoseok sputtered, feeling his face go red. "I-, I have absolutely no problem with seeing him n- -naked-"

"Did you say naked?" Sana asked, leaning over the table. "Did you see Moody Min naked?" She nudged Momo in the side and they both started laughing at Hoseok. "Ew!"

"What do you mean by that? You saw him naked too, right?" Hoseok urged, getting offended on Yoongi's behalf. Yoongi had a good body. He looked small and soft and like he wanted Hoseok to protect him.

Okay, so maybe not that last part.

"What are you talking about?" Sana laughed. She wiped a tear from her eye. "I've never seen him naked?"

Hoseok frowned in confusion. "But you're dressing him?"

"Yeah, like picking out the clothes and putting away the old ones." Sana snorted. "What? Wait, don't tell me he's actually making you dress him?" She stopped laughing and shared a weird look with Momo.

"Ptth," Hoseok managed with a beet red face. He felt embarrassed. Tricked. Was Sana tricking him right now?

"What are you talking about?" Namjoon asked as he sat down across from Hoseok, curiously smiling at them next to Jimin who was putting a hand behind his ear to hear the conversation better.

"Nothing!" Hoseok exclaimed. He grabbed his spoon and shoved a big spoon of porridge into his mouth, not wanting to talk about this anymore. Sana or Yoongi was tricking him. He felt awkward.
"He's playing with you," Sana snickered. "Ah, everyone always wants to try the new guy. Sucks to be you, Hosick."

"My n'me i' Ho'ok!" Hoseok said with a mouthful of porridge, trying to hide how embarrassed he was by spitting everywhere. Sana and Momo shrieked and scowled at him.

"Do you really see him naked?" Jimin asked from across the table. His eyes were glowing with excitement.

"I don't think he wants to talk about that, Jiminie," Taehyung said, taking Hoseok's side. "Because he thinks he looks hot!" He hissed.

Hoseok choked and spit out porridge over the table. He coughed violently and Taehyung started patting his back. Sana and Momo fled the scene, and Jin dropped down on Sana's seat instead, dressed in pink and golden.

"Are you serious?" Namjoon whispered to Taehyung while motioning for Jin to wait with whatever he was going to say.

"Can't! Breathe!" Hoseok coughed, feeling tears burn in his eyes. Damn Taehyung. He looked like an angel but could be a devil when he felt like it. Just like Jimin.

"Hyung, you just missed some gossip. I'll tell you after breakfast if you give me ice cream," Jimin started bargaining with Jin while Hoseok was slowly choking to death.

"Deal!" Jin laughed. He grimaced when he saw the spit out porridge in the middle of the table.

The rest of the breakfast went just as awful as the beginning. Taehyung and Jimin teased Hoseok for liking how Yoongi looked naked, probably not sensing how close they were to the truth, and Hoseok's face went tomato red every time. It was annoying. So annoying. He even opted smearing porridge on his face just to hide the color.

By the end of breakfast he tried to beg Rose to change chores with him again. She blatantly rejected the offer and walked away with Lisa. He tried to beg Sana too, but she shrugged it off with a chuckle and hooked arms with Bogum as if they were best friends.

"Ooh~" Jimin sang beside Hoseok. "Good luck with naked Min..." He teased. He hooked arms with Jin and they walked off, whispering to each other as if they were sudden best friends too. Hoseok felt embarrassed. He didn't like to be made fun of. He wasn't a clown.

"Sorry," Taehyung said as he walked up to Hoseok. His eyes were guilty. They should be. "I didn't mean for them to tease you. Honestly. Didn't know they would."

Hoseok raised his eyebrows. Was Taehyung apologizing now? It was a bit too late. "It's okay," He said anyway. He was too kind.

"Really?" Taehyung's lips curled in a happy smile. "I'm sorry hyung, good luck with everything today!" And then he rushed away, chasing Jungkook up the stairs and outside. Probably. Hoseok wasn't looking at them. His gaze was fixated on Namjoon who walked up to him, having gotten up from the table too.

"Hi Hoseok, could we chat for a second?" He asked. Hoseok got a nervous feeling in his gut. Why did Namjoon want to talk to him in private? Did he suspect something?

"Sure," Hoseok said, resisting the urge to shout no. Namjoon looked kind, if a bit confused.
Hoseok followed him into the cleaning room, for a moment hoping that Namjoon would take his chores today. But Namjoon didn't grab a bucket. They stood in silence as Hoseok waited for Namjoon to say something.

"So..." Hoseok started, putting his hands in his pockets and feeling awkward.

"How is it going with Yoongi?" Namjoon asked then. It was pretty dark in the room. The only light came from the little window close to the ceiling.

"What do you mean?" Hoseok felt his face go red. Again. He should grow his hair out so he had something to cover his face with.

"Didn't you tell me you thought he hated you before?" Namjoon questioned.

"Oh," Hoseok said with recognition. "Right. I did." He laughed tensely. He had forgotten about that. It felt so long ago.

"So? Do you still think so?" Namjoon urged. He smiled hesitantly.

"No, uhm, it's much better now." Hoseok waved Namjoon's worries away. "I, eh, don't think he hates m-me. I don't think he particularly likes me, but, uh, n-not hate..." He finished, wondering what the hell he was rambling about. Hopefully Namjoon made some sense of it.

"You must be doing something good," Namjoon said positively. "Since he likes your company."

"He doesn't like my company," Hoseok mumbled, correcting him, facing the floor. "He messes up the room really bad every day so I need to clean for who knows how long. I don't think he would do that if he liked me."

"Oh, but Yoongi isn't like other people," Namjoon said as he leaned against the wall and gave Hoseok a strange look. "Is he putting you to work?"

"Yeah?" Hoseok glanced up at Namjoon, looked him in the eyes. "What do you mean that he's not like other people?"

"Nothing, just-" Namjoon shrugged. He glanced out the small window before he looked back at Hoseok. "Don't take him too seriously. He wants to be dramatic at times, scare people off when he really wants to let them in."

Hoseok frowned. That didn't sound like Yoongi at all. How did Namjoon know that?

"Are you close?" Hoseok asked, wondering when Namjoon and Yoongi had talked about feelings, or whatever they'd been talking about that made Namjoon tell Hoseok this now.

"Depends on who you're asking," Namjoon said in a funny voice. "I'd say that I know a lot about Yoongi, and Yoongi knows a lot about me, then what that makes us doesn't matter. First and foremost I'm a farmer."

"Can't you be friends anyway?" Hoseok asked, feeling his other question teeter under the surface. "You and Jin...?"

Namjoon's cheeks tinted pink. "Mine and Jin's relationship is a bit different." He admitted.

"Such as?"

"No need to go into detail," Namjoon said with a shake of his head. Now he was the embarrassed
"I'm, ehm, I'm not going to judge you or anything but how, how did you know?" Hoseok walked to the door and made sure that it was closed, knocked on it to shake off eventual eavesdroppers, before he walked back to Namjoon and put on a smile to hide the nervousness inside.

"Know what?" Namjoon asked. He must know what Hoseok was thinking about. The no judging part. Namjoon liking boys.

"That you liked him?" Hoseok whispered.

"Oh," Namjoon's cheeks got even redder.

"I'm not gonna tell anyone. Cross my heart." Hoseok put a hand over his heart. He just didn't want to feel alone. Maybe Namjoon had been through something similar as Hoseok right now.

Namjoon sighed. "What can I say? He persuaded me, I guess."

"What do you mean?" Hoseok asked.

"Well, you know?" Namjoon made a pained face. Hoseok didn't know. He shook his head. "He bought me gifts and called me sweet names, and he was just so confident."

"Okay." Hoseok leaned against one of the tables. Namjoon rubbed his face in his hands, collecting his thoughts.

"You know Jin, he's- he's self-confident and funny and handsome. He's older and always wears beautiful clothes. He always told me I could ask him for anything and he'd buy it for me. I'm not exactly sure how it happened but one night he had his hands down my pants." Namjoon paused to stare at Hoseok with wide, almost horrified eyes.

"Why do you look so scared?" Hoseok asked, feeling embarrassed from what Namjoon had just shared with him. He wondered what that would feel like. No one had had their hands down Hoseok's pants.

"Because I can't be like that," Namjoon said. He made another pained face. "I'm the oldest son of my family, I-, Jin says it's okay but it's different for him."

"But your family is dead?" Hoseok said in confusion. He wished he'd stayed silent when Namjoon's eyes filled with panic and sadness. "Sorry,"

"No, it's okay. I just- I guess that I want to make them proud. I'd like to think that they're still alive." Namjoon put on a sad smile. "They wouldn't be proud over someone like me."

Hoseok walked closer and put a comforting hand on Namjoon's shoulder. He related so much. He wanted to tell him that he wasn't alone. But he didn't. He didn't dare to. Namjoon was younger than him but he was much more mature.

"I think they'd be proud of you, though," Hoseok said in a low voice. "You're mature and brave and you're working hard every day. I don't think who you kiss matters. Not in the big picture."

"But we don't only kiss-"

"You get what I mean." Hoseok leaned back some, feeling uncomfortable.

"Right. Thanks Hoseok, but why are we talking about me? Weren't we talking about you?"
Namjoon laughed some, sounding relieved.

"About Yoongi, I think," Hoseok recollected. "Wait! I need to start cleaning now!" He looked around the room until he found his bucket with cleaning supplies and grabbed it.

"Good luck. And, uh, thanks for, you know." Namjoon looked awkward.

"For reminding you that you're awesome no matter what?" Hoseok joked.

Namjoon smiled and shook his head. "Go."

And Hoseok was off. He cleaned the third floor in a record speed, having a routine. He worked on auto-pilot as he thought about what Namjoon had told him and what was about to happen next.

When he was done cleaning he stood by Yoongi's door, feeling nervous. His stomach was clenching and his heart was jumping around in his chest. It felt like it jumped out of his chest a few times. Bounced against the door before it jumped back in.

Jin had seduced Namjoon. On purpose. But Yoongi was not trying to seduce Hoseok. Hoseok shouldn't be comparing Jin and Yoongi to each other. They weren't the same. Hoseok should stop hoping. Yoongi would never want to seduce him. He had to stop thinking of what he'd done last night now and pretend that Yoongi was someone else.

He gathered courage before he knocked on the door. Once. Then he pulled at the door handle. It was open. He was too nervous. His heart nearly hurt in his chest as he opened the door and stepped inside.

"Good morning…"

"Morning," Yoongi replied instantly from the bed. He hadn't done that before. Not that it meant anything. Maybe he was in a good mood today. Had had a good night's sleep. Hoseok hadn't. He wouldn't tell Yoongi that it was his fault.

The room wasn't as messy today. Maybe Yoongi had grown tired after a week. There were only some candy wrappers spread around over the floor. Hoseok picked them up and started cleaning, doing his best to not glimpse at Yoongi who was lying in his bed looking super soft.

"Okay, what color do you want today, Sir?" Hoseok asked as he picked out an outfit, Sana's words echoing in his head. She'd only handled the clothes. She hadn't dressed Yoongi. What the hell.

"You pick," Yoongi said. He didn't sound quite like his usual self. He sounded much kinder and sleepier. Good. Hoseok didn't feel like talking today. He didn't want to risk slip something.

He picked a purple outfit and put it on the bed. He pulled off Yoongi's fluffy blanket and grabbed his ankles to make him sit on the side of the bed when he refused to get out of bed himself.

"Slept well?" Hoseok asked. Why had he asked that? Hadn't he just stated for himself that he didn't want to talk?

"Mm," Yoongi mumbled, his eyes blinking shut time after time. There was a sleepy smile on his lips. Hoseok forced himself not to stare at it. It was too pretty.

"Is someone changing your sheets or do I need to do that too?" Hoseok asked, just thinking about it. Yoongi smelled extra good today so it might be time to change them. Or for Yoongi to take a bath. Maybe both.
"Maggie's doing it, I think. Not sure." Yoongi shrugged. He blinked his eyes open and raised his eyebrows a bit. "Why?"

"No reason. Raise your arms, please," Hoseok instructed. Yoongi obliged easily. Hoseok grabbed the nightgown by the sleeves and started pulling it up. He should not look today. He couldn't. He should not look and then he would mention what Sana had told him earlier and put an end to these weird dressing sessions that he totally didn't like at all.

He pulled off the nightgown and threw it to the side over the bed. He couldn't look. Yoongi would notice. He had to notice. So Hoseok looked to the side instead.

But then he saw something. Something weird. He had to look.

He flicked his gaze to Yoongi's penis. He felt his body jolt. It looked half hard.

"Uh," Hoseok voiced, feeling his face go red in a second, feeling his mouth go dry.

"Ignore it," Yoongi said, as if he knew what Hoseok meant, as if he knew that Hoseok was staring.

"Uhm, okay." Hoseok desperately resisted the strong urge to touch. He couldn't. Absolutely not. He picked up the underwear and started putting them on. He bit the inside of his cheek when he draped them over Yoongi's crotch. Over his half hard cock. It felt like a crime. Like a waste. Yoongi inhaled sharply and Hoseok wanted to cry. Someone up there was punishing him.

"Let's see..." He said as he moved to today's shirt. His hands were shaking and his heart was racing. His own pants felt tight and he prayed that Yoongi wouldn't point it out. Hoseok was wearing beige today and it felt like a mistake. He hadn't prepared for this to happen.

Thankfully luck was on Hoseok's side. Yoongi kept silent and complied as Hoseok asked him to raise his arms or stand up or stop kicking him with his feet. He put Yoongi's blue ring on his middle finger and combed through his hair.

"See you tomorrow!" Hoseok squeaked by the door before he left. Yoongi looked like he wanted to say something, but Hoseok didn't stay long enough to hear it. He practically ran into the fancy bathroom, pulled down his pants and straddled the toilet seat. He leaned on the toilet tank, covering his eyes with his arm as his right hand travelled between his legs. He was already hard. It was embarrassing. He couldn't help it. He couldn't control himself anymore. It wasn't fun. Not fun at all. He didn't feel like himself.

But he couldn't go out like this. He had to do something about it. He shouldn't.

He let out a ragged breath of anticipation as he ran a hand over the inner side of his thigh, contemplating this one last time. Then his patience ran out. He thought back on how Yoongi's half erection had looked and got so high on arousal that he had to close his eyes and still for a few seconds. Then he guided his hand lower, grabbed his cock at the base and gave himself a slow stroke. He had no idea what he was doing in here before noon. He usually did this in the dark, well hidden under his blanket in his room. Not here, at a foreign place with bright windows and his hands still smelling like Yoongi.

Wait.

He guided his left hand to his face, smelling it. He pressed his nose against it, groaning when he felt that it smelled like Yoongi's skin and his bed and his hair. Like soft, warm skin mixed with faint musk. Hoseok sniffed his hand as he started stroking his cock faster, and he closed his eyes, pretending that he was back in Yoongi's room.
He stroked harder. He had to hurry. It went fast. He felt pleasure pull at him everywhere. His skin tingled when he pressed his thumb over the slit. He rubbed the head of his cock, teasing it with his thumb, pressing his hand against his mouth to not cry out loud. Precome was already leaking from the tip, running down the length. He felt so messy. Felt so dirty. He could care about that when he was done.

He slid his hand up and down his cock. He started jerking his hips, bucking them forward so he got more friction. He pressed his eyes shut, mumbling, "Oh god, oh god,"

He was close. He panted with an open mouth, trying to be quiet. Yoongi had been half hard. Hoseok played around with that idea in his head. He imagined that he was straddling Yoongi's lap instead of the toilet seat. Imagined that Yoongi was under him, watching him like he always did in the mornings. Imagined Yoongi begging Hoseok to come over him.

Hoseok whimpered. He bit his lip and lowered his other hand from his face, using it to play with his sac, liking the combination. He tugged at his cock, wanting to come already, feeling needy and close and like he would explode any second now.

When playing with his balls wasn't enough anymore he started guiding his hand over his chest, under his shirt and over his nipples, trying to trick himself that it was Yoongi's hand instead. Yoongi's pale hand with a blue ring on his middle finger. He rubbed a finger against one of his nipples, scraped a nail against it, feeling the jolt of pain mixing with the pleasure.

"Yoongi," Hoseok cried, tracing a finger around his nipple as he pulled himself, coming. "Yoongi, Yoongi," He sobbed, slowly jerking his hips and thrusting into his hand. Then he stilled and bathed in pleasure. It was everywhere, bringing him to the clouds. His mouth flew open and he whined with an open mouth as he stroked himself to finish.

He sighed. Deep. He spent a few wonderful seconds in bliss until he came back to reality and realized what he'd done. He hadn't come in the toilet like he'd planned to. He'd spurted come over his shirt and hand. His shirt was ruined.

"Shit," He mumbled, starting to freak out. There was some on the toilet lid too. The expensive toilet lid made of some type of tree, mahogany maybe. Hoseok's shirt was sweaty and full drool and he was half naked.

Had he even locked the door?

He flew up from the toilet seat. He stumbled around on wobbly legs. His body was still shaky. He hadn't come that hard in a while. Right now he saw it as a bad thing. A very bad thing. He had to focus but he couldn't focus with a brain feeling like mush.

He pulled his pants back on and did the button at the front. He was too hot. Too sweaty. He almost screamed as he checked his reflection in the mirror. He looked awful. His eyes were glazed, under the panic, and his forehead glistened with sweat. He must have bit his lip hard, because there were pink marks under his lower lip from his teeth.

Lord have mercy,

He hurriedly started washing his face in the sink. He rubbed away the sweat and washed his hair too, shrieking when he stood back up and the water run into his shirt down his back and into his pants, making it look like he'd peed himself, or worse; crapped himself. He cleaned his hand as good as he could and started searching for something to use to clean the toilet. He remembered about his cleaning bucket and made his way to where he'd put it by the door, wanting to curse over
his disobedient legs. He cleaned the toilet until it was glistening again. There were no stains on the lid. He thanked god.

He opted jumping out the window and diving straight into the lake for a fast escape. He didn't fancy breaking every bone in his body though, so he walked for the door and pressed his ear to it, listening for sounds. He just realized that there was a keyhole. He hoped no one had peeped into it. Or that he'd been loud. He wanted to slap himself.

He took off his shirt and hid it in the bucket before he opened the door. His heart jumped when he realized that he'd left the door unlocked. Anyone (Yoongi) could've walked inside. Hoseok must have a death wish.

He closed the door as silently as he could, just now hearing that Yoongi was playing the piano in his room. Phew. He hadn't heard Hoseok then.

Silently, Hoseok ran in the corridor, sneaked down the stairs, ignoring how disgusted the people in the portraits looked as he walked past them, as if they knew what he'd done, and hurried into the cleaning room in the basement. He hid his shirt under his armpit and started leaving, hiding the bucket in the corner, feeling dumb when he realized that he could've changed clothes in his room before he'd walked downstairs. He couldn't risk go up there now though. What if he walked into Yoongi? He had to go to the lake.

"My boy! What happened with your shirt!" Deedee exclaimed as she passed him by the stairs on her way down.

"Oh, eh, I, uh, dunno?" Hoseok hid his shirt behind his back as he walked for the staircase. "I'm looking for it so, uhm, if you see it can't you tell me?" He staged a stiff laugh. "Bye." He sprinted up the stairs, into the hallway and outside, not bothering keeping to the fence as he ran for the lake.

He saw Jimin, Namjoon, Mark and Jackson sit on the beach working on another boat under Jin's supervision. Taehyung and Jungkook played with Yeontan. The rest of the beach was filled with farmers who carved wood or chatted or made more boats. Hoseok hoped no one saw him as he ran for the dock and jumped into the lake, hitting the seabed with his feet and kicking himself back up in the water.

"Hobi?" Jimin shouted as Hoseok broke through the water surface and tried to keep himself floating. "Hobi what are you doing!" Jimin and Taehyung came running on the dock. Hoseok wished they would leave him alone.

"Oh, I, eh, I felt like taking a b-b-bath!" His nose slipped under the water surface and he panicked for a second. He had his shirt in his hand and tried to move it around in the water, washing it while he was drowning.

"But you just took one?" Taehyung asked in confusion. "And what happened to your shirt?"

"What do you mean?" Hoseok asked. He tried to swim further away from them. Easier said than done considering he couldn't swim.

"Yeah, why are you shirtless?" Jimin asked with a frown. "It's not that hot today."

Let me tell you who's hot, Hoseok almost said. He managed to stop himself at the last second. He swam further out and dived under the water, thinking that they would stop taunting him if they couldn't see him.

"Help! Hobi's drowning!" He heard Jimin shout from the dock. "Someone!"
"I'm at it!" Someone replied in bad Korean. Hoseok swam back up just as something, or someone, dived in to 'save him'.

"Wait, I'm not-" Hoseok was interrupted when a strong set of arms wrapped around him.

"Got you!" The person said. Hoseok was throughoutly shocked when he recognized Tony Jones, the butler. Where had he come from?

"I knew having an adult here would come in handy!" Jin stated from the dock, looking proud over himself. "And one that can swim too!"

"I wanna learn how to swim," Jimin complained.

"Me too," Taehyung sighed.

"You heard them, Jones!" Jin scoffed from the dock as Jones started bringing Hoseok back to the beach. He wasn't a very good life safer. Hoseok's head dipped under the water time after time, and he coughed up water from his lungs.

"Are you okay?" Jones asked as he dragged Hoseok up on the beach. The sand stuck to his skin and he felt embarrassed with all eyes on him. There were boys and girls and a dog and everyone stared at him as he lied there like some mermaid with his pants and shoes still on, a strong grip on the shirt in his hand.

"I'm fine, thank you," Hoseok mumbled. He tried to get up but Jones pressed a hand to his chest.

"No CPR?" He checked. He leaned in closer, as if he was going to kiss him, and Hoseok pushed him away.

"I'm fine, thank you!" Hoseok repeated, louder this time, not wanting a kiss.

"Will we really get to learn how to swim?" Taehyung asked as he, Jimin and Jin walked back to the beach from the dock. He grinned when Jungkook met him half way with Yeontan in his arms.

"Why are you shirtless?" Jimin asked Hoseok. "And why aren't you?" He asked Jones.

"Want me to take off my shirt?" Jones asked with a blinding smile showing off his white teeth. He started removing his shirt and Jimin smiled too.

"What's going on over here?"

The beach silenced when Yoongi walked out on it, face pale under a blue parasol to shield him from the sun. He was dressed in the clothes Hoseok had picked out for him. His gaze lowered to Hoseok on the beach and Hoseok hurriedly crawled back into the water to hide his bare chest, heart beating hard.

"Yoongi, my friend!" Jin laughed, walking up to him, making him scowl. "Jones over here just saved Hoseok from drowning! Fantastic, I know;"

"Was he drowning?" Yoongi raised his eyebrows in surprise and turned his attention back to Hoseok who was crawling deeper and deeper into the lake, sitting down when the water reached him to his chin.

"Actually, I think he dived in from the dock but he can't swim, so yeah?" Jin said with a shrug at Jimin who had his eyes locked on Jones who took his shirt off.
"Okay," Yoongi said. He looked misplaced with the farmers around him. He didn't fit in. He was much more beautiful.

*He is not beautiful!*

Hoseok started slapping his cheeks. He had to slap some sense into himself now. He couldn't go on like this. He had to put a stop to it. His dick was starting to ache with how much he was working it. He wasn't normal. He felt guilty. Ashamed. He got bad conscience.

"Why is he slapping himself?" Yoongi asked Jin, or Jimin, Hoseok wasn't sure but he hurriedly stopped what he was doing and wished he would just disappear.


"I think he's a bit crazy," Jimin commented, finally tearing his gaze from Jones' surprisingly fit body.

"I think he likes you, Sir," Taehyung said, making Hoseok choke.

"Anyway, since you're gracing us with your presence, did you want something?" Jin put his hands on his hips and smiled at Yoongi.

"I just wondered why you were shouting," Yoongi said. His gaze went back to Hoseok.

"I think there's another reason to why you're here…" Jin said with a wink. "Right, Joon?" Yoongi and Namjoon both looked tense.

"What?" Jimin, Taehyung and Jungkook asked at the same time.

"Yeah? Don't you want ice cream?" Jin asked with a goofy smile. Yoongi looked like he relaxed. Hoseok didn't understand why. He started getting up from the lake. He didn't fancy looking like a loser anymore.

"Sure you want! Everyone loves ice cream. Right?" Jin asked Jimin, Taehyung and Jungkook who nodded at him with big smiles.

"Eh, h-hi," Hoseok said as he walked out of the water and up on the beach. He gulped when Yoongi flicked his eyes to him again.

"Hello Hoseok," Yoongi actually greeted him back. Hoseok internally panicked. What now? What should he say back? Everyone was watching them. Hoseok had forgotten to call him sir again.

Yoongi's eyes dropped to Hoseok's chest. His eyes widened and the faintest of smiles crept up his lips. Hoseok must be seeing things. Yoongi quirked an eyebrow.

"What happened to your shirt?"

Hoseok remembered that he wasn't wearing his shirt. He blushed and tried to cover his chest with his arms and hands and the wet shirt he was holding. "Oh, eh, n-nothing?" He staged a stiff laugh. His brain felt fried.

"Why are you acting so weird?" Jimin whispered to him with a frown. "What's the matter with you?"

"Shh!" Hoseok tried to hush Jimin. He didn't want Yoongi to hear him. This was bad and
awkward as it was. He tried to cover his chest until Yoongi looked away. Finally.

"Joon, could I have a word?" Yoongi asked Namjoon.

"Of course," Namjoon answered. "See you in a bit," He told the others before they left. Hoseok wanted to follow after them. Jin was quicker. He hurried after them with a sneaky smile on his lips.

"Tell me!" Jimin shouted after him before he disappeared between the trees.

Hoseok stared forward. He lowered his hands, saw that he'd dropped his wet shirt to the ground. He picked it up. Then he wasn't sure what happened, but Jimin dragged him for the forest. Taehyung, and Jungkook, with Yeontan in his arms, followed.

"Hobi. Explain yourself. Why did you dive into the lake like that like a weirdo?" Jimin urged. He shared a look of confusion with Taehyung who agreed.

"I, uh, what?" Hoseok faked ignorance. It felt like the best method to handle this sudden interrogation. His heart was still beating hard. He wasn't over the exchanged greeting with Yoongi yet. What had Yoongi been doing at the beach?

"Why aren't you wearing your shirt?" Jimin motioned for Hoseok's chest. "Are you an exhibitionist?"

"A what?" Hoseok asked, confused.

"Someone who takes pleasure in being naked or doing dirty things for others to see," Jimin explained.

Hoseok felt his cheeks flare red. "Why would I be that, Jiminnie?"

"How am I supposed to know?" Jimin defended himself. "Maybe you are? Maybe you liked Min looking at you!"

Hoseok gasped. "I didn't know he would show up!"

"Guys, relax," Taehyung tried to mediate between them. "Maybe Hobi just felt like taking a dip. Right, hyung?" He looked at Hoseok who nodded.

"I think there was more to it," Jimin said. "Don't you think so too, Jungkook?" He glanced over his shoulder where Jungkook was happily playing with Yeontan in his arms.

"What?" Jungkook asked, glancing up with his big eyes.

"Don't drag Kookie into this," Taehyung sighed.

"Fine." Jimin looked Hoseok in the eyes. "I think you're hiding something, but I'll let it go for now. Tony is waiting for me." And then he left. Hoseok watched him leave and heard a happy shout from the beach a moment later.

"Don't worry, hyung." Taehyung tried to calm Hoseok. It didn't work. He didn't feel calmed at all.

Jin and Namjoon returned right beside them, whispering about something. Hoseok couldn't hear what they were saying over the sound of Jungkook kissing and patting Yeontan.

Taehyung said some more things. Hoseok wasn't listening. He was lost in his head again, wondering where Yoongi was. He thought about going to his room to put on new clothes. When Taehyung and Jungkook left he hurried to the third floor and changed into a new set of clothes. He
sneaked back outside and joined Namjoon on the beach, helping him make a boat. In the lake
Jones tried to teach Jimin, Taehyung and Mark how to swim. The girls complained that they
wanted to learn how to swim too, but every time they started taking their skirts off Jackson started
whistling and Mark forgot how to move his arms and almost drowned in the lake. They solved the
problem by Jin handing out oversized shirts to the girls and forcing Mark to look the other way so
he wouldn't drown.

Hoseok tried his best not to think about Yoongi. He failed every time. It was silly, how often his
mind went back to him. Every time he saw his right hand he remembered what he'd done this
morning and panicked. Every time he saw Jin's rings he panicked. Every time he saw black hair he
panicked.

"Are you alright?" Namjoon asked after a while, concerned. "You're all red in the face?"

"I'm brilliant." Hoseok lied with a stiff smile. "Never been better." He forced out a laugh. Namjoon
didn't look convinced, but he stopped asking.

At lunch Hoseok didn't eat much. He wasn't hungry. He played with his food until Jimin snatched
his plate from him and wolfed down Hoseok's eggs himself. Hoseok lightly slapped his arm, not
mentioning the fact that Jimin had done him a favor since he couldn't eat.

After lunch Jin shared around ice cream. He went out on the lake with Jimin again. Hoseok
wondered what they were talking about. Namjoon played cards with Jackson. Taehyung and
Jungkook competed in who could eat the most ice cream.

Hoseok started a new tactic. The plan was simple: ignore Yoongi. It was not as easy as it sounded,
because for some reason Yoongi started going out more. Hoseok's heart jolted when he found him
sitting in the gazebo, writing by himself in the afternoon sun. Yoongi went out on a walk with Jin
before dinner. He even took another visit to the beach where Jin showed him the new boats.
Hoseok ended up hiding behind the mansion in his desperation to hide from him, talking to Flowy
in his pocket in an attempt to calm himself down.

Then Hoseok shoved a hand down his pocket, feeling like crying when he felt that Flowy was in
his other pants. He was all alone. He was always alone.
When it was time for the weekly campfire on their free night Yoongi was sitting there, next to Jin on a bench. Hoseok almost fainted. Then he turned on his heel and started walking back for the mansion. He had to avoid Yoongi. He couldn't risk getting seduced and jerking off in the fancy bathroom and acting like a fool in the lake again. He just couldn't. That wasn't him. Hoseok didn't want to feel weird and ashamed again.

"Where are you going? That's the wrong way!" Jimin laughed as he grabbed Hoseok's shoulders and turned him around again, leading him to the beach. Hoseok swallowed nervously as he tried to walk like normal. His eyes constantly wanted to dart to Yoongi. He resisted the urge.

He sat down on one of the blankets, beside Jimin and Taehyung. He felt his heart hop around in his chest as he dared a glimpse at Yoongi. What was he doing here? Had no one told him that this was only for the workers? He and Jin should leave. Hoseok wanted to breathe again.

Only that he kept those complaints to himself. He didn't dare voice them out loud. He hugged his knees to his chest and faced forward, watched as Taehyung and Jimin, who jumped up from beside Hoseok, lit the fire. Mina and Jisoo came with the usual trays of food and they soon started preparing it.

Hoseok dared another glimpse at Yoongi. It was hard to see with all the smoke in the way. The wind made the gray, smelly smoke hit Hoseok in the face. He really struggled to breathe now. His eyes watered and he wished he'd sat somewhere else.

On another note the smoke might hide him from Yoongi so it was good.

It wasn't as if Yoongi was looking at him though. Because he wasn't. He was watching the sky next to Jin whose mouth went nonstop, talking about something that Yoongi must find boring since he wasn't listening. Hoseok glanced at him, felt his heart jump when Yoongi's gaze darted to him in return and they made eye contact for a second before Hoseok looked away.

"You look a bit pale, hyung." Taehyung slumped down next to Hoseok. Jungkook sat down his lap and Taehyung wrapped his arms around him. "What's up?"

"Nothing." Hoseok replied too fast. It felt like Yoongi was still watching him. Hoseok casually ran a hand through his hair and tried to look like normal. There was a weird look in Yoongi's eyes. A questioning look. It almost looked like he tried to read Hoseok, and Hoseok didn't like it at all. He hoped Yoongi couldn't read minds.

Jimin sat back down on Hoseok's other side and Hoseok went silent. Jimin and Taehyung started talking about something that Hoseok couldn't focus on. His attention was on Yoongi.

Hoseok ate his food a while later, feeling odd. He purposely angled his head away from Yoongi. He didn't like having to look at him. He didn't like it when their gazes met either. That's what he told himself anyway. Because he secretly liked it every time they made eye contact. It made his heart beat faster. It was probably bad.

"Who wanna play spin the bottle!" Jimin cheered when everyone was full and rubbed their stomachs. He fetched an empty bottle from one of the trays and placed it in the middle of the circle of farmers, close to the crackling fire.

"Not again..." Hoseok mumbled. He remembered how awkward it had been the last time.
"What's the matter with you?" Jimin huffed, having heard him. "Afraid I'm gonna figure out your secret?"

Hoseok's eyes widened. "I don't have a secret?"

"Sure. And I'm not fifteen either." Jimin laughed at his own joke.

"But you're not?" Hoseok countered.

"Almost?" Jimin argued. "Anyway!" He faced the group of happily chatting and whispering farmers around them, making a face of surprise when he spotted Yoongi, and went on. "Who's in?" When he received no answer he started spinning the bottle in front of them. Hoseok scooted as far back on the blanket as he could. He didn’t want the bottle to point at him and risk blurting something embarrassing when Yoongi was there.

"Dare," Dahyun picked when the bottle pointed at her. Rose nudged her shoulder with a smile. Since when had they become best friends?

"Hm... I dare you to kiss the cutest boy here," Jimin decided. He shared an evil grin with Tommy out of all people before he turned his attention back to Dahyun who was whispering with Rose.

"Prepare yourself, Hobi. I think she'll pick you," Taehyung whispered from Hoseok's left. Hoseok had forgotten he was sitting there. Now his heart jolted with surprise and panic.

"No, I-I don't think so," Hoseok tried to calm himself. He scooted even further back, sliding his butt over the damp sand when he moved off of the blanket. "She doesn't like me anymore,"

"I think she does. You just don't see it because you don't like her," Taehyung said wisely, as if he knew what was going on with Hoseok's weird feelings for Yoongi.

"I don't don't like her?" Hoseok mumbled. "But eh, oh I need to go-"

"Ohh! You want to kiss me?" Jimin voiced loudly, grinning and pointing at his cheek as Dahyun walked his direction.

"No silly, she'll kiss Hoseok," Rose said with a bitchy roll of her eyes.

Hoseok gulped. He had to run.

"Told you," Taehyung stated. He didn't look smug like Jimin. His eyes were apologetic. Hoseok wondered why. Then he ran out of time to think. Dahyun crouched down in front of him and leaned in. Hoseok backed away, dragging his body backwards with his hands.

"Where are you going?" Dahyun asked in confusion, following him with a stubborn frown.

"I, uh, sorry but I'm not in on the game," Hoseok made up. It was a bad excuse. Still the best he could think of at the moment.

"Sure he is," Jimin joined in. "He's just shy."

"He's shy?" Jackson snorted from the other side of the campfire. "I think he hasn't gotten his first kiss yet."

"What? Is it true?" Sana, the gossiper, asked excitedly.

Hoseok felt his cheeks go red. He flicked his gaze to Yoongi and found him looking at him. He
was the one Hoseok was shy for. He was the one that made Hoseok act like a panicked loser. Not Dahyun. Why couldn't Yoongi leave and let Hoseok be silly in peace?

"It's not true," Hoseok said too loud and too screechy just as his hands and butt reached the shore. His pants got wet with water from the lake and he grimaced with discomfort.

"Are you taking another bath?" Jimin asked, looking weirded out. "What's the matter with you today?"

Hoseok felt offended. He grew annoyed too. And embarrassed. Jimin acted strange sometimes too. It wasn't as if Hoseok was the only one.

"Yeah, I was sweaty," Hoseok retaliated. He sat down in the water, wanting to groan when Dahyun followed after him. He pressed his eyes shut and held his breath as she stubbornly leaned in and pressed a hard kiss to his cheek. He got uncomfortable from feeling her breath so close.

He opened his eyes when he heard clapping of hands from the beach. Dahyun walked back to the group with a proud smile, high fiving Rose as she sat down.

"He's shy because he likes you!" Jackson laughed. Hoseok felt a stab of irritation. That was not true. What lies were they spilling when Yoongi sat there? Didn't they feel the need to behave?

Hoseok walked back to the beach with his pants dripping of water. Jimin didn't allow him back on the blanket so he had to sit on the hard, uncomfortable sand, next to Jin and Yoongi's bench. He wiped his cheek several times. Dahyun had only picked him to embarrass him in front of Yoongi. So mean.

Hoseok drew angry faces in the sand as the game went on. The sun set and the beach became darker. Faces were lit up from the flames of the campfire.

When Jimin dared Rose to kiss the cutest boy and she came to kiss Hoseok's cheek too Hoseok actually jumped up on his feet and made an excuse of being tired. Rose didn't like Hoseok. She only liked bossing him around. She must've made a secret alliance with Dahyun to embarrass him to every price.

On the third floor he walked to the window. He leaned his hands on the windowsill and glanced out at the darkness. He saw the stars come out. They looked peaceful. They didn't look like their life was complicated or like they'd jerked off to thoughts of their land lord earlier this morning.

He put his face in his hands and groaned. Why was he thinking about that? It wouldn't happen again. No. Definitely not. He should forget about it.

Then he thought back on how Yoongi had looked on the beach, with his dark hair and calculating eyes. Maybe one more time wouldn't matter…

He turned around and started walking for the door to his and Jimin's room, thinking that if he was quick he would be done before Jimin went to bed. He put his hand on the door handle. Then he heard something. Someone was walking up the stairs. He sighed. Jimin was back already. He'd probably followed him to tease him or force him to play again.

Only that it wasn't Jimin walking up the stairs. It was Yoongi.

Hoseok felt his heart jump so violently that he had to tighten his grip on the door handle to steady himself. Yoongi stopped walking when he noticed him, stared at him in silence.
What were you doing by the campfire, Hoseok wanted to ask. Why does it feel like you're following me? Why are you letting me see you naked? He didn't ask any of it.

"Good night, Sir." He said instead. He nodded a little bit, ignoring his burning cheeks. Yoongi was holding a lit candle in a candle holder in his hands. It lit up his face from below and helped Hoseok see the faint smile on his lips. The smile was too attractive.

"Are you going to bed this early?" Yoongi wondered, taking a step closer, making Hoseok's heart jump like that again.

"Yes," Hoseok lied. He didn't fancy telling Yoongi about his dirty plans. He would throw him out then. Definitely.

"How come you left so suddenly?" Yoongi gave Hoseok's damp and sandy clothes a look over before he started walking for his own door.

"I, uh, I was," Hoseok smacked with his tongue against the roof of his mouth. Strange. All moisture in his mouth disappeared and it went dry.

"Thirsty?" Yoongi supplied. Awkward.

"I had to do something else," Hoseok decided for saying, without stuttering or revealing his dry mouth.

"Like what?" Yoongi asked. This was turning into an interview. Or interrogation. Probably interrogation. Hoseok felt nervous. Almost shaky. Yoongi was talking with him in private.

"UH." Hoseok searched his mind for something to say. Yoongi looked at him, squinted some to see him in the dark. "Sleep." Hoseok sounded so awkward that he wanted to grimace over himself. Yoongi had to sense that something was off.

"Alright. Good night then," Yoongi said, surprising Hoseok by not asking any more questions.

"Good night, Sir," Hoseok said with another nod. He walked into his room before Yoongi walked into his, closed the door and leaned his back against it. He inhaled. Exhaled. Heaved a big sigh. Then he hurried to his bed, sat down on it and listened for sounds for a while. When he was sure that Yoongi was in his own room and not in the corridor he sneakily pulled down his pants and helped himself for the second time that day. It was a bad habit. He knew it. A horrible habit. At the moment he didn't care. He worked his hand, pressed his face into the pillow and felt amazing.

Five minutes later he didn't feel as amazing anymore. His hand was dirty and he was sweaty. He got out of bed and walked for the door, thinking that he could use the fancy bathroom really fast, when the door opened and he ended up face to face with Jimin.

"Wow, you scared me!" Jimin exclaimed funnily. Hoseok's heart jolted with panic. He hid his dirty hand behind his back and ran back to his bed, hid under the blanket and made sure that his pants were back on. "What's the matter with you?" Jimin huffed. "Are you afraid of kisses or something? The girls love you but if you keep acting strange like that they might not for long." He sat down on his bed and fluffed his pillow. He sniffed the air with a weird look on his face. "This room smells bad, or is it only me?"

"Only you," Hoseok piped from where he was hiding under the blanket. It was sweaty and he felt guilty. His heart beat hard in his chest as Jimin narrowed his eyes at him.

"Hobi." Jimin walked to Hoseok's bed and sat down in it. He sniffed the air once more and made a
face of disgust. "I've heard you for two nights in a row now. I know what you're doing."

Hoseok's eyes widened. His cheeks heated up with embarrassment. "I-I don't know what y-you're talking about."

"Sure. I know what this smell is, and I'm grossed out." Jimin staged a hurl. "Do you like someone or did you just hit puberty?"

Hoseok's eyebrows drew together in a frown. "Hit puberty? I'm almost sixteen and a half?"

"So you like someone then? Okay. Interesting..." Jimin trailed off with a smug tone in his voice. "Is that why you're fleeing the girls' kisses? Because you like someone else?"

"I'm not fleeing anything." Hoseok looked up at Jimin, uncomfortable by this conversation. "They're only kissing me to embarrass me."

"Uhm, what?" Jimin choked on a laugh. "Jack and Mark would've killed to get those kisses."

"Mhm, okay," Hoseok mumbled. He didn't know what Jimin wanted him to say. He felt embarrassed and caught. He wanted to air out the room. He wanted a good reputation. "Please don't tell anyone?" He added when Jimin walked for his own bed and sat down on it again, starting taking off his shoes.

"That you like someone or that you're jerking off every night like a pervert?" Jimin questioned. Hoseok sputtered. "It's not every night? Don't make me sound creepy..."

"You're a bad liar, Hobi." Jimin sighed. "I'll tell Sana tomorrow then. Bet she'll have a hell of a time figuring out who it is you like!"

"Hey!" Hoseok threw his pillow at Jimin. Fear gripped his heart. Jimin couldn't tell anyone. Hoseok had to deny it. "I don't like anyone. Stop making things up,"

"How come you started doing this recently then?" Jimin asked, probably not feeling as uncomfortable by this conversation as Hoseok. "I think something, or someone, happened. I'll figure out who." He threw Hoseok's pillow back at him.

Hoseok went silent. It felt like the best thing to do. No matter what he said Jimin would have a clever, teasing reply to it. It was better that Hoseok remained silent. To show Jimin how wrong he was. Hoseok didn't like anyone. He just had a weird phase right now where his body reacted strangely to Yoongi's presence, and it would probably go away if Hoseok jerked off to thoughts of him. Yeah. Everyone had phases. Hoseok would tell himself that anyway, because if he was going to open up to someone Jimin was not his first choice. Or second choice. Or a choice at all for that matter.

Jimin eventually grew bored of speaking to silent Hoseok and went to bed. Hoseok creeped out of bed and washed his hands in the fancy bathroom. He walked back to their room, laid down in bed and fell asleep soon thereafter, already feeling nervous about tomorrow.

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The next morning Hoseok stood outside of Yoongi's door feeling nervous. He knocked before he walked inside. "Good morning." He said stiffly when he saw that Yoongi was already sitting up in his bed.
"Morning," Yoongi replied. He didn't sound as tired. It felt like he had been awake for a while.

Hoseok forced himself to look away from Yoongi. He couldn't allow himself to think dirty thoughts today again. He started cleaning the room, relieved to find it less messy today. When he was done cleaning he picked out an outfit. A cool one. Something with a tag reading 'jeans', a white shirt and the leather jacket. He found the choker too and put the things beside Yoongi on the bed. Then he swallowed. He must be a masochist. Did he love to make himself suffer? Yoongi would look super hot in those clothes.

"That looks hot," Yoongi commented, nodding at the pile of clothes beside to him.

"W-what?" Hoseok sputtered, feeling his cheeks go hot. Had Yoongi read his mind? Read his ulterior motives? This wasn't good. Hoseok hadn't thought of any excuses to pull.

"That jacket is hot in the summer," Yoongi said.

"Oh." Hoseok let out an embarrassed, relieved laugh. He felt dumb. Of course Yoongi had meant the weather. What else? "Do you want me to change it?"

"No, I can wear it today," Yoongi decided. He shrugged and started raising his arms above his head, helping Hoseok, looking too cute.

Hoseok didn't know what to do. He didn't want to see Yoongi naked again today. Everything had been so awkward yesterday.

Then he thought of something. What Sana had told him.

"Ehm, Sir," He said. Yoongi lowered his arms and nodded to show that he was listening. His messy hair swished around his head. Adorable. Or not. Totally not.

"Sana told me that she didn't need to dr-" He pressed his lips shut. He changed his mind.

"What?" Yoongi asked, looking a bit confused.

"Never mind," Hoseok said with a weak smile. He didn't want to stop doing this, he realized. He didn't want to leave just as Yoongi was going to take his nightgown off. Hoseok wanted to see, even if that made him a pervert. Yoongi was beautiful and this might be the only time Hoseok would get to see someone as beautiful as him without clothes on. He couldn't miss out on a chance like this. "Raise your arms, please?"

"Already am." Yoongi raised his arms again and Hoseok pulled off the nightgown and let it fall beside Yoongi on the bed. He darted down his gaze, face going hot when he saw that Yoongi was naked again. His thighs were pale. Soft. Too soft.

Yoongi must sense how Hoseok was staring. It was a mystery that he didn't comment on it.

Hoseok dressed Yoongi in the cool outfit, gently combed through his hair with the hairbrush and put on his blue ring. He led him to the mirror and peeked at their reflections from behind Yoongi.

Yoongi started smirking, looking satisfied. He checked himself out in the mirror and nodded. "Great job."

Hoseok felt his heart swell. A compliment. He hadn't been prepared for one. "Thank you." He gave Yoongi a look over himself, his eyes coming to a stop on the choker resting on his neck. It was made of leather. Hoseok couldn't stop staring at it.
"Have a, uh, a great day, Sir." Hoseok tore his gaze from the choker, gathering his things, walking for the door.

"Thank you," Yoongi replied, looking like he had more to add but changed his mind. "You may leave."

Hoseok suppressed the need to grin when it looked like Yoongi was smiling at him. It didn't mean anything. Hoseok opened the door, walked out the door, closed it behind him. The moment he was outside he broke out in a grin. He skipped down the stairs to the basement, not bothering making up excuses for his happiness when he met Rose in the cleaning room. This fic, Happy Farmers, belong to Farquad on the Archive.

By the beach he started helping Namjoon making another boat. Six boats were lined up next to the dock, bobbing some in the water.

"You look happy today," Namjoon said with a smile of his own. "Had fun dressing Yoongi?"

Hoseok shook his head. "No, I-, I just woke up happy," He mumbled. He swept his gaze over the beach. Taehyung and Jungkook were eating something that must be candy behind them. "What will Jin do with all the boats?"

"Oh, I don't know?" Namjoon pondered. He leaned back and raised his eyebrows at Hoseok. "No more will fit by the dock. I said he should make a boathouse."

"A boathouse?"

"Yeah, you know." Namjoon shrugged. "Somewhere to put the boats. He said he'll think about it after the new barn is done."

Hoseok nodded. There had been buff workers here working on the barn for a while now. They were rowdy and loud and hammered on the spot where the previous barn had stood. The new barn seemed to be a bit bigger.

"What happens when the barn is done?" Hoseok asked, going back to working on the boat. "Will we go back to sleeping in there?" He grew sad from the thought. He was used to sleeping inside now. Used to being able to hug Jimin at night if he couldn't fall asleep or was afraid of ghosts. In the barn Jimin had been tied to Taehyung.

"You don't want that?" Namjoon asked with a funny look in his eyes. "Like your new chores?"

"Stop it," Hoseok snorted, laughing away whatever Namjoon meant. "I just like sleeping inside. The bed is softer."

"Yeah, I get what you mean." Namjoon admitted. "Jin says we can stay inside until Mister and Missus Min comes back, so for the rest of the summer. Don't know what Yoongi thinks about it though, but he'll probably be fine."

"Why would he be?" Hoseok asked. They finished with the boat and Hoseok grabbed a bucket of paint and a brush to paint it from the hut. He smiled when he saw the green color. The other boats were brown, white, red, blue and yellow.

"I think he likes it when the house is full of people," Namjoon said in a low tone, as if he was thinking of something Hoseok didn't know about. He watched as Hoseok started painting. "I think he likes you waking him up too." Namjoon got that funny look back in his eyes. Hoseok grew nervous.
"What do you mean by that? He doesn't like me..." Hoseok said, secretly holding his breath.

"Haven't you seen him naked? I don't think he would let you do that unless he liked you." Namjoon said, as if it was simple. Maybe it was.

"I've seen Jackson naked too. Doesn't mean he likes me," Hoseok countered. "Besides, I'm pretty sure he still resents me a bit. He hasn't called me stupid in a week, but it doesn't mean anything."

"Yoongi isn't like Jackson, Hobi," Namjoon said. He smiled mysteriously at Hoseok. "He's different."

"What do you mean by that?" Hoseok asked, feeling his heart start racing in his chest. Different? Like Hoseok?

"He doesn't like being naked." Namjoon explained. Hoseok felt dumb. Of course Namjoon hadn't meant that Yoongi was gay. He couldn't be. No high class people were gay. Only dirty, poor people like Hoseok. (Jin was the only exception.)

Hoseok and Namjoon talked some more about Yoongi, but they weren't really getting anywhere. Namjoon was being mysterious and Hoseok felt lost and stupid. He didn't understand what Namjoon was talking about, why he was being so certain that Yoongi 'liked' Hoseok, so he spaced off and got lost in his own thoughts. He thought he heard piano music from the mansion and started smiling, thinking it must be Yoongi playing in there.

When Hoseok finished painting the boat they left it on the beach to dry. Namjoon walked off to speak with Jin and Hoseok started helping Jackson and Mark putting up a swing by the hut. He helped them hang up a hammock too, and kept watch of Jimin as he practiced swimming. He got a lot done while avoiding Yoongi. Because he'd gone back to doing that.

Avoiding Yoongi was difficult in the mornings though. Hoseok kept to his new chores. Every morning the room was a bit less messier. Yoongi sat on his bed and greeted Hoseok with a good morning, sometimes with a little smile that made Hoseok struggle for air since it was so cute.

Yoongi appeared nicer. He didn't struggle against Hoseok one bit. He sometimes gave him candy, the yellow ones, and Hoseok gave up trying to make his crush go away.

"I have something for you," Yoongi said in a soft voice as Hoseok brushed through his hair one day.

"You do?" Hoseok asked, wondering if it was another candy. He'd gotten four this morning. It was a record.

"Here." Yoongi walked away. He walked to his closet and returned with something in his hands. He held it out in front of him, lifted it up in the air so Hoseok could see what it was. It was the green shirt he'd dressed Yoongi in that day when Yoongi had asked him why he'd dressed him as a vegetable.

"You want to wear that instead?" Hoseok asked, walking up to Yoongi, taking the shirt in his hands. The fabric was clear green, like grass and the trees in the forest. The material was smooth in his hands. He loved green so much. It made him happy.

"No, I want you to have it." Yoongi said, taking Hoseok completely by surprise.

"No, I-, thank you but I can't," Hoseok said politely, trying to give the shirt back to Yoongi.
"Take it or I'll throw it away." Yoongi raised his hands in the air, looked Hoseok in the eyes. "Your choice."

"Why would you throw it away?" Hoseok asked with a small frown. "Yoon-, Sir, the shirt is so beautiful?"

"I don't fit in green," Yoongi countered, hands lowering.

"You're wearing green right now." Hoseok motioned for Yoongi's green shorts.

"It doesn't count." Yoongi stated with a little shake of his head. "Now, do you want it or not?"

"I-, of course I want it but, but I can't." Hoseok sighed. He smiled sadly at Yoongi. "I shouldn't wear something like this."

"You don't have to wear it?" Yoongi said. He looked Hoseok in the eyes again. It felt like he was trying to tell him something only with his gaze. Hoseok couldn't read them. He tried to. "I only want you to have it. Green is your favorite color, isn't it? Please take it."

Hoseok couldn't help it. He started smiling. His lips formed into a grin and he shook his head with happiness. "Are you sure?"

"Certain." Yoongi stated with a brief, light laugh that made Hoseok's stomach swirl. He hadn't heard Yoongi laugh like that before. He sounded as relieved and happy as Hoseok.

"Thank you." Hoseok smiled wholeheartedly at Yoongi. "Can I finish brushing your hair now?"

"Yeah," Yoongi climbed up the bed and folded his legs under him, his back to Hoseok as he tilted his head back. "I'll tell you when you can stop."

Hoseok startled some at that. Yoongi hadn't told him that before. Up until today it had always been Hoseok who'd stopped brushing when Yoongi's hair had been done, and it already looked brushed through today. He still didn't comment on it. Instead he put the pretty shirt to the side and put a hand by Yoongi's ear as he started brushing his hair. Yoongi closed his eyes and Hoseok listened to the silence. To the sounds of Yoongi breathing, feeling both calm and jumpy.

It wasn't until much later, when Hoseok's feet had started hurting from standing on the hard floor too long, and Yoongi's head had went heavy in his hand, that Yoongi told him to stop. Yoongi's hair was electric and Hoseok's arms hurt. It wasn't that bad. The pain was worth it when Yoongi turned around and Hoseok got a look of his face. His cheeks were pink and eyelids heavy. He looked drowsy and so cute. Hoseok suppressed the urge to lean in and kiss him. He hadn't wanted to do that until now. His feelings were just getting worse.

"I'll leave now, Sir," Hoseok said with a bow. Yoongi followed him with his eyes as he walked for the door with the shirt in his hands. "Thank you again for the shirt."

"No problem," Yoongi voiced. Even his voice was little. Hoseok locked eyes with him, seeing the questions Yoongi was asking with his eyes but not hearing them.

"Have a great day," Hoseok wished Yoongi before he tore his gaze away and left. He felt Yoongi's eyes on his neck as he walked out the door. He checked that the corridor was empty before he leaned his back against the door and pressed the shirt to his nose, smelled it. He closed his eyes. Furrowed his brows. The shirt smelled just like Yoongi and he felt butterflies.

He walked into his and Jimin's room and sniffed the shirt on his bed. He rolled around, wanting to
giggle and cry. He had no idea of what he was doing and he shouldn't be sniffing a shirt like this.

He forced himself to stop after a while. He hid the bright green shirt under his pillow before he made his way to the basement to put away the bucket with cleaning supplies. He felt a bit shaky. His head was in the clouds and he kept thinking about Yoongi. Why he'd asked Hoseok to brush his hair for so long. Why he'd given him candy. Why he'd given him a shirt. Yoongi was being nice and Hoseok felt confused. Yoongi was being nice and it only made Hoseok like him more.

"What's the matter with you? You're all red in the face?" Jimin said by the beach when Hoseok sat down on the sand and pulled his legs to his chest, hugging them, still sniffing Yoongi's shirt in his head.

"I just love green," Hoseok said, sounding weird. He hoped Jimin would stop taunting him now.

"Wait..." Jimin's voice turned smug. "Did you meet the person you fancy, huh?" Jimin whispered so close to Hoseok's ear that he jerked and jumped away. He snapped back to reality.

"Stop teasing me please. I don't like anyone," Hoseok said. He looked back out the lake and watched how Taehyung and Jungkook dived into the lake from the dock and splashed water at Jin on the beach. Jin shrieked as his clothes got wet.

"Why can't you tell me?" Jimin huffed, crossing his arms and sounding offended. "Tell me who you like and I'll tell you who I like."

"Do you like someone?" Hoseok turned his head to the side. "Who?"

"I won't tell you unless you tell me." Jimin poked his tongue out. "And I like two people."

"Two? At the same time? How can you do that?" Hoseok questioned. It sounded strange.

"I don't like them exactly as much. I like one more," Jimin explained. "But wait! I won't tell you unless you tell me first,"

"First? Why do I have to go first?"

"So you'll tell me, duh?" Jimin rolled his eyes.

"Wait, are you seeing one of those at night?" Hoseok asked.

"Ptth, no? I'm in my bed at night." Jimin stated, giving Hoseok a weird face. "What?"

"Never mind..." Hoseok went back to hugging his legs to his chest. He looked at the clouds, felt the hot sunbeams hit his skin. Today was a beautiful day.

"Tell me who your crush is," Jimin urged impatiently, jabbing a finger on Hoseok's shoulder.

Hoseok scooted further away from Jimin. He put his focus back on the sky and tried to tune him out.

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Three days later it was time for the usual campfire by the beach again. Jimin had taunted Hoseok for three days on end. At the same time Hoseok was trying to avoid Yoongi as best as he could. Yoongi kept making it difficult for him by showing up everywhere. He sat in the gazebo or walked out on the beach or even passed by the dinner table as Hoseok was eating dinner, making him choke on his food.
Jin's workers had just finished making the new barn in a record time. Hoseok followed Jimin, Taehyung and Jungkook there while the others carried trays and food to the beach.

"Wow," Taehyung breathed next to Jungkook who gazed up at the big thing. The new barn was bright red with white trim, much like the previous one. But it was bigger, with separate rooms for horse food and wooden planks. That's what Namjoon had told Hoseok earlier anyway. There would still be a shared sleeping space with bunk beds. Jimin thought it was rubbish.

"I wonder if Moody Min will make us sleep in there now?" Jimin asked. He walked to the door of the barn and forced it open. The new door didn't creak at all.

"I don't think we're allowed to go inside," Hoseok filled in, not liking this. He wanted to do right. Be good. "And don't call him that. He's not moody,"

"What? Is he nice now or something? Just because he's decided to tag along by the campfire doesn't mean he's one of us. He'll never be. He's rich," Jimin stated with a sarcastic huff at Hoseok over his shoulder. "Come on Tae, Kookie, let's check the barn from the inside."

"But Jiminnie, now you're saying the same things you said about Kookie before?" Taehyung recollected. "Maybe we shouldn't be that fast to judge Mo-, I mean, Min. We don't know anything about him."

"Tae?" Jimin hissed, walking up to him and grabbing his shoulders. "I thought you were on my side?"

Taehyung made a confused face. "Sorry Jiminnie, but maybe Hobi's right? He's the one spending the most time with him, and if he doesn't think he's mean then maybe... we were wrong." He shrugged. Jimin let the hands on his shoulders drop. Hoseok darted his eyes between them, wondering what this weird conversation was. At the same time he was happy that Taehyung didn't seem to despise Yoongi as much as Jimin. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad if Hoseok liked him then.

Not that he did. He only liked him for his body. Only for his body.
"Hey, what are you thinking about over there?" Jimin urged Hoseok, jabbing a finger in his shoulder. "You look about to throw up."

Hoseok glanced up at Jimin, feeling green in the face. Was it showing? Because he just realized that he didn't only like Yoongi for his body anymore. Or, he never had. He found himself blushing when heard Yoongi's voice. He thought of him in the mornings when he woke up. His feelings grew. Not for Yoongi's body. For Yoongi himself. As a person.

Hoseok had a crush on Min Yoongi.

"Hyung, are you okay?" Taehyung whispered this time, putting a calming hand on Hoseok's shoulder. Hoseok swallowed. He wanted Yoongi. Not only for his body.

He had to think of another plan. A better plan. He had to make the feelings go away.

"I'm fine," Hoseok lied. He put on a fake smile that hurt since it was so wrong. He saw Taehyung and Jimin share a look of confusion, Taehyung looking concerned while Jimin looked weirded out.

"Kookie, you want to go inside, right? What do you say about ditching these two softies and going inside?" Jimin tried hooking arms with Jungkook. He failed. Jungkook pressed his arms to his sides and hid behind Taehyung with Yeontan running between his feet.

"Hobi, do you want to talk about it?" Taehyung asked in a kind voice. Hoseok found himself wanted to say yes. He couldn't do it. He couldn't talk about this out here. So he shook his head.

"Guys, we need to hurry before someone notices us missing," Jimin stressed them. "Do you wanna go inside or not?"

And then they followed Jimin inside. Hoseok buried his hands deep in his pockets, feeling strange and exposed even though he hadn't said anything. Jimin led the way inside the new barn. He gasped and cheered as he walked into the new sleeping quarters. It was bigger than the previous one and didn't have a hole in the roof. The stable had room for two more horses and the new storage room for wooden planks was great and roomy.

"We'll sleep like Kings in here," Jimin said about the sleeping quarters. Hoseok mumbled something in response. He didn't agree. Nothing could be better than sleeping inside in an own bed. "This is so cool!" Jimin cheered when he saw the drawer leaned against the wall. Hoseok mumbled something else. "Hobi, what are you mumbling about?"

Hoseok stopped mumbling and snapped his head up when Jimin poked him in the chest. Hoseok found him frowning at him.

"What are you thinking about all the time?" Jimin urged, giving Hoseok a weird look.

"Nothing." Hoseok replied too quickly. That was the worst answer ever. Now it really seemed like he was hiding something. He wasn't. He only had one little secret and it did not count.

"I think we should head back," Taehyung suggested. Jungkook agreed. Hoseok started following them back outside while trying to tune out Jimin's complaints and wails about wanting to explore more.
By the campfire they found that someone had already lit it. Jimin started searching for the culprit, claiming that it was his and Taehyung's task. Hoseok sat down on a blanket next to Tommy, since he was quiet, and sighed. Everyone looked happy around him. They talked and laughed and shared around trays with who knows what on them. Hoseok didn't feel like laughing. He felt complicated.

The new barn was done. Why hadn't Yoongi shooed them out of the mansion? Why did he still make Hoseok clean his room and dress him in the mornings? Hoseok couldn't wrap his mind around it. Yoongi didn't make any sense to him. Nothing here made sense to him. He'd been here for weeks and still didn't feel at home.

_Home._ He hadn't heard a word from his parents. Or his sister. Maybe they hadn't tried to send him a letter. They didn't care about him anymore. He'd thought he'd been worth more to them than this.

"Joon Joon!"

Hoseok glanced up and saw Jin walk out on the beach while waving a white napkin in the air at Namjoon who sat a few farmers to Hoseok's right. Hoseok started looking away, used to the scene already, when he saw someone else walk out on the beach behind Jin. He felt his face go beet red when he saw that it was Yoongi.

Hoseok faced the sand, feeling his heart rate go up. What was he doing here? Did he like to make Hoseok suffer? But that couldn't be it. He couldn't know of Hoseok's feelings. There must be another reason for him to be here. Hoseok had to act like normal.

"Move," Jin told Tommy and Lisa who'd been sitting between Hoseok and Namjoon on the blanket. They scurried away and left the space free. "Hello!" Jin chirped as he sat down next to Namjoon, ridiculously close. He must've smeared on some sort of perfume because the strong smell of roses made Hoseok's eyes water and nose itch. Beside him Nils coughed into his hand.

Hoseok started drifting away into his thoughts when he glanced up and saw Yoongi walk his way. _Don't panic_, he told himself. He had to play it cool. So he angled his head to Nils and started moving his lips, wanting it to look like he was busy in a conversation with Nils even if it made him look awkward.

"What?" Nils asked with a confused frown. "I can't hear you?"

"Act along?" Hoseok hissed desperately. "So, as I was saying-"

"Hello."

Hoseok and Nils both glanced up. Hoseok felt his heart jump when he made eye contact with Yoongi who stood in front of him. His hair was fluffy and clothes simple. He must've changed clothes himself.

"Hello, Sir," Hoseok replied politely, sounding like he'd got a frog stuck in his throat. He cleared his throat. He couldn't avoid conversation anymore. He started sweating. "What brings you here this evening?" He asked overly-politely, like he was speaking to a grandma.

"I was rather bored in the house," Yoongi replied, just as overly-politely. "Jin led me here." Yoongi motioned for Jin whose mouth went non-stop. Jin talked and talked and Namjoon smiled and nodded at him as if this was exactly what he wanted to do for the rest of his life. "Can I sit down?" Yoongi brought Hoseok's attention back to him.

"S-sure?" Hoseok stuttered all awkwardly like that. He couldn't tell Yoongi no. He wanted to tell him no. Would Yoongi sit down here? Beside Hoseok? Hoseok might die.
Hoseok scooted closer to Nils, until Nils muttered and slid off the blanket. He patted the spot beside him. He held his breath as Yoongi turned around and sat down, hitting the ground with a light huff.

"That was hard," Yoongi commented. *Just like my dick last night,* Hoseok almost replied. Luckily he didn't. He was not going to admit that he was jerking off to thoughts of Yoongi ever. Why was he even thinking about that!? He had to stop doing so right now.

Hoseok glanced at Yoongi. Yoongi radiated heat. Why was he so warm? Was it only Hoseok who noticed? Hoseok scooted further away, wanting to put a safe distance between them. He didn't like how good Yoongi smelled. He made Hoseok want to sniff the air. He must've put perfume on too. He smelled much better than sweat reeking Nils.

"What are you doing?" Yoongi asked when Hoseok had moved so far away on the blanket that another person would fit between them.

"O-oh!" Hoseok staged a high pitched laugh. "I'm, ehm, I'm." He started sweating. Yoongi had his eyes on him. His dark brown eyes were almost black in the setting sun. His cheekbones were prominent and his lips pointy. Pink.

*Stop staring at his lips!*

Hoseok forced his gaze away. He internally panicked for a couple of seconds before he dared a glance back at Yoongi. He was clever. He settled his gaze between Yoongi's eyebrows, so he wouldn't get lost in his eyes. He started thinking of an answer, realizing that he'd forgotten the question. He tried to remember it. His head was empty. He couldn't even remember his own name.

"What is going on over here?" Came a new voice. It was Jin. He curiously leaned over Yoongi's back and darted his gaze between Hoseok and Yoongi rapidly. "Wait, what is this space between you? Yoongi, I told you that he hasn't got fleas!" Jin smacked disapprovingly with his tongue.

"Fleas?" Hoseok squeaked. Did Yoongi think so? But Hoseok had been the one to make the distance between them. Hoseok bathed every morning. He was clean. Did Yoongi think he was dirty?

"Go back to taunting Joon, please," Yoongi retorted, making a face of annoyance at Jin before he started scooting closer to Hoseok. Hoseok internally panicked again. He started sweating more. He was sitting too close to the fire. The wind made Yoongi's nice perfume hit him in the face.

"He's not taunting me. I like talking to him, Sir." Namjoon filled in, leaning forward to tell Yoongi that.

"Whatever," Yoongi muttered. He finally stopped scooting closer to Hoseok. Hoseok let out a breath of relief. There was a small space between them where his hand fit. And Yoongi's hand. Yoongi had his hand next to Hoseok's, and Hoseok stared at it. Yoongi's fingers were so long and pale. He had pretty big hands. *Pretty* big hands.

The food was prepared and shared around by someone. Hoseok sat stiff as a plank next to Yoongi, unsure of what to do or say or how to move his body properly. He listened to Jin talking to Namjoon about tricks Yeontan could do, and eavesdropped on Jimin whispering to Sana about Hoseok looking constipated. Yoongi didn't eat any of the food. Maybe he would get fancy food inside later. Hoseok tried to eat as silently as he could, hoping Yoongi turned momentarily deaf whenever Hoseok swallowed.
"Could I have a taste?" Yoongi asked just as Hoseok had been about to eat the last piece of meat on his plate. It had been hard to eat with Yoongi sitting so close to him. Everyone else had finished ages ago. Jin had whispered something to Yoongi for five minutes.

"What?" Hoseok asked, looking around like a fool, thinking that Yoongi had meant Nils.

"I meant you," Yoongi clarified. His face was hard to read. It was plain. Like a mask hiding his emotions. Hoseok wished he'd had a mask like that too. Something told him that he was tomato red or even green in the face right now.

"O-okay." Hoseok gulped. Why did he gulp? He had to stop acting awkward now. He glanced at his plate, realizing that he'd been eating with his hands. His dirty hands. "Uh," He voiced. "I don't-I don't have any chopsticks,"

"It's okay," Yoongi said. He flicked his gaze to the little piece of meat on Hoseok's plate before he looked Hoseok in the eyes. He did it once more. It felt like he was trying to tell Hoseok something with his eyes. Hoseok tried to understand. He felt slow.

"Here you go." Hoseok held the plate out for Yoongi.

Yoongi shook his head. "I'm not touching that."

"What do you mean?" Hoseok asked. Now he felt silly. Embarrassed even. Of course Yoongi wouldn't touch food with his hands.

It felt like everyone was eavesdropping on them. Jin, Namjoon, Jimin, Sana; even Nils was quiet, probably watching them.

"Hm..." Yoongi hummed. Hoseok unintentionally shivered. He felt sweat beadle on his forehead. He hoped Yoongi didn't notice, or any of the others. Yoongi opened his mouth a little bit and pointed at it with a finger.

"What?" Hoseok repeated, feeling dizzy. He could see Yoongi's wet tongue and white teeth. He could almost smell his breath. Suddenly the world started spinning.

"He wants you to feed him!" Jin hissed out of nowhere. Hoseok startled in surprise, eyes finding Jin who grinned at him excitedly from behind Yoongi.

"Don't do it. He's only playing you around!" Jimin hissed from somewhere behind Nils. Hoseok hoped Yoongi hadn't heard Jimin. He didn't think that Yoongi was playing him around. Yoongi didn't like getting his hands dirty, is all. Hoseok was the weird one for thinking that Yoongi did things to tease him.

"Okay, here." Hoseok picked up the little piece of meat from his plate, between his index finger and thumb. He held it out for Yoongi, expecting him to snort at him, when he opened his mouth again. Hoseok's heart thumped nervously in his chest as he put the piece of meat on Yoongi's tongue. He started drawing his hand back when Yoongi closed his mouth and Hoseok's index finger got stuck between his lips. Hoseok got a feel of the damp tip of his tongue. He graced his finger over Yoongi's teeth until it slid out of his mouth. Hoseok's eyes widened. He blushed and crossed his legs. This was the worst time to get hard. He couldn't risk anyone seeing what was going on down there.

He lowered his hand to his lap and absentmindedly started spreading Yoongi's spit over his fingers while watching him chew. Yoongi chewed slowly, as if he had all night.
Yoongi swallowed and Hoseok watched his throat, feeling faint. He crossed his legs stubbornly, being obvious, wishing he'd had more control over his body.

"It was good," Yoongi stated, as if Hoseok had asked him.

"G-great," Hoseok forced out, sounding like he was choking on something. Yoongi looked him in the eyes just for a moment before Hoseok looked away, avoiding eye contact. Hoseok watched Taehyung and Jungkook who walked around collecting plates. Yoongi became silent and Hoseok too. Taehyung took Hoseok's plate.

"It was good, huh, Yoongi?" Jin teased Yoongi. "Liked Hoseok feeding you?"

Hoseok felt his face burn with embarrassment. What was Jin doing? Whatever it was he should stop.

"Honestly, I think Hobi liked it more," Taehyung whispered wisely as he passed them by again, without collecting plates this time, only wanting to eavesdrop on them. He flashed Hoseok and wink and a smile that Hoseok did not return. Hoseok felt petrified.

"No comment." Yoongi told Jin stiffly. Jin started whispering something hurried into his ear. Hoseok glimpsed at them, wondering what they were talking about, thinking it was about him.

"Hyung," Taehyung surprised Hoseok by leaning forward and whispering in his ear. He must've pushed Nils away without Hoseok noticing. He was sitting next to Hoseok now. "I would cross my legs if I were you."

Hoseok squeaked in panic. Had someone seen? He glanced down, feeling confused when he saw, and remembered, that his legs were already crossed.

"So you are hiding something in there? I knew it," Taehyung whispered, sounding sneaky like a devil. Hoseok felt his stomach drop. "I think I know what your secret is now. It's not that hard to figure out." He giggled sneakily.

Hoseok felt his face go red with shame. "Shh!" He tried to hush Taehyung, putting a hand over his mouth and making sure that Yoongi was still occupied whispering with Jin on his end. "I don't know what you're talking about. I- I don't have a secret."

Taehyung forced Hoseok's hand off his mouth. His eyes were glowing with excitement. "But hyung, this explains why you were peeping on everyone, and- and why you were so red in the face after you'd dressed Min, and why Jimin told me he's heard you beating your meat every night-" Hoseok put the hand back to Taehyung's mouth. Yoongi and Jin had stopped talking next to them and the rest of the group had quietened down too.

"Did he just say that you're beating your meat every night?" Jackson asked in the silence. "Say what?" He laughed mockingly. Hoseok felt his heart thump with panic.

"Is it true?" Mark joined in, looking confused and a bit disgusted.

"Uh." Hoseok felt his skin prickle with embarrassment. He felt Yoongi stare at him. He desperately kept his legs crossed and hoped that was a bad dream. Just a nightmare. He felt exposed.

"It's true!" Jimin exclaimed, loving all eyes on him. "Every night for over a week!"

"Jiminie, shh," Taehyung started hushing him as Hoseok's hand dropped from his mouth. Maybe Taehyung had changed his mind about teasing Hoseok. Didn't matter. It was too late.
"I know what new nickname we'll have for you," Jackson laughed, high fiving Mark next to him.

"W-what do you m-mean, I-, it's not true," Hoseok spoke in a low, pathetic voice. He was so embarrassed. Yoongi couldn't be here right now. This couldn't be happening when he was here.

"Horny Hobi!" Jackson and Mark shouted at the same time. The beach broke out in haughty laughter.

Hoseok felt ashamed. He flicked his gaze to Jimin who danced over to Mark and flung himself down his lap, laughing at whatever he was saying. "Horny Hobi!" They started chanting. Hoseok blinked tears from his eyes.

"Hobi, I'm so, so, sorry," Taehyung whispered, sounding guilty. He put a hand on Hoseok's shoulder that Hoseok swatted away.

"Why?" Hoseok whispered in a broken voice. He knew it wasn't Taehyung's fault. Jimin was the real culprit here. Jimin had spread word around. Taehyung had only been curious. He'd thought no one had been listening. It was still easier to take out the anger on him.

"I didn't actually think that you-" Taehyung's eyes were big and apologetic. He cut himself short when Jimin laughed so loud that all heads turned to him.

Hoseok wanted to leave. He couldn't. If he did he would prove that Jimin was right. They would see how sweaty he was. How guilty he looked. Jimin would win. Hoseok felt like a loser. He was a loser.

"Hey, cut it off."

Hoseok's heart jumped at that voice. He glanced up just in time to see Yoongi walk up to the cackling group of farmers on the other side of the campfire. His hands were on his hips. He had his back Hoseok's way so Hoseok couldn't see his face.

"Holy yeehaw, is he protecting you?" Taehyung whispered so only Hoseok could hear. "Hyung, I think he might like you back-"

"I don't like him. Stop saying that all the time," Hoseok hissed, wanting to be left alone. Taehyung made a sad sound but stayed quiet.

"Oh no, Moody Min!" Jackson laughed. He was the only one laughing now. Mark and Jimin sat up straight with their most innocent faces. Jackson cleared his throat. "I, uh, I mean, Sir."

Everyone was silent as they watched Yoongi think of a fitting punishment. "Make them sleep outside!" Sana suggested. "Throw them in the lake!" Bogum proposed. "Dress them up in girly clothes!" Jin shouted. That made people laugh. Yoongi settled for that. Tomorrow Sana and Momo would put Jimin, Jackson and Mark in girly clothes. The idea made Hoseok smile a little bit.

"Sorry Hobi," Jimin said as he walked back for his original seat close to Nils who sat beside Taehyung. He didn't look sad at all. There was a sneaky smile on his lips and he cast his head to the side to glance at Mark every now and then.

Hoseok stayed silent. He was not going to accept the apology just like that.

Only that he was. He was too kind. Too nice. He was bound to get used and be made fun of. Bound to get bullied. He could hold a grudge in silence though. Jimin could think they were friends.
"It's okay," Hoseok said. He didn't sound like himself. Jimin wasn't even looking at him anymore. He sat cross-legged on the ground with a smile and made faces at Mark, who must be his new best friend or something. Jimin hadn't cared if Hoseok had heard the apology or not. Hoseok felt strangely worthless.

Yoongi sat back down next to Hoseok in silence. He turned to look at him. Hoseok pretended not to feel his eyes on him.

"If you want to I could punish them more," Yoongi spoke in a low voice. His voice was deep and a bit raspy and it was silly how much Hoseok liked it. He liked it so much that he almost missed what he was telling him.

"You, you don't have to do that..." Hoseok trailed off, wondering why Yoongi was so nice and seemed like he cared. "Thanks for, ehm, for standing up for me. Sir." He glimpsed at Yoongi from the corner of his eyes. They made eye contact and Hoseok tried to control his racing heart. Yoongi gave him hope when he acted nice like this. Hoseok shouldn't thrive on it. Yoongi couldn't be different like him.

"No need to thank me. I, uh, would have done the same for anyone else," Yoongi mumbled the last part so Hoseok almost missed it. It felt like Yoongi was trying to tell him something with his eyes. Hopefully it wasn't 'dude, stop looking at me as if you love me, it's creeping me out' or 'I know what you did last night'.

And now Hoseok should stop thinking about that because he made himself nervous.

"Thank you Sir!" Taehyung spoke up from over Hoseok's back. "That was only rumors that Jimin started. Please don't believe them,"

"Rumors, you say?" Jin asked from behind Yoongi. "Everyone knows that rumors are based on the truth?"

"That's what I always say!" Jimin chirped, having eavesdropped on them.

"You do?" Jin shouted back. "High five!"

"Could you stop shouting in my ear, please?" Yoongi muttered. Jin blew him a kiss in the face.

"It, ehm, it wasn't true, Sir. Please don't, don't think anything weird about me, I-, I would never," Hoseok started saying. He wasn't sure how to finish. Was it forbidden to do that in the house? He probably shouldn't mention that he'd done it in the fancy bathroom. Yoongi's bathroom.

"Stop apologizing, dear," Jin scoffed, waving his concerns away. "Yoongi does it all the time!"

That had everyone choking. Hoseok's eyes widened and his cheeks reddened when they had just cooled down.

Yoongi staged a laugh. "Ha, ha, you're so funny Jin, stop lying." He nudged Jin's shoulders a bit too roughly to seem natural.

"Yeah, I say we be quiet now," Namjoon suggested Jin with a tense smile. Hoseok darted his eyes between them, from Yoongi to Jin to Namjoon, feeling confused and flustered.

"Told you everyone did it, Hobi," Jimin stated with an important look on his face. "I'm always right."
"Kookie doesn't," Taehyung added. He, Jimin and Hoseok simultaneously looked at Jungkook who was sitting on the bench across the campfire area, looking small and dreamy with an open mouth as he'd spaced off while watching the sky. "Impossible."

They stared at Jungkook for a while longer, stating that he was pure, before Taehyung started whispering things to Jimin over Nils' back that sounded a lot like 'stop butting in'.

"Joonie and I will take out departure now!" Jin exclaimed as he stood up and pulled Namjoon along with him. He waved at everyone with his napkin importantly. No one cared. He took back his poodle from Dahyun who refused to let it go without a fight. Jin looked tense as he forced Yeontan back in his arms.

"Wait for me," Yoongi mumbled, and then he rose up too. He started following them. Hoseok felt his heart start hurting, as if it wanted to follow Yoongi wherever he was going. By the trees Yoongi turned around, glanced over his shoulder and waved once at Hoseok. Hoseok got so ridiculously happy that he started waving with both of his hands, accidentally slapping Taehyung in the face.

"That was weird," Jimin said as soon as Yoongi was gone. "What was he doing here and why do I need to dress in girls clothes tomorrow?"

"Because you were mean, Jiminnie," Taehyung scolded him. Jimin sat down on Yoongi's old spot.

"What? Hobi is horny? Look, he's been crossing his legs for the past half hour." Jimin laughed and pointed between Hoseok's legs.

Hoseok slapped Jimin on his thigh, wanting to scold him too.

"I'm not into spanking, sorry," Jimin teased with an evil grin. "Just realize it. Until you tell me who you like I'll tease you."

"That's not fair," Taehyung said. "Want me to tell him who you like?"

The grin disappeared from Jimin's face. "No, Tae Tae you promised." He hissed. Hoseok felt confused, left out and like the constant second choice. Jimin only wanted him around to make fun of him.

"Unless you stop being mean to Hobi I might let it slip." Taehyung shrugged. "Who knows?"

Jimin crossed his arms with a frown. "Fine." He gave in, as if he had been the one to be made fun of.

Jimin and Taehyung whispered some more. Hoseok wasn't sure about what. He didn't care. His thoughts were somewhere else. He finally excused himself and walked to the end of the dock to watch the sunset. Today it was almost red. Red like the dying fire. Red like Yoongi's strawberry candy.

He slipped back into the mansion soon thereafter. He was still sweaty, though, the problem in the department downstairs had calmed down. Good. He would not do dirty stuff like that anymore. He had to refrain to until everyone forgot about the new, awful nickname he'd gotten. He would just need to stay away from Yoongi. Hold his breath and close his eyes when he was in his room in the mornings.

He made himself ready for the night, climbed into bed, thinking of Yoongi's lips around his finger, how he'd almost sucked on it. The thought of it made him feel hot so he forced himself to stop thinking about it. Today had been difficult but tomorrow he would make up a new plan. He would
avoid Yoongi and regain control over his body. It was on time that he took the control back.

And with that thought he drifted asleep.

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He blinked his eyes open. He was tired. Drowsy. It was pitch dark in the room. He groaned and turned to his stomach, rubbed his face in his hands. He'd had the best dream of him and Yoongi running around on a field, rolling around over the flowers until Hoseok's heart had fluttered so much that they'd come to a stop. He had stroked Yoongi's hair, gazed at him as he was illuminated from the sun, and then Yoongi had leaned in to kiss him. Hoseok had woken up the second before their lips met. Just one more second and it had been the best dream ever.

He sighed as he turned back to his back. His plan to forget his feelings for Yoongi was not going well. Now he had dreams of him too. Wonderful dreams. If only he hadn't woken up.

"Who were you dreaming about?"

Hoseok jerked in surprise. Who'd said that? He squinted around, feeling the heavy thing sitting by the foot of his bed. Or it wasn't precisely a thing. It was Jimin.

"What? Jimin? Why aren't you asleep?"

"I was just going to, but it was hard when you kept making these weird sounds," Jimin revealed. It didn't sound like he was making it up. Hoseok still had to play innocent. Jimin couldn't know of his dream. Absolutely not. "You sounded like this, 'ah, mmm, iiih, oh my, yes'." He made a grimace as dirty sounds fell from his lips.

Hoseok felt his face go red. "You're making that up. Go to bed and leave me alone, thanks. I want to sleep,"

"So I woke you up," Jimin went on, totally ignoring Hoseok.

"What?" Hoseok frowned at that. Was Jimin the reason he hadn't got to kiss Yoongi in his dream? "Off my bed." Hoseok tried to kick Jimin away. Jimin only moved forward a bit.

"Are you dreaming of someone now?" Jimin asked in a sneaky, curious voice. "Or was Horny Hobi having a dirty dream?" He laughed.

Hoseok felt his stomach knot uncomfortably. "Stop calling me that or I'll ask Yoongi to pair me up with someone else." He threw his pillow at Jimin who grabbed it and pressed it to his face.

"Oh Yoongi, I just love you!" Jimin sang as he started pressing smacking kisses to the pillow. Hoseok felt his cheeks heat up with embarrassment. "I love seeing your tiny penis in the mornings and I love getting insulted by you and I have dirty dreams of you every night, ha ha!"

"Stop it. It's not Yoongi, silly," Hoseok muttered, reaching for the pillow. Jimin held it away from him.

"Yoongi, oh Yoongi! I've worked my dick so many times to thoughts of you that it hurts! Help me! Move Jiminie out of my room so I can be dirty in peace!" Jimin pressed one last smacking kiss to the pillow before he threw it back at Hoseok's face.

"Stop!" Hoseok stood up and gripped Jimin's wrist. "Stop making fun of me or I'll move room right now!"
"Wow, you're so not overreacting right now," Jimin said sarcastically, shaking Hoseok's hand off his wrist. "Wait... Oh my god, don't tell me it's old, grumpy Moody Min? Like, for real? Is he the one you like? But he's a boy!"

Hoseok strode for the door and tried to control his voice. Tried to control his racing, nervous heart. He felt sick with nervousness. He was the worst at keeping secrets. Everyone figured them out.

"It's... it's not Yoongi," Hoseok lied, hating the bad taste he got in his mouth afterwards.

"Then who?" Jimin asked. "But good, if it was Yoongi I don't know what I'd done," He laughed. "He's so weird. Better to stay away or you'll turn just as weird as him."

"You don't know anything about him," Hoseok snapped, turning his head around so fast his neck hurt. He grew angry. Jimin had no right to say things like that.

"Says the one who's been here for a few weeks. Don't sound so confident. You haven't heard the things I've heard," Jimin said. He sat down on his own bed and crossed his legs importantly.

"What is it you've heard?" Hoseok asked uncertainly. Was Jimin making things up? Probably. He wanted to be superior.

"I heard it from Sana a few months ago, but according to her Yoongi is a freak who screams on Saturdays." Jimin shrugged.

"What?" Hoseok didn't get it. Jimin must be making it up. "You're not funny. You shouldn't listen to rumors."

"But it's true? It's a while ago now, though. But Moody Min can scream at random times and it's scary. He's Moody," Jimin stated.

"Are you trying to scare me or something?" Hoseok asked in confusion. "Because you need to try better than that,"

"Just wait. You'll see how weird he is soon enough," Jimin said knowingly. "But who was it you liked?"

"Why should I tell you?" Hoseok questioned. "You'll only run to the person and tell them."

"Isn't that good? Why wait when you can get kissed instantly?" Jimin laughed, probably having forgotten about the previous conversation already. Hoseok put his hand on the door handle. "Where are you going?"

"I'll ask Namjoon to change room with me," Hoseok said, and then he left, pretending not to hear Jimin's complains and half-hearted apologies. Jimin didn't mean the apologies. He had a lot of growing up to do. Hoseok didn't want to room with a baby. He didn't want to get teased. He wanted support and stability, a good friend, and Namjoon would give him just that.

And even if Namjoon didn't want to change rooms he might be staying with Jin, meaning that his room would be empty and Hoseok could slip in there without anyone knowing about it. Hoseok knew nothing about the second floor. Maybe there was a living room or somewhere with a comfortable couch where he could sleep. Anything would be better than waking up with Jimin sitting at the foot of his bed, watching and listening to him in his sleep like some creepy spy.

Hoseok walked for the stairs in the dark corridor. He hadn't heard it before, but it sounded like it was raining outside. Rain smattered as it hit the windowsill of the window. It was both scary and
calming. It reminded Hoseok of how it had felt listening to the rain with his sister when he'd been a kid.

He walked for the window instead, wondering what the rain looked like outside, when he heard something strange. It was a sound. A strange sound. Was Jimin calling for him?
Hoseok angled his head to the side. He wasn't quite by the window yet. It wasn't Jimin's voice. It sounded like someone was crying.

He turned his head to the side, stared at the door on the wall there. It came from Yoongi's room. It sounded like he was crying again. Hoseok's stomach knotted with worry.

He pattered over to the door, growing worried. He pressed his ear to the door, wondering if he should knock on the door or not, when he heard something new. He jerked back some. It didn't sound like Yoongi was crying. It sounded like something else.

But no. No, he couldn't. He didn't do things like that. But...

Hoseok made sure that the corridor was empty and silent before he lowered to his knees on the floor. He found the door handle with his fingers in the darkness and leaned in to peek through the keyhole. He squinted through the hole, seeing that the room was lit up by a candle standing on Yoongi's nightstand. Where was Yoongi? He must be crying. Hoseok's dirty brain must've thought wrong.

Only that Hoseok's dirty brain hadn't. Because on the bed, lit up by the faint light of the candle, was Yoongi humping his pillow. Hoseok's eyes grew wide. He pressed his hands against the door and wall, shocked, his whole body pulsating from the sight. Yoongi was naked, facing the door. His pale skin glowed in the dark as he snapped his hips back and forth, faster and faster, rubbing his cock against the pillow between his legs. Hoseok got a brief glimpse of the head of it. Most of it was buried in the pillow.

Yoongi's hair was in his face, and his fringe swung forward as he gripped the bedframe and cried out. Hoseok broke out in a sweat all over his body. He felt a spark every time Yoongi made that sound. He'd never heard Yoongi sound like that before. He'd never seen him look all free like this. He usually looked a bit stiff or uncomfortable, but now, here, he looked lost in the moment and taken by pleasure.

Hoseok put a hand over his mouth to calm himself. He was so excited. His pants felt tight already. Yoongi looked so beautiful.

But Hoseok shouldn't be watching. He should find Namjoon. He shouldn't be listening, or watching, Yoongi when he was like this. It was wrong. Bad. Hoseok was a pervert and a creep.

That didn't explain why he felt so good though. He didn't feel bad at all. He was so excited. He spread his legs some and rolled up the sleeves on his arms, growing even sweater, as he watched Yoongi through the keyhole.

Yoongi gripped the pillow with one hand and rutted some more. "Oh god, oh god," He whined so
loud that Hoseok heard it through the door. Yoongi gripped the pillow and flexed his thighs,
gaped, frowned, rode the pillow and bucked his hips until he stilled.

Hoseok swallowed. Was Yoongi coming now? Holy shit. This was the best day of Hoseok's life.
He'd never seen another boy release before. He'd only seen himself and it was nothing compared to
this.

Yoongi clawed at the sheets with both hands. He moaned and cried, his whole body tensing, back
arching. Hoseok's face was red. His cheeks felt like they were burning off. He slowly moved a hand
to the front of his pajama pants. They felt damp and warm. There was a bulge there. He was hard.
From watching Yoongi. He gently rubbed his palm over the bulge, raising goosebumps already.
He shouldn't. He couldn't. Not out here in the corridor when Jimin might still be awake in his
room. When Yoongi might hear him. The walls were thin. Hoseok had to run. Had to run away
before Yoongi walked out of his room to clean himself in the bathroom.

But Hoseok would be quick. No one had to know. No one would ever find out. Hoseok was good
at keeping some secrets after all. Jimin was probably asleep and Yoongi would be out for long in
there. Yes. Everyone was asleep but Hoseok. The night was his and he could do whatever he
wanted. So he buried a hand down his pajama pants and gripped himself at the base, feeling the
heat, feeling needy. He let out a little whimper. He felt so good already.

He started stroking himself, threw his head back and closed his eyes, running his hand over the
length, overwhelmed by tingles already. He put his other hand on the wall by the door, steadying
himself as he started bucking his hips, thrusting into his hand as he glanced through the keyhole
again, eyes locking on Yoongi who slowly rode out his orgasm in there, giving faint, pleasurable
sounds as he pressed himself down the pillow.

Hoseok started bucking his hips faster, panting as he watched Yoongi on his bed. He could see the
side of his body and some of his buttock. It looked soft. Then Yoongi sat up. He held out a hand in
front of him, and Hoseok pressed his eyes shut when he saw that Yoongi had come on his hand.

Yoongi's come. Hoseok thought about that as his mouth fell open and he fucked his hand. He felt
the pleasure approach fast. He pulled down his pants and underwear, wanting to moan when his
cock sprung free and he could move his hand better. He snapped his hips and pulled at his cock,
rubbed his thumb over the slit until he fought a sob. He told himself that Yoongi could hear him.
That Yoongi could watch him. That the wall disappeared and Yoongi watched him as he touched
himself to thoughts of him.

Hoseok pulled up his shirt and put it between his teeth, bit down on it to silence himself. He was
close. So close. He guided a hand to his chest and let a finger trace over one of his nipples. He gave
himself one more pull and then he came. Finally. He jerked and stilled, hand steadying him against
the wall as his toes curled. He turned in on himself, whimpering Yoongi's name as time stopped
and he saw stars. He felt so good, he felt magical, and he spit out his shirt to be able to breathe
through it all. His heart beat so fast he could hardly feel it, and he panted so hard he almost
whined. He stroked his cock to finish, feeling fantastic, until the high faded and he came back to
reality and realized what he'd just done. He dropped his disobedient dick and lifted his shirt up by
the hem, gasping when he saw the mess on his stomach. He was sweaty and there was drool on his
chin. This was not good.

He glanced into the keyhole. Shit. He couldn't see Yoongi. Where was he? Hoseok prayed that
Yoongi hadn't heard him. He didn't want Yoongi to kick him out. To call him a pervert in front of
everyone.

Hoseok had to make up a plan. He had to run into the bathroom and clean himself and hide

somewhere before Yoongi or Jimin walked into the corridor to see where the weird noises had come from. He had to move, but his brain was foggy and his limbs were tingly.

He managed to pull his pajama pants and underwear back up with his trembling hands. He flattened out his shirt over them, not liking the suspicious, darkening spot in the middle of his stomach from where it soaked up his release. He smelled bad. He had to burn this shirt before Jimin got a whiff of it.

He ran a hand through his hair, gasping when he accidentally used his right hand. He was the biggest of idiots. His hair. Had he gotten spunk in his hair now? He felt disgusting. He was.

He started hauling himself up from the floor but fell back down on his trembling legs. His thigh pressed against his crotch and he shivered. He did not have time for his traitorous body right now. He had to leave.

"What have we here?"

Hoseok froze. Who'd said that? He broke out in a nervous sweat. He tried to silently press himself against the door and make himself as small as possible. He could not get caught. Not now when he looked like this.

"Now, you little rat. What are you doing in the corridors this late at night, huh? Want to steal stuff?"

That voice. It belonged to the old hag. Maggie. Her voice was raspy and evil. She must've seen him. Caught him. How?

She had a lamp held high in her hands, he realized. She walked into the corridor from the stairs with a smile that lacked a few teeth. "Answer me, boy. What are you doing here?"

Hoseok pressed himself against the door and covered his face with his hands, hoping that she wouldn't be able to see him. It was his worst plan yet. She saw him. She walked up to him, slapped his hands away from his face and pinched his cheek so hard he went, "Ow, ow!"

"You will follow me now, boy," Maggie rasped. She sniffed the air and Hoseok was positive his heart stopped. "You smell bad. Knew it was a bad idea to let peasants into the house."

Hoseok stayed silent. He got up from the floor on his wobbly legs and leaned himself against the wall. His face felt red and sweaty, and when Maggie gave his clothes a look over he almost screamed.

"Where are we going, ma'am?" He asked as she started leading him forward. His voice was raspy. There was too much spit in his mouth. He was so obvious. He hoped that Jimin had fallen asleep and that he wasn't busy climbing out the window to spread this around to every living soul right now.

"Did I ask you to speak, boy?" Maggie spat. "Be silent."

"Yes, ma'am," Hoseok mumbled, feeling miserable. The front of his pants had a cooling wet spot on them and the mess on his stomach became sticky. He tried to hide his hands. He didn't want to see what they looked like in the light. He wiped his chin on his sleeve, stopping when Maggie hit his heel with her cane.

They walked to the second floor. Hoseok gulped when she walked to the first door to the right and knocked on it three times. What time was it? Why was she knocking on Namjoon's door? Why was
Hoseok such an idiot? He should've stayed in the room with Jimin. Kept bickering with him. Anything was better than this.

When Maggie received no answer she started fumbling with the pockets of her nightgown. She found a key that she used to open the door. She threw it open with a loud crash as it hit the wall. Two gasp of surprise was heard from inside.

"Look what- wait a minute, what are you two doing in the same bed!" Maggie almost shouted as she held the lamp up high in her hand. She gaped at the bed in front of them where Jin and Namjoon jumped apart, Jin wiping his lips on the back of his hand and Namjoon trying to hide himself under the blanket.

"Maggie dear, I locked the door?" Jin huffed as he put his feet in the slippers on the floor and got up, wrapping a silk night robe around him.

"What is that peasant doing here?" Maggie pointed at Namjoon. Hoseok accidentally made eye contact with him. He looked almost as horrified and caught as Hoseok felt.

"He helped me with something," Jin said importantly. "Now, please enlighten me the reason to why you decided to break into my room at," He picked up a pocket watch from the pocket of his robe. "The ungodly hour of two in the morning, hm?"

"Sir." Maggie stopped bickering with Jin, probably since she remembered that he could easily fire her with a simple flick of his hand, or make Yoongi do it, or something like that. "Look what I caught." She gripped Hoseok's neck painfully and threw him forward. He stumbled and grimaced from the pain. Her nails felt like claws. Jin and Namjoon looked surprised when they recognized him under the light of the lamp. He felt awful. "Now, now, tell them what you did," Maggie urged, kicking his heels with the cane again.

"I did nothing, ma'am," Hoseok tried.

"Don't lie!" Maggie hit the back of his knees with the cane this time. It hurt, and his legs gave out and he dropped to the floor.

"Jesus, don't hurt him?" Jin said in surprise, motioning for Maggie to let Hoseok go. When she didn't he had to walk up to her and bend her fingers away from his neck himself.

"Tell them what you did," Maggie urged from behind Hoseok as Jin helped him stand. Hoseok felt like crying. He blinked tears from his eyes. He'd never been this ashamed. Being called Horny Hobi by the campfire was nothing compared to this. He couldn't tell anyone about this.

"Margareta, what are you shouting about? Keep your voice down, please," Jin muttered. Namjoon walked out of bed and stepped up next to him, looking concerned and hurried. "What did he do? Steal something? Set the new barn on fire?"

Hoseok shook his head rapidly. "N-no!" He managed to force out. "Never!"

"Then what did you do?" Jin wondered. "No, shh!" He silenced Maggie with a finger when she opened her mouth and filled her lungs with air to reply in Hoseok's place.

"I, uhm." Hoseok felt his face go red. He started hyperventilating. "I peeked into Mister Min's room, Sir."

He said it. At the memory of it he crossed his legs. He didn't want them to look at his dirty clothes. He wished he hadn't done that. Both Jin and Namjoon's eyes darted to the front of his pants. He
swallowed, felt embarrassed and ashamed.

"Punish him!" Maggie urged.

"Calm down, dear." Jin tried to calm her. "Could you perhaps give us a minute for ourselves? I think you are done here. We will take care of this."

"I will not leave." Maggie hit the floor with her cane. Namjoon jumped in surprise.

"Leave," Jin said, sterner this time. They had a staring competition before Maggie finally gave out and muttering left the room. "We will keep this," Jin said as he took her lamp from her. She got angry and kicked the door once she was on the other side.

Hoseok listened to her leave. The walls were thin and they heard her start walking down the stairs, going for the first floor. Then Jin cleared his throat.

"So you peeked into Yoongi's room? Right now?" Jin asked, bringing the topic back to where it should be. Or shouldn't be. Hoseok didn't want to talk about it. It felt like Jin purposely angled the light to light up Hoseok's legs.

"I did," Hoseok admitted. It was best to tell the truth. Some of the truth. He was such a bad liar anyway. He faced the floor and hid his hands behind his back.

"Why are you hiding your hands?" Jin asked next. He didn't sound angry, only concerned and curious.

Hoseok's heart hurt with fear. He did not want to show his hands. But Jin reached out and Hoseok didn't resist. He obediently held out his hands and showed them. He felt his face go red when he saw how dirty they were. They smelled bad. His right hand was sticky and dirty from the dirt from the floor that had stuck to it.

The second Jin let his hands drop he hid them behind his back again. He faced the floor, wanting to disappear.

"Please don't tell him," He piped, feeling hot tears of shame burn in his eyes. He'd rather die than Yoongi finding out about this.

"We won't tell him," Namjoon reassured, joining the conversation. "But what did you see? Was he doing something weird?"

Hoseok's heart jumped. He felt his face go even redder. He shook his head. "No."

"Why did you look then?" Jin asked this time.

"I, ehm, Jimin kept t-teasing me so I was gonna look for somewhere else to sleep, and then I thought that, that Yoongi was crying, so, ehm, that's why I wanted to check. That he was fine." Hoseok was dangerously close to the truth. He glanced up, saw Jin and Namjoon exchange a look that he didn't understand.

"Was he fine?" Namjoon asked, looking back at Hoseok.

"He, ehm, I think he was fine? Eh, Maggie, she c-caught me," Hoseok whispered the last part. Now he was lying. Skipping parts of the story.

Jin and Namjoon exchanged another look. Hoseok wished they would say what they were thinking
instead. It was pure torture to try and guess what they were thinking.

"Will you punish me now?" Hoseok whispered, sounding as small as he felt. "I can wear girl clothes tomorrow."

Jin snorted. "You won't be doing that. But I say we go up there now so you can apologize to him, or what do you say? And then we can all make sure that he's fine and that he's not crying."

Hoseok's eyes widened. "No! Please don't, I-" He hid his face in his hands. His cheeks flamed. He didn't want to see Yoongi. Didn't want to talk to him. Not ever again. He made Hoseok do weird, bad things.

"Why not?" Jin asked. He and Namjoon watched him in silence.

"Because-, because-" Hoseok's voice broke at the end. He swallowed, gathered courage. "I saw him hump a pillow."

He was overwhelmed by shame. Now he'd said it. Why had he said it? He couldn't keep secrets. It was insane.

"What," Namjoon said with wide eyes that Hoseok saw as he glimpsed through his fingers.

"That was what I suspected," Jin told Namjoon with a serious tone in his voice. Then he looked surprised. "Didn't you get that? I said so with my eyes? Anyway." He turned back to Hoseok, gave him a baffled look. "You did what?"

"I didn't mean to. I swear," Hoseok insisted, hands dropping from his face.

"No, but you watched Yoongi 'hump a pillow'?" Jin looked about to laugh. Hoseok didn't get what was so funny. "It seems sort of funny to me?"


"Oh." Jin stopped laughing. "So did you watch him till the end, or? Wait, I don't think I want to know." He made a face of pure disgust. Hoseok felt like he was speaking to Jimin.

"Could I speak with Namjoon alone?" Hoseok asked, uncomfortable with Jin's presence. "Please?"

"He will tell me everything afterwards anyway." Jin tried to wave the proposal away. "And I'm the one who needs to think of a punishment,"

"I think him being dragged down here like this was punishment enough," Namjoon decided. "Wouldn't you say so, hyung?" He turned to Jin with a serious expression on his face.

Jin shrugged. "Well, maybe it was. I can go make myself a sandwich. You get ten minutes with my Joon Joon, then I want him back!" Jin bopped Namjoon on the nose before he put the lamp on the floor and left through the door.

And then it was only Hoseok and Namjoon left in the room.

"Do you want to sit down?" Namjoon asked in a kind voice, walking to the bed and sitting down. Hoseok didn't think he deserved to sit down. He still did. He sat to Namjoon's right, feeling like he was worth nothing. "What did you want to tell me? The full story?" Namjoon didn't sound like Hoseok was disgusting. He didn't exactly sound happy either.

"I had a good dream," Hoseok started explaining, sounding like a loser. "And then Jimin woke me
up and he, he kept calling me Horny Hobi so I was gonna go to you and sleep in your room." He
tried to smile. It turned out more like a grimace. "In the corridor I heard cries, and I, I was just
gonna check that he wasn't sad."

Hoseok felt small and miserable. He couldn’t look Namjoon in the eyes. He played with the corner
of the blanket in his hands. Listened to the rain hit the window beside the bed before he continued.

"And then I-, I saw him hump the pillow and I, ehm, I watched him until the end and then I jerked
off in the corridor."

Namjoon looked shocked. His face got red. Eyes wide and embarrassed. "You did what?"

"Please don't fire me?" Hoseok sniffled, staring at his lap. "I-, I couldn't help it, I wasn't thinking, I
thought it would be okay but then just as I was done Maggie caught me."

Namjoon was silent for a moment. He contemplated something. Hoseok felt like a little child about
to get scolded. "Hoseok, do you mean that you-"

Hoseok's lower lip jutted out. He nodded and wiped his cheeks from helpless tears. "Yes, I like
boys,"

"No, I mean, like, you watched Yoongi?"

"Yeah I, uhm, I think I like, or I do, I do like M-Min Yoongi..." Hoseok's voice pitched at the end.
"He's, he's all I ever think about and the dream, the dream Jimin woke me up from, it was about
him k-kissing me." He felt pathetic. Why had he revealed that? Namjoon must be grossed out. No
one was supposed to know.

"Why do you sound sad?" Namjoon asked.

"Because it's bad," Hoseok sighed. How couldn't Namjoon see that? "And Jimin keeps telling me
how weird Yoongi is and how bad he is and that I should stay away, but I don't think of him that
way. I think he's getting nicer and he's cute, and he's got a s-sexy body, and he gives me candy
sometimes, and he gave me a green shirt and, and I wanna touch his nipples every time I take his
nightgown off." Hoseok swallowed thickly. "Please help me make it go away?" He asked
desperately.

"Go away? I don't think you can do that, Hoseok," Namjoon relented. He smiled a small smile,
somehow looking both happy and sad. Why did he look happy? Why did he look sad?

"Why not?" Hoseok questioned.

"It didn't work for me," Namjoon stated.

"What do you mean?" Hoseok moved a little bit closer. The sheets were almost as nice as Yoongi's.

"You know, it didn't work with me and Jin. Love doesn't work that way. You can't just shut it off
from one day to another."

"Love!?" Hoseok sputtered.

"Attraction," Namjoon corrected himself. "Chemistry between two people. When it's there it's
there."

"But this is just me being creepy over Yoongi, who I work for. He would kick me out if he knew
about the thoughts I have when I see him naked," Hoseok explained with a red face. "I don't think it's the same."

"Didn't Sana tell you that she never dressed Yoongi?" Namjoon countered. "For some reason he seems to like the idea of you seeing him naked."

Hoseok felt the rest of his body go red. He shook his head. "No, he's doing it to play with me. Jimin told me so. Yoongi's doing it to test the new guy."

"For two weeks?" Namjoon argued. "I have never seen him naked. Never. Let alone Jin, and they have known each other for years."

"Well, anyway," Hoseok said. He didn't dare think of the possibility of Yoongi liking Hoseok's eyes on him. It seemed too good to be true. "Yoongi doesn't like me that way,"

"If he did, would you act out on your feelings?" Namjoon asked. Hoseok was not prepared for that.

"Of course not," Hoseok said. "It's wrong."

"What is wrong?" Namjoon went on. Hoseok wondered if Namjoon didn't get it or if he wanted Hoseok to spell it out himself.

"Lots of things. Yoongi's rich and I'm poor. I'm working for him and we're two boys. No offence," Hoseok added when he reminded himself of Jin and Namjoon.

"Hoseok, listen." Namjoon crossed his legs. Hoseok's stomach knotted. Was he going to tell him that Yoongi was straight now? "Being different is difficult." Namjoon started. Hoseok heaved a sigh of relief. "For many years I wished that I wasn't. I thought that if I was like everyone else, if I didn't feel the way I did, the world would be a better place."

"I'm listening." Hoseok looked at Namjoon. Namjoon felt so old, so wise.

"But then as I grew older I realized that the world will stay the same. The only thing I can do is accept myself for what I am. I can wish that I was different, but denying who I am won't do any good. It is what it is, and if I had been normal I would never have gotten Jin. And I'm so happy to have him today."

"Okay. I'm happy for you too," Hoseok said, scratching his head, wondering where Namjoon was going with this, what this had to do with Hoseok.

"When I realized that I liked Jin I did not like myself. I struggled with myself every day and tried to make it go away, but it didn't. I would like for you to not make the same mistake I did," Namjoon went on, pain in his eyes. "I want to help you."

"What do you mean?" Hoseok asked. "Help me make it go away?"

"No, help you talk to Yoongi of course," Namjoon clarified.

"No, no." Hoseok stopped him. "Yoongi isn't Jin. I'm not you. This is not the same."

"Isn't it?" Namjoon raised his eyebrows.

"No, Jin- he- you said that he bought you gifts and flirted with you and complimented you and stuff. Yoongi doesn't do that. He only just stopped hating me, I think," Hoseok explained. "Not the same. He doesn't like me."
"Don't you know that love and hate are close?" Namjoon contemplated. "There's a lot of hate in love and love in hate."

"What?" Hoseok felt so confused. He wished Jin had been here now. It felt like Namjoon was using Hoseok to talk to his past self somehow.

"Never mind." Namjoon smiled a half smile. "I don't suggest peeping at Yoongi like that again, or umh." He looked awkward. "Do those things in the corridor, but I won't tell him. I'll help you with how to act instead."

"I told you that I don't want that," Hoseok tried to explain. "I want help to remove the feelings. They are in the way. Jimin is constantly teasing me,"

"It's only because he's insecure," Namjoon said. "He's done much worse things."

"He's fourteen?" Hoseok asked in confusion.

Namjoon was silent for a moment. It looked like he was thinking.

"Do you want Yoongi to kiss you?" He asked then. "Is it your dream?"

Hoseok wished he'd kept that to himself. "It won't happen. I don't want it to happen. I want to be normal again."

"But Hoseok, if you're dreaming of kissing him I don't think the feelings will go away just like that," Namjoon said with a complicated look on his face.

"They have to," Hoseok said sadly, stubbornly. They had no more time to discuss. Jin knocked on the door and opened it, scaring Hoseok for a moment since he thought it was Yoongi.

"I'm back!" Jin announced. He walked inside with a basket in his hands. "Is he still here?" He stopped abruptly and stared at Hoseok who didn't feel welcomed anymore.

"I, eh, I will leave now," Hoseok mumbled. "Thank you for listening," He told Namjoon. "Sorry that I, and Maggie, disturbed you." He bowed at Jin before he walked for the door.

"We will let this pass," Jin said. "But please change clothes. I could smell what you've done from the basement." Jin scrunched his nose up and sniffed Hoseok's hair. Hoseok felt embarrassed.

"I will. Good night." Hoseok bowed in the doorway. "Thank you for the offer but don't help me," Hoseok told Namjoon quickly, silencing him just as he opened his mouth to speak. Hoseok closed the door and left.

He walked for the stairs feeling empty. Feeling hollow inside. Ashamed. Embarrassed. He'd told Namjoon. Namjoon and Jin knew that he was homosexual. Different forever. He prayed that they wouldn't tell Jimin. Jimin was doomed to make a scene and pull his bed to the other side of the room if he found out.

As he entered the corridor on the third floor he walked to the window. He glanced out, seeing the cloudy sky and watched the rain hit the windowsill. He couldn't wait to climb into bed so he could cry. He would soon have to wake up to bathe in the lake. He felt so tired.

He headed for the fancy bathroom to clean up, when he heard something. A door opened. The door to the bathroom opened.
With a heart jumping in his chest, he quickly pressed himself to the corner, hiding behind the door as it swung open beside him. He heard a sniffle and an angry mutter. Jimin? No. It wasn't Jimin. It was Yoongi.

Hoseok's heart jolted. Yoongi stepped into the corridor and the door closed behind him. He walked for his own door on the opposite wall and opened it. He was dressed in a nightgown; the usual one that Hoseok took off in the mornings. Only the sight of it made Hoseok excited. He mentally scolded himself for sexualizing something as innocent as a nightgown.

By the door Yoongi stopped. He stilled and turned his head to the side. Hoseok inhaled sharply. Yoongi was listening for sounds. He could not see Hoseok hiding here in the middle of the night.

Yoongi crouched down. He swept a hand over the floor. He made a sound of confusion and raised a hand. He watched his fingers in the light from the window. Hoseok wondered what he was doing, when he remembered of how he'd stroked his own hands over the floor earlier when he'd been hiding from Maggie. Had he dropped something?

But no. The floor must be dirty. Sticky. Sweaty maybe. He'd left evidence.

Hoseok almost fainted.

After another minute or so of pure torture since Hoseok was holding his breath until his lungs hurt, Yoongi finally disappeared into his room. Hoseok ran into the bathroom and hurriedly locked the door with the key that sat in the lock. He pressed his back against the door and sighed.

"Who's there?"

Hoseok panicked. He jumped away from the door. Yoongi was on the other side. Yoongi had heard him.

Hoseok ran as far away from the door as possible. He pressed himself against the wall by the window until it sounded like Yoongi walked away. Then he washed his face, hands, stomach, hair and crotch. He took off his dirty clothes and formed them into a ball that he used to cover his parts before he slipped back into his own room.

"Where the hell have you been?" Jimin asked as soon as Hoseok closed the door. "Are you naked!"

Hoseok wanted to disappear. He grabbed the first thing he saw, Jimin's blanket, and threw it over Jimin's head so he would be blind for a few seconds. Hoseok threw his dirty clothes under his bed and quickly dressed in a new shirt and pants. He had just the time to climb under his blanket before Jimin stormed out of bed and sat down on the side of Hoseok's bed.

"Did you find Namjoon? I knew you would come back," Jimin babbled.

"Leave me alone Jimin. I'm tired," Hoseok mumbled, trying to kick Jimin off.

"Why is your hair wet?" Jimin asked, poking Hoseok's hair. "Hello? Where did you go?"

"Go to bed." Hoseok finally managed to kick Jimin off. He landed on the floor with an irritated huff and walked for his own bed.

"I'll find out. I'll talk to Sana tomorrow. She knows everything," Jimin said. "Sweet dreams~"

"You're a devil," Hoseok mumbled.
"What?"

"Sweet dreams."

Hoseok found Yoongi's green shirt under the pillow where he kept it. He curled his fingers around the fabric, brought it to his nose even though it smelled nothing like him anymore.

Hoseok was stupid. He was so stupid. An idiot. Jimin might as well call him Horny Hobi. That was what he was. Horny all the time. Like a dog. He missed Flowy. He missed the time when he'd been pure. When green had only been a color to him. When everything hadn't reminded him of Yoongi.
A few hours later Hoseok woke up. He was so tired. His hair was still wet from having washed it in the bathroom. In a few hours he would need to face Yoongi. He felt sick with nervousness.

"Rise and shine, Horny Hobi!" Jimin cheered, clapping his hands together. Namjoon had stopped waking them up in the mornings. Hoseok missed him.

Hoseok stretched and sat up on the side of his bed. Jimin kept calling him bad names and laughed at him. Hoseok grabbed his pillow and threw it at him.

"Today I will find out who you dreamed about!" Jimin teased, throwing the pillow back at him. "Was it Momo, Rose, Lisa or Sana?"

"It was none of them. Shut up," Hoseok retorted, throwing the pillow at Jimin one last time.

"Oh? So it was Dahyun!" Jimin said excitedly. "Is that why you say you don't like her? Since you do like her? I'll tell Sana right away!" Jimin ducked Hoseok's blanket as he threw it at him. Jimin laughed and ran out the door. Hoseok stared at the spot where he'd left, wanting to run after him, too tired to do so. He merely blinked and flopped down his bed, grabbed the sides of his head and groaned. He remembered what had happened yesterday.

"Why?" He asked himself. "Just why?" He felt miserable and dramatic. There was a lump in his stomach now. He didn't want to face Yoongi. He didn't want to face Namjoon. He just wanted to stay here and be miserable.

He had no time for that though. He got up. Walked into the fancy bathroom to pee, not caring if he was allowed in there or not, before he grabbed his pile of clothes from under his bed and made his way downstairs.

"Ready for a new day?" Namjoon asked as Hoseok met him by the beach. He made Hoseok feel awkward.

"No," Hoseok said, feeling stubborn and annoyed like a kid. "I wanna go back to sleep. Jimin keeps teasing me,"

"Can't you tell him to stop?" Namjoon asked as he stepped out of his underwear. Hoseok didn't bother trying to get a glimpse of his dick. All he wanted to see was more than the head of Yoongi's erection yesterday. Just thinking about it made him feel hot. Damn it.

"Horny Hobi has dirty dreams of Dahyun!" Jimin shouted before he jumped into the lake from the dock. Jack, Mark and Nils laughed at him. Taehyung walked out on the beach, looking confused.

"Is it true?" Taehyung asked Hoseok. "It feels like I've missed something,"

"It's not true," Namjoon said with a shake of his head. Taehyung came to a stop next to them and took off his shirt. "Hoseok has dreams of Y-"

"No one!" Hoseok shouted to drown out Namjoon's words. "No one!"

Namjoon and Taehyung both stopped undressing and stared at him. "Right, sorry." Namjoon laughed. Why was he laughing? Was it funny how pathetic Hoseok was?
"I didn't think you liked Dahyun," Taehyung said with a shrug.

"I don't." Hoseok sighed. "But if Jimin's asking I do, okay? Sorry, it's complicated."

"Did Jimin tease you tonight?" Taehyung asked with a concerned smile. "I'm sorry."

"I wonder how to make him stop," Namjoon said thoughtfully. "I don't suggest sinking to his level, but how else?"

"Want me to call him something?" Taehyung asked with a new glint in his eyes. "But he's so sensitive…"

"I'm also sensitive. He doesn't care about that," Hoseok said. He put his clothes over the pile of dirty ones from yesterday and started walking for the lake. Namjoon and Taehyung followed him, murmuring to each other. When Hoseok glanced at them over his shoulder they stopped and started whistling.

"Watch out! Here comes Horny Hobi!" Jimin shrieked when Hoseok stepped into the water. "And Thirsty Tae and Naughty Namjoon!"

Hoseok, Namjoon and Taehyung shared confused looks.

"What did you say, Jiggly Jimin?" Taehyung asked.

"Here's Masturbating Mark!" Jimin laughed, pointing at Mark who stopped laughing when the attention turned to him.

"Hey, I don't do that. Stop it," Mark tried to stop him.

"Mooning Mark!" Jimin choked on laughter. "Or no, Mooning Min! Ha!"

"Can someone stop him?" Jackson asked in confusion.

"I say we ignore him," Taehyung suggested. He smiled at Hoseok. "I think you can relax now. Your name might've been the worst, but he'll get tired of it soon. As long as we don't laugh he'll move on,"

"If you say so," Hoseok said. He turned his back to laughing Jimin and took the soap from Namjoon who was done with it. He scrubbed himself three times over, wanting to smell like flowers when he met Yoongi.

"Sensual Sana!" Jimin laughed as everyone made their way up the beach when they were done bathing. Hoseok got dressed in his clean clothes before he started cleaning his pile of dirty ones against the rocks. Namjoon and Alejandro also had clothes to wash. The three of them washed clothes and hung them on the racks before they went inside for breakfast.

Hoseok sat down by the table, wanting to groan when Jimin slipped down the seat next to him.

"Here she comes…!" Jimin whispered as Dahyun sat down across from them, talking to Rose.

"Want me to tell her you like her?"

"No. Lay off." Hoseok tried to push Jimin away from him. He was annoying.

"Why? But if you don't like her, then you don't like any of the girls-" Jimin interrupted himself with a gasp. "Wait... wait a minute..." He started grinning. "I have a new nickname for you."
"Keep it to yourself, and I like one of the girls. Maybe I just don't want to tell you?" Hoseok mumbled, hoping Dahyun and Rose didn't hear him.

"Homo Hobi," Jimin started whispering. "You're Homo Hobi!"

Hoseok's heart jumped. Jimin was too close to the truth. He made Hoseok uncomfortable. Jimin thought he was being clever, that he was being fun, but this was enough.

"I won't answer to that name," Hoseok said simply, crossing his arms.

"Jimin! Ready to dress like a girl?" Sana asked as she and Momo walked into the room hand in hand. They looked too cheerful. Like they had been hugging all night. Hoseok wanted to sleep in their room. Get a day away from Jimin.

"Want to hear Hoseok's new nickname?" Jimin asked everyone excitedly, ignoring Sana teasing him. Hoseok started panicking. Mina and Jisoo started placing out bowls of porridge on the table in front of them, looking curious.

"I want to!" Mark laughed, high fiving Jimin over the table. Since when were they best friends?

"Okay, it's H-" Jimin started saying. He didn't get to say the rest. Hoseok grabbed his bowl of porridge and emptied it over Jimin's face. "Ah!" Jimin shrieked, pulling out his chair and trying to wipe porridge off his face.

"You deserved that," Taehyung commented as he walked up to Jimin with a napkin and started wiping his face. "Stop calling Hobi names now. It's not funny for anyone."

"I-, he-, he could have just asked me to stop! Now my hair is ruined!" Jimin exclaimed, starting wiping porridge from his hair.

"I did ask you. Hundreds of times," Hoseok mumbled. "Sorry about your hair." He hated the fact that he felt guilty. He was too kind.

"What is the commotion in here?" Jin asked as he walked inside. He gave a sound of surprise when he saw Jimin with the porridge on his face.

"You should apologize," Namjoon advised Jimin after he'd said hello and smiled dreamily at Jin who winked at him.

"Fine, I'm sorry Hobi. Sorry if I made you sad. Didn't mean it. I thought it was fun," Jimin apologized. He took Hoseok hand and shook it while blinking at him. Or blinking porridge from his eyes.

"It's okay," Hoseok lied. He hoped Jimin would stop calling him Homo Hobi now. Hoseok already knew it was bad to be gay. Jimin didn't have to remind him.

Hoseok got another bowl of porridge that he didn't touch at all. He wasn't hungry. He lost his appetite when he counted down the minutes until he would wake up Yoongi. Take off his nightgown. See him naked. Hoseok felt his cheeks heat up. He was so excited. He felt sick over himself. He was a pervert. If only Yoongi knew where Hoseok wanted to touch him. How he wanted to run his thumbs over his nipples. How he wanted to straddle his lap and kiss his neck. How much he wanted Yoongi to touch him in return.

Hoseok pushed the bowl away from him. He crossed his arms. He couldn't meet Yoongi today. He shouldn't, for Yoongi's sake, and for his own.
"You okay? You look a bit pale," Namjoon asked with concern across the table.

"I'm not hungry," Hoseok said with a forced smile that made him feel stiff.

"I told you, I'm sorry?" Jimin urged.

"It's not that," Hoseok said. His gaze travelled over the table. Over everyone's hands as they rested by their bowls or grabbed spoons. Tanned hands. Small hands. No pale hands like Yoongi's. No softness. No bones or veins. Hoseok bit his lip. He had it bad.

"Nervous for today?" Namjoon whispered as he leaned forward. Dahyun sat next to him. She gave him an odd look.

"Mm," Hoseok agreed. He started fiddling with the hem of his shirt. It was white and had a hole in the sleeve. He hoped Yoongi wouldn't think he looked poor.

"Why are you nervous?" Taehyung asked as he took the seat to Hoseok's left, Jungkook sitting down beside to him.

"No reason." Hoseok took back his bowl and raised the spoon to his lips. He pressed a smile. "Don't worry." He forced himself to chew and swallow the porridge.

"Here are the clothes I picked out for you!" Jin announced a while later, showing off three girly dresses for everyone. Jimin, Mark and Jackson groaned. Sana and Momo jumped up from their seats, took the clothes and laughed as they forced the boys with them to change. Everyone had finished eating and Mina and Jisoo started picking up bowls. Hoseok's bowl was empty. He'd given most of it to Jungkook.

"Good luck today," Namjoon encouraged Hoseok as they walked out of the room. Hoseok was sure his face was green. Namjoon patted him on the back.

"I need it to go away," Hoseok whispered. "Please?" He pleaded, pouting at Namjoon who shook his head at him.

"See you later," Namjoon said with a smile, and then he left with Jin who nudged his shoulder playfully.

"What's the matter with you today?" Rose asked Hoseok in the cleaning room.

"Nothing," Hoseok lied. He did not want to talk to her. He grabbed his bucket and left fast, running up the stairs until he walked out on the third floor with a stomach swirling and hurting and doing all sorts of weird things. He cleaned the floor and all rooms in a record time, and then he stood outside of Yoongi's door feeling about to faint. He knocked once before he opened the door.

"Hello..." Hoseok said as he stepped inside. He filled his lungs with the wonderful scent of Yoongi. It smelled like sleep and skin and something darker. From a brief glance he saw that the candle still stood on the nightstand table, although burned out. Yoongi lied in his bed, watching Hoseok in silence.

"Slept well?" Yoongi asked in his morning voice. It was a bit raspyer. It made Hoseok suppress a shudder.

"Thank you Sir for asking," Hoseok said politely, feeling nervous as he walked to the window to air out the room. "I slept well. You?" He held his breath at that.
"I slept well," Yoongi replied. He sounded dreamy and Hoseok just wanted to throw himself in his arms. He resisted that strange urge. He cleaned the windowsill and dusted off the curtains. Yoongi became silent and Hoseok worked with his heart hammering in his chest. Where was the pillow? Was there no evidence but the candle? Had Hoseok made it up in his head?

When Hoseok had went through the room he checked under the bed. He almost gasped when he spotted the pillow. It was thrown in there. Hoseok got on his hands and knees and started grabbing for it.

"Don't," Yoongi told him from the bed. It sounded like he sat up. Hoseok felt something touch his back. A warm finger. Yoongi's warm finger. Yoongi was poking him to gain his attention.

"Hm?" Hoseok voiced as he sat up, trying to hide how much he loved feeling Yoongi's finger on him.

"You can dress me now," Yoongi decided.

"What happened to your pillow?" Hoseok asked. He stood up and sat on the side of the bed. He hadn't done that before. He wasn't sure if he was allowed to sit on it or not. He felt his face go red. Yoongi stared into Hoseok's eyes. His eyes were piercing. Questioning. As if he was looking for an answer in Hoseok's eyes. Hoseok tried to look natural. Calm. Normal. He prayed that Yoongi hadn't heard him yesterday.

"It was dirty," Yoongi explained, gaze dropping to his hands. Hoseok stared at his hands. Stared at the bed beside him. Here's where Yoongi had humped the pillow. There's where he'd gripped the bedframe. Hoseok got excited just thinking about it.

"Want me to clean it for you?" Hoseok asked. He wasn't sure why he'd asked that. He didn't know how to clean clothes. Royal clothes. Or pillows.

"Why the nice offer?" Yoongi raised his eyebrows a little bit. "I was under the impression that dressing me was a pain, but you're offering cleaning my pillow now?"

"Dressing you isn't a pain," Hoseok replied quickly. He met Yoongi's gaze and smiled awkwardly. "I could ask someone else to clean it, or something, too,"

"No need to do that," Yoongi stated. He looked into Hoseok's eyes like that again. Hoseok tried to look innocent. He hoped that I watched you fuck that pillow yesterday and you looked so hot that I had to jerk off myself afterwards couldn't be read in his eyes.

"So, want me to dress you?" Hoseok asked. He'd never asked if Yoongi wanted him to or not before. He smiled some at Yoongi, feeling his heart jump when Yoongi smiled back, just the tiniest bit, showing off his front teeth. So cute. "Jesus," Hoseok mumbled as he got up from the bed and walked to Yoongi's closet.

"What did you say?" Yoongi asked after him.

"Nothing!" Hoseok grimaced over himself. He couldn't allow himself to slip up like that. He had to act cool now. Act normal. So he picked out the weirdest, cutest outfit he could find because he wanted to see how pretty Yoongi would be in it.

"I'm not sure if I should trust you to pick outfits anymore," Yoongi said as Hoseok folded the clothes and put them in a little pile next to Yoongi who had moved to the side of the bed.
"Lift your arms, please." Hoseok said with his heart beating like crazy. Yoongi did as he was told and Hoseok pulled off the nightgown. He swallowed as his gaze dropped to scan over Yoongi’s body. He was naked. Perfect.

Hoseok let the nightgown fall to the floor. He flicked his gaze over Yoongi’s collarbones. Nipples. Stomach and groin. His thighs were pale. He looked like the most perfect doll. Fragile and small and innocent.

Hoseok forced himself to drop those thoughts. What was he thinking? He started sounding scary now. He had to get a grip.

_Around Yoongi's dick._

_Stop!_

"What are you thinking about?" Yoongi asked curiously. Hoseok internally gasped. Yoongi was usually quiet when he was naked. He must be feeling uncomfortable.

"Your skin is so pale, is all," Hoseok said. He got a pair of underwear and got down on the floor to put them on.

"I think it's a bit darker than usual?" Yoongi pondered. He raised his hips off the bed to help Hoseok put the underwear on. Hoseok almost moaned.

"I like pale skin," Hoseok said, not wanting Yoongi to think Hoseok was offending him. Only that now it sounded like he liked how Yoongi looked. Sexually. Yoongi was not supposed to know of Hoseok's creepy thoughts.

"I see…" Yoongi trailed off mysteriously. Hoseok put him in a pair of shorts. "Like Dahyun?"

Hoseok frowned some at that. It felt funny to him how Yoongi, the one who drove Hoseok crazy, thought Hoseok liked someone else.

"No, not like Dahyun. I don't like her very much." Hoseok put Yoongi in a shirt and started buttoning it. It was silly how people kept teasing him about liking Dahyun.

"I see," Yoongi repeated. Hoseok put on his shoes and grabbed his ring and started brushing his hair. Yoongi closed his eyes and Hoseok smiled at him. He was so pretty. Like a little prince. A pretty prince.

Hoseok put away the brush when he was done, ready to flee the room and high five Namjoon since he'd survived. He hadn't messed up or slipped up or anything. He was proud over himself.

"I have something for you," Yoongi said then.

"You do?" Hoseok asked, feeling confused, nervous and curious.

Yoongi walked for his closet and picked up something from inside of it. "This shirt," He held it out. It was a white, long sleeved shirt. "Too small? Could you put it on?"

"Me?" Hoseok pointed at himself like a fool. Of course Yoongi had meant him. Hoseok was just still dizzy from having graced his hand over Yoongi's nipple outside of his shirt just now.

"Yes," Yoongi walked up to Hoseok in his pretty clothes. Hoseok had dressed him in a baby blue shirt with matching shorts. There were ribbons at the pockets on his buttocks. The socks were
white, reaching him to his knees. Hoseok could eat him up. He looked so sweet.

"Uhm." Hoseok felt awkward as Yoongi walked up to him and handed him the shirt. Their fingers brushed and Hoseok felt a spark to his groin. Then he started to panic. This couldn't be happening now. "Right now?"

"Right now." Yoongi nodded a little bit. His raven hair was so beautiful. He sat down on his bed that Hoseok had just made for him and watched him. Hoseok bit his lip. He shifted some on the spot. He was getting hard for no reason. He felt Yoongi's eyes on him. He had to act like normal.

"O-okay," Hoseok said. He took off his simple shirt and draped it over the back of the chair. He felt the chilly air of the room hit his chest. He was shirtless. He swallowed, trying not to shiver from Yoongi's eyes on his body. He was overreacting. Yoongi was only being nice. It didn't mean anything.

Hoseok put on the shirt Yoongi had given him. He buttoned it in the front. "It's a bit too small," He commented when he felt that it was. He could barely close it over his chest.

"Is it?" Yoongi asked. He walked up to Hoseok and ran his fingers over his arms, felt over his biceps. Hoseok felt his cheeks heat up. Yoongi's fingers were long but gentle. He tugged at the hem of the shirt, accidentally touched Hoseok's stomach under it, made Hoseok feel shy. They made eye contact and Hoseok quickly looked away, not wanting Yoongi to see how much he was affecting him.

"Try this one instead," Yoongi said, walking to the closet before he gave him another shirt, similar to the first one.

Hoseok took off the tight shirt and put on the new one. It fit him better. He twirled around on the spot and showed it off for Yoongi who looked thoughtful.

"Try these shorts," Yoongi suggested, holding out a pair of shorts for him. Where had he got them from?

"Uhm, n-no," Hoseok stuttered, shaking his head with a red face.

"Why not?" Yoongi asked, looking disappointed. Why did he look like that? Did he like seeing Hoseok with a red face? Was he like Jimin? But no. He looked genuine.

_Because I'm half-hard and I don't want you to see_. Hoseok prevented himself from saying. He bit his tongue and shifted foot as he thought of what to say.

"You, eh, you're too kind Sir. You can't give me so many clothes,"

"Will you try them on if I give you candy?" Yoongi tried to bargain, opening his nightstand drawer.

Hoseok was weak.

"Yellow ones?" He asked excitedly.

"Sure." Yoongi shrugged. He took one for himself and one for Hoseok, surprising him by not giving him right away. "Open up," He told him, holding the candy in front of his mouth.

Hoseok widened his eyes. His cheeks burned. He felt embarrassed. And turned on. He opened his mouth a bit, feeling nervous when Yoongi flicked his gaze to his lips, leaned his fingers on his lips...
as he placed the candy on his tongue. Hoseok closed his mouth, wanting to whine when one of Yoongi's fingers stuck between his lips and slowly slipped away. Hoseok watched Yoongi's hand as it dropped to his side, his heart hammering like mad. The candy was sweet. Yoongi's finger had been salty.

They were silent. It felt like there was a small tent in Hoseok's pants. Yoongi had just, almost, had a finger in Hoseok's mouth. He'd fed Hoseok. Was Hoseok dreaming?

"So can you try them on?" Yoongi asked, the first to speak.

"Oh, sure," Hoseok said. He probably had sweat rings all over the new shirt. He could blame it on the weather. The sun was shining. They were inside. Still.

He took the shorts from Yoongi and put them on the chair. He started buttoning up his pants. He turned his back to Yoongi, wishing he'd had something to change behind.

"Why do you have your back to me?" Yoongi asked. Hoseok silently asked the piano for help.

"Sorry," Hoseok said. He turned back around.

"It's okay." Yoongi said. He had his eyes on Hoseok's body. His chest or legs, Hoseok wasn't sure, but did he have to stare? Hoseok didn't want to accidentally poke him in the eye or something.

Hoseok swallowed his pride, thinking that Yoongi might be half blind, as he pulled down his pants. He stepped out of them without sighing with contentment. His face was red. It felt like Yoongi was staring at his crotch. He could do that though. He was straight so it wasn't weird. Hoseok was working for him so it wasn't weird. He was probably wondering why Hoseok's dick was so weird. Why it looked so stiff when it should be soft.

Hoseok stepped into the shorts and pulled them up his legs. He tried to button them over his crotch. He failed the first time. It was too tight. He frowned and clenched his jaw as he fought with the fabric, trying to close it over his crotch, probably looking funny. Then he finally managed to button them. It was constricting and uncomfortable. He put on a smile.

"There you go," He said, trying to bow but stopped when it made him gasp. He hoped Yoongi hadn't heard.

"Walk around for me," Yoongi instructed him.

"What?" Hoseok asked, too dizzy to really comprehend anything.

"You know, like a model?" Yoongi suggested. "Around the room."

"Okay, sure," Hoseok said. He wanted to cry. He started walking around the room. Every step hurt. The fabric rubbed against his prick, creating friction that was both pleasurable and painful. He walked to the door and back on stiff legs. "Like that?" He asked when he was back in front of Yoongi. He wiped his sweaty forehead on the back of his hand, feeling like panting.

"Sit," Yoongi motioned for the chair.

Hoseok sat. He spread his legs wide and leaned back on the chair, blushing when he realized how inviting he looked. He pressed his legs tightly together, making tears pool in his eyes. He was an idiot.
"Let's check by the mirror," Yoongi suggested, rising up and placing himself in front of the mirror by his bed. Hoseok followed him. Placed himself behind him. Yoongi looked like the cutest doll. "Do you want the clothes? You can get them if you want to." Yoongi said with pink cheeks. They were probably pink from suppressed laughter. Hoseok looked like a sweaty pig.

"You don't need to, but thank you," Hoseok replied politely. He sounded a bit strangled. His eyes went for Yoongi's hips. His narrow hips. Hoseok wanted to grab them. He was already standing behind him. Grabbing them would be so easy. Yoongi smelled so good this close. Hoseok wanted to lean in and press his nose against the skin of his neck.

"Oh wait, your hair is tangled back here…" Hoseok lied.

"It is?" Yoongi asked, raising his eyebrows some.

"Yeah. Please sit. I'll brush it again." Hoseok led Yoongi to the chair, hoping Yoongi wasn't staring at his tenting shorts that hid nothing. He grabbed the brush and placed himself behind Yoongi as he started combing through his hair. He made sure that Yoongi had his eyes closed before he leaned in and stole whiff of his hair. He started smiling. There were butterflies in his stomach. He sniffed Yoongi's neck too, and the back of his shirt, close enough to feel the smell but without touching him.

"So, done," Hoseok, the professional creep, said when he'd sniffed Yoongi so much that his face would be red forever. He put away the brush and took a step back in his stiff clothes.

"Thank you," Yoongi said with a curt nod. They looked each other in the eyes for a moment. Yoongi's cheeks were almost red now. Hoseok's back was one big sweat ring. He had to hurry away before he acted creepy again.

"See you later, Sir." Hoseok walked for the door. "Thank you for the clothes." He picked up his clothes from the floor, realizing that he'd forgotten about them, and hurried for the door. He picked up his bucket and smiled at Yoongi before he left.

"Shit," he cursed as soon as he was out of the room. He checked that the corridor was empty before he ran into the fancy bathroom, locked the door and pulled off the shorts and his underwear. He didn't make it to the toilet seat. He dropped to the floor on all fours, leaned his head on his arm as he gripped himself and started stroking. He had no time for teasing. No time for this. He put a hand over his mouth and jerked himself so fast that tingles exploded on his skin, taking him by surprise.

"Yoongi, you're amazing," He gasped. "Yoongi, you're beautiful, t-touch me, please, please, touch me," He snapped his hips back and forth, feeling the pleasure build up in the pit of his stomach. "Yoongi..." He whimpered. He slid his hand over the length, wanting to go faster, needing more. He sat up on his knees and pulled himself hard, pressing his eyes shut and whining. He imagined the usual. Yoongi's lips. Yoongi's nipples. Yoongi humping his pillow like wild. Yoongi stilling and coming. Yoongi. Just his name was enough. Hoseok's mouth fell open as he imagined watching Yoongi again. Yoongi watching him.

He was close. He hurriedly took off his shirt, then he fucked his hand fast and rapid. He sucked a finger into his mouth, pretending it was Yoongi's, hearing Yoongi's 'open up' echo in his head. He came hard and sobbed into his hand. He spilled over his stomach, snapping his hips until he stilled. Panting, he stopped touching himself.

"What am I doing?" He breathed as he came back to reality. The crash down became harder every time. Every time he did this he felt worse. Guilty. He had a perversion. He liked Yoongi too much. He was sexualizing him. Someone had to help him now. He couldn't go on like this.
He cleaned himself off while feeling ashamed. He got dressed in his old clothes and walked out of the fancy bathroom and put the new ones from Yoongi under his pillow along with the green shirt. He glanced at Yoongi's door, feeling complicated, feeling like a dirty rat, before he walked downstairs to put back his bucket.

"You were gone long," Rose commented as they met in the cleaning room. Hoseok shrugged. It was best for her to be left in the unknown.

By the beach Hoseok sat down next to Taehyung. Jimin was trying to learn how to swim by Jones, who was also trying to teach Jungkook, Dahyun and Momo.

"How did it go?" Taehyung asked with a friendly smile.

"What do you mean?" Hoseok faked ignorance. Had namjoon talked to him or something? He'd promised not to. Or had he?

Hoseok spent the rest of the day feeling anxious and ashamed over how disgusting he was. He was not proud. He couldn't find Namjoon anywhere to rant to. Where was he?

When Yoongi walked out to the gazebo Hoseok hid in the forest. He found a flower that he talked to, naming it Flowy-three. "Hi Flowy-three," Hoseok greeted it. Was he going crazy? Definitely. Where was Namjoon when you needed him?

Lunch was not fun. Jimin, while dressed in his girly dress and short pig-tails along with Mark and Jackson, started a food fight and Deedee and Mina had to fry new eggs. Today they all got some bacon to go along with it and it was the law of the jungle. Jungkook (who probably could get bacon whenever he felt like it) snatched most of it, leaving the rest for Jimin, Lisa and Jackson. Hoseok managed to grab one burned piece before Alejandro almost stabbed him with a fork. It was scary.

Dinner wasn't fun either. This time Hoseok almost got his hand stabbed when Deedee brought out a chocolate cake as dessert. He managed to grab a bite of that one. It tasted good. Not as good as Yoongi's lemon candies though.

"Is it only me or are we getting better food?" Jimin asked with his mouth full of chocolate cake that flied everywhere on the table.

"No, I've noticed it too." Namjoon admitted. He'd showed up around dinner, having spent the day with Jin. Hoseok hadn't been able to talk to him when Jin had stood next to him. And Jin was here now too, at the dinner table, sitting so close to Namjoon that he might as well be sitting on his lap.

"A coincidence, or?" Taehyung asked as he stole some of the chocolate cake from Jungkook's plate.

"There is a reason behind everything," Momo said wisely before she giggled. "That's what my mama told me."

"Mama?" Jimin choked. "Mama Momo, funny name." He got several stern looks. "I'm not gonna do that anymore, right."

"Why are we getting better food?" Taehyung asked again. "Who decides what food we get?"

"Well, it's Min Yoongi of course!" Jin joined in, slapping Namjoon's thigh and making him yelp. Yoongi. That got Hoseok's attention. Was he behind this?
"So Yoongi is giving us better food? To be kind?" Hoseok asked curiously.

"Who knows? Maybe he's happy?" Namjoon winked at Hoseok who felt awkward. What did he mean by that?

"Why did you wink at Hobi just now?" Jimin asked, looking confused, along with everyone else who was eavesdropping, save from Jungkook who asked for more cake. "Do you know something I don't?"

"Nope." Hoseok went back to eating his cake.

"Anyway," Jimin laughed, throwing a piece of cake at Mark. It hit his pink dress, making him scowl. "As long as we're getting better food, hell yeah!" Jimin started wolfing down more cake.

"But don't we have chores anymore?" Taehyung asked a while later.

"Shh!" Everyone hushed him. "Idiot!" Someone, sounding much like Tommy, coughed.

"Hey, I wondered that too?" Jackson pondered from his side of the table in his blue dress.

Jin thoughtfully rubbed his chin. "Wouldn't it be nice with some vacation? Why don't you make some paddles and go out on the lake with the boats? You work so much all year. A few weeks of vacation will do you good."

"So that's why we're eating ice cream all day?" Jimin asked with a mouth slightly agape. "Min wants to give us vacation?"

Jin scoffed. "Not necessarily Min, it was my idea, but I don't think he matters much about that,"

"Why not?" Hoseok spoke up, wondering why Yoongi was fine with his workers relaxing when they should work. To his disappointment Jin didn't answer his question. He ditched him and started talking about something with Namjoon. Hoseok was left to stare at his plate, seeing that it was empty, wondering where his last bite of cake had went when Jimin hummed next to him, thanking him for the cake he'd stolen. Hoseok muttered. Jimin was such a little shit.

After dinner Jimin, Mark and Jackson posed for a picture on the lawn. Jin fumbled with a huge camera. Namjoon tried to help him. He got pushed away when he almost broke it with his unfortunate clumsiness. In the end Momo helped them put it together, surprising everyone with her skills. The picture turned out funny, but Jackson pushed Mark so he turned blurry, and Jimin lifted up his dress so his pants were showing underneath. Jin told them that he would put the picture up in the new barn when they moved in after the summer.

Soon after that everyone ran to the beach, bringing wooden planks and saws, eager to make paddles and finish making the last boat. They had seven boats now. Hoseok started making a paddle next to Jin who talked and talked about something with Namjoon again. Hoseok wished he'd be able to hear what they were saying. His mind was too occupied by Yoongi. All the time. He wondered what he was doing even if it made him nervous.

By sunset fourteen paddles laid on the beach by the boats. Everyone clapped their hands and smiled, feeling happy with today. Hoseok pulled his knees to his chest and let his gaze fall on the sunset. It was orange. Peaceful. Hoseok felt everything but orange and peaceful. He felt gray and green and jittery. Tomorrow he would have to dress Yoongi again. It became harder and harder to keep his hands to himself. He was so creepy. He felt so bad. So dirty. He needed serious help.

He followed Jimin up to the third floor, just waiting for him to call him Horny Hobi again, or
worse; Homo Hobi. He was relieved when he didn't. He laughed and babbled about how fun and annoying it had been to dress like a girl for a day. Hoseok thought the punishment had been too light. Jimin deserved to be pushed here and there with Maggie's claws around his neck like Hoseok had the night before.

It was unfair.

He fell asleep wishing that he would sleep forever. He didn't want to meet Yoongi in the morning. Something was bound to happen. Hoseok would act like a creep again. He didn't want to. He was so ashamed.
The next morning Hoseok stood outside of Yoongi's door with his heart nearly beating out of his chest. Like usual. It was a habit by now. It still took him by surprise every time.


Hoseok knocked on the door once before he opened it and stepped inside. The room was clean today. It looked like it had yesterday.

"No good morning?" Yoongi asked from the bed as Hoseok stepped inside. Why did his voice have to be so perfect? It was dreamy and raspy and a bit flirty and teasing. Hoseok loved it too much. It almost made him frustrated. Controlling himself would not be easy.

"Good morning, Sir," Hoseok said. He started airing out the room as usual. Yoongi sat leaned against the pillows in his bed, watching him with curious eyes that made Hoseok feel like he was melting. Yoongi was silent until Hoseok was done cleaning the room and sat down in front of him on the chair with today's outfit in his hands.

"Actually, you can wait with dressing me for a while," Yoongi said then, rising up, stepping out the bed and walking for the door barefoot. His feet were long and pale. Hoseok's feet must be shorter.

"Is Sana back?" Hoseok asked, feeling both hopeful and sad. He didn't know if he could trust anything she'd said about Yoongi. Had she really never dressed him? Why had Yoongi let Hoseok see him naked so many times then?

"She is not. However, it is time for my bath and everyone is busy so I thought you could help me instead. Could you?" Yoongi asked as he opened the door, leaving no room for complaints.

"Uhm." Hoseok scratched the side of his face. Was Yoongi asking him to wash him? In a bathtub? Only the two of them? Hoseok gulped. The mere thought of having his hands on Yoongi's body excited him. He couldn't do it. He had to say no.

"I'd love to help you." Was what left his lips instead. Damn it. He'd lost the connection to his mouth now too. He sounded too cheerful. Too creepy. A creepy smile crept up his lips at the thought of seeing Yoongi step into a bathtub. He wanted to slap himself. Slap some sense into him. He wished Yoongi would slap him.

"Would you? Come on then. Bring the clothes with you," Yoongi instructed him. "I already asked Deedee to prepare the water, so it should be ready by now."

"Okay." Hoseok walked up to Yoongi by the door, bringing today's clothes with him. He smiled
uncertainly at him, hoping that Yoongi couldn't read thoughts. He followed Yoongi through the corridor, into the fancy bathroom. He tried not to think about all the dirty things he'd done in there. He walked up to the filled bathtub in the middle of the room. The water was steaming hot and there was a white, fluffy towel draped on the side of it.

"There's soap in the cabinet along with the sponges," Yoongi explained, motioning vaguely for the cabinet under the sink. "The shampoo I like is rose scented. Got it?" He looked Hoseok in the eyes.

"Yeah," Hoseok said with a nod even though his head was empty and he hadn't got a thing. Yoongi liked soap in his hair and roses on the sponge or something.

"You can undress me now," Yoongi said. He placed himself beside the bathtub and raised his arms over his head adorably. He looked so small and cute. Hoseok was shocked over the urge to grab his hips and hump his leg. He was weird. So weird.

He put the little pile of clothes to the side and started taking off Yoongi's nightgown. He felt the usual excitement in his gut when he got a glimpse of Yoongi's naked body. His pale skin and rosy nipples. He had imperfections that made him perfect.

Hoseok let the nightgown fall to the floor. Yoongi grabbed the side of the bathtub and stepped inside. He closed his eyes and moaned as he sat down in the water. Hoseok felt his cheeks go red. He hadn't been prepared for that. Yoongi sighed as he leaned against the back of the tub. Hoseok stared at him, unsure of what to do, of what he was doing here.

He watched Yoongi soak in the water for a while, travelling his eyes up and down his body while Yoongi had his eyes closed. Then Yoongi opened his eyes. He looked up at Hoseok, cheeks pink and eyes blinking. He looked precious. So small. Hoseok should look away.

"You can scrub me now. Here." Yoongi motioned for his chest with his pale hands. His nipples looked puffy and red under the water. Hoseok's eyes widened. He swallowed.

"Sure, okay." Hoseok walked to the cabinet, surprised at the amount of different colored soaps and bottles he found there. He took one of the soaps, a green one, and a sponge. He took a bottle he thought read 'rose' for Yoongi's hair and walked back to him. "Should I, uhm, wash you like I wash myself, or?" That sounded weird and intimate. Hoseok felt the rest of his face go red.

"Please be gentle. My skin is sensitive," Yoongi commented, as if he knew what those words did to Hoseok. Please be gentle. Was Hoseok having one of his dirty dreams? He couldn't risk it. He pinched his thigh through his pants, gasping when it hurt. "Hm?" Yoongi said in confusion.

"N-nothing!" Hoseok staged a laugh. This wasn't a dream then. It was real. Yoongi must be teasing him. Or no. Yoongi appeared to be calm. He laid there naked in the tub. He wouldn't do that if he knew that Hoseok was seconds from doing something dangerous, like giving Yoongi a kiss or touch his nipples. Maybe Hoseok should warn Yoongi about his thoughts to save them both of them from embarrassment.

Only that he didn't want to do that. He would never tell Yoongi about his ulterior motives. Hoseok was a genius. Yoongi had no idea of Hoseok's thoughts and Hoseok could ogle all he wanted, stare at Yoongi's penis and maybe 'accidentally' touch it too. Hoseok was the best perv. Almost a professional one.

"I'll start now then. You can, eh, lean back. Think about something nice."

Hoseok sounded like a creep. Not good. He hoped Yoongi didn't notice. He started rolling up the
sleeves of his shirt. It was ridiculously hot in the room. He wasn't sure what was hotter; the water in the bathtub or Yoongi. Probably Yoongi.

"Why don't you take your shirt off?" Yoongi asked then.

"W-what?" Hoseok sputtered, dropping the soap he was holding. "Why?"

"You're sweating, and the sleeves are in the way," Yoongi pointed out with a nod at Hoseok's chest.

"Oh, right," Hoseok laughed awkwardly. Then he was an idiot and took his shirt off in front of his crush. He smelled like sweat and horny teenager. "Sorry, ehm." He tried to excuse himself, not wanting to mention the fact that he reeked of sweat. This was just horrible.

"What are you apologizing for?" Yoongi asked. His eyes settled on Hoseok's chest and Hoseok suppressed the need to shiver.

"Nothing. Now I'll start." Hoseok threw his shirt over Yoongi's nightgown in the floor before he grabbed the soap again, sponge in his other hand. He leaned over the side of the bathtub, with Yoongi's face to his right, and lowered the hand with the soap into the warm water. He flicked his gaze to Yoongi's eyes for a second, feeling hesitant. He'd only stolen touches of him while dressing him before. This felt different. He didn't want to do wrong. Touch him the wrong way.

The soap touched Yoongi's stomach under the water and Hoseok started rubbing it over Yoongi's skin. He moved the soap up Yoongi's chest, wanting to cry when he slid the soap over a nipple and he got the briefest feel of it against his fingers.

"Could you sit up?" Hoseok asked. He couldn't reach all of him. Yoongi sat up, and Hoseok started running the soap over his arm. He got the sponge and started scrubbing as gently as he could. When he scrubbed Yoongi under his armpit he got ticklish and jerked away. Hoseok started smiling. Yoongi smiled a little bit too, looking soft. Hoseok scrubbed Yoongi's neck and down his chest again, making sure to 'accidentally' grace his fingers over his chest and soft stomach as many times as possible. He hoped he didn't seem scary. He just wanted a touch now that he had the chance.

"Can I lift your legs?" Hoseok asked. His eyes were trained on the soapy water. His fingers graced the curls of Yoongi's pubic hair under the water and he was this close to Yoongi's penis. His face was red. It was a miracle that he could speak. He had no idea what he was doing. He'd never washed anyone like this before.

"Yes," Yoongi replied. He sounded drowsy. Unfair. Here Hoseok was, feeling seconds away from fainting with his madly beating heart, and Yoongi was falling asleep. Yoongi couldn't be freaking out right now. It was only Hoseok. He hated his feelings. He was all alone with them.

He lifted one of Yoongi's pale legs and leaned it on the side of the bathtub before he started running the soap over it. He spread the soap around with his hands, feeling his stomach swirl with excitement when he graced his hand over Yoongi's inner thigh. His skin was soft. Smooth. Even the skin under his feet. Yoongi was ticklish there too. Hoseok tickled him with his fingers, watching Yoongi's face break out in a grimace as his body jerked from the touch.

"How do you want me to scrub your back?" Hoseok asked an eternity later after he'd run his hands up and down Yoongi's legs a million times, creepily imagining that he was going to have sex with him. He was tired of his dirty brain now. He was all sweaty. He must stink.
"I can turn around," Yoongi said. Hoseok couldn't read the tone of his voice. He didn't sound sleepy anymore. He didn't sound angry. Always something. Maybe he really didn't get homosexuality. Maybe he didn't know that pervs like Hoseok existed. Hoseok felt the need to warn him about himself. It was odd.

"Okay, turn around for me," Hoseok instructed him. His eyes widened when he heard how suggestive it sounded. Yoongi couldn't have noticed. He turned around and leaned his arms on the side of the bathtub. Hoseok heaved a sigh of relief. Yoongi couldn’t see him anymore. Hoseok blew out his cheeks, let the air out again, wondering how he was going to survive this.


"Whatever you say, Sir," Hoseok piped. He wiped his sweaty forehead on the back of his hand before he leaned over the bathtub and started working the soap into Yoongi’s skin, a bit harder this time. He hadn't got a good look of Yoongi's back before. Not since he'd seen the light pink the first time he'd dressed him. He couldn't see it now though. The air was too steamy and half of Yoongi’s back was hidden underwater.

Yoongi looked small. Small but strong. There was no extra fat on his body. His skin was pale. Hoseok's gaze locked on his shoulder blades.

"Harder," Yoongi said. Hoseok did his best to ignore how sexy he sounded. He grabbed the sponge, started working the soap into the skin with more pressure, stroking faster. Yoongi's skin got pink with irritation. He went quiet. Hoseok went quiet too. He scrubbed down lower, and when he was about to ask Yoongi how he was supposed to scrub his lower back when it was under water he repositioned, got on all fours in the tub and raised his ass in the air.

Hoseok jerked back in surprise. He felt all blood rush for his cock as he ended up almost face to face with Yoongi's parted buttocks.

"W-what are y-you d-doing," Hoseok sputtered, forcing himself to look away. He had to leave. He was too excited. That sight made him want to do so many things. He couldn't control himself. Yoongi was too innocent.

"You can reach the rest of my back now," Yoongi said, as if it explained his suggestive position. Maybe it did. To him. Was this how Yoongi always got cleaned? Who cleaned him? Maggie? Sana? He couldn't be doing this with them. He must be testing Hoseok. But why would he do that? Like this? Did he know what Hoseok was after all? Did he like to mess with him? Hoseok didn't understand. He was too flustered to think.

"R-right," Hoseok managed. He couldn't leave now. He had to excuse to pull. He didn't really want to leave either. He wanted to look. So he picked up the soap from the floor where he'd left it, grabbed the sponge in his other hand. He placed himself behind Yoongi and started running the sponge over his lower back, his eyes travelling everywhere but there in the meanwhile. He couldn't look. He had to. The sight was incredible. His cheeks burned red. He could see Yoongi’s balls and penis between his spread legs. Could see the rim of his entrance. He was pretty hairy. Not too hairy, just hairy. Hoseok wanted to touch. Run his fingers everywhere. From Yoongi’s back, between his cheeks to his balls. He wanted to touch everything. His thighs. Wrap an arm around his waist. Grab his hips.

He slowly slid the soap downwards, over Yoongi's buttock. He couldn't help it. He felt so hot. His pants were tight at the front. He walked a bit closer to the bathtub and started to discreetly rub his clothed erection against the towel draped over the side. Yoongi looked so good. He swung forward some every time Hoseok pressed the sponge forward, and swung back some as Hoseok scrubbed
him the other way. He looked so hot. Hoseok tightened his grip on the sponge as he silently rutted against the towel, wishing he’d been able to take off his pants. He tried to buck his hips faster, afraid of making sounds.

"It hurts," Yoongi complained as Hoseok gripped the side of the bathtub with his other hand. Hoseok didn't listen to him. His head was cloudy. He started feeling the pleasure built up. He wished he could touch Yoongi. There. Between his buttocks. Run his fingers everywhere. Press his erection against him. Have him touch him. Come over him.

"Stop scrubbing me," Yoongi said as Hoseok started scrubbing the same spot over and over so hard it had to hurt.

"S-sorry," Hoseok panted, managing to stop the hand that was scrubbing Yoongi. He was shaking. He was so excited. He felt so good. He tried to press himself harder against the towel, both hating and loving the harsh friction.

Yoongi must be wondering why Hoseok was acting so weird. He started looking over his shoulder. Hoseok stopped him. He couldn't allow him to see what he was doing. Hoseok was a freak and he had to save Yoongi from seeing him.

"No, don't turn around!" Hoseok reached out to try and force Yoongi’s face back forward. His limbs were shaky and he was dizzy. He accidentally pushed Yoongi on one of his shoulders, sending his face into the water. Air bubbles rose to the water surface as Yoongi struggled for air, drowning.

"Oh, shit! I'm so sorry!" Hoseok gasped as he pulled Yoongi back up to the air with a grip around his arm. Yoongi coughed and sat up, wiping his eyes from the dirty water.

"Are you trying to drown me?" Yoongi questioned, making a face at Hoseok who struggled to read the tone of his voice. Was he angry? Sad? Disappointed? Hoseok had no idea.

"No!" Hoseok shook his head fiercely. He reached out and helped Yoongi lean back against the bathtub. His hand brushed over his nipple again and he gulped. The water was too dirty to try and catch a glimpse of his dick. Probably for the best. "Want me to wash your hair?"

"Yes, please," Yoongi mumbled. He leaned back and coughed once more as Hoseok picked up the red bottle from the floor and fumbled with it in his trembling hands. He managed to open it and squirted out too much into his palm. It smelled strongly of roses.

"Close your eyes, p-please," Hoseok managed, sounding like he was nervous and had ulterior motives, which he had. His erection hurt in his pants. He had to do something about it before Yoongi saw it. Walking around with a stick in his pants was not fun. He had to come quickly. So when Yoongi closed his eyes Hoseok unbuttoned his pants with his free hand, sighing with relief.

"What was that?" Yoongi asked, having heard the sound behind his head. Hoseok moved the towel to the other side of the bathtub, made Yoongi lean his head on it, feeling sneaky and disgusted with himself.

"N-nothing, Sir," Hoseok said. He buried his hands in Yoongi's hair and started shampooing it. "Your hair is so soft," He said to buy himself more time. Or something. He had no idea what he was doing. It felt like he was in a trap. A Yoongi trap. He felt flustered and horny and miserable. He just wanted to be normal. Wanted to concentrate. Be able to focus and talk to Yoongi.

"Is it? Thank you." Yoongi smiled a little bit, and that smile, that smile did crazy things to Hoseok.
He stared at it with big eyes, feeling his soul leave his body for a moment before it jumped back inside again.

He shampooed Yoongi's hair as best as he could, trying not to get any in his eyes. He felt the fabric of his pants part in the middle. His head was already spinning from the scent of roses and Yoongi. He held his breath as he started rubbing his erection against the towel again, relieved when two layers of fabric had gone down to one. He jerked his hips in little quick movements. Yoongi looked so good and Hoseok felt so good. It felt like his underwear were slowly riding down, and he whimpered when the head of his cock peeked out over the waistband and it rubbed against the fabric of the towel. His hands tightened in Yoongi's hair. He felt so good. He must be having a dream.

"Ah," Yoongi gasped with a frown. He raised a hand and put it over one of Hoseok's, trying to remove Hoseok's hands from his hair.

"S-sorry," Hoseok piped, wanting to stop himself. His face was so red. He didn't know what he was doing. Only ten more seconds and he could wrap up and live in shame for the rest of his life, leave the mansion and leave a note with an apology for Yoongi. "A-almost done,"

He let go of Yoongi's hair, gripped the sides of the bathtub with his trembling hands and closed his eyes. He bucked his hips hard, rubbed against the towel and came. He pressed his eyes shut as he tensed. He bit his lips and held in the sob. He wanted to come on Yoongi. Yoongi was so close. He was right there.

"What are you-" Yoongi started saying. Hoseok didn't get to hear the rest. The door opened behind them. Hoseok snapped his head to the side and stared over his shoulder, panting with an open mouth. "Namjoon?" He and Yoongi asked at the same time. "Jin?" Hoseok asked as he walked in after Namjoon.

"Jesus! How do you look!" Jin gasped when he saw Hoseok.

"Shh?" Namjoon hushed him instantly. He gestured something for Hoseok who glanced down himself, internally screaming when he saw the mess on his stomach. He was an idiot. The biggest of idiots. Why had he done this? Why? He wanted to apologize. He had to apologize.

"Hoseok, follow me," Jin told him.

"Yes, Sir," Hoseok agreed, filled with shame and regret. He wished that someone else would dress and bathe Yoongi already. Hoseok wasn't like this. Hoseok was a hardworking, friendly farmer who liked flowers. He didn't know who this person was. This person that he'd become. Someone who acted like this. He couldn't be close to Yoongi anymore. He didn't think it was fun. It was horrible. He'd become an awful person.

"Why? He's not done yet," Yoongi told Jin, thankfully not looking around and seeing Hoseok. Hoseok hurriedly tried to wipe his stomach clean in the water from the tap in the sink. He grabbed his shirt from the floor and ran for the door, feeling pathetic when he stumbled on his wobbly legs. His fly was still open and his pants slowly rode down his legs. Yoongi must get what had happened now. Hoseok wanted to hide.

"I'll help you with the rest," Namjoon told Yoongi. "We were just going to get you to show you the boats. I thought you took a bath yesterday?" And then Jin closed the door. Hoseok stared with confused eyes. Had Yoongi bathed yesterday? Then why had he made Hoseok clean him again?

"Please close your fly," Jin urged Hoseok. "And may I ask where your shirt went? It did just fly off,
Hoseok felt embarrassed. He closed his fly, feeling disgusting. He was going to put on his shirt on when he remembered something. "Oh no! The towel!" He exclaimed in horror.

"What?" Jin looked confused.

Hoseok gulped. Had all come hit his stomach or had some got on the towel too? He prayed that Yoongi wouldn't notice it. That Namjoon would give him another towel. That Namjoon wouldn't blurt Hoseok's crush. His obsession. Whatever it was.

"In here." Jin led Hoseok into his and Namjoon's room on the second floor. It smelled like warmth and true love. Not like sweaty teenage boy and mold like Hoseok and Jimin's room. "Now, what do you think you are doing?" Jin crossed his arms and leaned against the wall, questioning look on his face.

"I have no idea," Hoseok relented. He rubbed his face in his hands and made a grimace of shame. He just wanted to disappear. Turn back time. Make better choices.

"You know, Joon told me something," Jin started.

"He did?" Hoseok's stomach knotted with worry. He let his hands drop, looked at Jin, feeling like a nervous mess.

"You like Yoongi, correct?" Jin asked. Hoseok wanted to cry. So Namjoon had told people. Great. It wouldn't take long until word reached Jimin and he would start calling Hoseok for Homo Hobi again.

"Please don't tell him?" Hoseok begged.

"I don't think it will be necessary if you keep-, ehm, what exactly were you doing?" Jin asked with a funny frown, motioning for Hoseok's bare chest.

Hoseok found it best to tell the truth. He was not proud, but he was no liar either. "I, ehm, I got hot when I touched him and I-, I don't make the best choices, so I, you know, I'm so sorry…" He gave Jin a pitiful look.

"You don't mean that you touched yourself when he was there? Didn't he notice?" Jin looked amused now. Hoseok struggled to comprehend why. He felt awful himself.

"Honey, Yoongi gave Sana new chores. I'm pretty sure he wants you there," Jin said with mirth in
his eyes. He sat down on the bed and tapped his thigh with a curious look on his face.

"It feels like I'm using him," Hoseok blurted, emptying his heart. He had no one to talk to. Jimin was mean and Namjoon too deep and Taehyung too sneaky. Maybe it was good to open up now. Maybe Jin would understand. Hoseok felt so guilty. Yoongi deserved better. Deserved to get dressed by someone pure.

"And he's not using you?" Jin said. "Look at you. Where did your shirt go?"

"He's not using me?" Hoseok crossed his arms. Jin was strange. How could he not get what Hoseok meant? Get how bad of a person Hoseok was? "He asked me to take my shirt off since it would be in the way."

"Of what? The view?" Jin started laughing at his own joke. He slapped his thigh and wiped a tear from his eye. Then he stopped laughing. "Not funny? Okay." He cleared his throat.

"I don't want to do this anymore," Hoseok sighed, feeling like poop. "I feel so guilty,"

"No need to do that," Jin said with a shake of his head. "I don't think Yoongi would mind if he found out. Why don't you tell him how you feel?"

Hoseok almost rolled his eyes. Was Jin playing with him now too? Did he want Yoongi to kick him out himself? "Funny. But Yoongi is straight, so stop trying to give me hope or something."

"That was the funniest joke I have ever heard in my entire life!" Jin cackled. "Wait, you're serious?" He asked when Hoseok kept frowning.

"Yes, I'm serious. Yoongi told me that, uhm, 'no boys like me' was allowed to touch him the first time I was gonna dress him, and that he wanted Sana to dress him. What if he likes her?" Hoseok hadn't thought about that before. The thought made him feel seasick. It couldn't be true. If it was true he'd drown himself in the lake. Run away. Leave.

"Yeah, what if he likes her?" Jin asked thoughtfully. "How would that make you feel?"

"What do you mean, is it true?" Hoseok asked in a little voice. He put a hand over his mouth and stared at Jin, feeling his heart breaking with panic.

"Last time I checked he didn't like anyone. But I think you should take care of your feelings soon, before you end up in a weird situation. Not everyone is as understanding as Joon and me," Jin advised him with a critical look on his face.

Hoseok wondered what he meant. What this conversation had meant. He felt no wiser. It felt like Jin was playing with him too.

"Talk to him. Hurry or I might let word slip!" Jin said cheerfully as he led Hoseok to the door.

"Is that a threat?" Hoseok whispered, feeling nauseous again. "Because I can't tell him, I-, he's rich and so beautiful and I'm-, I have nothing. I'm poor and normal and nothing like him at all."

Jin sighed. "You've got it bad... Just man up and confess and get this over with! Want me to help you?"

"No." Hoseok shook his head. "But, ehm, thank you for not telling Yoongi about this,"

"Who said I wouldn't tell him?" Jin said cleverly. "I'll tell him now that you love him and want to
have his babies!"

Hoseok sputtered. "N-no!" He grabbed Jin's wrist and prevented him from running up the stairs in the corridor. "Please don't? And I-, I don't-

"You want him to have your babies instead? You know, I don't care which way it is, but I'll help you cut the chase!"

"No!" Hoseok almost shouted. "Please?" He finally got Jin to stop being a pain. Jin stopped going for the stairs and reached out to ruffle Hoseok's messy hair instead, grimacing at his hand afterwards.

"Fine. I won't act as a matchmaker. Yet. But half the summer has already passed, you know. Then you'll need to move into the barn when the Min's are back. You might change your mind then and which you'd acted out sooner. Think about that." Jin bopped Hoseok on the nose before he was off, humming as he walked up the stairs to the third floor. Hoseok stood in the corridor, feeling weird and tense and hopeful. Strange combination. He didn't know what to do. He couldn't confess to Yoongi. Just couldn't. It was impossible. What would he even say?

*Hi Yoongi! Horny Hobi here. You're super hot and sexy and every time I take your clothes off I stare at you like a creep. I want to touch you and lick you everywhere. But I also like your voice, and like listening to you when you talk. I like feeling your hands on me too. And your eyes. Your eyes on me make me feel lit on fire. Please have my babies? Or kiss me? Or both?*

Hoseok groaned and stared at the ceiling. He couldn't say that. He wouldn't dare to. He would probably pee himself or crap his pants or come from how hot Yoongi was.

If he ever confessed to Yoongi he should walk around with a diaper. What the hell!

He sneaked back to the third floor. He thought he heard voices come from Yoongi's room. Was Namjoon still there? They didn't sound very happy. They sounded hurried and a bit agitated. Hoseok wanted to peek inside. He didn't. Instead he slipped into his and Jimin's room and started putting his shirt on. Or he was going to. Then he noticed something. The shirt. It wasn't a shirt. It was a nightgown. Yoongi's nightgown. He must've mixed them up in the bathroom.

He made sure that the door was closed before he threw himself onto bed and pressed the gown to his nose, sniffed it, sniffed it and sniffed it, hummed and moaned against the fabric as he pressed his nose under the armpits and by the collar and everywhere. He turned it inside out and filled his lungs with the scent of it, feeling his stomach swirl with feelings. He liked Yoongi so much.

A while later he forced himself out of bed. He wanted to keep the nightgown and sniff it forever. He couldn't do that. He had to give it back or Yoongi might suspect something.

He changed into a new set of clothes, hiding his dirty ones under the bed for now, and walked to Yoongi's door. He knocked two times before he pulled at the door handle. Locked.

"Go away!" Yoongi shouted from inside. Hoseok swallowed nervously.

"Really? It's Hoseok!" He said as loud as he could. He tugged at the door handle again, wishing Yoongi would open the door, feeling nervous, hoping Jin hadn't told Yoongi about Hoseok's feelings.

Yoongi was silent for a moment. Then Hoseok heard the lock turn and the door swung open. He smiled nervously at Yoongi in front of him. He was dressed in the clothes Hoseok had picked out for him earlier. Had he dressed himself?
"Hi," Hoseok said, sounding pathetic. Yoongi looked super cute. His hair was still wet from the bath.

"Hello," Yoongi replied, giving Hoseok a look over. Hoseok tried to stand still. "What brings you here? Miss me already?"

Hoseok staged a gasp. Yoongi looked so playful. It was incredible. "Are you joking with me?"

"What?" A flirty smile crept up Yoongi's lips, eyes sparkling for a moment. "Think I'm joking? So you didn't miss me?"

Hoseok started grinning super big. Yoongi was so cute and he smelled like roses.

"I came to give back this. I accidentally picked up your nightgown instead of my shirt." Hoseok held out the folded garment in front of him.

"Oh." Yoongi took it in his hands, their fingers brushing along the way, making Hoseok drop the smile and stomach do a nervous flip. "I have your shirt right here." Yoongi picked something up from the table to the left. It was Hoseok's shirt. In a wrinkly mess. He hadn't folded it.

"Thank you." Hoseok took it for himself. He hugged it to his chest and smiled some again. He didn't want to leave. But he should. Should leave before Yoongi could seduce Hoseok again and make him do something he would regret later. So Hoseok said goodbye and left. He walked into his and Jimin's room, put the shirt on his bed, feeling disappointed when smelled it and felt that it didn't smell like Yoongi at all. Then he walked to the beach. He sat down next to Taehyung on the sand. Taehyung smiled at him. Then he stopped smiling.

"What's the matter?" Taehyung asked seriously.

"I'm a monster," Hoseok said with a pout. "Kill me and make it quick."

"What?" Taehyung sounded confused. He scooted a bit closer and poked Hoseok on the thigh.

Hoseok sighed. "Never mind. What's going on here today?" He put on a smile and tried to seem cheerful. Jimin wasn't here and it was always something. If he wasn't here he couldn't tease Hoseok.

Taehyung told Hoseok about how Jin's farmers were building some sort of boathouse on Jin's dirty beach where they would store the boats they'd made. They worked fast. The boathouse was half done already. Hoseok wished that those strong people would've built the dock when he'd been fighting with it.

He started making sandcastles in the sand as Taehyung changed topic to new games he wanted to play, but when his hands kept drawing cat-shaped eyes and pale legs he stopped. Taehyung asked him what he was doing just as he'd drawn the curve of Yoongi's butt. Hoseok quickly smudged the sand drawing with his hand and forcefully kept his hands behind his back, even as Taehyung gave him concerned looks as if he was crazy, which he was. Crazy for Yoongi. No one could know.

When Namjoon, and to Hoseok's immediate shock; Yoongi, walked out on the beach, Hoseok's heat jumped so much that he was sure he was going to die. Yoongi waved at him and he gasped for air. Taehyung hit his back until Namjoon and Yoongi had walked away again, greeting Jin by the half-made boathouse.

"Be right back," Hoseok choked out when Taehyung stopped hitting his back. He hid in the cleaning room for the rest of the day. He sat in a corner with his face in his hands. It was what he
deserved after what he'd done that morning. After he'd made himself feel so good that all thoughts of regret had left him.

When Rose and Lisa walked into the room he slipped out of it without an explanation to what he'd been doing there.

He went to bed feeling sad, angry and pathetic. He pulled his blanket up to his chin just as Jimin danced into the room, singing about how he'd had the best day of his life, how the moon was shining and how wonderful it was to be alive. Hoseok wanted to throw a pillow at him. Tell him to be silent for once. He didn't. Instead he buried his face in his pillow and felt so wrong. Tomorrow he would meet Yoongi again. He couldn't do it. He had to think of a plan.

"What are you doing under the blanket, huh? Is Horny Hobi back?" Jimin asked as he sat down on the side of Hoseok's bed.

"I'm Hopeless Hobi, now," Hoseok mumbled. "Horrible Hobi. Soon I'll be Homeless Hobi." He cried and started kicking the bed. He didn't want to become homeless. He had to stop this now. He could end up in more much trouble.

Jimin jumped away. "What? Why would you be homeless?" He asked, dropping the teasing for once. He'd promised to stop calling Hoseok Horny Hobi. Maybe he couldn't keep promises.

"Good night." Was all Hoseok said. He didn't want to go to sleep. He wasn't ready for tomorrow.
Hopeless Hobi

Chapter Notes

i hope perv-hoseok didn't freak you out in the last chapter, and if he did, well, i actually don't know what to say so i'll just move on

thanks for reading!♥ some of my fav chapters are coming up now!! hope you'll like this chapter! and watch out for werewolves on saturday during the Full Moon...

The next morning Hoseok woke up with a brand new plan in mind. He knew how to get out of this bad cycle. He would pull a Sana. Call in sick.

"Rise and shine!" Jimin sang as he bounced out of bed with a bright smile on his lips. He pulled Hoseok's blanket off of him and started tickling his feet, the little devil.

"No," Hoseok forced out a dry cough. "I'm sick."

"What?" Jimin stopped to frown at him.

"Yeah, I-, I'm not feeling that well. Think I'm sick." Hoseok shrugged, pulling the blanket up from the floor and draping it over himself again. He coughed once more. "Listen,"

"You're not sick," Jimin said with a frown. He walked forward and put a hand over Hoseok's forehead. "You're not hot. You're normal temperature;"

"But I feel sick." Hoseok coughed once more. At second thought this plan wasn't that great. It was sort of last minute and a bit shitty. He felt awkward for having hoped it would work. Jimin was sharp.

"I'll ask Namjoon to check on you," Jimin stated.

"No! Uhm, can't you just say I'm sick? Tell Sana?" Hoseok held his breath. He crossed his fingers under the blanket.

"But you're faking?" Jimin said. "Why should I tell them that?"

"Can't you just do it?" Hoseok grunted.

Jimin shook his head. "Fine. I'll tell them you're sick. Have fun staying in here all day, smarto." He took his things and left. And then Hoseok was alone with his racing heart. He listened for sounds before he rushed for the window and glanced outside, watched the others leave for the beach in a little group. Jimin walked to Namjoon and whispered something into his ear that made him glance up at Hoseok's window and make eye contact with him. Hoseok dropped to the floor and pressed his back against the wall. He was an idiot.

He rolled his thumbs until the group of boys was done bathing. Then he laid down in bed and waited. Waited and waited for Jimin to bring him food and let him know that Sana would go back to her old chores of dressing Yoongi. But nothing. He watched the sun travel over the sky over the
beach. He felt his stomach rumble with hunger. He heard nothing. Nothing but silence and his bad conscience that scolded him for being so stupid.

He was dirty. He was hungry.

When he thought he heard rustling from the room downstairs he started frowning. Had Rose started cleaning now? Lisa too? Sana? No one was cleaning the third floor. He opened the door, glanced out of it and peeked into the corridor. Deserted. Where the hell was Jimin with his food?

He closed the door again and glanced outside the window. He gasped when he saw Jimin strut down the lawn arm and arm with Mark. Had he forgotten about Hoseok? Had everyone forgotten about him? What had Jimin told Namjoon?

Then Hoseok remembered something. One other time Jimin had promised the kitchen maids to give Hoseok food later, but he'd eaten it all himself instead. Was that what he'd done now too? Hoseok wanted to punch something. He couldn't trust Jimin. Now the third floor would be dirty and no one would dress Yoongi. Yoongi would wait in his room all day, just because Hoseok was so gay and afraid of facing him. God, what was Hoseok doing? This was not something he was proud of.

He quickly used the fancy toilet in the fancy bathroom before he swallowed his pride and knocked once on Yoongi's door. He couldn't leave him like this. Hoseok had responsibilities. He should talk to Yoongi. Tell him that he wanted to change chores. Faking sickness was not the way to go.

"It's open," Yoongi said from the other side. No one else was in there then. Hopefully. Hoseok would probably slap Sana if he saw her with her hands touching Yoongi's bare skin. Out of jealousy.

"Hi, sorry I, ehm, I overslept," Hoseok lied as he opened the door and walked inside, barefoot in his pajamas. He just realized that he was wearing it. His hair was still messy and he didn't look nice at all.

"It's okay. I wondered where you were," Yoongi said in a small voice as he sat up in bed and threw the blanket off of him. He looked adorable with the blanket in his hands. Hoseok wanted to kiss him and pinch his cheeks and touch him everywhere. Yoongi looked wonderful.

"You, you did?" Hoseok asked as he tried to shake away the thoughts. He walked directly to Yoongi's bed and sat down on the chair there. Yoongi didn't move it away during the days anymore. "I, uh, don't have my cleaning supplies with me," Hoseok tried to explain. His stomach took that moment to rumble really loud. "Wait, I forgot to pick out the outfit. Sorry, I'm a bit dizzy today-"

"It's okay," Yoongi reassured him, nodding a bit. He was too kind. Too understanding. He looked sweet and precious in his nightgown.

Hoseok got up from the chair and walked for the closet. The hem of his pajama pants got stuck under his feet on the way and he stumbled forward, fell to the floor as his pajama pants rode down and put his butt on display.

"Oops," Yoongi laughed from the bed. It was an angel's laugh. From the skies. Hoseok felt his cheeks heat up. He got up from the floor, pulled his pants back up and picked out an outfit, feeling so awkward. He carefully walked back to the bed to not trip again. He sat down on the chair with a sigh. Yoongi moved to the side of the bed and raised his arms. He looked Hoseok in the eyes and smiled a little bit. Hoseok felt his heart flutter. It should be illegal to look that cute.
He took off the nightgown and got Yoongi dressed in the clothes he'd picked out for him. It was long, brown pants and a white shirt. He put the blue ring on his finger and started brushing his hair.

"Didn't you bathe today?" Yoongi asked as they stood in front of the mirror together. Yoongi looked expensive and Hoseok cheap. Yoongi wore shoes and Hoseok was barefoot. They looked so different and Hoseok wasn't sure if he wanted to laugh or cry.

"No, Sir," Hoseok said as he ran the brush one more time through Yoongi's soft locks. "Do I smell?" He wanted to groan. Why had he asked that? He already knew he did.

"Not that bad. I'm not complaining, I only wondered," Yoongi clarified. Whatever that meant. Somehow it made Hoseok blush. Hoseok smelled bad but Yoongi wasn't complaining. Okay. Why not?

"I think you would complain if you sniffed my armpit, though." Hoseok tried to joke. He put the brush to the side and ran a hand through Yoongi's hair, unable to stop himself this time.

Yoongi darted his eyes to the side, looked him in the eyes with a challenging look in his eyes. "Wanna bet?" He asked with an attractive smile on his lips.

"What do you mean?" Hoseok took a step back and kept his hands to himself.

"If I complain you win and if I don't I win. Simple. You win a yellow candy." Yoongi set the rules. "Deal?"

"Okay," Hoseok agreed. He was so hungry. He had to eat something. So he lifted his arm and felt embarrassed as Yoongi leaned in to sniff under his armpit.

"Okay, so that smelled sort of bad," Yoongi stated with a cute grimace. He put a hand on Hoseok's shoulder, making Hoseok's blush deepen, and leaned in again, pressing his nose against his neck this time. "But you don't smell bad here." He moved his nose to Hoseok's hair. "Or here."

Hoseok was flustered as he took another step back. He accidentally walked into the chair and stumbled again, fell and landed on it with big eyes. Yoongi walked away from him, opened his nightstand drawer and took out one of the yellow candies. Hoseok was too embarrassed to speak. Yoongi had just touched him and sniffed him on three places. Yoongi had pressed his nose to Hoseok's neck. Hoseok couldn't remember how to talk.

"Want this?" Yoongi asked, holding out the candy for him. "You won."

"Y-yes, thank you." Hoseok reached for the candy, but just before he took it Yoongi held it away from him. Hoseok grabbed for it, but Yoongi kept it at an arm's length from him. "Hey, give it to me, it's mine."

"I am giving it to you?" Yoongi snorted with a satisfied smile. "Here, take it." Every time Hoseok almost took it Yoongi refused to open his fingers. Hoseok had to force them open with both of his hands until he reached the candy on Yoongi's palm and put it on his tongue.
"Thanks for the candy, not," Hoseok joked with a laugh as he opened his mouth and showed Yoongi the candy resting on his tongue. It tasted sweet. A bit sour.

Yoongi looked like he wanted to smile, that he tried to move his lips, only that he didn't know how to. Hoseok made a funny grimace and then Yoongi was smiling big, his gums showing. The sight of that smile made Hoseok feel something slot into place inside. It felt right. Great. Yoongi should always smile like that. It was the most beautiful smile in the world. A pure one.

Hoseok felt energized from having seen Yoongi smile. From playing around with him. He wanted to play more. So he ran to the nightstand drawer and opened it. He picked up another yellow candy, threw away the wrapper and hid it in his palm.

"What are you doing?" Yoongi asked, walking up to him to close the drawer, smile changing for a look of confusion.

"Here, take it." Hoseok held out his hand for Yoongi, but when he reached for the candy he held his hand away. "Oops, not so funny when it's you, is it?" Hoseok teased him.

"Seriously?" Yoongi grunted. He could try to act grumpy. Hoseok knew he wasn't. His eyes were happy. He started chasing Hoseok around the room, trying to take the candy from him, not managing to do so until Hoseok tripped and fell down the bed. "Thanks," Yoongi said with a satisfied smile as he climbed up on top of Hoseok, straddled him and managed to take the candy from his hand.

Hoseok swallowed. He blinked up at Yoongi, feeling his face burn. Yoongi had his thighs around Hoseok's hips, and Hoseok moved his hands to rest on Yoongi's knees. He stopped smiling. Stopped teasing. Yoongi was sitting on him and Hoseok wanted to press him closer.

But then Hoseok started coughing. The candy in his mouth almost got stuck in his throat and Yoongi climbed off him to help him cough. Hoseok stopped coughing after thirty seconds or so, angry with himself since the moment was gone now. He wanted Yoongi to sit on him again. Anywhere on him. Preferably his face.

He forced himself to stop thinking about that. He got up from Yoongi's bed and made it in a haze.

"Did you eat breakfast?" Yoongi asked after he'd made sure that Hoseok was okay.

"Nope," Hoseok said simply. His stomach rumbled again, adding his point.

"Are you hungry?" Yoongi asked, his gaze lowering to Hoseok's stomach.

"It's not that bad," Hoseok lied. "It's lunch soon." He started walking for the door, making a plan to hunt down Jimin and press him for answers. Yoongi walked up to him.

"You could eat with me. Would you like that?" Yoongi wondered in a genuine voice. He raised his eyebrows at Hoseok who felt his cheeks heat up. That proposal felt... wonderful and perfect, and like a date. But Hoseok should say no. He didn't want to feel hot or the need to helplessly rub one off against the table leg or something.

"I'd like that," Hoseok said instead. He smiled goofily as Yoongi held the door open for him like a gentleman and led him out of his room.

"I usually eat alone or with Jin, but there won't be a problem to make food for you too," Yoongi explained. He came to a stop by Hoseok's room. Hoseok wondered why. "Don't you need to change?"
"Oh," Hoseok felt embarrassed. He was still dressed in his pajamas. He slipped into his room and got changed super fast. He walked back outside in the clothes from yesterday. He hadn't cleaned his dirty clothes by the lake today. He was filled with regret.

Yoongi continued to lead Hoseok down to the first floor. Hoseok stared at the walls as they walked through corridors he'd never been in before. There were portraits and paintings and animal heads on the walls, and a sword and a gun in what must be the living room. There were furs draped over the couch and a radio standing on the coffee table.

"You've never been here before, right?" Yoongi asked Hoseok over his shoulder.

"No, I haven't," Hoseok said as he made eye contact with a taxidermy deer hanging over the couch in the living room. The sight of it scared him. The photographs on the shelves looked creepy too.

"We're not allowed in there," Yoongi said when he saw where Hoseok was looking. "The dining room is this way." He gently put a hand over Hoseok's elbow and guided him forward, away from the dull living room.

"It didn't look cozy anyway. I like your room better." Hoseok heard himself say. "I don't like dead animals."

"Then we're two," Yoongi joked.

"Two about thinking your room is better or the dead animals part?" Hoseok asked, feeling dumb.

Yoongi smiled some at him. The smile made Hoseok's chest feel warm. "Both,"

"Okay." Hoseok smiled back. Yoongi kept his hand on his elbow, and Hoseok wanted to take his hand in his, put his fingers over his, anything. He didn't. He stayed silent and walked forward in the corridor until Yoongi led him into a room to their left. It was the dining room Hoseok and Jimin had peeked into before they'd pranked Yoongi.

"Good morning, Sir," Someone said. Hoseok looked around in confusion, thinking it was a ghost, when he saw Jones greet them with a blinding smile. Jones walked to the chair at the end of the long table and pulled it out for Yoongi who sat down. Jones pulled out the chair to Yoongi's left and Hoseok stared at it until Jones coughed awkwardly and Hoseok got it. He sat down and looked around. Everything was dark brown and ancient. Clocks on the cabinets and old paintings on the walls.

"It's so big," Hoseok said, not sure if he meant the room or the table or Jones' smile. He glanced at Yoongi who kept smiling at him, just a small little smile on his lips. He made Hoseok feel shy. Why was he looking all cute like that? Did he think this felt like a date too? No, he couldn't. It was only Hoseok who had strange feelings.

"What do you want to eat?" Yoongi asked after several minutes of tense silence. Hoseok wanted to stare at Yoongi but told himself not to, so it was tense. He stared at his hands, feeling silly, and Yoongi, who knows what he did? He was probably thinking of whatever rich people thought about. Money maybe. Fashion.

"Doesn't matter. Anything," Hoseok said, putting a hand on the table and tapping it.

"Candy?" Yoongi asked in a light tone. Was he joking with him?

"Real food," Hoseok laughed airily. He glanced to the side. Yoongi was smiling at him again. He made Hoseok feel bubbly inside. Giggly. He met his gaze and smiled back at him, keeping eye
contact even as his cheeks got red. He only looked away when Jones returned a while later with a tray. He placed plates, cutlery, glasses and napkins in front of them before he piled up bacon and fried eggs on their plates. "Wow," Hoseok breathed. *Take that Jimin!* He could have Hoseok's porridge, because Hoseok would eat like a prince now.

"Fresh from the kitchen," Jones said with a bright smile. "And these- from our neighbor garden." He placed a little bowl of strawberries in front of them. "Eat well." He walked away again. Hoseok stared at the food with a gaping mouth.

"Are you hungry?" Yoongi asked, sounding amused as he took Hoseok's fork from beside his plate. Hoseok looked at him, hunger making him annoyed from Yoongi taking his fork. "Super. Give me back my fork,"

"Hm..." Yoongi smiled sneakily. "Don't think so." He held the fork away from Hoseok who reached for it.

"You're not being funny," Hoseok sighed, trying to ignore his fluttering heart. He ended up face to face with Yoongi in an almost-hug as he reached for his fork.

"It's right here. Take it." Yoongi waved the fork around in the air. Hoseok managed to grip Yoongi's wrist and he tried to force his arm back down. But he was not gracious. He fell out of his own chair and landed on Yoongi. He yelped and steadied himself by wrapping his arms around Yoongi, sitting on his lap. His cheeks burned hot as he glanced up and his cheek brushed Yoongi's. Their noses bumped together. They were so close. Yoongi's body was warm. Hoseok's heart hammered in his chest. He finally had Yoongi in his arms.

"Sorry," He said hurriedly, trying to think away his happiness. He let Yoongi go and stepped off his lap, sitting back on his own chair. He put his hands in his lap and stared forward, feeling awkward. He'd just hugged Yoongi. He'd loved it. Not good. He should stay away.

"Sorry that I took your fork." Yoongi put Hoseok's fork back beside his plate. "Ehm, I'm not sure why I did that…"

Hoseok glanced at Yoongi from the corner of his eyes. He looked a bit embarrassed too. He was probably thinking of how embarrassing it had been to have Horny Hobi on his lap.

Yoongi started eating and Hoseok copied him, trying to swat away the thoughts that made him uncomfortable. Hoseok started eating his eggs in silence, then he took a bite of the bacon and he couldn't help the moan. He'd never tasted something that good.

"You like it?" Yoongi asked beside him, watching him.

"I love it!" Hoseok took another bite of bacon and hummed as he chewed.

"You can have mine." Yoongi lifted his plate and scooped his bacon to the side so they rained down on Hoseok's plate.

"No, why? You don't want them?" Hoseok asked in confusion. He started eating Yoongi's bacon instantly, wanting to laugh like a creep because Yoongi's fork had been on the bacon and it had to count as an indirect kiss.

"I'll ask Jones to make us some more. I'll be back in a second." Yoongi smiled a little bit before he rose up and left in one of the side doors, probably searching for Jones. Hoseok seized the moment. He hurriedly grabbed Yoongi's fork and put it in his mouth, sucking and licking on it, wanting that
indirect kiss. He would never get a real one. This was all he had. The fork tasted like metal and egg. Didn't Yoongi have any spit in his mouth?

The door opened and Hoseok threw the fork back so fast it hit the plate and clattered. He picked up Yoongi's glass of water and took a sip from it. "Oops! Was this your cup?" He asked with a staged gasp before he put it back on the table.

"Did you drink from it?" Yoongi frowned a bit in confusion with a charming smile. "It's okay."

Hoseok wanted to sing hallelujah. Why was Yoongi acting so nice? Had he won a million or something? Had someone told him that Hoseok was rich too? He must've heard some great lies to treat Hoseok like this. Whatever the reason was for his kindness, Hoseok was going to enjoy it.

Hoseok went back to eating and glimpsed at Yoongi as Yoongi picked up his fork. He took a tiny bit of egg and brought it into his mouth. He made a sound of surprise and frowned.

"What is it?" Hoseok asked.

"It tastes like bacon?" Yoongi said as his lips left the fork. Hoseok internally screamed with joy. He'd indirectly kissed Yoongi now. And he'd taken a sip from Yoongi's glass, so Yoongi had indirectly kissed him back. He got so happy that he giggled.

"What's so funny?" Yoongi asked with a funny smile of his own. Jones returned with a plate full of bacon and left before Hoseok stopped snickering.

"Nothing," Hoseok said not so convincingly. "I just like bacon."

"If you say so," Yoongi said. They started eating again, in silence. It was tense and strained. Hoseok stopped feeling gizzily and started feeling nervous. He'd eaten too much. Yoongi's presence made him feel nauseous with nerves. He started stress-eating strawberries from the bowl, making sure not to moan even though it tasted like heaven.

When it was only one strawberry left in the bowl they both reached for it. Their fingers touched and Hoseok jerked back and blushed red in the face.

"You take it," Yoongi said.

"No, you," Hoseok argued, trying to control his breathing.

"I want you to have it," Yoongi said.

"Are you sure?"

"Yup." Yoongi nodded. Hoseok stole a glance of him. He quickly looked away when their eyes met. The silence was tense and it made Hoseok sweat. Yoongi looked too cute. He looked a bit nervous too. He was acting too nice. He was a gentleman.

"Thanks." Hoseok reached out and took the strawberry. He ate it in silence, hoping that Yoongi wasn't listening to him chew, knowing that he did.

"No problem."

Hoseok put his hands on the table and looked at them. He finished eating. Yoongi had finished too. They were done. Hoseok didn't want to leave. He wanted to stay here and eat and laugh and get teased by Yoongi even if it was only him who felt like this.
He saw that Yoongi's hands also were laying on the table, playing with a napkin. Hoseok moved his right hand a little bit closer, and a little bit more, slowly, until their little fingers touched. Hoseok's heart fluttered. He felt amazing. He moved his hand a tiny bit closer, and the sides of their hands brushed together. He glimpsed at Yoongi, holding his breath, finding him watching their hands too, looking just as nervous and afraid and happy.

Hoseok didn't know what he was doing, but he moved a bit closer to Yoongi on his chair, watching their hands as he nudged Yoongi's shoulder with his own. His face was burning. His heart beat so fast. Yoongi wasn't saying anything. Was it good? Was it bad? Hoseok should stop whatever he was doing. He was playing with fire. Hoping for something that could never be. Setting himself up for heartbreak.

But then Yoongi nudged him back. He let out an airy laugh, barely above a whisper, and nudged Hoseok's shoulder.

Hoseok started smiling. He didn't know what he was doing, but this made him feel so happy. So warm inside. Like he was made of magical fairy dust. He nudged Yoongi's shoulder once more, with more force this time.

He was just going to move his hand to lay over Yoongi's when the door opened behind them.

"Uh? What's this?" Old hag Maggie spat as she walked into the room. Yoongi quickly put his hands in his lap. Hoseok felt dizzy and disconnected from reality. What was she doing here?

"I'm having breakfast," Yoongi replied simply.

"With that boy?" Maggie pointed at Hoseok with her cane. "Didn't you hear what he did the other day?"

Hoseok's eyes went wide. All happiness went away and he got an uncomfortable knot in his stomach. She couldn't. She couldn't tell Yoongi now when it, whatever they were doing, was going so well.

"What? Please leave. You're interrupting," Yoongi instructed her politely, with a stern tone to his voice. Hoseok's face was red with shame and panic. He stared at his empty plate, wanting to sink through the floor.

"They didn't punish him!" Maggie screeched. She must be crazy.

"No need to shout. Please leave." Yoongi rose from his chair. "Jones!" He shouted.

"I'm here!" Jones announced instantly, coming to the rescue from the kitchen. He spotted Maggie and started chasing her out of the room. Hoseok gulped when the door closed after them and it was only him and Yoongi again.

"Don't mind her. Didn't think she would go in here," Yoongi said. It almost sounded like he liked the idea of continuing their whatever-it-was game that had been so fun.

"I, uhm, I think I should leave," Hoseok mumbled. He didn't feel as good anymore when he'd been reminded of what a bad person he was. His face would be red with shame forever.

"Why? I don't think so," Yoongi said before he swallowed, probably sensing how weird that had sounded.

"Thanks for the food, Yo-, I mean, Sir," Hoseok said as he rose up from his chair. He put on a
"You can call me Yoongi," Yoongi surprised Hoseok by saying. He must've been surprised himself too. His eyes got big and he put a hand over his mouth.

"Really? Wouldn't that be wrong?" Hoseok asked, feeling tense and strange and sad. Everything about this was wrong. He shouldn't be inside. He should be outside, eating and sleeping in the barn. He should call Yoongi Sir. He had to restore the order before he accidentally turned Yoongi weird too.

"Jin and Joon call me Yoongi," Yoongi contemplated. Then he sighed, complicated look on his face. Hoseok should leave. He was making Yoongi uncomfortable.

"Okay. But thank you again for the food." Hoseok smiled a little bit. He started to leave, but Yoongi caught up with him.

"Hoseok," Yoongi said, licking his lips. Why was he doing that? Now Hoseok couldn't stop staring. His stomach did a flip from how good his name sounded when Yoongi said it.

"Yes?"

Yoongi swallowed again. He licked his lips. His mouth must be dry. He opened his mouth to say something before he closed it again.

"Thank you for your company. See you later," He said. It felt like he'd meant to say something else. That he had changed his mind at the last second. His eyes said something else. His eyes told Hoseok to stay longer until he managed to say what he'd planned to.

But Hoseok didn't want to stay longer. He wanted to touch Yoongi's hand and nudge his shoulders and hug him. He wanted to pat his hair and kiss his lips and straddle his hips. That's why he had to leave. Why he had to find Jimin and talk to Sana himself. Try once and for all to make the feelings go away. He couldn't go on like this. Maggie had almost told Yoongi that she'd caught Hoseok peeping on him. Hoseok wanted to scream.

"See you later," Hoseok said with a forced smile. He bowed before he left, going for the beach. As he stepped outside the house and the sunbeams hit his face he started smiling. He loved the sun. He hadn't worn his straw hat in a while. He hadn't needed it.

He forced himself to think about the sun and not Yoongi as he walked out on the beach and spotted Jimin instantly. Or Jimin spotted him. He pointed at him from the end of the dock where he'd been gossiping with Sana and came running for him.

"Have you stopped being sick now?" Jimin shouted. All heads turned to them and Hoseok grimaced. "I told everyone you were love-sick, ha ha!"

Hoseok snorted at him. He crossed his arms and tried to look cool. He was running around in panic inside his head. "So what? I got strawberries for breakfast! Take that!"

No one laughed. All heads turned to Hoseok, wondering and whispering about where he'd gotten the strawberries from.

"Ooh, say what?" Jin cooed as he jumped forward out of nowhere. He'd been in the forest with his puppy. "From where, I wonder?"

"I peeked inside. He ate breakfast with Moody Min!" Momo informed everyone. Had she peeked
inside the windows? Hoseok felt his stomach knot. Had she seen how they had almost held hands too? How they'd almost hugged? How wonderful Yoongi had looked when he'd smiled?

"Why didn't you say anything! Oh my god, what! Traitor!" Jimin shouted at Hoseok.

"Calling me a traitor? You left me!" Hoseok argued. "I waited for food for hours!"

"Jiminnie, didn't you give it to him?" Taehyung joined in the discussion. He walked up to Hoseok on the beach, frowning in confusion.

"I was hungry?" Jimin excused himself. "Sorry, but it worked out fine, didn't it? Don't give me that look."

Hoseok grunted. He was tired of Jimin and his antics. Tired of how childish he was.

Hoseok walked to the dock, sat down next to Sana at the end of it. "Hi," He said. She gave him a weird look, probably not liking his company. Hoseok didn't like her company either. "Didn't Jimin tell you to clean the third floor today?"

"Yeah, but I'm not stupid. I like my new chores better," Sana retorted. "Hanging out with Moody Min is so boring."

Hoseok felt a jab of offence. Why was everyone so mean here? "Talk for yourself. I helped you when you were sick, I thought you would do the same for me." Hoseok got up and started walking away.

"Who said I was sick, though?" Sana said with a smirk.

"What?" Hoseok asked, staring back at her.

"Didn't Jimin tell you?" Sana asked. "I just wanted some time alone with Momo." She smiled proudly, giggled with her light voice. "I know. I'm a genius."

Hoseok only gaped. What the actual hell.

"You lied!" He said, nearly shouting. He couldn't help it. He hated injustice. He hated lies. He couldn't believe that he'd wanted to be like Sana this morning.

"A white lie. I had no idea Jin would give us vacation after that. I think I deserve to be 'sick' one week a year. It worked out fine." Sana shrugged. She checked her nails and laughed.

"So you lied? I made your chores to be nice, in, in vain? You weren't really sick? And what do you mean with 'more time with Momo'?" Hoseok asked, growing irritated. He had fought with Yoongi, gotten dragged here and there by Rose and Lisa, while Sana had lied in bed all day, faking sickness?

"You're not that smart, are you?" Sana laughed. "Ask Jimin. He knows everything. A lot smarter than you. No offence!" She giggled before she danced down the dock and draped herself in Momo's arms.

"He's not!" Hoseok shouted after her. "He's not," He mumbled as he tried to calm down. What was this place? People tricked him. He'd taken the blame for the prank when Jimin was to blame. He got the blame for burning up the barn. Yoongi had played with him and had thrown water at him. And now Sana? She had only waited for someone to be stupid enough to fall for the trick. Hoseok felt tricked.
He kicked the first thing he saw, the dock, and cursed when he hurt his foot. He stomped around on the dock before he kicked the next thing; Jungkook's pretty sandcastle. Jungkook gasped and nearly started crying. Hoseok kicked Sana's hat and Mark's shoes into the water.

"Hey, calm down?" Jackson suggested him. "Don't break our stuff,"

"Don't talk to me," Hoseok spat, remembering about the time when Jackson had been mean to him, telling him not to ask many questions when Hoseok had been the most lost and insecure.

"Hobi! What's going on?" Namjoon, the only one Hoseok liked and trusted, wondered as he hurried down the beach. He'd been helping Jin making the finishing touches of the boathouse. Probably. Hoseok didn't know.

"I'm leaving," Hoseok said before he stepped into the water and started walking. He didn't know how to swim. It couldn't be that hard though. He'd seen Jimin practice a few times.

"What happened?" Namjoon asked Jimin.

"He just got crazy!" Sana explained with a laugh. Hoseok wanted to glare at her. People sucked. Everyone wanted to use him all the time because he was kind. Since he was too gullible to get it.

"Hoseok, wait!" Jin shouted as he run out on the dock after Namjoon, holding his barking dog in his arms. Hoseok didn't listen to them. He walked as fast as he could in the water until it reached him to his armpits and he started swimming, dog-style.

"Where are you going?" Namjoon asked from the end of the dock.

"Home!" Hoseok shouted back before he started swimming again. "Back to Gwangju!"

"It's the other way!" Jimin informed him. He didn't sound as cocky anymore. He sounded worried and guilty. Served him right. Everyone should feel guilty for being so mean all the time.

Hoseok filled his lungs with air and dived under the water surface. He started panicking from the darkness and the pressure around his lungs. It felt like he was drowning. But it was silent down there. No annoying people. No one to use him.

He started swimming as best as he could. He didn't get far. Someone dived into the water, swam to him and pulled him up again. Sputtering, Hoseok gasped for air, wondering who it was when he recognized Jones' strong arms. Someone must've fetched him.

"I got him!" Jones shouted as he started swimming Hoseok back to the beach.

"Let me go," Hoseok fought against him. He kicked him on the leg, regretting it instantly, and tried to escape. Jones grabbed his arm, having none of it. He swam Hoseok to the beach where Namjoon and Jin scrambled to pull him up the last bit on the sand. "Let me go..." Hoseok whined, trying to half-heartedly shake their hands off of him. He was wet all over. The sand stuck to his clothes and the harsh sun was in his eyes.

"What happened?" Taehyung asked as he ran up to them with Jungkook and Jimin in tow. Everyone was whispering and staring. Hoseok laid perfectly still, hoping that he would go invisible eventually.

Jones pulled him up on his feet. He had dived in with his clothes on. Someone draped a towel over Hoseok's shoulders and then Jin started leading him away, for the path in the forest. Hoseok kept silent. He allowed himself to be led away by Jin and Namjoon. Taehyung, Jungkook and Jimin
followed them.

In the mansion they met Yoongi in the hallway. He raised his eyebrows in surprise when he saw the group. It looked like he'd been on his way out for the gazebo. He had a notepad and a pencil in his hands.

"He wants some hot chocolate," Jin told Yoongi before the group walked downstairs for the kitchen in the basement. Hoseok kept his head low. He felt empty. Yoongi walked into the kitchen and returned a few minutes later with a steaming cup of hot chocolate in his hands. He looked pretty. Hoseok faced down again. Yoongi had a concerned crease on his forehead. Everyone sat down around Hoseok by the table, looking at him.

"What happened?" Yoongi asked. He'd sat down across from Hoseok, looking the most concerned of them all.

"We don't need to talk about that," Namjoon decided in a calm voice.

"He tried to run back home!" Jimin blurted.

"Shh," Hoseok slapped Jimin in the side. Jimin was sitting beside him. Of course he was. So Hoseok couldn't sit close to Yoongi.

"Ow? Don't hit me! It's true!" Jimin urged, speaking so loud that Hoseok's ears hurt.


"I want to change rooms," Hoseok spoke up. His voice was little and upset. He wanted to hug Yoongi. He sat here feeling cold in his towel and wet clothes. Yoongi sat in front of him, looking warm, like he wanted to give Hoseok a hug.

"Do you want to change with me?" Namjoon asked, keen on making Hoseok stay. "Do you want to move to the second floor?"

"No," Yoongi said hurriedly. All heads turned to him. Hoseok's heart skipped a beat out of hope. Yoongi looked embarrassed for a moment. He made eye contact with Hoseok, made Hoseok's heart ache with longing, before he looked away.

"No?" Jin asked curiously, raising his eyebrows in funny surprise. "Why not, dear?"


"Why?" Jin asked. Everyone snapped their heads back and forth, looking at the one who was speaking at the moment. Hoseok anticipated Yoongi's answer, growing disappointed when he stayed silent.

"Here's what we'll do," Jin said. "You will both stay in your room, but Joon will stay with you tonight, making sure you're friends. Okay?"

"No," Hoseok complained, feeling whiny like a baby. "I want to change rooms,"

"No more teasing now, Jimin. This is your last warning." Jin jutted a warning finger in the air for Jimin who crossed his arms.

"Fine," Jimin agreed. No one looked like they believed him.
They spoke about something more, but Hoseok stopped listening there. He stared at Yoongi’s hands on the table as he warmed his own around the hot cup. He lifted the cup to his lips and drank some from it.

"So, glad that we agree," Jin said a while later, when Hoseok had finished drinking the yummy hot chocolate. "Joon will sleep with you tonight." Everyone rose up and started leaving. Taehyung hooked arms with Jungkook and Jimin bickered with Jin. Namjoon trailed after them, and then it was just Hoseok and Yoongi left in the room.

"Did I do something?" Yoongi asked, breaking the silence. He rounded the table and walked up to Hoseok, looked him in the eyes, looking concerned and worried.

"No. Not at all," Hoseok clarified with a small smile. Yoongi hadn't done anything except being kind and cute and too sexy for Hoseok to handle.

"Are you sure?" Yoongi looked hesitant. Hoseok nodded with another smile. He felt much better already. He wanted to hold Yoongi's hand and hug him. Feel his hand against his. He could always dream. Yoongi's eyes were questioning. So dark brown they were almost as black as his eyelashes that fluttered as he blinked. Hoseok could watch his face forever.

"See you," Hoseok said politely, and then he forced himself to leave. He changed clothes in his room and walked back for the beach, keeping out of the water this time, trying to tune out the things everyone asked him. Worst was Dahyun and Rose. They whispered about him and sent him glares. Why, Hoseok didn't know. He started drawing hands in the sand, hands and eyes so dark they were almost black. He drew Yoongi's face and ran a thumb over his cheek, wishing it was the real Yoongi, wishing he would be able to touch Yoongi like that.

"What's that?" Taehyung asked as he sat down next to him.

"Nothing." Hoseok smudged out the drawing, only leaving Yoongi's lips. When Taehyung looked away he ran his index finger over the lips, wondering what Yoongi's real lips would feel like. Hoseok was creepy. He was weird. He was obsessed.
"Here we are!" Jin announced as he dropped the bags to the floor. He stood in the doorway to Hoseok and Jimin's room, forced smile on his lips as he looked around in the dark. He had no lamp. Hoseok watched Jin, feeling confused.

"What's in the bag?" Jimin asked curiously, trying to snatch one of them for himself. Jin picked up the bags again, held them away from him, pressing them both to his chest.

"Our sleeping stuff," Jin explained. Namjoon walked into the room from behind him and waved them hello.

"Our?" Hoseok and Jimin asked at the same time.

"Yeah? Or did you think I was going to leave Joon with you without any supervision?" Jin snorted and started laughing. "Nice joke. I'm staying here too."

"But you won't fit?" Jimin argued. He didn't look that happy when Jin and Namjoon started pulling blankets from the bag and drape them over the floor.

"What's in here?" Namjoon asked, opening the closet before Hoseok and Jimin had the time to shout no. He gasped when he saw the broken rocket chair and glass inside.

"What was it?" Jin asked, trying to peek over his shoulder.

"Nothing!" Namjoon staged a laugh. He made a look of confusion over Jin's back before he went back to making a bed with Jin on the floor. Hoseok got up from his bed and started helping them. The make-shift bed on the floor was narrow but had six blankets, so it was soft. And Jin had brought thick, fluffy pillows. Hoseok contemplated offering to sleep on the floor. The new bed seemed much more comfortable than his own.

"It's not a real sleep over without Tae Tae," Jimin sighed sadly from where he sat cross-legged on his bed. "Wait, never mind," He jumped out from his bed and disappeared out the door.

"Where did he go?" Namjoon asked in confusion, staring at the spot where Jimin had left.

"Don't know. Can we lock the door?" Hoseok asked, just thinking of it. He smiled evilly.

"We can, but we won't do that. Doesn't a sleep over sound fun?" Jin asked with a grin that didn't look forced at all. Was he really the oldest here? Hoseok felt much older sometimes.

"No, I'd like to go to bed early," Hoseok argued. "Need to go up by sunrise, you know,

"Wouldn't it be nice with some candy?" Jin asked, totally ditching what Hoseok had said, and then he was off too. Left were Hoseok and Namjoon. They made eye contact, both looking awkward and confused. Hoseok didn't know what Namjoon and Jin were doing here. He still wanted to change rooms. Namjoon being here didn't matter. Though, Hoseok had missed him. He wondered if Namjoon remembered about the pact they'd made long ago. Of how Hoseok would be able to sleep in Namjoon's bed if he felt lonely.

The door flew open and Jimin stumbled inside, laughing arm and arm with Taehyung who looked confused. Taehyung dragged a yawning Jungkook along. Hoseok raised his eyebrows. The room felt crowded now. He hoped they wouldn't disturb Yoongi.
Jimin pushed Taehyung and Jungkook down his bed, wrapped his arms around Taehyung and giggled at him. Hoseok and Namjoon awkwardly waved at Jungkook who looked like a little baby bunny.

"Are we going to sleep here tonight?" Jungkook asked Taehyung over Jimin's happy cheers.

"No, we're gonna have a pajamas party," Taehyung explained. Jimin must've told everyone different things. Then Jin rushed in through the door with bowls under his arms, scoffing about a sleep over. There were nuts, fruits and candy in the bowls. Jimin and Jungkook started fighting over the candy. Hoseok took an apple and sat down on his bed.

"Okay! So what do you want to play first?" Jin asked excitedly. He sat down on his bed on the floor and pulled Namjoon along with him.

"Spin the bottle!" Jimin announced. He did an air-five with Jin as if they were best buddies. Hoseok climbed in under his blanket and threw the apple core to the floor, wanting to sleep. He closed his eyes and tried to tune out the sounds. It didn't go very well. Jimin pulled off his blanket and forced him to join.

"I'll start!" Jimin exclaimed. He placed an empty bottle that Jin must've brought with him on the floor and spun it around. It pointed at Hoseok. Of course it did. It always did. "Truth or dare?"

"I'm not playing," Hoseok said with a shake of his head.

"Why not?" Jimin whined. He made sad puppy dog eyes and Hoseok was so weak. Jimin's cheeks were soft and he must be lisping on purpose. Hoseok couldn't stay mad at him.

"Okay, truth." Hoseok picked, thinking that he could lie.


"Ask something else," Hoseok said with a frown. He'd known Jimin would ask that.

"Okay, so tell me three things you like about your crush," Jimin said. Hoseok could do that. It was easy.

"Hm..." He pretended to think for a moment. "They've got the most beautiful eyes, they have a big heart and ehm," Hoseok felt his face go tomato red. He'd almost said that Yoongi had a sexy body. That would've sounded weird. "They're funny,"

"Why do you keep referring to them as a 'they'?" Jimin questioned. "And what do you mean by funny? Are they cracking jokes?"

"No, but like, teasing me and stuff..." Hoseok trailed off, wishing he could take back what he'd said. On the floor Jin's eyes were formed into dreamy hearts and Namjoon looked both tense and happy. They knew who Hoseok meant. Awkward.

"You like being teased?" Jimin asked, being annoying again.

"I'll spin it now. I answered." Hoseok reached for the bottle and spun it, wanting to silence Jimin before he made Hoseok blurt something more. It pointed at Jimin. "Truth or dare?"

"What's the first letter of your crush's name?" Hoseok asked, remembering that Jimin had said something about having two, however that worked.

"Ohh," Taehyung said, winking at Hoseok. "Good question."

"Shh," Jimin poked Taehyung on his thigh and started chewing on some more candy. "M."

Hoseok raised his eyebrows. "So Mina, Momo, Mark or-" His heart hurt with panic. "Min?"

"Who knows? Did I mean one of them?" Jimin said mysteriously. "My turn." He reached for the bottle while Hoseok started feeling something new bubble in his chest. It was jealousy. Yoongi was Hoseok's. Jimin had to stay away from him. Hoseok saw him first.

Hoseok grabbed the bowl with the nuts and pressed a handful into his mouth to distract himself from the thoughts and the bad feeling in his chest. He watched as Jimin dared Jin to moon (ew), Jin dared Namjoon to make a dirty joke (cringe), and Namjoon asked Jungkook to please leave some candy for the rest of them to eat. The sun set outside and the sky turned dark blue dotted with stars. Hoseok glanced out, opened the window and watched moonshadows travel the grounds. The moon must be out somewhere.

"Ah, it's so dark!" Jin complained. "I'll grab us a lamp. If I hear Maggie I'll sound like a bird, okay? Then you need to hide and be quiet."

"Alright captain!" Jimin said, making Taehyung and Jungkook join him. Jin left and they continued with the game. Then Jimin got bored and decided they played another one. Never have I ever was called. They were supposed to drink every time they had done what someone said, but since they had no glasses they decided to eat instead.

"Never have I ever shaved my legs," Jimin stated. Jungkook kept eating candy from the bowl. "Uh, hello, Jungkook? Have you shaved your legs?"

"What? No?" Jungkook retorted.

"Then why did you eat?" Jimin took the bowl away from him and put it in his own lap. "Okay, Tae, your turn. The one that eats the most loses. If you win you get to drink water."

"But I'm thirsty?" Taehyung complained.

"Win then?" Jimin nudged his shoulders. Hoseok walked away from the window and sat down on his bed again. He grabbed the bowl with the nuts and looked at Taehyung in the darkness.

"Never have I ever been afraid of horses," Taehyung said. Hoseok and Namjoon ate. It felt rigged.

The game went on. Then Jin returned, with a lamp in his hands.

"Look what I picked up on the way!" He exclaimed excitedly. Hoseok didn't think much about it, thinking Jin meant the light, when Jin pushed Yoongi into the room, hair messy and dressed in a cute nightgown. Hoseok felt his cheeks heat up. He quickly dived under the blanket and pretended to be asleep. Yoongi was in his room. This was not good for his imagination.

"Moody Min!" Taehyung asked in wonder. "Do you want to join the game, too?"

"Jin dragged me in here," Yoongi explained. Hoseok peeked out from his blanket and saw Yoongi shake Jin's arm off of him. "Without saying why,"
"We're playing never have I ever, now," Namjoon informed them. "You don't have to join, Sir."

"Of course he has to join? He needs to live a little, so, come here." Jin dragged a reluctant Yoongi into the room. To Hoseok's horror Jin led him to Hoseok's bed and sat him down on the foot of it, right beside Hoseok's legs under the blanket. Hoseok held his breath. Yoongi had to think that Hoseok's legs were a hard pillow.

"Where did Hoseok go?" Jin asked, as if he was looking around.

"To the bathroom?" Namjoon suggested. Hoseok could kiss him.

"No, he's hiding under the blanket right there," Jungkook said, probably pointing at Hoseok. Hoseok internally sputtered curses at him.

"Here?" Yoongi started patting Hoseok's legs. When his hands graced Hoseok's butt Hoseok sat straight up, blanket falling off his face, moving to the side of the bed, feeling embarrassed and shy. Yoongi sat on his bed and he looked adorable in his nightgown. He was so close. Hoseok wanted to hug him.

"Hi," Yoongi said when Hoseok sat next to him, Hoseok alternating between staring at his feet and at Yoongi's eyes.

"Hi," Hoseok replied with a little smile. He nudged Yoongi's bare foot with his own, feeling his cheeks turn red. He glanced back at Yoongi and couldn't help the smile that curled his lips. Yoongi made him feel so happy.

"Are you having a sleep over?" Yoongi asked almost in a whisper. It felt like he leaned towards Hoseok. Like he nudged his foot back. Hoseok must be making things up.

"I'm not sure," Hoseok contemplated. He flicked his gaze over Yoongi's face, watched him wet his lips with his pink tongue. Hoseok's eyes lowered to the sleeves of the nightgown. He wanted to pull it off. It was instinct to him now. The nightgown had to be pulled off. Was he naked under there? Hoseok wanted to see. His fingers curled with eager. Would Yoongi notice if he pulled up the hem?

"Hoseok? Hello, Hoseok!" Jimin almost shouted, bringing Hoseok back to reality. Hoseok shook his head, trying to shake away the dirty thoughts.

"What?" He scooted away from Yoongi, so they weren't touching toes anymore, and frowned at Jimin. He hadn't realized it but everyone had been watching them. Jin looked excited, Namjoon thrilled, Taehyung calculating, Jungkook confused and Jimin annoyed.

"It's your turn to ask," Jimin said.

"Oh." Hoseok felt awkward. "Right." He thought of something to say. His mind went blank when he got a glimpse of Yoongi beside him. He couldn't think. Yoongi smelled like roses. Taking off his nightgown would be so easy.

"Do you need help?" Yoongi asked.

"What!" Hoseok felt Yoongi touch his shoulder and he jumped out of bed in surprise. His voice pitched and he tried to still his racing heart. "H-help? W-why would I, why would I need h-help?" He forced a dry laugh. He wished that he'd be able to stop talking.

Yoongi looked at Namjoon who shrugged at him. Then he looked back at Hoseok who finally
calmed down and sat back down, this time as far away from Yoongi as possible. He didn't want to be near him. He liked his mind clear. Not dizzy.

"What the hell was that?" Jimin muttered to Taehyung. Hoseok heard him and frowned.

"Never have I ever lied to make other people like me." Was what ran out of Hoseok's mouth. Jimin had to eat. Hoseok stared at him.


"Not hungry, Jimin?" Hoseok asked. "You can take some of these nuts. Here you go." He held out his bowl for him.

"Ha-ha." Jimin rolled eyes. "Nice try, but I've never done that,"

"But you lie all the time?" Taehyung whispered so the others could hear him. "You don't mean it, but you do. Sometimes."

Jemin looked hurt. "Thanks Tae Tae. You're such a nice friend," He muttered sarcastically. After some more sighing and complaining he finally ate a candy. It was his turn to ask. "Hm... I know, never have I ever jerked off every night for one and a half week." He stared at Hoseok who felt his face flame red again. "If you don't eat you're out of the game, Hobi." Jimin shrugged, evil smirk on his lips. "Your choice."

Hoseok grunted with embarrassment before he took a nut and chewed it so hard it felt like something in his jaw broke. Jimin looked satisfied. Hoseok felt embarrassed. He couldn't look Yoongi in the eyes. Yoongi was watching him. Yoongi had seen Hoseok agree. Hoseok's face would be red forever.

"Okay," Taehyung said as it was his turn. He was winning this. "Never have I ever kissed a girl."

At first Jimin started laughing. Jimin and then Jin laughed over how silly the question was and how awkward it was that Taehyung had admitted that he hadn't. Then it got silent. No one was eating anything. Hoseok stared at Yoongi's hands in the faint light from the lamp on the floor. Hadn't he kissed anyone? He was seventeen.

Then Hoseok looked away. He started smiling so big. Yoongi hadn't kissed a girl, but what if he'd kissed a boy? Hoseok bit his lip in a grin, raising a hand to hide his mouth. Maybe Yoongi was different, like Hoseok.

But no. Yoongi was probably lying. It was easy to lie like this. Why would he though?

"Awkward." Jin coughed. "I say we pass this one... Jungkook, you?"

Hoseok's eyes got wide. Wait, he thought. Hadn't Jimin kissed a girl? He'd said that he had someone to hug and kiss. And if not a girl, then did that mean he'd kissed a boy? Or was he lying as well? But why would he make fun of Hoseok for being homosexual and call him Homo Hobi if he was gay himself? That seemed hypocrite.

Jungkook cleared his throat. "You ready?" He snickered evilly before he whispered something into Taehyung's ear. He leaned back, Taehyung grinning sneakily. "Never have I ever kissed a boy."

Jin, Namjoon and Jimin sputtered. Yoongi let out a sound of surprise and Hoseok's face went pale. What was Jungkook asking? He was just a kid. He knew nothing about things like this.
"Bon appetit!" Jin said cheerfully in French as he peeled a banana and gave half to Namjoon. They started eating, smiling awkwardly at each other before they looked around the room. Taehyung grinned at them. Jimin muttered something before he stubbornly crossed his arms. Hoseok stared at him. Either he was lying now or he'd lied with the girl-question. He didn't want to admit the gender of the one he'd kissed.

"What flavor?" Taehyung asked Jungkook who smiled and opened his mouth. "Chocolate?" He fed Jungkook with a piece of chocolate before he took a candy for himself that he ate. Hoseok only stared. Had Jungkook, the literal fetus, gotten a kiss? A kiss from a boy? And Taehyung? Why hadn't they said anything? When had that happened!? Was Hoseok the only one who hadn't kissed anyone here?

"Haven't you kissed anyone, Jiminie?" Taehyung asked in staged surprise.

"Funny, but I'm not playing the game anymore," Jimin huffed, looking defiant.

"Me neither." Hoseok stated, thinking that he could pretend that he was lying like Jimin. No one had to know that he hadn't kissed anyone. It was just embarrassing.

"Same. I'm just eating candy," Taehyung said with his mouth full. "I totally haven't kissed a boy!"

"I have!" Jin exclaimed before he pressed a smacking banana-kiss to Namjoon's cheek. Namjoon grinned so his dimples showed before he kissed Jin on his cheek in return.

"That's so cute, hyungs," Taehyung said with a soft smile. He grabbed Jungkook's hand and pressed a kiss to it, nuzzled his face against his neck with a smile.

Hoseok felt strange from these displays of affection. He glanced at Yoongi who was sitting silent beside him. He looked uncomfortable. Stiff. Hoseok felt the same. He scooted even further to the side, wanting everyone to leave the room so he could sleep. Jimin got the bowl of candy and started eating from it, claiming that he was just hungry.

"Okay, my turn!" Jin scoffed when it was his turn. Yoongi hadn't eaten anything. Hadn't he kissed anyone? Hoseok had just revealed that he hadn't. He hoped no one had noticed that.

"So-" Jin didn't get to say the rest of the sentence. It knocked on the door. Three hard knocks before the door handle was roughly pulled down.

"It's Maggie! Hide!" Jimin hissed, dropping to the floor with Jungkook, leaving the bowl with candy on the bed. Taehyung hid under the blanket with Namjoon who jumped in there with him. Jin hid himself behind the door and threw one of his spare blankets over the lamp on the floor, covering it, making the light dim.

"Hello?" Maggie rasped. She had brought a lamp of her own. Hoseok saw the light of it through the fabric of the blanket. His heart beat hard. He hoped Maggie wouldn't pull the blanket off.

Yoongi brushed a hand over Hoseok's buttock, drawing his attention back to him. Hoseok was reminded of the fact that he was straddling Yoongi, and Yoongi panted harshly into his ear. Yoongi's chest heaved. He must be afraid of Maggie finding him here. Hoseok struggled to breathe too. Yoongi was so close. The air under the blanket smelled like Yoongi. Like his rose shampoo.
Like his skin.

Hoseok didn't know what he was doing. Yoongi was so close and he smelled so good, and Hoseok spread his legs a bit wider, stopped thinking as he pressed his groin against Yoongi, cheeks burning. He couldn't hear Maggie anymore. All he heard was Yoongi breathing fast. Maybe Hoseok was heavy. Hoseok lowered one of his hands, reached behind himself, finding Yoongi's thigh under the blanket. His heart jolted in his chest. He gathered the fabric of the nightgown in his hand, heart hurting with nervousness before he released the fabric again, hand moving lower. He should stop what he was doing. He should move away. Give Yoongi privacy. Apologize. But he didn't. Instead he repositioned a little bit, sat lower down Yoongi's body and gently stroked his hand over Yoongi's soft thigh, pushing the fabric of the nightgown up until his hand reached his hip. Hoseok's heart thumped like crazy in his chest. It felt like he was trembling. It was like he'd suspected. Yoongi wasn't wearing anything underneath. Hoseok felt the warm skin of his hip under his hand. Hoseok wasn't wearing underwear either. He'd run out of them.

Hoseok bit his lip when Yoongi put a hand on his shoulder. It was hot under the blanket. Yoongi was breathing fast. Hoseok was all sweaty, leaning on Yoongi's chest. Yoongi must be trying to push Hoseok away, because he moved his hips, raised them, rubbing himself against Hoseok's groin. Hoseok gasped from the feeling. He didn't have time to do anything more. He didn't have the time to move the nightgown further up. The blanket was pulled off of them, thrown to the floor, and Hoseok got so afraid that he startked and fell off the bed. He landed on the floor with a painful 'ouf'. He sat up, preparing for feeling Maggie's claws around his neck, when he found that she was gone. Instead Jin stood by the bed with the blanket in his hands and a gasp ready on his tongue.

"Yoongi!" Jin exclaimed, pointing at Yoongi with an open mouth. Hoseok glanced at Yoongi who sat up on the bed and pulled his nightgown back down over his legs. Hoseok wanted to hide. His face burned red from shame. Yoongi must wonder what sick perv had tried to take his clothes off. Hoseok should apologize. He felt so guilty. "You're-!"

Yoongi jumped out of bed and hurriedly pressed a hand against Jin's lips. "Shh," He scolded him with a panicked frown on his face. Hoseok felt confused. It wasn't like Yoongi to look panicked like this. It wasn't like Yoongi to look cute like this either. His cheeks were especially pink, and his dark hair was tousled up at the back. Hoseok wanted to touch him again. Give him a hug this time. A long, warm hug. He had to look away. Looking at Yoongi made him confused and emotional and frustrated with himself.

"Mm, mm!" Jin made muffled sounds from behind Yoongi's hand. Namjoon and Taehyung emerged from the blanket on Jimin's bed and Jimin and Jungkook from under the bed. Hoseok dared another glimpse at Yoongi from the floor. Yoongi kept trying to pull the gown down, readjusting it over his legs. Hoseok felt guilty. He couldn't believe that he'd just almost taken it off, or pulled it up from below, in bed as he'd forced himself on Yoongi.

"What did I miss?" Namjoon asked as he ran a hand through his hair and walked up to Yoongi and Jin.

"Maggie left," Taehyung explained. "And then Jin pulled Hobi's blanket off, pointed at Min and Min covered Jin's mouth,"

"Let him go?" Namjoon told Yoongi who finally did so. Yoongi sat down on Hoseok's bed and crossed his legs, frowning at Jin, glaring at him. Jin immediately leaned into whisper something in Namjoon's ear that had him gaping and smiling in surprise.

Hoseok slowly made his way back to his bed, wanting to apologize for how he'd touched Yoongi just now. He wanted to. He didn't. Instead he sat as far away from Yoongi as possible and picked
up the blanket from the floor, draping it over his lap, feeling bad and guilty and horny. Yoongi was too sexy.

Yoongi didn't say anything and Hoseok didn't say anything. They sat stiffly on Hoseok's bed, strained silence between them, as they watched the others laugh and mimic Maggie with her cane before they patted each other on the back.

"I need to leave now," Yoongi said to no one in particular just as everyone had sat down and Jin had decided they play another game. Yoongi was facing forward, eyes on the door, strange look on his face.

"You do?" Hoseok asked, heart sinking, glancing at him uncertainly. He didn't want Yoongi to leave. He had to stay so Hoseok could apologize. So Hoseok could make him smile again.

Only that Hoseok didn't apologize. He couldn't. To apologize he would need to reveal what he'd been doing, and he didn't want to tell Yoongi how he'd planned on taking the nightgown off so he could feel him up. Maybe Yoongi hadn't noticed. It felt like he had, but just maybe. Hoseok shouldn't bring it up in case Yoongi hadn't noticed.

"Good night." Yoongi looked at Hoseok briefly, gave him a quick nod before he hurriedly left for the door, walking tensely and stiffly and pulling at the nightgown. Jin nudged Namjoon's shoulder and pointed and laughed at Yoongi who sent a glare at them over his shoulder.

When Yoongi was gone Hoseok felt no need to join the games anymore. He felt a bit empty. Yoongi had left. It felt like it was Hoseok's fault. That he'd made him uncomfortable.

He made an excuse about being tired and made himself ready to hit sleep, the whispering voices of the others working as a lullaby. He felt sneaky as he turned the blanket upside down, so he had the spot where Yoongi had sat on, the spot on the blanket that smelled like him, by his nose. He pressed his nose against the spot with a sneaky smile. Then he closed his eyes, wanting to dream about Yoongi all night long. Tomorrow he would dress him again and he couldn't wait.
Moaning Min

Chapter Notes

thanks for reading!! i have the BEST readers and commenters! honestly, thank you so much for the support and happy, funny comments!!♥♥♥

now, this is the longest chapter this far, 8500 words, but i didn't wanna cut it! one of my fav chapters, hope you'll like it too...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Hoseok, I love you," Yoongi mused with a perfect smile on his lips. It was small, only showing the front of his teeth. He looked happy, wonderful. He gently stroked Hoseok's cheek.

"You do?" Hoseok leaned into his touch. "I love you too," he whispered. Yoongi giggled adorably and they tumbled around on the field, rolling around in each other's arms. Hoseok laughed when they came to a stop, Hoseok straddling Yoongi's hips.

"Kiss me," Yoongi breathed. Hoseok did. He kissed him, heart swelling with emotions as he lowered a hand to Yoongi's thigh, tugging at the hem of the nightgown he was wearing. Everything was light and glowing. Yoongi's skin. His clothes. The feelings bubbling in Hoseok's chest.

"Can I touch you?" Yoongi breathed against Hoseok's lips. Hoseok shuddered when he felt Yoongi's hand grace his thigh. He was only wearing a loose shirt. Yoongi's fingers lightly graced Hoseok's skin as his hand travelled higher, to Hoseok's buttock, starting stroking him gently.

"Mm," Hoseok hummed, closing his eyes to focus on the feeling of Yoongi's hands on him. Yoongi gently stoked his hip with his other hand, stroked down his side, until his hand snaked to the inner side of Hoseok's thigh. Hoseok let out a gasp when Yoongi's hand got dangerously close his groin. Hoseok felt hot already. Yoongi smelled so good.

"What's the word?" Yoongi purred as he drew circles on Hoseok's trembling thigh. Hoseok struggled to keep himself up. He was too excited.

"P-please," Hoseok whimpered as he pressed his face against Yoongi's neck. Yoongi smelled like roses and soap and something darker. He must be excited too.

"Good boy," Yoongi whispered into Hoseok's ear, letting his breath ghost over him. Hoseok moaned. Yoongi's hand finally reached his groin, graced his cock before he wrapped his fingers around him. Hoseok tightened his grip on Yoongi's shoulders, starting moving his hips, mouth falling open in a silent gasp, rutting into Yoongi's hand.

"More," Hoseok panted against Yoongi's neck. "Please, more, please Yoongi," He found Yoongi's thighs and started pulling up his nightgown, wanting to see what he looked like underneath, wanting to feel him too, touch his nipples after weeks of longing. "Ah," he whimpered when Yoongi pulled at his cock harder. His hand was rough, creating wonderful friction. The grip was perfect, the movements gentle, alternating between stroking fast and slow, keeping Hoseok on edge.

Hoseok spread his legs wide and bucked his hips, rubbing against Yoongi under him, feeling
pleasure build up fast.

"Ah, ah-, Yoongi, Yoongi please, *please*, faster, t-touch me more, t-touch-" he broke out in a sob when his body tensed. He felt so warm. So good.

He clawed at the sheets, rolled his hips against the mattress until he came, spilling into his pants. He moaned into his pillow, feeling terrific. He kept thrusting his hips fast, basking in the orgasm. "*Yoongi,*" He cried when it got too much. It felt like he was crying. Yoongi was amazing. He touched him so well. Made him feel so good.

His hips came to a stop. He stillled and breathed hard, trying to catch his breath. He wiped sweat from his forehead on the pillow, when he noticed something weird. Voices. He heard voices around him. Murmuring voices. Hurried voices.

He frowned. What were voices doing here at the field with him and Yoongi when they were having sex?

Then he sat up quickly. His eyes went wide with realization. He wasn't at a field with Yoongi. Yoongi wasn't here. Hoseok was in his bed. In the mansion. On the third floor.

Slowly, he turned his head to the side. It was light in the room. Early in the morning. Just past sunrise. The time when Jimin usually woke him up with his cheerful early morning singing. Where was Jimin now? Hoseok must've had a dream. A super dirty dream.

He felt his heart drop when he saw Jimin sit on his bed with wide eyes, staring at Hoseok. Namjoon was holding a hand over his mouth, face embarrassed but eyes calculating. Hoseok gulped. Felt his chest tighten. On the floor next to them were Taehyung, Jungkook and Jin asleep.

"*You perv!*" Jimin accused Hoseok as he slapped Namjoon's hand away from him. "*There are five* other people in the room and you-, you-, what the hell do you think you're doing? Mattress-humper!"

Hoseok felt his face go red. It had only been a dream. A wonderful dream that hadn't ended with a kiss this time. He had been asleep. He couldn't help what his body did in his sleep.

He was so embarrassed. He glanced down himself. There was a damp spot at the front of his pajama pants and he smelled disgusting. The hem of his shirt looked suspicious too. Glancing back at his bed he saw the wet spot in the middle of the bed. His pillow had a wet spot on it too.

"Oh my god," He whispered. He'd never been this ashamed. "I'm so sorry-"

"Horny Hobi needs to calm down! At least *I'm* quiet!" Jimin urged, swatting his hands around in the air dramatically, looking nearly shocked. "*I've never* humped a mattress like that, like, what the hell? Are you some animal or something?"

"So, no need to raise your voice-" Namjoon tried to calm him.

"*Did someone say Yoongi?*" Taehyung mumbled as he woke up on the floor and blinked his eyes open. Hoseok gasped. Shit. He'd mumbled Yoongi right now, hadn't he? He'd cried his name as he came. Hoseok set himself up for trouble. Had Taehyung heard him? Awesome. Jimin had probably heard him too. Now it would be minutes until Yoongi found out about it and threw Hoseok out. Hoseok couldn't wait to become homeless.

"Wait," Jimin whispered, putting one and one together, gaping as Namjoon patted his shoulder tensely. "Wait a second..." Jimin flicked his gaze between Hoseok's red face, the wet spot in his
"I did! I said Yoongi!" Namjoon surprised everyone by saying.

"No you didn't?" Jimin countered with a confused look on his face, turning to stare at Namjoon. "Tae asked Hobi."

"No, but I did say Yoongi?" Namjoon laughed awkwardly and forced. It sounded fake. He scratched the back of his head. "I wonder where he is?"

"In his room…?" Jimin replied as if Namjoon was dumb.

"Well, unless he is somewhere else?" Namjoon argued cleverly.

They discussed some more. Or calling it discussing was overdoing it. It was Jimin wanting to figure out the truth and ask Taehyung questions while Namjoon interrupted him all the time, acting stupid. Taehyung watched them with tired eyes. Hoseok didn't know what he was doing here. He didn't know what Jungkook was doing here either. Thankfully Jungkook hadn't seen him hump the mattress, but Hoseok would still burn in hell to pay for what he'd done.

Jin woke up and tickled Jungkook until Jungkook slapped him in his sleep, making his gasp and shriek about getting his handsome face defiled. Jimin eventually gave up on Namjoon. Everyone grabbed their stuff and started leaving the room.

"If someone asks what happened with your pants, should I tell them you humped the mattress or that you peed yourself?" Jimin asked Hoseok as Hoseok gathered his pile of dirty clothes from under the bed. He tried to cover his crotch with them, feeling miserable.

"Tell them I'm going to hell," Hoseok replied, and then he pushed his way past Jimin in the doorway and ran for the stairs. On the lawn he faced the ground, pretending that he didn't see Mark and Jackson who were walking for the beach too.

By the beach he walked into the water with his pajamas still on, not wanting anyone to see the mess he'd made in his pants. Mark and Jackson looked confused.

"Have you gotten shy or do you like to bathe with your clothes on?" Jackson joked, nudging Mark's shoulders until he laughed.

Hoseok forced a fake smile and fake laugh at them before he turned around and took off his clothes in the water. He rubbed himself clean and swirled his pajamas around him in the water. He lowered down until the water reached him to his chin when Jimin, Taehyung and Namjoon walked out on the beach. Jimin jumped out of his clothes and ran into the water, keeping as far away from Hoseok as possible.

Hoseok felt ashamed and disgusting. Taehyung and Namjoon both smiled awkwardly at him before they swam over to the others. No one wanted to swim close to Hoseok. He was dirty. He'd polluted the water. Even Alejandro and the others kept away from him. Everyone shared around the soap, and by the time Hoseok got it it barely lasted to clean his armpits. When everyone walked up on the beach he trailed in their footsteps, dragging his pajamas along after him on the beach. It got sandy. Didn't matter. He sat down by the rocks and started cleaning his big pile of dirty clothes as best as he could. He wanted to cry when he saw that several of his white shirts were stained with yellow-lish, dried come. He just wanted to burn them. He needed new shirts. He had no money.

"Hey, how is it going?" Namjoon asked friendly from behind, surprising Hoseok.
"Okay," Hoseok lied. "Do you have clothes to wash too?"

"No, but I could give you a hand if you want to." He offered, not really looking like he wanted to. He was only asking to be nice. Hoseok appreciated it, but he simply couldn't make Namjoon wash come off his shirts. It was both embarrassing and cruel.

"Thanks, but you can go ahead. I'm almost done." That was another lie. He was only on two out of three shirts, three pair of underwear, two pants and a pajama. He stared at the pile of clothes. What had Yoongi done with him.

"I'll ask Jandro to keep you company," Namjoon said with an encouraging nod. "See you inside. I'm not judging you, by the way, but I still think you should tell Yoongi how you feel,"

"Very funny." Hoseok made a face of discomfort. "But I don't think he would be very fond of the idea of me obsessing over him like this. Jerking off to him every day... I would be creeped out myself;"

"Would you?" Namjoon raised his eyebrows in question.

"If-, if it was someone else, I mean," Hoseok stuttered out, cheeks heating up. "Not- not if it was Yoongi who-, over me-, but he wouldn't, no, never, he's not weird like that..."

"Right," Namjoon said. It felt like the both of them were thinking back on the memory of Yoongi humping his pillow. Hoseok got hot from the mere memory of it. He wanted to see him on the edge again. He wanted to see his spread buttocks and the curve of his spine.

He gulped and scrubbed his shirt faster. He pressed his legs tightly together and smiled at Namjoon, trying to shake the thoughts away, hoping he looked innocent. "Thanks, see you inside."

And Namjoon left and got dressed. A minute later a hairy Alejandro sat down on the beach next to Hoseok.

"Hola," Alejandro greeted him. He gave Hoseok's naked body a look over. Maybe he wasn't used to seeing bodies that wasn't as hairy as his. Maybe he wondered what his own body looked like under all hair. "What doin'?"

"Are you asking me if I'm dying?" Hoseok asked absentmindedly, his hands working on cleaning his shirt and his mind replaying the memory of Yoongi moaning as he stepped into the bathtub.

"Boathouse?" Alejandro asked with a flirty wink.

"What? What about it?" Hoseok finished cleaning one of the shirts and started on one of his pants. "Could you help me, please?" He gave Alejandro the cleanest pair of underwear and pointed at the yellow spot that he could clean. Alejandro grabbed Hoseok's hand and looked him in the eyes.

"Jimin 'old me you liked 'e," Alejandro whispered in his heavy accent. Hoseok gulped. Jimin had what? "You do?"

"I would like you better if you helped me clean my underwear," Hoseok said stiffly as he shook Alejandro's hand off him. He crossed his legs again, wanting to cover himself, and kept to himself as he started speed-cleaning his pants. Damn Jimin. When had he told Alejandro that Hoseok liked him? Just now? As revenge for what had happened this morning?

"Will you 'iss me if I 'elp you?" Alejandro asked with a wink and a charming, Spanish smile. It was charming. Alejandro had a great, fit body under all hair. He was older. He had beautiful tanned, almost dark skin. He had to shave every morning. That's how manly he was. Still, Hoseok felt
nothing for him. He couldn't wait to see Yoongi's thin body in a while, run his hands over his fragile bones and watch the pink of his nipples contrast against the pale. He had to suppress a whimper from the mere thought.

"What doin'?" Alejandro wondered, poking Hoseok's hands that had formed into fists from the memory of Yoongi's body. He wanted to touch him so bad. He had to stop thinking of Yoongi now. He was being creepy.

"Help me please." Hoseok motioned for the underwear Alejandro hadn't cleaned at all. "Hurry,

"Si, si," Alejandro started cleaning the underwear. He started humming on a song. It was both soothing and annoying.

After what felt like forever Hoseok finished cleaning everything. Alejandro helped him clean the pair of underwear, and they got dressed and hung Hoseok's clothes on the racks. Then Alejandro pointed at his cheek.

"Mi Amor, the iss." He smiled dangerously and pointed at his cheek. Hoseok got the message. He wasn't going to do that. He only wanted to kiss sweet Yoongi.

"Oh, uhm, thanks for the help but uh, oops, I need to run," He huffed, pretending to check a watch in his pocket. "Jimin told me he liked you by the way, but he wanted it to stay a secret so don't tell him I said it!" He winked suggestively and started walking away.

"Jimin? Really?" Alejandro asked with wonder in his voice. He high fived the air and exclaimed something happily in Spanish. Hoseok got strangely hurt. It felt like everyone liked Jimin more than him. Even Alejandro had Hoseok as a second choice.

At breakfast he didn't feel hurt anymore. He smiled to himself as Alejandro kept shouting things to Jimin over the table to try and catch his attention. Jimin wondered what he was doing and frowned at him, not liking the attention. When Alejandro looked at Hoseok in question he faked ignorance and ate his porridge, thinking it tasted like shit compared to the bacon and eggs he'd eaten with Yoongi yesterday. It felt like ages ago.

After breakfast everyone scattered. Namjoon said something about the boathouse and Alejandro glued himself to Jimin who glued himself to Mark who glued himself to Jackson who glued himself to Mina. Sana and Momo joined the group. Hoseok was happy to see them leave. They could have all the fun they wanted, but Hoseok would soon get to see Yoongi, the best person ever who never judged Hoseok for being a perv, never called him Horny Hobi or mattress-humper. He teased Hoseok and made him feel happy and good. Hoseok wanted to be good for him. Wanted the dream he'd had to come true. So he grabbed his cleaning bucket and made ugly faces at Rose and Lisa when they weren't watching and hurried up the stairs till the third floor. He started dusting off the paintings, getting some dust this time since he hadn't cleaned yesterday.

When he got to his room he changed the sheets and cleaned the floor from last night's improvised sleep over. He found new sheets in the room next to theirs. It was an old storage room, with old clothes and sheets and with an old sewing machine standing in the corner. There was no window in the room and Hoseok found it a bit creepy. He made sure to always leave the door ajar, afraid of the ghosts trapping him inside it.

By the time it was time to clean Yoongi's room he'd worked up a sweat. It was probably mostly due to nervousness. He felt really nervous. He checked himself, made sure he looked good, flattened out his clothes over his body and tried to flatten out his disobedient hair too. Dust rained into his eyes. Oh well. Yoongi had seen him look worse. This fic, Happy Farmers, belong to
Farquad on the Archive.

He raised a hand and knocked once on the door. He felt uncomfortable from how hard his heart was beating already. It hurt. He almost felt the need to steady himself against the door. To run back downstairs in fear. He hoped he wouldn't pee himself when he saw Yoongi. Or nut himself. Whatever was worst. Probably nutting.

When he received no answer he raised his hand and knocked on the door once more. Silence. He pressed his ear against the door. Was Yoongi still asleep? Maybe he was tired after the sleep over yesterday. Maybe he didn't answer since he didn't want Hoseok to touch him anymore after how he'd slid his hand over his thigh like a creep in bed yesterday. The thought of it made Hoseok feel jittery. It made his chest twitch with so many feelings. Hope. Fear. Excitement.

He knocked a third time. No answer now either. He put his hand on the door handle and opened the door. It was unlocked and swung open like usual. He peeked inside, feeling his heart jump with panic when Yoongi wasn't in his bed. Where was he?

"Hello?" Hoseok asked hesitantly. "Yoongi?"

He jerked and screamed when he felt something poke him on the shoulder.

"Shh, it's me," Yoongi whispered, trying to calm him by putting a hand on his shoulder. Hoseok stared at the hand, wanting to grab it in his own, but Yoongi moved it away. His face was a bit red. Had he come from the bathroom? Hoseok had worried in vain. Yoongi was here now.

"Good morning," Hoseok said, following Yoongi into the room, watching him as he sat down his bed and climbed in under the thick blanket. He was wearing the nightgown. The same nightgown he'd had in Hoseok's dream. It was flowy. Bright and white. Hoseok wanted to take it off.

"Slept well?" Yoongi asked in a small, adorable voice. Hoseok just wanted to hug him. Or kiss him. Both. Anything. He didn't. Instead he started walking around, cleaning the room.

"Yes. You?" He asked politely.

"Yup." Yoongi was silent for a moment. "You called me Yoongi just now, did you notice?"

"Oh, did I?" Hoseok smiled shyly at the windowsill in front of him. Hoseok hadn't thought about it himself. He'd done it naturally. But Yoongi had noticed. He sounded so cute. He was so clever. The need to hug him grew stronger. "Sorry, Sir,"

"No, I wanted you to call me that. Please do so," Yoongi said. He sounded so formal and polite and kind that Hoseok had to close his eyes and just smile for a moment. Yoongi was the best. The most wonderful gentleman.

"If you say so, Yoongi," Hoseok said, testing the word, loving how it rolled off his tongue. It was sweet, just like Yoongi.

There wasn't much to clean today. It almost felt like Yoongi had tried to clean his room himself sometimes. Hoseok didn't get why he would do that. The closet was always a mess though.

"How was it to sleep with Namjoon as a guard dog?" Yoongi asked as he sat on the side of the bed. He dangled his legs over the edge and Hoseok felt tears burn in his eyes. How could he be so cute? It wasn't human. He looked adorable, barefoot and smiling a little bit. Maybe he wanted to drive Hoseok crazy.
"It went okay. This morning was awful, though," Hoseok said as he picked out an outfit for today from the closet.

"Was it? Why?" Yoongi asked curiously. Hoseok bit his lip. He shouldn't have said that. What now? He didn't want to lie but he couldn't tell Yoongi about the wild mattress-humping.

"No need to worry about that, eh. I will dress you now." He draped the clothes over his arm and walked for Yoongi who obediently sat on the bed with his hands in his lap. His skin was pale and hair dark. He looked small and fragile. Hoseok couldn't wait to pull his clothes off.

"Leaving me on a cliffhanger?" Yoongi raised his eyebrows.

Hoseok snorted at him, sitting down on the chair and putting the clothes on the bed in front of him. "You don't want to know what happened," He mumbled.

"But I do," Yoongi insisted. "Did you do something embarrassing?"

"Why do you think I did something? What do you mean by that?" Hoseok asked, lightly slapping Yoongi on the thigh, feeling a spark when Yoongi gave a little whimper of surprise. They stared at each other, both surprised by the sound as Hoseok's eyes widened and his face went red.

Yoongi opened his nightstand drawer without answering Hoseok's question. He picked up a yellow candy. The last one. "Want one?" He asked.

"What do I have to do to get it?" Hoseok asked, knowing that Yoongi wanted something in return.

"Hm..." Yoongi narrowed his eyes as he contemplated what he would make Hoseok do. "Nothing. Here, just take it." He held the candy out for Hoseok who reached out to take it, feeling dumb when Yoongi held it away from him.

"Ha-ha," Hoseok voiced. He motioned for Yoongi to raise his arms. When he did Hoseok pulled the nightgown off, forcing himself not to stare. The air felt thicker as he let the nightgown fall to the floor. He picked up the pair of underwear from the bed and got down on the floor to put them on. He grabbed Yoongi's foot, helping him step into them. Tried to. Yoongi held his foot away.

"Hey, stay still,"

"Don't you want the candy?" Yoongi teased him, waving the candy in front of Hoseok's face.

"You won't give it to me anyway," Hoseok retorted. He felt flustered and awkward. Why was Yoongi teasing him like this? He was naked. Hoseok couldn't take this. He had to put Yoongi on his clothes now or Hoseok might start kissing his legs or something.

"If you tell me what happened before you got here I'll give it to you and let you dress me," Yoongi bargained. "How about that?"

Hoseok felt even more flustered. "No need to bring that up. It was nothing." He grabbed for Yoongi's foot again, not surprised when he held it away from him.

"Tell me." Yoongi crossed his legs and Hoseok tried not to stare between them. Yoongi's skin was so pale. So beautiful and soft. Hoseok gulped, feeling trapped. He had to make something up.

"I, uh, I started singing in my sleep and accidentally woke up the others." Hoseok shrugged and put on a smile. It wasn't really a lie. He had been making sounds, just different ones. He wasn't going to tell Yoongi about that small detail.
"I didn't know you could sing?" Yoongi mused in wonder. "Sing me something."

Hoseok wished he'd stuck to the truth. Now what?

"No, ehm, I can't." He forced a laugh. "The others didn't like it either, ehm,"

"Why didn't they like it?" Yoongi asked, finally letting his feet down so Hoseok could start dressing him and stop being teased by his dick in his face.

"I'm not sure..." Hoseok trailed off, without mentioning the part where Jimin and Namjoon had watched him hump the mattress.

Yoongi was silent as Hoseok dressed him in today's clothes. They were the same shade of blue like the sea in the painting over Yoongi's desk table. The same blue as the lake outside. Hoseok put Yoongi's ring on his finger and lined him up in front of the mirror.

"I think you have deserved this," Yoongi stated then, holding out the yellow candy in his hand. He'd held it there for long, so it had started to melt. Hoseok reached for it, his dirty mind making him want to lick Yoongi's finger's clean, when Yoongi held it away from him and snickered proudly. "You never learn, do you?"

Hoseok felt his cheeks burn. He started walking for the door, feeling embarrassed.

"Wait," Yoongi caught up with him, startling him by gracing his shoulder with his own. "Here." He held out his hand again. This time Hoseok was faster. He quickly gripped Yoongi's wrist with his other hand as he took the candy. Yoongi wasn't holding his hand away this time. He watched as Hoseok took the sticky candy from his palm and guided it to his mouth. It tasted sweet and sugary and it was warm. Hoseok started smiling when he thought about the fact that the candy had been on Yoongi's palm for so long. He had Yoongi's hand on his tongue.

"That will be it for today, Sir," Hoseok stated with a little bow as he grabbed his cleaning bucket from the floor and started leaving.

"No need to call me Sir," Yoongi said with an attractive, flirty smile on his lips that made Hoseok melt. "Call me Yoongi."

Hoseok tried to focus. "But does anyone else call you that?" He wondered if he should feel special or not. He felt special, and it was a dangerous feeling. It gave him hope when he knew he shouldn't have any.

"I told you, didn't I? Jin and Joon call me that. You may also do it." Yoongi didn't give any other explanation than that. Maybe Hoseok shouldn't expect one. Yoongi was mysterious. Hoseok never knew what he was thinking. Why his eyes were so questioning and soft and sharp at the same time. Hoseok met his gaze, drowning in his eyes, wanting Yoongi to tell him why he kept teasing him all the time. He made Hoseok feel excited and it wasn't good.

"Good day, ehm, Yoongi." Hoseok bowed once more before he opened the door. He backed out of it, feeling reluctant to leave. Yoongi's room was so warm and smelled so good. Hoseok wanted to bury himself in Yoongi's bed and sniff his nightgown for the rest of the day.

"Wait-" Yoongi stopped him again. Hoseok gave a sound of nervous surprise. He hoped that Yoongi hadn't figured out what Hoseok had done this morning. "Did you already have breakfast?"

Oh. Hoseok felt his face go red. It almost sounded like Yoongi asked him on a date. Hoseok should stop hoping. Should stop being childish and read into things that weren't there. Yoongi was just
kind for unknown reasons.

"I did," Hoseok said.

"Oh, okay." Yoongi nodded, looking embarrassed, cheeks tinting pink as he avoided eye contact, facing the floor. "Uhm, good day then." He smiled the faintest of smiles before he closed the door in front of Hoseok, leaving him staring at the door on the other side. He'd had breakfast, but he hadn't really eaten anything. He could still eat more. He wanted to go on a second date (it wasn't a date) with Yoongi.

"Wait!" He knocked on the door.

"Hm?" Yoongi opened the door within a second, a happy smile tugging at his lips. He looked so pretty. So excited. Hoseok couldn't take it. "Changed your mind?"

"Yes." Hoseok started smiling too. He couldn't help it. Yoongi looked so beautiful. Hoseok's chest got warm and fussy.

"Feeling for some strawberries?" Yoongi wondered with another pretty smile. He stepped out the doorway and locked the door with a key in his hand from the outside before he glanced back up at Hoseok. He was just a little bit shorter. Hoseok loved the height difference between them. He loved being bigger.

Hoseok nodded excitedly. He grinned with a red face as he followed Yoongi through the corridor and down the stairs. Yoongi waited on the first floor as Hoseok rushed to the cleaning room in the basement to put his things away. He hid his dirty sheets that had been in the bucket in the corner of the room, hoping that Rose wouldn't find them, before he slapped his cheeks. He had to act normal. He was going to eat breakfast with Yoongi. He couldn't do something weird.

"Why are you slapping yourself? Do I even want to know?" Rose's voice came out of nowhere. She sounded disapproving and weirded out. Hoseok stopped slapping himself and slipped away, not bothering thinking of an excuse to pull.

"Do you like pancakes?" Yoongi asked softly as Hoseok joined him up the stairs. Hoseok's heart skipped a beat with happiness.

"I love pancakes!" He chirped, unable to mask his joy.

"Then that's what we're eating today," Yoongi decided. Hoseok grinned as Yoongi led them for the fancy dining room where they'd eaten the last time. Jones greeted them with a blinding smile before he guided them to the table, helping them sit down and asking them what they wanted to eat. "Pancakes, please," Hoseok said. Jones walked away with another blinding smile.

Then it was silent. Hoseok started bouncing his leg from nervousness, wondering what to say. He felt flustered. It was only him and Yoongi. He glanced at Yoongi from the side and found him glancing at back at him, both looking away when they made eye contact.

"Yeontan is really cute," Hoseok said randomly, awkwardly. Then they got their plates with pancakes and strawberries and he started eating, wolfing down the pancakes since he had no self-control or patience and had forgotten all etiquette his mother had taught him when he'd been little.

"Do you like dogs?" Yoongi asked. He watched Hoseok as he nearly pushed pancakes into his mouth, chewed and swallowed with a happy groan.

"I love dogs!" Hoseok grinned at Yoongi. He stopped doing so when he realized that he had food
all over his teeth. "Sorry," He added hurriedly, covering his faltering smile with his hand.

"No need to apologize. I'm happy you like the food," Yoongi said with a little smile of his own. Hoseok smiled back at him, feeling embarrassed and shy. "I love dogs too," Yoongi added when it went silent.

"Is that why you have a choker?" Hoseok asked curiously, remembering it.

Yoongi frowned some. He looked confused until he got what he meant. Then his eyes lit up. He faced the table. "Oh, ehm, no. That, uhm, that's not the reason." He said vaguely.

"Why do you have it then?" Hoseok asked, wondering why he couldn't stop talking about that hot thing that haunted him in his wet dreams. "To tease me?" He joked. He put another piece of pancake in his mouth, choking when he realized what he'd said and how suggestive it had sounded.

"Jones!" Yoongi called, and the butler came running from the kitchen and started helping Hoseok cough by patting him on the back. Hoseok spit out the piece of pancake that landed on his plate, feeling embarrassed and dumb.

"Sorry," He apologized again, hoping Yoongi wasn't grossed out.

"It's okay," Yoongi reassured him. He turned his focus back to his own plate and it went silent. Maybe it was for the best. Hoseok kept saying weird things. He'd almost called Yoongi hot. Not good.

When Yoongi had finished eating Jones returned with a bowl of strawberries. Hoseok was already full, but he started eating strawberries as if it was a competition, thinking that Yoongi must be disgusted of him by now. The strawberries were sweet. Hoseok hummed.

"Do you want one?" Hoseok asked, holding out the last one, feeling embarrassed over the fact that he'd eaten all the others.

"Kind of you to ask. I thought you were going to eat them all," Yoongi joked, opening his mouth some.

"Hey... you could've told me you wanted some," Hoseok teased back. Yoongi clicked with his tongue at him and Hoseok almost giggled. "Here," He pushed the strawberry against Yoongi's hand, but he put his hands behind his back.

"Feed me," Yoongi said, opening his mouth some more. Hoseok felt his cheeks heat up. Yoongi was playing him around, making fun of him. Hoseok could play that game too.

"That's not how you ask properly," Hoseok stated, moving the strawberry to his own lips. Yoongi closed his mouth and swallowed, eyes on Hoseok's lips, making it hard to breathe. "Isn't it?"

Hoseok shook his head. "No." He felt the air become tense. Yoongi was playing along. He hadn't expected that. "You need to ask me please."

Yoongi made eye contact. His eyes were asking things again. Asking Hoseok to stop? No. Hoseok couldn't read them. They were emotional. Hoseok loved them. It felt like he was melting.

"Please feed me," Yoongi said then. "Please?"
Hoseok actually shivered. He broke eye contact. He hoped Yoongi hadn't seen. Why was Yoongi begging like that? It did not help Hoseok's dirty thoughts. Now he got flashbacks from how Yoongi had looked humping his pillow in his bed. He started sweating.

"Please?" Yoongi poked Hoseok's arm, and Hoseok closed his eyes for a moment. Yoongi begging was music to his ears, but Yoongi had no idea of what he was doing to Hoseok. Yoongi thought he was only asking for a strawberry. Hoseok had to stop being such a perv.

"Hello?"

Hoseok snapped his eyes open. He swallowed and looked back at Yoongi, hoping he didn't look as sweaty as he felt. He had to get a grip now. He couldn't allow himself to feel hot whenever he was alone with Yoongi. It wasn't normal. It was wrong and weird. He had to fight the feelings, not enjoy them.

"Good, here I go," He held out the strawberry, going for Yoongi's mouth, coming to a stop by Yoongi's lips. "Open your mouth."

Yoongi shook his head with a smug smile. "You need to ask nicely," He mumbled from the corner of his lips.

Hoseok almost crushed the strawberry in his hand. Was Yoongi teasing him now? Hoseok must have a death wish. How did he end up in this situation?

"P-please," He stuttered out, hoping Yoongi didn't notice how he spread his legs under the table. His pants started feeling a bit too tight at the front. Yoongi smirked, appearing satisfied, and opened his mouth. He leaned forward and took the strawberry in his mouth. Hoseok's fingers followed, his fingers slipping past Yoongi's lips and into his mouth.

"Mm," Yoongi hummed. He probably didn't notice, but he sucked some on Hoseok's fingers before they left his lips and Yoongi started chewing on the strawberry. Hoseok blushed and swallowed. He spread his legs some more, wanting to take his pants off, scolding himself for even thinking about it. It was so hot in here. It must be the hottest day of the year.

"W-want another one?" Hoseok asked weakly, feeling like there were sweat rings under his armpits. He tried to tell his disobedient dick to calm down.

"I thought that was the last one?" Yoongi countered with an amused raise of his eyebrows.

"Oh, right..." Hoseok trailed off, feeling awkward. He'd forgotten about that somewhere between Yoongi sucking on his fingers and looking all smug like that.

"Mm," Yoongi hummed, closing his eyes for just a moment. "That strawberry was really good. Would've liked another one. Pity you ate them all." He smirked teasingly at Hoseok, leaned on his elbows on the table.

Hoseok felt his cheeks heat up again. "You didn't tell me to stop..." He muttered. Yoongi watched him and Hoseok felt sweaty again. He fumbled with the tablecloth in his hands, wondering why Yoongi wasn't saying anything.

It became silent. Again. Hoseok felt like he should say something, not sure what, not wanting to embarrass himself again. So he sat there in silence. When he spotted Momo peeking inside through the window he felt his heart jump. How long had she been there? He pretended not to see her, growing agitated. He saw Sana and Dahyun's heads appear beside her in the window as he glanced over there, Sana looking about to burst from excitement and Dahyun from jealousy.
"I think I should leave," Hoseok said as Rose and Lisa pressed their faces against the glass too. Word must've spread. Hoseok didn't want to give them a show. It was embarrassing enough to be awkward in front of Yoongi.

Hoseok stood up and Yoongi did the same. Yoongi followed him to the door and opened it for him like a gentleman. Hoseok couldn't help his burning cheeks. He smiled. Yoongi was so kind to him today.

"Thank you for the company," Yoongi said with a little polite nod. His eyes were bright and wonderful. Hoseok drowned in them. He felt reluctant to leave.

"Thank you." Hoseok poked Yoongi on his arm, feeling too giggly not to. It almost looked like Yoongi was going to poke him back when Maggie appeared in the corridor beside them, walking around with her cane in one hand and a broom in the other. "I, uhm, need to run." Hoseok gulped, heart clenching in his chest, accidentally making eye contact with Maggie who glared at him.

"You again!" Maggie spat. Hoseok felt his heart jump with panic. He smiled once more at Yoongi before he hurried away, running past Maggie in the corridor, going for the hallway leading outside. "No running!" She shouted after him. He pretended not to hear her. He ran outside with his heart leaping in his chest, not sure if it was from how scary Maggie had been or from the fact that he'd just went on another almost-breakfast-date with Yoongi and Yoongi had held the door open for him.

He came to a stop by the beach. He leaned on his knees, catching his breath. He grimaced when Jimin instantly walked up to him, snarl on his face.

"Horny Hobi, how was the date with Moaning Min?" Jimin asked, putting his hands on his hips. Sana and Momo giggled behind him. They must've spread word around. Damn gossipers.

"What name is that?" Hoseok asked, masking how embarrassed and annoyed he was. He straightened up and tried to look unbothered. He raised his eyebrows, waiting to hear whatever story Jimin was going to make up for him this time.

"We heard him last night after you'd gone to bed," Jimin explained, nodding towards Taehyung who sat on the beach, drawing sticks, or dicks, in the sand next to Jungkook who patted Yeontan. Hoseok's heart jumped. Heard Yoongi? Doing what? "It was so gross. You fit each other." Jimin looked at Hoseok with an evil look in his eyes. "What do you do when you're alone in the mornings? Masturbate in a corner each, high fiving when you're done?" Sana and Momo staged hurls behind him. Hoseok felt anger twitch in his chest. What was Jimin saying? Hoseok was so insulted. It was too close to the truth. That was exactly what he wanted to do with Yoongi, only on Yoongi's bed and together with a lot of touching. He would never tell Jimin that though.

"Enough. Don't say things like that. We do not." Hoseok kicked sand at Jimin's legs. Jimin kicked sand back, and Hoseok kicked up some more until the wind took Jimin's side and blew the sand back at Hoseok face, hurting his eyes.

"Too close to home?" Jimin asked, high fiving both Sana and Momo over his shoulder. Hoseok frowned at them. Now he grew jealous. Was Jimin best friends with everyone here? Everyone was his first choice, but Hoseok was still second.

"You're not funny." Hoseok crossed his arms. All happiness from the almost-date with Yoongi was gone. Jimin knew nothing. He knew nothing about Hoseok or Yoongi. He didn't know how cute Yoongi was when he laughed or how kind he was when he held the door open for Hoseok, or how adorably teasing he was when he didn't let Hoseok take the candy from him.
"So he's not the one you like then?" Jimin changed tactic. He shooed away Sana and Momo who walked to the dock with their hands clasped. Hoseok didn't answer. He kept frowning to hide his sudden panic. He'd definitely moaned Yoongi's name in bed earlier today. It was a miracle that Jimin hadn't heard. "Phew," Jimin laughed. "Dahyun just told me that she'll think of giving you a second chance,"

"What?" Hoseok felt surprised. So confused and weirded out that he thought Jimin must be joking with him.

"Yeah? Don't you like flowers? She loves flowers so you fit together. She must be the one you like." Jimin shrugged. "I told her you still like her, and she's waiting for you in the forest right now."

Hoseok blinked in confusion. "Excuse me?"

"Just kidding!" Jimin laughed some more. "She's right over there." He pointed to their right. Hoseok spotted Dahyun sitting on a blanket next to Jungkook who ran off to catch Yeontan who was running for the lake. "Go over there and talk to her before she changes her mind. She has a room for herself so you could sleep there tonight."

Hoseok sputtered in shock. "What?" He repeated.

"Yeah? I don't wanna wake up to the sounds of you beating your meat again. Hearing Moaning Min now and then is one thing, he's done quickly and is mostly silent, but you're, well, you're none of that." Jimin made a face that made him look constipated. "And you're so close to me. Man, I'm disgusted,"

"Just- just stop talking," Hoseok managed. He shook his head. He wasn't sure what he felt the most. Hurt. Weirded out. Embarrassed. Curious from what Jimin said about Yoongi. Yoongi hadn't been silent that time Hoseok had heard him. What had he done to earn himself the nickname Moaning Min?

"But I wanna room with someone else too. If you change rooms it would be perfect," Jimin whined, hurting Hoseok's feelings. Always the second choice.

"That's my bed. I'm not moving," Hoseok decided then. Jimin raised his eyebrows. "Stop telling Dahyun that I like her when I don't, and don't eavesdrop on me when I'm, you know, I'll stop now so you don't need to worry about that anymore."

"You'll stop now? I've heard that one before," Jimin said skeptically, looking at Hoseok as if he was a fool.

"Of course you have. I'm not special," Hoseok muttered. He wasn't special to anyone. Namjoon had Jin and Taehyung had Jungkook and Jimin had just about everyone. Hoseok's parents didn't care about him and he hadn't seen his sister in forever. He wasn't special to anyone, and the only one who was special to him was the one he couldn't be with. Fate must be laughing at him right now.

Jimin's facial expression softened. Maybe he realized how harsh he was being to Hoseok all the time. On time. But Hoseok didn't have the energy to deal with him anymore. Jimin had a lot of growing up to do. He could talk to Hoseok once he'd become more mature.

Hoseok started walking away. He blinked, not sure if there were tears of sadness, fury or embarrassment burning in his eyes. He sat down next to Taehyung on the beach and helped him draw in the sand. He'd been drawing stick-people. Hoseok started drawing dicks. Jungkook
laughed. No one got it. No one got what Hoseok was thinking. Probably for the best. Beside them Jimin crouched down by Dahyun and whispered something in her ear. Hoseok didn't know what it was. He didn't care. Dahyun gasped and ran for Rose to gossip with her.

When Jimin walked for the forest arm in arm with Mark Hoseok pretended not to be jealous. He had no reason to be. He had Taehyung and Jungkook to hang out with.

Only that he hadn't. He looked around, just now seeing that they'd left. Everyone had left the beach. Where was everyone?

He glanced down, seeing that the sand was full of immature drawings of dicks. Maybe he'd scared everyone away. He was so weird. He smudged out the drawings and started searching for someone to hang out with, not wanting to be alone like a loser, when he realized that it was lunch. He walked inside, feeling unwelcomed by the chattering table. Mark had taken Hoseok's seat, and the only other free chair was taken by Yeontan. The bacon was served and disappeared in a second. Hoseok grabbed a boiled egg and leaned against the wall, feeling sour as he watched everyone laugh and gossip. He felt uncomfortable when Dahyun, Rose and Sana kept stealing glances of him, choking on laughter every time he made eye contact with any of them. Jimin must've told them something funny. Hoseok didn't want to know. He felt bad.

After lunch he trailed after Taehyung and Jungkook. They followed Jin to his farm. In the stable Hoseok got to reunite with Tata. He patted and stroked the horse, smiling when Tata got happy. While Jin walked away to talk with his workers and personnel Hoseok brushed Tata and gave him food. It became crowded in the box when Taehyung and Jungkook pressed themselves into it, wanting to pat Tata too.

The horses were going to stay with Jin's horses over the summer. Jin didn't explain why, if there even was an explanation behind it. Two girls greeted them as they were leaving, bowing in their long pants and pink shirts. Chaeyoung and Jeongyeon. Jin patted them on the back and they said they missed him. Hoseok wondered who run the place when Jin was staying at the Minsion. Were his parents at home? Who knew.

"Where's Jimin?" Hoseok asked when they were back at the Mansion.

"Don't know." Taehyung shrugged. He tickled Jungkook who started running, laughing and shrieking like a kid. Left was Hoseok with Jin. The silence grew tense instantly.

"So, how did it go today?" Jin asked curiously, walking so close that they almost touched.

"I don't know what you mean." Hoseok faked ignorance, growing uncomfortable and tense.

"Yes you do. Come on, tell me something. Did Yoongi do something special?" Jin beamed with excitement. Why was he so excited? Did he want to give Hoseok hope only so he could break it later?

"He, ehm, he gave me candy and breakfast." Hoseok started smiling from the memory. He tried to force down the smile.

"Ohh, candy and breakfast?" Jin asked excitedly, clapping his hands together. "You know what that means right?"

"That he doesn't want me to be hungry?" Hoseok replied, already knowing what Jin was going to say. He didn't like how nervous it made him.

"No silly, it means he likes you!" Jin sighed happily.
"So we're friends?" Hoseok knew that Jin meant more than friends. Hoseok knew Yoongi that didn't feel like that though. Hoseok was a creep, but it didn't mean that Yoongi was one too.

"If that's what you want to call it?" Jin supplied. Then they were silent for a while again. They walked on the soft grass of the lawn. Maybe Hoseok was allowed on the lawn now. He hadn't thought about it until now. He watched his feet, saw his worn shoes walk next to Jin's new, shining ones. Then he thought of something to say, something he wanted to ask.

"Earlier, Jimin told me that, ehm, Yoongi, that he was called Moaning Min. Is it true?" He held his breath. It was a strange thing to ask.

"Ah, Jimin, so creative!" Jin scoffed, sounding like he didn't think it was as fun as he made it out to be. "I have no idea what he's basing that on." It looked like he faked ignorance.

"You don't? But Jimin said that he, eh, heard Yoongi last night?" Hoseok glimpsed at Jin from the corner of his eyes.

"Heard what?" Jin urged. It felt forced. He avoided eye contact.

"You know...?" Hoseok raised his eyebrows expectantly. Jin was acting odd. Hoseok had expected him to laugh and tell him everything about it. Now he suddenly looked secretive. Why? "I thought you heard him too? Or was it only Jimin and Joon?"

"Heard what?" Jin asked with staged innocence. He picked up a watch from his pocket. "Oh look at the time! I need to go." He blew Hoseok a kiss and then he was off. Hoseok stared after him, wondering why he'd left quickly as if Hoseok had the flu. No one wanted to hang around Hoseok today. People only kept running away from him.

Hoseok walked for the beach feeling weird and sad and lonely. He found Namjoon by the boathouse they were building on Jin's dirty beach. Hoseok wanted to help. Contribute. When he dropped the hammer on Tommy's foot two times he was chased out of there. Jackson, Mina and Jimin were hunting people for a game of truth or dare. Hoseok joined the circle, prepared to say truth if someone asked him, but no one looked his way. Jimin pretended as if he wasn't there and Dahyun snickered as soon as she saw him. Hoseok felt like he'd went a month back in time. He wasn't welcomed anywhere.

By sunset he sat at the far end of the dock, watching the sky go from blue to purple to red. He was the only one outside. It was good. At dinner Maggie had been looking for him, still wanting to punish him, and Mark had taken his seat again. He'd seen Yoongi out in the gazebo and had panicked when they'd made eye contact. Now he was here. Alone. It felt like it was for the best.

He blinked at the sun, feeling empty inside. He would never get rid of the Horny Hobi nickname. Jimin didn't want him as a roommate anymore. There was only one thing to do. His plans had failed so many times. He had to make his feelings for Yoongi disappear. When they did his body would stop acting weird and he wouldn't disturb Jimin at night anymore. Jimin would stop gossip about him and Hoseok would get friends again. Jimin was probably right. Yoongi was weird. He had weird pink lines on his back and Hoseok never knew what he was thinking.

Only that Hoseok realized that he was the weird one. Why did he care so much about Jimin? Jimin should be the one to care. He was younger. He should have respect for Hoseok and apologize to him. He should stop calling people names and be mature.

But that would never happen. Hoseok was the one who had to make a choice. Yoongi or Jimin. The choice made his heart hurt. But his feelings for Yoongi would pass. It was only a phase.
Yoongi would never find out about them. Namjoon and Jin would forget. Jimin was more important. Hoseok wanted a friend. A best friend. Be someone's first choice. He needed it.

So he picked Jimin.

Chapter End Notes

mattress-humper... good boy... boathouse... why does that sound so familiar?
Hoseok regretted his choice instantly. He barely had the time to turn around before Jimin, Mark and Sana came running on the dock. He didn't have the time to catch his breath before Jimin pushed him head first into the lake.

Hoseok swam up to the water surface and spat water from his mouth. Jimin laughed. Hoseok grew angry. He couldn't believe that he'd just picked Jimin over kind, cute, gentleman Yoongi who gave him candy and strawberries in the mornings.

"Oh, watch it!" Jimin chuckled when Hoseok reached for his feet, jumping up and down in the water to reach him and pull him down too. "Don't want to fall in,"

"What's your problem?" Hoseok urged, feeling his teeth start clattering from the cold water. He wished he could swim. He felt a stream pass his feet, threatening to make him fall over.

"I don't have any problems." Jimin shrugged. "I'm a perfect human being!"

Hoseok narrowed his eyes. He wanted to pull Jimin into the water and drown him. For a second or so. Not literally. Probably. He couldn't do that though, so for now he was left to form his hands into fists and angrily mutter as he made his way back to the shore. Jimin, Mark and Sana met him there, Mark and Sana looking expectantly at Jimin.

"Will you keep your hands to yourself at night?" Jimin asked with his hands on his hips as Hoseok walked up on the beach, his clothes and hair and everything dripping of water.

"Leave me alone," Hoseok muttered, kicking sand at Jimin who backed away.

"If you don't we'll throw you into the lake again," Jimin said in a mysterious voice. "Right, Mark?"

"That's how the rules go." Mark nodded.

"What rules?" Hoseok asked, feeling hurt and a bit afraid. He didn't want to get thrown into the lake again. His confusing feelings for Yoongi were punishment enough. He couldn't help what he did at night. He was asleep. Why couldn't Jimin get that?

"Have you never heard of the rules?" Mark snorted.

Hoseok made his face plain. He was freezing and his teeth were clattering. His chest was tightening with sadness and fear. He just wanted to go to sleep. Dream about kissing Yoongi on that field. Dream that he was anywhere with Yoongi but here. He didn't want to wake up in the lake. Or die.
"Are you going to tell me?" Hoseok asked, growing impatient. He couldn't follow any rules he didn't know about.

"No," Mark decided. He smiled and shared a look with Sana. Hoseok felt humiliated.

"Fine. Good night." Hoseok started walking away, never wanting to see Jimin again, that traitor.

"Keep your hands to yourself tonight!" Jimin called after him.

"Don't talk to me," Hoseok mumbled. Jimin didn't hear him. He started playing tag with Mark and Sana on the beach. Hoseok wrapped his arms around himself and walked into the mansion with his sandy shoes and wet clothes. Jimin was an idiot. All he cared about was approval of others. Being liked. Doing whatever it took to make others laugh. Hoseok wondered if he even had a personality of his own.

Hoseok didn't meet anyone on his way to the third floor. He thought he saw Namjoon sit in the small living room on the second floor, but Namjoon didn't see Hoseok. Hoseok got his pajamas and locked himself in the fancy bathroom. In there he kicked out of his shoes, held them upside down out the window, emptying them from the lake water and sand. He stared at Jimin, Mark and Sana who were still playing by the beach. He hoped that they would all slip on the sand and hit their heads.

Dressed in his pajamas and almost dry, Hoseok made his way back to his room. He tried to lock the door with a hair clip he found on the floor, probably dropped by Taehyung yesterday. It didn't work. When he had rolled around in bed for a while, unable to fall asleep with complicated thoughts on his mind and an uneasy feeling in his chest, Jimin opened the door and walked inside.

"What are you doing under the blanket over there?" Jimin teased. Hoseok wished he could go back in time. Then he could prevent Jungkook from asking Taehyung to share rooms with him so Hoseok could've shared with Jungkook instead. Jungkook was so small. Hoseok could've gotten the whole bed for himself. He wouldn't even mind having Jungkook hugging him in his sleep. He'd hugged his sister for years.

"Hello?" Jimin sat on the side of Hoseok's bed. It dipped and Hoseok wanted to kick him away. He wished the barn hadn't burned up. Wished he'd told someone about Jimin being dirty so he could've been called nasty names instead of Hoseok.

"Good night Jiminnie," Hoseok whispered in a low voice. "Did you have fun making fun of me today?"

"Yeah, I did." Jimin stood up from Hoseok's bed. "But we're not making fun of you, we're having fun with you. Big difference."

That was the biggest lie Hoseok had ever heard in his life. Was that how Jimin saw it?

"But I didn't think it was fun," Hoseok countered. "I know that you're feeling ditched by Tae, but you don't need to be mean to me in return." Hoseok hadn't meant to say that last part.

"I don't feel ditched by Tae?" Jimin huffed. "This has nothing do to with that. And we're not best friends anymore, anyway."

"What?" Hoseok sat up, looking at Jimin in confusion and surprise. "Are you not best friends? Why not?"

"No reason." Jimin shrugged. He looked angry and hurt. Hoseok felt sorry for him. He shouldn't.
He should stay mad at him for how mean he'd been. But his cheeks were puffy and he was younger.

"What happened?" Hoseok asked, forgetting about all plans of sleeping. He wouldn't be able to sleep anyway. As soon as he closed his eyes he saw Yoongi's beautiful pale skin and his smile and his body in the bathtub. It was dangerous. He might as well talk to Jimin until his excited dick calmed down. It would have no action tonight.

"We had an argument," Jimin pondered. Hoseok was surprised that Jimin told him. Maybe this was why Jimin had acted so weird and strange with his sudden new best friends Mark and Sana. They couldn't be real friends. Taehyung was a real friend. Kind and funny. He didn't come and go like Mark and Sana. Hoseok wondered why Jimin and Taehyung weren't friends anymore.

"About?" Hoseok urged.

"Something. He didn't agree with me, so we're not best friends anymore," Jimin stated simply. He didn't sound angry. He sounded sad.

"Do you have to agree on everything though? Isn't that what friends are for? To argue with and support each other even if you think differently sometimes?" Hoseok asked. It sounded like he'd had hundreds of best friends. He hadn't. He'd had about two. The last month in school he'd had no one.

"Yes, and that's what I did, but he didn't support me back." Jimin climbed in under his blanket on his bed, frowning.

"But Mark and Sana did?" Hoseok wondered, lying back down under his own blanket, blinking at Jimin in the darkness.

"No," Jimin huffed. "I don't tell them anything."

Hoseok felt lost. He'd be less lost in the forest at night without a candle.

"What is it you didn't tell them about?" Hoseok asked. Listening to Jimin's voice made him tired. He closed his eyes, feeling a bit easier at heart. Jimin was speaking to him like normal again, almost as if he trusted him. Maybe they could be friends again. Hoseok was too kind and too forgiving, but he wanted a friend.

"Never mind. Good night. Sorry that I threw you into the lake. Wanted to act cool in front of the others." Jimin actually apologized.

"It's okay," Hoseok said, secretly wanting another hundred apologies and Jimin to kiss his feet until it would be okay again. "But I want my seat back at breakfast and I want to know what you told Dahyun earlier today. She gave me odd looks all day."

"Oh," Jimin let out a faint laugh. "I told her you got so excited from the idea of her liking you that you crapped your pants."

"What!" Hoseok gasped.

"Sorry. I'll stop telling her you like her. I thought you were only shy, but now I think you're speaking the truth. I mean, you didn't even notice when she took a bath in her swimsuit earlier," Jimin said.

"She took a bath in her swimsuit?" Hoseok asked, thinking back on what he'd done all day, feeling
relieved that Jimin would stop getting her hopes up.

"Yeah. I think you were drawing dicks in the sand at the time."

"Oh." Hoseok swallowed awkwardly.

"Why did you do that?"

Hoseok licked his lips. Good question. Why did he do that? He knew why. It was because he'd just fed Yoongi with a strawberry and Yoongi had sucked on his fingers. Thinking about it made Hoseok feel hot again. He crossed his legs, wishing Yoongi hadn't been so hot.

"Hobi, can I ask you something?" Jimin turned in bed. He leaned on his elbows, sounding thoughtful.

"Of course you can," Hoseok said, hoping he didn't sound nervous. He hoped Jimin wasn't going to ask him why he sounded so strangled. Or if he liked Yoongi. Why all of his white shirts had stains on them now. Why there was a little pile of Yoongi-smelling clothes hidden under his pillow.

"Do you, ehm, wait-" Jimin stepped out of bed and walked to the door, knocked once on it to chase away eventual eavesdroppers. Then he walked to Hoseok's bed and motioned for him to make room for him. Hoseok scooted to the side and opened his blanket, surprised when Jimin laid down under it. He'd expected him to make a joke about Hoseok being dirty again or hurl at him.

Jemin laid on his back and blinked at the ceiling. Hoseok did the same. If he concentrated he thought he could hear the waves of the lake hit the shore outside. It was soothing.

"Do you like dicks?"

Hoseok felt his whole body flush red. "W-what?" He sputtered. Jimin must be joking with him. He wanted to tease him again. That's why he'd laid down beside him, to catch Hoseok off guard and embarrass him.

"Is that why you are drawing them in the sand? Do you like them?" Jimin turned his head to the side. It didn't sound like he was joking. He sounded serious. He looked serious too.

"What do you mean?" Hoseok would fake ignorance for a moment longer. He searched his mind for any excuses to pull. His head was empty.

"You know, the same way Jack likes Mina's parts. The same way a man should love a woman, but you're a man and you feel for men that way," Jimin explained in a low voice. "Since you say you don't like any of the girls and didn't even see Dahyun in her swimsuit I thought that maybe you didn't like girls that way. Do you understand?"

"I understand," Hoseok said. He felt severely awkward. He'd gotten 'the talk' by his father when he'd been twelve and it had started with 'when a man loves a woman'. Hoseok had been too young to understand why it had sounded wrong to him. Two months later he'd woken up from his first wet dream, realizing with horror that he'd dreamed of another boy touching him.

"So do you?" Jimin asked, bringing Hoseok back to reality. "You could tell me. I won't tell."

Hoseok swallowed. "I don't know what you're talking about, Jiminie. I'm not like that," He lied. He had to lie. Jimin would run to Sana and spread word around until it reached Yoongi's ears and he forbade Hoseok from touching him anymore.
"But Hobi, I think you are." Jimin made a pained face. "I didn't tell you, but I heard you say something weird in your sleep once."

Hoseok's heart stopped. Oh no. Did Jimin know of his feelings for Yoongi?

"Don't tell him," Hoseok hissed desperately, gripping the front of Jimin's pajamas, heart aching with fear. "Please don't tell him or my life is over!"

Jemin raised his eyebrows and gaped a little bit in astonishment. "So it is a he? You're in love with a boy? I knew it!"

"Wait," Hoseok let go of Jimin's pajamas. He blinked fast, wondering what he'd just done. He'd slipped up. "W-what was it you heard? Wasn't it a name?"

"I wish I hadn't heard to be honest, but one time before I pressed my fingers into my ears I thought I heard you mumble 'come over me' and last time I checked boys did that." Jimin recited, looking a mix of curious and disgusted. "Who is it?"

Hoseok wanted to groan. Then he almost screamed. Had he said that!? When? Was Jimin making it up? Now he would be even more curious. Hoseok had to deny everything. "It's no one."

"But you described your crush at the sleep over. You said he had the most beautiful skin and teased you?" Jimin brought up. Hoseok internally screamed. Why did Jimin remember about that? The only boys Hoseok 'hung out' with were Yeongi, Jimin, Taehyung, Jungkook, Namjoon and sometimes Jin. It wouldn't be hard to figure out who'd Hoseok had meant among them. "Wait!" Jimin gasped. "Is it, is it me!"

Hoseok snorted. He ruffled Jimin's hair to seem more calm. "No, I can promise you. It's not you."

"Okay," Jimin sounded relieved. Hoseok tried not to feel offended. "But you like boys then? Only boys?"

"I think so," Hoseok contemplated. "Please don't tell anyone? I'm serious. Not many know and it should stay that way. And please don't call me Homo Hobi. I don't want the guys to be afraid of me,"

"I won't call you that anymore, it's not funny if I'm outing you," Jimin mumbled. "But half the guys are poofs here so don't worry,"

"What do you mean? I thought it was only Jin, Joon and I?" Hoseok whispered, not believing his ears.

"Well, there happen to be another one right here," Jimin revealed, pointing at himself with a grin on his face. "Shocking right? I'm so cute and all girls want me."

Hoseok blinked. He felt surprised, but not shocked. He hadn't thought of Jimin being with anyone, really.

"You are?" Hoseok whispered.

"Yup. Remember that dick-face who left the farm right before you arrived? He was my first boyfriend," Jimin said. "He didn't tell me he had a fiancé until two days before he left. I was gonna break up with him, but still."

Now Hoseok felt even more surprised. He stared at Jimin. "What? Wait, is that what you and Tae
argued about? This?"

"No, Tae knows and he doesn't mind. We argued about something else." Jimin explained.

"Do you wanna tell me about it?" Hoseok asked.

"No."

"Okay." Hoseok said. "But wait, didn't you say you liked someone whose name started with M?"

"He grew worried. Did Jimin like Min?"

"No, I didn't," Jimin said hurriedly.

"But you did?" Hoseok countered, remembering it. "Wait... M, as in Mark? Do you like Mark? But he likes Mina?"

Jimin snorted. "I don't like Mark. And who cares who he likes, half of the boys here are so scared to be called gay that they pretend to like girls."

"They do?" Hoseok asked. He hadn't thought anyone would do that. "So Mark is pretending to like Mina?"

"How am I supposed to know? I don't care about him," Jimin muttered.

"Who do you like then?" Hoseok asked, feeling super curious.

"You don't know him," Jimin waved it off.

Hoseok wanted to thank God, Jesus, Buddha and all holy things. If Hoseok didn't know him it couldn't be Yoongi, because Hoseok knew Yoongi. Phew.

"Why do you sound so relieved over there? Do you like Mark or something?" Jimin nudged Hoseok's shoulder. "Is he the one you're dreaming about? His strong arms and perfect smile?"

Hoseok laughed. He'd never thought of Mark that way. He was just Mark. One of the farmers. "No, I'm definitely not dreaming about him,"

"What's that supposed to mean? Isn't Mark good enough for you? He's really fit," Jimin argued. "I'd tap that."

"Fitness isn't everything," Hoseok said. "Personality is important,"

"So your crush is someone nice? It just has to be me!" Jimin laughed and Hoseok pinched his cheek. He felt better. Jimin was talking as if they were friends again. Hoseok had already forgiven him. It was nice to have a friend again. "Okay, okay, not me, but Tae Tae? Yeontan?"

"I don't wanna kiss Yeontan like that," Hoseok laughed with a funny grimace on his face from imagining kissing the dog.

"Hm..." Jimin rolled around on the bed, grinned sneakily at Hoseok. "So you wanna kiss your crush like that? You wanna fuck them?"

Hoseok felt his face go red. That conversation took a sudden turn. Jimin was asking too personal things now. Hoseok got uncomfortable.

"Have you ever had sex with anyone?" Jimin asked, asking even more private things.
"N-no," Hoseok admitted with a shake of his head. "Haven't wanted to."


"I'm only sixteen?" Hoseok asked in confusion.

"Still. But I get it. You're one of those who want everything to be perfect and roses and cuddles before you do it," Jimin said wisely, as if he was the older one. Hoseok felt a bit weird. "But what, do you wanna do it with your crush?"

"I think so," Hoseok said. He swallowed. Of course he wanted to fuck Yoongi. It didn't sound very romantic putting it that way, but he wanted to touch him. But it was scary to admit. Out in the open. With Jimin listening. He was afraid that Jimin would figure out who he liked.

"Do you think or do you know? Because considering you're beating your meat every night I think you know." Jimin raised his eyebrows at Hoseok before he scooted away some.

"I don't know," Hoseok sighed then, changing his mind, chest feeling tight, feeling complicated. "I'm waiting for the feelings to go away."

"No, why would you do that?" Jimin asked in a lower voice. "I say you should act out on them. Confess tomorrow so you finally have someone to hug and kiss too! I'll help you, just tell me who it is."

"It's not that easy," Hoseok mumbled, not liking the idea. Jimin, Jin and Namjoon had all told him the same thing but he didn't want to act out on his feelings. He couldn't. Shouldn't. He should keep his distance. He was just a farmer after all.


"It's not Namjoon."

"Me?"

"Already told you no."

"Who else?" Jimin tilted his head to the side. "Someone kind with beautiful skin?"

"Who is it you like?" Hoseok shot back. That silenced him up. They both went back to staring at the ceiling, in silence, listening to the waves hitting the shore outside.

"Nice talk. I feel like I know you better now," Jimin wrapped it up as he sat up and pattered over to his own bed.

"Same." Hoseok pulled his blanket up to his chin and watched as Jimin did the same in his bed.

"But still, don't do anything dirty under there. We might be teammates, but it's still gross." Jimin wrinkled up his nose in a grimace.

"I get it. I won't," Hoseok said, feeling nervous, hoping that he wouldn't.

"Good night," Jimin said.

"Night," Hoseok repeated.

It went silent. Hoseok made sure that Jimin wasn't watching before he picked up his little pile of
Yoongi clothes from under his pillow and pressed them to his nose, sniffing them with a smile. They didn't smell like him anymore, but they were soft like him. Soft and small and bright, just like Yoongi.

"I'll find out who you like," Jimin's said from the other side of the room. Hoseok squeaked in panic and hurriedly pressed the clothes back under his pillow.

"W-what?"


"I do not!" Hoseok hissed, feeling embarrassed and ridiculed. "I would never...." He crossed his arms and wished that he would find a pair of Yoongi’s used underwear on the floor in Yoongi’s room tomorrow.

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"Good morning!" Jimin sang as he pulled Hoseok out of bed the next morning. Lately he'd been rising earlier than Hoseok. Why was he so happy? His cheerfulness made Hoseok feel lazy. "You didn't make any sounds tonight, so I hereby declare you Honest Hobi!"

"Oh, thanks." Hoseok yawned. He didn't feel like joking or listening to Jimin's light voice this early in the morning. "Why so happy?"

"Who knows? Maybe I just spent some time with my crush?" Jimin winked at Hoseok and giggled. Hoseok frowned. "Who? Did you invite someone to our room while I was sleeping?" He hoped they were a nice person and not someone who could stab him in his sleep.

"No, I walked to them," Jimin said with a happy smile.

"Did you kiss?" Hoseok asked as he sat up and rubbed sleep from his eyes. He'd had another dirty dream of Yoongi touching him on the field. Either he hadn't made any sounds or the good part had been when Jimin was gone from the room. The front of Hoseok's pants felt damp. Ugh.

"No, we didn't kiss." Jimin rolled his eyes. "So what? Have you kissed anyone?"

Hoseok swallowed. He avoided eye contact and shrugged.

"Wait... have you never kissed anyone?" Jimin whispered excitedly. "Seriously?"

"Don't make fun of me," Hoseok muttered. He grabbed a set of clean clothes and motioned for Jimin to walk ahead. He didn't want to talk to his face. "You said you hadn't kissed anyone on that game too."

"That game didn't mean anything. Everyone is lying," Jimin said with confidence. "Just look at Moody Min. He has probably kissed lots of people."

Hoseok felt his heart jolt. "You think so?" He asked worriedly, trying to mask the discomfort he felt inside. His chest tightened.

"Of course he has. Who knows what happens when he's alone in his room? We don't know anything about him," Jimin started walking down the stairs in the corridor. Hoseok glanced at
Yoongi's room over his shoulder, wanting to ask Yoongi if it was true or not. It probably was true. To Yoongi Hoseok was no one special. Just someone to dress him.

Though, that didn't explain why Yoongi had asked Hoseok to take Sana's chores, or why Yoongi kept giving him things. Maybe Yoongi pitied Hoseok. Thought he looked poor and hungry. Yes, that was probably it. The thought made Hoseok pout.

"What are you thinking about, gloomy-pout?" Jimin wondered as they met up with Namjoon on the second floor. Namjoon nodded and smiled at them. Hoseok suddenly felt like he was in a gay gang. If only his parents knew.

"Who's gloomy?" Namjoon asked curiously.

Hoseok didn't answer. Jimin and Namjoon started talking about something else, and Hoseok started daydreaming about Yoongi. He followed the little group to the beach and undressed, relieved to be invited to the group again. No one kept away from him and he got to use the soap as number three in line.

At breakfast, after he'd cleaned underwear again, he sat on his usual seat, playing with his food as Jimin whispered things to Dahyun across the table that left her throwing a piece of bread at Hoseok in anger. It bounced off his head before Jungkook ate it from the table. They'd started getting bread with cheese. No one understood why they were given better food. Hoseok was too lost in thoughts about Yoongi to hear the discussion around him.

Later he stood outside of Yoongi's door with his heart nearly beating out of his chest. He knocked once before he opened the door and stepped inside, wanting to cry when he saw beautiful Yoongi smile at him from his bed, waving and laughing a bit some like only an angel could.

"Good morning," Hoseok said. He bit his tongue, stopped himself the moment before he added 'beautiful'. He started cleaning the room, searching the floor for used underwear like a creep. What happened to the underwear at the end of the day? Who washed Yoongi's clothes and where? Was there a laundry room? Hoseok had to search later.

"Happy today?" Yoongi asked, trailing Hoseok with his eyes as Hoseok dusted off the paintings and the tables.

"Nah," Hoseok shrugged. He smiled at Yoongi over his shoulder. "You didn't give me a good morning back."

"Good morning," Yoongi said with a little smile that lit up his face. Hoseok felt his cheeks go red. Yoongi looked so cute.

"I'll dress you now." Hoseok said when he was done cleaning. He picked out an outfit and walked for the bed, surprised when Yoongi hid his hands behind his back. "Raise your arms." Hoseok instructed him.

"No," Yoongi refused, smirking as he kept his hands locked behind his back.

"Yes." Hoseok gripped Yoongi's arms and tried to bring them forward, gentle at first, then with more force. Yoongi didn't budge, and Hoseok somehow ended up on his lap, straddling him. The smirk ran off Yoongi's lips, and they ended up face to face. Hoseok's eyes dropped to Yoongi's rosy lips. They were perfectly molded, small and pink and soft. "Sorry," Hoseok breathed, sinking down Yoongi's lap with his legs around his thighs.

"It's alright," Yoongi said, almost as low as a whisper. He blinked fast, sitting still. Hoseok's heart
jumped when Yoongi moved his leg, gracing Hoseok's crotch, making him inhale sharply from the spark he felt. Hoseok tightened his grip on Yoongi's arms and Yoongi stilled again, his cheeks pink.

Hoseok felt his face burn red. He sat on Yoongi's lap and he wanted to move his hips, rub against him, do something, take the chance now that he had it. Kiss him. Touch his lips. Taste them. But he shouldn't. He really shouldn't. So he excused himself once more and stepped off Yoongi's lap, hoping Yoongi couldn't see the reaction in his pants, wanting to squirm when he saw that Yoongi was looking there. Hoseok's dick was too eager. It was embarrassing.

"Please raise your arms," Hoseok said again, his voice thick. Yoongi looked perfect with his cheeks tinted pink like this. So pretty. If only Hoseok had courage enough to tell him.

"No, uhm," Yoongi backed on his bed. He draped the blanket over himself and avoided eye contact. Hoseok felt awful. Did he get what Hoseok had wanted to do? Was he afraid of him now?

"Don't you want me to dress you?" Hoseok asked, growing nervous, picking up the clothes that had fallen to the floor somewhere along the way.

"I want you to dress me, but I'm still tired and would like to sleep some more," Yoongi stated, looking and sounding awkward and tense.

"But you've been awake for half an hour?" Hoseok countered, not sure if it was true or not. He didn't have a watch.

Yoongi looked like he started sweating. Hoseok got sad. Was he making Yoongi nervous now?

"I know." Yoongi nodded once. He looked embarrassed. Hoseok didn't understand why. Hoseok was the one who had to sit down to hide his disobedient dick. He was such a perv.

"Do you want Sana to dress you instead?" Hoseok asked, feeling a bit jealous.

"No," Yoongi clarified with a shake of his head.

"Okay." Hoseok was relieved. Maybe Yoongi didn't like her.

"Could you come back in ten minutes?" Yoongi wondered, sounding awkward.

"Why?" Hoseok asked, surprised by himself. He didn't move. He should follow orders.

Yoongi closed his eyes and sighed, looking bothered. Hoseok didn't get why. Yoongi wanted him to leave. Hoseok didn't. Instead he stood up and pulled the blanket off of Yoongi, wanting to see what he was hiding under there. Did he have a rash? Hairy legs? A pimple on his thigh? Hoseok had seen everything on the bodies of the others when he took baths with them in the mornings.

"No!" Yoongi reached for the blanket that Hoseok let fall to the floor.

"Oh." Hoseok saw the obvious bulge between Yoongi's legs under the nightgown. That must've been what he'd been hiding. Hoseok felt like a fool. He hadn't seen that on the others as he bathed with them in the lake in the mornings. "You're, you're-" He felt his own dick twitch from the sight. He wanted to pull the nightgown off. Wanted to see. He leaned against the poster attached to the frame of the bed, helplessly rubbed his crotch against the mattress, sweating, hoping Yoongi didn't notice.

"It's weird. Please ignore it," Yoongi said as he shifted so he had his back towards Hoseok.
Hoseok felt his face go red again. "It's okay I- I don't mind. I've seen you like that bef-before." He tried to sound unbothered and not like he was rubbing himself against Yoongi's mattress like a creep behind him.

Yoongi glanced at Hoseok over his shoulder. Hoseok stopped moving. Yoongi's eyes were telling stories again. They were questioning. Hoseok tried so desperately to read them. He couldn't. It was impossible. He wished Yoongi would tell him what he was thinking.

"I don't mind dressing you even if you're, if you're like that." Hoseok heard himself say, almost without stuttering. His heart was nearly beating out of his chest. He stood perfectly still, holding his breath, eyes on Yoongi. Yoongi shifted on the bed in front of him, putting his legs over the side of the bed. Hoseok put on a smile, wishing he didn't look as pervy as he felt. "Raise your arms," He instructed Yoongi who raised them in silence.

Hoseok placed himself in front of Yoongi. He grabbed the sleeves of Yoongi's nightgown with trembling hands. He pulled it over his head, suppressing a moan when he glanced down and found Yoongi's almost fully hard, flushed cock sitting between his legs. It contrasted against his pale skin. He was smaller than Hoseok but perfect in every way.

As he pulled off the nightgown the last bit he let his eyes trail on everything he could never have. Yoongi was so beautiful. His legs were small, stomach soft. Hoseok looked away as the gown fell to the floor, chewed on the inside of his cheek, trying to control himself, to look like normal. Then he crouched down, put on Yoongi's underwear, feeling a spark when Yoongi gave a sound. Hoseok acted unbothered. He wondered if Yoongi had been like this when he'd walked into the room or if it had happened while Hoseok was there. Maybe Yoongi had thought of someone. Hoseok wasn't going to ask. He wasn't sure if he wanted to hear the answer.

When he was done dressing Yoongi, Yoongi's erection had gone down some. Hoseok on the other hand looked like a sweaty, pervy mess in the mirror next to Yoongi. He tried to hide behind him. It looked like he had a sausage tucked in his pants. He was wearing his tightest pants today. He hoped Yoongi went momentarily blind.

"You did a good job," Yoongi said as he checked himself out. He ran a hand through his hair and Hoseok walked over to the bed and made it, sniffing the air as he did so, growing excited when he folded Yoongi's nightgown and saw that there was a damp spot on it.

"Yoongi, is there a laundry room in this house?" He asked innocently, hiding behind the bed.

"In the basement, I believe," Yoongi supplied him. "How so?"

"I was just wondering. I've been washing my clothes in the lake until now." Hoseok raised his eyebrows, hoping that Yoongi would understand what he was asking between the lines.

"Do you want to use the laundry room? I'm not sure if Maggie will let you in. You need a key," Yoongi explained with an excusing look on his face.

"Oh, okay. I understand." Hoseok nodded politely. "I guess I will take my leave then..."

"I could always give you a key," Yoongi said cleverly. Hoseok's chest twitched with hope. "Follow me."

Hoseok followed Yoongi out of the room, leaving Yoongi's nightgown behind. They walked into an office on the second floor. It smelled like old men and cigars. Yoongi opened one of the top drawers of the desk, revealing a mess of keys inside.
"Give it back to me by the end of the summer. You can use it until then. It works for every door." Yoongi handed the key over for Hoseok. It was silvery and old, heavy in his hand.

"Thank you so much," Hoseok said in awe, lifting the key in his hand and smiling at Yoongi. "What happens if I lose it though?" He could be clumsy sometimes.

"Don't lose it," Yoongi said with an amused look on his face. It almost felt like they were flirting. Hoseok would faint if that was the case. "I won't give you another one."

"Right. I won't lose it." Hoseok turned the key over in his hand, getting lost in Yoongi's pretty eyes for a moment before he snapped back to reality. "I'll leave then. Thank you again for the key."

"I should be the one to thank you," Yoongi said politely. "For not, well, you know...." He faced the floor, looking shy.

"For not thinking twice about that?" Hoseok teased, motioning for Yoongi's front, panicking inside. Yoongi must not be able to read thoughts. Hoseok would think about this for the rest of his life. Would dream about it before he went to bed at night and turned into Horny Hobi.

"Something like that." They looked at each other for a moment. Then Hoseok started looking around in the office and Yoongi led him back outside, saying something about not being allowed in there. Yoongi walked back for his room at the third floor and Hoseok followed after a minute, realizing that he'd forgotten his cleaning bucket. When he had it in his hands he ran to the basement, feeling super excited and sneaky. He threw the bucket back into the cleaning room, pretending not to hear Rose who scolded him for having almost hit her with it, and started searching for the laundry room. It must be behind one of the two doors next to the staircase. He'd never thought much about them. He opened the first one with the key, surprised when it appeared to be a bedroom. There were two bunk beds and one bigger bed crammed into the room. Dresses and skirts and something that must be female underwear was thrown around everywhere in the messy room.

"What are you doing, you perv!"

Hoseok quickly closed the door and retreated the key. Behind him stood Rose frowning at him.

"Was this why you were in such a hurry? Wanted to peep into the girls' room? Huh? Mina, Jisoo, Sana and Momo won't be happy when they hear about this." She tapped the floor with her foot, angry look on her face.

"That wasn't what I was doing at all," Hoseok retorted with a stubborn shake of his head. "I would never."

"That's what all boys say." Rose narrowed her eyes at him. "I know what you were thinking. It's quite obvious to anyone walking past. Yuck." She motioned for Hoseok's pants. He squeaked and tried to cover himself when he saw that it still looked like he had a sausage hidden in there.

"Creep."

"That's, that's not why!" Hoseok tried to defend himself. He looked like this because of Yoongi.

"What's going down in here?" Jisoo and Mina choosed that moment to leave the kitchen and walk into the hallway.

"Hoseok was breaking into your room," Rose explained. "And then he got pervy."

Jisoo and Mina shared looks of horror and disgust. Hoseok groaned. He took his key and started
opening the other door.

"Hey, look, now he's trying to break into Maggie's room!" Rose exclaimed. "Let's get him girls!"

Hoseok shouted in surprise. Maggie's room? Ew! But where was the laundry room? He looked around in confusion, jumping away when Rose reached for him, trying to steal his key. Then he saw it. There was one door he'd missed. It was the smallest one, half hidden behind an old chair in the small living room part of the room. He ran off there, put his key in the keyhole and unlocked the door. The door opened and he peeked his head inside. It smelled like wet earth and mold. The air was humid, and then he felt something that smelled like flowers. Bingo.
"Where are you going?" Mina asked from the other side. She looked confused. Hoseok ignored her. He ran inside, closed the door and locked it. He kept the key in the lock, and looked forward, thrilled from the sight. The walls and floors were tiled and white. There were two little windows at the wall in front of him, close to the ceiling, letting in enough sunlight for him to see without a lamp.

There were two big, wooden wash tubs with wringers in them leaned against the wall to his left, half-filled with water. To his right were a bucket with dirty clothes, an ironing board and an iron, and a shelf with washed and folded clothes on it.

He walked over to the bucket with dirty laundry. It was a mess of white clothes inside of it. Shirts, underpants, socks. The clothes of the fancier materials must be cleaned somewhere else. This was only cotton.

He picked up the thing on the top. It was a shirt. He held it at an arm's length from him, wondering who it belonged to, also wondering when he'd become such a creep, and read the tag in the neck. Min Yoongi was embroidered in the back of it. Hoseok started smiling, lips forming into a sneaky smile. Did all of these clothes belong to Yoongi?

Feeling sneaky, he started rummaging through the bucket, throwing clothes to the floor in search for more of Yoongi's used clothes. He made a pile of Yoongi's nightgowns, wanting to steal and sniff every one of them, grimacing when he found a shirt that read Kim Seokjin, and grimaced some more when he found one that read Kim Namjoon. He put the clothes back in the bucket when he'd made clear that all of them were shirts or nightgowns. He wanted to take one of Yoongi's nightgowns, but he couldn't do that. He was here for another reason.

Did Yoongi burn his underwear at the end of the day? They weren't here. Had Maggie just done the washing?

Then he saw something. There was a smaller bucket, looking a bit like a box with a wooden lid on it, half hidden under the ironing board. He crouched down, seeing that there was another one too. Two buckets with lids on them. He felt his heart beat in his chest. What was kept in them? Hoseok rubbed his chin in thought. Should he check? There might be spiders. Bras. Corsets. Who knows what Maggie cleaned? What if it was her own clothes in there? Her waist looked way too small compared to her fat fingers. It was probably a sweaty, used corset in one of those boxes. Maggie's underwear. Not something that belonged to Yoongi.

But… What if it was something that belonged to Yoongi? Why would Maggie keep her rotten underwear here?

Before he could change his mind, Hoseok reached for the left bucket and opened the lid. It wasn't a corset inside. It was underwear, and it looked like the sort of underwear he put on Yoongi in the mornings. He took out one on them, feeling his cheeks burn red when he saw that it was Yoongi's
size. It had no name embroidered in the back, but no one else worse fancy underwear like these.

He opened the other bucket, wondering if it was more of Yoongi's clothes, feeling like puking when he saw underwear with pink tags on them that must be Jin's. He pushed the bucket as far away from him as possible, turning his attention back to Yoongi's bucket. Why did they put their dirty underwear in different places? Didn't Yoongi want to wash his clothes with Jin? Didn't he want to risk mixing them up?

Hoseok didn't really care. He glanced at the door, listening for sounds, before he closed the lid of Yoongi's bucket, still holding Yoongi's underwear in his hand. He made sure that the room looked like it had when he'd first entered it before he walked for the door, feeling sneaky. He had two shirts, a pair of shorts and underwear that had been Yoongi's now. He could sniff these too now before he went to bed at night.

Only that he realized that he couldn't. What was he thinking? Had he planned on sniffing Yoongi's underwear like a perv with Jimin in the room? He couldn't do that. Jimin would throw him out the window before he had the time to say Horny Hobi.

Hoseok glanced at the garment in his hand. He stroked the soft material between his fingers. Why had he even gone in here? He should put them back. Give the key back too. He didn't know what he might do with a key like that. He could do anything, like sleepwalk and walk into Yoongi's room at night to watch him sleep.

He walked back to the ironing board and crouched down. He opened the bucket with Yoongi's underwear in it and started putting the garment back. He wasn't a thief. Then he stopped again. He had a better idea.

He checked that the door was still locked and that no one could peek through the keyhole before he positioned himself under the window, not wanting anyone to glance inside and see him from the outside. He unbuttoned his pants and pulled them down together with his underwear. He stepped out of them, questioning himself one last time. He was so excited now. He couldn't help it. He held Yoongi's underwear out in front of him, wondering if they would fit or not. He stepped into them, holding his breath as he pulled them up his calves, knees, thighs. His cheeks burned. Yoongi had worn these before. It was almost like Yoongi was touching him.

"Come on," He mumbled as he tugged at the fabric. It stuck over his thighs. They were too small. Just a bit too small. His ass was too big.

He leaned his back against the wall and sighed. They didn't fit. Damn it. He'd planned on wearing them and putting them back later before Jimin saw. Or Yoongi. He wanted to wear them and pretend that Yoongi had given them to him and wanted him to have them. Or something. He hadn't really planned anything. He'd just wanted to try them on. This was his only chance. He'd probably never be able to go back into the laundry room again.

He pulled the underwear back down again. He stepped out of them and held them out in front of him. Then he raised them and pressed them to his nose, sniffing them. They smelled like cold and mold, and a bit like Hoseok himself, but under that there was a smell that Hoseok recognized from the mornings when he pulled the nightgown off Yoongi. Hoseok felt his stomach swirl. It was dark and musky and a bit sweet.

Hoseok's lips formed into a creepy smile. The underwear smelled so good. Hoseok wanted to sniff them all day. They couldn't have been here for long. They smelled too much like Yoongi.

Hoseok lowered the garment from his face, feeling flustered from what he was doing. He stared at
the door as he lowered a hand to between his legs. No one would notice. No one would know. He'd be quick. The door was locked and he was safe. No Jimin in sight. No one knew he was there.

So he dropped to his knees on the floor and started jerking himself. It didn't take long until he was fully hard again. He thought back on how Yoongi's cock had looked in his room just now, how perfect it had been, how helpless and embarrassed Yoongi had sounded when Hoseok had seen it. Yoongi helpless. Hoseok stroked himself and panted, feeling the pleasure build up fast. He sat up on his knees, angled back his head and panted with an open mouth.

He closed his eyes and thought of Yoongi naked. Naked in his bed. Naked in the bathtub. Naked in Hoseok's bed. Hoseok cried out, wishing Yoongi had been here with him. He raised the underwear to his nose and smelled them, trying to trick himself that Yoongi was standing in front of him, pressing his crotch against Hoseok's face.

"Yoongi," Hoseok sobbed, working himself in his hand so hard that slapping sounds must be heard to the beach. Precome dripped from the tip of his cock. He would need to bathe again. He didn't care. He pressed Yoongi's underwear over his face, over his cheeks and forehead and lips, as he touched himself. He grabbed himself at the base, preventing himself from coming, giving himself a moment to catch his breath before he continued.

He started stroking again, slower this time, rolling his hips, sliding into his hand as he got warm all over. He pulled his shirt up and started rubbing Yoongi's underwear over his chest, over his sensitive nipples, whimpering from the thought of Yoongi touching him.

He was so close. He dropped the underwear and steadied himself with a hand against the floor as he bucked his hips and came. "Yoongi," He whined as he aimed for Yoongi's underwear and came over them, covering them in white rivulets of his release. He moaned and pumped himself, feeling so good. His face burned but it didn't matter. He smelled like sweat but it didn't matter. His heart thumped in his chest as he bathed in pleasure. He stilled and pressed his eyes shut, panting and shivering before he came back to reality.

He blinked his eyes open. He realized what he'd done.

"Oh no," He breathed in horror, staring at Yoongi's destroyed underwear. They were all covered, and some droplets had gotten on the floor. Hoseok stared at the door, slamming a hand over his mouth. He pressed himself against the wall. Please don't let anyone have heard. The light from the window on the wall behind him hit the underwear on the floor. He prayed that no one was peeking inside.

He stood up on shaky legs and got dressed in his own clothes. He buttoned his pants, not sure if he was shaking from pleasure or from fear by now. How long had he been in here? What time did Maggie clean? Hoseok had no idea. If something weird happened in here Yoongi would suspect Hoseok immediately. Hoseok had no idea how many others had a key.

He started running around, looking for something to use to clean up the mess he'd made. He found nothing. All he had was the used water in the wash tub. He didn't want to use any of Yoongi's clothes as a sponge, so he scooped up dirty water in his hand and splashed it over the floor, thinking that the water would clean the floor, gasping when he ended up making it worse. The water landed in the middle of the drying come on Yoongi's underwear, loosening it up, spreading it out over the floor.

"No, no, no," Hoseok hissed for himself. This was not good. He must be an idiot. What had he been thinking? He had no money to buy new clothes. If Yoongi found out about this Hoseok didn't know how to pay him back. Worst would be the shame. He had to fix this. No one could find out.
Then someone pulled at the door handle. Hoseok jumped with panic.

"Who's in there?"

Hoseok almost fainted. It was Maggie. She tugged at the door handle and started putting a key in the keyhole. Hoseok's own key fell out on the other side.

"Shit, shit, shit," Hoseok cursed, running for the door and picking up his key from the floor. He stared around in panic, looking for somewhere to hide. There was nowhere. No hidden closet. Nothing.

"You're not allowed in here, whoever you are," Maggie spat from the other side, turning her key in the lock. Hoseok positively peed himself. He'd never been this afraid. Yoongi's destroyed underwear still lay on the floor over there and he'd broken in here and he had nowhere to hide.

He felt something warm run down his leg. Yup. He'd peed himself. This was the best day of his life.

When it sounded like Maggie opened the door he ran and grabbed the ironing board out of panic. He put it against the door and bought himself a few valuable seconds. He took one of the shirts from the dirty bucket with shirts in it, not sure who it belonged too, and started wiping the floor. He took another shirt and tried to wipe up the accident. It didn't work at all. The thick cotton didn't soak up anything.

"Huh?" Maggie asked from the door as she tried to push it open. Hoseok's heart jolted and stopped. Why had he walked in here in the first place? Maggie was going to tell Yoongi now.

Hoseok was going to die.

Think!

Hoseok had to hide somewhere. There was only one thing to do. He grabbed the two shirts he'd used as cloths and Yoongi's soiled underwear in his hands and threw them into the half-filled wash tub. He pressed them into the water before he flung a leg over the edge, stepping into the ice cold water, shaking his head over his miserable fate. He stepped inside with his other leg and had just the time to hold his breath, close his eyes and slip under the water surface as Maggie threw the door open, the ironing board falling to the floor. The dirty, cold water enveloped his face, feeling like ice around his head. His hands were trembling from fear and his heart was hammering in his chest. He started floating up. He desperately put one of the shirts over his head, hoping it would cover him in case Maggie glanced into the tub.

"Where did you go?" He heard Maggie ask from somewhere in the room. Her voice echoed strange under the water. "What have you done in here?"

His lungs started hurting from holding his breath for too long. He was going to die here, from holding his breath in the dirty water. He couldn't risk swallowing any of it. Who knows how old it was. How much soap was in it.

"Ma'am! I swear, he was in here!"

Hoseok snapped his eyes open. They stung from the water. That voice. It belonged to Rose. Had she led Maggie in here to catch him?

"I see no one?" Maggie countered. "Are you tricking me, girl? You know that no farmers have keys."
"Hoseok had a key, ma'am!" Rose argued annoyingly. "We all saw him walk in here looking like he was going to do something bad."

Hoseok felt his face go blue. He floated up to the water surface and filled his lungs with air under the wet shirt over his head. It sounded like Maggie and Rose were standing close to him.

"Hoseok? That boy? Always knew he was up to mischief. Keep an eye on him." Maggie muttered. "Did he break in here?"

"That's what I told you ma'am, we saw him! He must be hiding somewhere. Let's look for him."

Hoseok's heart froze. He took a deep breath and hid as deep down in the water he could. He heard mumbling voices and gasps. They must've seen the traces on the floor. And now he remembered. He hadn't closed the bucket with Yoongi's underwear. They knew that he, Jung Hoseok, had been looking at them. He almost wanted to drown now. This was the end. The end of his time at the Mansion.

"What's the matter in here?"

Hoseok thanked god. Someone came to save him. Maybe he wouldn't die after all.

Then his heart jumped again. Nearly hurt. That voice. It belonged to Yoongi. Shit. He was the only one worse than Maggie to catch him.

"Sir, we're looking for Hoseok," Maggie told Yoongi in her raspy voice. "He had locked the door and barricaded it when I tried to walk inside."

"That doesn't sound like anything he would do?" Yoongi said. It sounded like he was walking around. Hoseok filled his lungs with air one more time before he pressed his hands to the tub on his sides, keeping himself under the water. "And he doesn't have a key."

"What?" Maggie, Rose and Hoseok said. Hoseok's words were lost in an air bubble. Was Yoongi protecting him? Lying to save him from Maggie?

"I'm certain there was a key in the keyhole when I tried to unlock the door," Maggie insisted. "Look, it should be right here-" Her voice died out. Hoseok had already picked up his key from the floor.

"I saw it too! He opened the door with a key before he walked inside!" Rose insisted. "He looked really weird and smug, and I think he was going to do something bad in here."

Hoseok pressed a hand against his mouth not to scream. His lungs hurt and his head started spinning. He needed air. It sounded like Rose was right beside his hiding place.

"Wait..." Maggie said mysteriously. "Who put that shirt here?" She walked over to Hoseok with heavy steps. Hoseok felt like he peed himself again. His lungs emptied of air and he stared forward in the darkness of the tub. They would catch him now.

Hoseok felt Maggie grab the shirt laying on top of his head, hiding him. She pulled it up, and he cried. This was the worst day of his life. He would have to reveal everything. His life was over.

"Yeah, is there a party going on in here or what!"

Maggie dropped the shirt and turned around. Hoseok broke through the water surface and desperately filled his lungs with air, feeling the room spin around him, glancing at Maggie's back
from where the shirt had moved, feeling dizzy.

"Sir Jin, what are you doing here?" Rose asked.

"I could ask you the same!" Jin staged a laugh. "Seriously, get out of here."

"But-" Rose started. It sounded like Jin led her to the door. Hoseok hid in the water again, eyes closed and feeling like he would die from lack of air any moment now.

"Sir, we are searching for Jung Hoseok. He is hiding somewhere in here," Maggie explained. "I will catch him, just like last time."

"What last time?" Yoongi wondered in confusion.

Jin started laughing. "You're so funny Maggie dear, but I saw Hoseok by the beach just now. There's no way he's hiding in here. Besides, he doesn't have a key."

"But-" Maggie argued.

"Please come back at another time. I need a word with Yoongi in peace." Jin clapped his hands together, leaving no room for argument. It sounded like Maggie walked away. Hoseok prayed for the others to leave too. He felt like he'd just got his life back.

"Did you see him on the beach?" Yoongi asked Jin doubtfully when Maggie had left. "Because I gave him a key. I think he was going to do his laundry in here."

"Yoongi, my friend. I saw him on the beach. But now I must ask you to leave too because I need to change underwear and I'm pretty sure you don't want to see that!"

Yoongi made a sound of disgust. "Right. See you later. I need to work on that song."

"Sounds like a good plan for today. Good luck!" Jin patted Yoongi by the sound of it and laughed some. The door closed and Hoseok sat still as a statue, slowly floating to the top, filling his lungs with air when his nose was above the water surface. What song? Why had Jin lied to Yoongi?

He jerked in surprise when the shirt lift from his head.

"How many times have I saved your life by now?" Jin huffed, raising his eyebrows at Hoseok who blinked up at him, feeling small and ashamed.

"I've never been that afraid in my life. Maggie almost caught me," Hoseok whispered, voice horrified. He stood up in the tub and dirty water ran off of him. Jin took a step back and wrinkled his nose up.

"Tell me what happened and I won't tell Yoongi, or anyone else for that matter. Actually, I'm not sure if I want to know." Jin flicked his gaze to the dirty spots on the floor.

Hoseok stepped out of the washing tub. He left the shirts and underwear there, thinking that he should leave a note for Maggie to change the water later.

Then he swallowed all pride. Jin had saved him. He should tell him the truth.

"I was gonna take one of Yoongi's underwear," He confessed with sagging shoulders. He was ashamed. He blinked stinging water from his eyes and squeezed it from his clothes. "I was gonna wear them, ehm, but, but then I, you know, and I, you know, on them. And then I didn't know what to do, and then Maggie tried to open the door and I peed myself."
Jin choked and started laughing, looking at Hoseok as if he was joking. "What are you saying?"

"Yeah, I-, I peed myself," Hoseok admitted, facing down, feeling like he was five again. He was so embarrassed.

"No, did you spill on Yoongi's clothes? What kind of weird fetish is that?" Jin asked in confusion.

"I have no idea." Hoseok scratched his chin. He glanced up at Jin, feeling desperate. "Please don't tell him?"

"I won't tell him, dear," Jin decided, giving Hoseok a look over. "But I would like to advise you to think before you act. Maggie always irons clothes at this time every day."

"I'm sorry." Hoseok pouted.

"It's okay. I'm quite fascinated, to tell the truth. Never thought someone would like Yoongi the way you do. Or perhaps like is the wrong word for it. Obsess is better." Jin gave Hoseok another disapproving look over.

"Have you seen him?" Hoseok asked. Yoongi was too hot to handle.

"I was about to ask you the same thing?" Jin said. "Now, now, I will get Jones to clean up in here. You should probably take a bath and change clothes. That water is old."

"I will." Hoseok bowed low. "Thank you for backing me up. I'm not sure who else would. You just saved my life."

"That's what friends are for, isn't it?" Jin said in a friendly tone.

"We're friends?" Hoseok leaned back up and smiled uncertainly.

"Now we are." Jin smiled a warm smile at Hoseok who felt better. Jin held out a hand that Hoseok shook, not feeling insulted even as Jin wiped his hand on the front of his pants afterwards. "Run off now, before Yoongi finds out I lied to him and comes back here to tell me."

"Okay, thank you again!" Hoseok ran out of the room and headed straight for the staircase, feeling so relieved, so thankful, heart beating hard in his chest because he'd just survived another Maggie-surprise-attack.

"Hey, there you are!" Rose called after him in the basement, pointing at him. His heart jolted and he sprinted up the stairs, through the corridor on the first floor and ran out on the porch, ignoring Dahyun who gasped and Mark that he met on the lawn.

"Hi Hobi!" Taehyung greeted him as he ran out on the beach. He ran for the dock and dived into the lake, doing this for the third time now, if not more. He swam back to the water surface and filled his lungs with air, waving at Taehyung and Jimin who sat on the beach, looking like two question marks.

When Rose and Jisoo ran out on the beach along with Maggie and her cane, looking for Hoseok, Hoseok dived into the water and hid under the dock, listening to their rummaging footsteps as they run on it. He sneaked back up on the beach while they were searching for him in the water by the end of the dock. He ran back for the mansion, wanting to change his clothes, dry his hair and walk around like nothing in case Rose and Maggie caught him later. Taehyung and Jimin sneaked after him, joining him by the porch.
"I want to hear the story behind this one," Jimin said as he looked at Hoseok with wonder. "Why do you keep diving into the lake like that?"

"Please tell us?" Taehyung beamed. "Why is Maggie chasing you?"

"Long story," Hoseok said. "Would take four weeks to explain."

"I've got all day?" Jimin countered.

"Me too," Taehyung joined in.

"What did you do for that hag to chase you around?" Jimin asked as they walked up on the third floor. Hoseok came to a stop when they walked into the corridor. In front of them was Yoongi, closing the door to Hoseok and Jimin's room behind him.

"Hoseok," Yoongi said, looking surprised. "I was just looking for you."

"O-oh, you were?" Hoseok's cheeks burned red. If only Yoongi knew what he'd just done. "I was at the-- at the beach."

"He went for a swim in his clothes, Sir," Taehyung filled in. "Bathe and wash your clothes in one, really smart!"

"I thought you were going to borrow the laundry room?" Yoongi questioned Hoseok, eyes confused.

"I changed my mind." Hoseok smiled awkwardly.

"What were you doing in our room?" Jimin asked. "Sir," He added when Taehyung elbowed him in the side.

"I was only looking out the window. Maggie seems to be in a foul mood today," Yoongi mumbled, small frown on his face before he went back to looking plain. "See you later." He nodded politely at Hoseok before he passed them in the corridor and walked down the stairs. He almost slipped on the wet trail Hoseok had left behind and gripped the railing not to fall. He looked beautiful even from behind. His hair was dark and brushed and his shirt had loosened from where Hoseok had tucked it into his pants that morning. So pure. Adorable. Wonderful.

"Hello? Earth to Hoseok?" Jimin waved a hand in front of Hoseok's face.

"What?" Hoseok blinked back to reality. Yoongi glanced up at him from the stairs and made mysterious eye contact for a brief second before he disappeared in view. Hoseok felt like he'd just survived again. "I need to change clothes. Be right back." He walked into his room as Jimin and Taehyung groaned out complains on the other side of the door.

He pressed his back against the door when it was closed behind him and rubbed his face in his hands. The things Yoongi made him do. He couldn't go on like this. He had to do something soon. Make the feelings go away. It was difficult when Yoongi was so amazing.
That night Hoseok couldn't sleep. He rolled around sleepless in his bed, feeling restless and tired. He threw his blanket off of him, too sweaty from lying under it. He'd seen Yoongi sit in the gazebo earlier. Yoongi had waved and smiled at Hoseok when he saw him. Hoseok had sprinted right inside the mansion, pressed himself against the wall and tried to still his racing heart. Yoongi was dangerous. Too beautiful. Too charming. Hoseok had no chance against him.

"Can't sleep, hyung?" Taehyung asked from Jimin's bed. They were having another sleep over, without Hoseok. Jungkook was using the bathroom. That's what he'd told them anyway. He'd been gone for ten minutes already. Jimin was certain he was beating his meat for the first time, because Taehyung had just whispered in his ear. Taehyung thought he was in the kitchen. Hoseok didn't care.

"No." Hoseok groaned miserably. His pillow was all lumpy from the pile of clothes tucked underneath it. Might be why he struggled to find a comfortable position. Or not.

"You know that when you can't sleep it's because someone's thinking about you, right?" Taehyung whispered.

Hoseok gave him an odd look. "No, I don't think that's why."

"But it is!" Taehyung hissed excitedly. He held a lit candle out under his chin. Beside him Jimin was practicing writing.

"Ah, I'm giving up," Jimin said, putting the parchment and pencil on the nightstand. "Hobi can't sleep because he's thinking about something. Tell us."

Hoseok felt pressured. He turned so he had his back towards them and gazed out the window. He could see the night sky. The stars twinkled out there. He wondered if Yoongi was watching the stars too. Their windows faced different parts of the sky.

"What?" He glanced over his shoulder when someone threw a pillow at him. Taehyung almost dropped the candle and set the room on fire. Hoseok's heart jolted.

"What are you thinking about?" Jimin urged impatiently. "Can't you tell us what happened today?"

"Who's thinking about you, do you think?" Taehyung wondered on his end. He skipped out of
Jimin's bed and sat down on Hoseok's, folding his legs under him and smiling encouragingly at him. "Yesterday was yesterday. I say we focus on the present. Who's thinking about you right now?"

"I am! Tell me what happened!" Jimin jumped out of bed and sat down beside Taehyung on Hoseok's bed. "Did you go into the laundry room with a key? What key?"

Hoseok groaned. He pressed his face into the pillow, secretly doing so so the others wouldn't see his secret stash of clothes there. At dinner Rose had been telling everyone that Hoseok had tried to peep on the girls in their room before he'd locked himself into the laundry room. Jin must've told Namjoon what had happened because he defended Hoseok. Jimin and Taehyung had snapped their heads back and forth, following the conversation, while Hoseok had played with his food, not feeling hungry anymore. Half of the farmers thought Rose made it up, but half believed her. Dahyun gave Hoseok nasty looks all evening. Jackson begged him to lend out the key so he could peep on the girls too. Hoseok had faked ignorance.

"Do you think Yoongi is thinking about you?" Taehyung asked.

"W-why would he do that?" Hoseok sputtered, turning to his back so that he could breathe again. "It's past midnight."

Jimin flicked his gaze from Taehyung to Hoseok, looking like he was putting one and one together.

"I think it's Jungkook!" Hoseok blurted. "Jungkook must be thinking of me. He's in the kitchen, right? He must be wondering if I want something, since I didn't eat any dinner."

"Didn't you eat any dinner?" Jimin and Taehyung asked in unison.

"Of course I did." Hoseok forced out a stiff laugh. He was so bad at lying.

"I still think he's masturbating," Jimin pondered. "What did you whisper to him, Tae Tae?"

"I told him he looked good in his shirt." Taehyung put a finger to his lips and grinned.

"Are you a thing now, or?" Jimin raised an eyebrow. Hoseok held his breath, feeling incredible lost. Taehyung and Jungkook? The twelve years old?

"No, we're not. I only gave him a kiss last week." Taehyung shrugged. He put the candle on the nightstand and sighed happily. "But he answered it. Always something."

"If only my crush would kiss me," Jimin whined.

"Wait, Tae Tae," Hoseok sat up and leaned against his bulky pillow. He frowned some. "Are you, ehm, you know?"

"Am I what?" Taehyung looked confused. "Cute?"

"I think he means homosexual," Jimin said.

"Shh," Hoseok tried to hush him. Who knows who walked past the door. Maggie might hear them. "Wait, think Maggie took Jungkook?"

"No, he's allowed to wander at night," Taehyung revealed. "And to answer your question, yes I am."

"Seriously?" Hoseok asked in surprise. What were the odds? All of his friends turned out to be gay,
just like himself. Fate was finally giving him something back after all awkwardness and near-death experiences.

"I'm very serious." Taehyung gave a little nod. "I don't know if it's because I was raised by my grandmother or not. I got to follow her around everywhere, to her sewing classes, fabric store, grocery store, follow her to the library and stuff. Help her make food even though I'm terrible at it."

"You didn't become gay because your grandma raised you as a girl?" Jimin stated. "You were born that way."

"Maybe." Taehyung shrugged. "I wish I could've told her."

"What do you mean?" Hoseok asked. "You didn't?" Hoseok hadn't told anyone in his family. Still.

"No. I had planned to, but I wavered, and then she passed away and I started working here." Taehyung smiled a sad smile. "My other family members want nothing to do with me, so I'm not gonna tell them either."

"They want nothing to do with you?" Hoseok asked, baffled, feeling like he'd known nothing about Taehyung until now.

"He's a bastard," Jimin explained. "Mom's a prostitute and dad's famous businessman. No one wanted him so his grandma took care of him instead."

"Thanks for explaining it, Jiminie." Taehyung patted Jimin gratefully on the knee.

Hoseok blinked at them. He felt sad. "I don't know what to say, I'm so sorry Tae. I had no idea."

"It's okay. Don't be sorry, my grandma was an amazing mother and I miss her every day." Taehyung smiled as his eyes started glistening. "I always wanted siblings, but it feels like I've got that now."

"Aw Tae Tae, we love you," Jimin sniffled and brought Taehyung into a hug. Hoseok joined it, hugging the both of them, strangely not feeling as alone anymore. He definitely wasn't the only weird one here. Now he felt like he was the most normal. Before he got here anyway. He'd had a mother and father who loved each other and a sister. He'd learned how to write and read and had gotten spoiled by his mother's food and caring hands since only over a month back. Namjoon and Taehyung had no families. Jimin's family couldn't afford him. Jungkook was adopted and Hoseok had no idea about the rest.

"Do you like Jungkook?" Hoseok asked as he leaned back against the pillow in his bed, feeling emotional from the hug.

"I like him a lot," Taehyung explained with a giggle. "He hugs me every night as we go to sleep, and last week we kissed as I woke him up. We haven't talked about it though. I think he's embarrassed. He's very shy."

"How romantic!" Jimin gasped dramatically as he threw himself down Hoseok's bed, trying to take Hoseok's pillow from him. Hoseok tugged it back, not wanting to expose the hidden pile of Yoongi clothes under it.

"Do you like boys, Hobi?" Taehyung asked.

Hoseok glanced up. He felt awkward. He'd never come out for these many people before. How many knew? Jin, Namjoon, Jimin. Maybe Jungkook. Taehyung had just shared so much though.
Hoseok wanted to share something too.

"Yes," Hoseok admitted, making himself small with his legs pressed against his chest.

"Ooh..." Taehyung smiled. "I thought so with how you were staring at everyone as we were going bathing the other week."

"Shh."

"He was what?" Jimin asked in shock. "You're peeping on us!?"

"No Jiminnie, I was just, you know, doing an experiment," Hoseok tried to explain.

"I think there's already someone you like," Taehyung said mysteriously. "And I think you couldn't fall asleep because he was thinking of you."

"It's because Hobi was thinking of him," Jimin countered. "Do you know who it is? He has nice skin and teases him."

"Hm..." Taehyung rubbed his chin in thought. "It's not me, and it's not you, Hoseok doesn't like Jackson, and-"

The door opened and Jimin quickly blew out the candle. Taehyung hid under the bed and Hoseok hid under his blanket, heart jolting in his chest from the thought that it was Maggie.

"It's me."

"Kookie!" Taehyung cheered, jumping out from under the bed and enveloping Jungkook in a hug by the sound of it. "Where were you? You were gone so long!"

Jungkook let out an embarrassed laugh. "I, eh, wanted to get you candy but Deedee had none so she made me some cookies. Here,"

"Say what?" Jimin asked, and he and Hoseok approached Taehyung and Jungkook by the door, following the scent of the cookies.

"Thank you!" Taehyung hugged Jungkook close and pressed a kiss to his cheek. Hoseok wished there had been more light in the room. Jungkook sounded flustered and Hoseok wanted to see if his face was red or not.

Hoseok walked back to his bed when it became clear that the cookies were made only for Taehyung. Jimin managed to snatch one before he sat back on his bed, scolding Jungkook who spread crumbs around over his blanket. Taehyung and Jungkook held hands, probably thinking that Hoseok couldn't see them. They were so innocent. So sweet. So different from rough Jin and Namjoon, or I've-had-sex Jimin.

"Ew, no kissing in here!" Jimin started hurling in his bed. Hoseok turned his back to them and gazed out the window, watching the stars that had moved some since the last time he'd glanced out. Was Yoongi thinking about him? No. Had to be someone else. But Hoseok was thinking of him.

Hoseok fell asleep to the murmuring voices of Jimin, Taehyung and Jungkook. They lit the candle again and started playing cards. Hoseok put his pillow over his head to block out the sounds and the light and stroked Yoongi's clothes in his hand, wondering if today had really happened or not. He was happy that he was still here. Jin was on his side and it was a miracle.
At breakfast Jin gathered everyone. He flicked his fingers importantly to get everyone's attention, and he'd even dragged down Yoongi who stepped into the small dining room in his nightgown and an expensive looking robe draped over his shoulders, looking absolutely adorable.

Hoseok instantly stood up from his chair, wanting to offer it to Yoongi, feeling awkward when Yoongi walked over to Namjoon and took the empty seat beside him instead.

"What are you doing?" Jimin whispered as Hoseok sat back down. Hoseok didn't like how the room had went silent with everyone staring at him. Jin paused his speech. Hoseok was so awkward.

"I, uh, think there's a splinter in my pants," Hoseok lied.

"Watch out girls, he'll try to peep on us again," Rose whisper-shouted so loud that everyone heard her.

"I did not try to peep on you," Hoseok told her, hoping Yoongi wouldn't get any weird ideas.

"What were you doing in our room then?" Rose asked suspiciously, staring at Hoseok.

"Attention! Attention!" Jin lightly tapped the table with the newspaper in his hands. Yoongi scowled. Hoseok wasn't looking at Jin. He had his full attention on Yoongi. No one had dressed him yet. Was Hoseok still going to? It wasn't like Yoongi to be down here this early in the morning.

"Today my dear uncle Benny will come visit us," Jin explained in an important voice. "Fun, right?"

Everyone was silent. Rose kept whispering things to Lisa and Dahyun beside her, pointing at Hoseok and mumbling about guarding their door. Hoseok swallowed, ignoring them, and kept his eyes on adorable Yoongi. His eyes blinked close and it looked like he was going to fall asleep over the table. Namjoon patted him on the back and he woke up again. So cute.

"Since my uncle Benny is an old bored man," Jin continued, interrupted by Jimin who started laughing.

"Like you!" Jimin snorted.

"Very funny," Jin huffed. "He is much older. Anyway, for his visit we will prepare a costume party. He used to love attending those when he was younger, and he's very rich so if we make him happy he might give us money. Sounds good?" Jin looked mostly at Yoongi. Namjoon nodded in his place.

"Will we also get money?" Jackson asked, high fiving Mark next to him. "Hell yeah!"

"You will not get any money, silly," Jin scoffed at him. "I meant Jungkook and I, his beloved nephews!"

"So we don't get to attend the party?" Mina asked, looking disappointed.

"We don't have any costumes anyway," Taehyung sighed. "Have fun Kookie." He patted Jungkook on the back. They looked especially flirty and shy today. If Hoseok hadn't been so obsessed over Yoongi he probably would've asked them if something had happened last night.
"You will all attend the party. It isn't a party without people, correct?" Jin swept his gaze over each one of them, stopping to smile some extra at Namjoon. "There will be food and cakes, but he will arrive tonight so we need to hurry with the costumes!"

"Yes!" Jimin, and most of the others, cheered. Jimin turned to Hoseok to whisper to him. "Tonight will be the night when Juicy Jimin sweeps his crush off his feet!"

"Juicy Jimin?" Hoseok wondered.

"Yeah, that's me. Nice nickname, right? Tae thought of it last night after you'd gone to bed and had started mumbling about wanting to get kissed." Jimin grimaced.

Hoseok felt his cheeks heat up. He did not speak in his sleep. He'd had another dream about Yoongi, like usual, but he was not going to admit that.

"Good luck," He said instead, turning his gaze back to Yoongi, feeling his heart melt when Yoongi yawned into his hand and started chewing on his lower lip, licking it too. Was he hungry? Cute. Hoseok wanted to feed him. Preferably with his fingers, but food worked too.

"And you? Why don't you confess to your crush? Golden opportunity. If he rejects you you can just drop the mask and pretend that you were someone else by morning," Jimin went on, leaning close so only Hoseok would hear.

"Drop the mask?" Hoseok asked in confusion, tearing his gaze away from Yoongi for just a second to look Jimin in the eyes.

"Yeah? We'll make our own costumes, Jin just told us. Didn't you listen?" Jimin questioned as he motioned for Jin who smiled and waved at everyone as he walked out of the room.

"Uh, no." Hoseok admitted. He'd missed the last part of the speech, too occupied staring at Yoongi like a creep to hear anything. "What did he say?"

Jimin sighed overdramatically. "He'll hold a masquerade in the ball room at the first floor. Have you been there?"

"No." Hoseok shook his head.

"Okay, but it's like right above us." Jimin pointed at the low ceiling above their heads. "Uncle Benny will show up around dinner time and we have today to make our costumes. The best one will win something, don't know what, and Jin gonna go buy fabric with Deedee, Momo and Tae in a bit."

"How did I miss all that?" Hoseok mumbled. "He'll buy fabric?"

"Yup. So sharpen those nails and elbows because I'll fight to get the best one. Yellow is my color and purple is Tae's." Jimin said a bit louder so the others would hear. "You heard that everyone? Back off from the yellow fabric!"

"Smartass, now everyone will know that the one with the yellow mask is you," Jackson snorted, acting annoying. He was so negative all the time.

"I want green!" Rose added.

"I want pink!" Sana joined in, leaning over the table to look at everyone.
"Red!" Momo laughed.

"Sorry girls, you can't just take all pretty colors. The first one to the mill gets to grind." Jimin shrugged. "And since I'm the fastest one here you'll be left with the brown and gray, ha!"

"Hey!" The girls complained. They started bickering, and soon Namjoon tried to mediate between them. Mark, Jackson and the other boys joined in, Alejandro bringing in a Spanish word now and then, asking for a translation, and Hoseok went back to looking at Yoongi. His heart jumped when Yoongi looked back at him, their eyes meeting across the table.

"Hi," Hoseok mouthed, raising a hand and waving awkwardly. His lips felt like two nervously wobbling worms.

"Hi," Yoongi actually mouthed back, smiling a little bit before he waved back with a pale hand that he raised off the table, looking so shy and cute that Hoseok could scream. Hoseok was sure his heart stopped. Yoongi looked so beautiful.

"Hi," Hoseok mouthed again, not sure why, probably since he was a whipped fool that wouldn't be able to let go of the feelings anytime soon. He waved once again, this time with both hands, feeling giggly when Yoongi smiled adorably and shook his head at him.

"What are you giggling at?"

Hoseok stopped smiling when Jimin nudged his side and started staring around, wondering who Hoseok was looking at.

"Is it your crush? I've never seen you look so dorky," Jimin stated, sounding sneaky.

Hoseok turned his head the other way, panicking inside, starting waving at the first one he saw, internally grimacing when he saw that it was Rose.

"What's your problem?" Rose asked defiantly. "I won't let you into our room."

"Hi," Hoseok waved at the next person too, feeling uncomfortable when it was a confused Dahyun.

"What are you doing? Since when do you wave and smile at everyone at the table? Did you drink something funny, Hobi?" Jimin started lifting Hoseok's empty cup. While he was distracted Hoseok flicked his gaze back to Yoongi, instantly smiling when he found him smiling back at him, Yoongi looking amused by Hoseok's awkward waving.

"Hello," Hoseok mouthed as best as he could, feeling all warm inside when Yoongi opened his mouth a bit as if he was about to answer.

"Who are you staring at?" Jimin snapped his head to the side and Hoseok started panicking again. Jimin couldn't see Yoongi smiling at Hoseok. So Hoseok did the only thing he could do.

"Spider!" He shouted, pointing at Jimin's head. "There's a spider in your hair, Jiminie!"

Jimin screamed and jumped up from his chair, swatting his hands around. "Where! Where!" Half the people around the table laughed, and half climbed up their chairs, afraid of the spider.

"Oh, never mind. It was just a pebble." Hoseok shrugged, smiling stiffly at Jimin who pressed a hand to his chest and sat back down, all thoughts of who Hoseok had been looking at gone.

"I saw that. You lied to him," Rose hissed to Hoseok over the table. "Didn't you see it too?" She
asked Mark who sat close to Hoseok. He didn't hear her. Hoseok pretended not to hear her either. What was her problem? She had to get a hobby or something. Hoseok didn't like the feeling of being constantly watched.

Jisoo and Deedee handed out breakfast today. The bacon on the plate disappeared in less than a second. Hoseok didn't get any. The porridge tasted a bit better than usual, but he couldn't eat much with Yoongi sitting so close. It felt like he was watching him, but every time Hoseok dared a glimpse his way he looked away.

After breakfast Jin returned with two baskets under his arms, dressed in a pink tailored jacket. "Are my helpers ready to go?" He asked, whereupon Taehyung and Momo jumped up from their chairs and skipped over to him, both excited to go to the town.

"Don't you want to join?" Hoseok asked Jimin. Jimin was usually glued to Taehyung.

"Not today," Jimin retorted with a wicked smile. "Juicy Jimin has to think of a plan for tonight. Bye hyung!" He bounced up from his chair and left the room with Jin and the others.

Everyone scattered, left the table while chatting about tonight, some excited and some claiming that it was a waste of time. Hoseok wasn't sure what his own thoughts were. He had never attended a party like that before, let alone been in a ball room. It felt like it would be fun. There was only one problem. He couldn't sew, so he had no costume.

Yoongi rose from his chair and exchanged a few words with Namjoon. Hoseok lingered by his seat, playing with his hair, trying to look cool in case Yoongi were looking at him before Namjoon left, and Hoseok creeped closer to Yoongi. He waited out the last glares from Rose and Sana before they left the room. Then he walked up to Yoongi.

"Good morning, Sir," Hoseok said politely, heart beating nervously in his chest. "Do you want me to walk you back to your room?"

"That was nice of you," Yoongi said with a cute, funny little smile on his lips. He looked happy. Hoseok loved that look on him.

"You're still dressed in your nightgown." Hoseok motioned for Yoongi's clothes, for the nightgown and robe. "Didn't anyone dress you today?"

"Jin practically dragged me out of bed," Yoongi explained. "I didn't have time to change."

"I see," Hoseok said, making his voice sound like normal even though he was nervous and his heart beat started feeling painful with how fast it was beating. "Want me to dress you?" He asked with a smile. He'd never asked it like that before. He didn't think Yoongi wanted him to. It was more of a must. Something to be done.

"I think I would like that," Yoongi replied, smiling a bit more. "My feet are freezing."

Hoseok glanced down with a gasp. Yoongi was barefoot on the dirty stone floor. Who allowed that to happen?

Hoseok hurriedly crouched down and started taking off his shoes. He pulled off his socks from his feet and held them out in front of him. Yoongi's eyebrows furrowed together cutely in confusion.

"Here, give me your foot, please." Hoseok took one of Yoongi's feet and brushed dust from the pad. He draped one of his warm socks over the foot with a nervous smile. He wasn't sure what he was doing. He only felt the need to do this. He had to take care of Yoongi. Had to protect him and
make his feet warm again.

"Are you… giving me your socks?" Yoongi asked in a surprised voice.

"Yup." Hoseok put Yoongi's other foot in the other sock and put his own shoes back on his feet. Wearing shoes without socks was uncomfortable, but not too bad. The important thing was that Yoongi's feet were warm. Hoseok had to take care of him.

"But what about you?" Yoongi asked, looking at Hoseok with his wonderful eyes. He looked a bit confused. Hoseok felt the need to pinch his cheeks.

"I'm used to freezing. I do it in the lake every morning. I don't want you to freeze, though," Hoseok said simply as he stood up, hoping he didn't sound sappy or obsessed or creepy. He only wanted to be kind. Yoongi was wearing his socks and the thought made him so happy inside. The socks were white and long and reached Yoongi halfway up his calves, a bit too tight for him at the feet, but a bit too lose at the calves.

"You didn't have to," Yoongi trailed off, his eyes boring into Hoseok's, asking him a thousand questions in a language Hoseok did not speak. He wished Yoongi would tell him what he was thinking. If he liked the socks. If they were warm.

But Yoongi didn't speak. Didn't tell Hoseok if the socks were warm or not. They were silent, and Hoseok's eyes drifted to Yoongi's lips, and he caught himself wanting to kiss them. It would be so easy. Yoongi was standing perfectly still. All Hoseok had to do was to lean in. His skin prickled from just the thought. He felt tense. Tense from nervousness. Would Yoongi let him kiss him? He looked so cute in his nightgown and Hoseok's socks.

"Yoongi, where are you! I need to tell you about the brilliant plan for tonight!"

Jin's voice made them both turn their heads to the side. Yoongi's eyes grew big and he ran out the door, walked into Jin by the sound of it, causing Jin to gasp, preventing him from adding more to the sentence. Hoseok sneaked up to the door, thinking about how funny Yoongi had looked when he'd run like that. He glanced out the door, feeling curious and a bit confused and disappointed from not having kissed Yoongi. He saw Jin point at Yoongi's feet, gasping, as Yoongi hushed him every time he tried to speak.

"Oh, Hoseok!" Jin exclaimed as Hoseok stepped out the door, wanting to be close to Yoongi, wondering if he should still dress him or not. "Aren't you excited for tonight? Hm?"

Hoseok shrugged. Jin's smile grew wider, and he ignored Yoongi who hissed things to him in something that sounded like another language. Did they speak French?

"Je ne comprends pas le francais!" Jin told Yoongi as he kept whispering things to him. "Oui, oui!" Jin waved whatever Yoongi was saying away. "I will take my departure. Farewell! Have fun while I'm gone!" He winked first at Hoseok and then at Yoongi. Hoseok felt awkward as Jin left and it became silent again.

"Don't mind him. He's trying to be funny," Yoongi said, sighing in distress and running a hand through his hair. It looked too hot when he did that. Hoseok wanted to touch his hair too.

"Do you speak French?" Hoseok asked as he walked to the cleaning room and grabbed his cleaning bucket. He walked for the stairs, Yoongi following him. It was unusual to see Yoongi down here in the basement. Even more unusual to walk right next to him. Hoseok felt like the happiest, and most miserable, person on the planet, at the same time.
"Bonjour, mon chéri, je m'appelle Min Yoongi," Yoongi said, smiling shyly at his feet before he glanced up at Hoseok expectantly, eyes bright.

"What did you say?" Hoseok asked, feeling his cheeks heat up. Yoongi's voice sounded alluring. He hadn't known that Yoongi could speak French. Maybe all rich people learned how to speak several languages, just how they learned how to play instruments. They had a lot of time to waste. French sounded difficult though, and so different from Korean.

"I am Min Yoongi," Yoongi translated. He steadied himself on the railing as he started climbing the stairs. It didn't feel like that had been all he'd said. It felt like only half the sentence.

"Hm, okay." Hoseok nodded anyway. They climbed the stairs together. Hoseok's heart jumped and skipped beats as if he was going to die any second now. He hoped Yoongi couldn't see how nervous he was. He kept an eye on Yoongi's cute socks clad feet, making sure he didn't slip on the stone steps. When they reached the third floor Hoseok started with Yoongi's room, impatiently cleaning it until he could finally dress Yoongi.

"Here are today's clothes," Hoseok announced with a nervous smile as he put the little pile of clothes he'd picked out on the foot on the bed. He started dressing Yoongi. None of them mentioned what had happened yesterday. Yoongi didn't ask Hoseok about the key. Maybe he didn't care. It was for the best, even if it made Hoseok sad that Yoongi didn't care about him the same way Hoseok cared about him. Hoseok shouldn't care about him in the first place.

"Are you excited for the ball?" Hoseok asked as he put his socks back on his own feet, smiling since they were still warm from Yoongi. Then he put Yoongi in a new pair of socks from his closet.

"Not really. You?" Yoongi asked. He sat still as Hoseok started buttoning his shirt for him.

"A bit," Hoseok mused. "Depends who I'm going to dance with..." His heart hammered with nervousness. He might die. It might be worth it. He wanted to dance with Yoongi. He hoped Yoongi couldn't read thoughts. Yoongi looked so cute as Hoseok put him in his pants.

Yoongi nodded thoughtfully, silently. He crossed his legs as he sat back down on the bed, pants on, and raised his chin some as Hoseok buttoned the button of his shirt under his chin, seeing that he'd forgotten it.

"Someone in mind?"

Hoseok leaned back with a small smile from the question. He looked Yoongi in the eyes, tried to look mysterious and charming, if he even could be that. "Maybe there is?" You.

Yoongi didn't look as happy and excited as Hoseok felt from the idea of dancing with him. No, he looked uncomfortable and a bit irritated. Then he looked sad. He stood up and walked to the mirror, staring at his reflection with a plain face.

"Who?"

"What?" Hoseok asked over his shoulder. He'd walked to Yoongi's drawer. He picked out Yoongi's blue ring, walked up to him by the mirror and put it on his finger.

"Who do you wish to dance with?" Yoongi asked. His smile was tense and eyes questioning as he looked at Hoseok, waiting for the answer.

"Oh, ehm," Hoseok scratched his head. He felt his face go red. "No one special." He let out an
embarrassed laugh. He had to change the topic. Fast. He was being too obvious.

Yoongi nodded some again, turned to the mirror, met Hoseok's gaze in the mirror. He didn't look happy.

"Are you going?" Hoseok blurted. He felt his cheeks heat up. "I-, I mean," you need to be there so I can dance with you.

"I will be there." Yoongi stated. Now he didn't look quite as sad anymore. "How so?" He turned around fast and they ended up standing close together. Hoseok felt his face go a bit redder. He should ask Yoongi if Yoongi wanted to dance with him now.

But he couldn't. You were supposed to dance boy and girl. Not boy and boy. Hoseok would embarrass himself. Make Yoongi figure out his crush. He couldn't.

So he took a step back. "No reason, I was, I was just wondering." He backed all the way to the door like a weird person and grabbed his bucket on the way. "Have a nice day!"

"Are you leaving?" Yoongi leaned on one of the four-posters of his bed with a worried crease on his forehead.

"Need to clean the other rooms," Hoseok explained, glad he had an excuse. Staying here might make him slip something. He didn't want Yoongi to know that Hoseok wanted to dance with him. "See you later."

"See you later," Yoongi trailed off. "Oh, and thank you for letting me borrow your socks."

"No problem." Hoseok smiled. He bowed once before he opened the door and stepped outside, sighing as soon as the door was closed behind him. Why had Yoongi looked so weird? Why had he wondered who Hoseok wanted to dance with? Why had he stood so close at the end? Hoseok desperately hoped Jin hadn't told Yoongi about his crush. What if Yoongi was testing if it was true or not but felt grossed out when he saw how Hoseok's body reacted to him?

Hoseok didn't make any sense of this. He was still too tired. He hadn't slept much last night. Jimin, Taehyung and Jungkook had played cards and gossiped and who knows what until sunrise.

He walked into the fancy bathroom and started cleaning, reminded of Yoongi as he saw the bathtub. He scrubbed it clean and went around the room. Everything in the house reminded him of Yoongi. He wondered what had happened. He saw Yoongi everywhere.

Chapter End Notes

uncle Benny is the guy from ABBA!!!
and if i got this right,
Je ne comprends pas le francais = I don't understand French
Oui, oui = yes, yes
Bonjour, mon cheri = hello, my darling/sweetie
je m'appelle Min yoongi = I'm Min Yoongi
"Hurry, Hobi!" Jimin urged Hoseok as he dragged him into the corridor on the second floor. It was crowded by excitedly chattering boys and girls.

"What's going on?" Hoseok asked. He'd just spent an hour in bed thinking about how sexy Yoongi had sounded when he'd spoken to him in French. Jimin hadn't given him an explanation.

"They just came back with the fabrics! You need to help me grab the yellow one!" Jimin explained. "Move!" He said as he elbowed his way forward, sending others flying to the side. Hoseok must be seeing wrong, but he thought he saw unfamiliar faces. Two brunette girls stood by the door Jimin led him to, and a dark skinned boy stood next to the girls.

"Uhm, who are they?" Hoseok whispered to Jimin, wondering if he was seeing things.

"Oh, Jin-hyung invited over some of his own workers. They'll fight for the yellow fabric too, probably, so you need to help me. I bet Jin has hidden it under all the ugly ones." Jimin explained as he pressed himself and Hoseok against the door.

"We were here first," Rose countered, having stood by the door, starting a pushing competition with Jimin.

"No fighting in the line!" A girl voice said. Hoseok looked around, seeing Chaeyoung and Jeongyeon walk towards them with helmets and whips in their hands. Were they going horse riding?

"Does Yoongi know that all of these people are in the house?" Hoseok asked Jimin, growing worried.

"Who knows? Probably not. Anyway, so Jin, Tae and Momo are in there right now with the fabrics. They will soon open the door and then we need to run. I hope Tae will help us."

"Are you best friends again?" Hoseok asked, just remembering about it. Hadn't Jimin said only a few days ago that they'd had an argument?

"Of course we are. We talked about it yesterday. Tae isn't against it anymore," Jimin said with a proud smile.

"Against what?" Hoseok asked in confusion. "You never told me what it was."

"I didn't?" Jimin asked, faking ignorance. He didn't have the time to say anything more. The door opened and everyone started pushing from behind. "Run!" Jimin shouted as he and Rose rushed
into the room. Hoseok stepped on someone's foot, and on someone's skirt, and then he stumbled around and fell.

"Paws off me!" Jackson warned as Hoseok clutched the front of his shirt at the last second before he fell to the floor.

"Sorry." Hoseok took his hands back for himself and was pushed further into the room. It was a bedroom, probably the one Namjoon stayed in considering it was empty. Of belongings. Not of fabric. There were colorful fabrics of all materials rolled up and tilted against the walls, spread over the floor and draped over chairs. Accessories stood on a table at the back, next to Jin who stood behind the big camera and tried to take a picture of the mess.

"Found it!" Jimin laughed with happiness as he wrapped his arms around the bright, yellow fabric in the corner.

"No, I found it first!" Rose complained. They started a tug of war, Taehyung and Dahyun coming to help them. Hoseok swept his gaze around, seeing blue, purple, orange; colors he'd only seen on clothes like Yoongi's before.

"Hoseok!" Jin sang as he stepped over fabrics and boys fighting on the floor. "Hoseok, come over here for a bit, would you?" He asked with a blinding smile.

Hoseok nodded and walked to him in the corner, hidden behind the camera. "What is it?" He asked nervously, hoping Jin wouldn't bring up what had happened in the laundry room yesterday, hoping he wouldn't ask Hoseok to pay for the clothes he'd destroyed.

"A bird told me that green was your favorite color," Jin said importantly, smiling sneakily.

"You met a bird that could talk?" Hoseok asked in confusion.

Jin looked at him as if he was stupid.

"No, silly. Yoongi. Yoongi told me your favorite color was green!"

"Oh." Hoseok felt dumb. "Yeah, it is." He admitted, relieved that Jin didn't bring up the laundry incident that happened yesterday.

"Look what I have here…" Jin winked at Hoseok before he picked something up that he'd hidden under a table beside them. Hoseok gaped when he saw what it was. A bright green fabric, in the same color as the shirt he'd gotten from Yoongi. "Yoongi told me to give the green to you."

"What?" Hoseok asked, taken by surprise. He cast a glance over his shoulder. Hadn't Momo said she'd wanted the green? Or was it Lisa? Some of them. Was this cheating? Jimin was currently working up a sweat fighting for the yellow fabric in the corner over there.

"Here you go." Jin pushed the fabric at Hoseok, forcing him to take it. "You know what I think you should do?"

"No?" Hoseok asked in a small voice, trying to hide the beautiful fabric from the others so they wouldn't start calling him a traitor or cheater.

"Confess to him tonight," Jin said with a glow in his eyes. "On the beach, at night, with the stars out and twinkling. What do you say about that? You take off his mask, he takes off yours, and then you kiss. Hm?"
Hoseok sputtered. He felt his face go red. Jin was speaking too loud.

"No one is listening to us anyway." Jin waved Hoseok's worries away. "And then when you're an item you can fuck all night long! Good, right?"

Hoseok sputtered again. He pushed the fabric back at Jin and started walking away, feeling hurried and nervous and stressed. No way was he going to do that. He felt embarrassed from only thinking about it.

"Wait! The fabric!" Jin shouted after him.

"Oh my god! Momo, I found the green fabric!" Rose gasped.

"I'll take this." Hoseok hurriedly turned around and took the fabric from Jin again. "But I won't confess anything. Please forget about everything. I'll make the feelings go away by tomorrow!" He whispered the last past just as Rose appeared next to them.

"You've got a serious case of denial, my dear," Jin called after him. "Listen to your heart!"

"What is he shouting about?" Mark asked Hoseok as he passed him in the room. Then his gaze flicked to the green fabric. "Where did you get that fabric?"

Hoseok pressed his lips shut. People were too nosy. Jin was too loud. Hoseok took the fabric and dragged it out the door, into the corridor that was nearly empty save from those girls Hoseok didn't recognize. He leaned against the wall and closed his eyes, trying to focus. Had Yoongi told Jin about his favorite color? Why? Had Yoongi made Jin give him the green one, or was Jin only telling Hoseok that to get his hopes up? For all he knew Jimin might've been the one to tell Jin about his favorite color, or Taehyung.

"Hi Hoseok," Namjoon said as he walked into the corridor with a white fabric under his arms, smiling at him. His hair was messed up and one of his shoes was missing.

"Hello Namjoon," Hoseok greeted him, feeling guilty since he had all of his shoes left. "Where's your shoe?"

"My shoe? What do you mean?" Namjoon glanced down. "Oh! Where is my shoe!?" He asked with panic.

"Joonie!" Came Jin's voice from inside the room.

"Be right back!" Namjoon gave the white fabric to Hoseok and ran back inside the room, mumbling about how amazing Jin was. Hoseok watched as he left, when he heard someone else.

"You're not allowed to have two fabrics," Sana told Hoseok as she walked up to him with a pink one in her hands.

"One is Namjoon's," Hoseok explained, taking a step to the side. He did not want to talk to her.

"One is Namjoon's? Sure." Sana gave him a skeptic look. "Jimin is still fighting for the yellow fabric in there. Maybe you should give him one of yours so he can give the yellow one to Rose already."

Hoseok raised his eyebrows. "I told you, one of these is Joon's, and the yellow fabric is Jimin's."

"I bet my fabric on the fact that Rose will get it," Sana stated confidently. "And you? What do you
bet? Your green one?"

Hoseok swallowed. He didn't want Sana to get the fabric Yoongi had wanted to give to Hoseok. He didn't want to seem like a coward though. So he agreed.

"Yeah, I bet my green one. Jimin will get it."

"We'll see." Sana leaned against the wall next to Hoseok, impatiently tapping the floor with her heel as they waited. Namjoon returned, surprising Sana when he took the white fabric for himself.

"Hobi, can I talk to you for a second?" Namjoon whispered so Sana wouldn't hear.

"Sure." Hoseok agreed even though he felt stressed and nervous. Namjoon led them to the end of the corridor. It looked much like the one of the third floor, only that the paintings on the walls were different.

"So about tonight; I thought about helping you. What do you say?" Namjoon nodded excitedly. His dimples were showing. Hoseok's stomach dropped.

"Have you found a way to make the feelings disappear?" He whispered. He wasn't sure why, but the thought of the feelings going away made him sad. He'd gotten used to feeling warm and giggly whenever Yoongi looked at him now. "Like a potion?"

"A potion?" Namjoon gave him a funny look. "No, I'm gonna help you tell him how you feel."

Hoseok shook his head, chest tightening with nervousness. "Not you too."

"What do you mean? Someone else also wants to help?" Namjoon staged a laugh, as if he knew that Jin was stressing Hoseok too.

"You're very kind, but I don't want your help, or Jin's. Please forget it. I'll figure out a way to make it go away," Hoseok said, knowing that he was lying to himself.

"If you say so." Namjoon didn't look like he liked Hoseok's plan. "But you can come to me if you want me to help you. Though, the offer might not be there forever. Yoongi might not be free for long..." Namjoon trailed off, giving Hoseok a glimpse from the side.

"Yes he will?" Hoseok countered. "Everyone makes fun of him and calls him Moody Min. No one likes him."

"Among the farmers perhaps." Namjoon shrugged. He gave Hoseok a contemplating look. "But he goes into the town sometimes. There are lots of people in the town. What if he falls for one of them?"

Hoseok felt jealousy and sadness tug at his heart. "Then it would be fine. Yoongi wouldn't fall for me anyway. I'm no one special. I'm just little, creepy, horny Hobi." He kicked the rug under his feet and frowned.

"So you would be fine if you found Yoongi in bed with someone else?" Namjoon asked, ignoring Hoseok's speech.

Hoseok felt the jealousy grow. It boiled in his blood. He dropped the fabric in his hands and kicked the wall as hard as he could, pain flaring up from his foot, making him grimace. "Yes, I would be fine with it," He said through the pain.
"Really? What if you came to dress him in the morning and there was someone else there?"

Namjoon said, crossing his arms and leaning against the wall.

Hoseok blinked tears from his eyes. What was he crying for? He didn't care. His feelings would go away. Life would move on and Yoongi was bound to end up with someone. Someone else than Hoseok. Probably a woman. It was how it was supposed to be. Hoseok had to accept it.

"Would you be fine to see him kiss someone else?"

"Stop!" Hoseok nearly shouted, snapping. His heart hurt and he blinked tears from his eyes. Yoongi should end up with someone else, but Hoseok hated it. He hated that thought so much. He couldn't allow it to happen.

"Hm?" Namjoon raised his eyebrows.

"I don't-, I don't want that to happen," Hoseok whispered, staring into Namjoon's eyes. "It would kill me."

"Why would it kill you if you're so sure the feelings will go away?" Namjoon questioned.

Hoseok dropped his gaze to the floor. He opened and closed his mouth, knowing what Namjoon wanted him to say, realizing the truth himself.

"They won't," He said then. "They won't…"

"They won't what?" Namjoon urged him on.

Hoseok flicked his gaze up, stared at Namjoon, heart aching in his chest. "They won't go away, will they?"

Namjoon shook his head sadly. "No."

"I will-, I do-, I will never stop feeling like this," Hoseok whispered with realization. "I-, I want him."

"You want him?" Namjoon whispered back in question.

"I need him." Hoseok said, before he inhaled sharply. "I need him so much. I want to hold him in my arms and I want to kiss him and, and the dreams won't stop, and I just wish I could hold his hand and tell him how wonderful he is." He whimpered and dropped to the floor on his knees. He wasn't sure why he did that. His legs just failed to bear him anymore.

"Do you want him?" Namjoon asked, crouching down in front of him. "Then take him."

Hoseok shook his head. "I can't. He-, he doesn't like me. He's not different."

Namjoon sighed. "Hobi, didn't you say that about me too? And Jin? The list goes on. You never know what people are thinking about, what they are, until you ask them about it."

"I never asked any of you if you liked me?" Hoseok sniffled, wiping stubborn tears from his eyes.

"I meant the different part," Namjoon stated with a tight smile.

"You want me to ask Yoongi that?" Hoseok asked in horror. "I can't! He would say no and then he would ask me and I would say yes and he would put the pieces together and get that I've jerked off to thoughts of his body for weeks!"
Namjoon grimaced. He looked uncomfortable. Maybe Hoseok should've kept that last part to himself.

"Sorry," Hoseok mumbled, fiddling with the green fabric laying on the floor in front of him.

"You should never apologize for how much you love," Namjoon spoke wisely. "My mother used to tell me that, and to not put my feet on the table." He let out a little laugh of nostalgia.

"She would've been proud of you," Hoseok commented, not sure why he said that now. Thinking of Namjoon's dead parents made him cry more.

"Thank you," Namjoon said with a kind smile. "But are you going to sit there all day? Come on, wipe those tears away. I'll help you and Yoongi get together. He already likes you, so it will be easy."

"He likes me?" Hoseok's voice broke at the end. Namjoon hauled Hoseok up from the floor, then he brushed dust from his butt. Hoseok brushed dust off his butt too. Rose must've done a bad job cleaning today. The floor was filled with dirt.

"How many times do I have to tell you that?" Namjoon lightly patted Hoseok on the shoulder. "He wouldn't spend time with you otherwise."

"But I'm only dressing him." Hoseok pouted.

"In his room, only the two of you? He lets you touch his things and see him without clothes on. Doesn't that mean anything to you?" Namjoon questioned, having that weird look in his eyes that Yoongi had sometimes, as if he tried to tell him something with his eyes. If only Hoseok had been smarter.

"It means a lot to me. It's the reason I can't keep my hands to myself anymore." Hoseok stated dumbly, probably looking like a fool. Namjoon looked confused. Like Hoseok had given him the wrong answer. Maybe he thought Hoseok looked dumb too.

"Do you want him?" Namjoon asked as they picked up the fabrics from the floor.

"Yes," Hoseok said, feeling his chest constrict with all sorts of feelings from the thought. He wanted Yoongi. He had to try to make him like him now. Impress him. Seduce him. How? Hoseok was about as sexy as a snail.

Namjoon opened his mouth to add something. Hoseok didn't get to hear it. Jimin ran out of the side-room, chanting, "Yes, yes! I got the fabric!"

"Damn it," Sana muttered, leaning her pink fabric against the wall. "It's yours!" She told Hoseok, shouting in the corridor.

"Good luck today. I believe in you. I know Yoongi likes you, you just need to get the courage to tell him." Namjoon smiled supportively at Hoseok and patted him on the back before he left.

Hoseok felt disoriented as he walked up to Jimin and absentmindedly clapped his hands at him. What had just happened? He felt a bit dizzy.

"You can have it," Hoseok told Sana just as she was about to leave, giving her back the pink fabric. He didn't need it. He was going to wear the green one Yoongi had given him. Yoongi. Thinking about him made Hoseok feel so nervous that he had to steady himself against the wall.
"Wait, are you crying?" Sana asked in a suspicious voice, taking a step closer to Hoseok.

"Huh?" Jimin asked in confusion. He was lacking one of the buttons to his shirt and one of his shoes.


"Thanks Hobi!" Jimin laughed. "But wait, where are you going? And where did you get the green fabric from?"

Hoseok pretended not to hear Jimin as he hurried away. He ran up the stairs and washed away his tears in the fancy bathroom. He washed his face and took a moment to gather himself, thinking about the conversation he'd had with Namjoon.

He looked at his reflection in the mirror. He looked a bit pale. Nervous. Did Yoongi like him back? Hoseok didn't dare confess his feelings. So much could go wrong. Things were bound to go wrong.

He left the bathroom and started jogging back for the stairs, thinking that Jimin must wonder where he'd run off to, when he heard piano music come from Yoongi's room. His heart tugged. He wanted to open the door and hug him. Touch him. Do anything now that he wanted to act out his feelings. He did want to act out on them, he decided. He had to. He couldn't allow Yoongi to fall for anyone else.

Knowing that he would regret it later, he tugged at the door handle. He would open the door and tell Yoongi that he wanted him right now. But the door was locked. His heart jumped so hard it hurt in his chest when the piano music stopped playing on the other side. Yoongi had heard him.

"Hello?" Yoongi asked, rising up from the piano bench by the sound of it.

"Shit," Hoseok cursed, changing his mind. What was he doing? He couldn't confess like this, with tears in his eyes and water in his hair and dirt still stuck to his pants on his butt. So he ran into the first door that opened; the closet between the bathroom and his room and held his breath in the darkness.

"Who's there?" Yoongi asked. It sounded like he'd walked out in the corridor. Hoseok held his breath and hid behind the coats in the closet, fabric in his hands, pressing a hand against his mouth when the door opened and light seeped inside. His eyes grew wide when Yoongi pushed the coats to the side and startled as he saw Hoseok hiding there. "Hoseok?" He asked, confused look on his face.

"Oh, h-hi Yoongi," Hoseok said awkwardly, hoping his eyes weren't red and swollen, knowing that they were. "What's up? Ha, ha,"

Yoongi didn't look amused. He blinked, looked cute but confused. "What are you doing in the closet?"

"Hiding," Hoseok said.

"From who?"

"Not you anyway." Hoseok staged a laugh. He cleared his throat when Yoongi looked concerned. "Uhm, from- from Jimin. He wanted us to play."
"Okay," Yoongi said, buying the excuse. "Did you want to hide in my room? Because I'm pretty sure someone tugged at the door handle just now."

"What? Creepy, it wasn't me," Hoseok lied, starting sweating behind the coats. He gulped audibly.

"Wonder who it was," Yoongi mumbled, looking like he knew that it had been Hoseok. "Want help up?" He held out a hand.

"Yes please." Hoseok reached for his hand. But Yoongi held it away from him and laughed. Hoseok felt his face go red with embarrassment. "Hey."

"Take my hand?" Yoongi urged, teasing smirk on his lips, holding it out again.

"Stop playing with me!" Hoseok reached for Yoongi's hand again, feeling like a loser when Yoongi held it away from him and snickered.

"You're too slow," Yoongi teased him.

"You're mean." Hoseok tried to get up by himself. He slipped on a glove thrown on the floor and fell back down.

"Here, try one more time," Yoongi said, offering his hand a third time. This time Hoseok was faster. He grabbed Yoongi's hand before he held it away again, and Yoongi helped him stand on wobbly legs. He picked up the fabric he'd dropped to the floor on the way. Yoongi led him out of the closet and closed the door.

"Thanks for helping me up. Not." Hoseok huffed playfully. "Really mature of you to play with me like that."

"I know. I need to be mature. I'm a whole year older than you, right?" Yoongi played along.

"More like a year younger," Hoseok mumbled with a smile, facing down. He felt his cheeks burn when he saw that they were still holding hands. His stomach swirled as he saw his own tanned hand rest securely in Yoongi's paler one. His heart nearly jumped into his throat when Yoongi gave his hand a press. Hoseok glanced up at him, finding him looking at Hoseok, flicking his gaze over his face. Hoseok dropped his eyes to Yoongi's lips, waiting for him to say something, explain why he hadn't let go yet, explain how his hand could be so soft and warm.

"Yoongi?" Hoseok asked, feeling his heart thump like mad in his chest. He was so nervous. Yoongi's hand felt so good in his.

"Yes?" Yoongi replied, giving Hoseok's hand another press that felt too good to be true.

"I, ehm." Hoseok felt a jab of nervousness to his chest. His mouth dried out. What was he going to say? He had Yoongi's attention now. He should tell him that he was incredible at piano and that Hoseok loved him.

"Yes?" Yoongi urged, eyes interested.

"You-, you, I-" Hoseok furiously licked his dry lips with his just as dry tongue. He smacked with his tongue against the roof of his mouth, buying himself a few seconds to internally panic. His hand grew sweaty in Yoongi's. He didn't know what he was doing.

"Mm?" Yoongi nodded, showing that he was listening, looking curious and a bit nervous too. He stroked his thumb over Hoseok's hand, almost making him faint.
"I really-"

The rest got lost. Footsteps came from the staircase. Jimin, Taehyung and Jungkook ran upstairs, chasing each other, followed by Jin and Namjoon. Hoseok quickly dropped Yoongi's hand and took a step away, not wanting Jimin to understand that Yoongi was the one he liked.

"Yoongi, my friend!" Jin cheered when he spotted them. "And Hoseok! Just what were you two doing here together? Sneaking around in the corridor while everyone else is downstairs, huh?" He winked at them suggestively, making Hoseok swallow nervously. Was he hinting at Hoseok's crush? He couldn't do that now. Not when Yoongi was right next to them.

"Hoseok's playing hide and seek and I happened to find him," Yoongi explained.

"He's playing hide and seek? With who!" Jimin laughed, running up to Hoseok and looking at him as if he was crazy.

"With you?" Yoongi questioned.

"Say what?" Jimin pointed first at himself and then at Hoseok. "But we're not playing-"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Hoseok started fake laughing until his lungs hurt. He slapped himself on the thigh and walked back into the closet. "You didn't find me Jiminie! That means I won!"

"What is he laughing at?" Jimin asked someone. Hoseok didn't see. He walked back into the closet and hid in there, wanting to hide forever since he was so awkward and had just lost the perfect moment to confess to Yoongi.

"I'm not going to ask!" Jin decided. "Now Yoongi, may I please have a word with you?" Hoseok glanced out of the closet and watched as Jin walked up to Yoongi and grabbed his arm, forcing him to hook arms with him. Namjoon followed them into Yoongi's room. Hoseok felt his heart start rushing with panic. They couldn't tell Yoongi Hoseok's secret. Or could they?

Jimin jumped forward, taking Hoseok by surprise in the closet opening. "Why are you hiding in there, hyung?"

"We need to grab the sewing machines now so we will get the costumes done before the others!" Taehyung joined in, walking into the closet and feeling around the walls with Jungkook joining him.

Hoseok went silent. Talking was too risky. He simply couldn't open his mouth. No, he had to keep it closed from now on. So he shrugged and walked back out the closet, grabbing his green fabric and glancing at Yoongi's closed door over his shoulder as Taehyung cheered and started dragging an old machine from the closet.

"Lucky us that Tae knows how to make clothes," Jimin stated. "We will win that prize."

"What prize?" Hoseok asked, speaking again, turning his head back to look at him.

"Didn't you hear?" Taehyung asked. He and Jungkook started dragging out the second machine now. "The one with the best mask wins money! Real money!"

Hoseok perked his ears at that. "Real money? How much?" He started thinking. How much would it cost to take a horse carriage to Seoul? He could meet his parents again. Or even better, he could buy Yoongi something. He could go to the town and buy him a bouquet of roses. Hoseok could buy a new Flowy.
Then he looked at Jimin and Taehyung's happy faces. He made a decision.

"What do you say about sharing it? If I win I'll give the money to you and if either of you win, you can split it." Hoseok said with a smile. "Jiminnie, didn't you lose one of your buttons? You need a new shirt."

"We found the button. Tae gonna teach me how to sew it back on now," Jimin said, looking even happier. "But I like that plan."

"So it's a deal?" Hoseok asked, holding his hand out, palm facing the floor.

"What should our team name be?" Taehyung asked as he put his hand over Hoseok's.

"We're all gay so something like that," Jimin suggested. Hoseok and Jungkook both sputtered and made awkward eye contact with each other.

"What do we get if we combine Tiger, Chim, Flower and Bunny?" Taehyung wondered.

"Still a gay gang?" Jimin joked. He put his hand over Taehyung's.

"I don't think we're supposed to split into teams," Jungkook said, putting his hand on top of Jimin's.

"Rose is the captain in her team," Jimin said. "I think we should be a team as well, and have a captain. Who do you vote for?"

"Tae," Jungkook said. Hoseok and Jimin agreed. Hoseok glanced over his shoulder, wondering what took so long in Yoongi's room. What were they talking about in there? He hoped it wasn't about him.

"Tae's Tigers! What do you say about that?" Jimin proposed. Hoseok didn't like the name at all. He didn't feel like a tiger. He felt more like a squirrel or a dog.

"Good name," He said anyway. His arm started cramping and he didn't want to be found like this in case Yoongi walked out of his room. He had to look cool then. Had to try to seduce him.

"Tae's Tigers, let's win this costume competition!" Jimin cheered. Taehyung and Jungkook joined in. Hoseok mumbled under his breath, feeling his heart skip a beat when Yoongi's door opened. He jumped away from the others and ran back into the closet, feeling his face turn green when Jin and Namjoon walked outside and high fived each other, Jin looking pleased and Namjoon looking concerned. Had they told Yoongi Hoseok's secret?

"No need to hide in there, dear. I think it's time for you to come out of the closet," Jin told Hoseok as he passed it. He flashed him a wink and a smile before he shook his head. Hoseok let out a breath of relief. They hadn't told Yoongi then. They wouldn't act like this then. Hopefully.

"What happened Hobi? You look about to pee yourself!" Taehyung said as Hoseok walked out of the closet and closed the door.

"I didn't pee myself. I did that yesterday," Hoseok mumbled, his eyes still on Yoongi's door. It took Jimin's gasp to get what he'd accidentally said. "Wait-!"

"Did you pee yourself yesterday!" Jimin gasped.

Hoseok wiped sweat from his forehead on the back of his hand. He faced the floor, feeling embarrassed. "Ha, ha. Got you..."
"What? You need to speak louder, I can't hear you." Jimin urged him.

"I didn't pee myself," Hoseok lied. "But look, we're running out of time, we need to hurry or Team Tiger will lose!"

"Shit, you're right!" Jimin started carrying the sewing machines with Taehyung and Jungkook. Jungkook was so small and thin so he nearly broke his back as he lifted one all on his own. Hoseok started helping him, carrying it to his and Jimin's room where they were going to work on their outfits.

With scissors in their hands and fabric spread out on the floor they started working. Hoseok stared at his green fabric laid out in front of him with his thoughts all over the place. He didn't know what to make. He didn't understand why Yoongi had given him the fabric. He was so nervous for tonight.
"No offence, but that looks like shit?" Jimin stated as he gave Hoseok's horrible shirt a look over. Hoseok had spent the past four hours on it, fighting with the needle and thread and piercing his finger so it started bleeding more times than he could count.

Downstairs Deedee and Sana were helping the others. According to Jimin Sana tried to sabotage for the others, but Hoseok wasn't sure what to think of that. He might be saying so to create drama.

"This is all I've got," Hoseok sighed. "Why do we need to make clothes? Why can't we just come as we are?"

"Because?" Jimin huffed. He slumped down on his bed and looked at Hoseok weirdly. "Uncle Benny wants some fun before he dies, and Juicy Jimin gonna seduce his crush today."

"Who's your crush?" Hoseok asked. He threw the sad thing that was his shirt to the corner of the room and crossed his legs on the floor.

"Nice try. I won't tell you." Jimin winked at him. "But I'll let you in on a little secret. Wanna hear?" He leaned forward mysteriously. Hoseok nodded eagerly. "I stole these from one of the girls. I'll wear it tonight, under my pants." He took out something from under his pillow. Hoseok gaped when he saw what it was.

"Leg garters?"

"Sexy leg garters." Jimin wriggled his eyebrows. He put the garters on display, laid them out in front of him on his bed. They were black with white lace and ribbons at the top. Hoseok's mind immediately went for Yoongi. He wanted to see him in something like that.

"Why will you wear them under your pants? No one will see them," Hoseok asked in confusion.

"That's the plan." Jimin snorted. "He needs to take my pants off first, then he'll see them."

Hoseok leaned back. His eyebrows raised. "You're going to make him take your pants off during the party? I don't know what I think about that Jiminie."

Jimin grunted, sounding irritated. "I mean that I want him to, well, you know,

"I don't want you to do that Jiminie," Hoseok said with a concerned look on his face. Jimin must mean that he wanted to do the dirty. Have sex. "You might get hurt, and I don't know who this person is. I feel responsible for you, and I don't want you to."

Jimin made a face and rolled his eyes. "Yes, mom."

"I'm serious," Hoseok said, not liking the idea of little Jimin hoping to get fucked on a first date with his crush, whoever it was. Then he thought of something. "Wait, those garters, are they that good?"

"What do you mean?" Jimin asked.

"Will they, uhm," Hoseok felt his face go red. Will they turn someone straight gay? He couldn't
Yoongi wouldn't care if Hoseok wore things like that. He would probably laugh at him.

"Do you want them?" Jimin asked seriously. "Because boys normally don't wear those. It's like code language."

"What do you mean?" Hoseok felt lost again.

"It's like bending over to grab the soap in the lake," Jimin explained. "If someone sees you with something like this, girly underwear, they'll assume that you're a fairy boy."

"Are there other codes?" Hoseok asked, deciding not to try and steal Jimin's garters and make Yoongi see them on Hoseok. Reaching for the soap would be hard too. He didn't bathe together with Yoongi. He didn't want to do it either. He would probably grow horny and poke Yoongi's eyes out with his dick.

"There are several that I know of," Jimin said importantly. "Some wear a pink napkin in their back pocket, some wear earrings, others wear rings of different colors that mean different thing. But it doesn't have to mean anything."

Hoseok perked his ears. "How about chokers?" He remembered the choker-collar-thing he'd seen Yoongi in a few times.

"That's just kinky," Jimin said.

Hoseok nodded. So it was a kink. Yoongi liked them. Maybe Hoseok could take one of Yeontan's collars and walk around with it around his neck so Yoongi would like him. He wondered what kinks he had himself. He had this strange need to mark anything that belonged to Yoongi, including Yoongi himself. May it be touching it, or, well, come on it, even if that sounded barbaric.

"Whatever you're thinking about, keep it to yourself," Jimin said from his bed, disgusted look on his face.

Hoseok snapped back to reality. He gazed around, wondering if his face was as red as it felt.

Taehyung and Jungkook returned to the room and Jimin hid his garters under his pillow. Taehyung twirled around on the spot. He'd made a purple dress with a matching cape. Jungkook had a long hat and a blue skirt.

"Uhm hello? Are you playing dress up?" Jimin asked them weirdly. "You look like two girls."

"You too." Taehyung poked his tongue out at him. He twirled around once more, making the cape flow around him.

"Gay code," Jimin coughed to Hoseok. "Right there!" He pointed at Taehyung.

"Stop coughing like that" Taehyung hushed him, swatting his cape in his face, making him sputter. Jimin got up from his bed and started working on his yellow-whatever-it-was. Hoseok took another break. He gazed out the window, watched the clouds, the blue in the sky reminding him of Yoongi. He wondered what he was doing now. If he would've reached for the soap if Hoseok had dropped it.

Hoseok's thoughts were strange today.
Hours later Hoseok stood lined up by the gate together with everybody else. He'd wasted all day on the weird green shirt that Jungkook had accidentally thrown out the window when they'd played tag. The shirt had flung away and gotten stuck in one of the trees before it eventually landed in a pile of mud by the beach. That had left Hoseok with one hour to desperately throw something new together. He'd put on the white shirt he'd gotten from Yoongi, relieved when the others didn't ask him where he'd got it from. Then he'd made a green mask with help from Taehyung. It stuck to his head with the help of one of Jungkook's old socks that held it in place over the back of his head. They'd cut it into smaller pieces, giving the others a strap to their masks too.

All around him were girls and boys in beautiful colors, funny hats and pink ribbons. So much colors. So funny costumes. And all Hoseok had was a green mask. Damn Jungkook. The mask was a bit too tight too. It started hurting and he'd only worn it for ten minutes.

"How do I look?" Jimin asked. He started pulling poses next to Hoseok, nearly kicking the lamp Sana was holding next to them. He had a yellow mask, yellow shirt and yellow shorts that were a bit too tight on him, reaching to his knees. Taehyung had helped him all day. It was unfair.

"You look yellow," Hoseok said, his mind going to Yoongi at those words. Yellow was the color of Yoongi's favorite lemon candy.

"You look green," Jimin shot back.

"I feel green," Hoseok mumbled, turning his attention back to the gate where Yoongi was standing next to a very pink Jin and a very blue Namjoon, waiting for uncle Benny's arrival. Yoongi looked positively royal. Like a prince. Like the most perfect prince in his long sleeved shirt and bow cravat and pressed pants. His skin looked especially porcelain, and the dark, secretive mask he had around his eyes made him look mysterious. It drew Hoseok in. He looked so royal. So perfect. Hoseok looked poor in comparison. He suddenly wanted to hide before Yoongi saw him and saw how poor he looked.

"He's here!" Jin exclaimed excitedly. "Everyone, start singing!" He clapped his hands together and everyone started singing a light, happy song with an easy text. "Benny, Benny, here's the best uncle Benny!"

Hoseok swept his gaze around. It was weird. The only one related to Benny here was Jin, perhaps Jungkook if he counted, but there was Tommy singing and Taehyung joining in and Jimin waving his hands around as he danced around on the spot. Jin must've promised them all candy or something to get them to sing like that. Even Rose and Lisa had their arms hooked, singing and smiling wide. Maybe they all had looked forward to the break from everyday life.

Namjoon opened the gate as a horse carriage came to a stop outside. Sana and Momo rushed forward in their pink dresses, giggling to themselves as they opened the door to the horse carriage and helped the man out. He was an old, fat man with a moustache so big that it covered half of his face. He had about two strands of hair on his head and eyes so small that Hoseok missed them at first glance, thinking the man was blind.

"Where are my favorite boys!" Benny asked, holding his arms out as Jungkook ran into his arms, Jin following with a bright smile on his face.

"Benny, welcome to the Minsion! Here is Min Yoongi, second son to Mister and Missus Min," Jin said as he hugged the old man and motioned for Yoongi who bowed at him. Hoseok nearly fainted when he saw the rings on Yoongi's fingers. There were dark blue and silver rings on almost all of his fingers. Had he put them on himself? Had someone else helped him dress? Hoseok got jealous. He hoped it hadn't been Sana. Her dress was a bit too short today.
"Welcome to my home, Sir." Yoongi greeted Benny like a real gentleman, shaking hands with him before he was brought into a hug that left him stumbling and made Hoseok gasp, ready to step forward to catch Yoongi if he fell.

"Jinnie, Jinnie my boy, if you don't mind I brought your cousins. Here, here, come out of the carriage." Benny let Yoongi go before he motioned behind him. Two girls stepped out of the carriage, wearing the poofiest dresses Hoseok had ever seen in his life. One was filled with red ribbons, and the other was long and light blue.

Jackson whistled beside him. Hoseok felt his heart jolt with panic when the pretty girls shook hands with Yoongi who bowed at them. Hoseok remembered what Namjoon had told him before. Hoseok had to hurry before someone else snatched Yoongi's heart.

"You told me you would come alone?" Jin asked stiffly as he made a face at one of the girls. He placed himself in the way when one of them reached for Namjoon's hand. "Jihyo. Nayeon. Long time no see." Jin greeted them with a smile so stiff it might as well have been a stick.

"Cousin Jin, you've grown!" Jihyo laughed, leaning forward so her breasts nearly fell out of her red dress. Hoseok stared, praying that Yoongi would walk away from her. She was too cheerful. Too pretty and cute. That's what Jackson was mumbling next to him anyway. Mina slapped him on the arm and Jisoo advised her to break up with him for being so unfaithful.

"Why doesn't Jin have any boy cousins? Damn it," Jimin muttered, impatiently walking on the spot. "I wanna start the party already."

Hoseok tuned him out. Jihyo handed Yoongi her purse, giggling when he refused to at first and tried to give it to Mark who stood nearby instead. She couldn't be that smart. Yoongi never carried anyone else's stuff. People carried things for him.

"Why are we standing out here?" Uncle Benny scoffed. "A bird told me that you have a surprise for me! Show me, show me!"

Hoseok tuned him out. Jihyo handed Yoongi her purse, giggling when he refused to at first and tried to give it to Mark who stood nearby instead. She couldn't be that smart. Yoongi never carried anyone else's stuff. People carried things for him.

"Why are we standing out here?" Uncle Benny scoffed. "A bird told me that you have a surprise for me! Show me, show me!"

Jin's smile turned even more stiff. "Of course, uncle." He flicked his fingers in Nayeon's face when she asked Namjoon to carry her purse. "Oh sweetie, I wouldn't touch him if I were you. He's got fleas." Nayeon gasped and Benny took a step away from Namjoon who stared at Jin, looking confused and a bit insulted.

"What are you talking about?" Yoongi asked Jin, still trying to give Jihyo's purse to someone else. She laughed at his joke and Hoseok was this close to punching her in the face. Who did she think she was to stand close to Yoongi like that? To talk to him so easily? And now she put her hand on his arm. Hoseok felt his blood start boiling. No one was allowed to touch Yoongi's arm like that. Hoseok had had to fight for days before Yoongi had allowed him to touch him. Why didn't he swat her hand away?

"What's the matter with you?" Jimin asked Hoseok when he finally stopped whining about wanting to seduce his crush or whatever.

"Yeah, hyung?" Taehyung asked, poking Hoseok's arm. He had changed his dress into a pantsuit earlier. He still looked funny with his cape draped over his shoulders.

"Nothing," Hoseok muttered. He glared at Jihyo, wanting to send her back into the carriage. Yoongi had given Hoseok this shirt. Yoongi should lead Hoseok into the house. Not some silly girl who happened to be rich and have a big dress and big boobs.
Tommy and Jinwoo walked to the carriage and helped the coachman lead it in through the gate. Jin, Benny and Namjoon passed in front of Hoseok, Jin constantly telling Nayeon that Namjoon had fleas and the flu and rabies and whatnot. She gasped every time. Jin looked proud. Hoseok wished she would tell Jihyo that Yoongi had the fleas too.

"Sure you're okay?" Taehyung asked as he poked Hoseok's arm again. Hoseok shrugged it away. Yoongi passed him and made eye contact with him for a second. Hoseok felt his heart stop, felt his stomach constrict with nerves, trying to tell Yoongi with his eyes that he should drop Jihyo and lead Hoseok inside instead. He was silly for even hoping.

"There they go!" Jimin said. "Come on, let's hurry inside before Jungkook eats all food!" He grabbed Hoseok's arm and started dragging him forward in the crowd of boys and girls and colorful costumes. Hoseok allowed himself to be dragged away, getting elbowed along the way. He kept his gaze on Yoongi in the distance, wishing he'd been one of those rich girls, or even uncle Benny, just so he would be close to him.

Jimin led Hoseok across the lawn, up the porch and inside the mansion to the hallway on the first floor. He led him into one of the rooms to the right. It was a big room, almost like a ballroom. There was a piano in the corner and candles burning on a crystal chandelier in the ceiling.

"Wow," Hoseok breathed as he stepped inside. The walls were decorated with gold and silver, much like the walls in Yoongi's private room. Along the walls were tables with food on trays and candy in bowls.

"Chocolate!" Jimin exclaimed, dropping his grip on Hoseok's wrist as he ran for one of the food tables. Taehyung and Jungkook followed suit, the three of them emptying the bowl of chocolate by the time Hoseok had walked up to them. "Mm! I love chocolate!" Jimin hummed with chocolate smeared over his teeth and lips.

"It looks like you've got poop on your lips," Jungkook snorted, pointing at him.

"Very mature, Jungkook." Jimin slapped Jungkook on the arm before he picked up a napkin from the table and wiped his mouth on it. "It looks like you've got shit on your face too."

"No, it doesn't?" Taehyung shot in. "Come Jungkook, let's hide the bowl of bacon before someone else takes it." He took Jungkook's hand in his and skipped away, Taehyung kissing Jungkook's cheek when they thought Hoseok and Jimin weren't watching anymore.

"Ew, they're so sweet." Jimin made a face of disgust. "Stop me if I ever get sweet like that, and wait, they're taking all bacon! Hey!" He took after Taehyung and Jungkook just as they started running away with the bowl of bacon, laughing sneakily with each other.

Hoseok was left alone. He was used to it. He looked around at the food, wondering who had made it since Mina, Jisoo and Bogum, the ones who usually helped Deedee in the kitchen, had been busy working on their costumes today. Who knew. Perhaps Maggie had helped. Or the girls from Jin's farm.

Hoseok wasn't particularly hungry, but he grabbed a green apple that he ate. He walked around on his own, having lost sight of Yoongi in the crowd. He looked around, feeling misplaced in the fancy room. He saw another two unfamiliar faces. Jin, or that old man, must have invited over more people. The people in the portraits hanging on the walls looked disapproving. Hoseok made a face at one of them, an angry hag, and finished eating his apple.

"I'm gonna hunt down my crush now!" Jimin hissed as he ran past Hoseok with his mouth full of
bacon and grease. "See you later, alligator!" He laughed and almost put a greasy hand on Hoseok's nice shirt. Hoseok jumped away at the last second. "Watch out cause here comes Juicy Jimin!"

"Good luck-" Hoseok raised a hand to wave at him. He stopped himself when Jimin ran off, disappearing in the mess of red and blue and pink in front of them. Hoseok squinted around, wondering who Jimin's crush was.

Hoseok wasn't sure what he had expected, but the party turned out to be boring. Yoongi was nowhere to be seen. Jin and Namjoon neither. Perhaps they'd walked into another room with uncle Benny and the girls. The thought made Hoseok bitter with jealousy. He walked two laps around the ballroom, looking around. He couldn't find Yoongi anywhere. He felt like he'd fought with the green fabric all day in vain. He had no one to impress. Yoongi wasn't here.

When Dahyun asked him for a dance he danced with her, feeling like he was doing charity. He swept his gaze around the floor in the meanwhile, searching for Yoongi, earning him a grunt and a stomp on the foot by Dahyun who thought he was acting rude. She walked off to dance with someone else. Hoseok couldn't care less. He craned his neck, wishing he'd been taller. He stood lost on the dance floor, bumping into by Jack and Mina, Nils and Jisoo, feeling left out and alone among the couples.

Someone was playing the piano, and someone else was playing the violin. It didn't sound as nice as it did when Yoongi played music. No one looked as good as Yoongi here. Hoseok walked to the side of the room, surprised to find a well-dressed man behind the piano. Where had he come from? He was handsome and looked a bit like a foreigner. He still wasn't as cute as Yoongi.

"Jimin!" Hoseok called when suddenly he saw something yellow in the mess of colors. He put his hand on his shoulder, turned him around, surprised when he saw that it had been Jisoo. "Sorry..." He muttered awkwardly, walking off when Nils angrily claimed that he was already dancing with her.

Muttering, Hoseok leaned his back against the wall. He crossed his arms, feeling sour. He couldn't concentrate on anything. He had to know where Yoongi was. What he was doing. Why he wasn't here looking for Hoseok in the crowd the same way Hoseok was looking for him.

By the time Hoseok had almost gone crazy from not knowing where Yoongi was, he spotted something purple and blue. He hurriedly walked up to Taehyung and Jungkook and started dancing with them, not minding that it was the chicken dance. It scared away the couples around them and Hoseok could finally breathe again.

"Hi, have you perhaps seen Yoongi?" Hoseok asked over the loud, live music. "I've been looking everywhere for him!"

"Who?" Taehyung asked over the music. The boy on the violin rocked his solo, probably not sensing how unnecessary loud he was playing.

"Yoongi! Have you seen him?" Hoseok repeated his question.

"Why are you looking for him?" Jungkook giggled. He must've eaten a lot of candy. He laughed and wormed his arms around him, looking incredibly goofy.

"Ohh, do you want to dance with him?" Taehyung teased, wriggling his eyebrows suggestively. "Why? Do you like him?"

"Stop it," Hoseok tried to hush him. Jack and Mina danced dangerously close. It felt like they were
"Why? Because it's true? Do you want to dance with him?" Taehyung asked annoyed, poking Hoseok in the chest. "Do you? Do you?"

"I said stop?" Hoseok hushed him. He anxiously glanced over his shoulder. He didn't see Yoongi anywhere. Where was he?

"But maybe we know where he is. I won't tell unless you admit that you want to dance with him, though," Taehyung said innocently, acting pure.

"I won't admit anything. I'm just looking for him. Wanted to show him, my, uh." Hoseok searched for something to say. Outfit?

"Dick?" Taehyung offered. Jungkook burst out laughing next to them. Hoseok felt his face go red.

"My outfit. Don't say things like that. It's not true," Hoseok lied. He very much wanted to show Yoongi his dick, but he'd never admit that out loud.

"Okay." Taehyung shrugged, eyes sneaky. "You still need to admit."

"No." Hoseok shook his head. "Tell me where he is now, please?"


"Wait!" He said after them. "I admit! I want to dance with him!" He shouted, not realizing that the music had momentarily stopped and what he'd said had been heard all across the ballroom. All heads turned to him, including Jack and Mina who looked confused.

"Him?" Jackson asked with a frown, sharing a weird look with Mina. "Do you want to dance with a boy?"

Hoseok stared, started sweating. "N-no?"

"No, I wanna dance with baby Jungoo!" Taehyung broke in, tugging Jungkook into his arms. "You'll have to dance with someone else!" He pressed Jungkook to his chest and winked at Hoseok who felt like he'd died and come back to life.

"Oh, okay, bummer..." He muttered, shrugging awkwardly at Jackson who started dancing with Mina again now that the music started. "Tae!" Hoseok hissed when they were gone.

"Sorry." Taehyung smiled excusingly.

"It's okay," Hoseok said, lied, he couldn't concentrate on anything with his heart racing in his chest like this. He just wanted to find Yoongi. "Where is Yoongi?"

"Oh, I don't know?" Taehyung said honestly. "Haven't seen him in hours. Bye hyung!" He grabbed Jungkook's hand and skipped away, leaving Hoseok gaping at them, feeling tricked. He really couldn't trust anyone.

Hoseok walked to a wall again. He found a chair that he sat down on, nearly breaking the fragile thing from his weight. When he saw Maggie approach with her cane held high in her hands he was thankful for his mask. She didn't recognize him and walked off to torture someone else. She was wearing the most horrible black dress, as if someone had died. Maybe it was her sense of fashion.
The thought made Hoseok laugh.

He sat on the chair, enjoying the music and the dancing even though he felt left out, alone and jealous. His dream was to dance, and here he was, sitting when he could be dancing. He didn't want to dance with any of the girls here though. He wanted to dance with Yoongi (who wasn't here) or his friends (who were stealing bacon and hunting down crushes).

Then he heard something. The music stopped and someone clapped their hands at the back of the room. Hoseok climbed up the chair, wondering who it was, when he saw that it was Jin. He wasn't alone. Beside him stood Yoongi and Namjoon, Yoongi looking tense and bored and Namjoon flustered. Hoseok's heart skipped a beat with hope. He'd found him! He'd finally found him!

He got so excited that he started walking, forgetting about the chair he was standing on. He fell off it, grimaced from the pain shooting up from his foot to his knee as he steadied himself on the floor, gaining his balance, accidentally making the chair fall and break as it hit the floor behind him. All heads turned to him again and he made another grimace, rubbing his knee, wishing the crash hadn't been so loud.

"What was that?" Maggie asked as she spotted him. Hoseok's mask fell off a bit. "You!"

"It wasn't me!" Hoseok desperately tried to save himself. He started running, heart racing in his chest, elbowing his way forward until he was safely hidden behind Sana and Momo who held hands in the back of the room. He breathed fast, hiding from the old hag. Now he'd lost sight of Yoongi again.

"Everyone, everyone! I will now crown the winner of the costume competition!" Jin exclaimed, earning him cheers. "If I call your name, please step forward to collect your prize." He cleared his throat. "On third place, Jung Hoseok!"

Hoseok felt his heart stop. Felt it literally stop. And it went silent. So silent. Someone coughed in the silence. What?

"Jung Hoseok!" Jin sang, laughing to himself in the tense, awkward silence. Hoseok didn't deserve to win anything. His outfit was terrible. "Where are you?"

"This is rigged," Sana muttered as she and Momo stepped aside, revealing Hoseok for Jin, Yoongi and Namjoon who stood only a bit in front of them. Someone pushed Hoseok forward and he stumbled out of his hiding spot, feeling like he got a heart attack when he made eye contact with Yoongi who looked so beautiful and hot under his black mask.

"There you are!" Jin said with a smile. "Here, you will stand here." He motioned at the spot beside Yoongi.

"Yes sir, but I didn't make this shirt," Hoseok tried to explain as he took the spot beside Yoongi, trying to ignore how hot Yoongi was and how good he smelled. Hoseok could practically feel the heat radiate from him. It was insane how Hoseok wanted to hug him. He wanted to hold him. Take his hand in his. He was nervous too. He tried to focus. "Tae helped me make the mask-"

"On second place!" Jin announced, interrupting Hoseok. "We have Sana!" The ballroom erupted in cheers and clapping of hands as Sana strutted forward in her pink dress with a charming smile on her lips that looked a bit fake since she'd probably hoped to win first place. She placed herself next to Hoseok and 'accidentally' stepped on his foot. Hoseok felt flustered and uncomfortable with everyone staring at him. He saw Maggie glare at him from the crowd, eyes angry, just waiting to catch him.
"On first place, drumroll please." Jin motioned for the piano guy who looked confused. "Ah, never mind. It's a tie between Jimin and Taehyung!"

Hoseok smiled and started clapping his hands. Jimin howled with victory before he sprinted forward, twirling and showing off his yellow outfit as Taehyung followed him, making his cape flow behind him.

"Team Tiger for the win!" Jimin exclaimed, high fiving Taehyung and then Hoseok, earning them a frown from Sana between them.

The violin guy played a melody and then people started dancing again. Jin fumbled with his pockets until he found some pocket money. Hoseok got one hundred won, Sana two hundred, and Jimin and Taehyung five hundred each. They hugged and grinned before they ran off, saying something about not wanting Jin to change his mind since he'd given them so much. Momo walked up to Sana and pulled her away while muttering about the competition being rigged. Left was Hoseok, feeling awkward.

"I didn't make this shirt," Hoseok told Jin again, feeling guilty.

"I know, dear," Jin said with a raise of his eyebrows. "Yoongi bought it for you, didn't he?"

Hoseok's eyes widened. He flicked his eyes to Yoongi, finding him looking just as baffled. "Bought? No, he gave it to me since it didn't fit him?"

"What?" Jin frowned. "No, but I was with him when he bought-"

"Ha, funny joke," Yoongi interrupted Jin, giving him an odd look that silenced him.

"Oh," Jin nodded and winked. "I get it. Oh and look at the time, I need to run!" He gave Yoongi another obvious wink. "Amuse-toi bien avec ton chéri!"

"Arrête," Yoongi told Jin with a strange look on his face. Hoseok felt so confused. He didn't understand how Yoongi could sound so hot in French.

"Au revoir! Bye bye!" Jin hooked arms with Namjoon and walked away with him, satisfied smile on his lips, leaving a flustered Hoseok with Yoongi.

"Hi," Hoseok said weakly as he put the money in his pants pocket along with the key he kept there, making a mental note to share the money with Jimin and Taehyung later.

"Hello," Yoongi replied, looking a bit awkward himself. He put his hands in his pockets. Hoseok wanted to ask him so many things. Ask him for a dance. Ask him to hold his hand. Ask him where he'd been when Hoseok had been searching for him all night.

"I like your outfit." Was what left Hoseok's mouth instead of the questions he wanted to ask. "You look, ehm, really cool. And hot and sexy!"

A happy smile crept up Yoongi's lips. It was cute. "I do? Thank you. You look cool too."

"I do?" Hoseok asked, getting too happy from the compliment. "I'm wearing the shirt you gave me." He hoped he didn't sound too sappy.

"I thought so," Yoongi said, lowering his eyes to Hoseok's chest. "I'm glad you like it."

Hoseok nodded, feeling his cheeks heat up. "I really do."
They were silent for a moment. Yoongi kept darting his gaze over Hoseok's chest and Hoseok wondered what to do with his arms.

"I was looking for you," Hoseok revealed then. It was hard to speak when they were so close to the live music. He didn't want to move though. He might lose Yoongi again.

"You were?" Yoongi raised his eyebrows behind the mask. A little smirk settled on his lips. "May I ask why?" He sounded so flirty and charming and suggestive that Hoseok suppressed a squeal.

"I was-" Hoseok felt his stomach swirl with nervousness. Was he really going to ask Yoongi for a dance? What if he said no? He probably would. They hadn't danced with each other before. They had barely touched at all save from the dressing sessions in the mornings. Hoseok had waited too long for that dance. He was going to ask. It was now or never.

"Yes?" Yoongi urged in a low, curious voice, eyes wondering, hopeful.

"I was going ask, to ask-" Hoseok licked his dry lips. "Ask to, dance, if-"

"Hyung!"

Hoseok turned his head to the side when Jimin came running for him. He dragged a laughing Taehyung and Jungkook after him, their arms filled with bowls of candy. "Hyung! Team Tiger gonna have the celebrate dance now, come on!"

Hoseok felt conflicted. Disappointed. Annoyed with himself that he was so slow, stuttering and awkward that he'd lost the opportunity to ask Yoongi for a dance.

"Not now, Jiminie," Hoseok told him. "I'm busy." He smiled at Yoongi, feeling all sorts of things when Yoongi nodded in agreement.

"He's busy. I'm talking to him now," Yoongi told Jimin, sounding serious. He turned his attention back to Hoseok who swallowed nervously. "What were you going to ask me?"

"Ehm," Hoseok looked into Yoongi's eyes, wanting nothing more than to reach out and touch him, any part of him. "May I have a d-"

"Hobi! We gonna dance now!" Jimin whined. How could he not sense that Hoseok was busy? He'd been alone all night. Now he finally had Yoongi for himself. He was not going to leave him.

"Not now," Hoseok hissed at Jimin, wishing that he'd been speaking with Taehyung instead, that Taehyung would get the hint that Hoseok was about to ask Yoongi for a dance, but Taehyung was too distracted by Jungkook, smiling at him as Jungkook chewed on a piece of candy.

"Do you want to go somewhere else?" Yoongi asked, bringing Hoseok's attention back to him.

"Like where?" Hoseok asked, his heart beating hard in his chest. He hoped Yoongi would say his room. The laundry room. Anywhere where they would be alone and it would be silent and they could lock the door, even if his thoughts were creepy.

"There you are!" A new voice exclaimed. Hoseok's heart jumped when he saw old hag Maggie limp towards them leaning on her cane, one leg of the broken chair in her other hand.

"Oh no," Hoseok voiced.

"What are you doing that makes her chase you all the time?" Yoongi wondered curiously.
"Long story. But this time it really was nothing bad. I just broke a chair." Hoseok tried to explain.

"You broke a chair?" Yoongi's eyes went wide.

"Sorry!" Hoseok didn't have the time to add anything more. Maggie caught with to him and he started running, grabbing Jimin's wrist and pulling him along. "What did you want to dance, Chim?" He asked, putting a wall between himself and Maggie.

He danced away with Jimin, Taehyung and Jungkook, got lost in the crowd as he hid from the scary old hag. What was her problem? What was she going to do once she caught him? Tell Yoongi about the time when Hoseok had peeped on him? Throw him out? Interrogate him? Hoseok had no idea. It felt best to keep avoiding her and hiding from her like this, even if it made him look desperate and weird.

But now he'd lost sight of Yoongi again. He'd been so close. He'd almost asked him. Damn it.

Chapter End Notes

Amuse-toi bien avec ton chéri! = Have fun with your darling!
Arrête = Stop it
Au revoir = Farewell
(feel free to correct me, i love french) tnx for reading!!
"I love this song!" Jimin laughed after what felt like hours of dancing later. Hoseok nodded and pretended to agree, not mentioning the fact that it wasn't really a song but still the same men playing piano and violin as before. Jimin started rolling his body, earning him stares from people around them. When Jungkook started doing something weird with his butt, shaking it by the look of it, Hoseok started searching for an excuse to pull.

"Oh, I'm, uh, I'm thirsty," He said, opening the top button of his shirt and tugging at the collar. He was all sweaty. It was hot in the room with everyone dancing around. There were couples everywhere. Hoseok felt like the fourth wheel with the others. Felt too old for them. They kept goofing around and laughing at each other. Hoseok was too concerned about Maggie finding him and constantly trying to keep his eyes out for Yoongi, Rose and Jihyo. Yoongi, because he wanted to seduce him, Rose so he could avoid her, and Jihyo so he could make sure she was as far away from Yoongi as possible. Where were they?

"Me too!" Jimin said. "Wanna grab drinks? I thought I saw a glass of wine over there before! Think anyone will notice if I take it?" He laughed sneakily.

"Yes?" Hoseok said, still sweeping his gaze over the crowd. Where was Yoongi? He'd asked Hoseok to go somewhere else before. Hoseok should've followed him. Damn Maggie.

"So should we all go grab drinks?" Jimin asked with a big smile. He started smirking, looking smug. "Then I'm gonna approach my crush, and show him my magical garters, if you know what I mean." He winked at Hoseok who grew uncomfortable.

"I, uh, think I'm gonna take some air." Hoseok decided, wanting to break free from the group. Jimin slapped Taehyung on the butt and Hoseok wanted to search for Yoongi in peace.

"We'll join!" Taehyung said with a wide smile. "I'm all sweaty now!"

"I need to pee too, and I don't think you wanna see me pee in a bush." Hoseok made an excusing face. He started becoming desperate now. He couldn't shake them off. He wanted to speak with Yoongi alone.

"You pee in bushes too? Thought it was only me!" Jimin laughed, hitting Hoseok on the arm. "Come on, I wanna pee too so I don't have to do it once Mister Hot has his hands on my butt!"

Hoseok jerked his head to the side. "Mister Hot? Who is that?" He hoped it wasn't Yoongi.

"Top secret!" Taehyung hushed. "But Kookie and I need to pee too."

Hoseok nervously wiped sweat from his forehead. He had to make up another excuse. He picked up the money from his pocket, split it into three and held it out in front of him. "Here's the prize money I won. Why don't you think of what to do with it? I'm gonna thank Jin one more time."

"Whoa!" Jimin put the money he got from Hoseok in his underwear. Hoseok decided not to ask. Jungkook put his into his shoe with a bunny smile and Taehyung put his under his armpit, saying it could soak up the sweat. They clearly hadn't had that much money in their lives. You should not store money in those places.

"You gonna hunt down Jin? I guess we could pee later. I'm gonna seduce Mister Hot!" Jimin filled out his chest with air and strutted forward. "Watch out, because here I come!" He smirked at
Hoseok over his shoulder. "Literally."

Hoseok made a face. He stayed silent. He turned his attention back to Taehyung and Jungkook when someone poked him on the shoulder.

"Are you really going to search for Jin?" Taehyung asked, always the clever one. "Feels like you're going to search for somebody else…"

"Weird," Hoseok commented, facing the floor. "But, uhm,"

"I think Yoongi just walked outside," Taehyung said helpfully. "Just, not that you care or anything, you know."

Hoseok glanced up, heart jolting. "He did?"

"I saw it too," Jungkook joined in, pointing at the door. "He looked like he wanted to be alone."

"So you should talk to him," Taehyung finished. "Go hyung!" He put his hands on Hoseok's shoulders and turned him around, lightly pushing him forward.

"O-okay! I'm going!" Hoseok said in the middle of a nervous laugh. He hoped they weren't tricking him. He started pushing his way through the crowd, wondering who was who behind the masks and high hats.

"There you are!"

He ducked when Maggie's raspy voice met his ears. He crawled on the floor on all fours, feeling like the biggest idiot when people stepped on him and Momo screamed "Creep!" when she thought he was trying to peek under her skirt. He hurried away from there and crawled to the door. He escaped the ballroom and got up on his feet, brushing dust off his knees. He looked around, grimacing when he saw Jack and Mina kiss against the wall of the corridor. That would never be him and Yoongi. He wished it would be him and Yoongi. If only it had been them, kissing against a wall like that.

He looked around, wondering where Yoongi had gone, if he'd gone back to his room or outside, when he heard a familiar voice. It was Jimin's. Hoseok followed the voice, surprised when Jack and Mina didn't notice him walk past them. Jack's hand was a bit too eager and Hoseok wished he hadn't seen where he'd put it.

By the dining room he pressed his ear to the door. Jimin's voice came from inside. It was happy, flirty and bubbly. Who was he talking to?

"Do you see the yellow?" Jimin asked, sounding like he was walking around. He started sounding upset. "Your favorite color, isn't it? I told you to look for me."

Hoseok blinked. Why was he eavesdropping on Jimin when he should be looking for Yoongi? Yoongi's favorite color wasn't yellow. It was blue. Jimin wasn't talking to him. Hoseok felt relieved. Felt so relieved that he felt like laughing and twirling. Jimin liked someone else. Hallelujah.

"What are you doing over there?" Someone asked Hoseok who turned around and put on his most innocent face, fearing it was Maggie. He got foul when he saw that it was Rose. What was her problem? Why did she feel the need to boss him around all the time?

Hoseok ignored her. He darted his eyes to the door, wondering why Jimin sounded upset in there.
Maybe he’d gotten rejected. It sounded like he threw something at the door. Hoseok decided to leave. It might be selfish, but he didn't want to be tied to a moody Jimin for the rest of the evening. He wanted to find Yoongi and dance with him. Just for tonight. Just for a moment.

Only that he couldn't find him anywhere. He searched in every room, even the off-limit living room, growing sad when he couldn't find him. He walked back into the ballroom, positively sulking, feeling like this whole day had been a waste of time. Yoongi didn't care about him and Hoseok had been a fool for hoping he would.

He sighed and leaned against the wall, crossing his arms, feeling complicated and done with all happy dancing couples in front of him. Even Alejandro was dancing with someone. He was shirtless. The poor girl almost disappeared in the hair on his chest. When he saw that it was Sana he didn't feel as sad for her anymore. She deserved to suffocate in Alejandro's chest hair.

Happy farmers danced around everywhere. Hoseok listened as someone started singing by the piano. It was Taehyung and Jungkook. Jin, Namjoon and uncle Benny stood beside them, smiling and clapping their hands joyfully. Everyone had so much fun. Hoseok couldn't concentrate at all. Where was Yoongi?

"Don't you like parties either?"

Hoseok's heart reacted before himself. It started beating fast. His stomach swirled. That voice. He turned his head to the side, feeling a big, nervous smile creep up his lips. "Yoongi?"

"What's up?" Yoongi leaned against the wall next to Hoseok, his arms crossed and legs crossed almost like a pose, looking like a million dollars like always.

"Hello." Hoseok felt his cheeks heat up. Yoongi was here. Looking hot. Looking sexy and like he wanted to seduce Hoseok, which he probably didn't, but still. Hoseok felt a bit dizzy from looking at him. "Are you asking if I don't like parties? Because I can't say that I've been to a lot of them."

"Don't be sad about that," Yoongi contemplated, eyes mysterious under the dark mask. Hoseok just wanted to take it off and kiss him. If only he could. "Most of them are no fun."

"They're not?" Hoseok asked, struggling to breathe now that Yoongi stood so close. Where had he been? Had he searched for Hoseok? It almost seemed like he had. Hoseok could die happy now.

"Not unless you're with the right people," Yoongi vented. He looked Hoseok in the eyes in his beautiful mask. His cheeks looked soft. Lips cute. He was so perfect. "And most of the time you're not."

Hoseok nodded, not really following the conversation. He was distracted. Yoongi was so pretty. He was here. He was real. Sometimes Hoseok forgot that he was real. "What do you think of this party then?" He internally grimaced from the stutter. He was too obvious. Thankfully Yoongi didn't seem to notice.

"It's looking promising now." Yoongi's lips formed into a little smile. "Where have you been all evening?"

"W-what do you mean?" Hoseok swallowed, feeling his cheeks definitely burn now. It almost sounded like Yoongi had wanted to spend time with him. Party with him. Dance with him.

Yoongi looked away. He faced the floor and let his hands fall to the side, looking thoughtful. Hoseok wanted to read his thoughts. Finally get what he was thinking all the time when he looked thoughtful like that.
"Would you mind following me on a walk?" Yoongi asked then, glancing back at Hoseok whose heart jolted so hard that he stumbled and had to steady himself against the wall.

"N-no, or I mean, y-yes I w-wanna follow. Please." Hoseok pressed his eyes shut and grimaced. "Sorry, stuttering, don't know w-why-" He tried to explain. He wished he hadn't. Now the words came out in the wrong order too. All moisture in his mouth went for his hands that felt clammy. He was so awkward.

"I don't mind you stuttering." Yoongi calmed him. "However, there is something I want to talk about. Are you coming?" His hand graced Hoseok's arm. Hoseok needed a bag to breathe in. Yoongi wanted to talk about something. About what? Had Maggie told him? Jin? Hoseok was in danger.

"I'm coming. Please lead the way," Hoseok said with a hurried nod, hoping that his green mask covered his red cheeks. Yoongi smiled a little bit before he walked for the door, holding it open for Hoseok as a gentleman as he passed through it. "Thank you, but I think I should be the one to hold the door for you."

"Not if I reach it first," Yoongi said playfully, earning him an eye roll from Hoseok.

"Good luck," Hoseok muttered, wanting to laugh, and then he ran through the corridor to the front door of the house and held it open for Yoongi, bowing as Yoongi took his time walking through it. "No running allowed inside," Yoongi scolded him. "I thought you knew that?"

"Oops," Hoseok mused, following Yoongi down the porch, wanting to talk to him forever. He felt so warm inside. So giggly. Yoongi was mesmerizing.

"Is that why Maggie's chasing you?" Yoongi wondered as they walked down the steps and crossed the green lawn. Hoseok was both excited and nervous. Yoongi wanted to talk to him alone.

"Sure?" Hoseok glanced at Yoongi with a nervous smile, wondering what they were going to do out here. The moon was only a little sliver in the sky. It almost looked like it was smiling. Or was it a sad mouth? It depended how you looked at it.

Yoongi stepped into the gazebo and sat down on the bench there. He motioned for Hoseok to sit down next to him. He did. With his heart jumping and jolting and hurting in his chest. It was silent. It was dark; the only light coming from the faint moon and the windows of the mansion. It was chilly out, but Yoongi still removed his cravat, mumbling about being too warm. Hoseok stared his eyes out when he saw what he'd been wearing underneath it.

"W-why are you wearing a ch-choker?" He stuttered out. He had to look away. Jesus.

"I wanted to wear it then Jin forced me into the cravat. Didn't think uncle Benny would approve." Yoongi threw the cravat to the floor in front of them. They both stared at it. Then Hoseok glanced back at Yoongi's choker. It was made of leather. It rested on his pale neck, teasing Hoseok who wanted to grab it, hold it, do something when it was teasing him like this.

They were silent for a while longer. Hoseok felt Yoongi radiate heat next to him. He smelled so good. Like soap and roses and lilies. Someone must've helped him take a bath. His thigh rested only a bit from Hoseok's.

"So what do you think of uncle Benny?" Yoongi asked to break the ice. Probably. He had led Hoseok out here. Hoseok felt nervous and small and lost and jittery and the need to kiss Yoongi's choker. Weird.
"He's okay," Hoseok said. "I think." He didn't care about him. At all. Actually, he didn't like him. Benny had brought Jihyo and Nayeon. Hoseok had just started relaxing again. He was still a bit shaken from the jealousy he'd felt at the time.

"Okay." Yoongi replied. And then it went silent again. Hoseok played with his shirt in his hands, listening to Yoongi breathing, his heart jolting every time Yoongi moved the slightest bit. Their feet touched and Hoseok's face went beet red. Maybe he would die.

"Hey," Yoongi said to gain Hoseok's attention, as if his presence and foot on his foot wasn't already driving him insane.

"Hm?" Hoseok voiced, trying to sound normal, not daring saying anything more than that in fear of stuttering or revealing his crush and strange urge to kiss Yoongi's choker.

"You can relax," Yoongi said in an honest voice, facing Hoseok. "You're not working for me right now. We're equal."

"What do you mean?" Hoseok asked. Was Yoongi thinking that Hoseok was nervous since Yoongi was his landlord? That wasn't the case. Hoseok was nervous because he wanted to drop his pants and straddle Yoongi's lap until Yoongi was gay and weird too.

Maybe he shouldn't think about that now.

"Uhm." Yoongi scratched his chin. "Right now we're both out here in silly costumes. We're both worth the same." Yoongi elaborated. "You don't need to be nervous." He sounded a bit nervous himself when he said it.

"Okay." Hoseok said, sounding lost in his head. He couldn't really concentrate when Yoongi looked so beautiful in his mask.

"So I was wondering," Yoongi started. Then he took a pause. Licked his lips with a hesitant look on his face. Hoseok widened his eyes. He suddenly felt sick with nervousness. Was Yoongi going to ask him on a date? For a dance? For a kiss? Was that why he was licking his lips?

"Yes?" Hoseok asked, out of breath, crossing his fingers. He wanted a kiss. He was ready.

"Are we okay? Can we be friends?" Yoongi asked.

Hoseok deflated like a balloon. Disappointment washed over him. Felt a bit like a punch to the chest.

"What?" He said before he had the time to think. He started frowning. "I thought we already were?" He wanted to be more. He had to be more.

"We are?" Yoongi asked, sounding unsure and nervous. "Because before, when I didn't know you very well, I said some rude things. I never properly apologized for them. I would like to do that now."

Hoseok raised his eyebrows. It was so long ago. He'd almost forgotten about it. It had been so many weeks. Had Yoongi thought about it and felt guilty? There was no need to. Hoseok liked him now. Liked him so much.

"I treated you so bad. It was rude and wrong of me. You don't need to accept my apology. I would only like to ask if we are good. I won't be mean again, I, well, I did it for silly reasons," Yoongi explained, sounding sad and full of regrets.
":No, it's okay," Hoseok reassured instantly. Yoongi looked cute but sad. Hoseok felt like an emotional yo-yo. "No hard feelings. It's so long ago now. I'm over it. I accept your apology."

"You do?" Yoongi looked at Hoseok with an incredulous smile on his face. It was beautiful. "Really?"

"Yeah, of course I do?" Hoseok smiled, feeling relieved. Yoongi cared about him. He wanted them to be friends. It was good. It had to be good, even if it left Hoseok feeling a bit sad. He thought on the bright side. Friends. That meant that Yoongi didn't think of Hoseok as just another servant. He'd just called them equal, hadn't he? It felt like something major. "Wanna shake hands on it?"

"Sure." Yoongi held out a perfectly pale hand. Hoseok took it in his, ignoring his fluttering heart, and shook his hand.

"We're good," Hoseok said as he shook Yoongi's hand for the tenth time. Yoongi didn't let go. Hoseok neither. He felt his cheeks heat up. Yoongi's hand was soft and warm. Long, perfect fingers. They stopped shaking hands and lowered their hands to the little space between them. Hoseok watched their hands, feeling all of his face turn red. Yoongi wasn't letting go. His fingers lingered and Hoseok felt so happy.

"Weren't you having fun in there?" Yoongi asked in a caring voice. He sounded genuinely curious. Hoseok tried to get his brain to work. Remember how to speak. "Are you not much for dancing?"

"No, uhm." Hoseok must be seeing things. It looked like Yoongi scooted closer. His foot nudged Hoseok's again and Hoseok almost squealed. "Quite the opposite actually. I love it."

"You do?" Yoongi asked, sounding interested. No one had sounded that interested about Hoseok's passion for dancing before. Everyone had shamed it. That's why he weren't telling people about it anymore. He hadn't told anyone here. Yoongi sounded supportive. Hoseok's chest was going to explode from happiness.

"I do," Hoseok mused, smiling just thinking about it. Yoongi's thumb stroked over Hoseok's hand and Hoseok giggled since he felt so bubbly inside.

"Hm..." Yoongi hummed, gazing at Hoseok with a wonderful smile on his lips, meeting Hoseok's gaze for just a second before Hoseok looked away. "Can't you show me?"

"What, ehm, no..." Hoseok swallowed nervously. "I'm not that good." He did not want to make a fool out of himself in front of Yoongi who was so magical and nice and wonderful tonight.

"I promise I won't laugh," Yoongi said solemnly.

"Even if I stumble?" Hoseok whispered, making eye contact again. Yoongi's eyes were glowing under the mask. They took Hoseok's breath away.

"Then I'll catch you," Yoongi reassured.

"Really?" Hoseok whispered, wondering when he'd started whispering everything.

"Promise," Yoongi whispered back, giving Hoseok's hand a squeeze.

"Okay." Hoseok nodded, glanced down at their linked hands. "But I don't wanna let go of your hand." His breath hitched when he realized what he'd just said. That sounded suggestive. Flirty. Romantic. He had to make up an excuse fast. "I-, I-" He started stuttering.
"I don't want to let go either," Yoongi said, so low that Hoseok almost didn't catch it. But he did, and Hoseok's chest filled with hope. Yoongi probably thought he hadn't heard, because he lightly shook his head and let go of Hoseok's hand, making Hoseok's feel cold and alone, missing Yoongi's warmth already.

Hoseok wiped his sweaty palms on his thighs before he stood up. He wondered what type of dance he would show to seduce Yoongi when he settled for a mix of everything. He showed the pair dances his mother had taught him when he'd been little, and finished with the dances he'd come up with on his own, having no name for them.

"Ta da!" He said as he was done, bowing and smiling since Yoongi had kept his eyes on him the entire time and Hoseok was all bottled up with nervous excitement.

Yoongi clapped his hands. "You're ahead of your time." He complimented him.

"You think so?" Hoseok asked, grinning from the praise. This was perfect. He didn't feel a bit ashamed. He felt proud. "Thank you!" He slumped back down next to Yoongi with a laugh, hoping the enormous sweat rings weren't showing under his armpits, feeling dreamy here alone with Yoongi. "Want me to teach you?"

"Why would I want that?" Yoongi snorted, crossing his legs and raising his eyebrows.

"So you want to?" Hoseok teased, reaching out and poking Yoongi on his stomach. Yoongi twitched. He didn't swat Hoseok's hands away. Hoseok poked him again, growing excited when Yoongi's body jerked again.

"I do not want to," Yoongi said, not sounding very trustworthy since he started laughing. "Hey, stop tickling me!"

"But you're laughing?" Hoseok said, tickling Yoongi on his stomach. The shirt travelled up and Hoseok graced his fingers over Yoongi's warm skin. Yoongi stopped laughing and Hoseok too. Hoseok glanced up at his face, feeling his heart leap in his chest as he stroked a thumb over the soft skin.

Yoongi flicked his gaze over Hoseok's face, looking like he had a thousand things to say. Hoseok felt like his head would be empty forever. All thoughts went away when he had Yoongi in front of him like this. He stroked higher up Yoongi's stomach, waiting for him to tell him to stop, wanting to stop himself, but Yoongi was silent. Hoseok felt electrified. The rest of the world went away.

"Hoseok?" Yoongi whispered then.

"Yes?" Hoseok quickly retreated his hand and put his hands in his lap, waiting for Yoongi to tell him to keep his hands to himself and not stroke his stomach like only a creep and pervert would.

"Why-" Yoongi seemed to be struggling with the words. It was unusual of him. He was probably going to ask Hoseok why he was so weird. "Why did you-"

Yoongi was interrupted when someone walked past the gazebo. Jin, Namjoon and uncle Benny. Hoseok ducked to the floor and hid under the bench across from Yoongi, not wanting them to see him. He wasn't allowed in the gazebo. Jin and Namjoon would think that Hoseok had confessed. Benny might chase him away.

"Yoongi, my friend!" Benny scoffed as he walked past. "What are you doing out here on your own?"
"I'm not your friend…" Yoongi muttered under his breath.

"What?" Benny asked. Hoseok sat with his heart racing on the other side of the bench, wishing the old man would go away. Hoseok had hid too many times this week. He was going to get gray hairs from the stress.

"I took a walk, Sir." Yoongi changed his answer. "I will be back soon. Don't mind me."

"See you inside then!" Benny scoffed. "Seokjin have just showed me the beach. A wonderful sight!"

Yoongi nodded at him. He flattened out his shirt and ran a hand through his hair. Benny hadn't mentioned the choker. Maybe that was why Yoongi was looking so flustered and shaken and nervous.

"Are they gone?" Hoseok whispered. It was dark under the bench. It felt like he'd got dirt everywhere.

"They're gone," Yoongi told him. Hoseok gave a sound of relief and climbed back up, sat down across from Yoongi this time, not trusting himself to keep his hands to himself.

"What were you going to say?" Hoseok asked, preparing for Yoongi scolding him.

"Me?" Yoongi faced the floor. "I wasn't going to say anything."

"But-"

"It's a bit chilly," Yoongi commented, looking like he was sweating. "I think I'm going back inside." He rose up. Hoseok panicked. He wasn't done yet. Yoongi couldn't leave.

"Wait!" He almost shouted, walking up to Yoongi and putting a hand on his arm. "Please? Please let me teach you a few steps?" He wasn't sure what he was saying. He didn't want Yoongi to leave. Not when Hoseok finally had him for himself.

"Steps?" Yoongi asked, not leaving. He was staying with Hoseok's hand on his arm. Hoseok wanted to thank god.

"I could teach you how to dance," Hoseok said as a nervous laugh escaped him. "Would you let me do that?"

Yoongi smiled a little bit. "Go ahead."

Hoseok started grinning. "Okay," He told mostly himself. He wondered what dance to pick, ending up with a mix of several again. He didn't dare put his hands on Yoongi's hips, and he would faint if Yoongi put his hands on Hoseok's hips, or waist, so they had their hands on each other's shoulders.

"I don't think this is how you're supposed to do it," Yoongi said as Hoseok started walking them on the spot, already freaking out from Yoongi's hands on his shoulders. They were warm and a bit heavy. So close to his face. He could almost kiss them.

"Isn't it?" Hoseok asked, feeling dizzy. He accidentally stepped on Yoongi's foot. "Sorry,"

"It's okay," Yoongi said. "But really, I don't know who taught you this dance but this is not how you're supposed to do it. Didn't you see how the others danced in there?"

Hoseok gulped. He had seen them. All boy and girl couples. Some had been hugging and kissing
even. But Hoseok and Yoongi weren't like that. Hoseok would faint if Yoongi hugged him.

"I, uhm, I'm not sure..." Hoseok trailed off, feeling like his hands left sweat stains on Yoongi's shoulders.

"They danced like this," Yoongi put his hands on Hoseok's waist, making him jump.

"W-what are you doing!" Hoseok sputtered, feeling his arms start trembling when Yoongi settled his hands around Hoseok's waist. He took a step closer, making Hoseok take a step back.

"Teaching you how to dance?" Yoongi replied, taking another step forward. Hoseok took one back, hitting the bench with his knees and coming to a stop. Yoongi took a final step forward, making them stand alarmingly close. "Have you never danced like this?"

"Have y-you?" Hoseok asked back, feeling hot as the sun when Yoongi was this close to him.

"I asked first," Yoongi retorted, backing and dragging Hoseok along with him by the grip around his waist. He tightened his grip and Hoseok shivered, hoping Yoongi didn't feel it. Yoongi had never touched him this much before.

"I haven't," Hoseok blurted. He hadn't meant to reveal that. He sounded like such a virgin.

"I'll teach you then," Yoongi said with a little smile that Hoseok couldn't read. Was it smug? Proud? Evil? Hoseok wanted to get his brain back. He didn't think the couples in there had danced like this. Not all of them anyway. This felt like a dance Yoongi had as a trap made just for Hoseok.

Yoongi started walking them around on the spot. In silence. At least Hoseok thought it was silent. He must have lost his hearing too. He heard no thoughts and no waves from the lake and no breathing Yoongi. Or wait, that's the only thing he heard. Yoongi's breathing. It was fast. A bit too fast. It made Hoseok feel even hotter.

"Who's leading?" Hoseok asked airily as Yoongi led them down the stairs of the gazebo and started dancing them around the lawn.

"I think you're the girl."

"Me? Why can't you be the girl?" Hoseok complained, moving his hands from Yoongi's shoulders to his waist without thinking. He felt a spark go through his body as he wrapped his hands around Yoongi's waist. The fabric of the shirt wasn't that thick. He could feel the softness of Yoongi's body through it.

"Now we're both the girl," Yoongi said, He didn't sound mad or irritated or disgusted by Hoseok's hands on his waist.

"Okay," Hoseok said, thinking that he should be silent since he kept saying weird things. Yoongi went silent too. There was a small smile dancing on his lips, and Hoseok felt a similar one creep up his own. "I think you like playing the girl," He teased, lightly squeezing Yoongi's waist in his hands and walking forward, making Yoongi walk backwards.

"I do not," Yoongi muttered, still smiling.

"But you do?" Hoseok teased, tickling Yoongi again.

"Stop!" Yoongi laughed, wriggling around in Hoseok's grip.
"You want me to tickle you more? Is that what you're saying?" Hoseok asked playfully, feeling like he was walking on clouds. He walked Yoongi to the wall of the mansion, leaned him against it as he tickled him here and there, on his waist and stomach.

"S-stop," Yoongi laughed, pressing his hands against Hoseok's chest to stop him. Hoseok was buzzing with energy. He tickled Yoongi more, not stopping until Yoongi broke free from him and started running away.

"Wait!" Hoseok gripped Yoongi's wrist, pulled him in close, feeling romantic and teasing and bubbly until he tripped on the grass and stumbled forward. He stumbled around, steadying himself against Yoongi, and somehow ended up pressing Yoongi against the wall along the way, his body pressed against his as he regained his balance, their lips so close they almost kissed.

Yoongi blinked. Hoseok blinked too. Stopped breathing. He could feel Yoongi's breath on his lips. His chest exploded with butterflies. He was so close.

"I told you I would catch you if you stumbled," Yoongi said in a low voice. Hoseok wasn't sure if he was joking or not. His eyes darted everywhere on Hoseok's face.

Hoseok felt so happy. Flustered and nervous, but so happy. He smiled nervously as his gaze flicked to Yoongi's lips. Yoongi smiled. He let out a light laugh before he turned them around, so he was the one pressing Hoseok against the wall instead. Hoseok just wanted to kiss him. He looked so beautiful. Yoongi with a smile was the most precious thing.

"May I?" Yoongi asked in a flirty voice, reaching for Hoseok's green mask and taking it off his face with delicate hands. "Much better," He said as he let the mask drop to the ground, looking into Hoseok's eyes with a smile. His voice was tender. Addicting.

"What do you mean?" Hoseok asked with a wobbly smile.

"Now I can see your eyes," Yoongi said in a soft voice, smiling a bit wider. Hoseok could see his little teeth. He looked so cute. So huggable.

"Can I take off yours?" Hoseok asked with an excited smile.

"Be my guest."

Hoseok giggled as Yoongi closed his eyes. He took off Yoongi's beautiful, dark mask. Yoongi smiled up at him when he was done, opening his eyes. In the light reaching them from the window above Hoseok could see that Yoongi's forehead was damp with sweat. His eyebrows were a bit messy and his cheeks were red. He looked absolutely beautiful.

"Wow," Hoseok breathed, taken by the beauty. Yoongi had to be a prince. Hoseok's heart swelled.

"What is it?" Yoongi asked, sounding innocent and wonderful. Hoseok bit his lip. Now his heart hurt. He'd never seen Yoongi look this happy and excited. He wanted to do something. He had to do something. Hug him or kiss his cheek or kiss his hand or tell him that he loved him.

Wait.

Loved him?

Did Hoseok love him?

Hoseok hadn't really thought a lot about that. The thought had occurred to him a few times before,
but now he felt his heart start racing. Yoongi blinked at him in confusion, his wonderful smile faltering some. His cheeks were soft and eyes small. He looked so different from everyone else here. He was pale. Thin. Mysterious. Evil from the start. Pure under the layers. His eyes only spoke in riddles that Hoseok would never understand.

"What is it?" Yoongi urged, stroking Hoseok's shoulder. Hoseok felt like his heart would burst. Hoseok loved him. Yoongi was perfect. He was amazing. That's why Hoseok had been so jealous. He loved him. He needed him. He needed just some part of him for himself. He should tell him.

But he didn't dare to. If only he'd dared to.
"I win!" Hoseok said instead of confessing his feelings, reaching out to tickle Yoongi again. He tickled him on his stomach, wishing he could take his shirt off and touch him forever, stroke his stomach and let him know how special he was for making Hoseok feel this way that no one had before.

"What?" Yoongi asked, smiling again. He ran away and Hoseok started chasing him around the lawn, laughing every time he saw the smile on Yoongi's face.

"Where are you going?" Hoseok called after him, raising his hands like claws.

"Stop following me!" Yoongi shouted for him, laughter and happiness in his voice.

"Where are you?" Hoseok asked as he ran behind the hut and found Yoongi behind it. "There you are," he mused as he gripped Yoongi's wrist and pressed his body flush against his, locking him on the spot with a leg pressing between his. "You can't run from me." Hoseok leaned in to whisper in Yoongi's ear. He must've made it up. It almost felt like Yoongi shuddered against him.

"Can't I?" Yoongi breathed, his breath ghosting over Hoseok's lips as Hoseok leaned back to look him in the eyes. Hoseok could make out Yoongi's face in the faint moonlight. Could see how pretty his lips were.

"No," Hoseok whispered back, feeling his heart race in his chest. The air trembled. It was tense. Yoongi must feel it too. It couldn't only be Hoseok.

"What are you going to do now that you've caught me?" Yoongi asked. He put a hand against Hoseok's chest. Hoseok leaned into it, thinking that Yoongi must be able to feel how fast his heart was beating.

"Do you have any suggestions?" Hoseok had no idea what he was saying anymore. It just hit him that Yoongi was this close to him. Playing along with him. Not pushing him away. He had Yoongi's legs around one of his own, Yoongi's crotch rubbing against his thigh, and Yoongi's hand on his chest. Maybe he was dreaming.

"I have a few," Yoongi trailed off in a mysterious voice. Hoseok closed his eyes and bit his lip when Yoongi brushed a finger against Hoseok's cheek, guided it to his ear and ran it through his hair. Hoseok never wanted to leave. Yoongi had never touched him like this before. Almost intimately.

"Is scratching my hair one of them? Because I r-really liked that," Hoseok said, thankful for the darkness. His face flamed.

"You did?" Yoongi wondered, voice gentle, curious, bringing his other hand to Hoseok's hair too, running his fingers against his scalp, the feeling of his nails making Hoseok hum. Yoongi scratched his scalp, carded through his hair, and Hoseok smiled sheepishly, feeling like drooling. He must be in heaven.

Eventually Yoongi let his hands drop. They came to rest on Hoseok's shoulders, and the tension was back. Hoseok pressed his chest against Yoongi's, feeling terrific and nauseous at the same time. It felt like he should say something. But maybe words weren't needed right now. Actions could speak for themselves.
"Yoongi?" Hoseok whispered, letting one of his hands stroke down Yoongi's side, over his shirt. He couldn't breathe. He could feel Yoongi everywhere. They were so close.

"Yes?" Yoongi breathed, sounding hopeful. He stroked Hoseok's shoulders with his thumbs, lighting him on fire. He felt so excited.

"Would you-" Hoseok moved one of his hands to Yoongi's lower back. He let it rest there, swallowing thickly. There was too much spit in his mouth. This was the moment.

"Yes?" Yoongi urged. He readjusted against the wall, moved his hips and Hoseok gasped when he felt a spark of pleasure. He lowered his hand further, coming to rest over Yoongi's little butt, and he held his breath. He stopped talking. Yoongi's hands on Hoseok's shoulders traveled down, stroked down his arms and then up again, making Hoseok feel so wonderful inside. His face was red and he was sweaty but Yoongi was still there. Maybe he liked this moment too.

"Could you-" Hoseok started saying. Could you do that again? He couldn't ask that. But he wanted to. So bad. He pressed himself a bit closer, swallowing a cry when his groin pressed against Yoongi's for only a second. He didn't know what he was doing. He wanted to kiss Yoongi, confess to him, not do this when Yoongi didn't know what he was doing.

"Hoseok-" Yoongi gasped, putting both of his hands to Hoseok's chest. He was going to push him away. He was probably frightened. Hoseok had no time to find out what he was going to do. They were interrupted.

"What are you doing!" Maggie exclaimed, holding out a lamp in front of her, having walked around the corner of the hut.

Hoseok froze in shock. His heart jumped with fear and he couldn't move. Yoongi was faster to react. He reached out and slapped Maggie's lamp out of her grip, making it hit the ground and the light go out.

"What!" Maggie rasped. "Who destroyed my lamp!"

"Come," Yoongi snickered, taking Hoseok's hand in his and pulling him along with him. Hoseok followed, giggling, feeling happy again. Maybe Yoongi hadn't been planning on pushing him away. He was holding his hand. Hoseok felt like bubbles. Felt a bit like he was walking on clouds. Yoongi's hand in his was warm.

"What about our masks?" Hoseok asked, remembering about them. They lied on the ground somewhere.

"She won't know they belong to us," Yoongi said, sounding happy and cool and smug and just about perfect.

"Okay," Hoseok agreed, smiling so his cheeks hurt. Yoongi tightened the grip on his hand. He felt so lucky. "Where are we going?"

"Back inside," Yoongi said. "She won't find us in the crowd."

Hoseok nodded. Yoongi was so smart. And did he mean that he wanted to dance more with Hoseok? Or continue whatever they had been doing? Maybe Hoseok would get another opportunity to kiss him, or hug him. They were already holding hands. Hoseok wanted to kiss him so bad.

As they walked inside the mansion Yoongi dropped Hoseok's hand. Hoseok didn't get
disappointed. He was happy that they'd held hands in the first place.

"Maybe you can teach me some more steps in there?" Yoongi asked, smiling, sounding excited over idea, looking a bit shy.

"I'd love to!" Hoseok laughed, letting his hand brush over Yoongi's again. He couldn't help it. He had to touch him. Any part of him. He couldn't keep his hands to himself, and every time he touched Yoongi he giggled, and Yoongi showed his gums. "Magical Min," Hoseok breathed then.

"Huh?" Yoongi curiously raised his eyebrows.

"That's who you are," Hoseok decided with a happy shake of his head. "Magical Min!"

Yoongi snorted, eyes happy. "Thanks?"

"Wait," Hoseok said, spotting Taehyung in the ballroom. He was walking towards them, crossing his legs every other step, looking like he needed to pee. "I need to use the restroom. Could we meet here in a few m-minutes?" He nervously bit his lip, hoping Yoongi wouldn't say no.

"Of course." Yoongi nodded, looking nervous himself, gaze flicking to the side for a moment before he glanced back at Hoseok. "Where?"

"Over there?" Hoseok asked, pointing at the other side of the room. "By the strawberries."

"You want to eat them all?" Yoongi joked. "Leave some for me."

Hoseok huffed. "I won't. But see you in a bit!" He wanted to hug Yoongi goodbye. Kiss him. He did none of that. Yoongi was faster. He took Hoseok's hand in his one more time, locked eyes with him, made his heart melt before he let go and walked for the other side of the ballroom.

Hoseok turned around, put a hand against his lips and squealed. "Oh my god, oh my god," He mumbled for himself, glancing at Yoongi over his shoulder, making eye contact with him when he did the same, causing Hoseok to squeal out loud when it looked like Yoongi winked at him.

He allowed himself to squeal for one more second before he started to hurry. He had to find Taehyung. This was the best night of his life. He had to be dreaming. What had just happened out there? Had Yoongi really teased him like that? Had Yoongi danced around with him? Flirted with him?

"Oh my god, Tae Tae!" Hoseok exclaimed when Taehyung walked up to him, having seen him, looking like a question mark.

"What happened hyung? You're so red in the face!" Taehyung said with a teasing grin. "Talking with your crush?"

"Not talked!" Hoseok hissed, grabbing Taehyung's shoulders and giving them a shake. "Almost kissed! We almost kissed! Ah!" He shook Taehyung's shoulders, feeling so happy and excited, his stomach swirling from the memory of it.

"What?" Taehyung gaped a bit, shaking under Hoseok's hands until he stopped rustling him and took a deep breath. "Tell me about it! I want to hear everything!" Taehyung excitedly jumped on the spot. "Kookie is with Jin, he won't notice if I disappear for a while."

Hoseok put a hand over his mouth. He couldn't stop smiling. He was so bubbly. The room was filled with clouds and he was walking on air.
"I need to tell you something Tae," Hoseok said as he let the hand from his lips drop. He gazed into his eyes, wanting to tell him who he loved. He loved Min Yoongi. He had to tell someone. The fact made him so happy. So thrilled. He wanted to do so much with Yoongi.

"We'll go to the bathroom," Taehyung said with an important nod. "Come!" He grabbed Hoseok's hand like Yoongi had done a moment ago and led him out of the room. He led them into the corridor and started looking for a bathroom. Probably. Hoseok still felt too fussy to really know what was going on or where he was being led. He remembered the promise to meet up with Yoongi by the strawberries. He had to hurry. He wanted to feed him with one.

"Merlin!" Taehyung cursed as they walked down to the basement to use the bathroom there. Hoseok wondered why he cursed like that when he saw Jimin and Mark stand kissing against the door leading to the laundry room.

"Who's there?" Mark asked, snapping his head around, staring over his shoulder. Taehyung pressed a hand to his mouth and he and Hoseok hid in the staircase until Jimin started kissing Mark again.

Hoseok stared with an open mouth. Mark. Was Mark Jimin's crush? Was he the one he'd been talking with in the dining room? Was he the reason Jimin wore yellow? But Mark, didn't he like Mina? He was straight. Why was Mark kissing a boy if he was straight?

"Was that really Mark?" Hoseok whispered in disbelief as he and Taehyung had jogged to the bathroom and hurriedly closed the door after them.

"Yup." Taehyung nodded. It was dark in the room. Someone had lit a candle that stood on the little table in the corner. "What did you want to tell me?" He asked curiously, bringing the attention back to Hoseok. "Wait, lemme pee first."

Hoseok put two fingers in his ears and turned the other way until Taehyung was done. Then he started smiling, thinking about Yoongi. He removed the fingers from his ears and looked at Taehyung who was washing his hands in the bowl standing on the desk by the candle.

"The one I like, it's Min Yoongi!" Hoseok exclaimed excitedly.

"What!" Taehyung gasped. It felt staged. He had probably known all along.

"We almost kissed just now!" Hoseok jumped around and high fived the air.


"Behind the hut!" Hoseok laughed, feeling his stomach nearly hurt with butterflies. "It was only the two of us in the moonlight, and then he stroked my hair and I-, I had my leg between his and-, and it was silent but he took off my mask and I took off his, and then he made me feel really amazing and I was just going to ask if I could kiss him," He rambled, wondering if it had really happened. It felt too good to be true.

"Why didn't you? Did you change your mind?" Taehyung wondered, sounding excited.

"No! No, Maggie caught us! I don't think she saw Yoongi, but she saw me." Hoseok groaned. "But Yoongi hit her lamp and started laughing and took my hand in his again. And then we ran back inside!" Hoseok giggled. "I told him I had to go to the restroom and when I'm done we'll meet by the strawberries!"

"Oh my god!" Taehyung sighed. "This is like from a book!"
"I know!" Hoseok said, trying to remember if Taehyung could read or not. He probably could, since he was teaching Jimin. "What do I do now? Help me!"

"You're asking me for advice?" Taehyung raised his eyebrows. "I haven't had a boyfriend before."

"You haven't?" Hoseok frowned. "I thought everyone had? Jimin told me everyone had someone to hug and kiss around here."

"Everyone named Jimin, perhaps," Taehyung said. "But hyung, I already knew you liked him. It was sort of obvious. Written on your face." He made an excusing face. Hoseok felt embarrassed. He hoped Yoongi hadn't been able to see it. Maybe that was why he tried to read Hoseok's face all the time. Since there was a message written there, reading I love Min Yoongi.

"He's just so special..." Hoseok trailed off, wanting to run back into Yoongi's arms already. Why was he here gossiping with Taehyung? He could do that later.

"I think you should tell him how you feel, or just go for the kiss. Sometimes it's easier that way. Don't over complicate it. If he wants to be close to you and hold your hand I think he likes you."

Taehyung spoke wisely.

"We danced too," Hoseok blurted. "And-, and he had his hands on me." He felt his face heat up. "And I had mine on h-him."

Taehyung snickered to himself. "Hyung, it sounds like you're in deep."

"I am," Hoseok whined. "What do I do? What if I'm reading the signals the wrong way?"

"I don't think there's a wrong way to read signals like that," Taehyung vented. "Besides, you see him naked every morning. Something was bound to happen. I think he wanted to seduce you."

"What do you mean?" Hoseok whispered, confused from the thought.

"Well, no one dresses Jungkook or Jin. No one dressed Min before you. I think he likes having your eyes on him." Taehyung shrugged. "And didn't he give you that shirt?"

"And the fabric," Hoseok whispered, trying to think with a brain feeling like mush. Had Yoongi tried to seduce him? All this time? Did he want Hoseok to fall for him? It was a bit strange that no one else got dressed in the mornings... "Do you really think I have a little tiny chance?"

"A big chance!" Taehyung encouraged him. "So go out there and kiss Min Yoongi before it's too late!" He put his hands on Hoseok's back and guided him to the door. "Tell me what happened when you've got your happily ever after!"

Hoseok laughed as they opened the door. Taehyung was a good friend. Nice and supportive without hesitation.

When they walked out into the dimly lit basement Jimin and Mark were gone. Hoseok didn't think twice when he saw Rose stand beside the door to their right with wide eyes.

"Thanks for the advice Tae Tae, see you later!" Hoseok laughed, feeling super happy. He felt super nervous too. Now was the time.

Then he thought of something. He wanted to make sure that Yoongi liked boys before he confessed. He wanted Yoongi to know that he liked boys himself. So he walked into the cleaning room and grabbed a soap that he put in his pocket. Maybe he was an idiot. He could drop it in front
Yoongi was bound to get the message. Hoseok tied a pink ribbon around his wrist too. It must count as girl clothes. Two gay codes. Yoongi must put the pieces together.

He walked out of the room armed with his soap and ribbon. He rushed up the stairs to the first floor, wondering if Yoongi was still waiting for him by the strawberries or not. Who knows? Maybe he'd shared a few words with someone else too. Asked them if he should kiss Hoseok or not. Hoseok could always hope.

He practically ran into the corridor, followed the sound of the music and chatting voices that came from the ballroom. He jogged inside, his heart hammering like wild in his chest. He gripped the soap in his pocket and held it out in front of him, needing it for support. He started feeling sick now. Was he really going to tell Yoongi that he was homosexual? That he liked him? Loved him even? That he had dirty dreams of him every night? That Hoseok thought about him when he wanted to feel wonderful?

Yes. Hoseok would tell him everything. He'd pined for weeks. He was done feeling miserable and lost now. He would confess, give Yoongi a kiss and wait for his answer. Yoongi was kind. He wouldn't throw Hoseok out if he didn't feel the same. Hoseok knew he wouldn't.

He walked into the crowd of dancing people, wondering if more had joined the party. The room was full of people he didn't recognize. Maybe it was because of the costumes. He was blinded by the colors.

"Excuse me, sorry, excuse me," He mumbled as he made his way forward, feeling his heart settle in his throat. Where was Yoongi? Had he left? Had he forgotten about the place where they would meet up?


"Hi Yoongi!" Hoseok shouted, feeling about to pee himself from nervous excitement. "I have something to tell you!" He said as he started running, not minding the feet he stepped on or the elbows he felt against his side. He felt so happy. So nervous. His feelings were at the tip of his tongue, ready to pour out the moment he opened his mouth. Yoongi was here. He'd remembered. He was waiting for Hoseok in his beautiful shirt and black choker.

Hoseok ran forward, feeling like his legs were made of jelly. They wobbled and gave out under him, slowing him down as he tried to get to Yoongi. Yoongi looked around. He didn't see Hoseok. Too many people were in the way.

"Yoongi! I'm here!" Hoseok shouted, raising the hand with the soap and waving it around in the air. Yoongi almost looked his way. He was so excited.

Then he came to a stop. He felt his heart break when Jihyo walked up to Yoongi in her pretty red dress and sat down on his lap.

Hoseok dropped the soap to the floor, feeling jealousy flare up in his chest. He had to chase her away. Had to tell her to stop touching his Yoongi. She didn't deserve to be in his presence. She knew nothing about him. Yoongi hated red. He never wore red. He wore blue and black and green. She had to leave.

Someone poked Hoseok's back, interfering with his jealous thoughts. "Hm?" He asked, glancing over his shoulder, thinking it was Taehyung who'd caught up with him to give him some more tips and advice. He felt another tug of anger when he found Rose standing behind him, looking proud
and important.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you," She told him, raising her chin in the air.

"What do you mean?" Hoseok asked, feeling confused and worried and annoyed. Couldn't she see that he was busy? He did not have time for her right now.

"I think you dropped something?" Rose motioned for Hoseok's feet. He felt his heart jump when he saw the soap lay by his feet. She couldn't know what it meant. "I happened to overhear your conversation with Taehyung in the bathroom just now."

"What?" Hoseok asked in a low voice, feeling his stomach clench. Had she eavesdropped on them? Pressed her ear against the door? That must be why she had looked so shocked when they'd left the room. Hoseok felt so stupid. This was not good. Did she know his secret now? Not even Jimin knew. He had to make up a lie before she spread it around to everyone.

"I had my suspicion that you were a nancy boy," Rose said. "But Yoongi will never like you that way. Look, he likes Jihyo." She motioned for where Yoongi must be over Hoseok's shoulder. Hoseok didn't turn around. He didn't want to see them. He hated Jihyo. He hated her so much.

"No, he doesn't." Hoseok shook his head. He knew Yoongi. Rose didn't. "You're wrong."

"You know that I'm right," Rose stated. "Yoongi likes girls just how every boy should." She narrowed her eyes. "If I were you I would leave before anyone else finds out about your little secret."

"No." Hoseok kept shaking his head. "You're lying. You know nothing about Yoongi, I-, I know him."

"I'm lying?" Rose questioned. "Then where did they go? Look around. They're already gone."

Hoseok felt tears well up in his eyes. "You're lying. He hates her," Hoseok said, mostly to himself, as he glanced over his shoulder. She was right. The chair Yoongi had been sitting on stood empty leaned against the table with strawberries. Yoongi was gone. Jihyo was gone. Yoongi didn't care about Hoseok. He'd left with Jihyo.

"Don't cry?" Rose said in a mocking voice. "Yoongi is the second heir to the Min family. What did you think? That he would fall for a meek boy? For a farmer? Wake up."

Hoseok felt tears streak his cheeks. He shook his head. It couldn't be true. But it was. Everything Rose told him was true. Hoseok was an idiot for having believed Yoongi could like him back. For believing that he could've liked someone like him; a poor, simple boy.

Crying, he left the scene. People stopped dancing around them, wondering what the fuss was about, wondering why this boy was crying so loud. Hoseok ran back the same way he came. He pushed and elbowed his way forward, stumbling on shoes and feet, until he reached the door and burst out of it.

Namjoon had been right. Hoseok had lost his chance. He was too late. Someone else got to Yoongi first. God, he hated himself so much. Why was he so scared all the time? Why had he decided to go to the bathroom with Taehyung? Why had he asked Yoongi to wait for him? He wouldn't wait for him.

Then it hit him. What if Yoongi hadn't even been waiting for him? What if he'd been waiting for Jihyo?
Hoseok choked on a sob. Yoongi didn't like him. No one wanted Hoseok's love. He was poor and disgusting and a creep for thinking about Yoongi that way. It would never be okay. It would never be good. Yoongi would never accept it. It would always be wrong. Hoseok was wrong. He was disgusting.

"Hobi?"

It was Jimin's voice. Hoseok ignored him. He covered his face in his hands and ran out of the house, out on the lawn and into the darkness. He didn't want to look at the moon. It wasn't smiling anymore. It was a sad, sad moon, just like Hoseok. A sad moon that had been rejected by the sun in its life, just like Hoseok.

He didn't know where he was going. It didn't matter. He ended up in front of the barn. He tugged at the door handle until it opened for him. He ran inside, ran in the darkness, felt around the walls until he entered the new hay barn.

In there he finally allowed himself to stop running. His knees gave out and he dropped to the floor, giving in to the pain in his chest, in his heart. His heart was bleeding. Someone had stuck a knife in it, twisted it around until it hurt too much to breathe.

He fell to the floor, on the hey, curled in on himself and cried. He rolled around, sounding like a dying animal, wishing he'd been someone else, wishing he'd been confident like Jimin or young and wise like Taehyung. He was stupid and dumb and a boy. Yoongi didn't like him. Yoongi didn't want him. Hoseok choked out sob after sob. He cried until his throat made a weird sound and he lost his voice. It was okay. He wouldn't need his voice anymore. He would never tell Yoongi how he felt. He would never talk to him at all. He never wanted to see him again.

He took off the stupid ribbon tied on his wrist and threw it away. He wanted to take off the shirt too, it reminded him of Yoongi who had broken his heart, but then he would freeze.

He climbed into the darkest, scariest corner of the barn and hid there, covering himself with hay before he curled into a ball and let the tears fall. He didn't wipe them away. They streaked his face and ran down his cheeks to his knees. His lips tasted like salt. No one wanted him. No one wanted his tears.

This was the worst night of his life. He would hide forever. Until he rotted away and no one remembered him. No one would even know he was gone. No one cared about him.

He whimpered as he closed his eyes. He wished he'd been someone else.

He wished Yoongi liked him.

He wanted to go home.
Yoongi:

"Joon, I need to talk to you," Yoongi hissed as he dragged Namjoon away from Jin's arms.

"What is it?" Namjoon asked, worried crease instantly appearing on his forehead like it usually did when Yoongi wanted to talk to him in private.

Yoongi led Namjoon into the corner of the ballroom. The music was too loud and the dancing people annoying. Worst was uncle Benny and his granddaughters. They were too loud and too chatty.

"Yoongi?" Namjoon urged, checking that no one was listening over their shoulders.

Yoongi fumbled with the words. He felt his face go red. "Uhm, I-, I almost kissed Hoseok," He blurted. At the moment he wasn't sure if he wanted to smile or puke from the reminder. He couldn't believe it. Maybe he'd made it up in his head, daydreaming again.

"You did?" Namjoon asked with something close to shock in his voice. "But that's great!" He gave Yoongi an encouraging pat on the shoulder, his hand awkwardly patting Yoongi once, stiffly like only Namjoon could.

"We, uhm, we're going to meet over there soon." Yoongi motioned over his shoulder, too nervous to turn around and look in case Hoseok would already be waiting for him there. "Do you think he'll show up?"

"Of course he will!" Namjoon said. He looked too cheerful. Maybe Yoongi was too nervous.

"Where did he go?"

"To the restroom," Yoongi recited with a nod. Sudden realization washed over him. "Wait, I hope I didn't scare him away?"

"Scare him away? How?" Namjoon staged a laugh. He stopped when he saw how serious Yoongi looked. "Are you gonna tell him?" He asked in a lower voice, practically whispering. His eyes were big and hopeful.
Yoongi nodded. Then he felt a wave of nervousness. "Do you have a bucket?" He swallowed. He didn't feel as confident anymore. He hoped Hoseok wouldn't reject him. It felt like he would. Hoseok would reject him and Yoongi would jump out the window in embarrassment. Or hide under the bed. Something like that.

"Pth." Namjoon shook his head with a kind smile. Sometimes Yoongi wondered if Namjoon knew how calming his smile was. "He likes you back. You have nothing to worry about."

"We'll see about that." Yoongi wasn't convinced. What Namjoon and Jin told him didn't matter. They often made up lies to keep his mood up. Telling him they thought Hoseok liked him was only another lie to add to the bunch. It didn't need to be true. It couldn't be true. Hoseok was too amazing to like someone like Yoongi.

"Good luck. You can do this." Namjoon put a hand on Yoongi's shoulder. He nodded at him once before he left, walking back to Jin who brought him into a hug. Yoongi stared at them, wondering if that would ever be him, if he would ever get to hold someone like that. For a moment he almost had. Out by the hut. He'd carded his hands through Hoseok's hair, and Hoseok had lowered a hand down Yoongi's back. The thought of it made Yoongi smile. He let out a happy sound, maybe it was a giggle, he wasn't sure, he didn't bother trying to hide the smile on his lips anymore.

He kept smiling as he pulled a chair to the table with the strawberries, growing excited and nervous and happy. He sat down on the chair and waited. Tried to be patient. Felt impatient. His heart beat fast in his chest. He thought of what he should say. There were too many words to choose from.

_Hoseok, you are wonderful. Could we go outside again so you could hold me and perhaps kiss me this time? It would be so nice to receive a kiss from you. I love you._

Yoongi shook his head. He tapped his foot against the floor. He couldn't say that. He would ask Hoseok for a dance, like how he'd practiced in front of the mirror all day. _Hoseok, could I have a dance with you? or Hoseok, you, me, dance now, or even, Wanna do some horizontal tango?_ Yoongi hoped no one had eavesdropped outside the door as he practiced asking Hoseok. He wasn't sure which one to pick. The first one probably. Sounded the most proper. And he wanted to seduce Hoseok, not scare him away. He probably didn't even know what horizontal tango meant. He seemed too pure. Yoongi was too dirty.

Yoongi started tapping his knee with his finger, stomach hurting from nerves. Hoseok had told him he had someone in mind that he wanted to dance with, but Yoongi hadn't seen Hoseok dance with someone else. He hoped Hoseok had meant him. He couldn't, he probably meant one of the girls, but what if… Getting his hopes up wasn't good. Yoongi would get hurt. He still couldn't help it.

He impatiently swept his gaze around the room. Hoseok was nowhere to be seen. He'd probably changed his mind. He didn't want Yoongi to kiss him. Damn Maggie who'd had to interrupt at the best part. Just when Yoongi had been about to kiss him. Maybe Hoseok was thankful for Maggie's interruption. The thought made Yoongi feel green in the face. Perhaps it was only him after all.

He started giving up. He could always spend the evening in his room, writing more songs he would never play. He started getting up from the chair, glimpsing at the bowl of strawberries beside him,
when he saw something. Hoseok. Hoseok walked into the ballroom over there. Yoongi's heart leaped in his chest and his stomach did a funny somersault. Those things always happened when he saw Hoseok. It was magical, how the whole room lit up with Hoseok's presence.

Hoseok started elbowing his way forward in the crowd. He was so pure. So honest. He didn't think before he acted, and that's what Yoongi loved about him. He was himself, all the time, no matter what, no matter other's opinions about him. It looked like he held something in his hand, holding it out above the heads of the others. Yoongi felt his cheeks heat up. Was Hoseok going to give him something? A gift? Yoongi hadn't brought Hoseok anything.

He swallowed. It just hit him now that Hoseok hadn't ditched him. He was on his way here to meet up with Yoongi by the strawberries as promised. Yoongi only had a minute to decide what to say. To decide how to best confess his feelings. He had no idea what to say. Would Hoseok be scared if he told him that he loved him? That he was everything he'd waited for all his life? That he's everything he'd wished for that night? Would it be too much? Probably.

Yoongi lost sight of Hoseok for a moment. He nervously smiled down his lap, wondering if his stomach was going to feel funny for the rest of his life now. There were bubbles in his chest, he felt giddy, struggling sitting still, and he had only seen Hoseok. It felt a bit like he had ants in his pants. A strange description. Still. He had this urge to jump up from his seat and envelope Hoseok in a hug. Yoongi wanted a hug. A hug from Hoseok.

Then he decided what he would do. He would ask Hoseok for a dance, and if Hoseok didn't push him away he would ask him to follow him to his room, because Maggie wouldn't interrupt them there. He would take Hoseok's hand in his and ask him. Right there. Ask him for a dance. Hoseok, could I ask you for a dance, please? And if it went well he'd confess. You're all I ever think about. You're the light of my life. I think I love you. Seal it with a kiss. Could I kiss you?

Yoongi resisted the urge to run to the bathroom. He was nervous, but he was excited too. It would be okay. Tonight was the night. The night his life would change forever. The night where he'd find out if Hoseok liked him back or not. All or nothing. Hoseok was on his way over here, and Yoongi struggled breathing with how fast his heart was beating in his chest.

"Hi Yoongi."

Yoongi's heart jumped. It must be Hoseok who was here now. He glanced up with his heart hammering in his chest, confused when it wasn't Hoseok standing there but someone else. Jihyo.

"What?" Yoongi asked, skipping all parts of formality. She had been a pain in the ass all evening. Yoongi had hid in the restroom for most of the dinner, rather practicing what to say to Hoseok than have to speak to her. She asked him to pass her things all the time. Asked him to hold her purse. He didn't want to hold her purse. They had servants for that.

"Can I sit here?" Jihyo asked before she sat herself down his lap, crossing her legs in her red dress. It was too big. Too poofy. She was heavy on his legs.

"What are you doing?" Yoongi asked, about to kick her away, push her too, changing his mind when he saw that uncle Benny was watching them from across the room. Jin really wanted to inherit his money when the old man passed away. Yoongi hoped it would be soon if he would need to speak with Jihyo for long.

Jihyo turned on Yoongi's lap, smiling smugly at him. "I heard that you still haven't got a fiancé," She started. Yoongi felt his stomach clench. That's right. And he'd never get one either. He'd rather die than get married to some idiot girl. "Wouldn't it be nice if we got arranged? We're both rich and
pretty, and I've got some great assets too." She practically pressed her breasts up his face.

Yoongi scowled and tried to push her off his lap. She didn't budge.

"Oh, are you embarrassed?" Jihyo teased, pressing her arms together so her breasts almost fell out of the dress. Then Yoongi had enough. He kicked her off his lap, not feeling sorry when she stumbled in her heels and sounded hurt.

"Thanks for the offer, but never." Yoongi brushed dust off his lap and stood up himself, hoping no one had seen them. She was immature and strange. No girl had attacked Yoongi like that before. No boy either for that matter.

"Why?" Jihyo looked annoyed and confused. "That's why I followed boring Benny here to the party in the middle of nowhere." She crossed her arms. "He told me you would love me."

Yoongi frowned, crossing his arms too. "Tough luck? I already love someone else."

Jihyo raised her eyebrows. Yoongi did the same. Shit. He'd slipped up. He'd just said it, to someone else besides Jin and Namjoon. This wasn't good. She might spread word around.

"Who?" Jihyo asked, looking throughoutly confused. "Are you engaged to them?"

"I don't think I will ever be that," Yoongi pondered, his eyebrows furrowing together. Him engaged to Hoseok? In his dreams. Literally. He dreamed about that quite a lot, of proposing to Hoseok and Hoseok saying yes. It was only fantasies. It was not possible in reality.

"So what's the problem?" Jihyo took a step closer. She reached for Yoongi's arm. He held it away from her. "If you won't end up with her you can marry me."

Yoongi took another step back. He had no time for this useless conversation. He was waiting for Hoseok. She was interrupting the best night in Yoongi's life.

"Hello?" Jihyo asked impatiently.

"I will never marry you. Sorry." Yoongi tried to walk away from her. She followed him like an annoying brat. He tried to shake her off as he walked in the ballroom. He looked around, feeling distracted. He searched for Hoseok. He was gone. Was he somewhere in the crowd? But no. His heart started hurting with fear. Had Hoseok left again? Didn't he want to spend time with Yoongi?

Then he saw something weird. He came to a stop. On the floor over there stood Rose, close to where Yoongi had seen Hoseok the last time.

"Why not?" Jihyo whined behind him, acting even more annoying. "Who are you looking for?"

Yoongi ignored her. In ten quick steps he'd walked up to Rose who looked a bit too proud to seem normal. There was something weird with her. She'd become Maggie's pet the last few weeks. And Yoongi hated Maggie, so he naturally started hating her too.

"Have you seen Hoseok?" Yoongi asked her, acting calm and controlled. One good thing about living at this place was that he'd gotten good at keeping a poker face.

"Who?" She blinked innocently. Yoongi felt a jab of irritation. He hated it when people tried to play games with him. He saw through manipulation in a second. He had no time for this. "Oh, wait, I just saw him leave with Dahyun. They were holding hands I think?"
Yoongi's stomach started hurting. "You're lying," He said, speaking before he had time to think it through. It wasn't like him to sound this hurt and confused. He had to put the mask back on. Had to act nonchalant. "He doesn't like her."

Rose shrugged. "Who knows?" She asked mysteriously. "They said something about the, what was it? Yes, the boathouse."

"What boathouse?" Yoongi asked with a frown, growing upset and hurt and annoyed.

"You know? The new house by the beach where everyone goes to kiss?" Rose said casually, looking proud.

"Stop lying to me," Yoongi warned her. Hoseok wouldn't go out there with Dahyun. She must be tricking him. Hoseok was supposed to meet Yoongi here, by the strawberries. "Where did he go?"

"Why should I tell you?" Rose asked. "I don't work for you. I work for Jin."

Yoongi grunted. Stupid girl. Then he took off. He jogged out the room, slipping and stumbling on something halfway. He glanced down in confusion, when he saw that it was a soap laying in the middle of the dance floor. He picked it up, the memory of Hoseok holding something in his hand flashing before his eyes. Had he been holding this? Why?

Yoongi remembered about the time when Hoseok had washed him in the bathtub. He felt flustered from the memory of it. No, someone else had probably dropped the soap here. Everyone knew what dropping the soap meant. But why was there a soap in the ballroom?

Yoongi jogged outside, leaving the soap on a table along the way. It was dark. Everything was dark now that the crescent moon was setting and the sun was deep under the horizon. He crossed the lawn, wishing he'd been barefoot. The shoes he wore were new and stiff and the choker around his neck was making it hard to breathe. He was an idiot for having put it on. Just because Hoseok had asked him about it didn't mean he liked it when Yoongi wore it.

"Hoseok?" Yoongi whispered by the gazebo. No answer. Was he out here? "Hoseok!" He shouted by the beach. Silence. He walked into the new boathouse, stepping over shells and sandcastles on Jin's dirty beach before he found the door and opened it. Empty. He'd thought so. Rose had lied to him. Why?

He accidentally stepped into the water and cursed. Was it true? Had Hoseok walked off with Dahyun? But he didn't like her. He hadn't wanted a kiss from her that time when the farmers had played spin the bottle on the beach.

Yoongi worried his lower lip as he headed back inside the mansion, wanting to search on the third floor. Maybe Hoseok had grown nervous and had had to run for the bathroom? Yoongi knew nothing. All he had was his own thoughts and overwhelming feelings. He'd thought he would finally be able to release them. Let them go and be free. Not be alone anymore. He should stop living in a dream world.

*~*~*~*

Yoongi sat in his open window, legs dangling over the ledge as he watched the stars in the sky. The air was chilly against his legs. It didn't matter. He glanced down, seeing the grass three floors down. He wasn't afraid of heights. He wasn't afraid of the dark. What he was afraid of was on the ground, so he sat in the window, pretending he was flying, if only for a while.

He glanced back up the sky, blinking tears from his eyes. He'd put a chair against his door. Had
locked it too. That didn't matter either. It wasn't hard to break inside. The difficult thing was to hide. He'd run out of closets to hide in three years ago. Maggie always found him one way or another. Yoongi's ears were trained to hear the clinking sound of her cane, the warning of her approaching.

He looked at the moon with his heart aching in his chest. The sky was dark, the stars twinkling. It was spring. The moon was just a tad lower in the sky, and the winter stars were making room for the summer stars. He'd just watched Orion set in the west, and now Bootes was rising over his head. Rigel was gone and Arcturus would be visible for months.

Yoongi knew the name of every star. Knew the name of every constellation in the sky. He knew the name of most things. He could the name every flower in Korean, English, French and Latin. He could name all seven seas. He could write and draw and read. In most people's eyes it seemed like he had everything. He was educated. Sitting on so much knowledge it poured out of his ears. He had two closets filled to the brim with fancy clothes. He had a whole floor to himself. He had money.

It seemed like he had everything he could ever want. That's what most people thought. But most people didn't know Min Yoongi. The real Min Yoongi. They didn't know that he had nothing. That he was lonely. That he was afraid every day. He'd run out of hiding spots, so now he sat in his window watching the spring stars and the moon, thinking he could jump out the window if he got tired of hiding.

The moon was almost full. Yoongi was never full. He was less than half. He didn't know where the rest of him was. All his life he'd felt half full, half empty. Stuck on repeat to please others. Yes mother. Yes father. Yes, yes, yes. He always had to say yes. He couldn't say no. He wanted to say no. Every time he said yes he lost another part of himself, and soon he wouldn't even be half. Then he'd be empty. Totally empty inside.

He climbed back inside when someone knocked on the door. He climbed in under the blanket of his bed, letting the window stay open. He liked it when it was cold in the room. His heart was frozen and the cold made him feel less alone.

He held his breath until whoever it was stopped knocking and walked away. Maybe someone had seen him in the window and had told Maggie about it. It sounded like something Sana would do. She was such a tattletale. The Mins loved her. Yoongi hated her.

He pattered to the door, pressed his ear against it to make sure that he was alone on the third floor, before he walked back to the window and sat on the windowsill, with his legs over the ledge. He had the third floor for himself. He had the attic too, but he was never up there. It's where they stored his old toys and baby clothes that 'Yoongi would use when he got children of his own'. He held back a laugh every time. Yoongi would never get children. The Mins knew so little about him.

He looked at the stars, tracing them with his finger, the patterns of the constellations forever stuck in the back of his head. He would be able to name them in his sleep.

Soon it would be summer. Sitting in the window wasn't as cold as it had been a month ago. He didn't like summer. He spent the summers wandering the empty corridors of the mansion, wandering the corridors of the summer house, sitting in a room rotting into nothing in his uncomfortable clothes. He hated it here. He had nothing to do. He was awoken every morning only to follow the teacher into the room downstairs, and then he wrote and wrote and spoke English and French and learned how to order others and how to run a business and how to court a lady. Boring things. Every day Yoongi was bored to death. He wasn't allowed to leave. He wasn't allowed do to
the things he wanted to. He wrote music in secret, hiding his notes under the mattress of his bed when someone walked into his room. No one was allowed into his room. People still walked inside. He didn't feel safe.

He'd become a puppet for his parents. He had to do as they said or he would be thrown out just like his cousin. His favorite cousin. He wondered what happened with them.

Yoongi was so lonely. He watched the farmers outside his window every day. How they walked around, fixing the fence and putting flowers into pots by the porch. Namjoon was the only one he considered a friend. He wasn't like the rest. He was clever. Every day Yoongi wished he could switch places with him. Being a farmer much be better than living as a prisoner in the house.

Sometimes it felt like Yoongi was wasting his life. He was too great of an actor. Too great of a puppet. He was already seventeen, but he had lived his life for others. He didn't have any friends. (Jin and Namjoon didn't count.) He had never been in love.

That last thing wasn't so weird though. He wasn't allowed to. Or, he couldn't. He didn't even want to think about it. One time when he'd been fourteen he'd masturbated on his bed. His father had caught him at it. He'd forgotten to lock the door after two years of doing it. Father had punished him then. Told him that it was nothing people of his class indulged in. Yoongi had been strange at that time. He'd drawn men in his journal, with their hard cocks and hairy legs. He'd ripped the drawings out of the book and had hidden them under his pillow. No one was meant to see them. He wished he'd burned them before father had found them. He'd walked into Yoongi's room one day, telling him about the many responsibilities he was going to give him, when Yoongi had thrown his pillow at him, not wanting to listen anymore. Father had walked up to his bed, gripped the drawings, ripped them apart and brought Yoongi downstairs. Maggie loved telling Yoongi about how disgusting and wrong he was.

Yoongi hated his father. He hated his mother too. He hated her rules and parasols and heels that she used to stomp on his feet whenever he wasn't being good enough. He hated Maggie's cane and father's words and father's voice and father's eyes as he looked at Yoongi as if he was the family disappointment.

"We will forget about this," Father had told Yoongi as he followed him back to his room after Maggie had hit his hands with the ruler. Yoongi blinked tears from his eyes and frowned. "This never happened." Father decided.

Yoongi felt disgusted with himself, angry and upset, but he kept drawing. He drew bigger pictures, detailed ones, and he looked at them in his bed in the moonlight, with a hand pressed over his mouth and the other one jerking himself between his legs under the blanket.

When father found the new drawings Yoongi wished he'd never drawn them. Father hit him with his belt over his back. Yoongi had never been in so much pain. He promised to stop, feeling ashamed as mother made his older brother watch from the doorway, teaching him a lesson too.

Yoongi stopped drawing then. He threw his pencils and the ripped pieces of the drawings into the fireplace, watching them go into flames. He stared with a plain face as he sat on his bed with bandages around his back. Namjoon was there. He was saying something Yoongi didn't hear. Yoongi had just picked him up from the street two days ago. He'd looked as broken and weird as Yoongi. The Min's hadn't minded. Another one of the peasants had left and they needed a bed to fill.

"Why, uhm, why are you wearing bandages?" Namjoon asked in a low voice, glancing at Yoongi's back.
"I could ask you the same." Yoongi nodded at Namjoon's bandaged hands.

Namjoon's face went pale. "I'm not sure if I'm allowed into the house." He said worriedly. He was young. Twelve something.

"You can be in my room," Yoongi said, and that was the beginning of their friendship. They'd both looked into the fire, watching Yoongi's past burn up. They'd both turned their attention to the window. The moon had been out. It was always out when Yoongi felt bad, as if it knew he needed company.

The next year the Kim family next door had come over for a visit. Jin had loved Yoongi instantly. Yoongi can't say that it had been mutual. He wasn't much like Jin, will say happy, positive and humoristic. Jin had a joke for every occasion, it seemed. He took an interest in Namjoon instantly, pulling jokes with him too.

Yoongi didn't have easygoing parents like Jin. Jin's parents let him do whatever he wanted, eat cake for breakfast and take a month off from studies to play games with his adopted little brother. Yoongi didn't have a little brother. All he had was his older brother, serving as his eternal comparison. Yoongi could never be the best. He had too much to live up to. He didn't even try anymore.

When the Kim family was over for dinner Yoongi sat at his end of the table, watching Mr. and Mrs. Kim smile at each other and at their sons, looking happy. Beside them sat Mr. and Mrs. Min, fake smiling and laughing. They wouldn't be satisfied until both of their sons were puppets to serve them until their last breath. If only the last breath would come soon.

Yoongi glanced out the window, wondering what time it was. He saw Auriga set to his right. It didn't look like a charioteer to him. It looked like a pentagon. Like a hat other times. He watched it, counting the stars in the constellation, listening to the silence, when he saw something odd. He almost fell off the ledge in surprise when he realized what it was. A shooting star.

Yoongi watched the little dot cross the sky to his right, travel right through Auriga, to the left, until it reached the big dipper and burned out. He blinked, wondering if he had made it up at first. Jin had told him once that shooting stars were magical and you needed to make a wish. Yoongi wondered what to wish for.

Then he glanced down. He saw two people cross the lawn down there, holding hands and laughing with each other. One of them seemed to be that boy Jimin, and the other one Yoongi had forgotten the name of. Were they best friends? Jimin looked like he liked the other boy a bit too much to only be friends. Yoongi followed them with his eyes as they walked to the hut and disappeared behind it. He waited. Stared at the hut. Were they talking behind there? Hugging? Kissing? Yoongi had never kissed anyone. He wondered if he would ever kiss someone behind the hut.

He laughed over his thoughts. He would never kiss anyone. There were no people around him here. The only ones he ever met were bratty girls who wore too much lipstick so it got stuck to their teeth. Yoongi didn't want to kiss any of them. He didn't want to kiss anyone. He just wanted someone.

And then he knew what to wish for. He glanced up the sky, noticing that the stars had moved some since he'd started watching. He looked at the spot where he'd seen the shooting star, hoping it wasn't too late to make a wish.

*I wish for someone who will understand me, the real me under the layers and masks. Someone who will like and accept me for the one I am, even if I'm weird and disgusting. Someone who won't*
Yoongi pressed his eyes shut and held his hands together in a prayer as he made the wish. He slowly opened his eyes when he was done, glancing up at the sky, as if he would see a yes or no written there, as if the stars would tell him if he'd been too late to make the wish or not. He flicked his gaze to the moon, feeling nervous under the moonlight. The moon knew all his secrets. He hoped the moon couldn't speak.

He climbed back inside when he started shivering from the chilly air. He heard giggles from the lawn, seeing that Jimin and the other boy walked back from the hut, Jimin riding the other boy's back. Yoongi closed the window, telling himself not to be jealous. He couldn't remember the last time he'd gotten a hug, let alone the last time he'd smiled. The wish he'd made felt silly now. He knew that there was no one who would understand him. Knew that no one would think of him as good. There was a reason everyone whispered Moody Min as he passed. He was moody. He threw things when he got angry and screamed when he cried. He only wondered when the workers had picked up on it. He wasn't very fond of the nickname.

He climbed back into bed, fluffing up the pillow under his head, tugging at the nightgown so it would cover his legs. His feet were freezing without socks. He'd run out of them. Mother had decided that he wouldn't get to wear socks for a week since he hadn't eaten his greens yesterday. Yoongi felt like an idiot. He wasn't a little kid anymore. Everyone treated him like one. Told him what to do and not to do. He didn't fit the mold. He was the wrong shape. Always the wrong shape. Would never fit. Never be good enough.

He glanced out the window from his bed, wishing he'd been the moon, feeling like he was the moon; trapped in a sea of stars, left to try and blend in with the rest. He couldn't. He couldn't be a star like the rest. No one understood. If only he hadn't been all alone. He was so lonely.

Yoongi glanced out the window of the spare bedroom. This room was his new hiding spot for the time being. There was a rocking chair in the corner and a big closet he could hide in. He saw a carriage stop by the gate. It was a simple one. The horses looked worn out, and the boy who walked out of it looked poor. His trunk looked old even from this distance, and his posture wasn't that good. He started running beside the carriage and Yoongi lost track of him for a while.

Namjoon walked to the gate and welcomed the boy a while later. Yoongi watched them from the window. The boy Jimin had brought to the hut had left yesterday and Jimin had been ditching his chores in favor of crying. Yoongi had walked past him outside, not sure what he was feeling. It had been long since he'd cried himself. Not a single tear had fallen from his eyes since that time he'd made a wish on a shooting star. The wish had failed. This month had been the worst ever.

Yoongi practiced French and English the last days until it was finally break and the teacher left. Yoongi threw himself into bed and sighed, never wanting to leave the soft blanket.

He started a new hobby then. He sat by his window and watched the new boy struggle. The boy looked uncomfortable even from this distance. He carried wooden planks and sweated by the dock as Jimin and Taehyung ran off to play. Yoongi watched him grow frustrated, feeling a strange resemblance to him.

Then the day came when the Mins finally left.

"I'm feeling ill," Yoongi had told the Min's when it was time to leave for the summer house over
the summer. His stomach had clenched and his heart had raced. The summer house was the only place worse than this. There they shared the same floor, and there was no attic or closets to hide in. Also, he didn't want to meet the rest of the snakes of his family that stayed in houses nearby. Luckily the Mins had bought his excuse. He'd got to stay here on the condition that he didn't allow anyone into the house or invited someone over. So Yoongi had sent off Jones to invite Jin and Jungkook over instantly.

Yoongi felt happiness bubble in his chest the moment the Min's left the grounds, and he almost smiled as Jones invited over Jin. He made his way to the gate, feeling like maybe this summer wouldn't be so horrible after all. The Mins were gone and he was free to do whatever he wanted.

By the gate he'd seen something weird. That new boy, he'd been watching him from behind the barn. Yoongi had felt something new in his chest. He wasn't sure what it was, but it made him raise his chin high in the air and act superior. He wanted a reaction. Wanted to show the new guy that Yoongi was in charge now that the Mins were gone.

He approached the boy, feeling cocky with superiority in his tailored, new clothes. He was surprised when the fool dropped his planks at Yoongi's feet. Yoongi jumped around and called the boy an idiot. He was an idiot. Yoongi's shoes were new and he only had two feet.

"Do you want me to kiss it better?" The boy, Hoseok, had asked. Yoongi had felt something else in his chest. Fear and excitement. Who was that boy to assume that Yoongi would like a kiss from a boy?

"Sorry?" Yoongi coughed, stopping jumping around to stare at Hoseok in confusion.

"You don't?" Hoseok stammered so many times that Yoongi struggled to hear what he was saying. Hoseok didn't look afraid. He only looked embarrassed and awkward. Yoongi felt like he'd gotten the wrong reaction.

Namjoon approached them and Yoongi told this Hoseok boy to leave, wanting to order him around just because he could. He'd called him out for staring too. That boy needed to know his place. He walked off looking awkward and bewildered. Yoongi and Namjoon greeted Jin by the gate.

Yoongi wasn't sure what it was, but as he went to bed that night the picture of Hoseok's face appeared in his head. His simple clothes and accent. He didn't look stiff or proper or evil like the people Yoongi met at parties and family dinners. He looked the opposite. Somehow that made Yoongi smile. He glanced out his window, seeing that Auriga was long gone now. It was hidden under the horizon, along with Yoongi's wish. He thought about his wish sometimes, wondering if the stars had forgotten about it.

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The days went on. Summer went on. Jin came over more often, bringing Jungkook along, insisting that Namjoon and Taehyung should eat with them too. Yoongi didn't mind. He wasn't really listening on the conversations by the dinner table. Jin laughed about something as he slapped Namjoon's thigh, making him spit out the foot in his mouth, acting a flustered mess. Taehyung and Jungkook weren't much better, always teasing each other and whispering about things. Probably. Yoongi played with the food on his plate, feeling like the fifth wheel. He felt gloomy most of the time. Felt trapped. Felt like he was wasting his life, even when the Min's weren't here.

"Why don't Jungkook and I stay here over the summer?" Jin suggested then. "Wouldn't that be fun, Joon Joon?" He stroked Namjoon's shoulder, making Namjoon's face go as red as the tomatoes on his plate. He had it so bad. They both did. Yoongi wondered how long they would dance around
each other like this. Sometimes he felt like just blurting it out. Even blind people could see that they fancied each other.

"You can't stay here. You can visit, but no sleep overs," Yoongi told Jin as he played with his dessert. It was chocolate pudding. Nothing tasted good anymore. Everything tasted like it had went through the hands of ten workers and had been shipped over the sea. It was too fancy. Yoongi had eaten it so many times that he'd grown bored of the taste.

"So I can? Great! You're the best friend Yoongi!" Jin scoffed, patting Yoongi's back so roughly that he almost hit his face in his pudding.

"I told you no-" Yoongi tried to argue. He gave up when Jin started babbling loudly with Namjoon who seemed to be choking beside him. Jin touched his hand and Namjoon nearly fell out of his chair. Yoongi almost laughed at how awkward Namjoon looked. Then he saw something. Movements by the window over there. He glanced from under his fringe, seeing that new-boy and Jimin were pressing their noses against the glass. Yoongi felt a twitch of irritation. Now someone would need to clean the window again. Yoongi would get the blame if the windows were dirty when the Min's returned.

He opened his mouth to ask Maggie to chase the farmers away. Then he closed his mouth again. He found that he didn't want her to. He was annoyed. Jimin was probably calling him Moody Min again, he always did, always whispered and pointed when Yoongi walked outside. But no one deserved to get Maggie's claws around their necks.

That Hoseok boy had followed Yoongi, Jin and Namjoon to the gazebo one day, with paint spilled all over himself. Yoongi thought he felt Hoseok stare at him sometimes. It made Yoongi feel the need to stare back. Hoseok was just like the rest of the farmers. Only there to stare at Yoongi, probably thinking Yoongi looked strange.

But. There was something with Hoseok that was different from the rest. Something about him that earned him Yoongi's attention. That made Yoongi look for him as he glanced out his window in the mornings. Hoseok felt so honest. So dumb. Yoongi had to make fun of him. Tease him. It would be wasted opportunity otherwise. Hoseok was so easy to embarrass it was hilarious.

"What are you thinking about Yoongi, dear?" Jin wondered in a funny voice. "Please share it with us!"

"Stop shouting all the time, please," Yoongi mumbled. He didn't want to share his thoughts of the new boy with anyone. He rarely shared his thoughts with other people.

Jin gasped. He took Yoongi's pudding from him and started eating it himself. "That's what I get for saving your summer with my presence?" He pouted. "This pudding is mine now."

"Didn't want it anyway," Yoongi said. He tapped the table with his fingers, feeling bored and a bit worried. It looked like Taehyung tried to feed Jungkook over there. They couldn't leave stains on the table.

After the dinner Jin wanted to show them a bird's nest he'd seen in one of the trees by the gate. He walked first with Namjoon, either not sensing or minding the fact that Namjoon's face was red and sweaty. After them walked Taehyung and Jungkook. Yoongi followed, wondering if they would notice if he ran away or not. He felt uncomfortable around other people. He was so used to being alone. Plus, he was the fifth wheel and no one talked to him anyway.

Jin and Namjoon walked out of the front door in front of him. Taehyung and Jungkook followed. It
"Hello? Why is the door open? Did any of you open it?" Yoongi asked, frowning some at the open door in front of him. All doors had to be closed or rats and mice and homeless people and who knows what might creep inside. The house was Yoongi's responsibility when the Min's were gone. An open door wasn't good.

He pushed the door open, wanting to check if the lock was broken, when something hard landed on top of his head. He shouted in surprise, feeling something sticky and heavy land on his clothes and splash on his legs. It sounded like another bucket landed on the porch by his feet.

In confusion and shock he started removing the bucket from his head. He couldn't see anything with all feathers flying around.

"Oh my God!" Jin exclaimed from somewhere around him. Yoongi felt anger flare up in his chest. Was this Jin's payback from how uninterested Yoongi was in his life and plans?

Yoongi wiped mud from his eyes, from his nose, lips, and opened his eyes with an angry grimace. There was mud and sand running from his head down his satin clothes. These clothes were his favorite. He glared around, feeling close to rage. He would make Jin clean up everything himself.

"Jin. Did you do this?" He asked in a strange calm voice. He formed his hands into fists, preventing himself from strangling him. Jin had pranked him several times before. One time he'd taken all Yoongi's clothes when he was bathing in the lake, and he'd laughed at him when he'd tried to cover himself with a leaf. Yoongi didn't bathe in the lake anymore.

"Me? Are you asking me! Your best friend? Why! I would never!" Jin dramatically put a hand to his chest, then he started trying to wipe mud from Yoongi's hair.

"Then who the hell did this?" Yoongi questioned, feeling like Jin was lying. He flicked his gaze from gaping Namjoon, shocked Taehyung and confused Jungkook, wondering if it was one of them.

"I think he did." Jungkook said then, drawing everyone's attention to him.

"Who?" Yoongi asked impatiently, thinking he was lying too.

"The boy standing right there."

Yoongi felt confused as he watched Jungkook point at the fence. There was nothing there. Was Jungkook pranking him too now? It wasn't very funny. Jin had probably paid him.

But Jin leaned on the fence, bent over to see who it was, acting surprised too. He gave a sound of surprise. "My, my! You? Hoseok, was it?"

Yoongi felt his heart jump in surprise. His eyes went big. Hoseok? The new boy? Had he done this? "Bring him up here." Yoongi said, not sure if he was speaking to Jin or Namjoon, groaning from the mud he had everywhere. Hoseok had done this. Did he already despise Yoongi like the rest? Yoongi should've figured. New people hated him. He should hate them too.

Though, that didn't explain why he didn't feel hateful as Hoseok walked up on the porch himself, with a pale face and wide eyes, looking like he'd lost the ability to speak.

"Very funny," Jin stated, clapping his hands together as Hoseok's gaze dropped to the ground in front of Yoongi, avoiding eye contact. "I'm not sure if I've properly introduced myself before, but I
am Kim Seokjin. You may call me worldwide handsome instead." Jin held out a hand for Hoseok who stared at it. Hoseok didn't shake it.

"No one calls you that," Yoongi cut in. He wasn't sure why he'd said that. It almost sounded like he was joking. It was odd. The fury he'd felt burning in his chest only a moment ago was gone, replaced by something else, an almost sad feeling. Why was he sad? It wasn't as if he'd expected Hoseok to like him. To be nice to him. He just hadn't expected him to hate him from the start. To prank him like this.

"Whatever." Jin took his hand back for himself when Hoseok wouldn't shake it. How impolite of Hoseok. Had his parents never taught him any manners?

"You," Yoongi said, drawing Hoseok's attention to him. "You're really begging me to punish you, aren't you?" He sounded mad. He didn't feel mad. There was confusing feelings in his chest. It was so strange. He felt like the scared one. Did Hoseok really hate him?

"N-No," Hoseok stammered out. He looked like a terrified, miserable puppy. Yoongi couldn't be angry at him.

"No dinner for you tonight," Yoongi said, having to say something. He felt bad as soon as the words left his lips. Hoseok already looked like he didn't eat enough. His eyes filled with hurt and he kept staring at the floor, avoiding eye contact. Yoongi wished he would look him in the eyes.

"But Jimin-" Hoseok started.

"What?" Yoongi urged. Had Jimin done this? Yoongi wouldn't be surprised if that was the case. Jimin never did as he was told. Never showed Yoongi any respect.

"Nothing, Sir," Hoseok mumbled, barely hearable. "I'm sorry."

Yoongi felt conflicted. It felt like Hoseok was protecting Jimin. Why would he do that? Only fools stood up for others. Only idiots helped their friends.

But maybe Yoongi was the idiot here.

"You should be," Yoongi stated, hoping no one around him could hear what he was thinking. He searched for the words in his head. Hoseok looked so sad and worried. Yoongi pitied him. He shouldn't. He never pitied anyone. "Out of my sight." He said, hoping he sounded cruel.

"Yes, Sir." Hoseok bowed ridiculously deep and ran away. Yoongi followed him with his eyes, wanting to ask him why he'd thrown dirt at him, if he didn't like him, ask him why Yoongi didn't have heart enough to be cruel to him. Yoongi felt strange.

"My, my! Yoongi! Only no dinner, hm?" Jin asked curiously as Hoseok had run half way to the barn. "Why are you so easy with him? Don't you usually let them sleep outside?"

Yoongi put on a frown, acting irritated as everyone stared at him. "Help me get out of this mess, please." He raised a muddy arm and grimaced. "My jacket is ruined."

"Changing the topic, hm?" Jin curiously raised his eyebrows, stepping around on the porch not to step in mud. Namjoon walked to Yoongi with a concerned expression on his face and looked sorry in Hoseok's place. Taehyung and Jungkook ran off somewhere. "The door got a scratch over there, didn't you see? I thought you were going to punish him?"

"What are you? A sadist?" Yoongi muttered. He reached out and put dirt on Jin's chin. He started
"Ah! Not my face! Yoongi!" Jin gasped. That shut him up. He started running around, not stopping until he'd wiped his chin on the back of Namjoon's hand. Yoongi started taking off his jacket, wondering what to do with it. He cast one final look at Hoseok on the lawn, feeling strange as he looked at him. He felt the need to shout for him to turn around. To look at Yoongi again. Yoongi hadn't felt that need before. He shrugged the feeling away.

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Yoongi followed Jin under the parasol, hiding from the sun in the scorching summer heat. Why had Sana decided that he would wear pants and a long sleeved shirt today? Maybe she wanted him to sweat until he died. Yoongi knew she hated him. She hadn't even cleaned under his bed today. Yesterday she had claimed to be 'sick'. She did that from time to time. Yoongi was tired of her, but according to her no one else dared wake him up in the mornings. No one dared come close to Yoongi's room. The thought left Yoongi feeling bitter.

"Ah, aren't you excited?" Jin buzzed, grinning like mad as they approached the paddock.

"Not at all," Yoongi said. He already knew how to ride a horse. He knew everything. "And who's going to teach you? I thought I saw Taehyung play with Jungkook by the beach just now."

"Yoongi, Yoongi." Jin clicked with his tongue and sighed. He hit Yoongi's thigh with his whip playfully. "Joonie will teach me of course!"

"Namjoon? Why do you have to force me on your date?" Yoongi questioned. He'd been working on a new song. It hadn't went that well, he had no inspiration, but still.

"Date?" Jin sputtered. "It's not a date, silly. But you are there so it won't be as tense. Don't want us to accidentally start kissing or something." Jin laughed with happiness. "Ah, don't you just love love!"

"No?" Yoongi said. Jin blatantly ignored him and skipped some on the spot. His happiness made Yoongi feel even grumpier. It was unfair of Jin to be so lucky in life. Unfair of him to be so confident and easygoing. Yoongi constantly walked around with the pressure of his family on his shoulders. Waking up every day was an effort. Life was a pain.

"Do you want to hear a joke, my best friend?" Jin asked, sounding full of nervous excitement. His nervousness made Yoongi feel nervous too. For no reason. He wanted to go back inside.

"No?"

"Okay, here I go!" Jin laughed. "What's the name of the Asian pilot that died in a plane crash?"

"I don't know? Jin?" Yoongi snorted, laughing at his own joke.

"Ha-ha." Jin hit Yoongi with the whip again. Yoongi wanted to step to the side but then the parasol wouldn't cover him anymore. "No his name was Sum Ting Wong. Ha! Get it? Something wrong?"

Yoongi laughed. "That joke was actually funny. Have you ever seen an airplane though?"

"Nope, but one day I'll probably own one myself. My father has been talking about wanting one." Jin shrugged as if it was nothing. "He's part of the military anyway."

Yoongi nodded. His uncle had been part of the military too. He was dead now. Probably for the
best. He'd always told Yoongi creepy things when they were alone. Little tips and tricks. How to open a lock without a key and how to get women to spread their legs for him. Yoongi had no interest in that. Well, the woman part anyway. Opening a lock without a key was pretty useful. Too bad he'd forgotten how to do it.

"What are you thinking about? You might not like riding, but there's no need for you to look so disgusted." Jin stated, blowing Yoongi a kiss that made him grimace.

"I want to ride something, but not the horse…" Yoongi muttered. They closed in on the paddock. It seemed like there were two people there. Odd. Jin had told him they were only meeting with Namjoon.

"Funny joke, Yoongi dear. Do you perhaps mean a, what was the word for it now again?" Jin rubbed his chin in thought. "A penis?" Yoongi pushed Jin away from him and Jin laughed at him. "Ah, if only you got to taste some of this magical thing called love!"

Yoongi kept silent. It was easy for Jin. His parents didn't care that he dressed in pink clothes and had the gayest dog in the world. Yoongi couldn't even wear a hairclip without getting warning, suspicious looks. Sometimes he wished he was Jin.

Jin squealed with excitement, almost turning Yoongi deaf.

"Joon-Joon, I am here now!" Jin cheered as he waved a hand in the air. He led Yoongi down the lawn. Yoongi felt misplaced in his leather jacket. He'd wanted to stay in his room and pretend he was a pilot all day. Or just pretend that he was cool. That he could be whoever he wanted to be and say whatever he wanted to say. He felt weird next to Jin who was dressed from top to toe in equestrian clothes.

"Oh, Jin!" Namjoon's voice pitched awkwardly. Tata licked the back of his head, giving him a cow-lick, making his voice pitch awkwardly again. He was so whipped. As soon as he saw Jin he just forgot about everything, even simple things, such as taking a step away from the horse that was famous for licking people's heads.

Yoongi smiled some to himself, thinking about cutting to the chase and just tell them that it was mutual, when he saw something. The other person. It was that boy. Hoseok.

Yoongi came to a stop. He felt that weird feeling in his chest again. It got hard to breathe for a second. He didn't like it at all. The feeling reminded him of how he'd felt when he'd drawn those idiotic drawings when he'd been younger. It scared him. It must be the heat. The jacket was too hot.

"What is he doing here?" Yoongi asked Namjoon, motioning for Hoseok with a plain face. Hoseok had to get out of here. He made Yoongi feel strange.

"Helping me with the horses," Namjoon explained, reaching out to pat Tata, ending up patting the empty air when Tata walked away to bite at Koya's saddle. Namjoon was so clumsy. Jin heaved a dreamy sigh. He must love clumsy fools.

"I thought Taehyung was the one who could ride a horse?" Yoongi questioned, frowning at Hoseok. The last time they'd seen each other Hoseok had spilled mud all over Yoongi. That's probably why Yoongi felt strange. He wasn't sure if he should punish him again or not. He wondered if he'd eaten dinner yesterday or not. He shouldn't care about the boy, but he still wondered.
"You are correct," Namjoon admitted, his eyes never leaving Jin's. "But he was busy."

"I saw him play by the beach on our way here?" Yoongi kept frowning at Hoseok. Hoseok wasn't meeting his gaze. He was looking anywhere but at him, probably on purpose. Why couldn't he look Yoongi in the eyes? Yoongi grew frustrated. Everyone looked him in the eyes but Hoseok.

"Anyway, who cares about that!" Jin almost shouted. He must be flustered from Namjoon's presence. He was even louder than usual. "The point is that we're here now and I'm gonna ride a horse! Come here Joonie, escort me, please!" And then the Jin circus started. Yoongi stepped back and leaned against the fence as Jin spoke and waved his hands around and babbled and babbled. Namjoon blushed and nodded, smiling awkwardly when Jin touched him here and there. They were too lovey dovey. Yoongi looked away from them, setting his gaze on Hoseok who fed Koya with a carrot. The horse almost bit off his fingers. Yoongi forced down a smile, raised a hand to cover his lips. Hoseok looked funny. Then Hoseok looked Yoongi's way and they made eye contact. Yoongi felt that weird feeling in his chest again and flicked his gaze away. He'd slept bad last night. Must be why.

He glimpsed back at Hoseok with the excuse that he had nothing better to do. Hoseok pressed a kiss to Tata's muzzle as Namjoon led Jin to the horse. Yoongi stared at Hoseok, feeling weird, feeling jealous of the horse for a moment, before he caught himself and looked at Jin instead. Jin was making Namjoon do all sorts of things, touch him on the butt and hold his hands. Yoongi felt embarrassed watching them. So he watched Hoseok instead. Hoseok glanced back at him once in a while, looking tense and awkward, and suddenly Yoongi felt the need to do something. He waved Hoseok over with his hand.

"Can't you ride?" Yoongi asked. He wasn't sure why he'd asked that. Did he want to teach Hoseok? It seemed like it. Maybe he wanted to. He was acting out on that strange feeling. He wanted Hoseok to look at him. He did.

"What do you mean?" Hoseok repeated. Yoongi was surprised by how pleased he felt whenever Hoseok called him that. He wanted him to say it again. He ignored that strange wish.

"Why don't you ride that horse?" Yoongi motioned for Koya. He didn't like that horse very much. No one did.

"M-Me?" Hoseok stuttered. He looked like Yoongi had just given him his execution date. His panic made Yoongi feel like smiling. He didn't know why. He just liked teasing Hoseok. See how far he could take this.

"Yeah," Yoongi nodded.

"N-No, I can't, I can't ride a horse," Hoseok replied after a moment of silence.

"Want me to teach you?" Yoongi asked. He hadn't meant to say that. Now that he did he felt his cheeks heat up. It was weird too.

"What," Hoseok looked nearly shocked by the offer. "I, uhm, no thank you. Sir. I'm terribly afraid of heights."

"You'll be fine," Yoongi said, hoping Hoseok wasn't making up excuses.
With his mind set that he would teach Hoseok, Yoongi approached him. But Hoseok took a step back, confusing Yoongi who got a bit hurt. Yoongi ignored the hurt feeling and stroked Koya's muzzle and went for the stirrups, glancing at Hoseok's legs before he adjusted them. "Here. Put your foot here." Yoongi instructed him.

Hoseok took off his straw hat and hung it on the fence. Yoongi's eyes went for his hair. It was all tangled and greasy, so different from Yoongi's soft and perfectly combed hair. It was dark brown, lighter than Yoongi's. Yoongi felt like he should've been disgusted by it. For some reason he wasn't.

Hoseok leaned the whip against the fence before he placed himself beside Yoongi, facing away as he gripped the saddle. He put his foot in the stirrup.

And then Yoongi got the weirdest idea.

He smiled some to himself before he forced the smile down. He reached out and touched Hoseok's thigh, for no reason. He just wanted to touch his thigh. "Up you go," He said not to appear creepy.

Hoseok jerked in surprise. "What are you doing?"

"Helping you up?" Yoongi said, wondering what he was doing himself, why he was even speaking to Hoseok like a normal person. Namjoon was the only farmer he spoke to. This whole thing was weird.

Hoseok gripped the front of the saddle once he was up on the horse. He got up by himself. Yoongi hadn't had to give him a push. For some reason he felt disappointed.

"Put your feet here," Yoongi gripped Hoseok's dirty shoe that had slipped out of the stirrup and put it in place again. "And your knees here. Here, let me show you-" Yoongi touched Hoseok's thigh again, hoping his face didn't show how happy he got. Then Yoongi didn't know what happened. The horse started running and Hoseok started screaming.

"Help!" Hoseok shouted. Namjoon gasped and jumped out of the way. Tata started running too, and Jin joined Hoseok's screaming, hanging on to Tata with a strong grip with his legs. Yoongi stared with big eyes, feeling fear grip his heart. He had to help Hoseok. He couldn't die.

"H-Help," Hoseok shouted before Koya kicked him off. He hit the ground with a painful hit to his head and back. "Ow," He groaned, curling into a ball on his side. He started crying. Yoongi felt even more afraid. It was his fault that Hoseok had hurt himself. Yoongi had wanted to tease him and touch him and now Hoseok had hurt himself. It felt like a sign.

"Hoseok! Are you okay!" Namjoon asked, running for Hoseok who wiped the tears away from his cheeks. "I'm so sorry," Namjoon went on, as if it was his fault that Yoongi had felt like being weird. "I should've brought Taehyung. I thought you would think it was fun. I- I didn't think that Yoongi would actually put you on a horse."

Yoongi faced the ground. He felt guilty. Everything was his fault.

Namjoon helped Hoseok sit up. Hoseok slammed a hand over his mouth. Yoongi watched how Namjoon spoke to him from afar.

When it looked like Hoseok was looking his way Yoongi occupied himself by getting Tata to stop running. "Wow, what a ride Joonie!" Jin exclaimed happily.

"Will you be alright out here? I need to lead Hoseok back to the barn. He's got a concussion,"
Namjoon asked Jin and Yoongi over his shoulder.

"We'll be fine," Yoongi stated, feeling worried over Hoseok and annoyed with himself. Hoseok looked about to faint. Yoongi wanted to help him, apologize, but all he did was stand still. He didn't tell him a word. He didn't ask him why he'd made Yoongi want to touch him. He didn't dare do anything, afraid of the things he was feeling, the sadness and the hope, and then Hoseok was led away by Namjoon.

"Well, well, Yoongi, what was that about?" Jin asked when they were alone with the horses.

"Nothing." Yoongi shrugged, following Hoseok with his eyes, wanting to give him lemon candy that Yoongi always ate when he felt sick.

"Nothing you say? Why did you put him on a horse then? Doesn't seem very Yoongi-like." Jin walked up to Yoongi on stiff legs. He was sweaty, but concerned.

"Why are you looking at me like that?" Yoongi asked with a frown. He didn't like the way Jin looked at him. Not at all. It was as if he knew something Yoongi didn't.

"Hm..." Jin walked around Tata and looked at Yoongi knowingly. "So you don't... like him?"

Yoongi felt his heart jolt before it started racing nervously. "No," He replied in a calm voice. "I absolutely do not like him. I've told you. I will never like anyone."

"Oh but Yoongi, love doesn't work that way. You can't predict when it's going to happen or not. It just do." Jin twirled around on the spot, sighing happily. "Just look at Joonie and me! Only moments away from our first kiss!"

Yoongi rolled his eyes. He'd been nervous in vain. Jin wasn't that smart. Not that Yoongi had anything to hide. He didn't. Hoseok was weird. Yoongi had to stay away from him. He didn't want Jin to get any crazy ideas. Yoongi liking Hoseok? When pigs fly. Hoseok had greasy hair and ugly clothes and he couldn't walk or speak properly, constantly stuttering and walking with a posture worse than Maggie's.

Only that those were all lies. Hoseok did have greasy hair, but his clothes weren't ugly. They fit him. He had a better posture than Yoongi most days, and there was a fire in his eyes that Yoongi hadn't seen in anyone else. It looked like he wanted to get out of here. That he was thinking. Planning for a future that was more than this. Yoongi thought he loved that about him.

Suddenly it felt like Hoseok was everything Yoongi had been looking for.

"Just what are you thinking about over there?" Jin asked curiously, poking Yoongi in the side like only he could do.

"Nothing," Yoongi said with a determined shake of his head. "Nothing."

It should be nothing. He wished it had been nothing. He knew it wasn't. He fought the need to see if Hoseok was alright. He fought the need to give him candy. He fought the need to talk to him. Yoongi would do none of those things. There was nothing called love. Jin was an idiot for thinking Yoongi liked Hoseok that way.

Hoseok was bound to be straight. All farmers were. Every human on the planet was, save from the weird bunch that was Yoongi, Jin and Namjoon. Yoongi wouldn't waste his time on Hoseok. He was wasting time just thinking about him. He would stop doing so now. Hoseok didn't deserve Yoongi's thoughts anyway.
At least that's what he told himself at the moment. It's not what he told himself when he laid in bed hours later, thinking of Hoseok as he watched the stars through his window. He wanted to see if Hoseok was alright. It was dangerous. Yoongi shouldn't care about him. He would get hurt. So he made up a plan. He would ignore Hoseok from now on. Treat him like the others. Pretend that he wasn't there.

It seemed like a good plan.

*~*~*

Weeks passed. Jin decided to stay for the summer. Jin and Namjoon kissed. The barn burned down. The farmers moved into the house.

Yoongi had spent a few days sitting outside in the gazebo, keeping his eyes on Hoseok since he couldn't stick to his plan. One day he'd worn his favorite choker. He'd felt special when Hoseok had seen him in it. Hoseok always looked so curious. His face got red fast and he looked stubborn. Sometimes he was smiling. His smile made Yoongi's lips twitch into a smile too.

*~*~*

One morning Yoongi heard it knock on his door. He was already awake. He couldn't stay asleep most nights.

"It's unlocked," Yoongi said, sighing at the thought of having to see Sana's annoying face this early in the morning. She was early today. Usually she forgot about Yoongi and came in late with no excuse.

The door opened but it wasn't Sana who walked inside. It was Hoseok.

"Wow," Hoseok breathed as he looked around.

Yoongi felt his heart jolt. "What are you doing here?" He asked in hurry, growing instantly uncomfortable. He frowned to hide how unsure he felt. This was Yoongi's safe place. His only safe place. Hoseok wasn't allowed in here. "Hello? Where is Sana?" He urged when Hoseok stayed silent. He pulled his blanket up higher, covering most of his face, wanting to hide from Hoseok's gaze. Yoongi wasn't dressed.

"She's ill," Hoseok explained vaguely. Yoongi understood instantly. She had decided to take another vacation and Hoseok, the kind new guy, had been too dumb to get that she was faking. Hoseok stepped into the room and the door closed after him.

"Momo then?" Yoongi asked, not wanting Hoseok to see him this early in the morning. He didn't know why. He just didn't. He didn't want to see Hoseok at all. Stealing glances of him outside wasn't the same.

"She's taking care of her." Hoseok put his cleaning bucket down on the floor, his eyes darting around everywhere. Yoongi felt sad for him for being so stupid. Momo was taking care of her? Momo was a snake too. They just wanted to rest while Hoseok did the dirty work for them.

"What are you doing here?" Yoongi repeated, wanting Hoseok to realize that he'd been tricked. His voice was muffled from behind the blanket.

"I'm standing in for them," Hoseok explained. He walked to the window and pulled the curtains to the side. His skin was tanned and hair damp. Had he taken a bath?
"What about Rose or Lisa?"

"They were busy." Hoseok started dusting off the curtains. "You can sleep some more. I'll, uhm, dress you when I'm done."

Yoongi startled at that. He felt his cheeks heat up. Had Hoseok just said *dress you*? Would Hoseok dress him? Yoongi must still be dreaming. This reminded him too much of the strange dream he'd had yesterday, where Hoseok had taken Yoongi's clothes off before Yoongi had woken up in a nervous sweat.

It must be a dream he was having. He pulled the blanket up the last bit over his head and disappeared under it, thinking that Hoseok would be gone once he peeked out again.

Yoongi listened as Hoseok went around cleaning the room. He heard him open the window. He started humming on a song. Yoongi listened, happy that Hoseok couldn't see him smiling. This dream was weird.

"You can wake up now," Hoseok said when he was done cleaning. "Hello?" Hoseok poked Yoongi through the fabric of his blanket, taking several steps back when Yoongi groaned and threw the blanket away, revealing his face and top half of his body. He threw the blanket to the floor. Maybe it wasn't a dream after all. Yoongi felt a mix of annoyed and excited.

"Pick it up," Yoongi said, feeling thrilled when he realized that he could boss Hoseok around however he wanted to. "Hurry?"

"Oh, uh, sure." Hoseok picked up the blanket and draped it over Yoongi again. Yoongi kicked his legs so it fell to the floor again, holding back an evil smile.

"Pick it up." Yoongi repeated, little smirk on his lips. He felt exhilarated when Hoseok picked it up again. Yoongi dropped his pillow next. "Oops. Dropped it."

"Can I dress you now?" Hoseok asked after Yoongi had thrown all of his three pillows to the floor several times, wanting to watch Hoseok pick them up.

"No," Yoongi said with a frown. He didn't want Hoseok to dress him. No one dressed him. Ever. Hadn't since he'd been five years old.

"Why not?"

"No boys like you are allowed to dress me," Yoongi said. He didn't know why he'd said that. He wouldn't mind if Namjoon dressed him, or Jin. Hoseok wasn't allowed to though. Yoongi didn't want anyone to see him naked, and especially not this farmer boy who never learned his place.

"Don't make it sound like I want to," Hoseok muttered then. He pressed a hand against his mouth instantly and squeaked.

"Sorry?" Yoongi questioned, feeling his chest twitch with irritation and hurt. Who was Hoseok to question him?

"Can't you dress yourself Are you too lazy?" Hoseok asked, sounding bitter.

Yoongi narrowed his eyes at him, growing hurt from the words. Hoseok was an idiot for thinking Yoongi even *needed* help dressing. Yoongi wasn't invalid. He wasn't a child. Had Sana sent Hoseok to mess with him?
"S-sorry, I didn't mean that last part, ehm, I-" Hoseok tried to save himself.

"No, it's fine. You can sleep with the horses tonight," Yoongi stated in a calm voice, satisfied smirk on his lips when he saw how Hoseok started panicking. He deserved panicking after speaking to Yoongi that way. Who did he think he was? He was no one special. Just a farmer. He should drop to the floor and kiss Yoongi's feet.

"But- but the barn has burned down?" Hoseok said weakly.

"Oh, you're right. Guess that means you'll be sleeping outside." Yoongi shrugged, feeling satisfied when Hoseok looked miserable.

"Why?" Hoseok whined.

"Stop questioning me," Yoongi snapped. Hoseok was acting annoying now. Yoongi didn't like it.

"Okay." Hoseok pressed his lips together. He walked for one of the closets and opened it.

"What are you doing? Going to steal my clothes?" Yoongi warned from the bed, not sure what he felt the most; nervousness, fear or excitement. Was Hoseok really going to do it? Would he try to dress Yoongi?

"No, Sir, I'm gonna dress you. What do you wanna wear?"

"I would like for you to leave."

"You didn't answer the question," Hoseok said. Yoongi almost shivered. Strange. His body was so strange today. He watched in silence as Hoseok picked out a pair of shorts and a white, long sleeved shirt. Hoseok grabbed a pair of socks from the top drawer and Yoongi's shoes that stood by the door. Then he dragged a chair to the bed and sat down on it. He laid out the clothes in front of him on the bed.

"Is Sana the one who usually dresses you?" Hoseok asked. Yoongi didn't answer. The answer was no. No one ever dressed him. For some reason he didn't want to reveal that. He wanted to see if Hoseok would pull through or not. Test his determination. Yoongi was mostly alone. Now he had the change to mess with someone. Be mean back.

"Lift your arms, please," Hoseok instructed. Yoongi put his arms behind his back and smirked, feeling excited about this game. Would Hoseok touch him now?

"Don't touch me," Yoongi warned as Hoseok reached for his arms. His heart started beating faster. Hoseok's fingers were so close. Only a bit closer and Hoseok would finally touch him.

"How am I going to dress you then?" Hoseok argued, looking annoyed with Yoongi already.

"I told you that I want someone else to dress me. Are you too stupid to get that?" Yoongi asked with a mocking snarl. Would Hoseok leave? Would he stay? Yoongi hadn't been this excited in a long while.

"I'm not stupid. What's stupid is how you're making people dress you when you can dress yourself," Hoseok snapped.

"Calling me stupid?" Yoongi asked, feeling hurt and insulted. This wasn't what he'd hoped would happen. He felt hurt now. He narrowed his eyes further. "Tell me, what's fifty times four?" It's what his older brother had used to ask him when he'd been younger. Yoongi wasn't the best at
"What?" Hoseok frowned.

"Wrong answer. Knew you were an idiot. You can't even do simple math." Yoongi laughed haughtily. He started feeling terrific. Something was bubbling in his chest. Mocking happiness. Hoseok's face turned red. It was funny to watch.

"You're evil," Hoseok stated. "Why are you so mean?"

"You're asking me why I am mean? Why are you so stupid?" Yoongi questioned, forcing the smirk back on his face to hide how hurt he was. He didn't like insults. Yoongi should stop talking now. He couldn't. Years of suppressed anger bubbled up to the surface. He finally could lash out on someone. Suddenly Hoseok was his father, was his mother, was Maggie and everyone Yoongi hated.

"Stop calling me stupid."

"Stop looking like an idiot," Yoongi snorted. "It's hard not to call you that when you look like that."

Yoongi had to stop talking now. He was being too mean. Too harsh. Yoongi would destroy everything. Hoseok would leave and Yoongi would regret it. He had to stop, but he couldn't stop talking.

"Shut up," Hoseok cursed, glaring at Yoongi.

"Excuse me?" Yoongi felt the smirk drop from his face. His chest felt tight. He'd gone too far. Hoseok was mad now.

"I said, shut up," Hoseok panted. "Stop being so mean."

"You should know your place, peasant. Don't speak to me that way," Yoongi said, defending himself. Seeing Hoseok upset made him sad. "Who do you think you are? Why would I let you touch me?" He asked, never going to admit the fact that he'd wanted to feel Hoseok's fingers on him.

Hoseok closed his eyes. He opened them. Then he reached out and gripped Yoongi's arms, one in each hand, and forced them forward.

"What are you doing?" Yoongi asked with warning, fighting against him, wanting to gasp since Hoseok's grip was so strong it made him want to shiver. "Let go of me," He said weakly.

"Stop being so difficult and let me dress you so I can leave," Hoseok spoke through gritted teeth. He forced Yoongi's arms over Yoongi's head and started pulling the nightgown over his head. Yoongi stopped fighting against him for a moment, feeling his cheeks heat up when he got what was actually happening, that Hoseok was taking his clothes off, that Hoseok was going to dress him down before he put him in new clothes.

Hoseok pulled the nightgown off, and it fell to the floor behind him. Yoongi hurriedly pressed his arms to his side, wanting to make it difficult for Hoseok. He felt the chilly air of his room hit his bare chest and arms and thighs. He was almost naked. There was only a pair of loose, white underpants covering his groin.

Yoongi felt Hoseok's eyes on him. He stopped being difficult. He stopped fighting against him. He looked away as Hoseok started dressing him, starting with the socks. Yoongi's heart jolted in his equations.
chest when he felt Hoseok's fingers on his ankle. After the socks Hoseok put him in shorts. Yoongi stood up, helping him put them on, feeling embarrassed when Hoseok did the button at the front.

When the shorts were on Yoongi sat back down on the bed. Hoseok picked up the white shirt. "Lift your arms, please," He repeated. Yoongi raised his arms over his head, his eyes locked on the floor. He wasn't going to look Hoseok in the eyes.

"I don't want this shirt," Yoongi complained just as Hoseok had draped it over his head. "It's too tight," He said, not really thinking so. He didn't want Hoseok to leave yet. Having company was strange. Hoseok was strange. Yoongi wanted to play with him again. Mess with him.

"What shirt do you want then?"

"Not this one," Yoongi said. He swallowed, frowned to hide his surprised expression. Hoseok actually did it. He dressed Yoongi. He didn't call him ugly. He didn't tease him over how pale he was. Didn't call him fragile. Yoongi hated being fragile. He wanted to be strong.

"Okay," Hoseok complied, starting taking off the shirt. Then he stopped. He tried to glance at the skin of Yoongi's lower back. "What's that?"

"Nothing." Yoongi quickly put his arms back and started pulling the shirt back down, heart jumping with panic, not feeling as happy anymore.

"Lemme see-" Hoseok pulled up the shirt at the back, wanting to see what it was. Yoongi panicked. He grabbed his glass of water from the nightstand and threw the water at Hoseok's face, feeling his heart thump like mad in his chest.


"But-"

"Out!" Yoongi pushed Hoseok away from him and strode to the door, holding it open for him. Hoseok scurried away, grabbed his bucket and walked outside.

Yoongi smashed the door shut the second Hoseok was outside the room. He pressed his back against the door, slid down and hid his face in his hands. He started crying. He didn't know why he had that. He hadn't cried in months. It didn't solve anything. But Hoseok had looked at him. He hadn't called him ugly. He'd cursed at him. He'd almost seen his scars.

Yoongi wiped his tears away, taking a moment to catch his breath before he made his way over to his piano and started playing. He wasn't sure what. He desperately wanted to empty his head of the confusing thoughts. Wanted to take the focus off the aching in his chest. He didn't understand why Hoseok affected him so much. Why Hoseok hadn't called him disgusting. He didn't understand.

He had to understand.

*~*~*

The next morning when it knocked on the door Yoongi laid silent in bed, his heart beating faster. Was it Sana or Hoseok? His eyes widened when the door opened and Hoseok stepped inside.

"Good morning..." Hoseok said. He was back, looking awkward and tense. It was tense between them since yesterday, but Yoongi wasn't mad at him. Yoongi was only interested. Curious to why Hoseok kept showing up. Wondering if he would try to dress him again.
Today Yoongi had a surprise for him. Hoseok hadn't called him ugly yesterday. But today Yoongi would make him curse.

"You again?" Yoongi asked, starting another argument. Hoseok looked irritated. Yoongi felt strange. All of his attention was on Hoseok, analyzing his face, watching him react to the words Yoongi told him.

Yoongi bickered, told Hoseok off, made him pick up paper notes from the floor and work up a sweat. Then Hoseok walked to the closet, looking annoyed. Yoongi watched him pick out an outfit. He didn't call Yoongi sir. On purpose? Probably.

Hoseok dragged a chair to the bed and sat down. He threw Yoongi's blanket off, and Yoongi felt his cheeks heat up. Didn't matter. Didn't mean anything. He kept a plain face.

"Please don't throw a glass of water at me again," Hoseok said. Yoongi sat down on the side of the bed, putting on a frown. Hoseok didn't get it. He didn't understand what he'd almost seen. It was for the best, but he must be a bit of a fool.

"Why not? Looked like you needed a bath." And then Yoongi directed the attention off himself. Hoseok looked about to scream.

"Well, but now I don't. I just took a bath," Hoseok said. Yoongi could see that. Hoseok's hair was still damp and there was a healthy glow on his skin. He looked kissed by the sun. There was no dirt on his face.

But Yoongi would never reveal that. Hoseok smelled natural, like the forest and the lake, and Yoongi liked it. But he sniffed the air, acting like a brat. "Sure about that? Doesn't smell like it to me."

Hoseok was fast to reciprocate. "You don't smell like roses either, you know." He started sniffing the air too, reminding Yoongi of a hamster. He scrunched his nose up, as if Yoongi smelled like trash, and Yoongi felt embarrassed.

"You smell like you haven't taken a bath in a month." Yoongi shrugged. Bickering like this was exciting in a way. He tried to resist the smile that crept up his lips. Hoseok stared at him, and Yoongi caught himself wishing that he would look at him for longer.

"You smell bad. Just bad. Has no one helped you into the bathtub in a while?" Hoseok said then. Ouch, Yoongi thought. That hurt. He probably deserved it. He was giving Hoseok a hard time for no reason. Still. Hoseok had stepped into Yoongi's territory, and then Yoongi got to do what he wanted with him.

"How did you know?" Yoongi said as a joke. He had to joke. He felt self-conscious from the thought of smelling bad. Then he shook the feeling away. He felt a bit excited again. Hoseok looked at him and he forced himself not to smile.

"I didn't know, Sir. Is Sana the one who helps you bathe?" Hoseok asked, looking curious.

Why was he asking that? Yoongi had no idea. "Mina and Jisoo prepare the water. Sana prepares the rest," Yoongi said.

Hoseok looked confused. He'd probably never had servants. "The rest?"

"Why so curious?" Yoongi pushed back the question. He felt something close to hope twitch in his chest. Would Hoseok tell him why he was curious? "Finally realizing that you're in need of a
bath?"

Hoseok grunted. "No. I thought I could help you prepare one." He put a hand over his mouth. Yoongi stared at him. Help him prepare one? What did he mean by that? The thought made Yoongi feel shy. He didn't like the feeling. Then Hoseok spoke again. "Anyway," He staged a stiff laugh. "Will you let me dress you today?"

"Depends?" Yoongi pondered, wondering why he felt so playful. "You could always try." He had a surprise for Hoseok today.

"Okay. Lift your arms."

Yoongi obliged without a fight. He held his breath as Hoseok removed his nightgown, waiting for the moment when Hoseok would fall back in his chair and call Yoongi disgusting. He felt Hoseok pull the nightgown off. Then Hoseok sat in front of him. Yoongi's stomach clenched. He was naked. He felt the chilly air against skin.

Hoseok gulped. "Uhm," He voiced as he started fumbling around. He graced Yoongi's bare knee, making Yoongi's heart jump. "Sorry!" Hoseok piped. Yoongi crossed his legs, thinking that this had been a bad idea. Hoseok would call him a freak now. He would get that Yoongi was doing this on purpose. He'd figure out that Sana had never dressed him. He would figure out that Yoongi only wanted to feel his eyes on him.

But Hoseok didn't curse. He didn't throw Yoongi's nightgown back at him. He didn't call him ugly.

"O-one second!" Hoseok squeaked, and then he made the chair hit the floor behind him before he rushed for the closet. Yoongi faced the floor, folding his hands in his lap, feeling a strange excitement buzz in his chest. He didn't know what he'd hoped for. He'd feared that Hoseok would call him ugly, but he wasn't sure what he'd hoped for. Hoseok wouldn't look at him. Hoseok didn't care if Yoongi had a dick or not. He probably saw several every morning. Yoongi wasn't special. He felt stupid. He wanted to put his underwear back on. He felt embarrassed now.

"I'll, uhm, eh, s-start with these." Hoseok said as he was back by the bed. He held out a pair of underwear for Yoongi and crouched down on the floor. Yoongi felt disappointed. It wasn't like he'd expected Hoseok to get a nose bleed or anything, but still. Hoseok only seemed awkward. It was weird. Yoongi grew nervous from how flustered Hoseok seemed.

"Wait! This one." Hoseok changed his mind and picked up the white shirt and held it out for Yoongi to see. He probably remembered that he didn't want to end up face to face with Yoongi's penis. The shirt would cover it.

"Okay," Yoongi said, feeling ridiculously embarrassed with his heart hammering like crazy in his chest. He was naked in front of Hoseok. In front of another boy that wasn't his brother. He sat still, going silent, glancing at Hoseok, waiting for him to touch him again.

"R-raise your a-arms." Hoseok stuttered worse than ever. If Yoongi hadn't been occupied trying to breathe like normal and looking bored he would've teased him about it.

Yoongi raised his arms and Hoseok draped the shirt over his head. Then Yoongi's head got stuck in the shirt. It almost felt like Hoseok forced it to stay there. He didn't pull it down over his body. "I can't breathe," Yoongi commented from inside the shirt. He felt trapped. Nervous. He was naked and vulnerable. He hoped Hoseok wasn't making fun of him.

"O-oh! Sorry!" Hoseok pulled the shirt down. Yoongi stared at his face. His cheeks looked red. He
avoided eye contact. Did he think Yoongi was ugly? No. He looked like a flustered mess. Did he think Yoongi was scary? Maybe Yoongi shouldn't have surprised him like this. Hoseok looked funny though. "Now I'll put on these..." Hoseok whispered, holding a pair of underwear. Why was he whispering? He made Yoongi feel shy. Like this was something intimate.

Hoseok got down on the floor and draped the underwear over Yoongi's legs. Yoongi felt weird and prickly and shy as Hoseok pulled them over his crotch. He felt tense, but also strangely taken care of. He stood up to help Hoseok dress him, stepping into the shorts he'd picked out.

"Why did you pick these ones?" Yoongi snorted as he glanced down himself, hoping he sounded unbothered, seeing the baby blue clothes Hoseok had put him in. Jin had bought them for him a few years ago. Yoongi had never worn them. He thought they made him look like a five year old. Like a softie.

"I, uh, thought you would look cu-, I mean, eh." Hoseok scratched the back of his head. Yoongi's heart did a funny jump. Had he been about to say cute? Yoongi must've heard wrong. "I picked the first pair I found."

"They're very tight," Yoongi said. He wasn't sure why he felt disappointed again. It wasn't as if he'd waited for an extensive explanation from Hoseok claiming that he knew blue was Yoongi's favorite color or anything. But Yoongi had a lot of clothes. He was certain that he'd put those shorts at the far back of the closet. Had Hoseok picked them out on purpose? He must've.

"Want me to change them?"

"No, it's fine," Yoongi stated, sitting back down. "Socks, shoes and then I want you to grab my ring."

"Yes, Sir," Hoseok mumbled, crouching down to put on Yoongi's socks. "Hey, stop moving around." He warned when Yoongi kept swaying his feet around.

"You're not fast enough," Yoongi teased. Hoseok grabbed his ankle and held him in place as he draped the sock on the first foot. Yoongi felt his heart skip a beat. Hoseok's grip was so strong. Yoongi wanted to tease him more. "That's cheating."

Hoseok put Yoongi in his shoes. He got Yoongi's ring, and then something strange happened. Yoongi asked Hoseok to brush his hair, with the usual reason; because he wanted to see if Hoseok would do it or not. Hoseok obliged. He held Yoongi's cheek as he ran the brush through his hair. Yoongi hoped that Hoseok couldn't see that Yoongi got goosebumps. He almost started smiling. For just a moment he felt taken care of. He knew that Hoseok was only doing it to follow orders. Knew that it didn't really matter. But he felt safe.

When Hoseok was done brushing his hair Yoongi almost begged him to stay. He couldn't be done yet. Yoongi wasn't done with him. He didn't want to be alone again.

"Good day, Sir." Hoseok bowed before he left for the door, looking a bit awkward and flustered like most of the time. He grabbed his bucket and pulled down the door handle.

"Hoseok, was it?" Yoongi asked in a calm voice, hiding how tangled he felt inside. Hoseok was a farmer. A simple worker. Yoongi shouldn't like his company. He shouldn't play with him like this. He wasn't a maid.

Yoongi shook those thoughts away. Hoseok's the first one who'd held Yoongi's cheek like that. The first one who'd argued with Yoongi without starting crying. He had to stay. Yoongi didn't want
Sana to come back. She was bad at cleaning and only annoyed Yoongi.

"Yes?" Hoseok looked a bit dreadful by the door, as if he'd rather leave. Yoongi was too good at reading faces. What Hoseok thought didn't matter though. Yoongi wanted him to stay, so he'd stay.

"Tell Sana that she doesn't need to come back," Yoongi said with a nod. He hadn't planned on saying it that way. He hadn't planned what to say at all. He just liked Hoseok so much more than her. Ten times more. A hundred times more. He didn't like Sana, but Hoseok had brushed his hair and had looked at him with honest eyes, even if it didn't mean anything to him.

"What?" Hoseok asked in confusion.

"See you tomorrow," Yoongi said, and then he quickly turned his back to Hoseok so he couldn't see him smiling. He bit his lip and sat down by the piano, waiting until he heard the door close behind him. Then he laughed. Laughed to himself. He wasn't sure what he was feeling. Something close to hope and excitement. Hoseok would be back tomorrow morning. He'd dress Yoongi again. Touch him.

If only the hours would pass faster.

And then something changed. Yoongi changed. He found himself becoming excited. He snapped his eyes open at five in the morning, jumped out of bed and stood on his tiptoes by his window. He glanced out and watched the farmers walk for the beach with tired eyes and messy hairs. He hadn't done that before. He spotted Hoseok and felt a nervous smile tug at the corner of his lips.

He turned his back to the window, contemplating this. Would anyone see him? No, no one ever looked up. It was still a bit dark out. So Yoongi grabbed the binoculars he'd taken from his father earlier this summer from under his bed and glanced back out the window, bringing the binoculars to his eyes. He spotted Hoseok again, feeling his heart hammer in his chest as he watched Hoseok take his clothes off, one garment at a time, and step into the lake.

Yoongi knew that he was being creepy. That this was wrong. He was acting somewhat of a spy, or a stalker, but at the same time he was innocent. He couldn't sleep anyway. The stars were giving away as the sun rose. He had to watch something. Hoseok just happened to be there, naked by the lake, along with the rest that Yoongi didn't give a shit about.

When Hoseok was done with the soap Yoongi dived back into bed and pulled his blanket up to his chin, wondering if anyone had seen him in his window. He couldn't go back to sleep. He unlocked his door and waited. He listened for sounds. Counted the minutes as Hoseok ate breakfast. Then he pretended to be asleep and listened as Hoseok walked around on the third floor and cleaned the other rooms. He felt his heart jump and forced down the smile when Hoseok knocked on the door.

Yoongi allowed Hoseok to dress him, keeping a calm facade as Hoseok took off his nightgown. All Yoongi wanted to do was to ask him to never stop looking at him. To touch him more. To take everything off and put it back on again, and again.

Every day when Hoseok left Yoongi felt lonely. He frowned at the door, wishing there hadn't been a door there so he could see what Hoseok looked like when they'd parted ways. Did he look relieved? Was he unbothered? Plain? Maybe he was angry. But maybe... maybe he missed Yoongi's company too, the same way Yoongi missed him. It didn't feel like he did, but just maybe.

Yoongi frowned at the door before he sat down by the piano and took out his feelings there. He
didn't follow sheets. His fingers moved on their own. Yoongi loved music. He wondered if Hoseok could hear him play outside the door. He hoped he could. Yoongi pretended that he was playing for him.

*~*~*

Yoongi felt so sneaky. He got Deedee to help him. They walked for the forest and filled buckets with dirt and sand.

"What are you planning on doing?" Deedee asked with a kind smile. She usually didn't question anything. She was Yoongi's real mother. The only one who'd comforted him when he'd been sad when he was little.

"I'm going to make Hoseok clean it up," Yoongi explained vaguely. He carried the buckets, not wanting Deedee to hurt her back, and then walked back for his room.

"I think I'm needed in the kitchen." Deedee vented with her kind but concerned eyes as Yoongi emptied the buckets of dirt over the floor of his room, smiling when he saw how dirty the room was. Hoseok would have to stay here for hours. Yoongi wouldn't be alone anymore.

"Could you help me with one more thing first, please?" Yoongi asked, and they started scribbling down nonsense on notes that they crumpled and threw over the floor. "We're done now. Thank you for the help." Yoongi said with a bow when they were done.

"No need to thank me," Deedee said with another one of her smiles. She reached out and patted Yoongi on his arm before she left. Yoongi took off his clothes, put himself in his nightgown and dived into bed, pretending to sleep until Hoseok would get here to clean it up.

Hoseok looked shocked when he walked inside the room. Yoongi almost laughed out loud. He put on a plain face and faked ignorance.

Hoseok spent a lot of time cleaning, keeping Yoongi company. Yoongi kept the game up. The next morning he didn't ask Deedee for help. He did it himself. Made the room messier every day, wanting to hear Hoseok curse, growing irritated when he didn't. Hoseok only cleaned and cleaned and then he dressed Yoongi who wondered why Hoseok's hands on him made him feel so good.

After a while Yoongi stopped messing up his room. He gave up. He wouldn't get Hoseok to curse. He didn't want him to curse, he realized. He wanted him to smile. Hoseok's smile was a rare sight. Hoseok often looked out of place or upset or flustered. Every time Hoseok smiled Yoongi felt something slot into place inside. He wasn't sure what it was, but he wanted to feel more of it.

*~*~*

One day something strange happened. Yoongi had watched Hoseok with his binoculars like a creep for a while, when he started feeling hot. Hoseok walked up on the beach, his body wet and hair in his face. Yoongi pressed the binoculars against the glass of the window, fumbling to open it, almost dropping the binoculars to the lawn in his hurry. He leaned against the window frame, grip firm on the binoculars as he stared at Hoseok on the beach. Hoseok stretched his back, the side of his face lit up by the rising sun. His skin glowed, and he looked, looked-

Yoongi searched for the right word in his head. Hoseok looked beautiful.

Yoongi closed the window, put the binoculars under his bed and sat down on his bed. He couldn't find a comfortable position. He climbed in under his blanket and lifted it, pulling up the nightgown and stared between his legs, embarrassed over the reaction in his body. He glanced back up,
wondering if he'd locked the door or not, before he glanced back down with hot cheeks.

He didn't think as he lowered a hand and touched himself, his mind going for Hoseok on the beach, how beautiful his skin had looked in the sunlight and how strong he'd looked as he'd stepped out of the water. Yoongi jerked himself fast, biting his lip not to make any sounds, whimpering when it got too much. He gripped the blanket with his other hand, pressing his eyes shut and gasping when he was close. He spread his legs and stroked his hand over himself, feeling his cock throb in his hand. He let his mind drift to Hoseok one more time before he bucked his hips and came hard. He cried out as his body tensed, every hair standing on end, panting since he couldn't get enough air.

He stroked himself to finish, sighing as he came down from the high. He opened his eyes and stared at the ceiling, feeling wonderful for exactly one more second before he realized what he'd done.

He quickly sat up in bed, staring at the door and nervously straining his ears, trying to hear if Maggie was somewhere nearby or not. He started relaxing when he stated that she wasn't. Then he started panicking again. He kicked the blanket off of him, his eyes going for his dirty hand and flushed skin. Hoseok had made him do that. He'd seen Hoseok naked and then he'd done this. He'd seen Hoseok and then he'd fucked himself, without a second's hesitation.

He pulled down the nightgown over himself and stepped out of bed, hiding his dirty hand behind his back as he opened the door to his room and sneaked into the bathroom. He felt nervous. So nervous. He didn't know what he was doing. This couldn't be good. It had to be bad. If Hoseok found out he would never dare approach Yoongi again. If he knew that Yoongi was making him dress him every morning since it fed his strange perversion he would never talk to Yoongi again.

So Yoongi had to keep it a secret. Of course he would. He cleaned up in the bathroom, without looking at his reflection in the mirror. He didn't want to look at himself. He already felt ashamed.

Then he looked anyway. His forehead was damp and cheeks red. He swallowed nervously and he looked away. His hands started trembling when he thought of what Hoseok would do if he saw him like this.

When he looked okay again he walked back to his room, threw himself into bed and waited. He anxiously waited for Hoseok to arrive. One hour. Two hours. He checked his pocket watch that laid on the nightstand, wanting to see him already.

He grew tired of waiting. He started tapping the side of the bed, when he got a better idea. He spread his legs under the blanket and started stroking his inner thigh, thinking of Hoseok on the beach, growing hot, wondering if he would have the time to do it again. His hand crepted to his groin, and he slowly started stroking himself, eyes closing and lips forming into a blissful smile. Hoseok wasn't here yet. Yoongi had the time. Doing this felt good.

Then it knocked on the door.

Yoongi's heart jolted. It must be Hoseok. He grew so excited. He pulled his nightgown down over himself, eyes locking on Hoseok as he walked into the room and looked kissed by the sun. Hoseok was here. Beautiful Hoseok was here, about to dress Yoongi.

Yoongi started feeling hot again.

"Good morning..." Hoseok greeted him.

"Morning," Yoongi replied, hoping that Hoseok hadn't seen him stare at him from his window. He
didn't comment on it. He probably hadn't seen. He'd been too busy looking sexy by the beach.

Yoongi watched Hoseok as he walked to the closet to pick an outfit. He looked a bit different today, like he was thinking about something. Yoongi grew a bit worried, before he shrugged it off. It might be nothing. Yoongi was too good at overanalyzing.

He started stroking his thigh instead, watching and talking to Hoseok. He started feeling dreamy. Dreamy and sleepy. Hoseok picked a purple outfit and sat down on the chair, going to dress Yoongi. He made Yoongi sit on the side of the bed, touching his ankles. Yoongi shivered. He smiled, wondering if he was still dreaming.

They said something about sheets and Maggie, then Hoseok asked Yoongi to raise his arms. Yoongi did, feeling giggly, until he realized that Hoseok seeing him naked would mean Hoseok seeing his half hard dick.

"Uh," Hoseok voiced as the nightgown was off.

"Ignore it," Yoongi said hurriedly, hoping the nervous excitement bubbling in his chest wasn't showing on the outside. He felt his cheeks burn red. Hoseok must be staring at him. He had to. Even if he didn't feel anything he must have his eyes on Yoongi right now. The thought made Yoongi want to moan. His skin prickled and he tried so hard to keep a plain face.

"Uhm, okay." Hoseok picked up the underwear and started putting them on. Yoongi wanted to scream no. He didn't want to wear clothes. He wanted Hoseok to touch him naked.

He inhaled sharply when Hoseok draped the garment over his crotch, trembling from the friction. He almost hoped Hoseok had noticed. It was his fault that Yoongi was like this in the first place. His fault for looking so good, and for taking so long to clean the house as Yoongi laid waiting for him in his bed.

"Let's see..." Hoseok said as he moved to today's shirt. Yoongi kept silent and complied as Hoseok dressed him and combed through his hair. He wanted to ask Hoseok to stay longer. Ask him why no matter what Yoongi did he didn't seem surprised. He didn't curse. He didn't ask Yoongi to stop messing with him.

"See you tomorrow!" Hoseok squeaked by the door before he left. Yoongi opened his mouth, wanting to ask him to please, please stay for a bit longer, but Hoseok left before he had the time to.

Yoongi walked to the door, put his hand on the door handle as it closed after Hoseok, wanting to follow him wherever he was going. After a minute he walked back to his bed. He threw himself down it, hugging his pillow, wishing it had been Hoseok instead. He pulled the blanket back over himself, pulled down his pants and helped himself until he whimpered Hoseok's name into his pillow, wondering what Hoseok had done with him.

Yoongi lied in bed afterwards, blinking at the ceiling, when he heard something strange from the beach. He hurried to his window, grabbing his binoculars, seeing Hoseok jump into the lake from the dock.

Confused, Yoongi put the binoculars to the side, pulled his pants back up, glancing out the window. Was Hoseok drowning? He couldn't die. Not now.

Yoongi jogged out of his room, going to the beach himself, hoping he looked like normal. He grabbed a blue parasol from the hallway before he left the house, hoping it would hide his face in case he looked as sweaty as he felt. When he reached the beach the butler had dragged Hoseok up
on the sand. He wasn't wearing a shirt. Yoongi felt his eyes widen.

"What's going on over here?" He asked as he walked out on the beach, heart tugging with fear. Had Hoseok heard Yoongi? Was he afraid? Was it Yoongi's fault?

Yoongi's eyes locked on Hoseok who crawled backwards back into the water, staring at Yoongi with big eyes.

"Yoongi, my friend!" Jin laughed, walking up to Yoongi. Yoongi scowled. What was he doing here? Why did he sound so happy? "Jones over here just saved Hoseok from drowning! Fantastic, I know,"

"Was he drowning?" Yoongi raised his eyebrows in surprise and turned his attention back to Hoseok who was crawling into the lake, coming to a stop when the water reached him to his chin. Yoongi felt his stomach clench. Had Hoseok tried to drown himself? Why?

"Actually, I think he dived in from the dock but he can't swim, so yeah?" Jin said with a shrug.

"Okay," Yoongi said. He did not understand, but Hoseok was alive. Hoseok started slapping himself, and Yoongi was even more confused. "Why is he slapping himself?" He asked Jin.

"Who knows? I know! Why don't you ask him?" Jin suggested dumbly. Then Namjoon walked up behind him and nodded at Yoongi. Why was he nodding at Yoongi? Yoongi looked at the sand, growing a bit scared. Namjoon looked like he suspected something. Not good. Yoongi shouldn't have gone out here. It seemed like he cared now.

"I think he's a bit crazy," Jimin added. He should think before he spoke. Hoseok wasn't crazy. Yoongi grew annoyed.

"I think he likes you, Sir," Taehyung joined in, and Yoongi snapped his head up, heart doing a funny jump in his chest. Before Taehyung had the time to elaborate Jin broke in.

"Anyway, since you're gracing us with your presence, did you want something?" Jin put his hands on his hips and smiled at Yoongi.

"I just wondered why you were shouting," Yoongi said, doing his best to keep a plain face. He'd thought Hoseok had heard him. Had thought he'd been scared and disgusted. He wouldn't tell anyone about that. He didn't think that that had been the reason for Hoseok diving into the lake. He looked at Hoseok, trying to understand.

"I think there's another reason to why you're here…" Jin said with a wink. "Right, Joon?" Jin turned to Namjoon, and Yoongi felt himself tense. What did he mean by that? Had he figured out that Yoongi cared?

"What?" Jimin, Taehyung and Jungkook asked.


"Eh, h-hi,"

Yoongi felt his heart jump like that again. He turned his head to the side, seeing that Hoseok had walked out of the water. He stood on the beach, trying to cover his chest with his arms and wet shirt.
"Hello Hoseok," Yoongi said back, thinking that the words sounded weird when he said them. His eyes dropped to Hoseok's chest. To his bare chest. Yoongi's eyes widened, and he felt a small, eager smile creep up his lips. Now he'd have something to think about at night. "What happened to your shirt?"

"Oh, eh, n-nothing?" Hoseok staged a stiff laugh. He looked flustered. Yoongi fought he need to smile big. He couldn't smile. Not here. Even if Hoseok made his organs feel like bubbles. Yoongi stared at Hoseok's chest, then he forced himself to look away. "Joon, could I have a word?" He asked Namjoon.

"Of course," Namjoon answered instantly. "See you in a bit," He told the others before he followed Yoongi to the trees. Yoongi saw that Jin was following them, the nosy bastard. Yoongi shooed him away before he turned to Namjoon.

Yoongi would ask Namjoon. About, about well, he wasn't sure what. He felt weird. This morning had been weird. Hoseok had seen Yoongi half hard and the thought of it made Yoongi feel both nervous and excited.

"Did you want something, hyung?" Namjoon asked, sounding concerned.

"I did," Yoongi said, searching for the right words. "Uhm, what were you implying out there? You gave me this strange look." He ended up saying. He didn't like it. Did Namjoon suspect something?

"Oh," Namjoon said. He scratched the back of his head, shrugging. "That was nothing really, I just thought it was strange for you to show up on the beach. You know, maybe you care about Hoseok?"

Yoongi snorted. His heart jolted with panic. "Me liking Hoseok? Funny."

"Right? I think it sounds funny too, how you make him dress you every morning," Namjoon raised his eyebrows cleverly. Yoongi swallowed nervously, hoping he didn't look as busted as he felt. "Have you told him that Sana never dressed you?"

Yoongi crossed his arms. "Why would I- what are you implying?"

"Yeah, what am I implying?" Namjoon asked, giving Yoongi a stiff pat on the arm that made him jerk back. "Hoseok's a great guy, you know. I don't think he'd mind about anything. He's honest to the core and full of love, but he gets insecure and doubtful sometimes."

Yoongi soaked up the information like a sponge. He wanted to know more. Was it true? How did Namjoon know Hoseok so well?

"Did I ask?"

"No, you never ask." Namjoon leaned against a tree, yawning into his hand. "You never ask anything, but I still know what you're thinking, and right now you're panicking inside. Why don't you just admit that you like him?"

Yoongi shook his head, giving Namjoon an annoyed grimace. Damn him. He was wrong. Totally wrong. "Maybe you didn't notice, but Hoseok is a farmer."

"Maybe you didn't notice, but you like him anyway." Namjoon shot back cleverly. "Anyone could've offered to clean the house, but Hoseok volunteered himself. He keeps dressing you even after you treat him like crap. He's the nicest guy I've ever met. Think about that." Namjoon looked
about to leave. Yoongi stopped him, grabbed his arm.

"What do you mean?" He asked, feeling nervous and vulnerable. "I don't- whatever you are thinking, it's not true, but-

"Take your time." Namjoon leaned against the tree again, giving Yoongi a supportive look. "Don't panic. Emotions are good."

Yoongi made a face. "No, they're not. You- you know that I can't- I can't?" He searched for the words. He wasn't sure what he was trying to say. He just couldn't talk about this. He couldn't be like this, but he was, and now it felt like his brain faced a big Error.

"I'm not implying anything," Namjoon said then, scratching his hair again. Perhaps Yoongi should lend him some rose shampoo. "But think about what you're doing. Hoseok is a good friend of mine. Playing around with him might be fun to pass time, but Hoseok isn't a toy, okay? He has feelings too."

Yoongi nodded. He knew that. All people had feelings. All people save from the Min's and Maggie. "And?"

"We've both been through some stuff, right?" Namjoon said. "But Jin has really made me feel better about myself. I'm not saying that Hoseok is a Jin to you, but Hoseok is great and honest."

"Okay?" Yoongi said. "You're still implying that I like him?"

"Is that what I'm doing?" Namjoon made a comic surprised face. "Did you want to talk about anything else? Jin's hiding in the bush over there."

Yoongi shook his head. He was done. He was no wiser. Maybe he'd just wanted to flee the scene when Hoseok was on the beach shirtless. Talking to Namjoon made him feel nervous and annoyed, as if Namjoon knew Yoongi better than Yoongi knew himself.

"See ya," Namjoon said before he left, meeting up with Jin in the forest. Yoongi walked for the mansion, putting the parasol away, walking to the third floor and dropping down in his bed. He buried his face into his pillow, shouting into it. He was confused. He was nervous. He kept thinking about Hoseok's bare chest. About what Namjoon had told him about him. About Hoseok dressing him this morning.

He rolled around in bed, feeling complicated, hugging his pillow, thinking about Hoseok. He couldn't stop thinking about him.

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Yoongi changed again. He felt strange. He didn't feel like himself. He doubted himself. He doubted everyone and everything as he watched Hoseok through his window with the binoculars every morning. He wanted to throw them out the window and stop what he was doing before anyone caught him. Wanted to get Sana to 'dress' him again. Being close to Hoseok was dangerous. Yoongi hated him. Hoseok was too perfect. He was too beautiful and too handsome and too manly and too kind and too gullible and too gentle and too understanding. He didn't question why Yoongi had pink lines on his back. He didn't question why Yoongi teased him with his lemon candy. He didn't question why Yoongi started joining the campfire's on Wednesdays just to be close to him.

Yoongi was growing insane. Why didn't Hoseok question him? Why didn't Hoseok fight back? Maybe he didn't care. He didn't care about Yoongi's games at all. He probably hated Yoongi back.
Yoongi didn't really hate Hoseok though, but it was easier to say that he hated him than admitting that the feelings were something else. The way his heart raced when he saw him and how jumpy he felt, felt similar to how he felt when he was agitated after all. He told himself it was hate. He saw Hoseok, wanting to giggle, and told himself he hated him.

That tactic didn't work for long.

Yoongi decided to try something else. He gave Hoseok a shirt. He felt like a sappy loser. Maybe he was one. Jin had given Namjoon all sorts of things before they'd kissed the first time. Clothes and jewels and candy. Yoongi had already given Hoseok candy. Now he gave him his new shirt. He'd bought it in the town when he'd been there with Jin a while ago. He'd made the measurements bigger than himself on purpose. He felt happy and satisfied when it fit Hoseok who looked as good as royal in it.

He gave Hoseok the green shirt, wanting Hoseok to gasp and cry with happiness since Yoongi had remembered his favorite color. To Yoongi's disappointment Hoseok didn't do any of that. He looked happy, but concerned too. Unsure. Yoongi started panicking.

He asked Hoseok to brush his hair until he could tell him to stop. He waited, hoped, for Hoseok to ask him why so Yoongi could reply that he loved his company and never wanted him to stop touching him. But Hoseok stayed silent. Why didn't he question Yoongi?

Yoongi closed his eyes and got goosebumps as Hoseok brushed his hair. Hoseok was wonderful.

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Horny Hobi was a strange name.

Yoongi lied down on his bed, thinking back on the events by the campfire just now. He wondered if it had been true. If Hoseok was 'beating his meat' every night. Yoongi wasn't the only one then. But Hoseok...

Yoongi felt his cheeks heat up. So Hoseok did things like that. Maybe most did. Yoongi wondered what Hoseok looked like. What he thought about when he did it. Would it be creepy if Yoongi spied outside of his room, hoping to hear something? Probably. Yoongi was too creepy.

Yoongi had kept his strange feelings for Hoseok a secret. He wasn't sure if he hated or loved him, to be honest. He waited for Hoseok every morning, feeling the anticipation as Hoseok took off his nightgown, wondering if this would be the morning where Hoseok finally snapped and left. He never did. He didn't complain at all anymore. Not about having to clean, not about having to dress Yoongi. Sometimes Hoseok almost seemed like he liked dressing Yoongi. It was probably Yoongi's hopeful mind playing tricks with him. Yeah. Yoongi just couldn't wait for Hoseok to greet him in the mornings.

Now Yoongi lit the candle on his nightstand with the matches from the drawer. He watched the flame, blinked at the flickering orange in the darkness. He looked calm but he was everything from it. His thoughts were all over the place. Hoseok. He was constantly thinking of Hoseok. What was he doing right now? They had met. Was he lying in his bed right now? Yoongi wanted to walk over to him and hug him. He was weird today.

He made himself ready for bed, already excited about tomorrow, when his mind went back to the memory of Hoseok's fingers in his mouth by the campfire. Hoseok had fed him with a piece of meat.
Yoongi sat down on the foot of the bed, feeling his cheeks heat up from the memory. He brought a finger to his mouth, let it slip past his lips and touch the tip of his tongue, remembering what Hoseok's fingers had felt like.

He didn't feel like sleeping anymore.

He swallowed thickly, feeling excitement stir in his chest. Should he do it? It was dark out. Hoseok was probably asleep. But Yoongi didn't want to risk Hoseok hearing him. So he waited. He lay down on his bed, torturing himself by thinking of Hoseok's fingers in his mouth, by imagining Hoseok naked, and thinking of how rough Hoseok's voice sounded in the mornings sometimes.

He closed his eyes and tried to control his breathing. He wasn't sure how long he laid there, waiting for Hoseok to fall asleep, not wanting Hoseok to hear him through the thin walls. Then he had enough. The candle was half burned down. He watched the flame for a moment before he stood on his knees on his bed and took off his nightgown, sighing as he spread his legs, glancing down at his cock. How long had he been hard? He had no idea. He'd been feeling hot for too long. He had to hurry.

He threw his nightgown to the floor, glancing nervously at the door, hoping Hoseok was asleep by now. He walked on his knees on the bed, trying to find a comfortable position, struggling to think with his foggy brain. The thoughts of Hoseok wouldn't leave him.

What if Hoseok was awake, he thought then. What if Hoseok could hear him. Yoongi thought about that as he lowered a trembling hand to between his legs, wrapping his fingers around the base of his cock. He exhaled, frowning from the feeling. He slowly started rolled his hips, cock thrusting into his hand and out again. He bit his lip as he found a pace, jerking his hips a bit faster every time. He steadied himself against the bedframe as he started stroking faster, feeling pleasure build up in his gut. Hoseok must sleeping. Yoongi didn't need to be silent anymore.

He pumped himself in a fast pace, feeling his cheeks heat up. He started feeling good, but it still wasn't enough. It wasn't Hoseok. It wasn't enough at all.

He looked at the door, thinking of Hoseok, feeling dizzy and hurried with his trembling limbs. He sat back on his butt, blinking at the door, feeling needy. He wanted Hoseok. But Hoseok wasn't here. Hoseok didn't feel for Yoongi that way.

He glanced over his shoulder. He wasn't sure what he was looking for, when his eyes locked on his pillow. He felt a twitch of arousal. He'd seen Jin's dog hump a pillow yesterday. The dog had seemed to have fun before Jin had chased it away. Maybe Yoongi would like it too. Maybe he could trick himself that the pillow was Hoseok. It was worth a try. He was too needy to think about consequences.

He grabbed the pillow and put it between his legs, feeling embarrassed when he sat down in it. He probably looked silly. Like a kid pretending to ride a horse. The white pillow was his favorite. It felt like he was doing something bad to it. Like he owed it an apology. Right now he was too eager to feel good to care though.

He readjusted, raised his hips as he held the pillow in place under him. He leaned forward, steadied himself with a hand on the bedframe as he sat down again, this time making the rough fabric grace his cock. He gasped, feeling a spark, feeling horny from the thought of what he was about to do.

He experimentally bucked his hips, rubbing his cock against the material, voicing another gasp before he shivered. He did it again, jerked his hips and rubbed his cock against the pillow, and again, quicker, faster, eagerly.
"Oh my god, Hoseok," Yoongi mumbled, eyes closing, pretending it was Hoseok he was sitting on, Hoseok's ass or his chest or his face. "Hoseok," Yoongi panted as he snapped his hips back and forth. He cried out in pleasure, feeling so good. The pillow was Hoseok and he was under Yoongi right now, urging Yoongi on, telling him he that was good and beautiful.

Yoongi thrust his hips so fast they started aching. He didn't care. He didn't want to stop. The pleasure building up took his focus from everything else. He held the pillow in place under him as he hunched forward with his hair in his face, rubbing his cock and balls and everything against the pillow, pressing every part of him against it, frowning from the friction.

He couldn't think anymore. He gripped the bedframe and cried out, taken by pleasure as he fucked the pillow under him, humping it as fast as he could. His toes curled and his thighs tensed. Just a bit more. Just a bit more and he could come on Hoseok who lied under him.

Yoongi sobbed. If only Hoseok knew. If only he knew how badly Yoongi wanted him. The pillow was nothing like Hoseok. It wasn't soft. It wasn't smiling. It didn't look at Yoongi as if he was special. But it would have to do.

Yoongi gripped the pillow again, preventing it from escaping. It felt damp between his legs. Everything felt wet and messy. Yoongi was so close. "Oh god, oh god," He whined as he rode the pillow. He bucked his hips one more time before his body jerked and he stilled, hand going for his cock, stroking himself.

He clawed at the sheets with his other hand. He moaned and cried, his whole body tensing, back arcing. He slowly rode out his orgasm, spilling over the pillow and his hand. The pleasure almost went painful. He winced and panted heavily as he tried to catch his breath. He only saw stars. He only heard his heart beat. He only felt the pleasure.

And then it disappeared. Just as soon as it had arrived it went away. And Yoongi sat up, feeling dizzy and out of place. He held his hand out in front of his face, spreading the come over his fingers, staring at it. "Hoseok made me do it again," he thought. He'd just pretended that the pillow was Hoseok. He was insane. No one could find out about this.

He took the pillow from between his legs and threw it under the bed, hoping Hoseok wouldn't look there tomorrow. The pillow was dirty from come and sweat and probably some spit too that Yoongi couldn't remember where it'd come from. He sat down on his bed feeling warm, happy and a bit ashamed, when he heard something. Outside of his door.

He straightened his posture, feeling his heart clench. Was it Maggie? He started fumbling for the blanket with his shaky limbs, wanting to cover himself, when he stilled. He frowned. Maggie didn't sound like that.

He stepped out of bed, stumbling some until he regained his balance. He pattered over to the door, not making a sound, and pressed his ear against it. Listened. His eyes widened. He leaned back and shared a look of surprise with the door before he pressed his ear against it again. It couldn't. But, yes. It had to be.

It sounded like someone was masturbating outside of his door.

Yoongi felt his heart jump when someone whimpered. Cried. Those were cries of pleasure. It didn't sound like Maggie at all. (Thankfully.) It didn't sound like a girl either. It sounded like a boy. Like a boy was sitting on the floor by the door.

Yoongi crept to the keyhole. He glanced out of it, seeing nothing but darkness. He pressed his
ear against it, feeling his heart thump when he heard more pleas and whimpers and sighs. It couldn't be anything else.

When the sounds stopped Yoongi crouched down by the floor, wondering if he should open the door or not. He was still naked, so he should put his clothes on first. Did he want to see who it was? Hadn't they made it the way to the bathroom? Yoongi was still too dreamy to really be mad about it.

"What have we here?"

Yoongi's stomach clenched. That voice. Maggie. Yoongi pressed himself against the door, feeling like the person on the other side was doing the same.

"Now, you little rat. What are you doing in the corridors this late at night, huh? Want to steal stuff?" It sounded like Maggie walked into the corridor. Yoongi got afraid that she had heard him. That couldn't have been the case though. She must have her eyes set on whoever was out there being dirty. "Answer me, boy. What are you doing here?"

"Ow, ow!" The boy on the other side of the door complained. Maggie must've found him. She often walked around the house with a lamp at night.

"You will follow me now, boy," Maggie rasped. "You smell bad. Knew it was a bad idea to let peasants into the house." Yoongi raised his eyebrows. A peasant that smelled bad? The boy must've jerked off then. Yoongi just wondered why he'd decided to do it outside of Yoongi's door like some creepy pervert.

"Where are we going, Ma'am?" The boy asked politely. His voice was rough. Yoongi didn't think much about it. Then his eyes widened. His heart jumped like only one person made it do. That voice. It sounded like Hoseok.

"Did I ask you to speak, boy?" Maggie spat. "Be silent."

"Yes, Ma'am."

Yoongi stood up. He pressed his ear to the keyhole, wanting to hear more. It had sounded like Hoseok. He felt his face go red. What had Hoseok been doing outside of his room jerking off at the same time as Yoongi? He was supposed to have fallen asleep hours ago. That's why Yoongi had waited and the candle was almost burned down.

There was only one explanation. Yoongi must be stuck in a dream.

Yoongi slapped his cheeks. But he was still here. Still naked by the door. He pinched his thigh, grimacing from the pain. He heard Maggie lead Hoseok for the stairs, heard her walk away with him when Yoongi wanted to ask him a hundred questions.

Yoongi waited until they were gone until he opened the door and glanced outside. He couldn't see them anymore. The corridor was pitch dark. Maybe he'd made it up in his head.

He closed the door again. He gathered an armful of clothes and walked for the bathroom to clean up and get dressed. By the time he walked back to his bedroom door he crouched down by the floor, sweeping his hand over it. He stared in confusion. The floor was definitely sticky. Someone had been there. He hadn't made it up.

He stroked a finger against the floor. It felt almost like... Yoongi felt his cheeks heat up. Hoseok's come? No, it couldn't be. Why would he do that here? It was late. It must be something else. Ice
cream or something. Yoongi was too tired and too dirty minded.

He stood up and turned his head to the side. It felt like someone was watching him. He couldn't shake the feeling. Then he shrugged it off. It might be his bad conscience after all. He walked into his room and fell into bed, hugged his pillow and kissed it. Kissed it and kissed it, giggling and rolling around, pretending that the pillow was Hoseok. He smiled. Hoseok was everything he ever cared about now. If only the pillow had kissed him back.

*~*~*

What is love?

Yoongi stared at the ceiling as he laid back in bed. He'd just watched Hoseok bathe in the lake again. Now Yoongi was confused. He thought about Hoseok. About the feelings he had for him. Hoseok was simple. Honest. It felt like he picked out clothes for Yoongi on a whim, with absolutely no thoughts behind it. He didn't think before he acted. He didn't think before he spoke. He was so different from everything Yoongi had grown up to be.

Maybe Yoongi loved him.

Yoongi sat up, feeling nervous and exhilarated from the thought. Yoongi loving someone. He'd never thought that would happen. Jin hadn't thought it would happen. No one had. God must be playing with him.

And Hoseok didn't love him back anyway. But still. Yoongi's heart. It hurt or it fluttered or it stung. He had no control over it anymore. It was as if Hoseok had taken it from him. He had no idea what to do.

Then he came up with the greatest idea. He was a mastermind. When Hoseok came to dress him he managed to trick him into bathing him.

In the bath he bit his lip. The idea didn't feel as bright anymore. He stared at Hoseok, wondering why he wasn't running away, wondering why he let Yoongi toy him around like this. Deedee had stopped helping Yoongi clean himself when he was eleven. Sana hadn't dressed him at all. Why wasn't Hoseok leaving? He gave Yoongi hope. It almost seemed like Hoseok liked being in Yoongi's company. Yoongi knew it wasn't true. He still couldn't help the feelings bubbling in his chest.

He thought of another plan. Something that must finally make Hoseok scream and run away. It would be embarrassing. So embarrassing. Yoongi wanted Hoseok to see him now, though. Wanted to feel his gaze on his skin so he had something to think about tonight when he lied in bed and thought of him.

Yoongi told Hoseok to undress him in the bathroom, waiting for him to complain about it. He didn't. Yoongi moaned on purpose as he stepped into the warm water, waiting for Hoseok to grimace from disgust. He didn't. Yoongi asked Hoseok to scrub him, waiting for him to frown. He didn't. Hoseok only looked flustered and funny. Why did he look flustered? Yoongi still wasn't sure how to read his face. He was too nervous to really think.

"Why don't you take off your shirt?" Yoongi asked when Hoseok said he would start scrubbing him, wanting to see how far he could take this.

"W-what?" Hoseok sputtered, dropping the soap he'd just picked up. "Why?"

"You're sweating, and the sleeves are in the way," Yoongi said, making up a brilliant excuse.
"Oh, right," Hoseok laughed, buying the excuse. He looked embarrassed as he took off his shirt. Yoongi felt his cheeks heat up. Good thing he could blame it on the steam. He flicked his gaze over Hoseok's chest, wanting to kiss every part of that tanned skin. Hoseok looked strong, strong and hard, but not too hard, and his skin looked soft, but not too soft. "Sorry, ehm," Hoseok excused himself.


"Nothing. Now I'll start." Hoseok grabbed the soap and sponge, looking hesitant. Maybe Yoongi was playing him around too much. They made eye contact, and Yoongi tried his best to look innocent while he searched Hoseok's eyes for an answer. Why wasn't Hoseok leaving? Why wasn't he telling Yoongi to clean himself like everyone else?

Hoseok leaned over the side of the bathtub and started to lather Yoongi's stomach, then his chest. Yoongi bit the inside of his cheek, keeping a plain face. Hoseok had just touched his nipple. "Could you sit up?" Hoseok asked. Yoongi sat up just like that, feeling like a baby, and Hoseok started running the soap over his arm. He got the sponge and started scrubbing Yoongi's skin. Yoongi got ticklish when Hoseok scrubbed his armpit, breaking character and smiling. Hoseok smiled a bit too. Yoongi got so happy.

"Can I lift your legs?" Hoseok asked after more scrubbing of Yoongi's neck and chest. He didn't look Yoongi in the eyes. It was for the best. Yoongi felt too dreamy. Hoseok hadn't left yet. Why not?

"Yes," Yoongi replied. He looked at Hoseok's beautiful face, feeling bubbly inside. Hoseok almost touched his dick and he held back the need to giggle.

Hoseok lifted one of Yoongi's legs and leaned it on the side of the bathtub. Yoongi started feeling sexy. He watched Hoseok's bare chest and arms and hands, and cheeks and eyes and lips, as he spread the soap around Yoongi's leg with his hands. Hoseok's hands felt good on Yoongi's inner thigh. Then Hoseok tickled him under his foot, and Yoongi grimaced.

"How do you want me to scrub your back?" Hoseok asked who knows how much later. Yoongi lost track of time. Time didn't matter.

"I can turn around," Yoongi said, starting thinking of his plan to scare Hoseok away.

"Okay, turn around for me," Hoseok instructed him.

Yoongi bit his lip. That fed his fantasies. He turned around and leaned his arms on the side of the bathtub, thinking that Hoseok must be able to see the pink on his back. He didn't comment on it. Maybe he was half blind. "Wash my back now," Yoongi said, wondering how far he'd be able to take this before Hoseok had enough and left. "Hard."

"Whatever you say, Sir," Hoseok said. He started working the soap into Yoongi's skin, a bit harder this time.

"Harder," Yoongi said, waiting for Hoseok to call him a brat.

Hoseok grabbed the sponge and started working the soap into Yoongi's skin with more pressure, stroking faster. Yoongi grimaced. It didn't feel very nice. Hoseok wasn't leaving. Why did he stay? Yoongi was silent as he felt Hoseok scrub down lower Yoongi's back, hand under the water.
Yoongi's heart swelled. Hoseok listened to everything Yoongi said. He wanted to be good. He was good.

And then Yoongi thought of one last plan. Something that would make Hoseok scream and leave.

He almost felt bad for what he was going to do. Then he stopped feeling guilty. He felt excited as he got up on all fours, raising his ass in the air, putting everything on display.


"You can reach the rest of my back now," Yoongi said. He could feel Hoseok's eyes on him. Hoseok must be able to see his hairy ass and dick and balls and everything. Yoongi bit his lip, focusing on breathing. He felt exposed.

"R-right," Hoseok said. He must be surprised. He didn’t sound mad. Why didn't he? Yoongi felt sexy now. Hoseok was looking at him.

Hoseok grabbed the soap and the sponge and started cleaning Yoongi, soaping his lower back, then his buttocks. Yoongi felt good, but then Hoseok started scrubbing him too hard. It hurt.

"It hurts," Yoongi complained, not sure if he enjoyed the pain or not. "Stop scrubbing me," Yoongi added when Hoseok scrubbed the same spot over and over, painfully hard. Had Hoseok figured out Yoongi's plan to scare him away? Was he trying to beat him at the game? Were they playing a game?

"S-sorry," Hoseok stuttered out. Yoongi's heart jumped in surprise. It almost sounded like Hoseok was panting. The sound made Yoongi shudder. Hoseok must've gotten worn out from scrubbing him so fast.

Yoongi started looking over his shoulder, wanting to get a glimpse of Hoseok's face, but Hoseok stopped him. "No, don't turn around!" He nearly shouted before he pressed Yoongi into the water, almost drowning him. Yoongi sputtered, eyes widening, panicking, not wanting to die like this, drowned by his secret love.

"Oh, shit! I'm so sorry!" Hoseok gasped as he pulled Yoongi back up to the air. Yoongi coughed and sat up, wiping his eyes from the dirty water.

"Are you trying to drown me?" Yoongi asked, making a face at Hoseok. He wasn't sure what he felt the most. Sadness. Disappointment. Hoseok didn't care that Yoongi was naked. He didn't care that Yoongi had just showed everything to him. Hoseok hadn't been disgusted, but he hadn't been aroused either. What had Yoongi been thinking? It wasn't like Hoseok thought Yoongi was hot. Yoongi was being weird. He was using Hoseok for his own pleasure. He should stop.

"No!" Hoseok shook his head fiercely. He reached out and helped Yoongi lean back against the bathtub. His hand brushed over Yoongi's nipple and Yoongi bit back a moan. He wanted Hoseok to touch him again. Even if it was by accident. "Want me to wash your hair?"

"Yes, please," Yoongi mumbled, leaning back and coughing not to show how hot he was feeling. He was thankful that the dirty water could hide his groin. He might've just almost died, but his comrade was eager for some action. He crossed his legs, hoping Hoseok couldn't see, secretly wanting him to.

"Close your eyes, p-please," Hoseok stuttered out, sounding tense. It was tense between them now.
Yoongi could've cut the air with a knife if he'd had one. He just wondered if Hoseok felt it too or if it was only him. Yoongi felt nervous. And excited. And tense. He leaned back in the tub, trying to relax, closing his eyes like Hoseok had told him to.

Then he heard something weird from behind him. He couldn't depicter what it was. "What was that?" He asked, eyes still closed.

"N-nothing, Sir," Hoseok said. He sounded a bit weird. Yoongi stopped worrying about that when Hoseok buried his hands in Yoongi's hair, started shampooing it. "Your hair is so soft."

"Is it? Thank you." Yoongi smiled a little bit, feeling bubbles in his chest from the compliment. Hoseok liked Yoongi's hair. Yoongi could die happy now. Hoseok's hands in his hair felt magical. He smiled to himself, wanting to shiver.

Yoongi got a bit too comfortable. Hoseok couldn't be able see his hands under the water, so Yoongi lowered one of them to his prick, loosely traced his fingers over it, playing with himself as Hoseok scraped his nails against his scalp. He had his eyes closed, wanting to hum, he felt so blissful.

Then Hoseok's hands tightened in Yoongi's hair.

"Ah," Yoongi gasped with a frown. That felt really good. He grew fully hard and raised his other hand to put over one of Hoseok's without thinking, urging him on, wanting him to tug at his hair like that again.

"S-sorry," Hoseok piped, sounding scolded. That wasn't what Yoongi had meant. He wanted Hoseok to continue. "Almost done," He panted, making Yoongi feel sad and hurried. He wrapped a hand around himself and started stroking, wanting to seize the moment now that Hoseok had his hands on him, even if it was wrong and Hoseok would scream if he found out what Yoongi was doing under the water. Hoseok couldn't see Yoongi's hand. He couldn't hear Yoongi's little gasps of pleasure.

Hoseok lowered his hands from Yoongi's head just as Yoongi started feeling the tingles. Yoongi grew a bit disappointed. Yoongi wondered why Hoseok let him go. Hoseok grabbed the sides of the bathtub beside Yoongi, sounding like he was choking.

"What are you-" Yoongi started, wondering what Hoseok was doing, fearing that he'd seen Yoongi touching himself under the water and had gotten shocked.

He didn't get to say the rest. The door opened. Yoongi glanced to the side. "Namjoon?" He and Hoseok asked at the same time.

"Jesus! How you look!" Jin gasped. Yoongi felt a jab of embarrassment. What he'd been doing must be written on his face. Then he got confused. Jin wasn't looking at him. He was looking at Hoseok.

"Shh?" Namjoon hushed Jin in a weird, mysterious way. He gestured something for Hoseok who gave a scared sound. Yoongi didn't understand. What was going on? He felt left out.

"Hoseok, follow me." Jin said.

"Yes, Sir," Hoseok agreed.

"I'll help you with the rest," Namjoon told Yoongi, weird look in his eyes. "We were just going to get you to show you the boats. I thought you took a bath last night?" He raised his eyebrows at him.

Yoongi followed Hoseok with his eyes, watched as Hoseok and Jin left through the door. Why were they leaving so fast?

"Why is Jin leaving with Hoseok?" Yoongi asked Namjoon in a small, pathetic voice. He'd felt taken care of. Hoseok had massaged his hair. He'd washed Yoongi with gentle hands, even tickled him under his armpit and foot. He couldn't leave. He couldn't leave when it seemed like he cared. When it seemed like he'd liked bathing Yoongi too. "I wasn't done with him."

Namjoon walked to the bathtub with a concerned look on his face. He eyed Yoongi dubiously, as if he expected him to say something. "You weren't done with him? What exactly did you make him do in here?"

"I asked him to give me a bath," Yoongi explained, bringing his legs to his chest and hugging them. He wasn't feeling hot anymore. He only felt lonely. Hoseok had left. Yoongi missed him. Missed him so much. There was a growing hole in his chest. Hoseok had to come back.

"Why?" Namjoon frowned a bit in confusion. It felt like he knew something Yoongi didn't. Yoongi didn't like it at all. There was this secretive, almost dumb look in Namjoon's eyes.

"Because I wanted him to," Yoongi revealed. He'd thought Namjoon had got it already. He was intuitive. Sometimes it had seemed like he knew of Yoongi's feelings for Hoseok. He'd teased Yoongi about it on several occasions. Had told Yoongi nice things about Hoseok. Had looked at Yoongi as if he understood what was going on, even if Yoongi didn't.

"You wanted him to?" Namjoon asked. He looked surprised. Confused.

It wasn't like Yoongi to speak his mind like this. Yoongi slipped further down the water in the bathtub. He didn't want to look Namjoon in the eyes. He didn't feel comfortable being naked anymore. He knew that Hoseok wouldn't judge him, but Namjoon might call him pale.

"Hyung? Sir?" Namjoon took a step away, giving Yoongi some privacy. He looked him in the eyes. Deep. Yoongi felt like he couldn't hide anymore. Felt like Namjoon could read all secrets on his face.

"Can I tell you something?" Yoongi asked in an even smaller voice. It felt like he was fourteen again and had been caught doing something bad.

"You can tell me anything," Namjoon reassured, smiling a little bit. "Something on your mind?"

"More uhm, more like someone..." Yoongi trailed off, wanting to hide the rest of his face under the water. He felt exposed. Afraid. He'd never felt like this before. He'd never admitted something like this. Namjoon was the person he trusted the most, but Yoongi hadn't felt comfortable talking about this with him either.

"Oh?" Namjoon raised his eyebrows. He looked happy, as if he knew who Yoongi meant, that it was Hoseok, but then his expression changed and he looked concerned. "Someone I know?" He asked, almost worriedly.

"It's, uhm." Yoongi nervously flicked his eyes to the door. "Could you check that no one is outside, please?" He'd die if Hoseok stood outside the door eavesdropping. Hoseok had been outside of Yoongi's door yesterday. Yoongi tried not thinking about it. Thinking about it made him feel so
confused. Hoseok was pure. He was wonderful. He couldn't do something like that, outside of Yoongi's door. Yoongi wondered how he could've made it up.

"I'm on it." Namjoon strode to the door that he opened, checking that no one was outside, before he closed it and walked back inside and sat on his knees on the floor by the bathtub this time, smiling encouragingly at Yoongi who felt extremely awkward where he sat naked in the bathtub. "No one's there. Tell me."


"What?" Namjoon looked surprised, as if he hadn't expected Yoongi to admit it. He looked surprised, happy, then a bit confused. He rubbed his chin and blinked. "You're kidding, right?"

Yoongi didn't feel as happy anymore. He'd expected Namjoon to support him. "I'm not one to joke about things like that." He thought back on what he'd done in the bathtub. Of how he'd loved feeling Hoseok's hands in his hair. This felt pretty serious.

"You, uh, you mean like you- you want to kiss him?" Namjoon checked, odd look in his eyes. He started looking happier now. Thrilled almost. Still a bit confused.

"Yes," Yoongi admitted, remembering the nights he'd spent kissing his pillow in his room, feeling strange and shy. He wondered why Namjoon looked so strange. He wasn't sure what reaction he had expected. Maybe an 'I knew it', or a pat on the back and a 'it will be alright'. Just not this. He hadn't expected Namjoon's weird facial expression and counter questions. Yoongi would never joke about something like this. This was serious. Namjoon didn't need to question him.

"Really? You want to kiss him?" Namjoon raised his eyebrow so high they might've hit the ceiling. "Our Jung Hoseok? The new boy from Gwangju who just walked out of here with-" He stopped himself, gasped and put a hand to his mouth.

"Who walked out of here with what?" Yoongi asked, growing confused. With a grimace? Had he seen Yoongi's hand under the water? Yoongi got nauseous from the thought. "Did he look grossed out? Because I don't think he likes me. I'll, uhm, I'll stop being odd now. Just wanted to tell you. Or someone. Because I trust you." Yoongi hugged his knees to his chest again, pouting a little bit. Hoseok didn't like him.

Namjoon sputtered. "Yoongi! Sir! Please trust me, he likes you. He didn't look grossed out at all. But- where did his shirt go?"

"I made him take it off." Yoongi shrugged with a proud smile creeping up his lips. Hoseok had a great body. Yoongi hadn't really expected him to do it. He smiled, then he thought of what Namjoon had told him, glanced at him from the side, feeling skeptic, nervous and hopeful. "Why would he like me? He has no reason to. Do you have any proof?"

Maybe Yoongi was being too logical. He always tried to find patterns and reasons. Hoseok had no reason to like him, and that's why he couldn't like Yoongi. No one could.

Namjoon looked at Yoongi as if he was crazy. As if he was being stupid and Namjoon wanted to talk some sense into him. His smile became stiff, looking like he planned what to say. "He literally dresses you every morning. I don't think he would do that unless he liked you."
This made Yoongi think of the conversation he'd had with Namjoon had by the trees. "It's because I'm making him do it," he vented, feeling complicated. Hoseok wasn't being honest around him. He was only working for Yoongi. He dressed Yoongi because he had to. He had nowhere else to go. He probably thought that Yoongi would throw him out if he didn't dress him. It was weird. No one had dressed Yoongi before. He had no courage to tell Hoseok that. Hoseok might grow mad then. Or he was too kind to be mad, but he'd probably grow sad and confused when he got that Yoongi had tricked him into doing it.

"Hyung." Namjoon looked concerned. "Are you sure on your feelings? Maybe you like him as a friend?"

Yoongi felt offended. As if Namjoon knew anything about Yoongi's feelings. Yoongi was lonely, yes, but he could still tell the difference. He wanted Hoseok to take his shirt off, but didn't give a damn about Namjoon's shirt, or anyone else's for that matter.

"I don't think the things I do when I think of him are things you do with a friend."

"Oh." Namjoon's face reddened. Yoongi felt his cheeks heat up too. He hadn't wanted to say that. He quite despised talking about feelings. "You, uhm, you do that?"

"Don't tell him, please," Yoongi said with another pout, feeling a lump form in his throat. He hated talking about this. It felt like he was a kid again. Felt like father would catch him and punish him. He took a deep breath, glancing into the water, avoiding eye contact, gathering confidence until he glanced back at Namjoon. He could trust Namjoon. He might as well elaborate. "He doesn't know that I-, that I make him touch me because I like it."

Namjoon's face got if possible redder. He looked awkward and bewildered. It still felt like there was something he knew that he wasn't telling Yoongi. Hopefully it wasn't that Hoseok didn't like Yoongi. Yoongi had about zero confidence right now, and he felt vulnerable in the bathtub.

"Could you help me make it go away?" Yoongi asked, feeling little.

Namjoon stared at him. Stared at him for several seconds. Then he laughed. He turned the other way and laughed, wiping his eyes and shaking his head. Yoongi grew uncomfortable. Here he'd just opened up his heart. He'd opened his heart and Namjoon was laughing at him? Yoongi felt like Jin deserved the best friend tag instead.

"What's so funny over there?" Yoongi questioned, splashing water at Namjoon so his shirt got wet over the back.

"Nothing." Namjoon cleared his throat, turned around, faced Yoongi again. "It won't go away though. And didn't you want to kiss him?" Yoongi nodded a little bit. Namjoon continued. "How do you feel when Jimin makes girls want to kiss him?"

Yoongi felt anger flare up in his chest. Anger and jealousy. "I don't like it at all."

"How would you feel if Hoseok left the Mansion?"

"Horrible," Yoongi answered truthfully, feeling his chest tighten from the mere thought.

"Hm..." Namjoon furrowed his brows. "Did you say that you were, uh, doing things to thoughts of him?"

"Yes," Yoongi said, growing uncomfortable from bringing it up again. He hadn't talked about this with anyone. He desperately did not want to. But Namjoon didn't look disgusted. Yoongi tried to
"How long have you been feeling like this?" Namjoon asked, thoughtful look on his face. This was turning into a questioning.

"Weeks," Yoongi revealed, trying not to feel guilty over it.

Namjoon nodded to himself. "Sorry to break it to you, but I don't think it will go away just like that." He looked a bit ironic, almost as if he'd held this speech already. "Let me help you instead."

Yoongi shook his head. He didn't like that idea.

They both startled when Jin opened the door and walked back into the bathroom, looking secretive and pleased with himself. "What happened in here?" He asked, startling, when he saw Yoongi in the tub and Namjoon with water splashed on his shirt.

"Yoongi likes Hoseok," Namjoon explained before Yoongi had the time to make up an excuse.

"Say what?" Jin laughed, as if he waited for Namjoon to claim he was joking. Yoongi frowned at them. Were his feelings a joke to them? What great friends.

"I, uhm, I thought I heard him outside of my door yesterday," Yoongi blurted. He hadn't meant to tell anyone about it, but maybe they had heard something about it, maybe Yoongi hadn't made it up.

"What?" Jin snorted, waving it away as he started whistling.

"Yeah, what?" Namjoon staged an awkward laugh. He shared an odd look with Jin as if they faked ignorance.

"Okay. You're acting strange?" Yoongi stated, wondering what was with them. He wanted to change topic. He didn't feel like telling them about what he'd been up to before he'd heard Hoseok by his door.

Jin and Namjoon walked into the corner of the room and started whispering to each other. Yoongi stepped out of the bathtub, covering himself with the towel that smelled a bit weird. Jin and Namjoon's eyes went wide when they saw the towel, and they hurried to give him another towel from the hanger, giving him no explanation why.

Yoongi dressed himself and Jin and Namjoon looked away. Probably. Yoongi's mind was on Hoseok all the time. It was hard to concentrate on anything else. He'd hoped for Hoseok to dress him today. Now he had to put on pants himself. Felt like a waste. There was no reason to blush. Hoseok wasn't here. Hoseok wasn't putting Yoongi's feet into socks.

"Joonie has told me everything now!" Jin said importantly as Yoongi headed for his room, leaving his nightgown on the floor by the tub. Someone else could take care of it. Maybe he was a brat. Jin and Namjoon followed him.

"Okay." Yoongi sat down on his bed once in his room, fell back on it with his arms above his head, eyes on the ceiling. Jin laid down on his left and Namjoon on his right.

"What you want to do is up to you," Jin said wisely.

"But we'll always be here to support you," Namjoon added with a kind smile. Yoongi's heart swelled. There was no need for him to feel alone. His best friends were here to love him. He
smiled at them, hoping that they knew how much they meant to him.

"So, uhm." Yoongi faced the ceiling again, deciding on what to do. The feelings wouldn't go away. It had been silly of him to think they would. Thinking about Hoseok made him feel so excited. Nervous and scared, but mostly excited.

"Yes, Yoongi dear?" Jin urged him on. He reached over Yoongi's stomach and tickled Namjoon, made him shout out in Yoongi's ear.

"I want him," Yoongi said, his heart beating faster as soon as the words left his lips. Speaking it made it feel more real. More serious. He felt serious. He glanced from Namjoon to Jin, feeling little and helpless, but brave too. Hoseok was wonderful. Yoongi had to win him over somehow. "How do I get him to like me?"

"Just tell him how you feel, honey," Jin suggested him, making Yoongi's right eye twitch from that awful pet name. "I bet he likes you back."

Namjoon lightly slapped Jin's hand over Yoongi on the bed, giving him a weird look. "I say you be nice to him. He isn't eating much at breakfast these days. Maybe you could invite him to eat with you?"

Yoongi's eyes went wide. "You mean like, like a date?"

"I say you should go for the kiss as soon as possible!" Jin advised him. "And apologize about your bad behavior before."

Yoongi felt his stomach sink. "Do you think he remembers about that?" He asked Jin worriedly. "How do you know about it?"

"Who doesn't know about it?" Jin snorted. "Yes, of course he remembers. If you want to make sure he likes you, you need to clear the air. Tell him that you're okay. That you're equal."

"Equal?" Yoongi asked with a thoughtful frown.

"Yeah, you know. Under those clothes and stuff you're the same." Jin shrugged. "Just like lovely Joon Joon and me." He climbed over Yoongi and fell down on Namjoon, wrapping his arms around him and kissing his cheek. Yoongi scooted to the side, grimacing, giving them room, feeling like the third wheel in his own room.

"One problem," Yoongi said, trying to tune out the kissing sounds from Jin and Namjoon who got a bit too comfortable on his bed for his taste.

"And that is?" Jin asked, breaking the kiss. Namjoon looked a mess under him. It was both funny and gross. Yoongi was happy for them, and a bit bitter too. Yoongi would never dare kiss someone like that. It didn't feel like anyone would want to kiss him either. And yes, he was thinking about Hoseok. Yoongi tensed from the slightest touch most of the time. Hoseok's hands were the only exception. When Hoseok stroked his cheek he felt peaceful.

But. One problem.

"I don't know if he's into boys," Yoongi sighed. The thought had plagued him for a while. Falling for a straight boy would be the death of him. Literally. If he found out that Hoseok would never like him he'd probably jump out the window. On the first floor. And run away. Run as far away from Hoseok as possible.
Had the stars failed him? Had his wish come true? Wishing on a star felt silly to him now.

Jin and Namjoon went silent, he noticed. They sat up on the bed beside Yoongi and started whispering. Yoongi sat up too, feeling alone again. He made a sad face at the floor, kicking with his legs at the side of the bed in the meanwhile. Hoseok couldn't like him. It felt impossible. But maybe… Hope was dangerous. Yoongi got so happy from the hope, but he knew that the happier he got the harder he'd fall back to reality later.

"I'm no expert, but I'd say that if he wasn't into boys he would probably go around telling everyone about how uncomfortable he was seeing you naked," Namjoon shared his opinion. "And he doesn't do that, so who knows?"

"That's not much to go on," Yoongi muttered, feeling hopeless. He felt so unsure. So sad and happy at the same time. Liking someone was pure torture. He didn't understand. He had no control. He had to have control. He had to know. What did Hoseok feel?

"Just be yourself," Jin said as he put a hand on Yoongi's knee and smiled at him. "Don't be someone else."

A pretty shit advice. They knew that Yoongi was always playing someone else. He'd played someone else all his life. Had played one Yoongi around Maggie and another Yoongi around his parents. He had so many Yoongi's to choose from. Now it felt like he was acting like himself, and he felt lost. He felt vulnerable. It was easier to act like someone else. Easier to hide behind masks.

"Couldn't have said it better myself." Namjoon laughed. Easy for him to be himself. He was a good person. A great person. A great friend too. Yoongi wasn't any of that. "Be yourself and be nice to him. Maybe give him a compliment or two?"

Yoongi decided to stop being bitter there. No more criticizing himself. He'd try. He'd act as himself, and he'd be confident. There was a chance that Hoseok liked him. Yoongi would act on that chance. His friends were here to help him.

"Such as?" Yoongi asked, feeling a bit dumb with his empty head. A compliment? Hoseok had the kindest eyes. It's the first thing Yoongi had noticed about him. Then his calming smile. His need for justice. To do good.

"Well, what do you like about him?" Jin urged, raising his eyebrows.

Yoongi swallowed. Too much. There were too many things he liked about Hoseok. One day he would tell Hoseok just how much he loved him.

*~*~*

With Jin and Namjoon having his back, Yoongi started inviting Hoseok to breakfast. He tried to win him over with strawberries. He teased him. Gave him clothes. Gave him lemon candy. He joined a sleep over, played games with the farmers, sat nervous on Hoseok's bed as they played a game called never have I ever. Yoongi had hid for Maggie with Hoseok on Hoseok's bed, feeling amazing everywhere when Hoseok straddled his hips, Hoseok's hand gracing his thigh dangerously.

Yoongi had fallen so deep. It had happened so fast. Hoseok was too perfect.

Yoongi couldn't just name one thing he loved about him. He had to name it all. Think of it all every day. Long for it as he opened his eyes in the morning. Hoseok's eyes. His smile. The way his voice sounded when he laughed. The mole on his lip. They way his lips formed into a heart when
he smiled. His long fingers. His graceful body. His messy hair.

Hoseok was full of hearts. His lips. His ears. Sometimes the locks in his hair formed into hearts. Hoseok was a heart, and he made Yoongi's heart beat faster every time he saw him.

Hoseok's moles, pout, dimples, touch - everything about him made Yoongi feel wonderful. Hoseok was perfect. He was everything Yoongi had wished for that night when he'd sat lonely in his window at the beginning of the summer, trailing the shooting star with his finger, wanting someone to brighten up his days, needing someone to understand him. The wish had worked. It must have worked. Hoseok was that person.

And now he was gone.

It was all Yoongi's fault.

Yoongi felt horrible as he ran all over the house, throwing every door open in his search for Hoseok. He saw kissing couples in every room. He chased them out. How could they be kissing when the most incredible human on the planet was gone? Yoongi couldn't breathe. Hoseok couldn't be gone. He couldn't leave now.

Hoseok hadn't called Yoongi disgusting once. Hoseok was Yoongi's hope. Yoongi's prince. He couldn't leave when Yoongi needed him the most. He couldn't leave when Yoongi had just been about to kiss him.

Yoongi stressfully grabbed his hair in the sides, staring forward. Everything was his fault. What had he done? He didn't understand. They'd been about to meet up. He'd seen Hoseok in the crowd, with something in his hand. Now he was gone.

He ran around on the third floor, opening every door one more time, not batting an eye at the couples that screamed as he took them by surprise. He ran to every window, opened them and almost fell out since he leaned out so much, glancing over the lawn, at the lake, at the forest. He felt desperate. Hoseok wasn't anywhere. Had he left the grounds?

Yoongi walked back to his own room. He stopped searching. Hoseok wouldn't return. He had that defeating feeling that he wouldn't. That Yoongi had lost Hoseok now.

He threw himself into bed, rolled around feeling awful until he got up and looked out the window again. Nothing. No one crossed the lawn. No one walked out of the boathouse. It was silent. Deserted. Yoongi heard laughter and cheers come from the ballroom two floors down. He felt empty. He wouldn't smile again.

He pressed his back against the wall by the window, putting his face in his hands. He slid down the wall and started crying. He was all alone again. He'd missed his chance. Hoseok was gone. Yoongi had failed so bad. The only one who'd ever treated him like normal, who'd made him feel special, was gone.

He wiped tears from his eyes. He didn't like the way his eyes stung from them. He hauled himself up from the floor, feeling like someone was stomping on his lungs. He laid down in bed, taking his pillow and hugging it close. He sobbed into it, wiping his tears on it. He didn't know what to do. He was so sad. So devastated. He couldn't stay still. He couldn't lie down with the aching in his chest.

He glanced out the window from his bed, stared at the moon. At the stars. The stars couldn't help him. They never had. Magic wasn't real. The only thing there was was reality. Yoongi should stop
believing in fairytales. He wasn't a child anymore. He knew better than to believe in miracles.

He threw the tear stained pillow to the floor and walked to the window, pulling the curtains over it, not wanting to see the sky anymore, never wanting to see the moon again. They were mocking him. They all were, with how they reminded him of Hoseok.

Yoongi walked out of his room. He wiped his cheeks from tears, feeling like his heart was breaking into tiny little pieces. He had to find Hoseok and make everything okay again. He had to search one final time. Everything had went so well. It couldn't end now. Not when Yoongi finally loved life and woke up excited every day. Hoseok was his everything. He couldn't leave.

_His everything_. Yoongi thought about that as he jogged down the stairs, ignoring the snarls of his relatives on the walls around him. He wondered when he'd started loving Hoseok, everything about him, from his kind smile to how red his face went whenever Yoongi teased him. It had happened so fast. Hoseok had just showed up here one day, taking Yoongi's breath away, nestling into the back of his mind, staying there until Yoongi would do anything for him.

"Why are you crying!" Jin asked in shock in the corridor of the first floor.

"Hoseok is gone," Yoongi managed, choking as he said the words. "He-, he saw me with Jihyo, I think," He sobbed out, putting a hand to his mouth. People were staring. They would call him Moody Min. He didn't care. He didn't care about anything anymore. The only thing important to him was Hoseok, would always be.

"Oh no," Jin said, eyes going wide. Namjoon walked up to them, and Yoongi and Namjoon went outside to search one more time while Jin would try to ask Benny to leave already. It was getting late. The crescent moon was setting outside.

Yoongi ran out into the night, wanting to scream. His heart hurt. Everything hurt. Yoongi was such a coward. He darted his eyes to the hut, wishing he'd kissed Hoseok when he'd had the chance. He'd been too slow. Too afraid of being rejected.

He wished he'd been strong. He wished he'd been confident.

He wished he'd told Hoseok he loved him before he'd disappeared.

"Hey, how are you?" Namjoon asked as he put a hand on Yoongi's shoulder.

"He's gone," Yoongi cried, falling to his knees. He didn't want Namjoon to see him like this. He didn't want anyone to see him like this. For what he really was. Little, tired and miserable. Lost without his second half. He shook his head. He let the tears fall. Tomorrow he would wake up alone. Hoseok wouldn't dress him. No more giving him lemon candy. No more Hoseok.

Yoongi picked up a stone and threw it to the ground. He was angry with himself. He was so sad. He was a coward. He would never get to tell Hoseok he loved him now. He was too late.

He glanced up at the moon as Namjoon crouched down beside him. He looked at the stars beside it. "You won," He whispered to the sky. Auriga wouldn't help him. Yoongi didn't believe in magic anymore. He'd believed in something that could never happen.

He couldn't find Hoseok.

He was so sad.
Hoseok:

Hoseok sat on the sticky hay, feeling so sad. He wasn't sure how long he stayed there. He lost track of time. No one came looking for him. Maybe Yoongi hadn't noticed he was gone. No one else cared either.

It felt like hours passed before he got up, constantly pouting. He made his way back to the house in the middle of the night. The hay was itchy and smelled. He wanted his bed. Wanted to go to sleep and sleep forever.

The laughter and cheers from the ballroom had ended ages ago. Now it was just Hoseok and the silence and the chilly air. In a bit he would have to go up with the sun and bathe in the lake. He didn't feel like doing that anymore. He didn't want to stay here. He was so tired.

He walked up on the porch, tugged at the door handle to the front door, feeling like crying when he found it locked. He started patting his pants pockets, frowning when he couldn't find his key. He started knocking on the door, hoping one of the girls would hear him downstairs in the basement and let him in even if they all hated him one way or another and thought he was a pervert.

Then the lock turned. The door opened. Hoseok opened his mouth to thank whoever it was, when he saw that it was old hag Maggie scowling at him in a frilly nightgown.

"Now I got you boy!" Maggie rasped, reaching out to grab Hoseok's arm. Hoseok was faster. His heart jumped and he sprinted past her, running through the hallway and up the stairs before she caught him. He didn't like her. She reminded him of Yoongi. Everything reminded him of Yoongi. The old hag and the old house and the snarling portraits sitting on every wall.

He ran up on the third floor, rushed into his room, dropped into bed and pressed his face into the pillow. He cried and cried. He had never cried this much before. It must be a hidden talent of his. The pillow went soaking wet in a second.

Yoongi didn't like him. Yoongi liked Jihyo. Hoseok felt so bad. He was so sad. He cried into his pillow, sobbing, hiding under his blanket. Eventually he fell asleep, eyes swollen and cheeks wet with tears. He laid on his wet pillow, thoughts on Yoongi, too sleepy to stay up anymore.

By morning he was woken up by Jimin's happy singing. Hoseok pressed his fingers into his ears and hid his face against the pillow, feeling bad after nightmares of Yoongi rejecting him for Jihyo. His eyes still felt swollen. He didn't want Jimin to see.

"I seduced my crush yesterday," Jimin laughed happily. "No one can resist the charm of Park Jimin!" He danced around the room, sounding dreamy and full of energy even though he must've slept less than Hoseok since he hadn't been in the room when Hoseok had barged into it.

Hoseok tried to find a comfortable position on his lumpy pillow. He frowned at it, wanting it to be puffy. He put a hand under it, feeling the clothes there. His chest clenched when he remembered that it was Yoongi's clothes. He threw them out on the floor, never wanting to see them again. It wasn't enough. He wanted to throw them out the window, into the lake, burn them in the campfire. Then he changed his mind. He had no energy to get out of bed. He merely hugged the pillow tighter and sniffled into it, the stream of tears never ending.
"What's the matter with you?" Jimin asked, acting super annoying. Hoseok didn't care if he'd 'seduced' his crush yesterday or whatever. Had his crush been Mark? Hoseok didn't care. He didn't understand why Jimin hadn't told him about it earlier. "Why is your bed all filled with hay?" It sounded like Jimin walked up to Hoseok's bed. "And wet?"

"I don't wanna talk to you," Hoseok spoke into his pillow, his voice coming out muffled. He was still sad. He started growing angry now. Angry and irritated at Jimin who had it so easy. Jimin played around all day, doing whatever with whoever, while Hoseok was being teased and played around with. It wasn't fun anymore. Jimin had interrupted yesterday when Yoongi had wanted to take Hoseok on a walk.

Yoongi.

Hoseok whimpered into his pillow. He hated Yoongi. He hated him so much. He hated the power Yoongi had over him. How easily he affected Hoseok and his body and his heart and mind and dick, and every other part of him. He hated how Yoongi confused him. How he made him feel weak in the knees.

"Uh, what?" Jimin asked, bringing Hoseok's attention back to him.

"I'm sick." Hoseok made up. It was a bad excuse. His nose sounded runny though. Perhaps he was allergic to hay.

"You're not sick?" Jimin countered. "You were fine yesterday? Where did you go by the way?"

"I'm sick. Leave me alone," Hoseok said. He didn't want to talk about it. He never wanted to think about Yoongi again. He pressed his face harder into the pillow, unable to breathe, and cried some more. The flow wouldn't stop.

"Hyung?" Jimin sounded concerned. He should. He had no idea how Hoseok was hurting. Hoseok's heart was broken. Torn apart. Everything was Yoongi's fault. Hoseok couldn't believe he'd loved him.

"Hobi?" Jimin asked in a kind voice as he sat down on the side of the bed and put a hand on Hoseok's shoulder. "Why are you sad?"

Hoseok shouldn't tell him. He shouldn't tell Jimin anything about his feelings. Jimin couldn't understand. He would make fun of him. But Hoseok was desperate. He was hopeless. He had to talk to someone or he would die on his tears.

"He likes someone else!" Hoseok shouted into the pillow, feeling his heart start bleeding again. "I was too late! I saw them!"

"Saw who?" Jimin asked, sounding confused, stroking Hoseok's shoulder. It felt like Hoseok was trembling. His whole body was shaking from the thought of Yoongi loving someone else.

"Yoongi and Jiho!" Hoseok shouted into his pillow, gasping on a cry when he thought back on it.

Jimin gasped too. His hand stilled on Hoseok's shoulder. "Oh my god," He breathed. "You like Moody Min?" He asked in something close to shock.

"Not anymore," Hoseok sniffled, turning around so he could glimpse at Jimin over his shoulder. Jimin looked surprised. "I hate him! I hate-, that, that I- that I love him," He sniffled, face scrunching up in a sad grimace. He felt so bad. He wished he'd had a bucket so he'd been able to throw up.
"You love him?" Jimin asked with a gaping mouth.

"How am I supposed to know?" Hoseok cried. Lied. He did know. Jimin didn't look that supportive though. Hoseok instantly regretted having told him.

"But Hobi," Jimin started, sounding unsure. "But Moody Min he's- he's-"

"He's a freak and he's weird and he screams on Saturdays, I know! You've told me everything already! I-, I can't help it," Hoseok said, chest heaving and heart racing. "You haven't seen him like I have, or s-seen his body…"

"Oh my god, you can't be serious!" Jimin stood up, sounding disapproving. Then he started laughing. "Wait, you're pranking me, right? As revenge from that time I ran away on you?"

"Does it look like I'm joking?" Hoseok choked out before he cried some more. "I'm telling you, just listen to me for once! I can't help it, I-, he's so wonderful but now, now I saw- I saw-"

"Saw what?" Jimin urged, sitting down on Hoseok's bed again, looking shocked and confused and a bit like he still expected Hoseok to tell him he was joking.

"Yesterday," Hoseok sniffled out. He laid on his back, pouting up at Jimin who looked constipated. "Jihyo sat on his lap and Rose told me they l-liked each other. Rose overheard mine and Tae's conversation in the bathroom."

"Tae knew!? He didn't tell me!"

"Why would he?" Hoseok asked back, feeling grumpy. "I didn't want the whole world to know."

"Ouch?" Jimin made an offended face. Then he looked shocked again. Like he was thinking. "Wait... wait a minute! 'He has nice skin and teases me', that's what you told me about you crush!" Jimin made a face of surprise. "The breakfast dates! You diving into the lake after dressing him? Jesus, I feel slow."

Hoseok stared at him, not sure if he should feel insulted or not. He didn't feel anything. His heart was broken and his chest was aching.

"But," Jimin said with a frown. "But he's so thin and so pale and so... weird?" Jimin gave Hoseok an expectant look, as if he expected him to take back his feelings just like that.

"So? Gonna tell me I'm disgusting for liking him?" Hoseok questioned, sounding broken and sad. "Because we almost kissed yesterday and it was the best day of my life."

"Hold your horses!" Jimin exclaimed in surprise.

"Don't call me a horse!" Hoseok nearly shouted.

"Shit, calm down? I'm not calling you a horse," Jimin muttered, keeping a distance to Hoseok who tried to kick him off the bed. "Rose has to have lied. I'm still shocked but like, I'm pretty sure I saw Moody Min-, I mean, Yoongi run around yesterday. He was running around alone and with Joon, I think. He didn't dance with that Jihyo girl. I didn't see him with her at all?"

Hoseok felt hope sparkle in his chest. Then he got mad. Didn't Jimin think he could handle the truth? Did Jimin think he was too sensitive? Jimin shouldn't lie.

"You're only saying that to make me feel better."
Jimin sighed. "Come on now, stop sulking. I know! Why don't we go to Yoongi together so you can knock on his door and dress him like usual?" Jimin looked a bit green in the face as he said the last part. "Who knows? Maybe he's naked and waiting for you already? I say we go-"

"Never!" Hoseok defiantly kicked Jimin off his bed, turning his back to him and hugging his pillow to his chest, feeling like crying for a hundred years. "I never want to see him again."

"But-"

"I wanna stay here," Hoseok decided, not really wanting to. He wanted nothing more than to be back in Yoongi's arms, feel his breath on his skin and hear his laughter in his ears. He would never get to hear that again though. He didn't want to either. Yoongi had broken his heart.

"You wanna say here? All day?" Jimin asked. He wasn't making fun of Hoseok for liking Yoongi anymore. Maybe he was so shocked that he ran out of bad things to say about Yoongi.

"Tell the others I'm sick," Hoseok said in a low voice that was barely hearable.

Jimin stood up from where Hoseok had kicked him to the floor, giving him a gross look. "Do you really wanna fuck Moody Min?"

Hoseok felt his heart jump from the nickname and the bad word. Yes, he wanted to. He had wanted to. Not anymore. Not when Yoongi didn't like him back.

"Wait, oh my god." Jimin inhaled sharply. "Don't tell me... is he the one you're thinking about when you, every night, when you-"

Hoseok threw his pillow at Jimin, making him stumble backwards. "Yes," He said with embarrassed, red cheeks. "Stop making fun of me. I saw you kiss Mark yesterday, what the hell?"

Jimin stared so much that his eyes nearly plopped out of their sockets. "Hobi! You're cursing!"

"So what?" Hoseok asked, tired of being the good boy all the time. People only messed with him. No one listened to a word he said. Everyone took him for granted. He was tired.

Jimin stared at Hoseok. "Fine. I'll tell the others you're sick." He gave in. Then he grabbed a handful of clothes from under his own bed, getting ready for the daily bath in the lake. "Just gotta hunt down Rose first. Sounds good, hyung?"


Jimin looked at him with a strange, sad expression on his face. Perhaps he finally realized that Hoseok was fragile too. That Hoseok could be sad too. That he could cry. Jimin should've thought before he'd said bad things about Yoongi. He made Hoseok feel bad for liking him.

"We'll fix this," Jimin decided, smiling a forced smile at Hoseok who spread out in bed, feeling dead inside, not really hearing what Jimin was telling him. He blinked tiredly, feeling like there were grains in his eyes and knives in his chest. He started crying as soon as Jimin left. He picked up his pillow from the floor and hugged it to his heart, feeling it bleed, the blood from his heart mixing with the tears from his eyes. He would stay here all day. He didn't dare open the door, afraid of what he would see. In here was safe. Yoongi couldn't reach him here. Yoongi couldn't hurt him.
Hoseok rolled around, hugging his pillow, wanting to throw everything that reminded him of Yoongi out the window. He closed his eyes and tried to fall asleep, growing nervous. Would Jimin tell the others that he was sick? Would anyone notice that he was gone? Would anyone care? Probably not.

What felt like hours later the door opened. Hoseok's heart jolted with fear and he dropped down to the floor, hiding under the bed like a child.

"Hobi?" It was Jimin's voice. There was three pair of feet by the door. "We got someone."

Hoseok felt sick. Was Yoongi here? Hoseok would pretend not to be here. He held his breath and hid under the bed. He didn't want to talk to Yoongi. He'd told Jimin he didn't want to.

Then he saw something. Next to Jimin's legs and feet stood what must be Taehyung, with his worn shoes, and the person in the middle wore a dress to the knees and girl shoes. It wasn't Yoongi.

Hoseok crawled out from under the bed. He sat on the middle of the floor, glancing up at them. He didn't feel embarrassed over the fact that he was acting strange. He wiped his cheeks from tears and felt anger flare up in his chest when he saw what girl it was. Rose. Jimin and Taehyung held an arm each, holding her in place.

"I'm sorry." Rose forced out, looking pained from having said the words, voice full of dread. "I lied."

"What?" Hoseok asked, struggling to comprehend what she was saying when he felt so sad.

"Rose over here happens to have the biggest crush on Dahyun. Isn't that right, Rosie?" Jimin asked Rose who frowned. She stayed silent. Was it true? "It turns out that she had just gotten rejected by Dada when she overheard your conversation in the bathroom. She wanted to be mean since she felt hurt herself."

Hoseok gaped. Was that it?

"No, Rose hates me," He said. "She wanted me to get caught when I was trapped in the laundry room with Maggie."

"I knew you were there!" Rose said. "I knew it!"

"Why are you so keen on being old Maggie's bitch?" Jimin questioned, looking off-put. "Dada won't like you if you act like a prat."

"Dahyun likes Mark, Jackson and Hoseok, not girls," Taehyung filled in. "Sorry..." He added when Rose looked devastated.

"The point is..." Jimin trailed off, sharing a look with Taehyung. "That Rose lied about everything. I knew she was!"

Hoseok sniffled. He crossed his arms. "So what? It doesn't change anything."

Jimin nudged Rose's shoulder. "Say it," He urged her.

Rose groaned with discomfort. "Moody Min hates Jihyo. Jin despises her too. She comes to visit the Kim farm every year. I-" She grunted once more. "I don't know whether Min likes boys or girls. I lied." Jimin kicked her on the leg. "I'm sorry!"
"Did you hear?" Taehyung asked Hoseok in a kind voice. Jimin must've told him what happened when they were bathing earlier. "Feels better now?"

"No." Hoseok shook his head. It didn't feel better at all.

"But she lied?" Jimin hissed, nodding hopefully.

"Yoongi still doesn't like me," Hoseok said, feeling stubborn. He'd been sad all night. He couldn't just drop it. And where had Yoongi been yesterday when Hoseok had fallen asleep in his bed, waking up from nightmares of Yoongi kissing others every ten minutes or so?

"You don't know that," Taehyung tried.

"Can I leave now?" Rose huffed, trying to shake Jimin and Taehyung's arms off of her.

"No word to anyone or I'll tell Dahyun that you didn't joke at all and still wants to date her," Jimin warned. Rose rolled her eyes and walked off, muttering about how much she hated boys.

"Hobi, how are you?" Taehyung asked as he approached him on the floor and wrapped his arms around him. Jimin joined in, hugging them both so they were a little ball of limbs on the floor.

"Heart broken," Hoseok managed to press out. He wanted to believe what Rose had said. He hadn't met Yoongi yet though. He didn't know what to believe. He didn't know what Yoongi was doing in his room right now. For all Hoseok knew Jihyo might be there.

The thought made Hoseok cry again. He buried his face against Taehyung's shoulder, happy that he had friends here to take care of him, sad that love had to hurt so much.

He cried against Taehyung's shoulder, and then against Jimin's. He crawled for his bed on the floor, wanting to sleep forever, but they forced him down to the basement to eat breakfast. Hoseok fought against them, burying his heels to the floor as they groaned and apologized for forcing him down.

Hoseok was still dressed in the shirt and pants from yesterday. He had one sock on. His hair was messy and eyes swollen. He could barely see. He hadn't slept at all either.

By the table Jimin and Taehyung sat him down on his usual seat. The room silenced and everyone started staring and whispering about him. Hoseok slipped as far down his chair as he could, wanting to slip through the floor and disappear from Earth's surface.

He played with his food on his plate when he got it. He wasn't hungry. Jungkook took his bacon and Jimin took his apple. Left were the eggs and the sausage. Hoseok stabbed the sausage with his knife. It reminded him of Yoongi's dick. He never wanted to see it again. He hated it. He'd wasted too much time thinking about it.

"Don't ask," Jimin whispered to Sana over the table as Hoseok finished stabbing his sausage and threw it across the table, watching it hit the wall and fall down to the floor. He choked on a sob, feeling guilty. That sausage had been innocent. Hoseok had killed it.

Hoseok made eye contact with Namjoon who sat in front of him, looking concerned and confused. Hoseok looked away. He didn't want to look at Namjoon. He didn't want to look at anyone.

"What's the matter with him?" Jackson snorted from beside Namjoon.

"Shut up," Hoseok cut him off, taking a handful of eggs and throwing it at him. He was done with
Jackson and his comments now. Jackson always tried to make fun of Hoseok. Tried to tell him what to do and not to do. Hoseok was done with him. The new Hoseok didn't take shit from people like him.

Everyone silenced again. Someone choked. Someone coughed.

"What did you say?" Sana asked this time, sounding nearly thrilled.

"You can shut up too," Hoseok said, taking another handful of eggs and throwing it at her. She ducked along with Momo and took shelter under the table, gasping in surprise.

"Uh, what?" Mark said. Hoseok ran out of things to throw from his own plate, so he took the rest of the sausage on Jimin's plate and threw it at him.

"Wait, that was mine!" Jimin exclaimed as the sausage flew over the table and slapped Mark on the cheek, leaving a trail of grease after it.

Mark stood up with an angry frown on his face. Jackson stood up too, along with others. Everyone turned to Namjoon, as if he had been the one to throw food.

"Aren't you going to throw him out?" Jackson questioned, motioning for Hoseok who grabbed his glass of water and threw water over the table, smiling as some hit Jackson's pants. He loved the revenge. He loved being bad. Being proper was so boring.

"Stop throwing things at him," Mark spoke up, defending Jackson.

"Why so protective?" Sana asked from where she peeked up from under the table again. "Do you like him or something?" She laughed haughtily. Mark's face got red. He stared at Jackson who stared back at him, both shocked by the turn of events.

"Oh my god, you dick!" Jimin took his own glass and emptied it over Mark, taking another sausage and threw it at him too. "You told me you liked me yesterday!"

Everyone save from Hoseok and Taehyung gasped. All heads turned from one side to another, following the conversation.

"So what? You keep telling me I'm only your second choice!" Mark complained, cursing and wiping water and grease from his face. "Maybe you're my second choice too?"

Jimin's eyes widened. "Who's your first choice then? Jack?"

Jackson stared at them with an open mouth, finding Mina somehow and taking her hand in his. Mark and Jimin stared at their clasped hands, the both of them looking hurt.

"This morning sucks," Rose commented. She was the only one still sitting down, arms crossed as she glared at everyone she made eye contact with.

"What sucks is Mark." Jackson muttered. "You never told me you were a cock sucker. God, I've bathed with you..."

Hoseok jerked his head to the side at that. He gaped, staring at Jimin and Taehyung who were gaping too.

"Jack. That was low," Namjoon said in a low voice, looking tense.

"What?" Jackson raised his eyebrows. "It's wrong? Everyone knows it. I don't want him to jump
"You're the biggest idiot," Jimin said, annoyed and offended look on his face "Who's with me?"

"Me." Taehyung raised a hand.


"Looks like you're outvoted," Namjoon stated as he swept his gaze over the table, not commenting on the mess of water and sausages and eggs everywhere. "You should apologize."

"Whatever." Jackson sat back down. He put his head in his hands and shook it. "I'm sorry Mark. Just didn't think you were like that." He glanced up at Mark who looked severely uncomfortable. "But I understand if you like me. I mean, if I liked men I would have liked me too. I'm hot." He laughed smugly.

"You're not even a man," Jimin told him with a frown. "You're like fifteen."

"I'm sixteen?" Jackson corrected him. "Much more of a man than you."

"Jimin is more of a man than you," Taehyung spoke up. "He knows how to swim."

Hoseok tuned out the bickering. This morning was weird. Suddenly it felt like over half the table was filled with homosexuals. He wasn't sure if he wanted to belong to that group or not, but he didn't feel as alone. Namjoon hadn't showed him out even though he'd acted immature. Namjoon had his back. Jimin, Taehyung and Jungkook too.

After breakfast, when everyone had calmed down and Deedee had wiped up the sausages from the floor and the eggs from the table, Jimin walked away with Mark for a moment. Hoseok lingered by the table, staring at the strawberry in front of him. Everyone had gotten one today as dessert. Strawberries made him want to cry. They reminded him so much of Yoongi.

"So I'm done. Come on, let's go," Jimin said as he returned a while later. He wiped his mouth on the back of his hand before he hauled Hoseok up from his chair. Hoseok felt pathetic.

"What were you doing?" Hoseok asked. It almost looked like Jimin had kissed someone. "Was Mark the one you seduced yesterday?"

"Nope." Jimin shook his head, making sure that no one was eavesdropping on them. He leaned in close to whisper in Hoseok's ear. "I'm only kissing Mark when I'm feeling lonely. My real crush is Mister Jones."

Hoseok gaped. He jerked back in his seat, staring at Jimin as if he was crazy. "But-"

"But he's older. He works here. We can't be together, yadda, yadda, yeah, Tae has already told me everything about that," Jimin said with a smile that looked a bit sad. "Tony doesn't want me either. He rejected me yesterday, or he did at first, but then I cornered him later and I kissed him," Jimin said excitedly.

"You did what?" Hoseok whispered. "You kissed two people on the same night? Can you really do that?"

"Of course I can?" Jimin said. "But I only kissed Tony on the cheek. He told me I was cute though.
He thought I looked cool in my outfit."

"But why are you kissing Mark if you don't like each other?" Hoseok questioned, stuck on that. Jimin and him were the only ones left in the room now. Jimin started leading them forward. Hoseok was surprised that Jimin was telling him things. Maybe he thought that he could since Hoseok had told him who his crush was earlier. Now they were both exposed.

"It's nice to kiss someone sometimes, you know," Jimin said, as if Hoseok had kissed someone before. Hoseok made an awkward face and pretended to know what kissing someone felt like. It probably felt really nice. "Mark told me he thought he might like boys a few weeks ago and he wanted to test with me."

"Test?"

"Did you know that some people like both girls and boys?" Jimin asked thoughtfully. "I think Tony is like that too. They don't want to like both though. I wonder if they have a harder time accepting it than those who are a hundred percent homo."

Hoseok felt his face go red. "A hundred percent homo?"

"Yeah? Have you never heard of the scale?" Jimin asked, giving Hoseok a look as if he'd missed out on the greatest thing in life. "I'm really homo so I'd say I'm about a hundred percent or so. I think Mark is like forty, and Tony is only ten."

"Ten? But that's super little?" Hoseok whispered, not wanting anyone to hear them. They started climbing the stairs.

"I know." Jimin sighed. "I think it was close to zero before he met me though. I've got that effect on people." He winked at Hoseok. "I told you didn't I? No one can resist the charm of Juicy Jimin!"

Hoseok let out a laugh. Jimin was nice who tried to make Hoseok feel better by joking. Maybe he wasn't even trying. He sounded like he enjoyed talking about this. Hoseok was surprised over everything he'd found out during this little period of time. He wanted to judge Jimin, tell him to date someone else, but it felt sort of hypocrite of him to do now that Jimin weren't (audibly) judging him for liking Yoongi.

"How many percent do you think Yoongi is?" Hoseok asked. He wasn't sure if he wanted to know or not. What if it was zero?

"I don't know enough to make that judgement," Jimin said honestly. "But with how you're working your mattress every night I'd say you're close to a hundred yourself." He made a face of discomfort. Hoseok pouted at the floor. That was long ago now. He wouldn't do that anymore. He would forget about Yoongi and then he would move back home. He didn't know how. He didn't know when. But it was his new plan.

Then he remembered that it was past breakfast and that he should dress Yoongi. He didn't want to. He felt a fresh set of tears burn in his eyes.

"What are you thinking about?" Jimin asked, shocking Hoseok by how nice of a friend he was being. Maybe he didn't think it was fun to make fun of Hoseok anymore that he knew how moody he could be. "Oh, and ehm, please don't tell anyone that I like Mister Jones. Only Tae and Jin know."
"Jin?" Hoseok hissed.

"Yeah? We talked a lot the other day when we went out with one of the boats." Jimin shrugged. "We have a lot in common."

Hoseok faced the floor again. He didn't care if Jimin and Jin were friends. He started feeling bad again. They walked up on the third floor, and he felt a lump settle in his throat. Over there at the end of the corridor was the door leading into Yoongi's room. It was silent. Yoongi must still be sleeping.

Hoseok walked into his and Jimin's room, threw himself into bed and pressed his face into his damp pillow. He hadn't eaten anything at all. His stomach hurt but it didn't matter. It didn't hurt worse than his heart. He would probably grow used to the pain soon.

"What are you doing?" Jimin asked from where he was still standing in the doorway. "I thought you were gonna knock on Yoongi's door?"

"Never," Hoseok said, feeling stubborn and complicated. He kicked the end of the bed, wanting to rip his dirty shirt off. It had holes in it and smelled like sweat and hay.

Jimin sighed. "Fine. Have fun sulking all day."

Jimin closed the door and Hoseok sat up, changing his mind, not wanting to be alone anymore. He heard Jimin walk away. He fell back down into bed, hating himself for a moment. He laid down with his feet where his head should be, feeling stressed and pained and dead. Was someone else going to clean the third floor now? Why did Hoseok even care? He should stop caring about Yoongi and his stupid house already. Hoseok had to get over him. Thinking about him wouldn't make his crush go away.

He took off his shirt and pants and lied down under the blanket. He glanced out the window, squinting against the light blue sky. It was a beautiful day. Hoseok hated it. The sun burned in his eyes and the clouds were too puffy. Too cute. They should be gray. Gray and black and dark, like Hoseok's feelings.

He blinked at the window with a plain face. He must've run out of tears now. Had only taken, what, ten hours?

His body started itching. He scratched his stomach, scratched his hair and felt like a dirty peasant. His underwear was dirty too. None of his underwear was white anymore. It was all Yoongi's fault. He should buy Hoseok new clothes since Hoseok had ruined so many of them in his sleep.

He closed his eyes, ready to sleep until he died. He listened. He heard laughter from outside. Stomping from someone walking in heels the floor below. Then he heard something odd. The door. It sounded like someone was knocking on the door.

"Go away, Jiminie," Hoseok said. He didn't bother opening his eyes. Jimin had been nice, but now it felt like he only wanted to seize the opportunity to talk about boys when Hoseok was too sad to tell him no.

Hoseok received no answer. He heard hushed voices and stumbling against the floor from the other side of the door. Then the door opened. Hoseok snapped his eyes open, turning his head to the side, facing the door. He felt his heart jump so hard it hurt. His stomach clenched when he saw Yoongi straighten up by the door that closed and locked behind him.

Yoongi. He was here.
"Yoongi?" Hoseok voiced, wanting to hide. He pulled the blanket up higher, covering his face. He wiped away the last traces of tears from his cheeks, hoping Yoongi wouldn't see how swollen his eyes were.

"Hoseok," Yoongi breathed, staring with big eyes at Hoseok. "You're- you're here."

"I live here," Hoseok stated. He wasn't sure what to say. His heart beat so fast he was sure that he was going to die of a heart attack. He started scrambling for clothes on the floor, feeling like a loser when he leaned down too much and fell out of bed.

"Are you okay?" Yoongi asked instantly, rushing for the bed.

"Stay where you are!" Hoseok warned him, struggling to breathe now that he saw Yoongi again. It looked like Yoongi hadn't slept at all. His eyes looked swollen too. Hoseok picked up a shirt and draped it over himself before he sat back on his bed, covering his legs with his blanket, feeling so nervous.

Yoongi stood in front of Hoseok by the bed, flicking his gaze over Hoseok's face, looking sad and hurried and anxious. He made Hoseok feel nauseous. "I searched for you yesterday," Yoongi said, resembling a sad puppy. "And-, and you didn't come to dress me."

"I didn't feel like it," Hoseok said, breaking eye contact. He blinked at the blanket in his hands. Yoongi's presence made him feel so many things. He wasn't sure if he wanted to hug or kick him.

"You-, you don't want to dress me anymore?" Yoongi asked with a dry throat. He approached slowly and sat down on the foot of the bed.

Hoseok shook his head so fast that his hair flowed around his face. He swallowed. Glanced up at Yoongi, his heart screaming for him.

Yoongi faced his own lap. He looked too cute in his nightgown. Hoseok wanted to take it off and sweep his gaze over him.

Sigh. He didn't want to have those thoughts anymore. He had to get over him. Why had Jimin locked Yoongi in here? Had it been Jimin? Hoseok had no idea. He glimpsed at Yoongi, wondering why he looked so sad, feeling tense and nervous and confused.

"Sana never dressed me. Did you know?" Yoongi said then. Speaking in a low, honest voice.

"Hm?" Hoseok asked, feeling his heart jolt. Yoongi frowned at his lap.

"You just walked in there one day and started taking my clothes off. I was terrified." Yoongi glanced at Hoseok from the corner of his eyes.

"I'm listening," Hoseok said with his heart hammering in his chest. Why was Yoongi telling him this? It had been true then? Hoseok felt dumb.

"But, you didn't tell me I looked awful." Yoongi swallowed thickly, fidgeting with his nightgown in his hands and kicking the side of the bed. "Instead you- you looked at me as if I was something special."
Hoseok's heart started racing. It hurt. He stared at Yoongi with wide eyes. Had Yoongi sensed Hoseok staring at him in the mornings? Was he going to call Hoseok out for being a creep now? He didn't sound mad though. He sounded saddened.

"And I- now that I've gotten used to it I'm not ready to let it go." Yoongi finished. It felt like he'd been about to say something else first but changed his mind.

"Someone else can dress you," Hoseok said, feeling hurt. "One of the girls."

"One of the girls?" Yoongi asked in confusion, meeting Hoseok's gaze, looking nervous himself. He looked small, cute and kissable. Damn him for being adorable all the time.

"Jihyo," Hoseok said. He said it and wanted to puke. He hated that name. He started feeling sick again.

Yoongi shook his head. "No, I hate her. I would never allow her to dress me."

Hoseok perked his ears. Hope bubbled in his chest. "You hate her?"

"Yeah," Yoongi let out a light laugh of relief. "She destroyed everything. I was just going to, to ask you to take another walk with me." He glimpsed at Hoseok, looking even smaller.

Hoseok's cheeks heat up. "You were?"

Yoongi nodded. "When we, uhm, when we were finally friends."

"Mm," Hoseok said. He wasn't sure what he was saying. He tried to comprehend what Yoongi was telling him. Tried to understand why he looked so sad.

"Don't you want to spend time with me anymore?" Yoongi asked. He looked honest. Broken down and little. Hoseok watched him, feeling his heart clench. He should say no. He should say no to everything Yoongi told or offered him. Yoongi didn't feel the same. He couldn't feel the same. He would only hurt him again.

"Depends." Hoseok found himself saying instead. He couldn't fool himself. He didn't want to ignore Yoongi. He wouldn't get over his feelings for him. He loved him. So much. He couldn't stand seeing him sad. Maybe Yoongi really had looked for Hoseok yesterday. Maybe it had only been a big misunderstanding after all.

"On?" Yoongi asked instantly, small, shy smile tugging at his lips.

"Hm..." Hoseok pretended to be thinking when he really was getting lost in Yoongi's eyes. They were so dark they were almost black. Hoseok loved them. "I want strawberries every morning and, uhm."

Yoongi looked at him nervously. Hoseok looked into his eyes.

"A hug."

"A hug?" Yoongi repeated, the smile falling from his lips.

Hoseok nodded with a red face. He really wanted one. He hadn't really ever gotten one from Yoongi. Not a proper one. "Right now and every time we meet."

"I, uhm, I think I could do that," Yoongi said with a little, excited smile on his lips. He scooted a bit closer on the bed, so they were sitting almost face to face. Hoseok breathed in, feeling
butterflies when he felt that the air smelled like Yoongi. "How long should the hugs last?"

"For at least a minute," Hoseok said. His heart fluttered when Yoongi reached out and gently put a hand on Hoseok's cheek, cupping it before he started wiping the tears away. Hoseok felt amazing from only the touch of his hand on his skin. He wondered what it would feel like to hug him.

"Friends again?" Yoongi asked. His eyes flicked to Hoseok's lips for a moment, lighting Hoseok on fire.

"Friends," Hoseok agreed in a whisper. He didn't want to speak too loud, afraid that Yoongi would leave. He didn't want him to leave. He wanted to stand by Yoongi's side now.

Yoongi opened his arms, looking adorable and shy and cute. Hoseok brought him into a hug, wrapped his arms tightly around him, feeling so many butterflies that he must be flying. He giggled and pressed his nose against Yoongi's neck as Yoongi gave a light, relieved laugh himself.

They stayed like that for a while, Hoseok pressing his face against Yoongi's neck, smelling him and filling his air with Yoongi's wonderful scent that made him feel terrific. Yoongi stroked a circle on Hoseok's back with one of his hands, making him smile. Hoseok let his own hands travel lower, rubbing Yoongi's waist through the fabric of the nightgown.

Hoseok leaned back when he thought it must've been a minute. His cheeks felt hot. Yoongi was reluctant to let him go. His arms lingered and Hoseok was happy that the blanket covered his crotch. One part of him had really missed Yoongi.

Yoongi looked at Hoseok's face in wonder. He swallowed. His mouth must be dry. "I-, I think I would like another one."

"Me too," Hoseok said quickly. He didn't trust his ears. He must be dreaming.

Yoongi was the first one to act this time. He attacked Hoseok with a hug, and Hoseok fell back in bed. He hugged Yoongi tightly, never wanting to let go. He smiled against him, feeling so wonderful and light and warm, so different from how dark and sad he'd felt only moments ago. Yoongi clung to him, and Hoseok rolled them around on his bed, laughing when Yoongi made the cutest sound of surprise. He ran his hands over Yoongi's back, feeling like they were rolling around on real clouds. He didn't notice that the blanket that fell to the floor. He didn't notice when his legs ended up wrapped around Yoongi's.

Then Hoseok ended up on top of Yoongi, face to face, and time stopped. They stopped rolling around. They didn't stop hugging. Hoseok wet his lips with his tongue, gazing into Yoongi's beautiful eyes, feeling one of his legs slip between Yoongi's. Hoseok wasn't wearing any pants and Yoongi couldn't be wearing any underwear under the nightgown. Hoseok felt a spark when Yoongi gripped Hoseok's arms with his hands, eyes questioning.

"Y-Yoongi," Hoseok stuttered out. It was more of a whisper. He wanted to move his hips. He started feeling hot. Yoongi was under him. Finally.

Hoseok reached out, bringing a hand to Yoongi's chest, gently pushed down the fabric of Yoongi's shirt by his throat with his thumb, baring his collarbones. The sight of them made Hoseok bite his lip. He grew excited. Every last part of Yoongi was beautiful.

"Yes?" Yoongi whispered back, slowly running his hands down Hoseok's arms. He wasn't moving at all. He laid under Hoseok. It felt like he held his breath.

"You- you-" Hoseok wondered what to say. You're the most beautiful boy in the world. I love you.
Please kiss me before I go crazy. "Your skin is so soft." Was what he said instead. Shit, he thought. That's the gayest thing he'd ever said.

Yoongi licked his lips. Hoseok flicked his gaze to his tongue. Watched the pink slip in and out of his mouth, almost whimpering when it disappeared. He wondered if he'd said too much. If it was okay for friends to call each other's skin soft.

Yoongi's arms stroked up and down Hoseok's arms, running over his shoulders and burrying into his hair. Hoseok sucked in a breath and closed his eyes. Maybe he was in heaven.

"And your skin is not," Yoongi whispered smugly as his hands worked wonders in Hoseok's hair. "It feels like you need a bath," Yoongi teased.

Hoseok wanted to squeal. Yoongi was teasing him again. It almost sounded like he was flirting with him.

"I missed the bath in the lake," Hoseok said, opening his eyes and making eye contact with pretty Yoongi who was smiling under him.

"Maybe I'll let you borrow my bathtub," Yoongi trailed off, stroking and tugging at Hoseok's hair, giving him goosebumps.

"Really?" Hoseok whispered, thinking that he wanted to stay like this forever, on top of Yoongi with Yoongi playing with his hair. It felt so right, to be close like this.

"I need a bath too," Yoongi revealed.

"You do?" Hoseok asked. His cheeks burned from the memory of scrubbing Yoongi in the bathtub. Naked with Yoongi? He would die. Scrub Yoongi? He would get hard again. Maybe Yoongi hadn't meant it like that though. Maybe he'd meant that Hoseok could take the used water in the bath after Yoongi was done with it.

Yoongi must want to leave. Change position. Something. He raised his knee, rubbed it against Hoseok's crotch, and Hoseok whimpered from the flash of pleasure that went through him.

Hoseok stilled and Yoongi stilled, the both of them wondering what that sound had come from. Hoseok stared into Yoongi's eyes, feeling face go hot. He hoped Yoongi hadn't noticed. That he hadn't heard.

Then Yoongi moved his leg again. He rubbed his knee against Hoseok's crotch, and Hoseok pressed his eyes closed as his mouth fell open. Yoongi couldn't know what he was doing. Hoseok didn't know what he was doing, but it felt good, and he grinded down on Yoongi's knee, biting his lip from the feeling.

He felt something claw at his shirt, not sure if it was, thinking it was Yoongi's hands, when he heard a click and the door burst open. Yoongi stilled and Hoseok fell back down on him, the both of them gasping from the collision.

"How did it go-"

"Oh my god! Cover your eyes!" Jimin shouted in fear.

Hoseok hurriedly climbed off of Yoongi, feeling embarrassed as he picked up the blanket from the floor and wrapped it around his hips, hoping no one had had the time to see the bulge in his underwear.
Someone clapped their hands. Hoseok glanced at the door, surprised to find Jin standing there, clapping his hands next to Jimin, Taehyung, Namjoon and Jungkook.

Yoongi hushed Jin as he sat up, crossed his legs and flattened out the nightgown over himself. Jin stopped clapping.

"Tell me the great news now!" Jin cheered, shining like the sun.

"We're friends again," Yoongi said.

Jin deflated. He shared a look of confusion with Namjoon. "Friends? Only-"

Yoongi threw Hoseok's pillow at him and he stopped talking. Hoseok felt relieved. Jin had almost exposed his secret there. He didn't want to make it awkward again now that he and Yoongi were okay.

The room went silent for a moment. Everyone in the doorway darted their gazes from Hoseok to Yoongi expectantly, as if they waited for them to say something. Jimin made eye contact with Hoseok, asking him thousand questions with his eyes. When he started doing dirty gestures with his hands Hoseok furiously shook his head. Jimin looked confused.

"I, uhm. I need to ask Deedee to prepare the warm water," Yoongi told Hoseok after he'd made weird facial expressions at Jin who almost seemed to be doing dirty gestures with his hands just like Jimin had done too.

"Okay." Hoseok looked him in the eyes with a little nervous smile.

"See you in the bathroom in thirty minutes?" Yoongi checked, looking a bit nervous himself.

"I'll be there," Hoseok said with a nod. He wasn't sure what they were going to do. If they were going to bathe together or if he was going to wash Yoongi. He wasn't sure what made him feel the most excited.

He smiled shyly at Yoongi who smiled back at him, relieved that they were friends again, and then Yoongi left. He got enveloped into a hug by Jin and Namjoon in the doorway before they led him for the stairs, to get Deedee. Probably.

"Ooh!" Jimin voiced as he burst into the room, throwing himself at Hoseok along with Taehyung and Jungkook.

"Are you going to take a bath together? What did you talk about when you were alone?" Taehyung asked curiously.

"Yeah, we couldn't hear a thing even as we pressed our ears to the door!" Jimin revealed.

Hoseok felt embarrassed. Had the others tried to eavesdrop? Maybe he should've figured. They were all snoopy here.

"We're friends again," Hoseok explained in a whisper. He couldn't risk Yoongi hearing them. He wasn't sure if he'd walked down the stairs yet or not.

Jimin staged a cough. "Friends? You're friends?" He looked at Hoseok as if he was insane. "What happened with wanting to suck his dick?"

Hoseok sputtered. Taehyung nodded at Jimin and Jungkook's face got red.
"Who said I wanted to suck his dick?" Hoseok muttered, growing uncomfortable because that was exactly what he wanted to do. He didn't know how to though. Still. Couldn't be that hard. (Hard, get it?)

"Only you in your sleep for the past like hundred years or so," Jimin said with a wave of his hand. "Come on hyung, I thought you were going to confess? What happened?" He looked serious now. Hoseok was thankful that Jimin wanted to be a good friend. If it hadn't been for him he would've still thought Yoongi liked Jihyo and Rose spoke the truth.

"He, ehm, asked if we could be friends again and then I said that we could if we hugged," Hoseok recalled, rubbing his chin and avoiding eye contact.

"If you hugged?" Jimin snorted. "Doesn't that sound super gay?"

"It does," Taehyung countered. "Kookie and I hug every night-"

"No, we don't," Jungkook interrupted him, tugging at Taehyung's shirt and shaking his head. He probably didn't know that Hoseok and Jimin knew that they liked each other. Which was weird. Hadn't they talked about the kiss when they'd played Never Have I Ever?

"Anyway." Jimin turned his attention back to Hoseok. "Go on. Long version please."

Hoseok swallowed. "Ehm, so then he, I think he wiped my tears away, and then-"

"He what?" Jimin choked. "He wiped your tears away!? Gay flag!"

"Stop interrupting all the time," Jungkook said. Jimin made an ugly grimace at him before he motioned for Hoseok to go on.

"Then we, ehm, we hugged and I ended up on top of him and," Hoseok felt his cheeks go red again. Why was he sharing this? With two fourteen year olds and one twelve years old fetus? He should get older friends. "And I wasn't wearing any pants, uhm." He glanced down himself, seeing that he still wasn't wearing any, only the blanket. He gave a sound of embarrassment and hurriedly put on the pair on pants he'd thrown on the floor earlier.

"Is the rest child friendly?" Taehyung asked.

"I'm not a child," Jungkook muttered stubbornly.

"No, sure." Jimin rolled his eyes. "I won't ask for more details Hobi, but I thought you would be boyfriends by now."

"Mm, me too..." Hoseok trailed off, not sure if he'd thought so or not. He wasn't sure what he was thinking. What he was hoping for. He still had a hard time believing Yoongi was into boys. That he would be into Hoseok. Hoseok wasn't exactly the hottest one out of the bunch. He knew nothing about Yoongi's type.

"So now you're going to bathe together?" Taehyung asked, smiling sneakily. "Good luck."

"Thanks," Hoseok breathed, thinking he'd need it. Yoongi naked was a dangerous, albeit beautiful, sight.

"I'm happy you're not sad anymore," Jimin said, the joking tone gone from his voice. He looked sincere. Relived. "It's scary when you're not yourself."
"Scary?" Hoseok raised his eyebrows.

"We don't like it." Jimin shrugged. "We like you best happy, or awkward, or when you look about to pee yourself."

"I don't pee myself," Hoseok muttered, hoping they couldn't read thoughts.

"By the way, what did you do in the laundry room?" Jimin brought up, as if he could read thoughts after all. "Why's Maggie chasing you all the time?"

"Oh." Hoseok smiled stiffly. "Let's just say I did something bad and she'd been wanting to punish me ever since."

"What's something 'bad'?" Taehyung countered.

"Like, ehm, doing something I shouldn't do." Hoseok checked his nails to seem casual. He got horrified when he saw the layer of dirt under them. Had Yoongi seen his nails? He hoped not. He looked so dirty and poor.

"You're humping the mattress in here every night, is it worse than that?" Jimin asked in confusion, looking a bit disgusted from the recollection.

"I'm not humping the mattress," Hoseok mumbled. Jungkook's eyes got big like plates and Hoseok didn't like it. "And it was worse than that."

"What did you do?" Taehyung asked as he brought Jungkook in for a hug and cupped his innocent years. Jungkook struggled against him, betraying himself by smiling.

"Nothing?" Hoseok said, sounding weird and like he was hiding something. He made eye contact with Taehyung and then with Jimin, seeing the questions on their faces.

"But-" Taehyung started. He didn't get to say the rest. They heard footsteps outside of the door, accommodated by low murmurs and groans. "Time for your bath now, hyung!"

"Oh, help me." Hoseok felt his heart jump up and settle in his throat. His face went pale. Or green. Or red. He was glad he didn't have a mirror to check.

"Good luck!" Jimin winked at him with a smile before he opened the door and started guiding Hoseok out of it. "Now you just need to work on that confession!"

Hoseok was pushed into the corridor. He got three hard pats in the back. He heard the door close behind him. He turned around, finding the door closed. He was in the corridor.

"Go now!" Jimin shouted from the other side of the door. It sounded like he was glancing out the keyhole. Hoseok jumped away, hoping Jimin hadn't stared at his crotch.

He turned around on stiff legs. He started walking forward in the corridor, feeling his heart rate speed up when he thought about what was about to happen, and what had happened. He effortlessly tried to remove the dirt under his nails on his way to the door to the fancy bathroom. There was a small trail of water on the floor leading to it. Hoseok followed it, growing nervous as he raised a hand to knock on the door.

"Come in!" Someone sang from inside, sounding like Jin, when Hoseok had knocked two times. Hoseok opened the door and stepped inside, surprised when he saw the crowd inside. Yoongi stood
by the mirror, washing his face in the sink. Jin and Namjoon smiled at Hoseok from beside him. Deedee, Jisoo, Jones and Bogum emptied buckets of warm water into the bathtub.

Jin elbowed Yoongi and whispered something into his ear. He turned around and swept his gaze around the room. Then he spotted Hoseok in the doorway and hurriedly wiped his wet face on the sleeves of his nightgown.

"Hi," Hoseok said with a little wave of his hand, hoping it would hide how nervous he was feeling inside.

"Hello," Yoongi greeted him with a small smile of his own. Jin pushed him forward and he walked up to Hoseok and nodded at him.

"There are a lot of people here," Hoseok said, trying to break the ice, hoping he didn't sound as stiff as he felt.

"Yeah." Yoongi glanced around. "But they're almost done and then it will just be you and me."

Hoseok felt his cheeks burn red. Yoongi must've felt how suggestive he'd sounded. He made a face of embarrassment and avoided eye contact, sharing a look with Jin by the look of it. Hoseok hoped Jin and Namjoon wouldn't blurt Hoseok's secret.

They stood in silence in the doorway. Hoseok darted his gaze from Yoongi's eyes to the floor rapidly, feeling awkward and nervous. Yoongi wasn't saying anything. Why wasn't he saying anything? Maybe he was wondering the same thing.

Hoseok stepped aside when Deedee, Jisoo, Jones and Bogum walked back out with empty buckets in their hands. Jin winked at Hoseok and Yoongi each before he followed, and Namjoon gave Hoseok a knowing, encouraging look that he didn't like at all.

"Have fun!" Jin exclaimed as the door closed.

"Don't mind him," Yoongi said excusingly as he locked the door with a key, earning him a yelp from Jin who must've pressed his eye against the keyhole on the other side.

"Why did you lock the door?" Hoseok asked, putting his hands in his pockets to hide his nails. He didn't have pretty nails like Yoongi. He was so nervous. Excited. Mostly nervous.

"I, uhm." Yoongi looked puzzled. "I don't know? Want me to unlock it?"

"No." Hoseok shook his head. "I want a hug."

He stared at Yoongi. Yoongi stared at him. Why had Hoseok said that!? He sounded super whipped. Super gay. Thirsty. His gay thirst was showing. Not good. He was too eager.

"S-sure?" Yoongi stuttered. He stuttered. Why did he stutter? And why did he agree to hug Hoseok? So many questions. If only Hoseok could get them answered one day.

"Really?" Hoseok raised his eyebrows, wishing he hadn't asked anything when he saw how cute and unsure Yoongi looked in front of him. His fringe was still damp from having washed his face, and the nightgown was a bit too long in the sleeves. Hoseok wanted to hug him forever.

Yoongi nodded, not meeting Hoseok's gaze. Hoseok smiled a little bit. He opened his arms, feeling his heart leap when Yoongi threw himself in his arms like the most adorable angel, hugging him close. Hoseok pressed his nose against Yoongi's hair, breathing in deep, feeling butterflies. He
smiled big and happily, swinging them some from side to side.

"Your hair smells nice to me," Hoseok whispered softly, pressing his nose to it. It smelled like
sleep and Yoongi.

"Thank you," Yoongi said, angling his face up, making Hoseok pause when their noses brushed
together. Hoseok had meant to ask Yoongi why he needed a bath when he smelled so nice. Now
the words died in his throat. He blinked, feeling his heart thump hard in his chest. Yoongi glanced
up at him, gazed into his eyes, his eyes questioning.

"What are you doing in there!"

Hoseok startled from the voice coming from the door. He released Yoongi and tried to calm his
racing heart. Yoongi stood where he'd left him, blinking at Hoseok, his arms still hanging some in
the air as if he hadn't been prepared to let go yet.

"Are you kissing!" Jin shouted from the other side of the door. Hoseok's eyes got big. He turned his
back to Yoongi and walked to the bathtub, waiting for Yoongi to start laughing or hurling from the
idea of kissing Hoseok.

"Go away!" Yoongi shouted at the door, giving it a kick by the sound of it. Jin shouted from the
other side and Yoongi walked up to Hoseok who felt relieved and surprised and confused.

"Jin seems to be really curious," Hoseok tried to joke, hoping that Yoongi wouldn't ask where Jin
had gotten the idea of them kissing from, not wanting Yoongi to figure out his crush.

"I think he will leave soon," Yoongi said. It didn't sound like he believed so himself.

"Me too," Hoseok agreed, not sure why he did so since he didn't think he would either. They were
silent for a moment, the both of them watching the warm water steam in the bathtub in front of
them.

"I think the water is good now." Yoongi let one of his hands grace the water in the tub. He started
taking off his nightgown. Hoseok stopped him. He put a hand on his arm, surprised by himself.
Yoongi raised his eyebrows at him, his cheeks pink. "Did you change your mind? Want to leave?"

Hoseok shook his head. "No, no I don't but, ehm, can't- can't I?" He tugged at Yoongi's sleeve,
feeling his face go red when Yoongi got the message and looked embarrassed too. He must think
Hoseok was a creep for wanting to undress him all the time.

"Go ahead." Yoongi nodded a little bit from the idea. Hoseok felt his heart clench. Yoongi looked
so cute. So pure and wonderful. How was it possible for someone to look so cute?

Hoseok helped Yoongi raise his arms before he pulled the nightgown off, feeling he usual flash of
excitement when he saw that Yoongi was naked underneath. He threw the garment to the floor as
he let his eyes run up and down Yoongi's beautiful body.

"Do you want me to scrub you again?" Hoseok asked, remembering that Yoongi hadn't told him
why Hoseok was here. Would he let Hoseok bathe with him? Hoseok would die.

"I was going to ask you to wash my hair," Yoongi said, glancing up at Hoseok uncertainly.

"I could do that," Hoseok responded. "The same shampoo as last time?"

"Mm." Yoongi nodded. He stepped into the warm water and hummed from the warmth. Hoseok
felt a bit disappointed. He'd hoped for him to make more sounds than that. To moan or something.

He got the soap, sponge and shampoo from the cupboard under the sink. He grabbed a towel and draped it over the side of the tub, his dirty mind remembering what he'd done with the towel the last time. He would not do that again.

Hoseok helped Yoongi wet his hair in the water before he started shampooing it, running his fingers through it, smiling since Yoongi's hair was so dark and healthy and lovely.

"Hoseok?" Yoongi asked then. Hoseok had just been about to give him a foam-moustache.

"Yes?"

"Don't you... don't you think I'm ugly?"

Hoseok stopped in his tracks. He stopped and he frowned. He walked to the side of the tub on his knees, blinking in confusion when Yoongi uncertainly met his gaze.

"No?"

"But-" Yoongi started, looking complicated. Hoseok wasn't sure what he was about to say. Whatever it was it made him sad.

"I've never thought of you as ugly. Don't think that you are. Please?" Hoseok said in a low, honest voice. He looked into Yoongi's eyes, trying to answer the questions he asked him. He couldn't understand how Yoongi could think of himself being other than pretty. "Did Sana call you that?"

"Sana?" Yoongi asked. "She hasn't seen me naked."

"Right." Hoseok just remembered about that. It made him confused. Hopeful. It made the air feel tense. "But I have, and I can assure you that you're not ugly. In fact, I think you're really good looking!" He scooped up foam from Yoongi's hair on his finger and smeared it on Yoongi's nose.

Yoongi started smiling. He took the foam from his nose and smeared it on Hoseok's cheek. Hoseok smiled and splashed water at Yoongi's face, gasping when he accidentally made him get shampoo in his eyes. He started washing the shampoo away, and he tried to save Yoongi's eyes by wiping them on the towel. When he was done the water smelled like roses and Yoongi's hair was sparkling.

"So you think I'm good looking?" Yoongi teased as Hoseok threw the wet towel away and sat down on the floor, wondering how all of his clothes had gotten wet. Had Yoongi splashed water on him? All he could remember was Yoongi's enchanting smile.

His brain registered what Yoongi was asking him. He felt his cheeks heat up.

"I didn't say that," Hoseok muttered, feeling a stubborn smile creep up his lips. He could never control his facial expressions anymore. Yoongi was teasing him and he loved it.

"But you did?" Yoongi went on. He leaned over the side of the bathtub and poked Hoseok on his knee with a funny smile on his face.

"So what?" Hoseok felt embarrassed. He crossed his arms and swatted Yoongi's hand away from his knee, feeling his heart jump when Yoongi gripped his hand. Hoseok stared at their hands. Yoongi's was warm and wet. His fingertips were wrinkly. Hoseok's were wrinkly too.
"Didn't you need to bath as well?" Yoongi asked. He wasn't smiling anymore. He turned Hoseok's hand around in his own, stroking his thumb over his, making Hoseok feel about to faint.

"I, uhm, I-, I don't know? Do I? Can't r-remember..." Hoseok stuttered. That must be a stuttering record.

"I'm almost done. You can take the water after me," Yoongi said, the little smile back on his face. He let Hoseok's hand go and picked up the soap from the floor. Hoseok watched as he started running the soap under his armpits and over his arms, doing everything Hoseok wanted to do himself.

"Could you do my back?" Yoongi asked when he'd finished cleaning under his feet. Hoseok stood up fast and grabbed the sponge and the soap, feeling pervy, eager to see Yoongi on all fours again. He got disappointed when Yoongi merely sat up, without blessing him with the wonderful view of his ass this time. Hoseok pressed his lips into a straight line as he started scrubbing him, finding it best to keep his disappointment to himself.

"Do you want me to scrub you hard?" Hoseok asked, resisting the urge to hug Yoongi from behind and kiss him everywhere even if it would make him wet.

"You can just scrub me like normal. Doesn't matter." Yoongi glanced at Hoseok over his shoulder.

"Okay." Hoseok scrubbed Yoongi with care, letting his hands stroke over his skin on the way. He felt a bit creepy, but not as much as usual. His dick could behave today. Maybe it was because this felt different from last time. It felt like Hoseok knew Yoongi better. Like their relationship had changed. They had hugged two times today. Maybe Hoseok's dick was calmer since Hoseok had gotten action.

*Your thoughts are weird!*

*Shh!?*

Hoseok shook the thoughts away. He rolled up the sleeves of his shirt before he scrubbed down lower on Yoongi's back, feeling a twitch of excitement when his hand brushed over Yoongi's butt. Maybe his dick was still eager. It had been nice to not feel like a perv for a moment.

When Yoongi's back was clean Hoseok didn't want to stop. He started spreading soap over Yoongi's chest, feeling amazing when he ran a hand over Yoongi's nipple. And again. After touching Yoongi's nipple three times he managed to stop himself and started stroking his shoulders with a red face.

"Sorry," He mumbled when he heard how silent Yoongi had gotten. Hoseok was ashamed. Yoongi must've noticed how Hoseok kept touching his chest.

"Why are you apologizing?" Yoongi asked. Maybe Hoseok had Jesus on his side today. Yoongi must've fallen asleep or something if he didn't feel Hoseok touching his nipple like that.

"Never mind." Hoseok forced a tense laugh. He put the soap and sponge aside and started opening the buttons of his shirt. "Could I get the water after you?" The idea excited him. Bathing in the same water as Yoongi felt almost as fun as eating from the same fork.

"Yup. Just step inside," Yoongi said airily.

Hoseok's hand stopped on the last button of his shirt. He stared forward. Yoongi wasn't getting out of the bathtub. "Uhm," Was all he managed. Yoongi leaned on the side of it, smug smile on his
lips. Why was Yoongi looking all hot like that? Unfair.

"The water is getting cold. I think you should hurry. Just a tip," Yoongi advised him, keeping his eyes on Hoseok's chest as Hoseok unbuttoned the last button and took off his shirt. He turned his back to Yoongi, torn between wanting to ask him to look the other way and ask him to never tear his gaze away.

"The water is so cold now," Yoongi said as Hoseok threw the shirt over Yoongi's nightgown on the floor. "If I were you I would hurry with those pants."

Hoseok gasped when he felt water hit his back. He startled, glanced over his shoulder, stared at an innocent looking Yoongi who blinked at him.

"See? The water is cold."

"What's your problem?" Hoseok huffed, secretly loving how cute and playful Yoongi was and how he was teasing him. It made everything less tense. Less intimate and awkward. Not that Yoongi thought this was intimate. It was just Hoseok who hoped for something that would never happen.

"Hm? What's that? You want to bathe with me?" Yoongi staged a gasp. "Well, I guess? I mean, it's a bit crowded-"

"What!?!" Hoseok squeaked, feeling his heart start racing. Yoongi met his gaze, challenge in his eyes.

"I don't bite?" Yoongi countered, another innocent smile on his lips. "Promise."

"I don't think you bite," Hoseok mumbled. Yoongi teasing him was getting a bit too much now. He felt dizzy.

"Good, because I don't want to get up yet," Yoongi said. He moved to the corner of the tub and hugged his legs to his chest cutely. "Look, lots of room." He motioned for the space in front of him softly.

"The water will run over the edge," Hoseok said. He wasn't sure what he was saying anymore. He undid the button of his pants and took them off, feeling his heart jolt when Yoongi stopped teasing him and most definitely stared at his butt. Hoseok faced away and hooked his fingers in the hem of his underwear, taking a steadying breath before he pulled them down his thighs. He took a pause before he pulled them down the last bit, kicking them as far away as possible. Then he stood there. Naked. In front of Min Yoongi; his crush and secret love.

Hoseok must have a death wish.
Happy Pride Sweden!

Hope you'll have a gay weekend! and I hope you'll like this chapter! thanks for reading♥ (not my picture, cred to owner)

"You have a hairy ass."

Hoseok felt his cheeks burn red. He cupped his bits awkwardly and glanced at Yoongi over his shoulder. Yoongi sat in the tub with his eyes locked on Hoseok's butt.

"I do not. You haven't seen Alejandro then,"

"Hairier than mine," Yoongi stated, strange smile on his lips. He looked Hoseok in the eyes. "Are you going to stand there all day?"

Hoseok stared at Yoongi. This must be a trap. Why was Hoseok naked? He missed his clothes. Was he going to share the tub with Yoongi? He must be crazy.

"Don't look!" Hoseok said before he walked backwards. He thought he could feel Yoongi's burning gaze on him. It made his skin prickle.

"Why would I?" Yoongi questioned.

Hoseok checked over his shoulder. Yoongi was still staring at him. "Hey!"

"I'm not looking?" Yoongi insisted, still staring at Hoseok. "And your ass is even hairier this close."

"Stop calling my ass hairy, please!" Hoseok squeaked awkwardly.

"Your legs are hairy."

Hoseok stared at the wall in front of him. It sounded like Yoongi started snickering. "Stop making fun of me or I'll bathe in the lake instead."

"Fine with me?" Yoongi stated.

"Okay then." Hoseok started walking for the door, sincerely hoping that Jin couldn't see anything from the keyhole, hoping that Jin wasn't there in the first place.
"Wait!" Yoongi called after him. Hoseok smiled to himself, hope in his chest. "I'll stop now."

"Okay, here I come, don't look!" Hoseok turned around, still cupping his bits, internally panicking when he found Yoongi still looking at him. He tried to cover his chest, thighs and parts with his hands and arms, feeling pathetic. He hurried for the bathtub and stepped inside, feeling that the water was warm, sitting down quickly with a red face, hoping Yoongi hadn't seen anything. Water ran over the edge and wet down the floor and their clothes.

"T-the water wasn't c-cold," Hoseok stuttered out to break the tension in the air. He felt awkward. He had his legs pulled to his chest and still covered his bits. His beet bumped into Yoongi's. He wondered what he would feel if he reached out a hand between Yoongi's legs.

Stop being so pervy!?

Can't help it!

Hoseok blushed and looked away. He couldn't stand the silence. Yoongi must be able to hear his heart. Hear his thoughts.

Water splashed up his face. He sputtered and blinked, wondering where it had come from when he found Yoongi smiling sneakily at him. He splashed water on him once more.

"Stop," Hoseok told him, splashing water back at him.

Yoongi jerked away and grinned so his gums were showing. He splashed more water at Hoseok and snickered. They started a splashing water war, and they kept at it until lots of water had splashed out on the floor, leaving their clothes soaking wet.

"Stop it, I'm getting water in my eyes!" Hoseok complained as Yoongi, laughing, splashed more water at him. Hoseok wasn't really mad. He felt happy and bubbly.

"You'll have to stop me," Yoongi countered as he leaned back on his side, grin changing into a smirk. "I don't bite."

"You're not a dog, I know you don't bite," Hoseok argued.

"I think I'm more of a cat," Yoongi pondered.

"And I'm the mouse," Hoseok mumbled for himself. Stuck in the trap. No chance against Yoongi.

"What?" Yoongi asked, thankfully not having heard him. He splashed water on Hoseok again. He laughed as Hoseok got it in his eyes that started burning.

"Stop!" Hoseok laughed, reaching out to hold Yoongi's arms in place. But the bathtub was slippery from all soap and shampoo. He slipped on his knees and fell forward. He steadied himself on Yoongi, wrapping his arms around his shoulders.

"Watch out," Yoongi had just the time to say before he slipped too and they both almost drowned in the water as he slid down to the bottom of the tub. Yoongi kicked them back up with his feet against the other side, and they gasped for air.

Hoseok clung to Yoongi, panting. "Oh my god, I almost died!"

"It feels like you're trying to kill me," Yoongi managed. "You almost knocked me out with a bucket and almost drowned me twice."
"I'm not!" Hoseok hurried to say. He put his hands flat against Yoongi's chest and blinked at him rapidly. "The prank was Jimin's idea, and this was an accident!"

"If you say so," Yoongi teased him with a funny smile. He lowered his hands on Hoseok's body. Hoseok's heart started hammering when he felt Yoongi's hands at the low of his back. He hadn't felt it at first, but he was lying on top on Yoongi, on Yoongi, between his legs. He felt his cheeks heat up.

"So, uhm, do you want another hug, o-or," Hoseok asked awkwardly. He didn't dare move. He felt Yoongi's chest rise and fall under him. He felt what must be Yoongi's crotch press against his lower stomach. His legs were bent and it was a bit uncomfortable, but he wanted to stay like this. Yoongi was warm.

"How long?" Yoongi asked, smiling some as he looked into Hoseok's eyes.

"Hm..." Hoseok pretended to think. In reality he was too mesmerized by Yoongi and his eyes and lips and everything to think anything at all for the following fifty years. "You decide."

"Two minutes," Yoongi decided.

"Three," Hoseok argued.

"Two and a half?"

"Deal," Hoseok said with a nervous smile. "Who's keeping count?"

"Me," Yoongi said.

"Okay." Hoseok forced his arms into the little gap between the tub and Yoongi's back. He hugged him as close as he could, feeling giggly when Yoongi did the same to him. "I'm ready."

"I'll start counting now," Yoongi said in a low voice, smiling at Hoseok who couldn't contain his smile anymore. He could imagine what Jimin would say if he saw them. 'Ohh, super gay! Gay flag!'. Hoseok wasn't sure what this was. What it meant. He didn't care. But he felt super gay and he loved it.

He leaned his head on Yoongi's shoulder, glancing up at him, wondering if Yoongi could feel him stroke his back. Yoongi smiled some too. He closed his eyes. Maybe he was falling asleep. Maybe he was counting in his head. He looked beautiful.

Hoseok got an idea. Yoongi had his eyes closed. Hoseok shifted some, leaned his chin on Yoongi's shoulder, and then he put his tongue out. He just wanted a taste. This was the chance of a lifetime. So he licked Yoongi's neck with the tip of his tongue, electrified by the contact. Yoongi tasted like soap and water. Hoseok wanted a better taste. He licked him once more, but stopped when Yoongi inhaled sharply and jerked under him.

"What are you doing?" Yoongi whispered, eyes opening, surprised and confused look on his face.

"Nothing." Hoseok hoped he sounded innocent. He was glad Yoongi couldn't see his dick. Licking Yoongi made him feel hot. "Has it been two and a half minute?"

"Oh, I don't know, I lost count after three," Yoongi revealed. Hoseok gaped and Yoongi looked happy and embarrassed. Hoseok opened his mouth to ask if he'd liked the hug as much as he had. He closed it again when Yoongi gently pushed him away from him and sat up. "I should go up."
"Why?" Hoseok asked, sounding whipped.

Yoongi didn't answer. He got out of the tub and wrapped a towel around his hips. Hoseok stared at him, feeling teased when he saw the water dribble from Yoongi's hair down to his rosy nipples.

Yoongi started collecting his clothes from the floor. Too many clothes. He took Hoseok's wet clothes too with a grin. "See you later!" He sneaked for the door, running like an old grandpa.

"Wait!" Hoseok said, trying to restore the connection between his brain and the rest of his body. "Those are my clothes! Are you leaving me here?"

"You didn't want me to look?" Yoongi said as he put a hand on the key in the keyhole. Hoseok thought he heard a suppressed giggle from the other side. He hoped it was Jin and not Jimin, Taehyung and Jungkook. Or Maggie. Maggie was probably worst.

Hoseok didn't know what Yoongi was doing. If he was playing with him, making fun of him or flirting with him. Probably one of the first two. Hoseok felt happy though, he liked it when Yoongi played with him, so he would go along with it. Plus, he hadn't brought any spare clothes. Maybe he was an idiot.

"Please stay?" Hoseok asked in his sweetest voice.

A satisfied grin split Yoongi's face. His gums were showing again. "If you ask so nicely..." He walked back for Hoseok and dropped the pile of clothes to the floor. Hoseok followed him with his eyes, unsure of his next move. He felt trapped here, naked in the bathtub with hot Yoongi right next to him.

"What are you doing?" Hoseok asked.

"What do you want me to do?" Yoongi asked back. Hoseok almost said kiss me. Luckily he managed to keep it to himself at the last second.

"Could you wash my hair? It's, ehm, dirty though, haven't used shampoo in over a month," Hoseok asked, regretting it instantly. Yoongi touching his hair would be awful. Hoseok had farmer hair. Dirty and tangled.

"Want me to wash your hair? What shampoo?" Yoongi asked, actually going along with it. Or was he teasing him? No, he started looking for shampoos to use. "Only have this one." He said after a minute, holding up his own.

"I'm gonna smell like you," Hoseok said.

"What do you mean by that?" Yoongi wondered with another funny look. He placed himself behind Hoseok by the tub and started washing his hair.

"Nothing," Hoseok hummed with a smile. Yoongi's hands in his hair were so wonderful. His fingers were strong but gentle and they gave Hoseok goosebumps. No one had played with Hoseok's hair in forever. He felt like drooling when Yoongi scraped his nails against his scalp.

"Yoongi?" He asked.

"Yes?"

"Your hands are amazing." He said with a sheepish grin.
"Think so?" One of Yoongi's hands sneaked down to Hoseok's cheek and pinched it.

"Ow!"

Yoongi laughed wonderfully and went back to Hoseok's hair. Hoseok felt something close to safe. He felt relaxed. Like nothing bad could happen to him as he lied here in the bathtub with Yoongi's hands in his hair. It was an incredible feeling. He felt so calm. There wasn't much water left in the tub, and it was getting cold, but this was still perfect.

He missed Yoongi's hands as soon as they left his hair. He rinsed away the shampoo himself and quickly cleaned himself with the soap. Yoongi got him a new towel and looked away when he got out of the bathtub. Hoseok wrapped the towel around himself under his armpits, feeling like a girl in the almost-dress. He hadn't been this clean in months.

"I didn't bring any spare clothes," He said, looking around, not wanting to put his old, wet clothes back on.

"You can be naked, I'm not one to judge." Yoongi shrugged.

"Ha-ha." Hoseok staged a laugh to hide how nervous and confused he was. Yoongi was talking to him like normal. As if they were equal. Like they were friends. Hoseok must still be dreaming.

"You can leave now." Yoongi turned the key in the keyhole with a grateful smile at Hoseok. "Thanks for washing my hair."

"But I don't want to leave." Hoseok interrupted when Yoongi swung the door open and they heard several shouts and curses of pain from the other side. A flash went off, momentarily blinding both Hoseok and Yoongi who both raised their arms to cover their eyes.

"Take another one, Tae!" Jin instructed from where he was stumbling behind the door, falling on Namjoon by the sound of it.

Hoseok made sure that his towel was covering him before he walked up to the door and peeked outside. He was surprised to find Taehyung standing behind that big camera, beside Jimin and Jungkook. On the floor laid Jin on top of Namjoon, scrambling to get up.

"Hoseok!" Jin scoffed. "Hoseok and Yoongi, hello! Did you bathe together? Details, please!"

Hoseok felt embarrassed. He waited for Yoongi to laugh again. Hoseok got even more confused when he stayed silent. Hoseok glanced at him over his shoulder, finding him trying to cover his chest with his arms. Cute. Hoseok placed himself in front of him, covering him from the camera as Taehyung took another picture.

"Stop taking pictures, please!" Hoseok asked awkwardly.

"Did you kiss-" Namjoon put a hand over Jin's mouth. Namjoon smiled excusingly at Hoseok who felt even more embarrassed.

"What is the fuss in here!"

All heads turned to the staircase.

"Who said that?" Jin asked with a frown of confusion.

"Maggie!" Taehyung hissed. He grabbed Jungkook in one hand and Jimin in the other and ran for
the closet. Jin roughly pushed Hoseok and Yoongi to the side and pulled Namjoon into the bathroom with him.

"In here," Yoongi took Hoseok's hand in his and led him into his room. He closed the door behind them and locked it. His towel almost fell off his hips and Hoseok stared when he had the chance. Yoongi leaned against the door and panted with a grin on his face, looking dangerously hot. "Good. Now Jin and Joon can clean up in there."

"Yeah," Hoseok agreed, not sure what they were taking about or what Yoongi meant. Yoongi made hushing sounds and they listened as Maggie walked past the door on the other side. Hoseok pressed a hand against his mouth when someone knocked on the door.

"That was scary," Hoseok whispered when it sounded like she was gone.

"Maggie's scary as hell," Yoongi said. He let go of Hoseok's hand, probably didn't hear Hoseok's sad whine, sighed and walked to his bed where he sat down. There were pillows thrown on the floor and the window was open.

"What happened here?" Hoseok asked, wondering if he should still clean the room or not. He didn't have any of his cleaning supplies with him.

"Oh, uhm, I couldn't really sleep last night." Yoongi shrugged as if it was nothing. Hoseok's heart clenched. He hadn't slept either. For just a second it almost felt like they felt the same.

"Want me to clean?" Hoseok picked up one of the pillows and threw it on the bed.

"We can do it together," Yoongi decided, picking up one of the pillows himself.

Hoseok wavered. This was strange. Was Yoongi helping him clean now? Why was he so nice?

"Do you still want me to dress you?" Hoseok asked uncertainly.

"Not if you think it's strange?" Yoongi was quick to answer.

"I, eh, I don't mind..." Hoseok shyly played with a pillow in his hands.

"You don't?" Yoongi wondered.

"Nope." Hoseok shook his head. "So should I dress you then?"

"Yes, Sir," Yoongi said, making Hoseok jerk his head up. A little, shy, happy smile splayed on Yoongi's lips. It ate Hoseok's heart.

"No need to call me Sir." Hoseok put the last pillow back on the bed and closed the window. He wondered if it had been open all night. He walked to the closet and picked out an outfit, deciding that Yoongi would wear green today. He was Hoseok's. That's why he should wear green.

Yoongi went silent as Hoseok took off his towel and sat him down on the side of the bed. Hoseok started dressing him, pretending that he was his own little doll. When he was dressed in the green Hoseok put on the usual blue ring and took the towel and started drying his hair. He ran the comb through it. Yoongi closed his eyes. Hoseok wanted to tell him how beautiful he was.

"Do you like it?" Hoseok asked as he lined Yoongi up in front of the mirror.

"Mm," Yoongi said. He opened the drawer of his nightstand and picked up a handful of colorful candies. He held them out for Hoseok who was fast to take a yellow one. "Who's the dog now?"
Yoongi joked. "I didn't even have time to ask if you wanted one."

"I'm not a dog," Hoseok said around the sweet candy in his mouth. "But lemon isn't my favorite flavor. I like strawberry better."

"How can you know that if you've never tasted one with strawberry flavor?"

"I like everything strawberry," Hoseok explained. "But, uhm." He glanced down himself. He felt naked with only a towel wrapped around himself beside Yoongi who was dry and dressed. "My legs really are hairy."

"It's not that bad." Yoongi crouched down and narrowed his eyes as he stared at Hoseok's legs. "It's light hairs."

Hoseok took a few steps back. Yoongi’s head was close to his groin and it was not good.

"I, ehm, think I should get dressed myself," Hoseok said.

"Wait," Yoongi stopped him. He got up from the floor and licked his lips. Hoseok's eyes followed the movements of his tongue. "Would you mind eating breakfast with me?"

"Oh." Hoseok felt his face go red. Did Yoongi want to spend even more time with him? Maybe he had searched for him last night. He didn't seem to want to leave his side. Hoseok didn't want to leave his side either. "No, I-, I'd love to."

"You would?" Yoongi smiled. He took something out from the drawer and held it behind his back. "Guess which hand and you'll get it."

"No, I don't think I will," Hoseok said, remembering how Yoongi had teased him before. "Okay. Left?"

"Wrong." Yoongi shook his head with a smile of his own.

"Right?" Hoseok pointed to Yoongi's right.

"Wrong." Yoongi shrugged.

"What?" Hoseok frowned. "Which hand is it?" He reached out and gripped Yoongi's arms, forcing him to turn around. Yoongi gave a happy sound as Hoseok started bending up his fingers, wanting to see what he was hiding in his hands. He managed to open one, seeing that it was a pink candy.

"Strawberry," Yoongi explained as he opened his other hand, revealing another pink candy. Hoseok took them both and put them in his cheeks like a squirrel, loving them since Yoongi had had them in his hands and had teased him.

"Yummy," Hoseok said with a grin. Yoongi snorted lightly. He walked to his closet and picked out clothes that he threw on his messy bed. Hoseok raised his eyebrows in question.

"You can wear these," Yoongi said as if it was nothing.

"Don't you fit them?" Hoseok asked around the candy in his mouth. He examined the clothes, seeing that it was a white shirt, pants and underwear. "I will look like a ghost in these." He liked colors.

"You can pick whatever you want from the closet if you don't want to wear them, but I want to eat breakfast now and you should probably put something on," Yoongi said.
Hoseok only gaped. Could he pick whatever? He practically ran to the closet and started rummaging through it, throwing out everything green he found. He forced Yoongi to look away before he took off the towel and put on the underwear, green shirt and green pants. They were a bit tight on him. He put himself next to Yoongi in the mirror.

"We look weird," Yoongi commented, frowning at them. "Green."

"I love it," Hoseok said with a smile. Yoongi looked a bit stiff so Hoseok nudged his shoulder, surprised when he nudged him back. Hoseok nudged him again, accidentally making Yoongi stumble and land on his bed. "Sorry!"

"It's okay." Yoongi grabbed one of the pillows and threw it at Hoseok with a laugh of victory. Hoseok jumped away and ran for the door.

"Stop throwing things at me or you'll eat breakfast alone!" Hoseok warned loosely.

"I'll stop!" Yoongi jumped down from his bed and hurried for the door, following Hoseok as he opened it. They startled when Jin and Namjoon stumbled backwards, having eavesdropped on them again. Hoseok felt embarrassed. They had to stop. They would make Yoongi suspect things. They would end Hoseok up in trouble.

"Yoongi! Hoseok!" Jin exclaimed as if he just saw them and hadn't been eavesdropping on them. "You're so, so green!"

"Bye," Yoongi said, and then he started walking in the corridor. Hoseok hurried after him, running a hand through his hair in meanwhile, just remembering that he hadn't brushed it today. He nudged Yoongi's shoulder playfully, feeling butterflies when Yoongi let out something that almost sounded like a giggle and nudged him back.

Hoseok joked about the portraits on the walls being scary on the way to the first floor dining room. Yoongi made ugly faces behind Maggie's back when they spotted her. They both acted innocent when she limped up to them, narrowing her eyes and rasping something about Hoseok being a dirty boy.

"I just gave him a bath, ma'am. He's not dirty," Yoongi told Maggie. He chewed on his cheek not to burst out laughing. It was strange. Hoseok didn't feel afraid of Maggie anymore. Not when Yoongi stood close to him like this and they were both green.

"What?" Maggie spat. "Peasants aren't allowed to use the bathtubs."

"He's not a peasant, ma'am," Yoongi said. "He's my dog."

Hoseok felt his lips twitch. He wanted to laugh so bad. Maggie looked confused and riled up. She glared at Hoseok. Hoseok met her gaze.

"Woof!" Hoseok barked when she wouldn't leave.

"See? Told you so," Yoongi said in a serious voice. "Please leave us alone now." He pressed past Maggie in the hallway and led Hoseok forward. They turned a corner and snickered to themselves. "I've never seen her look so frustrated," Yoongi whispered, almost in wonder.

They joked about Maggie the last bit to the dining room. Inside Yoongi sat down on his usual seat and Hoseok sat down next to him, smiling as Yoongi gave him yellow candy from his pockets and made Jones serve them strawberries as starters.
"So why are you here?" Yoongi asked Hoseok when Jones had given them bacon and eggs on plates, and more strawberries since Hoseok had eaten them all.

"Uhm." Hoseok pressed bacon and eggs into his mouth, momentarily forgetting about Yoongi's presence. Now that he felt it he started feeling a bit seasick. He'd eaten too much candy. He finished chewing and swallowed before he spoke. "My mother and father moved to Seoul. Father got work there," He started explaining, leaning back some, growing serious. His chest hurt from the memory. "They told me they'd fixed work here for me over the summer. Just as they left they told me it was forever. Now I'm here and I haven't heard anything from them at all."

"What?" Yoongi looked confused. "Did they just dump you here?"

"Yup." Hoseok shrugged, put another piece of bacon in his mouth. "But it's okay. I'd rather stay here with you than be in Seoul with them."

He choked on the bacon in his mouth when he realized what he'd said.

"I-, I mean-"

"I'm happy you feel that way," Yoongi said, not looking happy at all. "But this, ehm, you staying in the house I mean, it's only temporarily, for the summer." He looked concerned. "Then the Mins will be back."

"I think I'd rather be in the barn and close to you than with my parents anyway," Hoseok pondered.

Yoongi stared at his plate. He looked thoughtful. Hoseok hoped that he would tell him what he was thinking.

"Do you really like it here?" Yoongi asked then. The question had more to it. Hoseok was too slow to get the rest of it and read between the lines.

"I think so." Hoseok nodded some, swallowed down the food. "I have friends and you give me candy."

"But what about after the summer?" Yoongi asked. "Would you- would you still want to talk to me even if you were working all day and I was in here doing nothing?"

"Are you in here doing nothing?" Hoseok asked. He didn't understand what Yoongi was asking him. He was confused. He thought Yoongi was doing a lot of things. He could play the piano. He could play with his dick too. Those things counted.

"Let me rephrase." Yoongi folded his hands in his lap and looked concerned. He made Hoseok feel worried. "Doesn't it bother you that we're so different?"

"Oh." Hoseok understood better now. Why hadn't Yoongi said that in the first place? "No. I think we can be friends anyway."

"Friends. Right." Yoongi let out something nervous. Hoseok couldn't tell if it was a sigh or laugh. It made Hoseok's stomach feel weird. They had just decided to be friends this morning. Had Yoongi changed his mind?

"Do you think we're too different?" Hoseok bounced back the question. "You told me we were equal yesterday."

"I think we are, I, uhm, I only wondered about your opinion on the matter," Yoongi said.
"Strawberries?" He pushed the bowl of strawberries at Hoseok.

Hoseok shook his head, feeling more at ease. "Don't you want any?" He pushed the bowl back, his heart doing a jump when their fingers brushed together over the bowl.

"No, I'd rather you eat them," Yoongi said, looking like he was being honest. Hoseok smiled nervously before he ate the last strawberries, so full that his stomach almost exploded as he ate the last bit of bacon on his plate. When Jones walked out with a chocolate cake Hoseok gaped.

"Do you think I'm too thin or something?" Hoseok asked as he started eating from the cake with his fork. He couldn't resist. It was cake. He had to eat. It tasted sweet and wonderful.

"No, I just think it's fun to watch you eat," Yoongi said as he leaned back and watched Hoseok with an almost fond smile on his lips.

"But I'm so full," Hoseok groaned. "Don't you want any?" Yoongi hadn't eaten much from his plate. All eggs were left.

"I'm good," Yoongi stated.

"Hm... here comes the train!" Hoseok took a piece of cake on his fork and made train sounds as he guided it to Yoongi's lips.

"Are you serious?" Yoongi raised his eyebrows.

"Yes? Open up!"

Yoongi opened his mouth and Hoseok put the fork in his mouth, feeling like a creep when he thought about the indirect kiss. He retreated the fork and quickly put it in his own mouth, feeling even creepier.

He tricked Yoongi into five more indirect kisses before Yoongi said he was full. Hoseok felt nearly pregnant as Jones took away their dishes. Then Hoseok smiled at Yoongi, feeling happy and nervous as Yoongi smiled back at him, just a little thing on his lips that most would miss.

"Thank you for, ehm, the b-bath and breakfast," Hoseok said after what felt like hours of gazing into Yoongi's eyes. He hoped no one had peeked at them through the windows. He was too focused on Yoongi to notice if someone was there or not.

"My pleasure," Yoongi said. He got up from his chair and Hoseok got up from his, starting to feel nauseous again. He followed Yoongi to the door, feeling his cheeks heat up when Yoongi held the door open for him like a gentleman.

"Thank you, Sir," Hoseok said with a bow, overdoing it.

"Want me to open another one for you?" Yoongi asked, serving as a doorman as he opened the door to their left. They both glanced into the ballroom.

Hoseok glanced into it, remembering how heartbroken he had been when he'd seen Yoongi with Jihyo in his lap. Yoongi closed the door again. Maybe he started feeling sad too.

"Want to hear something strange?" Yoongi asked as he led Hoseok forward, as if they would hang around each other for the rest of the day. It was unusual. Hoseok wasn't complaining. He loved this.
"Tell me," Hoseok said curiously.

"I found a soap on the floor yesterday?"


"Was it yours?" Yoongi glanced at Hoseok from the side. There was something in his gaze again. A question Hoseok struggled to read. Somehow it felt like he knew more than he let on.

"Mine? No, I only own the clothes I'm wearing." Hoseok made a sound of realization. "Wait, my usual clothes not- not these, they are yours."

"You can take them if you want to," Yoongi said. "You say you like green so much."

"Take them?" Hoseok asked in surprise, not believing his ears. "No, no I couldn't do that."

Yoongi went silent. Hoseok started sweating. Did Yoongi seriously want to give Hoseok these clothes? They were too expensive. But now Yoongi looked sad. Hoseok had to make him happy again.

"Or okay. I'd love to take them." Hoseok gave in, feeling his heart flutter when Yoongi blessed him with a smile.

"Great," Yoongi said. They reached the hallway leading outside and walked into it. "Where are we going, by the way?"

"I thought you knew?" Hoseok opened the front door and squinted the sharp light of the sun. "Look, if we laid down on the lawn no one would see us because of the green!"

"Only our heads," Yoongi played along. Hoseok turned and looked at him, his soul feeling happy from how happy and at ease Yoongi looked. He looked so pretty. Maybe Hoseok should tell him.

"Yoongi?" He asked, still unused to the way the name rolled off his tongue perfectly.

"Hoseok?" Yoongi raised his eyebrows in questions. He looked a bit nervous. Hoseok got nervous too. He nudged Yoongi's foot with his own. Hoseok was barefoot. He hadn't put Yoongi in his shoes today.

"I think you're really pre-"

"Yoongi! Yoongi, my friend! You have to look at these pictures!"

Hoseok and Yoongi snapped their heads to the side. Jin rushed into the hallway, Namjoon following suit. He came to a stop when he saw that Hoseok was there.

"Oh, hi!" Jin waved excitedly at them. "Am I interrupting something?" He winked at Hoseok so many times it looked like he'd got eyelashes stuck in his eyes.

"Yes?" Yoongi tried.

"We'll leave." Namjoon smiled a tense smile and tried to lead Jin back.

"No, I was, I was done," Hoseok said hurriedly. He changed his mind. He could let Yoongi know he was pretty another day. If at all. It was a bad idea to tell him. Hoseok might get rejected.

"You were?" Yoongi looked strangely disappointed. Maybe he had felt as warm from Hoseok's
company that Hoseok had felt from his.

"Yes, I'm gonna, gonna find Jiminie now," Hoseok decided. "See you later Yoongi."

"See you later," Yoongi trailed off, looking like he had more things to say. Hoseok didn't want to leave. He wanted to linger. But Jin approached them and Hoseok didn't want to listen to him embarrassing him again, so he left. He smiled at Yoongi over his shoulder, giggling when Yoongi blinked at him cutely.

"What are you wearing?" Dahyun asked Hoseok on the porch. She had one hand down a pot and another hand down a bag of dirt. Hoseok ignored her. He walked out on the grass, feeling the soft grass between his naked toes.

He found Jimin, Taehyung and Jungkook on the beach, drawing things on papers and spreading them around.

"Hobi!" Jimin exclaimed as he saw Hoseok approach. He wolf whistled and wriggled his eyebrows. "Tell us everything!"

Hoseok sat down beside them, smiling to himself. He didn't know where to begin. He didn't know what had happened himself. He just liked Yoongi so much. They were okay again. It was amazing.
Auriga looks like this:

according to the legend the brightest star of Auriga, Capella (Alpha Aurigae), is a star known to help and assist sad and desperate people with last-minute wishes.

To find Auriga, locate the Big Dipper of Ursa Major and look to the right. Capella is the bright star to the right, and when you find Capella it's easy to see the rest of the constellation.

I have an unexplainable connection to Auriga, and it just feels like my soul belongs there. but anygay! hope you'll like this chapter!! ♥

"Hobi, could you tell me once again? Did you hug in the bathtub? Naked!?” Jimin urged from where he'd climbed in next to Hoseok in his bed.

"Yeah," Hoseok breathed, struggling to believe it himself. Had it really happened? He'd been thinking about it all day. He'd walked past Yoongi outside before dinner, and he'd dropped the cards in his hands from the sight of him. Jungkook had muttered complaints as he'd picked the cards up from the ground, chasing one of them as it took off with the wind and flied for the lake. Yoongi had looked him in the eyes and Hoseok had almost fainted.

"And you didn't kiss him?” Jimin asked in something close to shock. "When you were naked! If I were you and Yoongi had been Tony I would've kissed him. Mark too."

"But I'm not you," Hoseok sighed, regretting the fact that he hadn't kissed Yoongi. "And I don't know if Yoongi likes boys or not, so,"

"Oh, sure. Yoongi straddled you in the tub and told you to hug for two minutes. Totally not gay at all. No, no," Jimin said sarcastically. "And he told you he hated Jihyo? All straight boys I know would literally kill to touch her tits."

"Ew." Hoseok tried to put some distance to himself and Jimin. Jimin didn't budge. He practically pressed himself to Hoseok's side, stubbornly keeping close to him.

"What straight boy gives another straight boy strawberries, candy and cake for breakfast?" Jimin wanted to know. "Name one."
"Yoongi..." Hoseok whispered.

"Ha, funny joke." Jimin's fake laugh tuned out. He poked Hoseok in the chest. "Hyung, seriously. I think you should try to go for the kiss."

"What if he rejects me then?" Hoseok asked with worry. It was his biggest fear. Yoongi rejecting Hoseok as he was opening his heart and going for the kiss.

"Look." Jimin changed position so they were lying beside each other on their backs. "Here's what we'll do. You'll kiss Yoongi and I'll kiss Tony. Whoever manages to do so first wins, and the loser has to sleep on the floor one night."

"I don't wanna sleep on the floor."

"Then don't lose?" Jimin countered cleverly. "What do you say?" He glanced at Hoseok in the darkness. Some light seeped in through the window. The moon was waxing.

"Okay," Hoseok said only to make Jimin stop nagging him. Jimin made a sound of victory and Hoseok hid his smile under the blanket. Right now it almost felt like they were brothers. Jimin would be the little brother and Hoseok the bigger one. Maybe brothers from different mothers. They didn't look very alike.

"What are you thinking about over there? Plotting how to go for the kiss?" Jimin teased.

"Totally." Hoseok ruffled Jimin's hair, made him yelp before he almost fell out of bed in surprise. They started trying to mess up the other's hair while Jimin teased Hoseok about not daring to kiss Yoongi, when Jimin angled his head to the side and stilled.

"Shh, did you hear that?" He whispered, eyes on the door.

"I can't hear anything over your giggles!" Hoseok hissed, finally pushing Jimin away from him and pulling his shirt back down so Jimin couldn't tickle his stomach.

"Shh!" Jimin put a hand over Hoseok's mouth.

"Mm!" Hoseok complained.

"Shh Hobi!" Jimin hushed him, pressing Hoseok's head into the pillow as he listened for sounds. Hoseok tried not to suffocate. "Didn't you hear? From the door? Someone was at the door!"

Jimin removed his hand and Hoseok sat up, growing scared. "Who? Maggie? Think she heard us talking?"

"Hope not. If she eavesdropped she knows who we wanna kiss," Jimin whispered, sounding close to horrified. "It was probably a rat or something."

"A rat!?" Hoseok gasped.

"Stop shouting all the time!" Jimin tried to put a hand over Hoseok's mouth again, but Hoseok jumped away. He took his blanket and stepped out of bed. He wrapped the blanket around him, to protect himself from rat-Maggie, as he closed in on the door. "What are you doing, you'll scream and wake everyone up!" Jimin hissed from where he'd climbed up on Hoseok's bed and was hugging his knees to his chest, seeming as scared as Hoseok.

"I'm gonna look for the rat," Hoseok said, feeling scared rather than heroic. He walked up to the
door. He couldn't hear anything. He kicked the door, making Jimin squeak in fear. He didn't hear any rats. He didn't hear Maggie from outside. "Jimin, are you trying to scare me? There's nothing here." He cut himself short. He almost slipped on something. He crouched down and picked it from the floor up, seeing that it was a little note.

"Look! Someone slid this under the door!" Hoseok exclaimed in a whisper, holding the paper up in the air, hoping Jimin could see it. He regretted doing so when Jimin snatched it for himself. "Hey, give it back!"

"Hm? Who's this from?" Jimin asked curiously as he bounced back down on Hoseok's bed. "From a secret admirer perhaps? I have a few!"

"It might be for me," Hoseok said as he laid down next to Jimin and squinted at the note in the darkness.

"Oh my god!" Jimin asked a second later.

"What?" Hoseok asked curiously.

"I can't read, here." Jimin gave the note back to Hoseok who quickly read it, angling the note for the window so he could make out the words under the faint moonlight.

_H. meet me by the dock at midnight. There's a lamp outside the door._

Hoseok felt his heart jump and stomach clench with nerves.

"Oh my god! Yoongi wants to fuck you!" Jimin whisper-shouted when Hoseok had read him the secret message three times over, growing nervous. He grabbed Hoseok's arm, jumped out of bed, rushed for the door and threw the door open. They both startled when they heard a door close further down the corridor. "Look! A Lamp!" Jimin pointed at something beside the door in the darkness. "Oh my god, I told you! He wants a taste of that Horny Hobi!"

"Don't call me that." Hoseok shook Jimin's hand off him. He glanced into the dark corridor, wondering if the message had been from Yoongi or not. No one else lived on the third floor. Had Yoongi been eavesdropping on them by the door just now? Please no.

Jimin led Hoseok back inside their room. He closed the door with a smirk on his face. He'd fetched the lamp from outside, and he lit with a packet of matches he kept under his bed and placed the lamp on the floor between their beds.

"How do you feel?" Jimin asked.

"Nervous," Hoseok admitted, feeling that he was. Did Yoongi want to meet him by the dock? H had to mean Hoseok. He hoped the note hadn't been from someone else. "What if it wasn't from Yoongi?"

"Who else would give you a super gay note like this and close the door to Min's room when we almost caught him in the corridor?" Jimin asked dumbly. He had a point. Maybe Hoseok was stupid. He was growing too nervous to think.

"S-so, what do I do now?" Hoseok whispered. "I'm afraid of the dark." He glanced out the window over his shoulder meaningfully. It was dark out there. The stars were out. They were a bit scary.

"You'll meet him and kiss him once and for all. Put an end to this misery now and then I'll sleep on the floor," Jimin said heroically.
"I'm not sure if I'm ready?" Hoseok said nervously.

"Want to practice with me first?" Jimin puckered his lips and made kissing sounds. Hoseok jerked back with a grimace. "What? Everyone loves Juicy Jimin!"

"But I, uhm, I-" Hoseok swallowed his pride. "I haven't kissed anyone before."

"Hobi." Jimin gave him a skeptical look. "I know."

"You knew?" Hoseok whispered, just remembering about the thin walls and people and Maggie eavesdropping at night. He sincerely hoped that this would stay between him and Jimin. That no one was pressing their ear to the door right now.

"You didn't eat during Never Have I Ever," Jimin stated simply. "And do you know who else didn't eat? Yoongi. So congratulations, you're both virgin losers."

Hoseok threw a pillow at Jimin, feeling hurt and embarrassed and a bit hopeful that he wasn't the only one here who hadn't kissed anyone. Jimin threw the pillow back at him. "You didn't eat anything either."

"It's because I've kissed too many to count!" Jimin poked his tongue out.

Hoseok put the pillow in his lap. He stared down it, embarrassed from what he was about to ask. "Do you, ehm, kiss with- only with your lips or, or with,"

"Are you trying to ask me if I kiss with tongue?" Jimin huffed. "How come? Want me to teach you how?"

"No…" Hoseok muttered, staging a laugh to seem casual. "Of course not, I-, I was just wondering how you did it for science, you know."

"Since when do you like science?" Jimin asked in confusion.

"Since now."

They were silent. It was a bit strained. Jimin radiated Hoseok-go-and-kiss-Yoongi-already while Hoseok radiated no-I-don't-dare-to-I-wanna-stay-in-bed.

"Kissing with tongue isn't that difficult, you kinda just do it like this." Jimin pointed at his mouth and started swirling his tongue in the air. "See? Super easy!"

"Ew." Hoseok made a face of disgust. Jimin's tongue looked like a propeller.

"Easy right?" Jimin put his tongue back in his mouth. "So stop looking so down and nervous now. Show me what you've got!"

Hoseok was too tired, and too nervous, to object. He opened his mouth and started swirling his tongue in the air. "Like this?" It didn't feel very hot. He felt like a dog. Felt super silly.

"Uh, sure?" Jimin didn't look impressed. He gave Hoseok a weird look. "But maybe you should keep to lip-kisses in the beginning…"

Hoseok groaned and fell back in his bed, landing on the pillows. "I can't do it."

"Yes, you can." Jimin sat down next to Hoseok and patted his shoulder. "Want me to go with you? Hide in the bushes?"
"No?" Hoseok absolutely didn't want that.

"Want me to help you look super hot then? So you can seduce him and make him make the first move and kiss you?" Jimin asked. He went to work before Hoseok had the time to agree or object. "Put on this shirt." Jimin picked up the green shirt Hoseok had thrown on the floor earlier. "And here..." Jimin got something from under his pillow that he held out in front of him.

"Your garters?" Hoseok whispered, remembering what Jimin had said about them. "But-

"But you don't wanna get fucked, you just want a kiss, but they might come in handy one way or another," Jimin said importantly. "So, get changed!"

Hoseok changed into the shirt and put on the garters under his pants. He felt silly. He looked silly. Jimin tried to flatten out his disobedient hair. It didn't go very well.

"I feel desperate," Hoseok said as Jimin tied a ribbon around his wrist. It was Taehyung's. Hopefully. It felt like something the girls would wear. Hoseok hoped he wasn't wearing girl accessories. It felt like he did.

"But you are?" Jimin countered. "So. I think you're ready. You look good!"

"But Yoongi looks amazing." Hoseok groaned again. He felt miserable. Complicated. He had no chance with Yoongi. The note didn't even have to be from him. It might be from anyone. Maggie even. Hoseok hoped he wasn't being tricked by the old hag.

"Hobi." Jimin sat them down on Hoseok's bed. Hoseok played with the ribbon on his wrist, feeling nervous and jumpy. "You don't need to be nervous. He likes you."

"Did you write the note?" Hoseok asked seriously, making sure he wasn't being tricked.

"I can't write?" Jimin reminded him.

"Oh, right, sorry," Hoseok apologized. "I'm just so nervous. I don't understand why he would want to meet me outside, at, at midnight like this?"

"Because it's romantic and he likes you?" Jimin offered. "Maybe he wants to show you something? Or kiss behind the hut?"

"Kiss behind the hut? Is that a thing?"

"Don't know. I used to do it." Jimin shrugged. "But this is about you." He put a hand on Hoseok's knee.

"Yes." Hoseok swallowed. "I'm nervous."

"Why? What can go wrong?" Jimin wondered.

"Lots of things," Hoseok pondered. "I could drool on him, or I could get rejected, or I could make embarrassing sounds, or I could accidentally push him into the water. Do you know if he can swim?" He asked with worry. "I've already almost killed him three times! I'm dangerous!"

"Hobi, calm down." Jimin scooted a bit closer. "It will be fine. You're funny and he probably thinks so too since he wants to spend time with you."

"What if the note was from someone else?" Hoseok whispered, thankful that Jimin kept his mood up and wanted to help him. Jimin had never acted this nice before. Hoseok was surprised, and
"Who else do we know that can write in cursive like this? It looks like French to me," Jimin said.

"Jin?" Hoseok said pathetically.

"Why would Jin ask you on a date in the moonlight?" Jimin questioned.

"A date!?" Hoseok squeaked, heart jumping in his chest. "Is it a date!?"

Jimin sighed. He stood up and walked for the door, held it open for him. "It will be fine. It's totally not a date, and you will not kill him. Go for the kiss, and if you're shy you can kiss his cheek. I believe in you!" He hissed the last part as the door swung open.

Hoseok stood up on stiff legs. The garters were a bit too tight on his thighs, cutting the blood flow to his legs. He hoped his legs wouldn't turn blue and fall off. He walked to Jimin on his legs, expecting to hear them squeak since they were so stiff.

Jimin gave him the lamp from the floor. Hoseok took it with trembling hands. He wasn't ready. He tried to turn back inside but Jimin didn't let him. He forced him out into the corridor and closed the door after them.

"Go get him now, tiger! Or should I say Flower?" Jimin mumbled for himself as he brushed dust off Hoseok's shoulders. "Your shirt is green and cheeks red. You look a bit like a flower."

"Thanks." Hoseok wasn't sure if it was a compliment or not.

"You're welcome!" Jimin flashed him a flirty smile. "Good luck, and tell me everything when you're back! Okay?" He winked at him. "Oh, and close your eyes when you kiss him, and don't be scared if he moans. He does that a lot." He said knowingly.

"Kidding?" Hoseok whispered with disbelief and excitement. Yoongi moaning was his favorite thing. Just thinking about it made him almost come in his pants.

"Sadly not," Jimin said. "But what are you waiting for? It's way past midnight, you need to go!" He started pushing Hoseok forward. He stumbled on his stiff legs.

"O-okay!" Hoseok managed to say even though it felt like he was about to puke. Jimin patted him on the back as Hoseok started walking down the stairs. Hoseok pattered over the stairs as silently as he could, fearing Maggie on every floor. The house was dead silent. Everyone must be asleep. And if they weren't asleep Hoseok was thankful that they were quiet.

He sneaked out of the front door without walking into anyone. No Maggie. No Rose. No ghost. Maybe the power of the garters was true. Maybe his footsteps were light since he had no blood in his legs anymore. He didn't know. He couldn't really think. The thought of meeting Yoongi on a date was surreal.

He crossed the porch and stepped out on the lawn. It wasn't as green anymore now that everyone had made a habit of walking on it. Hoseok buried his toes in the damp grass. He wasn't wearing shoes. He couldn't remember why he was barefoot. It didn't matter. If Yoongi wanted to dress down and have some fun in the water then Hoseok was ready.

On second thought, Yoongi would most definitely not want to dress down and have some fun in the water, but still. If he wanted to have some fun on the dock Hoseok was ready for that too.
Stop thinking weird things!

Hoseok slapped his cheeks. He stopped when he realized that slapping them would make them red. Did Yoongi like red cheeks? He must if he liked Hoseok's company.

He glanced up at the sky. He could see the twinkling dots of stars against the dark blue. It was a bit scary with the darkness. The moon was half. Half full or half gone? Probably half full. Half full sounded better. Hoseok felt half full. His other half was (hopefully) waiting for him by the dock right now.

He tightened his grip on the lamp in his hand and hurried for the beach. He stepped on something hard. He didn't stop to see what it was, perhaps it was a stone. Then he stepped on something hard again. With a frown he glanced down, trying to see what it was in the light from the lamp. He gaped. It looked like yellow candy in plastic wrappers.

He picked one up, took off the wrapper and tasted it. Definitely yellow candy. It tasted like lemon.

He found the other one he'd stepped on and put that one in his mouth as well. And then he saw that there was a trail of candies leading into the forest. He put the other three candies that he picked up in his pockets, feeling like a hamster. Yellow candy. It had to be Yoongi. Hoseok felt his heart swell. Yoongi was adorable. Had he left Hoseok a trail with his favorite candy?

Or wait. He'd probably just dropped them on the way. Hoseok was reading too much into it.

Hoseok walked into the small forest, seeing nothing but creepy darkness. He stepped out on the beach, a bit scared from the darkness and the scary sounds of the waves hitting the shore. He didn't want to get killed out here.

"Hello? Yoongi?" Hoseok hissed with his mouth full of candy. He swept his gaze around, wondering if he'd been tricked, when he saw someone walk towards him. His heart jumped with fear, thinking it was a killer. Then he recognized who it was. It was Yoongi.

"Hi," Yoongi said as he walked up to him. He was still wearing his green clothes. "You showed up."

"Yeah, ehm." Hoseok got shy. His mouth dried out now that Yoongi stood in front of him. His stomach felt funny. What was this? A date? A friendship meetup? Did Yoongi really like him? Did he want to kiss with tongue? Had he given Hoseok candy so he would have nice breath? So many questions.

"Are you cold?" Yoongi asked. He took Hoseok's lamp from him. Their fingers brushed together. Hoseok tried not to giggle. It felt like he was blushing. "I have a blanket."

"O-oh, I'm a bit cold," Hoseok said awkwardly. Yoongi was being nice again. Was this a date? Hoseok felt tense. Was Yoongi going to kiss him?

"The blanket is over here. Please follow me." Yoongi started walking. Hoseok followed him to the end of the dock. It felt like he was going to fall down any second from the waves and lack of sunlight. He hoped Yoongi wasn't going to push him into the lake.

Yoongi sat down on the end of the dock, motioning for Hoseok to do the same. He did. The tip of his toes dipped into the water. Yoongi put out the light in the lamp and put it to the side before he laid down. Hoseok laid down next to him, growing soft when Yoongi draped a blanket over them. It covered most of their legs and bodies. Hoseok pulled the blanket up higher, feeling the warmth from Yoongi's body spread to him.
He glanced up at the stars, seeing that the moon was setting to their right. The stars were bright and many. They shone so brightly without any lights in sight. The dock was hard under his back, but Hoseok didn't care. Yoongi was probably going to kiss him any moment now. The thought made Hoseok's heart jump in his chest like crazy. He discreetly licked his lips, warming up his tongue since Yoongi couldn't see him in the darkness. He felt super sneaky. Maybe he should hold Yoongi's hand. Warm him up with a joke.

"I'm not sure if I ever asked, but do you like the stars?" Yoongi was first to speak.

"Of course!" Hoseok chirped, his excitement for the kiss showing. "It's a bit scary at night, but yeah. I like them. You?" He turned his head to the side, smiling when Yoongi did the same.

"I like them too," Yoongi said. He was close. Hoseok could smell his breath. It made his stomach swirl and chest bubble with nervous excitement. Was it too early to kiss him? "I, uhm, I wanted to show you my favorite constellation," Yoongi said. Hoseok stopped being excited in his head and tried to listen to what he was saying. He sounded sincere and honest, like he'd planned for this for a long time. "I'm not sure if you know it?"

"I know the big dipper and little dipper," Hoseok filled in. He wanted to impress Yoongi with his knowledge.

Yoongi snorted. He was probably not impressed. "It's not called 'the little dipper'."

"What's it called then?" Hoseok asked, feeling stubborn. His father must've lied to him.

"Not important. Let's call it the little dipper from now on." Yoongi let out a light laugh. It made Hoseok feel like he was surrounded by fluffy clouds.

"So which one's your favorite?" Hoseok asked, flattered that Yoongi would call the little dipper for little dipper now, too. He was so flirty and charming. Hoseok just wanted to smile.

"It's called Auriga," Yoongi explained. He sounded calm. Mysterious. Hoseok wondered why that one was his favorite. He'd never heard of it before. He felt so curious and interested. Yoongi was warm beside him.

"Where is it?" Hoseok asked.

"It will rise over there in a few hours." Yoongi pointed to the left of the sky. Hoseok glanced over there, not making any sense of the dots spread around in the sky.

"In a few hours?" Hoseok whispered, imagining hours of hugging and kissing Yoongi on the dock, under the moonlight. The thought made him suppress and nervous laugh. "We'll be here for hours then?"

"... I brought candy?" Yoongi said in a funny voice.

"You did?" Hoseok faked ignorance. Yoongi must've dropped some on his way here. He had to act surprised. "Why?"

"You, ehm," It sounded like Yoongi fumbled for the words. "I thought you liked them."

"Yellow candy?" Hoseok asked.

"Yup. Want some?" Yoongi took out a handful of candies from his pocket. Hoseok was quick to take them and put them in his mouth, grimacing when he felt that they still had the wrappers on.
"Yummy," Hoseok joked before he spit out the candy in his hand and started removing the wrappers. "I think you dropped some on the way, by the way." He ended up revealing. He hadn't planned on doing that. "I found candies on the lawn."

"Oh, yeah I, uh, I dropped some," Yoongi mumbled, sounding adorably shy.

"On purpose?" Hoseok paused to look at him.

"Accident," Yoongi clarified. Hoseok got a bit disappointed. He started eating the candies, without wrappers this time, and laid back down to watch the stars, trying not to choke as he chewed on the caramels.

"What's that star called?" Hoseok pointed forward.

"It's Vega," Yoongi explained. He was so educated. He knew so much. "Part of Lyra, and the constellation over there is Cassiopeia. It looks like an M or a W depending on the season."

"Oh, okay." Hoseok pretended to understand as he listened to Yoongi's wonderful, soothing voice. All he saw was twinkling stars and the moon. He didn't see any letters or instruments.

"There's the swan and that's a bear, see the tail?" Yoongi went on, trying to teach Hoseok all he knew while Hoseok blinked at the moon, wondering where the other half of it was hiding when he couldn't see it.

"Why is Auriga so special?" Hoseok asked. "What does it look like?"

"It looks a bit like a pentagon," Yoongi said. Hoseok felt dumb. He didn't get anything. It would be easier if Yoongi had shown him on paper first. "And it has kids."

"Kids?" Hoseok asked in confusion.

"I'm sorry, I must sound confusing." Yoongi let out a light, nervous laugh that made Hoseok's stomach clench. "Auriga is Latin for charioteer, do you know what that is?"

"Not really," Hoseok admitted. He didn't understand. He just liked listening to Yoongi's voice.

"A charioteer is an ancient chariot driver. In ancient Greece and Rome people raced with horses. I don't really know how to explain it, but the chariot looks a bit like a small horse carriage with horses tied to it. The constellation Auriga looks like a charioteer helmet, and that's how it got its name. But you don't draw it like a helmet; you draw it like a man holding a goat and two goat kids in his arms."

Hoseok was confused. Yoongi sounded confused too. This date wasn't that romantic.

"So it's a helmet and a goat?" Hoseok asked dumbly. It didn't sound very pretty.

"I think it looks like a pentagon," Yoongi said. He sounded a bit nervous, like he was being boring and he knew it. "Auriga is close to the seven sisters and Orion the hunter," Yoongi explained, and Hoseok was lost again. He pretended to understand as his eyes went back to the moon. He liked it when it was half. It looked like an orange slice.

"Am I being boring?" Yoongi laughed nervously, nudging Hoseok's shoulders. "Looks like you're falling asleep over there."

"What?" Hoseok laughed nervously. Yoongi had to stop laughing like that now. Hoseok's stomach
swirled too much. "No, I'm just, just trying to imagine what it looks like. In my head."

"Did you know that the stars are suns?" Yoongi asked. "Or, most of them, if they have planets orbiting around them. It's not bears or dogs or swans, but suns like our own. Humans are only trying to make sense of it."

"What?" Hoseok frowned. "But if they're suns, why are they cold?" He held out a hand for the sky, feeling how cold it was for himself.

"They're so far away," Yoongi said. He must be a professor or something. Or Hoseok was just stupid. "They're burning and will eventually burn out. You could say that they're dying."

"I feel confused," Hoseok said.

"What did you think the stars were?" Yoongi asked in an amused voice. Hoseok hoped he found stupidity charming. Hoseok had lots of it.

"I thought they were like pretty dots in the darkness to keep you company, or something." Hoseok shrugged. "Didn't think much about it. And the moon is there to light up the sky when the sun is sleeping."

"When the sun is **sleeping**? That's the cutest thing I've ever heard," Yoongi said incredulously. Hoseok felt his cheeks heat up. Yoongi must've felt embarrassed too. He stopped talking and pulled the blanket up higher to cover his chin.

"Do you believe in shooting stars?" Yoongi asked then. Hoseok must be imagining things. It almost felt like he was moving closer.

"Hm..." Hoseok pretended to think as he scooted a bit closer too. They were laying close to each other now, with their sides pressed together. He could hear Yoongi breathe. He felt tense with excitement. "Yes, I believe in them."

"You do?" Yoongi asked. "Has anything you've wished for come true?"

"Can't remember," Hoseok said. He hadn't made a wish in a while. He turned his head to the side, feeling his heart jump when he found Yoongi already watching him. "You?"

"I'm not sure. Perhaps?" Yoongi said in a low voice.

"What did you wish for?" Hoseok wondered.

"Secret."
Hoseok gazed into Yoongi's eyes. He could just barely make them out in the darkness. He wondered if the wish Yoongi had made was secret or if Yoongi only didn't want to tell him. What if it was about him? Hoseok didn't know what to believe. The air felt tense. He felt tense. Yoongi was so close and Hoseok wanted to hold him. He had to say something funny to ease the tension.

"That constellation is a smiley face," Hoseok said when he couldn't stand the tension anymore. He pointed at random. "And that one is a cross, and that's a sandwich."

Yoongi was silent. Hoseok felt like his mission had failed. He had to make Yoongi laugh.

"Yoongi... are you smiling?" He asked in a teasing voice. Yoongi was silent for a bit longer.

"Yeah," He admitted then. "Are you?"

"Mm," Hoseok hummed with a small, shy, happy smile on his face. Watching the stars together like this was romantic, whether Yoongi had planned it to be or not. Sharing a blanket was romantic too. Giving Hoseok yellow candy too.

Hoseok turned so he laid on his side. He glanced at Yoongi before he hesitantly put a hand on his arm, stroking a thumb over the fabric of his shirt. He held his breath. The contact made him want to giggle. He waited for Yoongi's reaction.

Then Yoongi reacted. Moved. Wordlessly, he reached out and gave Hoseok's shoulder a little stroke. Hoseok's heart started racing in his chest. He was happy it was so dark out. His face burned red. Yoongi touched his shoulder. Yoongi was so special. Hoseok kept stroking Yoongi's arm. He didn't dare say anything. He felt the air change. He felt his cheeks grow warm. This moment right now felt intimate. He was only touching Yoongi's arm, yet he felt so much inside.

He heard the waves hit the dock below. He heard the wind rustle the leaves in the trees of the little forest. It was a bit chilly out, but warm under the blanket.

Hoseok wanted to touch Yoongi somewhere else. His neck. Face. Hair. Somewhere without clothes, so he could feel his skin on his fingers. He didn't dare to. His heart was jumping in his chest. It beat so fast it nearly hurt. But he remembered Jimin's encouraging words. And Taehyung's. And Jin's and Namjoon's. There was a chance that Yoongi liked him. Hoseok should take that chance.

So he slowly moved his hand up Yoongi's arm, up and down again, wanting to cry since it made him feel so good inside. Yoongi's hand on his shoulder stopped. Hoseok swallowed. Yoongi wasn't swatting him away. Hoseok stroked his way up to Yoongi's hair, running his fingers through it, thinking he heard Yoongi inhale.

Hoseok loosely draped his arm over Yoongi's waist when he was too nervous to go on anymore. He felt sweaty and exhausted and all he'd done was stroking Yoongi's arm and hair. Now they laid face to face in the darkness. Hoseok wondered if Yoongi could feel the tension or if it was only him. If he felt the anticipation too. Maybe it was only Hoseok. Maybe Yoongi had fallen asleep.

Only that he hadn't. Hoseok's heart jumped for the hundredth time when Yoongi found one of Hoseok's hands and took it in both of his own, giving it a squeeze before he opened Hoseok's palm and traced his finger over it. Hoseok shivered. Yoongi's fingers on his palm felt magical.
Yoongi was so close. Hoseok wanted to kiss him. Hug him. Yoongi had to give him another hug if he asked. If only Hoseok was braver. He wanted to tell Yoongi how wonderful he felt when he touched his palm like this. He didn't know what it was. Why Yoongi was doing it. He hoped that Yoongi would never stop.

"Hoseok?" Yoongi whispered then, breaking the silence. His voice was faint and small. It made Hoseok's heart flutter. He took Yoongi's hands in his, wishing he would ask him for a kiss.

"Yes?" Hoseok whispered back hopefully, nervously, sounding as flustered as he felt.

"Ehm." Yoongi sounded a bit flustered too. He made a smacking sound of licking his lips. If only Hoseok had seen them. Then he hadn't had been able to resist them.

"You can tell me anything," Hoseok reassured him.

"Same." Yoongi was quick to reciprocate. "But I-, I-

"Yes?" Hoseok whispered with anticipation and nervousness churning in his stomach. He started licking his own lips. Would he finally get to kiss Yoongi now? Under the stars? During their date? Good thing he'd eaten lots of candy. He wanted to taste good.

"I asked you to meet me here because I-" Yoongi fumbled for the words. Hoseok moved even closer, hooked a leg over his, growing excited in another way when Yoongi let out a little gasp.

Hoseok bit his lip. He didn't know what it was, if it was because it was dark or because Yoongi sounded so submissive, but he suddenly felt excited and confident. He dropped one of Yoongi's hands and wrapped an arm around his waist, using it to pull him closer, holding back a gasp himself. He didn't know if this counted as hugging. It felt better than hugging.

"You can tell me," Hoseok said as he started stroking Yoongi's lower back with his hand, as gently as he could, overwhelmed by the sudden urge to snap his hips forward. Yoongi smelled wonderful. He felt perfect in Hoseok's arms. They touched almost everywhere. Hoseok wanted them to touch by their lips. He wanted Yoongi to feel like fire too.

"It's, it's so hot here," Yoongi managed, sounding like he was struggling to breathe. Hoseok was happy he wasn't the only one.

"I'm feeling hot too," Hoseok said, thinking about his dick. He started growing hard. It was difficult not to when Yoongi was pressed against him everywhere like this. "Lemme remove the blanket…" He threw the blanket off of them, feeling like a loser when he accidentally sent it into the lake by mistake. "Oops," His arms were too shaky.

"Don't worry. It wasn't mine," Yoongi reassured him, surprising him by wrapping an arm around Hoseok's waist in return. Maybe Hoseok had died and had come to heaven.

"Who was it then?" Hoseok whispered, feeling his nose bump into Yoongi's. His heart beat so fast in his chest.

"Jin's," Yoongi whispered back.

Hoseok gripped the low of Yoongi's shirt. He felt Yoongi's hand ghost over his lower back. He didn't know what they were doing. They must be hugging. Yoongi must love hugs.

"You can tell me now," Hoseok said.
"Okay, so, I, uh." Yoongi started fumbling for the words again. Started sounding small. Hoseok thrived on it. He pulled Yoongi in closer, hugged him closer with his leg hooked over his and arm draped over his waist. Yoongi whimpered.

"W-what was that?" Hoseok stuttered, hoping Yoongi couldn't feel how sweaty and horny he was becoming. Had Yoongi just whimpered? Because he, did he feel like Hoseok? No. He couldn't. But Hoseok felt really good.

"Splinter-" Yoongi coughed. "I, uhm, I got a splinter."

"Oh." Hoseok felt disappointed. And relieved. "Where? Want me to kiss it better?"

"Uhm, here. On my cheek."

"What."

They became silent. Hoseok held Yoongi in his arms with a heart beating like mad. Did Yoongi want Hoseok to kiss his cheek? Or had he really got a splinter there?

"Just kidding-"

"Okay, I can kiss you-"

They both became silent again. Awkward. Hoseok felt his face go red with embarrassment. Yoongi had only been teasing him. Playing with him. But Hoseok had revealed his thirst. Now what?

"Hoseok," Yoongi repeated. Hoseok was listening. He loved the way his name sounded when Yoongi said it. He tugged at Yoongi's shirt. He probably shouldn't do that to a friend. Couldn't help it. He wanted to take it off. "I think you're really-"

"Who's there!"

Hoseok's heart jolted with panic. He hugged Yoongi tightly automatically, almost peeing himself in fear. Why had Yoongi said that? To scare him?

Then he realized that it hadn't been Yoongi.

"Shit, Maggie!" Yoongi hissed, rolling them around until he laid on top of Hoseok, straddling his hips and sitting on his poor, aching dick as he gazed at the beach.

"Where?" Hoseok hissed. While Yoongi was distracted he put his hands on Yoongi's hips and bucked his own, moaning lowly at the pleasure. He was a perv. He should feel ashamed. He could think about that later. Yoongi was so hot and cute. He couldn't help himself. "I-, I'm so afr-raid," He choked out when Yoongi stillled and probably figured out what a perv and creep Hoseok was.

"I don't- don't think she has seen us," Yoongi whispered. He must be afraid. Maybe he tried to dive into the lake. He started moving, sitting up and down on Hoseok and readjusting. Hoseok put a hand over his mouth and whimpered into it. He couldn't care less about Maggie. Yoongi sitting on his crotch felt too good.

He tried to glance over his shoulder. He thought he saw Maggie limp out on the beach with a lamp held high in her hands. She wasn't running their way. Not for the dock. Good. Yoongi must think she was though. Hoseok's head was too cloudy to focus on anything, but Yoongi kept moving around on top of him. Hoseok couldn't tell him to move away. Then Yoongi would ask him why and Hoseok would die when Yoongi saw how hard he was.
"I think she walked a-away," Yoongi whispered, sounding strained. He moved off Hoseok's lap. Hoseok pressed his legs together and sat up, wanting to curse and sing.

"What is she doing here?" Hoseok asked, keeping his voice steady. It was a miracle, really. He looked at the beach and watched as Maggie ran up to a bush and searched behind it. Several people ran out on the other side.

"Run Kookie!" Someone shouted. Sounded like Taehyung.

"Hurry, Joonie!"

"What the hell?" Yoongi muttered. "Jin?"

Hoseok stared in shock and confusion. He was too dizzy. Maybe he was hallucinating as he saw Maggie grab for Jin's nightshirt. Had Jin and the others been hiding behind that bush the entire time? It was too dark out. Hoseok seized the moment. He couldn't be dirty in his room anymore. Yoongi was distracted. So he put a hand down his pants and started jerking himself, stroking his cock the fastest he could. He bit his lip and pressed his eyes shut. He sat on his knees. He had his back to Yoongi so Yoongi couldn't see him, or hear him. It was over fast. Hoseok grimaced in pleasure as he came, seeing stars. The high washed over him and he gasped. He came in his underwear but it didn't matter.

"Are you okay?" Yoongi asked. Hoseok couldn't hear him. Yoongi couldn't see him. Hoseok sat down on his butt and pressed his legs to his chest, hoping they would hide the hand in his pants.

"I'm o-okay," Hoseok panted as he came back to reality, the warm, fussy feeling slowly exchanging for something shameful and panicked. "Shit," He cursed when he felt the warm and wet on his hand.

"It's not like you to curse," Yoongi said.

"Sorry," Hoseok said hurriedly, feeling awful. What was he? He was the scariest person he knew. Who jerked off next to someone like this? He needed serious help.

"Why are you apologizing?" Yoongi asked, sounding even more confused. And a bit sad. Why did he sound sad? Had he seen Hoseok?

"I'll, I-, I'll get the blanket," Hoseok mumbled. He didn't want Yoongi to see him like this. He was still breathing hard and he felt dizzy. He walked to the end of the dock and dived into the lake like an idiot, with clothes still on.

He started kicking in water, just remembering that he couldn't swim. The water felt deeper than it had before. Either it was the tides or so many had dived in and hit the seashore with their feet that there was a deep hole there.

"Hoseok!" Yoongi exclaimed in surprise.

"You-, you can call me H-Hobi!" Hoseok squeaked. The water was cold. He struggled to keep his head over the water surface. He washed his dirty hand clean under the water and gripped the dock, keeping himself floating. "H-have you s-seen the blanket?" He asked with clattering teeth. "It's t-too dark!"

"I'll help you search," Yoongi said, and then he jumped in himself, with clothes on and everything. Hoseok gaped. He'd never seen Yoongi in the lake before. Hadn't seen him bathe with clothes on either.
"Don't drown!" Hoseok said in panic when Yoongi was lost under the water surface. He started panicking, when Yoongi went back up, spitting water from his mouth. "I was so worried!" Hoseok exclaimed, slapping Yoongi's shoulder.

"Scared to lose me?" Yoongi teased him. Hoseok slapped him again, loving the way Yoongi teased him. "Ow, don't worry, I know how to swim."

"Then you should be the one to save me!" Hoseok urged, feeling awkward since he was practically shouting Yoongi in the face.

"Want me to save you? Is that why you jumped in?" Yoongi teased some more, tickling Hoseok on his stomach under the water, making him scream out a laugh.

"No!" Hoseok laughed. "N-no that wasn't- wasn't why, oh!" Yoongi tickled him and Hoseok's arms spasmed so much that he lost control of them and almost drowned. Yoongi pulled him back up and held him in his arms.

"Got you," Yoongi said with a little smile. "Don't die on me now. I just ruined my clothes for you."

"And the candy," Hoseok said, only now seeing the faint outlines of candy bobbing on the water surface beside them. "Rest in peace..."

"You're incredible," Yoongi snorted. He gripped the dock with one hand but kept the other arm wrapped around Hoseok's back.

Hoseok opened his mouth to say thank you, and to ask Yoongi what he'd been about to tell him when Maggie had interrupted them, and to ask Yoongi if he would be disgusted if he found out what Hoseok had just done, when he heard something heavy walk up the dock.

"Who's there?"

It was Maggie again. She must've lost the chase on the others. She came limping on the dock with her cane. Hoseok could see the light from her lamp light up the water around her.

"Here." Yoongi helped Hoseok hold on to the dock. He swam away, made Hoseok worry for a moment, and returned with something in his arms. Hoseok squinted in the darkness, feeling happy when Yoongi showed him what it was. The blanket. He must've found it somewhere in the lake.

They hid behind the dock. Yoongi draped the wet blanket over their heads. Hoseok clung to Yoongi as they silenced. Listened as Maggie walked to the end of the dock and muttered to herself.

"Think she will jump into the lake if I scare her?" Yoongi whispered evilly.

"No, she would probably get a heart attack and die!" Hoseok hissed with a smile.

"Yeah," Yoongi snickered. "Didn't think you were one for jokes like that, though."

"I didn't think you were one for bathing in the lake," Hoseok countered.

"Good point." It sounded like Yoongi was smiling. Hoseok was. Even though it was dark and wet and cold under the blanket. He felt happy inside, being close to Yoongi like this, with Yoongi's legs bumping into his own in the water. He could hear Yoongi breathing. Could feel the heat from his body as he clung to him. Hoseok loved this moment.

They listened and stayed silent until it sounded like Maggie had walked away. Hoseok kept
hugging Yoongi. He didn't want to leave. This felt like the perfect place for a first kiss. Under the blanket in the lake at one in the morning. If only he hadn't been so unsure.

"Ready to go up?" Yoongi whispered, too close to Hoseok's lips. Hoseok could almost taste them. He wanted to kiss him so bad. His whole being screamed for it. His stomach hurt with nervousness.

"Wait," Hoseok said, feeling like peeing himself. Was he going to do it? He had to do it fast before he changed his mind.

"I'm waiting, but my arm is starting to hurt," Yoongi said. Was he joking or not? Doesn't matter.

Hoseok took a deep breath. As deep as he could. There wasn't a lot of air under the wet blanket. He took Yoongi's other hand in his, opened his mouth and waited for the words to tell Yoongi how he felt, or the wave of courage to finally kiss him. But nothing. Nothing came out. He was frozen in place, slowly sinking until Yoongi pulled him up again.

"Thank you for the candy." Was what left Hoseok's lips. He brought Yoongi's hand to his lips and pressed a brief kiss to it. It was enough to make his stomach flip. Enough for him to feel an explosion in his chest. He quickly dropped Yoongi's hand and draped the blanket off them. He had to leave before Yoongi got that he'd just kissed his hand like a creep.

"Where are you going?" Yoongi asked after him. He didn't sound scared away. Didn't sound disgusted. Hoseok didn't believe his ears. Yoongi sounded almost bubbly.

"Back inside," Hoseok said. He was bringing himself forward by climbing the side of the dock like some sort of monkey.

"Wait for me." Yoongi laughed some. He swam to Hoseok, poking him in the back on the way adorably. "Last one back has to roll around in the sand."

"Wha-" Hoseok had time to say no more. Yoongi splashed water on his face and took off for the beach, swimming like an athlete. Hoseok had no chance against him. Once his feet touched the seashore he tried to run in the water. By the time he could jump forward Yoongi was already on the beach, catching his breath.

"I win. Roll around in the sand." Yoongi instructed Hoseok, not sounding flirty or romantic or cute at all anymore.

"Fine." Hoseok agreed to do it. Maybe Yoongi would magically start loving him back if he rolled around in the sand. He sat down, laid down and rolled around, grimacing when he felt sand find its way into his shirt and underwear. "Ugh."

"Here." Yoongi crouched down and helped Hoseok up.

"Thanks for the help," Hoseok said in a kind voice, wrapping his arms around Yoongi and making him sandy too. Yoongi gave a sound of surprise and pushed Hoseok away from him. Hoseok laughed and ran into the water, diving back in.

They chased each other in the water and kicked sand at each other until Hoseok's lungs hurt from laughing too much. He called ceasefire and sat down on the beach, catching his breath as he gazed at the sky, seeing that the moon had set and the stars had changed position.

"I think you can see it now," Yoongi breathed. He squinted at the sky and walked backwards on the dock. Hoseok could barely see him. He got up and followed him.
"See what?"

"Auriga." Yoongi walked to the end of the dock and pointed at the sky behind Hoseok, over the mansion. "There it is, look!"

Hoseok walked up to Yoongi and stared at the spot he pointed at. All he saw was dots and more dots and something that looked like a very bright dot.

"Here, see the bright star over there?" Yoongi placed himself behind Hoseok, putting his arms around his and making him blush. He helped Hoseok draw lines in the sky with his finger. Hoseok struggled to concentrate on what Yoongi was saying. Then he saw it. The constellation. It was low in the sky, barely seen over the treetops.

"It's pretty. I can see why you like it," Hoseok said, trying to mask how flustered he was from Yoongi holding him like this. Yoongi was so unpredictable. One moment he was teasing Hoseok like a child and the other he was holding him like this, making him feel good in a whole different way.

"I saw a shooting star in it once," Yoongi revealed, voice close to Hoseok's ear. "That's why it's my favorite, I think."

"Mm, I see." Hoseok hummed, looking at the constellation. It must be late. He had no idea how long he'd been out here with Yoongi. Soon he would need to get up to bathe with the others. It felt like it had been five minutes. He was tired and his clothes were wet and cold. He couldn't be bothered. He felt warm with Yoongi's arms around him like this.

They watched the sky together in mutual silence, then Yoongi started pointing out more stars. Hoseok listened, feeling like he was in heaven with Yoongi speaking close to his ear like this. Yoongi's voice was deep and a bit rough and the most wonderful voice in the world.

Maybe Hoseok should tell him that.

"I should head back," He said instead. Why had he said that? He didn't ever want to go back. He wanted to stay here on the dock with Yoongi's arms around him for the rest of the summer.

"Yeah," Yoongi agreed, showing no signs of letting go soon. It felt like he held Hoseok closer.

"I, I had fun..." Hoseok trailed off, still not sure what this had been. It had felt like a date to him. He'd pretend that it had been one.

"Me too," Yoongi whispered. It didn't feel like he was looking at the stars anymore. It felt like he was looking at Hoseok, and Hoseok glanced over his shoulder, stomach clenching with feelings. "Thanks for meeting me out here. Sorry if it was creepy."

"It wasn't creepy, and you're never creepy," Hoseok whispered hurriedly. He turned in Yoongi's arms, so they were hugging for real. He started smiling when it felt like Yoongi silently laughed. They were both wet and cold. It was late. Hoseok felt like he would be happy forever.

They hugged for a while longer, then Yoongi started shivering and they started walking back for the beach. Yoongi picked up the blanket and the lamp along the way, and Hoseok prayed that they wouldn't catch a cold and die. This work, Happy Farmers, belong to Farquad on the archive.

By the beach Yoongi nudged Hoseok's shoulders, making him stumble and gasp in the sand. Hoseok nudged him back, making him laugh and drop the lamp. They started chasing each other.
again, only stopping when they passed the forest and Hoseok stepped on twigs that hurt his feet. They walked beside each other in silence then, their hands brushing together every now and then. Hoseok wanted to take Yoongi’s hand in his again. He wanted to hold him and kiss him. He shook those thoughts away.

They walked inside the house with dripping clothes. Yoongi dropped the wet blanket on the porch before they walked into the hallway. They climbed the stairs, bumping into each other so often it became obvious they were doing it on purpose. Hoseok must be dreaming.

"Good night then," Yoongi said as they reached Hoseok’s door on the third floor. His voice was low. Dreamy. It always sounded dreamy to Hoseok.

"Good night," Hoseok said back, letting his hand brush over Yoongi’s arm, holding back a giggle.

"See you tomorrow. Or, well today?" Yoongi joked. "If you still want to dress me, that is."

"Who else would do it?" Hoseok teased back. Yoongi gave him a light push on the shoulder. "Just kidding, I'll dress you. See you."

"Change clothes before you go to bed. I don't want you to get sick," Yoongi said as he started walking for his door. It was so dark. Hoseok could barely make him out in the darkness.

"Same," Hoseok said back. "And I'll want more candy tomorrow, so don't eat all yourself!"

"Says the one who downs a bowl of strawberries in five minutes," Yoongi countered cleverly.

"Hey!" Hoseok laughed.

"Fine, I'll have candy for you, but then you need to show up," Yoongi said in a flirty voice. "See you."

"See you," Hoseok breathed. He heard Yoongi’s door open and close. He felt positively whipped.

He walked into his room and squealed into his hand as the door closed after him. He was so happy. Yoongi had flirted with him all night and held him and hugged him and had dived into the lake to save him.

"Oh my god! Did you kiss!?"

Hoseok glanced up from his hands and found Jimin sitting on his bed next to Taehyung and Jungkook with a lamp held between them. What were they doing here? Didn't matter. Hoseok was too bubbly to ask. He took off his wet clothes, ignoring the complaints from the others when he got naked, changed into his pajamas and fell into bed with a happy sigh.

"Tell us, tell us!" Jimin urged as he slumped down on Hoseok’s bed, or on his legs, nearly crushing them with his weight.

"We tried to eavesdrop but Maggie chased us back here," Taehyung explained as he sat down on the rest of Hoseok’s legs, causing them to hurt. When it felt like Jungkook sat down on his back Hoseok had enough and tried to kick them off.

"Was that why you were there? To eavesdrop?" Hoseok asked, not mad at all. It had been dark on the dock. He was certain no one could've seen him and Yoongi.

"Did you kiss, yes or no!" Jimin urged. He reached out and ruffled Hoseok's hair, making a sound
of disgust when he felt how wet it was.

"Were you hiding in a bush too, Jiminie?" Hoseok asked as he turned around with a smile, glancing up at his friends.

"Ptth," Jimin voiced. Taehyung poked him in the side. "Okay, so I was? But did you kiss or not!"

"Almost." Hoseok sighed. He wasn't sure if it was a happy or sad sigh. "But then Maggie destroyed everything."

"Typical Maggie," Jungkook muttered bitterly. No one asked why he'd said that.

"So you didn't?" Jimin asked. "Okay, but did you do something else?"

"We watched the stars, ate candy and hugged on the dock. Among other things..." Hoseok trailed off, promising himself to never mention the Yoongi-straddling-him-incident.

"Then why are you all wet?" Jimin questioned.

"We hid from Maggie in the water."

"Why are you sandy?" Taehyung wondered.

"We rolled around in the sand too."

"Are you sure it's Moody Min you were with?" Jimin asked in confusion. "He sounds super funny?"

"Because he is," Hoseok said with a little pout, heart hurting thinking about it. "Magical Min is his real name."

"Sure," Jimin said sarcastically. He stood up and walked back to his bed, Taehyung and Jungkook following. Hoseok spread out over his own bed, loving having the space back to himself. "We're going to bed now."

"Good night," Hoseok said. He turned his back to them, preparing to fall asleep, when he felt something weird on his legs. He felt for himself, remembering about the garters he'd borrowed. He took them off and threw them at Jimin in the darkness. "Thanks for lending them out, I think they worked!"

"Ew!" Jimin shrieked. "I'm not gonna ask what makes you say that."

"What are you throwing around?" Taehyung asked curiously.

"It's nothing for little kids," Jimin said teasingly. Jungkook sounded offended.

Hoseok made himself comfortable and smiled to himself in the darkness. He could see a star or two through the window. This night had been so amazing. He'd been nervous, but he'd had so much fun. It almost seemed like Yoongi liked him. Yoongi had to like him. Yoongi did like him.

Tomorrow Hoseok would confess. He would thank Yoongi for tonight and tell him just how much he loved him. Hoseok couldn't wait.
Confessing to Yoongi was hard. So much harder than Hoseok had first anticipated. He failed so many times.

Yoongi invited him to spend time with him, to do things, and Hoseok's tongue tangled together and he started coughing to hide his dry mouth. Yoongi patted him on the back and Hoseok almost fainted from feeling Yoongi's hands on his body.

Deedee and Jones helped them get bicycles that were hidden deep inside the hut. Yoongi took Hoseok on a ride. Hoseok thanked God, mother and father that he'd learned how to ride a bike when he'd been younger. Jimin and Taehyung whined out complaints, claiming that they wanted to ride a bike too. Hoseok pretended not to hear them and hoped he looked cool as he sat up on the bike and fell off two times before he found his balance.

Yoongi and Hoseok took the bicycles and cycled on the road, beside the fields and the forest. Yoongi looked beautiful with his hair brushed back from the wind. Hoseok got so lost staring at Yoongi's beautiful face that he cycled off the road and fell into the pit at the side of the road, nearly breaking his legs, scraping his knee.

"I'm fine!" He squeaked as Yoongi jumped off his bike and came to check that he was fine. Hoseok brushed dirt off his cheek and smiled at Yoongi even though his knee was hurting from the fresh wound. Yoongi's hair was tousled by the wind and his cheeks were red from the summer heat. Everything smelled like warmth and grass. It was the middle of summer. July. Yoongi looked wonderful in July.

Yoongi helped Hoseok up and brushed dirt off his clothes. Hoseok blushed and opened and closed his mouth, feeling the confession stuck in his throat, unable to get it out of his mouth.

"Where are we going?" Hoseok managed. It was odd. Saying ordinary things was fine, but as soon as he started thinking about giving Yoongi a compliment or confess he couldn't speak. He couldn't breathe. He didn't know what to do. Yoongi treated him so special these days. He'd even given him a box of yellow candies this morning, and breakfast the morning yesterday. It had to mean something. Hoseok had to tell him what he was feeling. For his own sake too, so Yoongi would stop giving him false hope if that was what he was doing.

"You decide," Yoongi replied. Hoseok jerked his head to the side in surprise. It took a moment until he recollected what they had been talking about. Yoongi smiled at him and Hoseok smiled back, nervously. Yoongi made him so nervous. He made him so excited. Hoseok wanted to both scream and laugh.

He picked up his bicycle from the pit with stiff movements. He felt weird. Strange. Yoongi was
watching him. Hoseok hoped he would act really out of character and just kiss Hoseok already. Hoseok dreamed of Yoongi kissing him every night. His dick was positively hurting from how much he played with it these days. Yoongi had to end this misery for him.

"This way?" Hoseok said with a smile that he wasn't sure was fake or not. He wanted to frown and stomp and grab Yoongi and force him to kiss him already. He also wanted to cry and drop to his knees, kiss Yoongi's feet and beg him to please, please feel the same. Hoseok wasn't sure who he was anymore. Who he'd become. He felt strange. He wondered if Yoongi could sense it too.

They started cycling again, following the road forward. Yoongi was so cute. He was dressed in all white clothes that flowed around him. Hoseok wouldn't mind taking them off. He was such a creep.

After who knows how long they came to a stop. They were halfway to town, according to Yoongi. All Hoseok saw was fields. Fields, and fields and fields. Yellow flowers. Green grass. Pink and red and purple. The sun was yellow and the sky was blue. He swept his gaze around, loving the rainbow around them.

"You said you liked colors, right?" Yoongi asked in a soft voice as he walked up to Hoseok with his bike.

"Yeah." Hoseok felt his heart go soft. Had Yoongi secretly planned to bring Hoseok here? Did he like to make Hoseok's heart hurt? Because it really hurt now. Hoseok flicked his gaze from the blue sky and looked at Yoongi, feeling warm when Yoongi smiled at him shyly, as if he wasn't sure what to make of himself if he'd been wrong. So adorable.

"Wish I had brought the camera," Yoongi spoke, holding Hoseok's gaze. "So I could've taken a picture with you and the sun."

"Why?" Hoseok whispered, walking a bit closer. Right now was a good moment. A perfect moment to let Yoongi know what he was feeling.

"Because you're just as bright," Yoongi said, keeping his eyes steady even as his voice wavered some. He sounded hesitant. Honest. Hoseok almost fainted again. Yoongi was complimenting him. This was incredible.

"Thank you," Hoseok voiced in a low voice, trying his hardest to keep it steady. "I think you're bright too. It's, I-, I would've liked to take a picture of you too so I could keep it in my pocket."

"In your pocket?" Yoongi broke eye contact. He faced the ground and smiled a little bit. "Why?"

"Because I-, I-" And then the stuttering started again. Hoseok took a deep breath. His stomach twitched with nervousness. "You're-, you're bright too." He said it. He didn't say the love confession, but he managed to say something.

Yoongi chewed on his lip. It lit a fire inside of Hoseok. Then he glanced up. Finally. There was a funny, happy expression on his face. "Think it's because I'm wearing white."

Hoseok blinked. Then he got it. Yoongi was joking. Maybe he felt tense and flustered too. Now it felt easier. Hoseok started laughing. It wasn't a happy laugh. It was a nervous one. Yoongi looked pretty nervous too. Hoseok playfully pushed him in the chest. Yoongi didn't push him back. He only smiled at him, looking like he was thinking a lot. Hoseok wished he could read his mind.

They admired the view for a while longer. Or Yoongi was watching the fields while Hoseok was watching Yoongi. They were sitting down on the road, Yoongi leaning on Hoseok just the slightest bit, so Hoseok could feel his weight on his shoulder. They decided to head back to the Minsion
when Hoseok saw a spider and started screaming.

They cycled back in a mixture of silence, chatter and laughter. When Yoongi was being silent Hoseok poked him in the back, unable to keep his hands to himself, and Yoongi laughed as he started chasing him to poke him back, claiming it was unfair to race since Hoseok had longer legs.

Back at the mansion Hoseok stepped off his bike and ran to the gate. "I won!" He exclaimed, panting, not sure what they were competing about.

"Damn it," Yoongi laughed. He didn't look mad even as he threw his bike to the side and hunched over his legs to catch his breath. They had raced under the midday sun. Perhaps not the wisest decision.

"I would like some candy please!" Hoseok said in a funny voice. Yoongi surprised him by picking up some from his pocket. Hoseok hadn't thought he'd brought any. He held out the yellow, sticky, melted thing. Hoseok took it and quickly put it in his mouth, feeling creepy as he hoped it had melted from Yoongi's body heat.

Jin and Namjoon met them on the lawn, sharing curious looks and whispering things in Hoseok's ear.

"How did it go?"

"Did you confess?"

"Are you blind? Can't you see that he's whipped too!?"

Hoseok pushed Jin away from him and tried to ignore his red cheeks. He put his and Yoongi's bikes back in the hut as Jin and Namjoon walked away with Yoongi, whispering things in his ears now that made him scrunch his nose up with discomfort. Hoseok wanted to thank Yoongi for the candy and sound like a whipped loser and maybe touch his hand before he walked off to mellow in regret over his incapability to confess, but as he walked back out of the hut Yoongi was already gone.

Muttering, Hoseok walked to the beach. He found Jimin sitting on the beach next to Mark, mumbling about something, Jackson by the look of it since they were glaring at him from the other side of the beach. Taehyung and Jungkook were sitting in a boat in the middle of the lake with little Yeontan. It looked dangerous as they swayed the boat from side to side.

Hoseok took off his shoes before he ran out on the dock and dived in, used to bathing with his clothes by now. He was used to Jones diving in to save him too. It only took a minute of sputtering and sinking to the bottom before Jimin had called for Jones who saved him. Hoseok was pulled back to the shore, feeling both happy and sad. Happy that Yoongi had invited him to spend time with him. Happy that the sweat was washed away. Happy that Jimin cared about him and had called for Jones. Sad because he'd failed to confess. If only he'd dared to.

***

Hoseok dressed Yoongi in the mornings. He ate breakfast with him more days than he ate with the others. Yoongi started treating Hoseok like a friend, or like a butler. Hoseok wasn't sure what it was, what they were, but Yoongi asked him to stay with him in the gazebo and help him feed Yeontan and then Yoongi gave Hoseok candy. Hoseok wasn't complaining. He had a million opportunities to open his heart. But he could never find the right time.

"Yoongi I-" He'd said as they both reached for the bowl of strawberries at the breakfast table. Then
Maggie had walked in and gasped when she saw their hands touching.

"Yoongi, I really like-" He'd said as Yoongi teasingly put his arms behind his back, giving Hoseok a hard time when he was dressing him, and Hoseok gripped them to bring them back forward. Then Jin had knocked on the door, gasping when he stepped inside and found Hoseok holding Yoongi's arms over his head.

"Yoongi, I love-" He'd said as they sat in the gazebo next to each other. Hoseok watched Yoongi as he wrote notes in a journal. He thought it was notes anyway. Then it looked like he started drawing something. Hair and eyebrows and eyes. Hoseok hadn't known what it was, only that it looked beautiful and that Yoongi was talented. His mouth had been full of candy and he hadn't been able to contain himself as Yoongi had nudged his foot with his own.

But then Jack and Mina had walked past. Hand in hand, making a sound of surprise when they saw Hoseok put a hand over Yoongi's that he hadn't noticed he'd done himself yet.

"I love candy!" Hoseok had squeaked before he ran off. Now he was hiding in the bathroom in the basement, feeling pathetic and hopeless. He didn't know what to do. He didn't know how to confess. Was there a good way? What if Yoongi didn't feel the same? Someone interrupted them all the time. Maybe it was a sign.

He thought of something. No one would be able to interrupt if they were locked into the same room, only the two of them.

But Hoseok had dropped his key. Or had he? He ran into his and Jimin's room on the third floor and rummaged through all of his clothes. He found the key in one of the pockets, silently triumphing. He ran back out, making up a story of having seen something weird in the laundry room for Yoongi in the gazebo. Yoongi closed his journal and followed him in a heartbeat. Hoseok walked in front, growing nauseous. He tried to think of what to say.

*Hi Yoongi, so truth is that I-, I love you! Please kiss me now!*

Not that. Too eager. Too desperate.

*Yoongi, I think you're really cute... would you mind if I kissed you?*

Could work. A bit too shy, but still. If only he would be able to say that without stuttering.

*Oh Moaning Min, why don't you straddle me and kiss me until I can't feel my knees anymore? Please! I love you and I want to fuck you so bad! Please let me sleep with you in your bed so I won't bother Jimin with my nightly sessions anymore!*

Hoseok came to a stop. That was the worst thing he could say. He could say that if he wanted to scare Yoongi away and seem like the biggest creep.

"Hm?" Yoongi made a sound of confusion. Hoseok had stopped walking in the middle of the staircase. He hurriedly started walking again.

"Nothing!" Hoseok walked down the stairs faster. They met Rose downstairs. She gave them an odd, knowing look. Hoseok gave her a glare, hoping it would silence her. She shrugged and walked off. Hoseok opened the laundry room door with his key and led Yoongi inside.

"So you saw a rat in here, or?" Yoongi asked as Hoseok closed the door behind them and locked it like a creepy person. He had Yoongi locked in here now. Only him and Hoseok. Now Hoseok would kiss him.
"You l-look, l-look-" Hoseok stuttered out. His eyes widened. Yoongi's too. Yoongi turned and faced Hoseok in the middle of the room. "P-pre-t-t-t-," Hoseok pressed his lips tightly together and shook his head, feeling his cheeks turn red. He couldn't give Yoongi a compliment. It was impossible.

"I'm not in here very often," Yoongi said, probably trying to take away the awkwardness from Hoseok's endless stuttering. "Wouldn't surprise me if you saw a rat though."

"No." Hoseok shook his head. "No rat. You."

"Are you calling me a rat?" Yoongi asked in confusion. Hoseok wanted to slap himself.

"No!" He put two trembling hands on Yoongi's shoulders, feeling desperate. "You are- you are the best-"

Someone pulled at the door handle. Hoseok jumped in shock. It was Maggie. She opened the door with a key and started sputtering when she saw Hoseok in there again. Hoseok slipped away and left Yoongi there with Maggie who kept saying 'Punish the boy!'

That plan had been a fail. Hoseok was a fail. He'd just left Yoongi in the hands of Maggie. Maybe he was an idiot. He knew he was one. He walked to the end of the dock and fell into the water, closing his eyes as the cold water slicked around his face. Jones didn't save him this time. He wasn't there. No one was at the beach today. Everyone was playing badminton and croquet on the lawn. Not Hoseok. He was a loser.

***

The next day Hoseok asked for help from Jimin. They were dressing down by the lake at five in the morning. Jimin had been gone all night. Hoseok hadn't asked why or where he'd been. Jimin hadn't asked why Hoseok had walked up to the badminton net soaking wet and half drowned the day before either. Sometimes it was best not to know. Probably.

"You want to confess?" Jimin checked even though Hoseok had told him so ten times already in the most needy whiny-voice. "Just tell him you love him."

"Have tried that. Doesn't work," Hoseok said. They stepped into the water. It was much hotter now than it had been the first time Hoseok had bathed in it. The sun didn't rise as early. It was still summer.

"Have you told him, I love you?" Jimin questioned critically.

"Have you told him, I love you?" Jimin questioned critically.

"Well, maybe not those exact words?" Hoseok pondered. "But almost."

"Try again." Jimin encouraged him. "Come on hyung, I know you can do it. I believe in you. Just tell him and then you have someone to hug and kiss too." He patted Hoseok's shoulder with a smile before he dived into the water and swam over to Taehyung who took the soap from Namjoon.

Hoseok sat down, regretting it when he got sand stuck between his buttocks. He followed Jimin with a crease on his forehead. He would try harder. Jimin believed in him. Namjoon believed in him. Everyone believed in him. He only needed to believe in himself.

"Ohh, Namjoon what's that on your neck?" Jimin asked loudly. All heads turned to Namjoon who pressed a hand to his neck and dived under the water surface.

"What was it?" Jackson asked.
"Don't think you know what it was! It's not something for little boys!" Jimin teased as he poked his tongue out.

"Hey, I'm older than you!" Jackson argued.

"Haven't seen you with one of those though?" Jimin pondered. Mark swam over to him and gave him a high five. Were they making an anti-Jackson alliance? Hoseok hoped they would keep him out of it. He took the soap after Taehyung and forced Namjoon out of the water. His face had gone blue. It made the purple on his neck stand out even more.

"Please don't think anything weird," Namjoon pleaded to Hoseok. He looked embarrassed.

"No weird thoughts here," Hoseok lied. He only had weird thoughts, but they were about Yoongi and not Namjoon. He wondered what Yoongi would look like with one of those things on his neck.

After breakfast Hoseok tried to imagine it. It was time for Yoongi to bathe and since Hoseok was an idiot he volunteered to help him. He dressed him down and helped him step into the steaming water, growing hot from seeing Yoongi so relaxed and beautiful. He ran the soap over his body and washed his hair, humming to hide how much he wanted to moan. Yoongi must like it. He asked him to sing something. Hoseok sang twinkle, twinkle, little star. One, since it was the only song he remembered at the time, two, since Yoongi was a little star. So little that you lost him in a crowd. To most he probably wasn't the most beautiful. The brightest. The funniest. It took extra attention to see that Yoongi was a star. Bright, promising and beautiful.

_Tell him that!_

_No!?_

_Come on!_

_"Stop it!"_

_"What?" Yoongi asked._

Hoseok piped. "N-nothing!" He rinsed shampoo from Yoongi's hair faster. Had he just said that out loud? Awkward!

He finished cleaning Yoongi in a tense silence. He wondered why Yoongi was silent. He looked a bit constipated. Maybe he needed to use the toilet. Hoseok needed to use it too. Or his bed. Anywhere without Jimin or Maggie or anyone who wanted to interrupt his thoughts of Yoongi naked in the bath.

As soon as he was done dressing Yoongi he hurried out of the bathroom and ran into his own room, hiding under the blanket as made love to his hand and came to the thought of Yoongi catching him at it. He emerged from under the blanket feeling awful. He wiped his hand on a dirty shirt and lumbered outside to clean it in the lake. Alejandro sat down next to him, wondering why Jimin didn't seem to like him anymore. Hoseok shrugged and moved away. When Alejandro left Jimin sat down beside him, asking how it was going.

"It's going like shit." Hoseok explained.

"It's not like you to curse," Taehyung spoke up, having eavesdropped on them, walking up to them. "Why is your shirt dirty, hyung?"

"I wiped my hand on it," Hoseok confessed, prepared for the sounds of disgust from Jimin and
Taehyung. They walked away. Good. Hoseok hunched over the rock and cleaned his shirt in peace, wanting to be alone. He was. For five seconds. Then Jin and Namjoon sat down on both sides of him, taking him by surprise.

"What happened to your shirt, dear?" Jin asked with pity.

"I wiped my hand on it."

"I thought so," Jin admitted, not sounding disgusted as Jimin and Taehyung. "I take it that it's not going well?"

"Nope." Hoseok shrugged. He sighed and looked first and Jin and then at Namjoon. "I think I'm gonna stop trying now. I'm only being creepy."

"You don't want to do that though," Namjoon said wisely. Hoseok looked him in the eyes, feeling hit. "Remember what I told you? You need to act before someone else does."

"There's not much left of the summer," Jin informed him, stressing Hoseok, giving him a lump in the stomach. "You won't get to dress Yoongi forever."

"That's the point," Hoseok said. "What happens after the summer? Is it worth it?"

"Are you asking if it's worth taking a chance at love when you don't know what will happen later on?" Jin asked, raising his eyebrows. "Because that's how it's supposed to be. Who would want to love if you knew how it was going to end?"

"It's going to end!?" Hoseok squeaked.

"He didn't mean it that way." Namjoon put a hand on Hoseok's knee. "What he means is that the mystery - the lack of knowledge, is what makes it interesting. Love is living in the moment and making the best of it. It's about loving someone else. You can worry about the end of the summer when it's there. There's still weeks left." He looked at Jin. "Right, love?"

"You are always right," Jin scoffed. He put his hand over Namjoon's on Hoseok's knee. Hoseok felt like the third wheel.

"So..." Hoseok started when Jin and Namjoon had started stroking each other's hands over his lap in a very weird way. "What you're saying is that I should just go for it?"

"Correct!" Jin laughed. He stood up. Namjoon did the same. "Good luck."

"But what if he rejects me?" Hoseok asked over his shoulder, feeling desperate. He squeezed water from his shirt and stood up too.

"Yeah, what if?" Namjoon shared a look with Jin. "No one knows what will happen. Ask and find out."

"Okay. Thank you, for uhm, for the advice." Hoseok put on a smile. He nodded at them before they smiled back and left. Hoseok wondered why they sounded like mystery novels. It sounded like they sat on the answer but waited, and wanted, Hoseok to find it out himself. But he couldn't do that.

***

"Who's gonna confess to Yoongi today?" Jimin asked as he threw himself down Hoseok's bed in
the morning. Hoseok hadn't slept much. He'd had nightmares of Yoongi rejecting him mixed with dreams of him kissing him all night.

"Not me," Hoseok groaned, trying to kick Jimin off.

"Yes you! Who's gonna confess to Yoongi today? I'm not leaving until you answer!" Jimin pulled up Hoseok's shirt and tickled him like mad on his stomach.

"Okay, me! Me!" Hoseok gasped, laughed or screamed. He wasn't sure what, but he kicked Jimin off and Jimin hit the floor with a cry for help. "I will confess to Yoongi today!"

"That's more like it!" Jimin exclaimed as he bounced back up from the floor. "And how are you going to do it?"

"I-, uh, I don't know?" Hoseok asked, yawning. He made Jimin yawn too. He sat back down on Hoseok's bed, poking him through the blanket.

"I have a few ideas if you wanna try them," Jimin said nicely. Too nicely. Why was he acting so nice?

"What's in it for you?" Hoseok asked suspiciously. He sat up and raised his eyebrows in surprise when Jimin took one of his hands in both of his. They were small. Warm.

"I'm just tired of seeing you act so weird," Jimin vented. Ouch. "I want you to be happy, and, well, the fact that you haven't kissed anyone yet, that baby Jungkook kissed someone before you, just seems wrong to me, you know?" He offered Hoseok a pitiful look.

Hoseok kept silent. He shook Jimin's hands off him and pulled the blanket up to his chin. He felt a bit offended now. He couldn't help that Jungkook had got to kiss someone when he was twelve but not Hoseok. He wasn't confident about it. He hadn't known there'd been a competition.

Jimin pulled away the blanket covering most of Hoseok's body and stubbornly gripped Hoseok's hand again. "Since I've done a lot of confessions I thought I could help you!"

"Because you want me to be happy?" Hoseok asked with big eyes, growing thankful and soft.

"Because I think it's sad that you haven't kissed anyone, of course." Jimin snorted. He ducked Hoseok's hand and started laughing. "Just kidding! It's because I care about you."

"Sure." Hoseok kicked Jimin off his bed a second time and sat on the side of it, putting his face in his hands. He felt a bit miserable. "I just don't know what to do. What if he says no?"

"What if he says yes?" Jimin pondered as he slumped down on his own bed.

"Oh my god, what if he says yes?" Hoseok whispered. He hadn't really thought about that. What would happen then? Would Yoongi kiss him? Did Yoongi know how to kiss? Where would they kiss? Would Yoongi hug him?

Wait. What if Yoongi wanted to kiss with tongue!? 

"What are you thinking about over there?" Jimin asked waringly. "Need me to get a bucket?"

"I can't kiss with tongue," Hoseok said in a horrified voice. He glanced up at Jimin with big eyes. "I haven't brushed my teeth in a week!"

"Who brushes their teeth?" Jimin wondered weirdly.
"Me!" Hoseok jumped up from bed faster than that time ten years ago when he'd woken up with ants in his pants. He found his toothbrush at the bottom of his trunk and took off for the fancy bathroom.

"Thanks Jimin for waking me up!" Jimin shouted sarcastically after him. "Thanks for encouraging me and helping me and helping me write a note even though you can barely write your own name!"

"Thanks Jimin, love you!" Hoseok shouted over his shoulder.

"Tell Yoongi that!" Jimin shouted back.

"His name isn't Jimin!"

"You know what I meant!"

The door closed and Hoseok opened the door to the bathroom. It was early in the morning and still fairly dark in the room. The sun was rising on the other side of the window, coloring the sky golden and pink. Hoseok walked to the sink. He opened every drawer and cabinet, searching for something to use as toothpaste. When he found nothing he brushed his teeth and tongue five times with water. He examined his teeth in the mirror. He checked his breath.

"Are you ready for some tongue kissing now, or what?"

Hoseok startled as Jimin walked into the room. At first he'd been scared. He'd thought it had been Yoongi.

"Gonna brush one more time," Hoseok said importantly before he started brushing his teeth furiously.

"Could I borrow that brush? I'm hoping for some tongue kissing too." Jimin made kissing sounds at Hoseok in the mirror. "Wanna practice?"

"Ew." Hoseok bumped Jimin's butt with his own, pushing him to the side.

Jimin laughed. "I'm just kidding. And fancy bathroom. Is this where you bathe Moody Min in the mornings?" He swept his gaze around.

"Not every morning," Hoseok said before he spit into the sink for the sixth time. "And no, I don't wanna share this with you, sorry."

"It's okay." Jimin started searching the cabinet like Hoseok had done minutes ago. He found something that looked like a toothbrush and started brushing his teeth with it.

"Wait, who's toothbrush is that?" Hoseok asked, curiosity sparking in his chest.

"Dunno?" Jimin walked around the room and sat down on the side of the bathtub.

"Is it Yoongi's?" Hoseok stared at the toothbrush in Jimin's hand.

"Yoongi's? Ew!" Jimin ran to the sink and spit out. "Ew, ew!"

"Stop it!" Hoseok tried to take the toothbrush from him.

"What are you doing? Wanna practice tongue kissing with this?" Jimin held the toothbrush away from him, weird look on his face. Hoseok felt busted.
"No, I just wanna see if-, if his name's on it or something," Hoseok countered. He didn't get to do that, however. Clumsy Jimin slipped on his own feet and the toothbrush flew out of his hand and landed in the toilet.

"Oops," Jimin voiced, not looking guilty at all. He walked to the toilet slowly. Hoseok almost panicked.

"What did you do!" Hoseok gasped. "Pick it up! We don't know who it was."

"Who else but Yoongi's?" Jimin wondered. "Let's just flush it away."

"The toilet isn't a trash can," Hoseok scolded him.

"It isn't? I saw Sana try to flush an old shirt in one the other day."

Hoseok groaned. Jimin wasn't being helpful and they were running out of time. The sun was rising and soon Namjoon would wonder where they were. So he picked up the toothbrush from the water in the toilet and threw it to the bottom of the cabinet, hoping that no one would find it and use it. He washed his hands three times before he grabbed his own toothbrush in one hand and Jimin's hand in the other, walking back for their room.

In the lake Jimin started plotting how Hoseok would confess. Most of his ideas had to do with notes, but he couldn't write so it was weird. Taehyung and Namjoon joined them, making Hoseok uncomfortable since they were talking about him when he was right there.

After much whispering, fussing around and plotting Hoseok later stood in front of Yoongi's door with a heart jumping in his chest. He had a note in his pocket. It only read three words.

> I love you

Jimin had wanted him to write dirty things. Namjoon had wanted him to write out his feelings. It had been Taehyung's idea to keep it simple. Small. So there would be no misunderstandings. Now Hoseok stood here, about to give the note to Yoongi, already feeling like throwing up.

He told himself that he was ready. He'd practiced kissing with his hand for a total of five minutes after breakfast. He was born to do this. To confess his feelings. He didn't even have to talk. This was the perfect plan.

He knocked once on the door before he opened the door and stepped inside. The door creaked a little bit. Hoseok felt like his heart was going to stop.

"Hello? Good morning," Hoseok said with a dry mouth. The room was dim. The curtains covered the light from the window. It smelled like sleep, sweat and Yoongi. If Hoseok hadn't been so nervous he might've hummed.

"Morning," Yoongi spoke from the bed. He sounded so small and cute, voice a bit rough.

"Slept well?" Hoseok pulled the curtains to the side and sat down on the side of the bed, swallowing as Yoongi's face emerged from behind the blanket. He wasn't sure when he'd started doing this. Sitting down on Yoongi's bed instead of cleaning. He wondered who cleaned Yoongi's room nowadays. Maybe no one did. Maybe Deedee. He didn't think it was Maggie.

"Mm." Yoongi nodded sweetly. "Was a bit cold though."
"I see." Hoseok sure hadn't been cold. He'd been sweating all night from those nightmares and dreams of Yoongi. After one heated kiss in the dream he'd woken up feeling about to nut. Yoongi had probably had normal dreams. Maybe Hoseok should wait with giving him the note. He probably didn't feel the same. Of course he didn't.

"What's the matter? You look a bit... pale?" Yoongi frowned, reaching out a hand to touch Hoseok's forehead. Hoseok leaned in, greedy for the touch of Yoongi's hand against his forehead. He closed his eyes, feeling his heart leap in his chest when it felt like Yoongi carded his hand through his hair on the way back.

"What do you want to do today?" Hoseok asked, changing the topic, opening his eyes again. Yoongi glanced up at him, looking worried. Hoseok didn't want him to look that way. He wanted him to always look happy.

"I thought, uhm, do you like piano?" Yoongi asked.

"I love it," Hoseok revealed. "But-, but only when you're playing it."

He held his breath. He'd just hinted something. Hinted that Yoongi was special to him and that he loved everything he did. Now he had to wait for Yoongi's reply.

He got none. Yoongi was silent.

Then he spoke. Finally. Hoseok was so sweaty he felt like throwing off his clothes.

"I'm flattered," Yoongi said, sounding more flustered than anything. He made Hoseok feel flustered too. "If you'd like to I could, could," He trailed off and licked his lips. Hoseok's eyes locked on his tongue. He didn't mind if Yoongi hadn't brushed his teeth. He'd like to try some tongue kissing right now.

"Could?" He urged.

"Could teach you," Yoongi finished. "Like, how to play? Only if you want to, though."

Hoseok took a moment to internally squeal, scream and high five Jimin. Then he shrugged. He didn't want to seem too eager. He tried to look casual. "I think I'd like that."

"Twinkle, twinkle little star is very easy. I could teach you how to play that one?" Yoongi said in a small voice. He looked so adorable. Hoseok wanted to pinch his cheeks and kiss his cheeks and now he wasn't sure what cheeks he meant anymore.

"Okay." Hoseok nodded to himself. He took a deep breath. Yoongi had planned for them to spend time together. He wanted to be close to Hoseok. He liked his company. It was only the two of them here. Yoongi was soft and cute in bed. Hoseok should give him the note now.

"Actually I-, I have something for y-you," He stuttered out.

"You do?" Yoongi sat up quickly, suddenly not seeming as tired or drowsy anymore. Had he been faking? Had he looked cute and little on purpose? "What is it?" He asked curiously.

"I'll-, you'll get it after I dress y-you." Hoseok bought himself more time. Still. In case Yoongi rejected him and he wouldn't want Hoseok to dress him anymore, Hoseok wanted to make sure that he was dressed already.

"What are you waiting for then?" Yoongi asked in a joking tone. He sat on the side of the bed and
raised his arms, eager to take his nightgown off. Hoseok lost all self-control. He instantly took off the nightgown and stared all he could as Yoongi shivered from the chilly air hitting his naked skin. He was so pretty. His face. His body. He looked so soft and delicate in a way that made Hoseok's heart tighten.

"Are you checking me out or something?" Yoongi teased, throwing a pillow at Hoseok, bringing Hoseok back to reality where he realized that he'd been caught staring at Yoongi's body like a creep.

"N-no! Sir!" Hoseok stood up so fast that he clumsily made the chair hit the floor behind him. He jumped in fear and rushed for the closet, keeping his mouth closed as he picked out a mismatched outfit of whatever. He was too flustered to think. Yoongi had called him out for checking him out. He had no idea what to say now.

"If you want to stare I could walk a lap around the room, you know," Yoongi said with a shrug as Hoseok picked up the chair from the floor and sat back down in front of him, clothes draped over his arm.

"N-no, not necessary!" Hoseok sputtered, feeling embarrassed. Yoongi was just messing with him now. Hoseok was too easy to tease.

"Really?" Yoongi wondered. Then Hoseok almost died, because Yoongi spread his legs and leaned back in bed. "Ah, I'm too tired to sit up. Is it okay if I sit like this?"

Hoseok hurriedly looked away. He put a hand over his eyes, forcing himself not to look. He should open the window and jump out of it before he did something he would regret later. He should dress Yoongi and give him his note. Note first. Having dirty thoughts and humping his mattress to mental imagines of how hot Yoongi looked right now came second.

He fumbled with the clothes in his lap until he found the underwear. It was hard to put them on when Yoongi's legs were so far apart. Hoseok tried with the shirt instead. Yoongi locked his arms behind his back. Then Hoseok gave up, feeling sweaty and pervy and flustered. He walked to the window and opened it, needing fresh air, not caring if he looked weird. Yoongi was teasing him too much. Hoseok was red as a tomato. Soon his dick would grow into a banana. Yoongi's nipples looked like little berries.

You're weird.

Help. Me!

Confess?

Hoseok banged his head against the wall by the window. He wasn't sure why he did that. He felt so awkward and flustered. Yoongi had to stop making him feel like this. His thoughts were weird. He had weird urges. Giving Yoongi the note felt meekly now. It didn't fit. It was never the right moment.

He didn't know what to do.
"What are you doing over there by the window?" Yoongi asked from the bed. It sounded like he turned around. Good. Hoseok couldn't stand being teased by his naked body anymore. He glanced over his shoulder, feeling his heart stop in his chest when he found Yoongi lying on his stomach, his legs kicking the bed behind him, innocent pout on his face. Holy Jesus. He looked so cute. So adorable. But Hoseok couldn't read his eyes. First they looked disappointed, then sneaky, then questioning.

"Do you like b-bananas?" Hoseok asked, feeling as weird as he sounded. Why had he asked that? He was a creep. Maybe there was a banana in his pants but he was not going to make Yoongi taste it.

Stop these weird thoughts!

Hoseok pressed himself to the wall to hide potential bananas in his pants and sweat rings under his arms. He squinted against the light of the sun, hoping that the clothes he'd picked out for Yoongi would jump on Yoongi's body themselves so Hoseok wouldn't have to help him dress himself.

"I think I like bananas," Yoongi said in a small voice from the bed. "Do-, do you?"

"Yup, but I've only tasted a banana once," Hoseok explained, glancing back at Yoongi. He'd gotten to taste one during a visit to his grandmother four years ago. It had been imported and everything.

"Have you tasted a banana?" Yoongi's eyebrows shot up so high they almost hit the ceiling. He blinked too fast. It felt like they were talking about different things.

Hoseok nodded, still glancing at Yoongi. "Four years ago."

"Four years ago?!!" Yoongi stared in surprise. "When- when you were twelve?"

Hoseok wondered why Yoongi looked so shocked. Then he got it. He remembered why he'd asked the question in the first place. He remembered about the banana in his pants. That banana was a dick. Yoongi must think that Hoseok meant a dick. He wasn't sure what he meant himself. What he was talking about. But this was awkward and he had to put an end to it fast.

"I ate a banana four years ago, with, with cream," Hoseok tried to explain.

"Cream?" Yoongi had never looked more shocked.

"Wait!" Hoseok shook his head, turning around, leaning his back against the wall instead. "Fruit! I ate the fruit!"

Yoongi looked frozen. He'd frozen in place. His mouth was slightly agape, and his eyes were wide
with realization. Then he started moving again. He put a hand over his mouth, looking embarrassed. Hoseok felt embarrassed too. He grimaced from how awkward he felt.

"I, uhm," Yoongi managed between an awkward laugh and awkward eye contact with Hoseok who felt like his face was red. "I thought we were talking about something else. I thought you asked—that banana meant something else."

"It did," Hoseok said. He hadn't meant to say that. Yoongi snapped his head up, looking at him with wide eyes.

"It did?"

"Mm, I think so..." Hoseok trailed off. The conversation was changing direction. He felt tense. Excited. He wanted to know what Yoongi had meant. Why Yoongi was still naked, teasing Hoseok with his cute round butt.

"So you- do you like," Yoongi took a pause to lick his lips again. Hoseok crouched down on the floor, sitting down on it, making him almost in eye sight with Yoongi who was lying on his bed looking pretty.

"Like w-what?" Hoseok asked. *You?* Hoseok prepared to say yes.

Yoongi hesitated for a moment before he continued.

"Cocks?"

Hoseok felt the last bit of his face go red. He'd never felt this embarrassed. His heart beat so fast. He didn't know what he was doing here. He'd planned on giving Yoongi his confession note, but here they were, talking about sexuality. He was talking about dicks with crush who happened to be naked. He felt a bit dizzy.

"Mm." Hoseok nodded the tiniest, tiniest bit, feeling shameful. He got a pressure over his chest. He'd admitted. He'd done what he'd feared doing the most for so long. "Sorry I-, it must make you uncomfortable." He thought back on all the times he'd dressed Yoongi. Seen him naked. Bathed him.

"Not really..." Yoongi spoke from the bed. Hoseok glanced at him, finding him looking at him with a strange expression on his face. It was more happy than sad. Other than that is was plain. Unreadable. He was analyzing Hoseok. Hoseok felt exposed.

"But- but-" Hoseok tried. He wasn't sure what he tried to say. He closed his mouth.

"Aren't you going to ask me back?" Yoongi whispered. His voice was low and secretive.

Hoseok swallowed. Thickly. Gulpd. He got what Yoongi was implying. He met his gaze, asking a million questions with his eyes.

"Do you like that?" He asked back. "Dicks?"

"Yes," Yoongi answered, nodding slowly. Hoseok felt it. Everywhere. Mostly in his heart. It jumped with hope and happiness. A little bit was fear. Jimin being different was one thing, but Yoongi liking dick meant that he might like Hoseok. Hoseok had a dick. Yoongi liking him was scary. It was so magical that it was awful. Hoseok didn't know what to do. He felt so happy. He had to puke.
He pressed a hand to his mouth and pressed his eyes closed. He was so happy. So excited. He
didn't know what this meant. Yoongi couldn't have thought Hoseok was being creepy then. Maybe
he wouldn't mind if Hoseok told him that he had dirty dreams of him.

"Are you disgusted?" Yoongi asked in a low voice, sounding insecure.

"No." Hoseok shook his head and let his hand drop from his face. "Never." He opened his eyes and
saw that Yoongi had put on the shirt Hoseok had picked out for him. He had his back to Hoseok
and started putting on underwear. "Wait, that's my job-"

Yoongi glanced over his shoulder, looking hesitant and unsure. Hoseok scrambled up from
the floor and walked over to him, taking the shorts in his hands and crouching down to put them on.
Yoongi went silent and Hoseok fell silent too. Their conversation echoed in his head. Yoongi liked
boys. Yoongi actually liked boys. How? When? Did he like Hoseok? Maybe Namjoon was right.
Maybe he had known. Maybe Yoongi really was letting Hoseok dress him because he liked him.

When the clothes were on and the bed was made Hoseok brushed Yoongi's hair. Hoseok was silent
but he had a thousand things to ask. When did you know? How did you know? Are you having
creepy thoughts too? Do you like it when I touch you? Or look at you that way? Is it only me? Am I
special to you? Do you dream of me too?

Hoseok put the brush down on the nightstand. Yoongi put a hand over his. Hoseok's heart started
racing. Yoongi's hand was warm again his. He remembered about them watching the stars. Had
Yoongi felt the same?

"What was it you wanted to give me?" Yoongi asked. He gave Hoseok's hand a light press.

"O-oh!" Hoseok just remembered about it. The note. The note with his love confession was in his
pocket, waiting for Yoongi to read it. "Here." He picked up the note from his pocket with his free
hand, not wanting to let go of Yoongi's hand on the brush, growing sad when Yoongi let him go
anyway.

"For me?" Yoongi took the little note from Hoseok's hand. "Want me to read it right away?"

"Yes, please." Hoseok's heart hurt from nervousness. He sat down next to Yoongi on his bed, this
close to screaming, crying or puking. "Open it." He urged him, feeling like he would drop dead any
second. He was so nervous. He was so excited. He licked his lips, preparing himself for the best
kiss of his life.

Yoongi opened the note in his hands. Hoseok held his breath. He'd waited so long for this moment.
He would faint. Would die. Yoongi wound find out. Hoseok loved him. Yoongi would finally
know.

"What does it say?" Yoongi asked. Hoseok grew confused.

"You can't read?" Hoseok asked in a weird voice. He hadn't known. He thought he'd seen Yoongi
read many times. And write. He could even speak French.

"I can't read this. What does it mean?" Yoongi gave the note back to Hoseok. He curiously angled
his head to the side, trying to read it.

Hoseok didn't get it. Was Yoongi teasing him? Did he want Hoseok to read it himself? Then
Hoseok glanced at the note in Yoongi's hands. Yoongi smelled amazing but Hoseok was strong
and put his focus on the note.
Hoseok stared at the note. What had happened to his secret message? What happened to the letters? Everything was smudged.

"What type of pencil did you use? Coal or ink?" Yoongi asked, narrowing his eyes at the note. Hoseok quickly grabbed it and held it away from him, changing his mind. The moment of bravery was gone. He didn't want Yoongi to read it. He didn't want him to understand.

"Ink." Hoseok wasn't sure. Taehyung had stressed him and he'd hurried to write it.

"It has smudged. You need to let it dry before you touch it or, well, fold notes. Sorry." Yoongi made a sad face. "But what did it say? Can't you tell me?"

"No, eh, it- it was nothing, really." Hoseok stressfully crumpled the note in his hand and shoved it back his pocket, feeling green in the face. His heart raced in his chest. He'd been prepared. He still hadn't confessed. He felt green.

"If it was nothing then why can't you tell me?" Yoongi asked. Damn him. He was so clever. He looked beautiful right now, with his hair brushed and eyes curious. He was thinking. Hoseok had to leave before he figured it out.

"I was just, eh, asking- asking for a hug," Hoseok made up.

"Really?" Yoongi looked dubious.

"Yeah, eh, you know our deal? I didn't get a hug yet. Eh." An awkward, dry sound made it out of his throat. "Could I get one...?" He opened his arms. His back felt sweaty with nervous sweat.

"You don't need to ask," Yoongi said.

"But how else am I going to get one?" Hoseok asked, feeling dumb.

"Good question." Yoongi looked confused. They made weird eye contact for a moment. Then Yoongi hugged Hoseok, burying his face against his chest on the bed. Hoseok suppressed a squeal. Yoongi was so cute. Hoseok hugged him back tightly, loving how he felt in his arms, how good he smelled, the little sounds he made. He was warm and soft and a bit bony. He was perfect.

The hug ended too soon. Yoongi detangled himself but Hoseok didn't want to let go. He didn't let Yoongi go. He kept him in place and lightly placed one of his feet over Yoongi's on the floor.

"I'm not done yet," Hoseok whispered, pressing his nose against Yoongi's hair, wanting to hold Yoongi for just a moment longer.

"Okay," Yoongi spoke against Hoseok's shoulder. It tickled when he moved his lips. "I thought it had been one minute."

Hoseok got sad. Didn't Yoongi want to hug him? Maybe Hoseok wasn't as soft and warm as Yoongi.

"I'm done if you want to stop," Hoseok said, letting his arms drop.

"I'm not done," Yoongi said this time, hugging Hoseok tighter. Hoseok felt his cheeks heat up. Yoongi was so cute. He wrapped his arms around Yoongi again, wondering what this hugging was. What it meant. If it meant a lot to Yoongi too.
They sat hugging on the bed until it knocked on the door. It took a second, then Yoongi stood up and threw Hoseok down the bed and draped the blanket over him just as the door opened. Hoseok didn't hear who it was. He was lost in Yoongi-heaven. The bed was still a bit warm from him. It smelled so much like Yoongi. Hoseok pressed his nose into the pillow and sniffed it until he felt dizzy.

He tried to look innocent when the blanket was draped off of him. He glanced up at Yoongi, thinking that they had changed positions. Now Hoseok was in the bed and Yoongi beside it, ready to dress him.

"Who was it?" He asked, not really caring. The hug with Yoongi had been too much. His hands were sweaty. If it had gone on for longer he would've left sweat stains on Yoongi's back.

"Sana," Yoongi said with a bothered frown.

"Sana?"

"She came here to snoop. Her favorite hobby," Yoongi informed him.

"It's my favorite hobby too," Hoseok said. He grabbed the blanket and pulled it over himself again.

"What? You want to snoop on me?" Yoongi asked with a small smile.

"Maybe..." Hoseok trailed off.

"You want to sleep in my bed too, or?" Yoongi pulled the blanket off again. Hoseok grabbed for it but lost the grip of it in the air.

"Yes," Hoseok agreed. Sleep in your bed next to you. "My own bed is not nearly as comfortable!" He startled when he felt something hit his face. He found Yoongi grin at him with a pillow in his hands. "Hey!" He grabbed a pillow himself, started chasing Yoongi around the room with it.

They had to stop the pillow fight when it knocked on the door again. This time Hoseok hid under the bed, pushing aside a pair of binoculars that lied on the floor there. It was Maggie this time. She came to clean (snoop.) Yoongi chased her away and then Hoseok gripped Yoongi's ankles from under the bed, making him stumble.

Hoseok left a good while later. It was close to midday. How much time had he spent with Yoongi? He had no idea. He felt both successful and like a failure. His note had been a fail, but he knew that Yoongi liked bananas. Dicks. Both? Yoongi liked both and Hoseok liked both. They were a perfect match made in heaven.

"See you in the ballroom after lunch?" Yoongi checked as he left for breakfast and Hoseok left for the beach.

Hoseok nodded and smiled. His eyes lingered on Yoongi as he walked into the dining room by himself. When the door closed Hoseok left.

At the beach Hoseok spread out on the sand, ignoring Tommy who gasped about his sandcastle being destroyed.

"How did it go!" Jimin wondered when he spotted him.

Hoseok draped an arm over his eyes. "Almost," He said.

"Almost?" Taehyung asked in confusion. "What do you mean?"

"Yeah!" Jimin joined in.

"He likes dick!" Hoseok hissed, removing his arm and staring at Jimin with a grin. "Dick!"

Jungkook sputtered and Namjoon let out a laugh of awkwardness.

"Kidding? Told you so!" Jimin gave Hoseok's shoulder an encouraging slap. "What are you going to do now? Wrap your dick up in a ribbon and give it to him?"


"Won't that hurt?" Hoseok asked weakly, actually considering the idea.

"Don't do that," Namjoon offered. "Why don't you kiss him?"

Jungkook started laughing. He stopped when all heads turned to him. He swallowed and faced the sand, trying to look unbothered by the look of it.

"Should I just kiss him?" Hoseok sat up and brushed sand off his hair. "Really?"

"Kiss him or tell him you like him. Think he'll get the message." Namjoon smiled a supportive smile. "Want us to help you?"

"All of you?" Hoseok asked. "How?"

"Jin's thinking about throwing a birthday party for Jungkook later. Why don't you take Yoongi outside and tell him then?" Namjoon suggested.

"A birthday party for me?" Jungkook asked, confused. "But my birthday isn't until one and a half month?"

"He said something about wanting to have two." Namjoon waved it away. "What do you say?"

"I, eh, s-sure," Hoseok said, nodding to himself, gaining confidence. "I'll- I'll try again tonight."

"Try or do it?" Jimin urged knowingly.

"I'll do it. Tonight I'll do it." Hoseok decided. He felt thrilled. He had friends. They all backed him up. This would work. Tonight he would do it. He knew he would.

***

He did not feel remotely as confident when it was time to confess. He stood in the corner of the ballroom, resolute that he would stay there for the rest of the night. Yoongi was sitting on a chair looking bored at the other side of the room, looking flaming hot in a night blue shirt and black pants. Hoseok was wearing the green clothes he'd gotten from him. He didn't dare move an inch. Yoongi was right over there and there was only a few (several) steps and the words before the kiss. Hoseok wasn't ready. He had brushed his teeth another five times but he still wasn't ready.

"Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you!" Everyone sang as Jungkook smiled and bowed at the stage-stool at the end of the room. Hoseok absentmindedly clapped his hands along with the others. Someone was playing the piano. Yoongi had taught Hoseok how to play the first two tunes
of twinkle, twinkle little star earlier. Then his hands had placed themselves on top of Hoseok's and they'd stopped playing. Hoseok's cheeks had heat up and Yoongi had been silent too. They'd sat like that for minutes. Hours maybe. Years. It had felt like an eternity and like seconds at the same time. Yoongi's palms had been damp. Hoseok had scooted closer to him. He'd glanced at Yoongi, wondering if Yoongi had felt the magic too, when cockblocker Maggie had walked into the room. It was insane. She was everywhere. They had jumped apart and Hoseok had rushed outside when she'd chased him away. This was the first time Hoseok had seen Yoongi since then. He looked so beautiful.

Hoseok didn't dare approach him. He'd longed for the kiss for so long that he didn't know what he'd do when he finally received it. What if he died? Then Jimin would have no one to complain to anymore. Yoongi would have no one to dress him. Maggie would have no one to chase. Flowy would have no one to remember them. Hoseok couldn't allow that to happen.

So Hoseok lingered by the corner of the room, trying to blend into the wall, hoping Yoongi wouldn't see him, hoping he would see him, feeling confused and complicated. He wanted the kiss. He didn't want the kiss. He knew that Yoongi liked dicks now and it made him feel so excited that he felt weird. He resisted the urge to pull down his pants and wave his dick around to gain Yoongi's attention, and affection. He was a weirdo.

"Now Taehyung is going to sing Jungkook a song!" Jin announced. He spoke so loud that Jungkook, who stood the closest to him, had to cup his ears. Rose and Lisa whispered to each other. Maybe an early birthday party for Jungkook was usual at the Jin farm. They seemed used to it.

Taehyung started singing for Jungkook. It was the sappiest love song Hoseok had ever heard. Maybe he could steal it and sing it for Yoongi. It would be his backup plan. He just had to make a plan A first.

"Why don't you join the party?"

Hoseok startled at that voice. He felt his stomach swirl and he tried his hardest to look like normal as he glanced to the side and found Yoongi standing next to him. He must've approached Hoseok while he was having creepy thoughts about waving his dick around.

Don't think about that now!?

"Hello!" Hoseok greeted with a bow. He was a fool. Yoongi hadn't said hello. He'd asked him a question.

"Good evening," Yoongi replied, giving Hoseok a strange, concerned look. "Are you okay?"

"W-why are you asking, why- why wouldn't I be?" Hoseok sputtered, staging a laugh that sounded super forced.

"You're standing here on your own, and you look a bit pale." Yoongi had called him pale twice now. This wasn't good. Or was it good? Did he like pale skin? Hoseok had never asked.

"Do you like the p-party?" Hoseok asked, totally ignoring whatever Yoongi was saying. He couldn't help it. He didn't do it on purpose. He just got so nervous now that Yoongi was in front of him, looking godly in his beautiful outfit. He always looked beautiful.

"It's okay." Yoongi shrugged. "But I, uhm, I didn't think you were here until I looked around and found you standing here like a statue."
"Were you looking for m-me?" Hoseok pointed at himself in disbelief.

"Yeah?" Yoongi shrugged again. This time it looked forced. Like he tried to look cool. He didn't need to try. He was already cool.

"Why?" Hoseok asked, expecting honest answers from Yoongi even though he didn't give any back himself.

"Do I need a reason?" Yoongi asked back, little smile on his lips. Hoseok swallowed a squeal.

"Maybe you wanna eat strawberries?" Hoseok asked, wanting to high five himself since he didn't stutter at all. He locked eyes with Jimin in the crowd and Jimin gave him a thumb up.

"Maybe I want to dance?" Yoongi said. His smile turned shy and Hoseok felt the strongest urge to hold him and protect him forever.

"Y-you wanna d-dance? With me?" The stutter was back, but it didn't matter. Yoongi nodded, looking happy. Hoseok smiled too. He put his hands on Yoongi's shoulders, not caring if a song was playing or not. Yoongi's needs were what were important, and right now he needed to dance.

They danced around the room twice, outside of the crowd who sang and cheered for Jungkook, some more enthusiastic than others (Taehyung and Jimin) and some not at all (Nils and Rose). Yoongi picked a strawberry from a bowl on the way. He ate it himself after having tricked Hoseok that he would get it.

"Oh, Hoseok and Yoongi!" Jin exclaimed as they started dancing their third lap. He clapped his hands together and Hoseok and Yoongi stopped dancing, letting their hands drop. "Are you having fun?"

"Up until now when you interrupted," Yoongi grunted.

"Yoongi, dear, I love you too." Jin made kissing sounds at him. Yoongi made a face. "But wait! I know! Why don't you go for a walk?" He winked at Hoseok who thought that Namjoon must've told Jin about his plan to confess. Then he saw something weird. Jin wasn't winking at him. He was winking at Yoongi.

"Oh, great idea," Yoongi said, almost as if it was rehearsed. "Would you mind following me on a walk?" He asked Hoseok in a flirty, charming voice. Hoseok was seduced.

"Yes, I'd love to," Hoseok replied instantly, sounding fully whipped.

"Have fun!" Jin smiled proudly at them. He turned around and elbowed his way forward until he hugged Jungkook who struggled against him before Jin walked off somewhere, perhaps to search for Namjoon.

"Are you coming?" Yoongi asked Hoseok.

"I'm coming," Hoseok said, thinking that he actually might if Yoongi kept looking all good like that in his blue shirt.

"Great." Yoongi smiled cutely as he led the way out of the ballroom. Hoseok followed him, feeling even more wooed when Yoongi held the door open for him like a gentleman. They walked through the corridor and walked outside. Hoseok glanced up at the sky. The moon would be full soon. The stars were twinkling and it was dreamy out.
Yoongi led the way to the gazebo, walking on the lawn. Hoseok didn't have time to wait that long. The night was young. It was romantic out. It was only the two of them here. This was perfect. The moment he'd waited for all day. The moment he'd waited for for weeks.

He put a hand on Yoongi's wrist, turned him around. Yoongi twirled around in his arms, ending up nearly face to face with him. Hoseok took Yoongi's hands in his and entwined their fingers with a racing heart.

"What-" Yoongi whispered.

"Yoongi?" Hoseok interrupted him. It was hard to speak with his heart hammering so hard in his chest. He couldn't think. His mouth dried out. His voice sounded raspy.

"Yes?" Yoongi replied. He swallowed, eyes sparkling under the moonlight.

"I something tell you have," Hoseok said importantly.

"What?" Yoongi questioned cutely.

Hoseok felt his cheeks heat up with embarrassment. That had come out in the wrong order. He had to try again.

"I have something to t-tell you," He said, in the correct order this time. He dropped one of Yoongi's hands and draped an arm around Yoongi's lower back, using it to press them closer together. Yoongi smelled like the most wonderful flowers. He felt right in Hoseok's arms.

"You do?" Yoongi asked, eyes nervous.

"Mm." Hoseok's heart beat so hard he lost his breath a few times. His head started spinning. This was the moment. He would do it now. Tell Yoongi how he was feeling, and then he would get his kiss. He felt sick with nervousness, but he couldn't fail one more time. He had proof. Yoongi must like him back. He was holding his hand right now.

"I'm, I'm listening," Yoongi said. He sounded a bit nervous too. Hoseok's grip on his hand was rather strong.

"I-, I-" Hoseok started. His mouth dried out. He licked his lips. Yoongi glanced up at him. He was so wonderful. Hoseok would say it now. Jeopardize everything. Change everything.

"Yes?"

"I-, in, in the mornings," Hoseok started. "In the mornings I don't want to leave."

"You don't?" Yoongi asked in a low voice.

"No. And ehm." Hoseok wasn't sure what he was saying. He started explaining. It just ran out of him. "When, when I take- take your shirt off I, I c-can't really look away." He took a moment to swallow. It was dry. His and Yoongi's hands felt clammy. Yoongi was silent now. Hoseok had to go on. "And, and when you tease me I feel really good. Inside. But- but down there t-too."

He felt his face go beet red. What was he saying!?

"I really like to be alone with you, and I don't like it when you're close to someone else, because- because then I get jealous." He took a deep breath, looked Yoongi in the eyes, feeling like an emotional mess. "The truth is that I-, I really like you."
And then he'd said it. He'd finally said it. And Yoongi was still silent.

"What do you mean?" Yoongi whispered, sounding close to shocked. He gaped a little bit, surprised expression on his face.

"Yoongi, don't you see?" Hoseok wondered, feeling his heart open. It opened and everything poured out of him. He squeezed Yoongi's hand, leaned his forehead against his, feeling so nervous and so excited. "I love you."

"What," Yoongi breathed, eyes wide. Hoseok's stomach churned with nervousness. He felt sick. He'd just said it. He'd just opened up his heart for Yoongi.

"Do y-you love me back?" Hoseok asked with a voice pitching and breaking. He held his breath. He couldn't breathe.

"No, no I-" Yoongi started. He detangled himself from Hoseok and stared at him with a gaping mouth.

Hoseok felt his heart break. "I knew it." He said. He hadn't planned on saying that. Yoongi was saying something more, but Hoseok couldn't hear it over his heart thumping in his ears. What had he been thinking? It didn't matter if Hoseok was a boy and Yoongi happened to like boys. Hoseok was still just a farmer. He was poor. He knew nothing. He had nothing. He wasn't good looking. He wasn't funny. He was nothing. He'd been stupid for hoping.

Yoongi's mouth was moving. Hoseok didn't want to hear excuses. He started running. He didn't know where. He just needed to get away from Yoongi. He ran back inside the mansion. He felt tears burn in his eyes. Yoongi didn't love him. He'd told him no.

Yoongi didn't love him. Hoseok had no reason to stay here anymore.

He ran up to the third floor and threw his belongings in his trunk. It wasn't much he owned. Only his clothes. He carried his trunk as he ran back downstairs, not wanting to stay here anymore. He was done here. He felt awful. He'd just told Yoongi everything. He'd told him how he couldn't stop staring at him in the mornings. How Yoongi's teasing made him feel good down there.

Hoseok felt humiliated. Embarrassed didn't cover it. He couldn't meet Yoongi again. He couldn't look him in the eyes.

"Hobi! What happened? Where- wait, are you going somewhere?" Namjoon asked on the first floor. Hoseok ignored him. He pushed past him in the doorway as tears trickled down his cheeks.

He didn't know where Yoongi was. He didn't care. He took his trunk and ran outside, stifling cries along the way. His face contorted into an ugly grimace as he crossed the lawn. He wasn't sure where he was going. He ended up in the little forest by the beach. He sat down there, crying into his hands. Then he left the farm. He left for the gate. He opened it and walked out on the road in the darkness. He only had his clothes and his trunk. He hadn't said goodbye to anyone. Not to Taehyung. Not to Jimin. It was best this way. He wasn't needed there anymore. Yoongi wouldn't want him to dress him anymore. He would throw Hoseok out anyway.

Yoongi didn't love him.

Hoseok crouched down and cried some more. The tears wouldn't stop. They never did when it came to Yoongi. Yoongi owned his heart now. He couldn't just break it like this. It was unfair, how much power Yoongi had over him.

He scrambled himself up from the ground, grabbed his trunk and started walking in the darkness.
The pebbles crunched under his feet. The air was chilly as it blew against his face. It was dark. Total darkness save from the faint moonlight.

The darkness didn't matter. He wiped his tears on the sleeves on his arms. He didn't want to stay there. Yoongi didn't love him. Hoseok's heart was broken.

He was leaving.

He was going back home.
Pathetic Prince

Yoongi:

"I have something to t-tell you,"

Yoongi's heart jumped nervously in his chest as Hoseok draped his arm around Yoongi's lower back, using it to press them closer together. They were already holding hands. Yoongi felt like he was melting. Maybe Jin's plan would work after all. Ask him for a walk later and tell him how you feel. I'll help you. I know it will work.

"You do?" Yoongi asked, trying not to mind his racing heart. This was the time where he should speak. But he couldn't. Not when Hoseok was close to him like this. He couldn't think at all. Could only focus on the way Hoseok was holding him and how close they were.

"Mm."

"I'm, I'm listening," Yoongi stammered nervously.

"I-, I-" Hoseok licked his lips. Yoongi glanced up at him, wondering what he was going to say. Yoongi knew what he was hoping for. It couldn't be that. Yoongi still hoped. He put on a confused face to hide the nervous excitement bubbling in his chest.

"Yes?"

"I-, in, in the mornings," Hoseok started. Yoongi felt his stomach constrict with nerves. He hoped Hoseok wasn't going to say something bad. "In the mornings I- I don't want to leave."

"You don't?" Yoongi felt his eyes grow big. Maybe he wasn't going to say something bad. Hoseok didn't want to leave. Okay. Yoongi didn't want him to either. It must be a miracle.

"No. And ehm, when I take- take off your shirt I, I c-can't really look away." Yoongi went silent. He tried to focus on what Hoseok was telling him, but it was difficult. Hoseok's gaze made him feel so special. Maybe he should say that again. Hoseok went on. "And, and when you tease me I feel really good. Inside. But- but down there t-too."

Yoongi felt his cheeks redden. Down there. As in…? As in you-know-where? His chest grew warm. Hoseok sounded embarrassed. He made Yoongi feel embarrassed too. Mostly happy. When it sunk in he felt nearly shocked. Why was Hoseok telling him this? Was he doing what Yoongi thought he was doing? What Yoongi was supposed to do?

"I really like to be alone with y-you, and I don't like it when you're close to someone else, because- because then I get jealous," Hoseok took a deep breath. Yoongi tried to breathe too. Hoseok, jealous? Maybe Yoongi was dreaming. Yoongi was the jealous one. He struggled to comprehend what Hoseok was saying. It didn't feel real. "The truth is that I-, I really like you."

"What do you mean?" Yoongi whispered, thinking that he already knew what Hoseok meant. His heart was racing with shock, surprise and happiness.

"Yoongi, don't you see?" Hoseok squeezed Yoongi's hand, leaned his forehead against his, making Yoongi's breath hitch. "I love you."

"What," Yoongi breathed, his eyes wide. He felt so happy. In only a second happiness filled his
chest from the inside. He felt all warm. Felt so surprised. Did Hoseok love him?

Or wait. What if this was a trick? Prank? Had Jin made him say that? Was he speaking the truth? But no. Hoseok wouldn't trick him like this. He looked honest. He was honest.

"Do y-you love me back?" Hoseok asked, voice awkward like most of the time.

"No, no I-" Yoongi started. He detangled himself from Hoseok and stared at him with a gaping mouth. *No, I was the one who was going to confess.* He couldn't believe that this was happening. He felt like laughing. What were the odds that Hoseok would beat him to it? Yoongi tried to figure out what to say, he had to confess his feelings too, but he had no time to.

"I knew it," Hoseok said suddenly, looking saddened. In just a second he started walking away. Yoongi was still laughing in his head, about to tell Hoseok how much he loved him. It took a moment until he understood that Hoseok was upset. That he was leaving him.

"Wait, Hoseok," Yoongi said weakly after Hoseok who kept walking away. Yoongi was still laughing in his head, about to tell Hoseok how much he loved him. It took a moment until he understood that Hoseok was upset. That he was leaving him.

"I feel the same," His voice died out at the end. Hoseok ran into the mansion, his head angled away from Yoongi. Yoongi gaped, confused and a bit disappointed. Was that all? Was Hoseok just going to confess to him and then leave? Where was he going?

Yoongi wanted to follow him. He couldn't. His knees gave out under him in a strange way and he crouched down on the grass, hands clasping over his mouth in shock. He still couldn't believe it. What had just happened? Had amazing Hoseok confessed to him?


Yoongi stood up, fresh grass stains on the knees of his pants. He made his way into the mansion, looking for Hoseok. Why had he let Hoseok leave like that? Yoongi wasn't acting like himself. He had to tell Hoseok now. Had to chase after him and let him know that he loved him back. Let him know that Hoseok had driven him crazy for so long that he couldn't remember the time before he'd stepped into his life.

He walked into the ballroom, feeling lightheaded, bubbly and nauseous. Hoseok loved him.

Yoongi repeated that in his head as he hugged his stomach. He wasn't sure if he was going to laugh or hurl. He had to find Hoseok. Ask him to help him. Hug him again. Hold his hand. Maybe Hoseok was better at things like this. Or not. Probably not. Why had he left?

Yoongi leaned against the wall by one of the snacks tables as he swept his gaze around the room. He couldn't see Hoseok anywhere. He saw a bowl of strawberries on the table next to him. They made him think of Hoseok. Maybe he should take the bowl with him. He did. He took the bowl in his hands and craned his neck. He was too short. He couldn't find Hoseok. Was he hiding from him?

"Sir! What happened?" Namjoon asked as he saw Yoongi and rushed up to him. He put a hand on his shoulder. Maybe Yoongi looked odd. A giggle made its way out of his mouth. Then he felt nauseous again. Worried. Hoseok had run away. Why?

"Hoseok, he- he told me he loves me," Yoongi whispered in wonder. Namjoon must think he sounded funny. Yoongi acted strange when he was whipped.

"What?" Namjoon made a face of confusion. He cupped his ear to hear better. The music in the
room was loud. "Can't hear you!"

"Hoseok told me he loves me!" Yoongi said louder this time. Namjoon's jaw practically dropped to the ground.


"No, I-, I told him no..." Yoongi trailed off, remembering it now. That must be why Hoseok had run away. He thought that Yoongi had rejected him. But he hadn't. He'd just been about to point out the irony. Had been about to point out that it had been Yoongi and Jin's plan for Yoongi to confess in the moonlight. Yoongi was an idiot.

"Why?" Namjoon looked bewildered. Confused. It wasn't like him to look like that. Yoongi's stomach knotted. "Why did you do that Yoongi!"

"I- I was so shocked, I thought he was tricking me for a second, but then I was going to tell him. I did tell him, that I feel the same, but he was already leaving," Yoongi managed.

"Why didn't you run after him?" Namjoon asked.

"My legs stopped working?" Yoongi piped, feeling small and helpless. He didn't like feeling like that. He glanced up at Namjoon with scared eyes. "What do I do now? Where is he?"

"What's the fuss over here!" Jin asked as he danced up to them, wrapping an arm around Yoongi's shoulders.

"Hoseok told Yoongi he loves Yoongi back," Namjoon informed Jin with a serious look on his face.

"What!" Jin shrieked in happiness. He wrapped his arms around Namjoon's neck and brought him in for a passionate kiss.

"No kissing here," Yoongi complained, poking Jin in the back, glancing around, half-heartedly making sure that no one had seen them.

"Oh, right, old Maggie is somewhere around here," Jin mumbled as he wiped his lips on the back of his hand and detangled himself from Namjoon who glanced over his shoulder as well, looking nervous. "By the way Yoongi, perhaps this is a good moment for us to reveal that we knew about Hoseok's feelings all along?" Jin smiled awkwardly.

Yoongi gaped. He felt his heart jump. "What." He couldn't believe it. Had they known? For how long? Without telling him?

"I know, aren't I the best at keeping secrets?" Jin blew him a kiss. "We even found out about his feelings before you told us about yours!"

"When?" Yoongi breathed in disbelief. He needed proof to believe this.

"Why don't you ask Hoseok about that?" Jin suggested. "He's got it hard for you. Literally." He shared a funky look with Namjoon.

"What do you mean by that?" Yoongi asked, feeling his cheeks go red. Did they mean what he thought they meant? Yoongi remembered having heard Hoseok outside of his door once. Had it been Hoseok then?
"Your nickname might be Moaning Min but you're not the only one making love to your sheets at night!" Jin said teasingly, awkwardly, and Yoongi felt embarrassed. "So, go on and find Hoseok now so we can finally put an end to this misery!"

"But-" Yoongi tried, confused.

"You want a taste of his butt? Oh, Yoongi I can teach you everything I know about things like that if you want to." Jin patted the top of his head pitifully.

Yoongi grew uncomfortable. He frowned, ignoring his hot cheeks. He was worried. Felt like he should look for Hoseok. He had no time to small talk like this. "You don't need to teach me anything."

"Why not?" Jin raised his eyebrows. "Last time I checked you were a merely a kinky virgin. Has that changed?"

"Lay off." Yoongi shook Jin's hand off his head and crossed his arms. Jin looked satisfied.

"All jokes aside, I can tell you how to do things, but I don't think there will be much of those things until you actually tell Hoseok how you feel," Jin said importantly. He looked around the ballroom cheerfully. "Now. where is he? In the bathroom?"

"He's gone. He left." Yoongi groaned, rubbing his face in his hands, stomach clenching from the thought.

"Hoseok thinks Yoongi rejected him," Namjoon explained, voice going pained and stressed. Yoongi felt it like a lump in his stomach. It hurt. Yoongi was a fool.

"Oh no!" Jin gasped. "We need to find Hoseok fast!" He looked at Yoongi. "You need to find him and kiss him!"

"I do?" Yoongi asked, starting feeling lightheaded again.

"Yes! Hurry!" Jin pushed Yoongi further into the room. "We'll start here!" He told Namjoon who took off for the corridor outside.

Jin and Yoongi jogged around the ballroom twice, searching, walking around everyone, checking the floor, even checking under Mina's long skirt. They ran into every room in the corridor outside. But nothing. They couldn't find Hoseok. Yoongi grew stressed.

"Where is he!" Jin exclaimed in confusion as they turned the living room upside down. Yoongi had a taxidermy squirrel in his hands. He threw it on the dusty couch before he sat down beside it. Dust swiveled around him. Maggie did a shit job at cleaning this place.

"I don't know," Yoongi sighed miserably. His heart was hurting. Hoseok had left. It was his fault. Again.

Then they heard something. Namjoon. He was calling for them.

"Joon Joon?" Jin called back, practically skipping on his toes as Namjoon appeared in the doorway, looking stressed.

"Hoseok! I just saw him leave with his trunk!" Namjoon explained.

"What." Yoongi felt his stomach drop. It hurt with worry. "Leave?"
"Then why didn't you follow him?" Jin gripped Namjoon's shoulders and gave them a shake. He stopped when Namjoon's looked seasick.

"Where did he go?" Yoongi asked seriously as he stood up from the couch and approached them in the doorway, feeling hurried and panicked. He had to find Hoseok.

"Out the front door, walking towards the lawn," Namjoon explained. Yoongi started jogging and Namjoon and Jin followed. They were slowed down by a dancing train leading out of the ballroom to the lawn with Jimin in tow, happy farmers singing loudly for Jungkook.

"Move!" Yoongi urged as he pushed himself between a frowning Rose and confused Alejandro. He broke through the crowd and jogged outside, sweeping his gaze around, only seeing stars and moonlight. He strained his ears. Nothing. All he heard was cheers from inside and the hurried voices of Jin and Namjoon as they caught up with him.

"Did he have his trunk?" Jin asked Namjoon. "Why!"

"Because he thought Yoongi rejected him, of course." Namjoon sighed. "He can't have gotten far, though. He looked very, ehm, sad?"

Yoongi felt his heart clench painfully. He ran to the barn and checked inside of it, but Hoseok wasn't there. He wasn't in the hut either, or the boathouse. And then they'd run out of houses to check.

"Over here! The gate is open!" Jin exclaimed who knows how much later. The dancing train had moved outside with a laughing Jungkook in the middle of it, and the moon was at its peak in the sky. It must be close to midnight. Everyone was happy and laughing. Hoseok was nowhere. It was as if he'd just disappeared. As if no one cared about it besides Yoongi, Jin and Namjoon.

Yoongi jogged to Jin and checked the gate for himself. It was left unlocked. His stomach hurt more. "Has he left?" He asked Jin in a low, sad voice. "In the darkness?"

"Want to search for him? Jones could help us," Jin pondered worriedly, gazing out in the dark. He had a lamp in his hands. The light didn't reach far. It was pitch dark out there. Hoseok was afraid of the dark. Was he out there alone? Anything could happen. He could get ambushed and mugged or kidnapped. Yoongi was worried.

"Let's search for him and bring him back," Yoongi said, not feeling confident at all. "And I want to look on the grounds once more. And, uhm, we need to check the laundry room and the closet on the third floor too."

"Why would he be there?" Jin asked, confused.

"I don't know?" Yoongi rubbed his face in his hands again. This was so bad. Hoseok couldn't be gone. He just couldn't. Not now. Yoongi had tried all week to confess. He'd teased Hoseok as he got dressed by him. He'd made them bathe together. He'd put his hands on Hoseok's over the piano, hoping that Hoseok would get the message or throw Yoongi's hands away, or do anything besides sit there and give Yoongi hope. Yoongi had brought Hoseok to the beautiful field. Called him bright like the sun. Told him that he felt special when Hoseok looked at him. Yoongi had teased Hoseok naked in bed, for god's sake. He'd tried. Tried to so many times.

And now Hoseok had been the one to confess. To reveal feelings. To make Yoongi feel so alive that he didn't dare breathe. Hoseok couldn't be gone now. Yoongi had to find him. Tell him that he was sorry and an idiot and that he'd gotten so happy that he'd said weird things. He had to explain
the binoculars he'd pushed in under his bed. Had to explain why he'd showed him Auriga. Had to explain the wish he'd made at the beginning of the summer.

If only Yoongi could explain. He wanted to tell Hoseok it all. Shooting stars were real. It had brought him Hoseok. He had to tell Hoseok everything. Jin had helped Yoongi all along. Had made sure they were stocked up on strawberries and candy and had helped Yoongi buy green clothes that he could give to Hoseok. Yoongi had longed for so long. He needed Hoseok.

Hoseok was so good. He couldn't be real. Maybe he wasn't real. Yoongi loved him so much. He had to tell him. But he couldn't. If only he could.
Happy early birthday Namjoon!!
full moon in 7 days, watch out for werewolves…

**Hoseok:**

Hoseok didn't get far. It was dark. So dark. He dragged his trunk after him until his arms started hurting. He was weak. He was hurting. His whole being. His arms. Legs. Stomach. Heart. His heart hurt the most.

He sat down on his trunk and cried. He sat in the middle of the road. He didn't care. It was silent. He heard no one and no one could hear him. Yoongi didn't love him. He didn't care that Hoseok had left. He probably hadn't noticed. He was probably happy that he had. Happy that Hoseok - the creepy perv - wouldn't stare at him when he was naked in the mornings anymore.

Yoongi must've put all pieces together now. Hoseok being called Horny Hobi and Hoseok getting Yoongi's head stuck in his nightgown and Hoseok making weird sounds behind Yoongi as he scrubbed him in the bathtub him that time. Hoseok was so ashamed. He just wanted to crawl out of his skin and become someone else. Become no one. Nothing. He wanted to be nothing.

He choked on another sob as he glanced up the sky. The stars were still out. They were shining brightly. The moon was there too. Hoseok felt like the moon in a strange way. Never completely full. Only sometimes, almost as if by mistake, like when he watched Yoongi smile or laugh. But he wouldn't do that anymore. So he would never be full. He would be gone and he would be half and almost full. But he would never be full. Never the full Jung Hoseok. No one wanted him. No one wanted his love. Yoongi didn't want him.

He wiped his cheeks from tears. His thoughts were weird. He wasn't the moon. Yoongi was the moon. Hoseok was the sun. He wanted to shine on Yoongi, but Yoongi kept moving away from him. He didn't want Hoseok. That's why he moved away. He'd rather be with the stars.

Was the sun a star? What was it Yoongi had told him the other night? That all stars were suns? Hoseok didn't feel like all other stars. People. Farmers. Whatever. He was weird and now Yoongi knew it. Yoongi knew and Hoseok could never come back. Could never return. He was homeless Hobi now. Left to live on the street.

A rumble cut through the air. He glanced down, hearing that it was his stomach. He'd been homeless for less than an hour and was already hungry. This wasn't starting good. It wasn't good, no matter how you looked at it. This was bad. Yoongi would tell everyone now. Would probably ask Sana to dress him again. Would tell everyone that he'd tricked and teased Hoseok so much that the loser had fallen in love with him.

Hoseok took off his shoe and threw it away. He took off his other one too and threw it away too, listening to the crunchy sound as it hit the ground. He was a loser. He was so stupid. He hated feelings. He was too emotional. Yoongi had only played him around. Hoseok was so easy to manipulate. He'd thought Yoongi had liked him. Yoongi liked bananas. It had felt like he'd meant
that he liked Hoseok.

"I hate you," Hoseok whispered, not sure if he meant himself or Yoongi. Maybe both. He hated both. He hated Yoongi because he loved him. He hated himself because he loved Yoongi. He was so stupid. He was the worst role model for Jimin.

Jimin. Hoseok hadn't got to say goodbye to him. Maybe Jimin would run away too. Sometime. Or not. Why was Hoseok hoping for that? This was his decision. A very, extremely, bad decision, but still. He had to stand for it. So he lumbered away and searched for his shoes on the dusty ground, picking them up and putting them back on, thinking he deserved the pebbles that stuck between his socks and the sole. He deserved to be in pain. He was disgusting. What had he been thinking? That Yoongi would rejoice over the idea of Hoseok coming to thoughts of him every night?

Hoseok wiped his cheeks from tears and narrowed his eyes in thought. Had he told Yoongi that? About his wet dreams and mattress-humping and coming on his clothes? He stared at the moon. No, he hadn't. And he wouldn't. Never ever would he tell anyone about that. He was homeless now. Almost. The moon would be his companion, and Flowy, wherever they were. They were in Hoseok's heart. Flowy-one, Flowy-two and Flowy-three.

And his thoughts kept getting weirder and weirder. The homeless life was getting to him already.

He started walking on the road, dragging his trunk after him. The moonlight made his skin look blue. It made the forest beside him look scary. Filled with wolves and bears and werewolves. He thought he heard a howl and walked faster. It wasn't full moon yet. The werewolves couldn't eat him. He tasted bad. He smelled bad too. He smelled like a heart broken loser who was too ashamed of himself to say goodbye to his best friend. If he'd been a human eating werewolf he hadn't wanted to taste himself.

"Hello?" He whispered over his shoulder when he thought he heard a twig break in the forest. He took a step to the side, sharing a look of fear with the moon. He received no answer. He stopped walking and thought with a racing heart. There were hours to the town. He was already hungry and tired. His heart was hurting and he couldn't think. He couldn't concentrate at all.

He could always run away tomorrow morning again. He could pick a new Flowy and make them his companion. The moon was a bit scary. The stars too. Like eyes watching him along with the wolves and bears in the forest. He didn't want to get eaten alive. He felt like shit and wanted to cry some, but die? Not today.

So he tightened his grip on the handle of his old trunk and started running back to the Minsion. The little wheels rustled against the pebbles and dirt. He heard birds take off for the sky from the forest, and he thought he heard some sort of animal growl from the dike. The forest was alive. The sky was scary. Hoseok felt like crying for mommy.

But mommy didn't want anything to do with him. Jimin hadn't noticed that Hoseok was gone either. So Hoseok didn't cry for mommy or Jimin. He cried for Yoongi instead. That's how he'd started. Spilling tears from the reminder that Yoongi didn't love him. Crying because Hoseok had told him. He'd finally told him and now he regretted it.

He reached the gate with a heart hammering in his chest. It was partly open. Happy farmers were dancing and singing around on the lawn by the gazebo. Good. They wouldn't notice Hoseok slipping back inside. No one had noticed him leaving either. It was sad in a way. That he cared so much about so many, but no one cared about him in return. Not even Flowy or the moon cared about him. If they had he wouldn't be feeling so alone.
He left the gate wide open, wanting to see how long it would take until someone noticed, and wanting a wolf to run inside and interrupt the fun on the beach. Everyone was laughing so loud. Jungkook had it so good. He had a cute boyfriend and friends and expensive clothes and money and a cute boyfriend and nice hair and a cute boyfriend. Hoseok didn't have any of that.

He slipped into the new barn. It was unlocked. He walked inside in the darkness, going for the hay barn like he’d had the last time Yoongi had hurt him. Yoongi was bad. He made Hoseok hurt all the time. Now Hoseok would disappear. In the hay. And in the morning he would leave again.

He sat down in a corner that probably was filled with spiders and cockroaches and fleas. His pants rode up by his socks and something made his legs itch. He leaned back against the hard wood of the wall, holding back a sneeze. He covered his head with hay and put his face in his hands, partly to be able to breathe, partly so he could cry some more.

It was so uncomfortable. He wouldn't be able to sleep like this. It was what he deserved. To be punished. It was what Maggie wanted anyway. And she was right. Dirty boys should be punished to learn what's wrong. Hoseok's wrong. So he sat on the hard floor, and leaned against the hard wall in the corner with hay covering his body. It was dark. Silent. Creepy. All he heard was his own heartbeats. They sounded a bit broken. Everything sounded weird. Nothing was the same now that he knew that Yoongi didn't love him. It was as if the world had changed. His perception of it. The world had been much nicer when he'd thought Yoongi liked him back.

With closed eyes, he leaned his head against the wall. He felt alone without the blue moonshadows. The moon's light was cold. Yoongi's touch was cold. Sometimes. When it wasn't warm. And so went Hoseok's thoughts for the rest of the night. He thought about the moon. He thought about Yoongi. He started crying and he punished himself more by thinking of how hungry he was and how uncomfortable the floor was under his butt. He tried to erase the feelings. He tried to fall asleep. Tried to tell himself that this was just a bad dream. That he'd gotten it all wrong. It didn't work. Nothing worked. Yoongi still had power over him. Thinking about him made Hoseok's heart bleed. He thought about Yoongi's eyes and nose and hands and everything.

Hoseok thought about Yoongi and he was in pain. He should be. It was what he deserved.

***

"Hobi?"

He snapped his eyes open. A dream. Had it been a dream? Was Jimin waking him up now, by Hoseok's bed? Was it time to go bathing in the lake?

"Hobi, is that you?"

He blinked. That wasn't Jimin's voice. It was Taehyung.

Hoseok pushed the hay away from his face, momentarily blinded by a sharp light. He made a sound of surprise and shielded his eyes from the light with his hands, squinting when he realized it was a lamp.

His butt was hurting. His back was aching. His heart was bleeding. He felt like screaming. He couldn't remember where he was. He didn't know what Taehyung and a lamp was doing here.

"We've looked everywhere for you!" Someone else said. A slight lisp. That had to be Jimin.
Hoseok grabbed the hay and covered his face with it again, figuring that they were going to stop him from running away. It was useless. He'd already set his mind. He'd made a decision. Yoongi didn't want him and Hoseok didn't want to stay. No one could change his mind. They had to leave.

"Why are you hiding in here?" Taehyung asked. It felt like he climbed up the hay and sat down close to Hoseok. He patted the top of Hoseok's head like you would a puppy. "Yoongi's looking everywhere for you."

Hoseok's heart jolted. He wasn't sure if it was from panic or happiness, relief or fear. "Yoongi? I don't think so," He rasped out. It sounded like he had been crying all night. It was still dark. Maybe not all night then. "He hates me."

"What happened?" Jimin asked as he squeezed himself in on Hoseok's other side. He threw away the hay so they could see Hoseok's face. Hoseok covered it with his hands. "Your trunk's over there. Were you leaving?"

"Don't tell him I'm here!" Hoseok hurried to say. "P-please don't, I- I'll leave in the morning, but don't tell him, please."

"You're leaving in the morning?" Taehyung asked in confusion. "Who shouldn't we tell? Yoongi?"

"What happened?" Jimin asked. He forced one of Hoseok's arms down and hooked arms with him, taking his dirty hand in his. Hoseok wanted to ask them what they were doing here. What had happened with Jungkook's birthday party. Who'd sent them. Why Taehyung had a lamp.

"I- I told him I love him," Hoseok blurted in a little voice. Jimin and Taehyung silenced and Taehyung almost dropped his lamp.

"You did what?" They whispered in unison.

"I do," Hoseok whispered. "I did. I-, I told him I love him and I asked- asked if he loved me back, and then I told him that, that I felt really good, down there when he teases me."

Hoseok hid his face behind his hand again. He'd told them. Why had he told them? He'd promised himself not to tell anyone. He was incredible. He couldn't even keep promises to himself anymore.

"You told him? What did he say?" Taehyung was the first one to ask.

"No," Hoseok swallowed thickly. "H-he told me no and then I ran away."

"Kidding?" Jimin questioned weirdly. "He told you no?"

"Just rub it in," Hoseok cried. He put a hand to his mouth, fighting against the sob. It hurt. Hurt so much to think about. "He- he doesn't love me but I still love him and I hate it. I hate it! I hate him!"

"No you don't," Jimin said wisely. "You don't hate him. You're crying because you love him. You're love-crying."

"Love-crying?"

"He means that you cry since you love too much," Taehyung explained. "Jimin is actually an expert at that."

"I'm not," Jimin muttered, reaching out to poke Taehyung on his knee. "I just have a lot of emotions."
"Hello?" Hoseok urged, bringing the attention back to him. "Yoongi doesn't love me. What do I do?"

"You shouldn't run away, anyway," Jimin said.

"We saw Yoongi, Jin and Joon look for something and then they told us they were looking for you," Taehyung said. "I don't think they would do that if Yoongi didn't love you back. He's still searching."

"But-" Hoseok blinked up at Taehyung, feeling confused, feeling a little bit of hope fizzle in his chest. Just a little bit. He'd missed the feeling of it.

"Did you hear him out?" Taehyung asked. "Or did you just run?"

"I think he just ran, if you ask me," Jimin said. "Ow!" He voiced when Hoseok slapped him in the side.

"Are you making fun of me?" Hoseok croaked. "Then you can leave. I already wanna die."

Jimin sputtered. "Hold your horses!"

"Stop calling me a horse!" Hoseok grabbed an armful of hay and threw at Jimin who tumbled around and hit his head against the wall.

"Tae, do something, he's hurting me!" Jimin complained dramatically. Hoseok took off his shoe and threw it at him. He pretended that Jimin was Yoongi. He wanted to hit Yoongi. And then he wanted to kiss him. (The real Yoongi, not Jimin.)

"Hyung?" Taehyung put a hand on Hoseok's shoulder. He angled his lamp so Hoseok got blinded from the light. "Please don't hurt Jiminie. Why don't we find Yoongi instead? So you can talk?"

"Talk?" Hoseok muttered. He poked Jimin in the side as a sorry before he crossed his arms, feeling the overwhelming sadness change into anger. It was easier to be angry than to be sad. "I never want to see him again. I told you. I hate him."

"Now he's being love-angry," Jimin said as he sat down on Taehyung's other side, on a safe distance to Hoseok. "Here's your shoe." He threw the shoe back at Hoseok. It landed on his knee and it hurt. He put it back on. He felt dirty.

"I think you should hear him out," Taehyung suggested. "He probably has a good explanation for why he acted the way he did."

"Why are you defending him?" Hoseok sniffled. He felt betrayed. "Aren't you on my side?"

"I'm on your side," Taehyung claimed. It didn't sound like it. Hoseok frowned at him, wanting to be alone and mellow in self hate and agony for a few more hours. He wondered how to ask them to leave in the nicest way. "But I still think you should talk to him."

Hoseok tried to tune him out. He didn't want to talk to Yoongi. Why couldn't Taehyung get that?

"As Jesus once said," Jimin started quoting over there. "Life is a game, and the one who has the most fun wins!"

"Jesus didn't say that?" Taehyung corrected him.

"Still? Hobi, you should stop sulking and just talk to Yoongi now, because you're wasting time
when you could be hugging and kissing him!"

Hoseok felt a stab of helplessness. He felt stubborn. They didn't understand. No one did. "I don't want to hug or kiss him. I never want to see him again."

"But what if this is like last time?" Jimin tried. "A big misunderstanding?"

"Are you calling me a big misunderstanding?" Hoseok choked. "Thanks a lot. I feel so much better now."

"Hobi!" Jimin grunted. "You know what I meant."

"Yeah." Hoseok shrugged. "You want me to talk to Yoongi but I don't wanna. He'll only reject me again and I-, I can't take that. I'll just go."

"Where?" Jimin urged. "Where are you going?"

"Anywhere that's not here," Hoseok decided. "Away from Yoongi."

"But you love him?" Taehyung said. He must be stuck on repeat. Hoseok loved Yoongi. So what? Yoongi didn't love him back. It was too late. Everything was too late. Hoseok was too late. Taehyung was too late. Jimin was too late. Everything was already destroyed and Hoseok wanted to be alone. He didn't want to listen. He'd already made up his mind.

"But we'll miss you," Jimin complained. "Please don't go, hyung?"

"You won't miss me," Hoseok muttered. "You're best friends with everyone here. I'm just one out of many. Your second choice."

Jimin gasped. Maybe Hoseok shouldn't have said that. Still. It was true. Jimin could hear it now. Hoseok had been his second choice since the beginning. For weeks and weeks.

"Who said that?" Jimin asked. "Because that's not true! You're my only, favorite hyung!"

"I'm your favorite?" Hoseok frowned some. "What about Jin?"

"He's not my favorite. He's not my roommate," Jimin said. Hoseok's chest felt lighter. Maybe he'd gotten that wrong. Jimin seemed to like him. Seemed to have him as number one in some kind of way. "And I'd miss waking up from your mattress-humping sessions. It's kind of fun sometimes."

Hoseok changed his mind. His chest didn't feel warm anymore. He gripped a handful of hay and threw at Jimin. Jimin shrieked and tried to hide himself behind Taehyung who almost dropped the lamp and set the barn on fire.

"I'd miss you too," Taehyung joined in, lamp steady in his hands again. "I think Yoongi would miss you the most if you left."

Hoseok ignored his fluttering heart. "He wouldn't," He said stubbornly. Now he was annoyed. He just wanted to be alone. Cry in peace. Not deal with these nosy, too cheerful kids.

"But a bird told me he likes you back..." Taehyung trailed off.

"Nice try, but I know that birds can't talk," Hoseok muttered. "Stop trying to make me feel better."

"He means Jin," Jimin explained. "Jin is the bird."
"Jin is human?" Hoseok said, confused. He was too tired for this. Too heartbroken. He couldn't think.

"Are you for real?" Jimin wondered.

"Are you making fun of me again? Because I'm already wounded. I'm gonna cry again," Hoseok sniffled and blinked tears from his eyes. He thought of Yoongi. He felt a tear trickle down his cheek instantly.

"But you're love-crying! You need to speak to him!" Jimin urged. He walked back to Hoseok's other side and pressed himself to his side, forcing him to look and listen to him.

"Should we get Yoongi?" Taehyung asked, already rising up. Hoseok missed the heat from his body. He hadn't noticed, but he was freezing. He wanted a hug. He needed a hug.

"No." Hoseok shook his head. "Yoongi doesn't love me and I-, I don't want to talk to him. Don't tell him you found me here!"

"But-" Taehyung tried.

"No buts! Don't tell him! Please?" Hoseok pleaded desperately. He hated himself. All he wanted was to have Yoongi back in his arms. Hold him. Hug him. Be close to him. And here he was, claiming that he never wanted to see him again. He was telling lies. He was making himself hurt more. Why was he so contradicting? He wanted to see Yoongi again.

Taehyung shared a look with Jimin. They made odd faces at each other that Hoseok couldn't read in the faint light. Then Taehyung nodded, and Jimin rose up too. Panic flared up in Hoseok's chest. He changed his mind. He didn't want to be alone. He wanted them to stay. He wanted a hug.

He stayed silent. He wanted to scream for them to hug him until he felt better. He wanted to tell them to get Yoongi and tell him that Hoseok was here so they could talk. Make up. Maybe just stare at each other. Hoseok didn't do any of that. He was silent. Why was he silent? He couldn't talk.

"Bye then, Hobi," Taehyung said in a sad voice. It was dark now that the light was gone. Hoseok became one with the darkness. It scared him. He couldn't see the moon. The ghosts would take him.

"We'll miss you," Jimin added in an even sadder voice. "You were the best farmer here. The best friend. I think I love you."

"I love you too," Taehyung said. "You never judged me. You were so nice to us. We'll really miss you."

Hoseok swallowed. He got so sad. He hadn't thought his that presence had made a difference. He'd been too occupied by Yoongi to really notice. To think about it. But here Jimin and Taehyung were, claiming that they both loved him. Hoseok didn't want to leave them. He loved them too. They were like brothers to him. He wanted to stay. He could hide from Yoongi, get new chores, and hang around with them for the rest of the summer until he would move into the barn again. He could force Sana to 'dress' Yoongi again. That would be his new plan.

But that wasn't what he said.

"Bye," Was what left his lips. "Don't tell him I'm here."
His heart hurt and he wanted to slap himself. Jimin and Taehyung looked so sad. So concerned and worried. They shared looks and Hoseok banged his head into the wall. He watched as Jimin and Taehyung walked out of the room. Heard the door close. It became dark.

He looked around, too tired to think but thinking too much to sleep. He was hungry. He had to pee. He stood up on stiff legs and a back that cracked. It felt like he was ninety years old.

He checked that Jimin and Taehyung were gone before he walked outside to pee in the bush close to the gate. He had no energy to go to the lake. The bush was probably happy. It hadn't rained in weeks.

Squinting around, he thought he saw that the gate was closed. Someone had closed it since he'd opened it. Who? Yoongi? No. Probably the werewolf in the forest. Anyone but Yoongi.

When he was done peeing he felt even more disgusted with himself. Who peed in a bush like this? He hurried back into the barn and threw himself head first on the hay, wanting to suffocate on it. He was so simple. Yoongi had probably never peed in a bush. Only poor people did that. Yoongi had so many reasons not to love him. So many reasons to hate him.

The hay was itchy. It stuck him in the face. He scrambled back into his corner and sulked. Sulked and sulked and sulked. He pitied himself. He felt sad. He tried to force out tears that wouldn't drop from his eyes.

He managed to sleep for a little while. Not much. Felt like he only closed and opened his eyes for five seconds. His breath was bad. He was lucky that Yoongi didn't want to kiss him. He would've killed him with his breath.

After another nap he couldn't take it anymore. He'd been alone for too long. He craved human contact. Jimin. Taehyung. Even old hag Maggie would do. He had to eat food and hug someone. Maybe Rose was in the kitchen. He could hug her and then he could push her into a table because it felt like this was her fault one way or another.

He grabbed his old trunk, hating it since it made him look poor. He rolled it around in the barn, glancing out the windows before he sneaked outside. It was still dark out. The sky was lighting up. The moon had set and the bright stars were only faint little dots spread out here and there. Good. The scary eyes were gone.

He crossed the lawn, not caring if he wasn't allowed to step on it or not. He felt bad. He wanted to be bad now. He kicked the grass, feeling thrilled when a patch of grass flew off and brown dirt appeared. He felt thrilled. Then he felt guilty. He took the patch of grass and put it back, patting it some, hoping no one would notice and that Yoongi wouldn't get the blame for it. He walked away before he could make any more damage.

The front door to the mansion was unlocked. Hoseok faced the floor in the hallway as he walked inside. He didn't like the looks he got from Yoongi's relatives in the portraits. He walked down to the basement, pattering on his tiptoes not to wake anyone up, and walked into the kitchen. He'd never been there before. It was a big room with white walls and small windows. He found a loaf of bread on the sink that he took. He took a bite of it as he walked back out the room, climbing the stairs with his trunk. He couldn't leave without a hug from Jimin. He would get a hug and then he would leave.

On the third floor he held his breath. Listened for sounds. He couldn't hear anything. Probably since his heart was racing from thoughts of Yoongi and climbing the stairs, and he was chewing on bread.
He opened the door to his room and walked inside. It was dark. He left his trunk by the door, walked to his bed and threw himself down it, deciding that he could hug Jimin when it was time to wake up, surprised when he landed on something solid.

"Ghost!" Someone exclaimed in fear. A light voice.

"Jungkook?" Hoseok asked, just as afraid himself. He would've screamed if he hadn't been so tired.

"Hoseok?" Someone else asked. A deeper voice.

"Taehyung? What are you two doing in my bed?"

"Hobi!?" Jimin exclaimed.

"Shh!" Hoseok tried to hush them. He chased Taehyung and Jungkook off his bed and climbed under the blanket himself, happy that it was warmed up. "I'll leave in a bit. Just wanted to sleep first." He made up. It felt awkward to ask Jimin for a hug now that the room was full of people. "Had you already replaced me?"

"Jimin felt lonely so we thought we could keep him company," Taehyung explained. "I helped him write a letter. Here." Taehyung gave Hoseok a letter. "We hoped you hadn't left yet."

Hoseok tried to read the letter in the darkness. He squinted at the text.

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Ples donot leve us, hyung! We love yu! And I wil mis yu. :'(
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Hoseok pouted at the letter. It was more of a note, all words spelled wrong. "Jiminie, did you write this?"

"I got a lot of help. Don't ask me what it says. Still can't read," Jimin said in a small, excited voice. "But what do you say? Are you staying?"

"No," Hoseok sighed. He got sad again now. "Thanks for the note Jiminie, I'll take it with me. I love you."

"You love Yoongi," Jimin said. "Tell him."

"I did."

"Tell him again."

"No."

"He likes you," Taehyung joined in. This conversation was meaningless. It didn't lead anywhere. Hoseok had made up his mind now. He was going to be a heartless idiot and leave his best friends here since he was selfish and too much of a coward to face Yoongi again. He was afraid of rejection. It was easier this way. The easy way out.

"I thought you were brave," Jimin mumbled.

"What do you mean?" Hoseok whispered when he'd meant to stay silent.

"Never mind. Good night." Jimin turned so he had his back to Hoseok. Taehyung lied down next to him, and Jungkook squeezed himself in there too. They were three. It was crowded. It looked warm. Hoseok was so cold over at his side of the room. In his lonely bed. He was so troublesome. So problematic. Why couldn't he be honest? Why couldn't he be brave? Jimin was brave who
wrote him a note when he couldn't spell. Everyone was brave here. Everyone had fought their own battles. Everyone but Hoseok who was too afraid. He was afraid of Yoongi. Of what he might say. He didn't dare look him in the eyes.

He pressed his face into his pillow and bit back a sob. Yoongi didn't love him. Hoseok was alone. He was cold. He wanted to be warm.

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"Well, this was me a sad sight."

Hoseok blinked his eyes open. They felt swollen, from tears. His throat was sore, from crying. His pillow was damp. His body was aching. He had a light headache. He was in his bed. He turned around, looked around, finding Jimin, Taehyung and Jungkook standing in front of his bed, looking determined.

"Are you awake?" Jimin asked.

"What does it look like?" Hoseok asked back, feeling salty and grumpy. He wanted to sleep some more. He hadn't dreamed anything. He finally hadn't thought about Yoongi.

"Ready, Tae, Kookie?" Jimin nodded at the others. "Jin and Joon already have Yoongi."

Hoseok's heart jumped. He was too groggy to think. His heart would jump to that name even in his sleep.

"Team Tiger!" Taehyung and Jungkook exclaimed at the same time. The three of them high fived each other. Hoseok got a bad feeling from this. He pulled the blanket up over his head and closed his eyes, hoping that they would disappear.

They didn't. The blanket was pulled away from him and Hoseok shrieked when Jimin grabbed his ankles. "What are you doing? Let me go!" Hoseok shouted as he tried to kick Jimin's hands off of him.

"Sorry hyung!" Taehyung apologized as he and Jungkook grabbed an arm each, pulling him off the bed with Jimin. Hoseok landed on the floor on his butt. It hurt. A lot.

"Let me go!" He tried to kick them off again. "Are you going to throw me into the lake or something?" He remembered when Jimin, Mark and Sana had done that. He hoped Jones was ready to save him somewhere. "What time is it?"

"It's time for you to be brave," Jimin said through gritted teeth. They lifted Hoseok up from the floor, and Hoseok tensed. He didn't like being carried. He liked it when he had both of his feet on the ground.

"What do you m-mean, ah! Help!" He shouted loudly as Jimin kicked up the door and the three of them carried Hoseok outside. It had to be early morning. Jimin's hair was wet. It must be past bathing time in the lake.

"Stop shouting, please!" Taehyung asked politely. He was grunting more than Jungkook. That kid was strong. His grip around Hoseok's arm hurt. "You'll attract unwanted attention!"

"He means Maggie," Jungkook translated.

"Maggie! Help!" Hoseok shouted.
"Shh!" Jimin dropped Hoseok's feet and Hoseok shouted out in pain as his heels hit the floor painfully. He tried to run away, then Jimin pressed something into his mouth to silence him. Hoseok tried to spit it out, thinking it was a sock. He changed his mind when he realized that it was candy. Lemon candy.

"Where did 'ou get t'is?" Hoseok asked around the candy as Jimin grabbed his feet and started carrying him again. It was painful for everyone. Hoseok wasn't going to cooperate. He didn't want to be thrown into the lake.

"Guess five times," Jimin said as if Hoseok was dumb. "Here's a hint; Yoongi."

Hoseok's heart jumped so much that he almost swallowed the big candy in his mouth. He coughed.

"This room?" Taehyung asked Jimin. They weren't going for the beach. They were going to Yoongi's room.

"No!" Hoseok shouted. Too late. Jimin opened the door.

Then he saw that it wasn't Yoongi's room. It was the room next to his. The little room with a staircase that led up to the attic. Hoseok had never been there before. He didn't clean this room since it was so spooky and filled with ghosts.

"Are you going to lock me in here to prevent me from leaving?" Hoseok asked after he'd chewed and swallowed the candy, thinking he got it now. He couldn't remember where he'd put his key. He wished he'd still had it.

"Ding, ding, ding, correct!" Jimin said sarcastically. "We'll lock you in here and we won't let you out until you have a boyfriend!"

"Boyfriend!?" Hoseok sputtered.

"Until you promise to stay," Taehyung corrected him. They let Hoseok down and pushed him from behind until he started climbing the old stairs himself. Every step he took creaked. Right foot, creek. Left foot, creek. Jimin, Taehyung and Jungkook took a step each. Creek, creek, creek.

Hoseok was thankful that he'd eaten bread earlier. He didn't think there would be any food in the attic. He was going to starve. Unless he jumped out the window. Was there a window? All attics had to have windows. Round ones where the ghosts sat.

"See you later!" Jimin said as he opened the door at the end of the stairs with a key Hoseok hadn't seen him have before.

"Good luck!" Taehyung cheered him on. Hoseok was pushed inside. He didn't have time to blink until Jin and Namjoon rushed out of the attic, pushed Hoseok to the side as they united with Jimin, Taehyung and Jungkook on the other side.

"Tae, you're a genius!" Hoseok heard Jin sing before the door closed shut and the lock turned. Hoseok gaped. He tugged at the door handle, growing claustrophobic immediately.

"Hello! Let me out!" He shouted. He knocked on the old door. One time. Two times. The chatter and laughter from the other side tuned out. Were they leaving? What had Jin and Namjoon been doing in here?

"Hello! I need to pee!" Hoseok made up, knocking some more.
"Use the bucket!" Jin replied from the other side. He knocked back and Hoseok jerked back in surprise.

"Let me out! You can't lock me up like this! I need to leave, now!" Hoseok kicked the door and knocked on it. He thought he heard something hit the door on the other side. Maybe a chair or a plank. Didn't matter what it was. Hoseok was stuck.

"Great," He said sarcastically. "Just perfect." He kicked the door once more, feeling anger flare up inside, wanting to break out. He tugged at the door handle like a mad person a few more times. It felt like someone was still on the other side, guarding the door. Hoseok would starve in here.

He ran a hand over the door. Felt the wood under his palm. It was hard and cold.

He turned around, closed his eyes in frustration and leaned his back against the door. He didn't know what to do. Just minutes ago he'd been asleep in his bed, peacefully unknowing of the world around him. Now he was here, locked in a spooky attic that smelled like dust and mold.

He opened his eyes and looked forward. Then he screamed. Yoongi was staring at him from the other side of the attic, mouth agape and eyes wide. Hoseok blinked his eyes shut hard. A ghost. It was a ghost. He was hallucinating. This was scary.
Horny Hobi & Moaning Min

Chapter Notes

happy frigay!! full moon tonight, and friday the 13th. watch out for werewolves!!
i hope you will like this chapter… (and thanks for reading, you're the best!!<3♥♥♥)
here we go…

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hoseok turned around and knocked on the door with both hands. "Help, help, let me out! I mean it!" He shouted. "I think I've gone crazy!"

"Hoseok," The ghost spoke as it approached him. Hoseok turned around quickly, feeling his heart jump so hard when he saw that it wasn't a ghost. It was Min Yoongi. The real Min Yoongi. With dark hair and small lips and hands paler than the moon.

"Yoongi?" Hoseok breathed, sure that he was seeing things. It felt so long ago, the last time he'd seen him. He felt like peeing himself from fear and nervousness. He was embarrassed. Exposed.

Yoongi approached him slowly. He was dressed in his nightgown. It looked like he was wearing it inside out. He must've put it on in a hurry. It didn't look like he'd slept much. He looked cute but Hoseok faced the other way, feeling confused and embarrassed and a bit scared.

"Please look at me?" Yoongi asked in a voice Hoseok struggled to comprehend. He couldn't tell if it was sad or happy or maybe nervous.

Hoseok looked at him. He met his gaze and felt his stomach knot together until it was all tangled and he couldn't breathe. He was so nervous. "P-please don't tell me I'm d-disgusting. I already know that I am and I'm so sorry," He started rambling. "I was going to leave this morning, but-"

He stopped talking when Yoongi took his hand in his.

"Please don't leave?" Yoongi asked sincerely, swallowing. His face was pale. He had dark rings under his eyes and messy hair. Hoseok couldn't stay mad at him. He tried. He couldn't. He didn't hate him. He loved him.

"Why not?" Hoseok blinked rapidly. Yoongi entwined their fingers. It felt nice. So nice. Yoongi's fingers were damp with sweat. Hoseok's fingers were dirty from sweat and hay and midnight peeing in a bush.

Yoongi smiled uncertainly. He faced the floor. Glanced back up at Hoseok. Sucked on his bottom lip. He looked shy and nervous before he spoke.

"Because I love you."

Hoseok's heart stopped. For a second he was dead. Then it started racing. Hammering in his chest. He must've heard wrong. His cheeks heat up. His whole face grew red. He felt like smiling. Tried resisting it.

"No..." He shook his head, glancing at Yoongi's face in disbelief.
"But I do," Yoongi urged, looking honest, tightening his grip on Hoseok's hand. "Please don't leave me?"

"But you told me no?" Hoseok asked, confused. He felt happy, but lost.

"I regret it," Yoongi said instantly, looking saddened. 'You didn't hear the rest of it, I-, I feel the same. I was just so- I was going to say 'no, I was going to tell you'. Or 'no way'. I don't know what I was going to say. I couldn't think in that moment. You surprised me. Took my breath away. Like always." He stroked his thumb over the back of Hoseok's hand.

"What?" Hoseok breathed, gazing into Yoongi's emotional eyes. They were red too. As if he'd been crying.

"I searched for you all night," Yoongi revealed. It sounded like there was a lump in his throat. There was one in Hoseok's too. "Joon, he- he told me that you had left and I felt my heart breaking."

"You did?" Hoseok whispered. "You didn't want me to leave?"

"No." Yoongi shook his head.

"You really searched all night?"

"Mm." Yoongi nodded. It was cute. Then it went silent. Hoseok felt his cheeks go bright red. He didn't know what to say. He felt overwhelmed. With happiness. Relief. Sadness. There were so many emotions. He didn't know which one to pick. He felt a bit like jumping around and laughing. The world felt easier again. Brighter. Too good to be true. He really hoped he wasn't just having a dream.

Yoongi found Hoseok's other hand and entwined their fingers.

"You-, you make me feel good too, down, you know..."

"There?" Hoseok felt a bit like an embarrassed mess as he gestured for Yoongi's legs.

"All the time." Yoongi shrugged with cheeks going pink. So cute. He faced the floor. Or their hands. Feet. They were both barefoot. Hoseok wondered when he'd taken off his shoes. He wished he'd had socks on so he could've given them to Yoongi.

It went silent again. Hoseok touched Yoongi's hands everywhere he could reach. Stroked his thumbs over them. Tugged at them. He felt shy. Bubbly. The bad feelings went away. He made eye contact with Yoongi for a moment before they both quickly looked away. He felt embarrassed. Felt happy. Didn't know what to say.

"So you like me..." Hoseok trailed off. There were only happy feelings in his chest now. Happy and nervous ones. He was so happy. Yoongi held his hands and he felt warm and giddy.

"You like me?" Yoongi asked back. He gave Hoseok's hands a tug. Hoseok felt his lips twitch into a smile.

"Can I hug you?" Hoseok asked.

"Please," Yoongi said. He dropped Hoseok's hands. Hoseok hesitantly wrapped his arms around Yoongi, feeling happy when Yoongi hugged him back instantly. He loved Yoongi's hugs. He loved Yoongi so much. Yoongi smelled so wonderful. Hoseok couldn't help it. He started laughing as he
walked them around on the spot.

"I think you're really cute," Hoseok whispered into Yoongi's ear, feeling like his heart melted when Yoongi let out a little giggle. He was so cute. He was adorable. He was back in Hoseok's arms, and he felt good too. He wanted to be with Hoseok. Be close to him. Spend time with him. He loved him back.

Hoseok couldn't contain the happiness. He wrapped his arms under Yoongi's armpits before he pressed a kiss to the top of his head. He walked them down to a stop. He nuzzled his face against Yoongi’s hair, breathing in, loving Yoongi's scent.

Yoongi leaned back with a shy, happy smile on his lips. Hoseok felt his heart melt. He thought that his own facial expression must be something similar.

"Is the hug done already?" Hoseok wondered playfully.

Yoongi shook his head a little bit. His eyes darted over Hoseok's face, and then they locked on his lips. Hoseok felt his cheeks burn. Felt his stomach clench. Yoongi was looking at his lips.

"I thought we could- could do something else," Yoongi breathed. He gently grabbed Hoseok's arms, leaned his forehead against Hoseok's.

"Y-you do?" Hoseok stuttered faintly. His heart thumbed like mad in his chest. Yoongi was so close. Their foreheads were touching. He gazed into Yoongi’s eyes. He felt Yoongi's breath ghost over his lips. Felt his hands on his arms.

"I'm running out of patience," Yoongi whispered.

"Y-you are?" Hoseok whispered back. He lowered his hands tentatively, letting them gently stroke over Yoongi's back, over his hips through the fabric. It didn't feel like he was wearing anything underneath. The thought made Hoseok's blood start pumping.

"You're driving me crazy," Yoongi continued. Out of breath. "Every day."

Hoseok started breathing faster. There was a tension in the air. Anticipation. He loved it. He'd longed for it. Missed it. It made him so eager. So hurried. So excited. He leaned in and pressed a kiss to Yoongi's cheek, unable to resist anymore. He felt the soft skin under his lips as Yoongi let out a small gasp.

"I-, I can't think anymore," Yoongi breathed.

"Me neither." Hoseok pressed a kiss to Yoongi's other cheek, loving the way Yoongi closed his eyes, almost as if he held his breath from the contact.

Yoongi ran his hands over Hoseok's arms. He opened his beautiful eyes again. Breathed fast. "I don't know what you've done with me."

Hoseok's heart beat so fast. Yoongi was telling him everything he wanted to hear. Everything he needed to hear. He got so happy. So nervous. He didn't know what to do. He couldn't think. He let his body act on its own.

He pressed another kiss to Yoongi's cheek, and another one.

"Hoseok," Yoongi managed. "Hoseok, please-"
He needed to say no more. Hoseok leaned in the last bit and pressed their lips together in a kiss. Finally.

It was slow. Affectionate. Emotional. Hoseok tightened his grip around Yoongi's nightgown. Yoongi's breath hitched. Hoseok pressed another one, hearing a little wet smacking sound. And another one. Even slower. He felt lit up inside. It was like an explosion. He felt tingly and happy and excited. Everything bad washed away in a heartbeat.

He pulled Yoongi in closer. He had to feel him everywhere. He'd waited so long for this moment. Yoongi held on to Hoseok's arms as he answered the kisses, hesitant at first. Hoseok was no expert at kissing, but he loved these kisses. It felt like this was how it was supposed to feel. Much better than kissing pillows or Yoongi's shirts.

Yoongi leaned back for a moment, catching his breath. Hoseok couldn't stand not having his lips on him. He kissed him again, wanting to moan when Yoongi moved his hands to Hoseok's hair and tightened his fingers. He shivered, hoping Yoongi could feel it. He pressed kiss after kiss to Yoongi's lips, feeling warm and hot. Yoongi angled his head to the side, giving a faint whine. It lit Hoseok on fire. Yoongi's lips were so soft. They tasted a bit like candy. A bit like sleep. Hoseok thought his own lips must taste like hay and tears.

Hoseok stroked Yoongi's back under his hands, through the fabric, wanting to remove the nightgown. He put his foot over Yoongi's, keeping him in place. He felt so wonderful. It was amazing. His heart was full. He felt full. He didn't feel half anymore. Not at all.

The attic was silent. Almost. Hoseok listened to Yoongi's little sounds of happiness and contentment. He made some sounds himself too. He couldn't contain them. He was too happy to.

Yoongi scraped his nails against Hoseok's scalp, and Hoseok shivered again. Yoongi pressed his body against his, and Hoseok's pants felt warm. He didn't want to stop. His face was burning red and he felt a bit clumsy with so little experience, but he still chased after Yoongi's lips with his own when he leaned away, breathing with his lips parted.

Hoseok licked his lips. He was amazed. He started to understand why Jimin liked kissing so much now. Why everyone seemed to like it. But no one could've gotten such an amazing kiss as this before.

"Wow, Yoongi," Hoseok didn't know what to say. He ran a hand through Yoongi's hair, staring at his pink cheeks, feeling marvelous.

"That-" Yoongi started. "That made me feel like that again..." He trailed off in a whisper. The rest of his face darkened into red.

"Hm?" Hoseok giggled. He felt so fussy. His head was in the clouds. It felt like he'd just come in his pants. Or was he hard? He wasn't sure. He glanced down to check, snapping his head back up when Yoongi hurriedly mumbled a, "No,"

Yoongi swallowed and met Hoseok's gaze. Then Hoseok got it. Yoongi must be feeling like this too. He must've thought Hoseok was going to take Yoongi's nightgown off to see for himself.

"T-there?" Hoseok whispered with big eyes, wanting to look.

Yoongi nodded, looking embarrassed. Hoseok felt embarrassed too. Mostly he felt happy. Anticipating. Tense. He wanted to look so bad. Could he?

He didn't dare to.
"M-me too," He said instead. "No!" He said helplessly when Yoongi glanced down, smug smile on his lips as he glanced back up.

"Do you wanna do it again?" Yoongi asked, eyes flicking to Hoseok's lips.

"Only if you want to," Hoseok said, betraying himself by licking his lips like mad. Yoongi reached out and stroked Hoseok's cheek, making him feel warm and loved. Then Yoongi's lips were on him again, kissing him in a rapid pace, as if they only had this moment. Hoseok was nearly attacked with kisses. Fast ones, then they slowed down.

Hoseok had his eyes closed, and he hummed. He let his hands travel down Yoongi's back until they found his cute little rounded butt. He gently traced his hands over his bum, one buttock under each palm, stoking him with care.

"Ah," Yoongi panted. Hoseok felt so good. He kissed Yoongi again, wondering if he felt as amazing as he did. He was warm and sweaty everywhere. There were so many butterflies in his stomach that he might as well fly away. It was insane.

"I love you so much, Yoongi," Hoseok spoke against Yoongi's lips, hoping he heard him. He thought he did. Yoongi answered by running his hands over Hoseok's chest, gracing his nipples over the shirt, making him cry. It was too much. He still had his shirt on. It wasn't enough. Being touched like that was so wonderful, and so scary.

Yoongi wrapped his arms around Hoseok's waist. Hoseok was already a sweaty mess. There was too much spit in his mouth. He felt something wet against his lips. He felt a spark go through his body when he felt it again. It was Yoongi's tongue. His perfect tongue. Teasing Hoseok's lips. Hoseok wouldn't be able to take much more of this kissing. He would faint any second now. Come in his pants. Anything. He hummed. He was impatient. Lost in the moment. His hands worked on their own. He pulled up Yoongi's nightgown in the back, wanting to feel his skin.

Yoongi broke the kiss. He panted against Hoseok's mouth, leaned even closer to him. Hoseok's face felt red. His hands were shaking. His whole body was trembling. He didn't know what he was doing. What had happened. Yoongi was silent too. He had his arms wrapped around Hoseok's back and hugged him close, making Hoseok gasp when he felt something hard rub against his thigh.

"Y-Yoongi?" He whispered, wanting to ask him what they were doing. He was lost. He wanted to take Yoongi's nightgown off but wasn't sure if he was allowed to or not.

"Yes?" Yoongi replied, sounding about as fussy and out of breath as Hoseok.

"Is this okay?" He pulled up the garment the last bit, gathering the fabric in his hands by Yoongi's waist.

"Are you going to touch me?" Yoongi asked lowly. He shifted some. Hoseok felt the hard rub against his thigh again. He knew what it was. The thought made him lightheaded.

"If it's okay," Hoseok said in a nervous whisper. He stroked a circle on Yoongi's back through the fabric. His heart beat fast in his chest. He could feel Yoongi's heart too. Feel it beat against his chest. It beat fast too.

"It's okay," Yoongi said.

"Okay," Hoseok exhaled. He breathed in. Then grabbed the nightgown with one hand as the other one lowered to Yoongi's buttocks. He graced one of them with his fingers before he put his palm
over it, stroking his hand over it. Yoongi breathed into his ear. His skin was so soft, and warm. Hoseok dropped the fabric of the nightgown and stroked the other buttock with his other hand as well. Caressed them both. Then he grabbed them, fingers tightening around the soft flesh. Yoongi jerked forward, moaning into Hoseok's ear. And it was all it took. Hoseok came from the sound, from the feeling of Yoongi's ass in his hands. He pressed Yoongi against him hard and he closed his eyes shut as he cried out. Tingles made his skin dance. Yoongi was so close. They were hugging. Yoongi was in his arms. Hoseok tensed, relishing in the feeling.

"What- what are you doing?" Yoongi breathed into Hoseok's ear, drawing Hoseok back to reality.

"S-sorry," Hoseok pressed out. It was more of a gasp. His knees were shaky and his legs were wobbly. He loosely patted Yoongi on his cute butt before he let the nightgown fall back down. He was embarrassed. He'd never come from this little before. Yoongi had only moaned.

"Did you just-?" Yoongi leaned back to get a better look at Hoseok. His eyes were surprised. He lowered his gaze to between Hoseok's legs. Hoseok was wearing green. Hoseok glanced down too, seeing the wet spot there.

Hoseok gulped, embarrassment making his face burn. "You have a really nice butt…"

"Really?" Yoongi glanced back up, looking confused and flattered and curious.

"Yeah." Hoseok draped his arms around Yoongi's waist again. His arms felt heavy. "But, uhm." He glanced down again, seeing the small tent in Yoongi's nightgown.

"Ignore it," Yoongi said, mimicking himself from that day when Hoseok had seen him half-hard for the first time.

"But I want to help," Hoseok said, still staring. He was pretty sure that he was dreaming by now. All that was lacking was a pillow to hump. "Do you want another kiss?" He glanced back at Yoongi who nodded eagerly. Yoongi draped his arms around Hoseok's neck and kissed him, bringing him to the clouds.

This was the best day of Hoseok's life. Yoongi was kissing him and he'd got to touch Yoongi's butt.

"Mm," Yoongi pressed slow kisses to Hoseok's lips as he started moving his hips a little bit, rubbing the hard against Hoseok's thigh.

Hoseok felt like he'd went to heaven. He had his eyes closed as he hugged Yoongi close and whined helplessly, feeling so happy he got sad.

"Ah, Hoseok-" Yoongi put his hands on Hoseok's shoulders and whimpered. He grinded down on Hoseok's leg. Hoseok snapped his eyes open, in disbelief, patting Yoongi on the back as Yoongi started humping his leg. If only the fabric hadn't been in the way. If only they'd been naked. In Yoongi's room. On his bed. At midnight.

Hoseok stopped thinking of alternative scenarios where Yoongi humped his leg. He pressed a kiss to his ear, wondering if he could do that now, thinking he could when Yoongi gave one of those sounds again.

"How- how is it g-going?" Hoseok stuttered out, feeling like there were giant sweat rings under his armpits.

"G-good, so good, ah-" Yoongi stilled and tensed. Hoseok swallowed, feeling Yoongi's hardness against his leg.
"I want to hear," Hoseok whispered, hoping he didn't sound too pervy.

"Okay, okay, shit," Yoongi cursed. He panted harshly. Hoseok wanted to help. He didn't know what to do. Yoongi was so hot and Hoseok felt like a sweaty, messy blob with wet pants himself. He did the first thing he thought of. He grabbed Yoongi's hips and bucked his own, grinding their crotches together, taking Yoongi by surprise, feeling a twitch of excitement when Yoongi cried out and came. Hoseok held Yoongi close as he staggered, moaning against Hoseok's shoulder. Hoseok felt something damp on his leg. He wondered if Yoongi's release was leaking through the fabric. It felt like a shame. He wished the fabric hadn't been there.

"Are you okay?" Hoseok whispered in a small voice. He patted Yoongi on the back and kissed his cheek.

"I've- I've never been better," Yoongi managed. He detangled himself from Hoseok and smiled at him. Just a little thing on his lips. It was shy. Questioning. Hoseok felt like they'd just crossed a line. Opened a door to something new. But he wasn't alone. Yoongi was with him.

"Do you really feel the same?" Hoseok asked. Maybe it was weird to ask now.

"I don't really think this would've happened otherwise..." Yoongi motioned for his ruined nightgown. There was a damp spot in the middle of it. Hoseok wondered if it would be weird if he dropped to his knees to sniff it. Probably.

"I really like you," Hoseok said, nodding at Yoongi who looked relieved. "But what just happened?"

Yoongi scratched the side of his head adorably. "I don't know?"

"What happens now?" Hoseok asked next.

"I don't know." Yoongi looked unsure, shy, nervous. "What do you want to happen?"

"I think I would like to hug and kiss you some more. And eat strawberries. And, uhm." He searched his memory for the word Jimin had explained to him some time ago. "Maybe go on a date?"

"You want to go on a date with me?" Yoongi asked with a small, hopeful smile on his lips. "Really?"

"Are you asking me out now?" Hoseok teased him. Yoongi nudged his shoulder and Hoseok laughed. "I just want to get to know you. Before the summer's over."

"I'd like that too," Yoongi replied quickly.

"Good," Hoseok smiled excitedly. "So... deal?" He held out a hand.

"What are we shaking hands on?" Yoongi wondered. He looked happy. It was so sweet. He was so precious. Hoseok's heart started hurting. "To keep kissing?"

"To have the best summer in our lives," Hoseok decided. "With kissing, among other things. Sounds good?"

"Sounds amazing to me," Yoongi said. Their hands met and they shook hands on it. Then Hoseok didn't know what happened, but suddenly Yoongi had him pressed to a wall with a hand in his hair and leg pressing between his, a tentative hand running over his chest, and lips working wonders
against Hoseok's. Hoseok melted into a puddle. Yoongi was amazing.

Hoseok laughed against the kisses, feeling like the world was a happy place when Yoongi laughed too. Then the lock turned and the door flung open.

"Ah!" Someone shouted in surprise. Must be Taehyung.

"Tell us what happened!" Someone screamed. Probably Jin.

"Oh my God! Horny Hobi and Moaning Min are sitting in a tree!" Someone started chanting. Definitely Jimin.

"K-I-S-S-I-N-G!" A mess of voices finished.

Hoseok and Yoongi jumped apart. Hoseok wiped his mouth on the back of his hand, feeling embarrassed as he got a glimpse of Yoongi's swollen lips and red cheeks. His fringe was damp and there was a suspicious spot in the middle of his nightgown.

"We can come back later!" Namjoon said, trying to hook arms with Jin who shook his arm away.

"Tell us!" Jimin practically bounced into the attic, elbowing the others to reach Hoseok and Yoongi first. "I told you it would work!" He shouted over his shoulder. Who was he talking to?

"It was my idea!" Taehyung claimed. "And Kookie's!" He raised Jungkook's hand in the air. Jungkook looked very embarrassed and half asleep. Or he pretended to be asleep. He had his eyes closed. Perhaps he didn't want to look at Hoseok and Yoongi.

"They are clearly busy in here-" Namjoon tried to mediate.

"Hoseok I knew that Yoongi liked you back but I didn't say anything, ah!" Jin pushed Jimin to the side and practically ran up to Hoseok. "I explained it all to Yoongi yesterday! Joonie knew too!"

Hoseok's jaw hit the floor. "What?"

"You snake!" Jimin gasped, staring at Jin. "You knew!?"

"Didn't Tae tell you? I told him yesterday too?" Jin asked in confusion.

"Jin is the bird!" Taehyung said from the back of the room. He made bird sounds and Jungkook laughed.

Jimin and Jin started bickering. Yoongi grimaced from the loud noise. Hoseok hugged him from behind, giggling when Yoongi smiled and stroked his arms. It was weird. It felt strange to hug Yoongi like this. He was so unused to it. But in his heart it felt right. It felt so right. He never wanted to be away from Yoongi now. He had to be close to him. Touch him anywhere he could, anytime he could.

"They carried me here," Hoseok whispered close to Yoongi's ear. "I thought you were a ghost at first."

"Something similar happened to me," Yoongi whispered back. Their noses brushed together. Hoseok grew shy. Now that the others were in the room he didn't feel as confident anymore. Jimin had just called him Horny Hobi. Though, Yoongi certainly lived up to his name Moaning Min.

"Ew! What's that!" Jimin pointed at the front of Yoongi's nightgown.
"Nothing! Just my legs!" Namjoon exclaimed as he rushed forward and placed himself in front of Yoongi and Hoseok.

"He didn't mean you, silly!" Jin and Jimin gripped Namjoon, one arm each, and pulled him away.

"You're going to tear my arms off!" Namjoon piped in pain, not stepping away. Hoseok turned Yoongi around in his arms, covering the damp spot that way.

"Didn't know the circus was in town..." Yoongi mumbled to Hoseok who burst out laughing.

"What's so funny over there?" Jin urged impatiently.

"Your voice," Yoongi muttered. Hoseok grinned, feeling Yoongi's chest vibrate with laughter against him.

"You were kissing when we walked in, right?" Jimin asked as he poked Hoseok's hand resting on Yoongi's back. "Aren't you going to thank me?"

"He means me!" Taehyung said as he walked forward, hand in hand with Jungkook who looked embarrassed over their hand holding.

"Thank you!" Hoseok chirped. "You too." He looked from Jin to Namjoon. "Thank you for keeping my secret even though it was hard, and for cheering me on." He smiled thankfully as he hugged Yoongi tight and filled his lungs with Yoongi's scent. Yoongi wriggled in his arms, being tickling. Hoseok didn't let him go.

"Oh, you're welcome!" Namjoon looked exhilarated. "I knew Yoongi liked you but I don't think you would've believed me if I told you."

"He didn't," Taehyung filled in.

"We made up a plan with Jin this morning," Jimin explained. "And then we carried you losers here to make up! Or... make out?" He high fived Jin.

"I think they did more than that!" Jin hissed, winked and pointed at Yoongi's butt.

"Thanks for the help, but are you going to shout for much longer?" Yoongi asked over his shoulder, frowning.

"No, my dear friend, thanks for asking!" Jin said excitedly. "But please tell me, what exactly did you do in here, hm?"

"Secret." Yoongi poked his tongue out, looking back at Hoseok happily, as if to check if he made him laugh. Hoseok grinned and pecked his lips, earning them a scream from practically everyone in the room.

"Joonie, hold me, I'm going to pass out!" Jin said dramatically before he fell to the floor, hitting it with a loud thud. Namjoon didn't catch him in time. He gaped in shock. Hoseok's heart jumped from all chaos.

"Horny Hobi and Moaning Min are sitting in a tree~!" Jimin started singing, hopping around, stepping over fainted Jin on the floor.

"I don't think I've ever seen Jin this happy," Yoongi commented, eyes on lifeless Jin on the floor.

"He really cares about you," Hoseok said. He watched as Namjoon, gasping, helped Jin sit back up
and tried to bring life back to him by slapping his cheeks.

"I love love!" Jin announced as he snapped his eyes open again. "I love it! And I love you!" He grabbed Namjoon's shoulders and pulled him down on the floor with him, kissing him.

"Ew, ew!" Jungkook made disgusted sounds from where he was trying to escape out the door. He didn't get far.

"What's all this noise?" Someone rasped from the other side of the open door.

"Shit!" Jungkook ran back inside the attic, face pale, eyes horrified as he hid behind the door, bringing Taehyung and Jimin with him. "Maggie!"

Hoseok and Yoongi's eyes went wide. They started looking for a place to hide. Hoseok just hated Maggie. She always had to destroy the fun and scare them or punish them.

"Over here." Yoongi kicked Jin's leg on the way to the coffer in the corner of the room. Jin and Namjoon started running around as Yoongi opened it. It was empty.

"No running or shouting inside!" Maggie warned with her creepy voice. She must be struggling to climb the stairs with her bad leg. Good for them.

Yoongi stepped into the coffer. Hoseok followed him. It was made of wood and metal. The bottom of it was hard. They both fit inside it, sat down, closed the lid almost all the way and glanced out through the little gap. Jin and Namjoon hid in the closet by the window. Jimin tried to push Jungkook out from behind the door since it was too crowded.

"Who's there?" Maggie rasped as she limped into the attic. She gazed around, probably not hearing Jimin who was laughing or seeing panicking Jungkook who was pushed out from behind the door.

"Think she's turning deaf?" Yoongi joked in a low voice. Hoseok put a hand over his mouth not to laugh out loud. "Blind too," Yoongi added when Jimin was pushed out from behind the door and stumbled to the floor, landing on all fours, making a face of panic when he saw how close he was to Maggie's feet.

They went silent as Maggie walked a lap around the room. Hoseok and Yoongi shared a weird look when they heard the strange sounds that came from the closet.

"I don't think we want to know what they're doing in there," Yoongi whispered to Hoseok knowingly.

"Talking about bananas?" Hoseok suggested.

"More like playing with bananas." Yoongi raised his eyebrows knowingly.

Hoseok nodded. This was the worst time ever in the history of all times, but he felt like explaining why Maggie was constantly chasing him now.

"Yoongi?" He whispered.

"Yes?" Yoongi replied.

"Don't be mad?"

"What do you mean?" Yoongi looked instantly worried. He took Hoseok's hand in his. "I have nothing against Jin and Joon playing with bananas, I only think it's strange to do here-"
"I'm gonna tell you something," Hoseok interrupted him. He hadn't meant to do that. Yoongi silenced and showed that he was listening. Hoseok took a deep breath. "Maggie, she uhm, caught me once when I was playing with my banana. And then she almost caught me again. That's why she has her eyes on me."

"What?" Yoongi looked about to laugh. "Are you serious?"

"Yes," Hoseok sighed. "It sounds funny when I say it, but it was awful."

"You, uhm, played with your banana? You were...?"

"Yes..." Hoseok felt his face heat up. His hand in Yoongi's was sweaty.

"Did she walk into your room or something?" Yoongi asked. He wasn't laughing at him. Maybe Hoseok should reveal the rest. He didn't want to keep secrets. It might freak Yoongi out though. Hoseok said most things at the wrong time.

"I wasn't in my room," Hoseok explained in a low voice. He leaned in to whisper in Yoongi's ear. "I was in a corridor and in the laundry room."

Yoongi was silent. He tensed a bit. Hoseok felt like he should've kept it to himself. Normal people didn't do things like that. Hoseok was a perv. He'd probably scared Yoongi away.

"I-just kidding, ha ha!" He staged a whisper-laugh, stomach nervous. "Funny right?"

"You're not joking," Yoongi whispered back. He sounded thoughtful. "It was you."

"What?" Hoseok whispered back, stomach clenching.

"It was you," Yoongi glanced at him from the side. "Outside of my room that night, wasn't it? I heard someone in the corridor."

Hoseok gulped. Oh uh. He hadn't prepared to tell this part of the story. Had Yoongi heard him? He wasn't sure if that piece of information made him want to laugh or cry at the moment.

"It was me," Hoseok confessed, swallowing his pride. He felt ashamed. Yoongi still deserved to know.

"Why did you, uh, do that outside of my room?" Yoongi wondered. He didn't sound mad. He sounded curious. Maybe miracles were real.

"I had just watched you hump your pillow through the keyhole..." Hoseok revealed, feeling guilty, feeling a bit like crying from shame. "I'm so sorry. I mean it."

"Oh." That probably wasn't the answer Yoongi had expected. "You did what?"

"I couldn't help it," Hoseok whined, hoping Yoongi would understand. "You looked so incredible. I thought you were crying and wanted to make sure you weren't. Honest."

"You watched me?" Yoongi asked in wonder.

"I'm sorry." Hoseok shook his head. "And then I sneak to the laundry room to steal your clothes once so I could sniff them later, but then I ended up playing with my banana there too and I, uhm, I might've come on your underwear."

Yoongi only gaped. He wiped his forehead on the back of his hand. He probably didn't know what
to say. He was probably shocked into muteness. Hoseok understood. He was not proud. But now Yoongi knew.

"That's so hot, shit," Yoongi whispered. Hoseok snapped his head up, not feeling as bad anymore. "What did you do when you were, ehm, done?"

"I dived into the dirty water in the washing bin and hid from Maggie," Hoseok said, still not believing this. Yoongi didn't seem upset. At all. Didn't seem angry. Maybe Hoseok had worried in vain. Maybe Yoongi was a perv too.

" Seriously?" Yoongi breathed in disbelief. "I was there but- but I didn't get why Maggie kept saying she'd seen you."

"I told Jin afterwards," Hoseok said. "But ehm... sorry. I don't know what happened. I can't control myself."

"Did something happen before that?" Yoongi asked. He didn't sound grossed out or disgusted. It was a miracle. Hoseok's hands were sweaty. If Yoongi didn't find him gross then that was good. Really good.

"I think I saw you naked," Hoseok pondered, trying to remember. "And while I'm already confessing things, I might as well say that I did not mean to drown you that time when I bathed you, but I was rubbing one off against the towel behind you and you just couldn't see."

"What the hell," Yoongi breathed. "You did what?"

"I'm sorry." Hoseok pouted, feeling guilty.

"No, I mean what the hell as in, oh my god, that's so hot, why didn't you tell me?" Yoongi said incredulously.

"What do you mean?"

"I was just starting up myself." Yoongi shrugged awkwardly. "Didn't really think you liked it too."

"I really liked your ass in my face, if that's what you mean. Sorry that I cursed." Hoseok swallowed, feeling embarrassed.

"I really like feeling your eyes on me," Yoongi revealed, voice so low that Hoseok almost missed it. "That's why I played along when you started dressing me. Or, uhm, undressing me."

"You do? I like it when you look at me too." Hoseok nodded to himself, cheeks hot, feeling a bit surreal. "But I don't really think you understand." He made a complicated face. Yoongi didn't seem shocked or disgusted. "I'm having very dirty thoughts when I'm dressing you." He glanced at Yoongi seriously.

"Maybe I have them too?" Yoongi added. "Don't think that I've been giving you all that candy just to be nice. Everyone knows that the way to a man's heart goes through his stomach."

"What?" Hoseok laughed a little bit. "You tried to win me over with candy?"

"It worked, didn't it?" Yoongi teased back. Hoseok kissed his cheek, unable to resist, so happy that Yoongi still liked him. Yoongi wasn't grossed out. Hoseok felt like a weight lifted from his shoulders. He didn't need to feel guilty anymore. "But I uhm, I've watched you bathe in the lake every morning for one and a half month."
Hoseok stopped smiling. He felt a weird pang of pride in his chest. "What?"

"With my binoculars. Creepy right? I don't know why I did it. Or I do, it's because I like you and I wanted to, uh, peep?" Yoongi let out an embarrassed laugh.

"Oh my god," Hoseok breathed. "Really?"

"Mm," Yoongi admitted.

"We're so creepy."

"I just think we're dirty." Yoongi shrugged.

"But I'm not complaining..." Hoseok scooted a bit closer in the coffer, leaned his head on Yoongi's shoulder. "Did you really watch me bathe? At dawn?"

"Every morning, like a creep," Yoongi said almost proudly.

"I'm so flattered," Hoseok cooed, giggling a bit. He stroked Yoongi's knee through the fabric of his nightgown, feeling the heat. Yoongi smelled a lot today. He smelled good.

"We're weird." Yoongi stroked Hoseok's hair with a gentle hand.

"We're special." Hoseok corrected him. "And you're unique."

"Think so?" Yoongi whispered. Hoseok felt soft. Yoongi was so pretty. So sweet and cute.

"Who's there!" Maggie pulled up the lid to the coffer and Hoseok screamed in surprise.

"Stop pushing me, Jungkook!" Jimin complained as he and Jungkook stumbled out from behind the door across the room, pulling at each other's hair by the look of it.

"Stop!" Maggie rasped as she turned around and aimed a finger at them.

And then the closet fell to the floor. It broke with a crash. Jin and Namjoon shouted from inside.

"Run!" Yoongi hissed to Hoseok as he stood up, stepped out of the coffer and ran for the door, taking Hoseok with him.

"Stop running!" Maggie scolded them. Jin pushed up the door of the closet, sat up in the broken mess, coughing, and gasped when he made eye contact with Maggie.

"We don't know them," Yoongi said as he and Hoseok hurried out the room. Taehyung and Jimin followed, Jungkook trailing along, grimacing over Maggie.

In the corridor downstairs were curious farmers, wondering what the screams were about. Jimin threw himself in Mark's arms, ready to tell him 'the story of a life time'.

Yoongi bribed Jackson and got him to run up to the attic and make up a lie about the kitchen being on fire so that Taehyung and Jungkook could rescue Jin and Namjoon from Maggie. Jackson jogged upstairs and by the time Maggie came rushing down, cursing from her bad leg every other step or so, the crowd had scattered.

Yoongi pulled Hoseok into his room, the both of them laughing as they closed the door and locked
it. They pressed their backs to it, panting and smiling at each other.

Then they hugged. Hoseok wrapped his arms around Yoongi and carried him to the bed, wanting to kiss him till the end of time. Yoongi laughed and kissed him back. And in that moment Hoseok felt truly happy.

Chapter End Notes

things happen fast in gay town
Lunch was awkward. Everyone was whispering, wondering what had happened on the third floor earlier. They were spreading rumors. Worst were Sana and Momo. Hoseok didn't mind them. He didn't bother explaining why Yoongi was eating eggs with them today. Why he was sitting next to Hoseok on Jimin's seat, and why Jimin was sitting on Mark's seat. No one asked. Hoseok kept quiet.

Hoseok spent the rest of the day in Yoongi's room, Yoongi 'teaching' Hoseok how to play piano (kissing on his bed) and then they watched the stars (kissed on the dock) and finished by taking dip into lake (Yoongi pushed Hoseok into it and 'saved him' before they kissed in the water under moonlight). Yoongi pointed out Auriga in the sky, telling Hoseok that Hoseok was a star. Hoseok told Yoongi that he was the moon. They hugged and shivered on dock, refusing to head inside, instead made up names for stars and kissed some more.

Time flied. Time had never passed this fast. One day passed in a heartbeat, and then Hoseok was holding Yoongi's hand in his as they walked on the beach the next day, never wanting to let go, not sensing or caring about the stares and whispers from the farmers on the beach around them. Dahyun looked nearly shocked. Jackson looked confused. Maggie was the worst. She limped up to them, sputtering about being filthy and improper. Hoseok's stomach hurt from worry then, but Yoongi told her that he felt dizzy and that Hoseok was helping him walk. She didn't buy it. No one did. But it gave them time to go away and hug behind a corner, feeling both happy and sad from being together. Hoseok didn't like to hide. Didn't like being afraid of Maggie. But he couldn't really feel worried when Yoongi held his hand all the time.

Two days after the first, magical, kiss in the attic they decided to go on a date. Hoseok hadn't kept his hands to himself at all. All day he smiled at Yoongi, stroking his hand or arm or hair, telling him how happy he made him. All night he spent pretending Yoongi was his mattress and his pillow Yoongi's lips. Jimin didn't mind. He wasn't there. Hoseok didn't know where he was. By the time he came back Hoseok had finished, two times, and he was out good.

It felt a bit weird to do that alone when he had Yoongi. But they hadn't talked about doing that yet. They hadn't talked about what happened in the attic either. If it counted. Hoseok wanted to do that again. It just felt embarrassing to bring it up when they held hands in the ballroom or watched the stars on the dock. He felt needy. Horny. He was, of course, both needy and horny all the time. He just didn't want to force himself on Yoongi. Didn't want to force this. He wasn't exactly sure what 'this' was, however, they were hugging and kissing a lot so he loved it. He wondered if they were boyfriends. Lovers maybe. He wanted to be Yoongi's lover.

Hand in hand, Hoseok and Yoongi walked to Jin's farm, led by Nils and Rose, and got help to prepare the horses in the stable. Yoongi had a basket under his arm, holding it away from Hoseok every time he tried to get a glance inside. Yoongi was dressed in simple clothes today, with a black hat on his head and a whip in his hand. He'd put Hoseok in a fancy hat too, and double jackets to
soften the fall in case he would get thrown off the horse again.

Nils and Rose brought the horses outside, and then Hoseok got Yoongi to touch his butt as he helped him sit up on Tata, the kind horse. He didn't feel as afraid this time. Yoongi looked worried for a moment, helping Hoseok put his feet in the stirrups, before he walked to Koya and got up himself, eyes flicking to Hoseok, as if he was afraid that he'd fall off.

Hoseok sent Yoongi a calming smile. He held on to the reins and probably clenched his thighs a bit too tight around the horse, but it didn't feel like he was going to fall off. Nils gave Yoongi the basket he'd put on the ground before helping Hoseok, and Rose, who looked a bit annoyed, gave him his whip. Then Yoongi somehow managed to balance it all, holding the basket in place with his left arm, holding the whip too, while his right hand held the reins.

"Are you ready?" Yoongi asked with a small smile. He poked Hoseok's leg with his whip. Hoseok had no idea how he kept his balance, or kept the basket from falling out of his grip.

"I might fall off again," Hoseok said worriedly. There was that fear in the back of his mind.

"If you do I'll catch you." Yoongi reassured with a nod. Hoseok felt calmed, flattered, and a bit shy. That was sweet. Yoongi was so cute, such a gentleman. He steered Koya to Hoseok so they could look each other in the eyes. Their knees almost touched.

"How?" Hoseok wondered, looking into Yoongi's pretty eyes. Yoongi looked good under the sun, with the hat on his head. Looked like a dream.

"I just will," Yoongi said with a happy snort. "So are you coming?"

"I might do if the saddle keeps rubbing me like this," Hoseok blurted, because he didn't have any filter and being close to Yoongi made him feel weird and flustered. He felt embarrassed over what he'd said, but then Yoongi covered his mouth with a hand and let out a little laugh. Hoseok smiled awkwardly. Nils and Rose looked horrified next to them.

After a moment of silence, where Hoseok stared at pretty Yoongi's perfect smile, Nils and Rose helped Hoseok get Tata to walk on the lawn, away from the stable. Yoongi rode Koya as if it the horse was part of him. Koya must be in a good mood today. Or the horse just liked Yoongi.

Nils walked ahead and opened the gate where the lawn ended, and Hoseok and Yoongi started riding on the road where Hoseok had walked when he'd run away a few days ago. It was much lighter out now. No scary moon. No scary stars. No scary wolves growling in the forest. Only light and hot summer air and a smiling Yoongi next to him who kept chasing Hoseok with the whip, trying to hit his thigh with it.

"You're doing good!" Yoongi commented when Hoseok managed to stop Tata from eating grass all the time.

"T-thank you!" Hoseok smiled awkwardly. He tried to hold on to the horse with his legs, thinking that he would get sore muscles later. He followed Yoongi who must've ridden horses most of his life. He easily guided Koya forward, even with one hand, not almost falling off or shrieking or gasping like Hoseok.

Hoseok watched the fluffy clouds in the sky and listened to the sound of the hooves against the ground as they rode. Or, he that's what he did the few seconds when he wasn't staring at Yoongi's cute butt in front of him. It was just little. So cute. Black pants. No pockets. Round and sweet, and then Hoseok almost steered his horse into the forest when he got lost staring at the little butt.
Trying to focus, and trying not to be a perv for once, Hoseok got Tata back on the road. It was hot out, and even hotter under the double jackets. The midday sun was almost scorching with its heat. He was sweaty. Yoongi looked sweaty too. He wiped his forehead on the back of his hand, only holding on to the horse with his legs for a moment.

Yoongi slowed Koya to a stop when they reached the flowery fields. He stepped off the horse, looking wobbly for a moment, and walked over to Hoseok, helping him slow down Tata and step off too. Hoseok stepped off the horse and hit the ground with wobbly legs, steadying himself on Yoongi not to fall.

"Are you okay?" Yoongi checked, not making fun of Hoseok even though he probably resembled a clown with his red face and wobbly legs.

"I'm okay," Hoseok reassured. He patted Tata on the butt and then he patted Yoongi's arm, earning him a soft smile from him that made Hoseok's chest feel warm.

They tied the horses to a tree beside the road, left their hats and Yoongi's whip by the tree too. Yoongi grabbed apples from the basket and put them on the ground by the horses, and then he took Hoseok's hand in his and led him out on the field.

Yoongi's hand was damp. Hoseok smiled as he swept his gaze around. The flowers were yellow and pink. The sky was blue and the grass green. It looked like a painting. So many colors. He wanted to remember this forever.

"Do you think this is good?" Yoongi asked as he stopped walking and glanced at Hoseok hesitantly. Hoseok had never been on a date before. Yoongi hadn't either. They were both awkward and nervous to do wrong. At least Hoseok was.

"If you think it's good I think it's good," Hoseok said meekly, tugging at Yoongi's sweaty hand. He was relieved he wasn't the only one sweating. It wasn't only from the sun. He was nervous too.

"It's good then," Yoongi decided. He momentarily let go of Hoseok's hand and opened the basket, bringing out a blanket that he draped over the grass and flowers. The blanket was white with flowers embroidered along the corners. Hoseok sat down cross-legged on the blanket, squinting up at Yoongi who sat down across from him, starting putting things on the blanket from the basket.

"What did you bring?" Hoseok asked curiously. Yoongi had spent an hour in the kitchen before they left, being mysterious and secretive.

"I think you can guess." Yoongi laughed some as he put a plate with sandwiches in front of them. A jar of juice followed, along with a small bag of strawberries and a box with candy.

"Candy for lunch?" Hoseok asked, reaching out to take one.

"Ah-a, after." Yoongi swatted Hoseok's hands away playfully. Hoseok poked his leg, feeling embarrassed and giggly. Yoongi seemed to have put thought into this. Hoseok felt special.

"What's that?" Hoseok asked as Yoongi put one last thing in front of them, nudging Hoseok's foot with it.

"Chocolate," Yoongi explained. "Fancy some?"

"I think you will swat my hand away again." Hoseok poked his tongue out.

"Maybe? You could try," Yoongi teased. Hoseok reached out to take the chocolate bar, not
surprised when Yoongi got to it first, holding it away from him, teasing him.

"Knew you wouldn't give it to me." Hoseok crossed his arms and put on a pout, hiding how happy he felt inside. He just loved it when Yoongi teased him. Yoongi was so cute.

"Don't you want your sandwich? It's bacon in it," Yoongi said, motioning for the plate with sandwiches in front of them.

"Really?" Hoseok reached out to take one, but Yoongi quickly grabbed the plate and held it away from him. "Hey!"

"What!" Yoongi laughed with a cheeky gummy smile. "You need to be faster."

"Or you could just give it to me," Hoseok countered, revealing a smile. He rubbed Yoongi's knee in his hand, smiling sweetly, feeling whipped for a moment, until Yoongi lowered the plate and let Hoseok take one of the sandwiches. "Thank you!" He said as he took a first bite.

"Taste them first," Yoongi said, looking a bit shy. Hoseok poked his cheek, grinning when he scrunched his nose in protest.

"It tastes really good," Hoseok said after he swallowed. Tasted like bread and bacon and butter. Sumer yummy. "If you made it it's good."

"How did you know I made it?" Yoongi wondered, looking happy and shy.

"You were in the kitchen," Hoseok recollected. "And these are better than any sandwich Jisoo and Mina have ever made."

"Think it's because I used better supplies," Yoongi pondered. "Better bread and stuff."

"Do you have any secret ingredients?" Hoseok asked as he took another bite, smiling from the fact that Yoongi had made this sandwich just for him. "Love maybe...?" He asked giggly.

Yoongi shrugged. He looked away and smiled, looking so attractive. "Maybe I did?"

"Did you kiss the bacon before you put it in the sandwich or something? That explains why it tastes so good. Your kisses are the best." Hoseok made kissing sounds and leaned forward, feeling the grease on his lips. Yoongi leaned back, looking surprised before he looked amused.

"Thank you," Yoongi said with a funny smile. "I didn't kiss the bacon, though. Mina was watching me."

"I don't think she would've thought something weird," Hoseok said, thinking that he would pretend that Yoongi had kissed the sandwiches anyway since it was sappy and he felt sappy. "Can't you kiss it now?" He held out his half-eaten sandwich, not thinking before he did so.

"Seriously?" Yoongi raised his eyebrows.

"Is it weird?" Hoseok hesitated.

"I think it's cute," Yoongi admitted. "But I'd rather kiss your lips than the sandwich."

"You can do both." Hoseok put a hand on Yoongi's shoulder and leaned in, feeling the familiar sparks and fireworks when their lips met in a kiss. Yoongi pressed several kisses to his lips, seeming hungrier for Hoseok's lips than the food, before Hoseok leaned back and quickly pressed his sandwich to his lips. "Thanks!"
Yoongi blinked and looked a bit dizzy as Hoseok leaned back and started eating again, feeling his cheeks heat up. He watched a bird cross the sky under the high sun. Yoongi started eating his own sandwich in silence, adorable smile on his lips.

After two sandwiches Hoseok started feeling sick. It was hot out and Yoongi was too cute. He ran his fingers over Hoseok's palm and it felt too good to be true. Hoseok took off his jackets, finally, throwing them to the side and sighing when he felt the wind brush past his bare arms. The shirt wasn't his. It was Jungkook's, so it was small on him. And full of sweat. The whole back was damp.

"Aren't you warm?" Hoseok asked Yoongi.

"Are you asking me if I think you're hot?" Yoongi asked flirtily.

"I meant the sun, but let's say I'm asking that too." Hoseok shrugged, still feeling shy from Yoongi calling him hot or giving him compliments. He wondered if he would ever get used to it. It made him so nervous. So excited. He just wanted to hug and kiss Yoongi forever.

"Well..." Yoongi gave Hoseok a look over, a smirk curling his lips. "I think you're very hot. Your shirt is all sweaty."

"Hey." Hoseok nudged Yoongi's knee with his own, holding back the need to laugh.

"What? Maybe you should take it off?" Yoongi suggested smugly.

"Maybe you should take your shirt off?" Hoseok asked back, tugging at Yoongi's jacket.

"Eager?" Yoongi gripped Hoseok's wrist, guiding his hand to his chest, pressing his hand against it. "Do you feel this?" He asked in a more serious tone, holding Hoseok's palm against his chest. He gazed into Hoseok's eyes. Hoseok felt Yoongi's heart thump fast under his hand. It made his own start racing. "Do you feel how crazy I am about you?"

"Yoongi..." Hoseok didn't know what to say. He was so moved. So flattered. Emotional. He clawed at Yoongi's clothes, wanting to remove them, maybe so he could touch Yoongi without a shirt on.

"I've never felt like this before," Yoongi confessed, facial expression going thoughtful. Hoseok's felt his own heart clench. He loved Yoongi so much. All these compliments. Yoongi opening up. Hoseok wanted to know everything about him. "I don't know what you've done, Hoseok."

"I don't know what you've done with me either," Hoseok whispered, feeling like they were sharing secrets. He took one of Yoongi's hands, pressing it to his own heart, wanting Yoongi to feel how hard his heart was beating too.

"Your heart beats fast too," Yoongi stated with a small, incredulous smile. He entwined their fingers and let his hand drop to Hoseok's lap. "What does it mean?"

"That we love each other?" Hoseok tried.

"Yeah?" Yoongi moved on the blanket, sat himself down next to Hoseok and leaned his body against his. "I love you." He pressed a kiss to Hoseok's cheek and Hoseok almost died. Yoongi was so sweet.

"I think you're an angel, Yoongi," Hoseok whispered, raising a hand and stroking Yoongi's cheek affectionately, with care.
"I think we belong together," Yoongi replied, leaning into Hoseok's touch, leaning his cheek against his hand, gazing into his eyes. The sunlight lit up the side of Yoongi's face. For a moment he didn't look real.

"I love you so much," Hoseok said, feeling like he was seconds from crying. Yoongi smiled at him, looking shy and happy and wonderful.

"Do you want some chocolate? I could give it to you now." Yoongi shrugged with one shoulder, playing it cool. He was probably feeling soft too. Hoseok ran a hand through his hair and wrapped an arm around his waist, pulling him in closer.

They took a break from flirting to drink juice and help Yoongi out of his jacket, then Yoongi fed Hoseok chocolate, and Hoseok purposely licked Yoongi's fingers on the way out of his mouth, feeling the tension in the air. Hoseok licked his lips and Yoongi fed him another piece of chocolate, letting his gaze linger on Hoseok's lips as Hoseok ran his tongue over Yoongi's fingers on the way out. Then Hoseok didn't know what happened. Yoongi dropped the chocolate bar and only returned with his fingers, gently pressing them against Hoseok's mouth before they slipped past his lips and into his mouth, pressing against his tongue.

"Mm," Hoseok voiced, feeling a spark of arousal from the way Yoongi started slipping his two fingers in and out of his mouth, coating them with spit and chocolate from his tongue. Hoseok gripped Yoongi's wrist, keeping his hand in place before he started sucking on the fingers, feeling hot when Yoongi's mouth opened.

Hoseok released Yoongi's fingers with a wet plop and pressed a kiss to the tips of them, flustered. "Thanks for the chocolate, cutie. It was really yummy."

"No- no problem." Yoongi swallowed. He took his hand back for himself and stared at it. He glanced back at Hoseok. They both looked away. Hoseok didn't know what had just happened. He just knew that he'd liked it a lot and there was a growing banana in his pants.

"Could I take some candy?" Hoseok asked, not waiting for an answer before he took one from the box. It was lemon flavor. He took another candy for Yoongi and fed Yoongi with it, unprepared for the kiss Yoongi quickly pressed to his fingers. "That was sweet," He said with a smile, feeling like he was melting.

"Me or the candy?" Yoongi wondered with candy in his mouth, leaning his head on Hoseok's shoulder. The sun was to the left. Maybe Yoongi was using Hoseok as a shield for the sun.

"You," Hoseok replied. He leaned in to whisper in Yoongi's ear. "Thank you for the candy, but I think I liked your fingers better."

Hoseok leaned back, holding back a giggle, or a panicked scream. He felt blush spread over his cheeks. Yoongi was silent. Hoseok dared a glance at him, finding him smirking to himself, looking satisfied and smug, but a bit embarrassed and shy too.

They ate the candy. Ate more chocolate. They ate until Hoseok's stomach was hurting because it was so full of sweets. In a surprise attack Yoongi pressed kissed to Hoseok's cheeks and Hoseok regretted eating so much. Yoongi was too cute. Hoseok had to lie down. He felt too full and dizzy to sit up.

He laid down beside the picnic blanket, on the bed of flowers. The grass was a bit damp close to the dirt but dry at the top. The flowers were yellow. Yoongi smiled at him with fondness in his eyes before he laid down right next to him, leaning on his arms and smiling at him. It reminded
Hoseok of that dream he'd had, of almost kissing Yoongi on a flower field before he woke up from humping his mattress.

They laid on their sides. Hoseok didn't feel as full anymore. Only felt nervous and excited from how close Yoongi was.

Yoongi started stroking Hoseok's hair, stroking it back, flicking his gaze over his face. Hoseok gently stroked Yoongi's waist in return, content with spending the rest of his life like this, on a field of flowers with Yoongi and the summer sun, stomach full of candy and heart full of love.

"I can't believe I got this lucky," Yoongi whispered, eyes calm and beautiful. "You're so beautiful, Hoseok."

Hoseok blushed deeper. Yoongi stroked his hair, ran his nails over his scalp wonderfully. Hoseok shivered. He smiled lazily, feeling drunk on love. Maybe he was in heaven.

"I think you're beautiful too," Hoseok said, stroking down lower on Yoongi's back, fingers hesitating over Yoongi's belt. "And you know so much. Can't you say something to me in French?"

"In French? Why, because it's the language of love?" Yoongi wondered charmingly.

"I thought that was Latin?" Hoseok asked, a bit confused.

"Je t'aime, mon chéri," Yoongi spoke in French. Hoseok didn't understand a word. It sounded mysterious and romantic. Hoseok loved it.

"Did you tell me I was pretty?" Hoseok asked curiously.

"Did you want me to say that?" Yoongi stroked down Hoseok's arm, finding his hand and taking it in his own. "I told you I love you."

"I'm very flattered and very impressed," Hoseok chirped with a smile. "But what should I do to impress you? You can do so many things."

"You're already impressing me," Yoongi mused, stroking his thumb against Hoseok's hand.

"Am I?" Hoseok asked back.

"Can't you sing me something?" Yoongi wondered. "Please?"

"Twinkle, twinkle little star?" Hoseok suggested, feeling so soft with Yoongi's sweaty hand in his. Yoongi nodded excitedly. Hoseok started singing, almost whispering, laughing some as Yoongi smiled at him lovingly. It was just an easy song. A song for children. But Yoongi seemed to love it. "Are you impressed?" Hoseok asked when he was done singing. Yoongi was back at stroking his hair and Hoseok was running a hand over his back.

"Very," Yoongi stated, his eyes practically glowing.

"You make me so happy," Hoseok whispered. He couldn't stand it anymore. He had to be closer. Yoongi was so wonderful. Hoseok wrapped his arms around him, nuzzled his face against his neck and made high pitched noises. He couldn't contain his feelings. His love.

"It tickles!" Yoongi laughed, trying to half-heartedly push Hoseok away from him. His body was warm from the sun and his skin smelled like grass and rose shampoo.

"You want me to tickle you?" Hoseok teased, earning him a light scream from Yoongi who tried to
push him away again. "Okay!" He pulled up Yoongi's shirt and started tickling him on his stomach, holding him in place with one arm around his waist.

"No!" Yoongi shrieked, squirming against his fingers. He accidentally slapped Hoseok in the face and Hoseok stopped.

"Ow," Hoseok pouted.

"S-sorry." Yoongi started patting Hoseok's cheek, making sure he was okay before he pulled his shirt back down. He didn't move away. He laid on top of Hoseok now, had somehow ended up like that in the grass on the beautiful field on the best, warmest day of the year. Hoseok wrapped his arms around him again, smiling so big his cheeks hurt. The sun was right behind Yoongi's head. He really did look like an angel. Bright and light and warm.

"What are you thinking about?" Hoseok asked when Yoongi kept looking at him with an odd, hesitant look on his face. "Are you feeling weird?" Maybe he was hugging him too tightly. He loosened his grip some.

"It's nothing," Yoongi said, still with that look on his face. It made Hoseok want to squirm. It felt like Yoongi was thinking something dirty.

"I'd love to hear," Hoseok tried. He pressed a kiss to the tip of Yoongi's nose, feeling bubbly as Yoongi laughed some.

"Okay then." Yoongi rested his chin on Hoseok's chest. He looked him in the eyes. "Do you know what French kissing is?"

"A kiss from France?" Hoseok asked. "Does every country have their own kiss?"

"No, I don't think so." Yoongi shook his head a little bit. "But I thought, uhm..."

"I really like our Korean kisses, but if you wanna try the French ones we can do that," Hoseok said, thinking that he sounded a bit silly. Yoongi looked embarrassed. He made Hoseok feel nervous.

"Okay," Yoongi said. He moved forward a little bit, pressed a brief kiss to Hoseok's lips. Hoseok stroked his hands over Yoongi's back as he waited for the 'French kiss', wondering if Yoongi was going to tell him something in French or something.

Then he felt something strange. Something new. Yoongi slowly slid his tongue over Hoseok's lower lip, licking it. Hoseok's heart jumped. His hands on Yoongi's back paused and he closed his eyes. He could hear Yoongi's fast breathing. He could feel his chest heave above him. Then Yoongi slid his tongue over Hoseok's lip again. Hoseok put his own tongue out, the tip of it touched Yoongi's and he involuntarily let out a whimper. He thought Yoongi made a sound too. Hoseok nudged Yoongi's tongue with his own. Yoongi licked him back. It was wet. Yoongi tasted like a strange mix of bacon, bread, chocolate, juice and candy. Hoseok had his mouth open and licked Yoongi's tongue in the air, feeling good but a bit weird. It was messy.

"I don't think we're doing it right," Yoongi mumbled as he leaned back with a pant. Hoseok opened his eyes. Yoongi's cheeks were red. Hoseok felt like his whole face was red. Was that French kissing? Licking each other's tongues? Hoseok wasn't complaining, but it was weird.

"You think so?" Hoseok asked with an empty head, feeling like his brain has disappeared. All thoughts were gone. He patted Yoongi on the back, wanting to continue.

"Do you want to try again? I think we should, uhm, kiss first. Like normal," Yoongi said, sounding
nervous and excited. He stroked Hoseok's hair again, scraped his nails behind his ears where he was sensitive.

"I think I really want to try again," Hoseok mused, smiling big. His head slowly filled with thoughts. He remembered about what Jimin had told him. French kissing must be tongue kissing. Jimin had told him about that. Or Jin. He couldn't remember. Yoongi moved on top of him, laid down on his side. Hoseok followed, lying down on his side too, keeping an arm around Yoongi. The air trembled with anticipation.

With a nervous smile, Hoseok stroked a hand up Yoongi's neck, gently stroking it, scratching his skin. Yoongi closed his eyes and bit his lip. Hoseok's hand went to the front of his shirt, brushing over it, stroking over his chest as he watched his facial expression. Touching Yoongi like this was incredible. To be able to. To be touched in return. Yoongi's chest was hot under the fabric of the shirt. Hoseok could feel his heart beating.

Hoseok had no more time to admire Yoongi, because Yoongi leaned in, brought Hoseok into a kiss. Hoseok hugged him close, kissed him back, loving every type of kiss Yoongi gave him. Mostly he liked the soft, tender ones. When he got a kiss like that it felt like Yoongi loved him. Like he felt the same.

It was a tender kiss that Hoseok got, and Hoseok grew emotional. He threaded his fingers in Yoongi's hair, kissing him with more eager. Yoongi groaned and grabbed Hoseok's shoulder. He parted his lips, his tongue running over Hoseok's lower lip again, wetting it down. Hoseok eagerly met Yoongi with his own tongue, sliding them together, feeling like time stopped when Yoongi's tongue was in his mouth and his tongue was in Yoongi's mouth and they found a pace. Yoongi tasted mostly like candy this time. Hoseok felt so hot. So sweaty. Yoongi's tongue was perfect. It made Hoseok's stomach collapse and he wasn't sure if he was mostly nervous or turned on.

Yoongi moved both of his hands to Hoseok's hair, massaging his scalp, working wonders with his mouth until Hoseok felt hot and bothered. The kiss wasn't perfect. Strange, loud smacking sounds came from it. Their teeth clinked together twice. Their noses bumped. There was too much spit and it felt like some ran from the corner of Hoseok's mouth to his cheek. He didn't care. It was the best French kiss he'd ever gotten. He'd never felt something like that before. It was much better than an ordinary kiss.

Yoongi broke the kiss and leaned back, panting with his gaze locked on Hoseok's lips.

"I want another one," Hoseok said instantly, his voice cracking. "Please?"

"You do?" Yoongi nodded excitedly, sounding exhilarated. Hoseok didn't have the time to answer before Yoongi's lips were back on him. Hoseok hugged Yoongi close, tumbling them around, rolling over the flowers until Yoongi laid on top of Hoseok and Hoseok had his arms and legs wrapped around him, keeping him in place as their tongues worked together and Hoseok went to heaven.

This kiss was not like the first two. It was faster. More hurried. They were still not experts, and they made mistakes and weird sounds, but Hoseok still felt more. Yoongi tugged at Hoseok's hair as he swirled his tongue against Hoseok's, and Hoseok felt gooey. Giggly. Dizzy. The world didn't feel real anymore. Not with Yoongi in his arms and on top of him, feeling him everywhere. He had his eyes closed, seeing all colors of the rainbow when Yoongi made him so happy.

Yoongi moved his hands from Hoseok's hair to his chest, running them up and down until he found his nipples through the fabric. He flicked his fingers over them, and Hoseok let out a surprised gasp, hips bucking automatically. Yoongi broke the kiss. He was still for a few seconds, breathing
into Hoseok's open mouth. Hoseok's heart was racing, his face burning red. He looked at Yoongi nervously, wondering what Yoongi was going to do, when he sat up on him, straddling his hips with his hands on Hoseok's chest.

"Could you do that again?" Yoongi asked in a voice that was so polite it was almost ridiculous. Hoseok was a messy, sweaty, horny blob. How could Yoongi speak formally like that?

"What do you m-mean?" Hoseok stuttered out faintly. He was hard. He felt his cock strain against his pants, and Yoongi was sitting on him. This was not good. Or it was good. It was perfect. Perhaps too perfect.

Yoongi leaned forward, taking his old position on top of Hoseok, with the exception that he was straddling him now. His hands found their way back to Hoseok's chest, pressing and rubbing against his nipples in a surprise attack. Hoseok's back arced and he cried out, unprepared.

Yoongi pressed a kiss to Hoseok's cheek, another one to his ear, to his neck. Yoongi lightly, and teasingly, rubbed his nipples again, before pressing himself down Hoseok's crotch. Hoseok whimpered. He ran his hands up and down Yoongi's back, unsure of what to do when he felt like this. He couldn't concentrate with the pleasure turning everything fussy around the edges.

"Do you like this, Hoseok?" Yoongi whispered breathily in his ear, causing Hoseok shiver. Yoongi sounded excited too. A bit confused and nervous, but mostly eager. "Or should I stop?"

"Please don't stop," Hoseok managed. Yoongi pressed a kiss to his ear, breathing into it, perhaps on purpose. Hoseok had to take off his pants. His cock was hurting. He couldn't focus. Yoongi touched his nipples and pressed against him and breathed into his ear.

Hoseok's hands found their way into Yoongi's shirt. He ran them over his back under the shirt, feeling the skin under his hands. He kissed Yoongi anywhere he could reach. On his forehead. One kiss to his ear. One to the corner of his lips. Yoongi seemed to be struggling too. He had his eyes pressed close and let out small, helpless whines against Hoseok's ear.

"Louder, Yoongi, I think y-you sound amazing. You're amazing," Hoseok whispered. Yoongi complied. He started being louder. He kissed Hoseok's jaw, sounding like he couldn't get enough air. Hoseok's hands found their way to Yoongi's rounded little butt, stroking over it.

"You can take them off," Yoongi breathed against Hoseok's neck. "I-if you want."

Hoseok swallowed. He was nervous now. His hands were trembling. He moved one of his hands to Yoongi's crotch, about to undo the button and open the belt, but pausing when his hand brushed against the bulge in Yoongi's pants. Yoongi's breath hitched. Hoseok pressed his palm there, covering the bulge, feeling it under his hand as he started stroking.

"Shit," Yoongi cursed, starting jerking his hips forward a bit, rubbing himself against Hoseok's hand. Hoseok felt so much. He couldn't just pick one emotion. He found Yoongi's lips and pressed their lips together. Yoongi answered the kiss instantly, pausing to gasp and groan when Hoseok squeezed him through the fabric. Hoseok had lusted for Yoongi so long, and now that he got the chance to see him; to feel him, he wasn't sure if he dared to or not. This all felt like too much. Felt like too little too. He wanted more. He was scared. He felt brave. He felt good and at the same time he was terrified.

The fear and uncertainty might have to do with the fact that they were in the middle of a bright field where anyone could see them. Still. Yoongi was so amazing. Hoseok was afraid to do something wrong.
"Hoseok," Yoongi panted then, bringing Hoseok out of his thoughts. "I-I want to feel you," He grabbed Hoseok's hand and moved it away from his crotch. Hoseok had no time to think before Yoongi sat himself back down on Hoseok, earning him a gasp from Hoseok this time.

Yoongi kissed Hoseok again. He rubbed his nipples and tried to press himself down harder. Hoseok's head was spinning. He managed to slid his hands in under Yoongi's pants, cupping his soft buttocks in his hands, and bucked his hips. Yoongi cried out and clawed at Hoseok's chest, the wonderful sound causing Hoseok's hips to jerk again. Yoongi pressed his face against Hoseok's neck. It was too much. Yoongi was amazing. Hoseok grabbed Yoongi's buttocks a bit harder and bucked his hips again, feeling Yoongi's hardness press against his own.

"It- it feels so good, Hoseok," Yoongi whimpered into his ear. Hoseok couldn't answer. He found a pace and snapped his hips up and down, holding Yoongi in place on top of him. His toes curled and he felt the pleasure build up fast. Yoongi pressed hard kisses to his neck, tugging at his hair and teasing his nipples.

"I love you Yoongi," Hoseok choked out, needing just a little bit more. He bucked his hips harder, and he meant to tighten his grip on Yoongi's buttocks, but his right hand slipped, and his fingers slid into the crack, rubbed and pressed against the sensitive skin.

"Ah," Yoongi moaned out loud, tensing in Hoseok's arms, around his fingers. Yoongi's buttocks around Hoseok's fingers pulsedated, and it felt so intimate. Hoseok raised his hips one more time, pressed his finger against Yoongi's crack, and he came with a cry.

"Yoongi, Yoongi," Hoseok moaned, holding Yoongi close, as tightly as he could. He pressed his lips against his neck, frowning, feeling every muscle in his body tense and relax.

"I love you," Yoongi whispered, sounding weak and exhausted. "Jesus."

Hoseok took a moment where he just tried to breathe through the stars. He relaxed, thinking an amazed oh my god, before he opened his eyes, removed his hands from Yoongi's butt, pulled down Yoongi's shirt and stroked his hair. His limbs were heavy. His heart was racing. Yoongi was an angel.

"I wish we hadn't had our clothes on," Hoseok whispered, patting Yoongi as if he was his little, precious doll.

"You do?" Yoongi whispered back, sounding like Hoseok's little, precious doll.

"Mm," Hoseok said. He heaved a sigh. Yoongi was heavy on him. "You're the best."

"I think you're the best," Yoongi countered.

"This date was the best." Hoseok nuzzled his nose against Yoongi's. Then he felt too tired and leaned his head back down, gazing up at the clouds. "You taste better than any candy though."

"That sounded a bit cliché," Yoongi joked.

"Hey, I'm trying to be romantic," Hoseok teased back, tickling Yoongi's waist.

"I think what we did just now was pretty romantic," Yoongi mused. Then he looked embarrassed. "But uhm, you took me by surprise at the end there, ehm..."

Hoseok felt his heart clench with panic. Yoongi hadn't liked it. Hoseok had went too far.
"Sorry. Don't know what happened, I swear, I-"

"I really liked it," Yoongi interrupted him.

"Oh." Hoseok bit his lip. He glimpsed at Yoongi, made eye contact with him, wondering if his own was face tomato red like Yoongi's. "If you took your clothes off I could do it again."

"You're not subtle." Yoongi heaved a happy sigh. "If you took your shirt off though I could do more than just touch your nipples."

"What more can you do?" Hoseok asked, wanting to giggle since nipple was a funny word.

"Hm..." Yoongi smiled sneakily at Hoseok before he started buttoning up Hoseok's shirt. Hoseok watched him, too exhausted to object or initiate anything. Yoongi parted the fabric after three buttons, exposing Hoseok's rosy, left nipple. Yoongi leaned in and pressed a kiss to it. It was both sweet and sensual. He flicked his tongue over it. Two times. Three times. Until Hoseok couldn't lie still anymore and started wriggling around.

"Yoongi, stop it," Hoseok said weakly, no strength behind the words. Yoongi glanced up at him with a proud smile on his face.

"Don't like that? I think you do." Yoongi pressed his tongue flat against Hoseok's nipple. Hoseok made an embarrassed sound and felt his hips jerk forward. He made surprised eye contact with Yoongi.

"I wanna hug now," Hoseok decided. He pulled Yoongi into his arms, hugging him tight, kissing his nose and cheeks before he kissed his lips hundred and hundred of times. He never wanted to stop kissing him. Yoongi was perfect in his arms. The perfect size. He was fragile and well built. He was insecure and confident. He was shy and teasing. He was everything. Hoseok didn't understand how that was possible. Yoongi was the best boy. He smelled like a boy. Hoseok wished he would see his boy parts again soon. He wondered if he would get to do things like this with him naked one day.

The wet in Hoseok's pants felt like he'd peed himself. He tried to ignore it, but it felt weird when he started growing hard again. Yoongi scraped his scalp with his fingers and kissed him with affection, and Hoseok, he was weak. Yoongi was too powerful. Hoseok couldn't control his body. He couldn't control his heart. Yoongi kissing him made his soul happy.

Hoseok turned them around. He laid Yoongi down and straddled his hips this time. He started rolling his hips in a pace as Yoongi tugged at his hair. Hoseok felt like he was in a bubble. A wonderful bubble. A dream world that only consisted of him and Yoongi, the sun and the field.

Then the bubble burst.

"Oh, but hello there!" Came a loud, excited voice from up ahead.

"They can't see us in the grass," Yoongi tried, too lost with kissing Hoseok's neck to realize that one, the grass was short, and two, it was Jin and Namjoon and they had already seen them.

Namjoon were tying two horses to the same tree as Tata and Koya, and Jin was taking a picture of Hoseok and Yoongi with that giant camera. A flash went off and Hoseok blinked, feeling like he'd just gone blind.

"Joon Joon, look what I found in the grass over here!" Jin announced. He waved a pink napkin in
the air. He had Yeontan in a leash and a parasol in his other hand. How had they brought all of that on a horse?

"Damn it," Yoongi muttered as he reluctantly stopped kissing Hoseok's neck. He stilled hugged him. He forced him back down and wrapped his legs around him like a cute, stubborn monkey.

"Ah!" Jin positively screamed. "Stay like that! I need a picture of that too!"

Yoongi groaned. "Can you silence him?"

"I don't know?" Hoseok replied, feeling soft from how warm and cuddly Yoongi was being. He was the cutest monkey.

Another flash went off and Hoseok tried to shield his eyes by pressing his face into Yoongi's neck.

"Oh, are you going on a picnic?" Jin asked curiously as he approached them. Yeontan ran out of his leash and jumped up on Hoseok's back, totally destroying the mood. "What a coincidence! Joonie and I too! I thought we could go on a double date, ha ha!"

"Our date is almost over," Yoongi commented from under Hoseok. He still clung to him. He tried to swat away Yeontan who sniffed their pants suspiciously. Hoseok felt embarrassed.

"Yeontan! What are you doing?" Jin scolded the dog, walking up the last bit to Hoseok and monkey-Yoongi.

"Hi," Hoseok greeted Jin over his shoulder awkwardly. "Nice weather today, right?"

"Yes, dear, but are you aware of the fact that you've got grass, spit and chocolate on your cheek?" Jin squinted with his eyes as he gave Hoseok a look over. "Or is it poop?"

"Mature," Yoongi snorted. "It's not poop, it's chocolate."

"What chocolate? Not my chocolate, I hope?" Jin asked with hurry and a gasp.

"I don't know? Found a stash of it in the kitchen. Was it yours?" Yoongi faked ignorance. "It was Jin's," He whispered in Hoseok's ear sneakily.

"The only chocolate in the house is mine!" Jin exclaimed. "Imported from England and kept in a box that clearly reads Kim Seokjin's Chocolate Box!?!"

"Oops?" Yoongi voiced. He snickered. He made Hoseok hold back laughter too.

Jin grunted with distress. "Well, well. As long as you're happy, I guess. I've seen you sulk for too long. I'm telling you, too damn long!" He sat down on their picnic blanket, probably not having seen Namjoon who'd spread out another blanket ten meters to their right.

"If you're so happy over my happiness, can't you leave us alone? You're sort of interrupting something," Yoongi said meaningfully.

"Exactly what am I interrupting, my friend?" Jin asked with a raise of his eyebrows. "And did you know that your hair is about as greasy as Hoseok's?"

"What a compliment," Yoongi said, playing off as cool.

"Why is Hoseok's shirt unbuttoned?" Jin asked, making Hoseok's heart jolt. He glanced up at Jin, wondering how he could've seen it.
"Use your imagination," Yoongi suggested him.

"My imagination? Why do that when I can use yours?" Jin put a finger to his chin and pretended to think. "Hm... had it something to do with the 'oh Hoseok, Hoseok, please! Fuck me, fuck me!' that I heard coming from your room last night?"

Hoseok sputtered. Yoongi tensed and Namjoon, who had been walking over to them, stumbled on the grass and landed on Jin.

"Or wait. Wasn't it 'Yoongi, Yoongi I love you so much, please let me suck your dick'? Ah, I can't remember!" Jin put Namjoon down his lap and hugged him from behind. Namjoon looked uncomfortable. "What was it Joonie? Do you remember?"

"I don't remember," Namjoon said awkwardly.

"Not strange if you don't. I had my hand down your pants after all." Jin made kissing noises at Namjoon who hid his face in his hands. It would've been cute if it weren't for the fact that Jin had just been a dick.

"Are you creeping around on the third floor eavesdropping or something?" Yoongi questioned, not commenting on that other thing. Hoseok felt embarrassed. Someone had heard him. But what was that thing Jin had said about Yoongi? Was it true?

"For your information, Joonie and I were going to use the bathroom. But yes, I happened to hear a thing or two on the way," Jin explained.

"Ugh. I want another bathtub now." Yoongi made a face of disgust.

"Who said we used the bathtub?" Jin hugged Namjoon so tight that Namjoon looked like he was choking. "I just like it when it echoes."

"Too much information!" Yoongi complained. Jin laughed. He was the only one. Even the horses seemed tense and awkward.

"If you're a bit louder you might be able to hear each other!" Jin said teasingly. "And remember that you can always come to me if you have any questions."

"No, thank you," Yoongi muttered. "You're awkward as hell."

"Yoongi! No cursing!" Jin slapped Yoongi on the arm.

"You're being embarrassing though, Jinnie," Namjoon joined in. "And I can't breathe." He tried to loosen Jin's arms around him.

"You're no fun." Jin sighed dramatically and let Namjoon go. Yoongi detangled himself from Hoseok and they both sat up. Hoseok had the sun in his back. It was warm. "Oooh! What's that on your nipple? Spit?"

Hoseok hurriedly started buttoning his shirt to cover his chest. He made a panicked sound when he saw that Yoongi's pants had a wet spot in the crotch area. Glancing down further he saw that he had one himself, too. He crossed his legs and threw the plate from the blanket at Yoongi's lap, making him jerk in surprise.

"Why did you put a plate in Yoongi's lap?" Jin asked suspiciously.
"I was cold. A blanket," Yoongi shrugged, playing along. Hoseok smiled at him and he smiled back until Hoseok felt fussy.

"Ah, you're so romantic." Jin sighed dreamily. Then he took the plate from Yoongi's lap and threw it away over his shoulder. "Aha! What has happened here!" He pointed at Yoongi's lap.

"I peed myself," Yoongi stated with a sad pout. "Hoseok too." Hoseok kept pressing his legs together. Jin darted his gaze between them, looking excited. He was too curious about them.

Namjoon leaned in and whispered something in Jin's ear. He almost fainted.

"I'm so happy for you," Namjoon said as he started patting Jin on the back to bring life back to him. He smiled kindly. "It's such a relief, and joy, to see you so happy in each other's company."

"I could say the same," Yoongi said. "But thank you. For everything." He took Hoseok's hand and squeezed it.

"I wanna thank you too," Hoseok said. It felt like it was all he did when he met Namjoon these days. Thanking him and thanking him. But he couldn't thank him enough.

"No problem." Namjoon smiled some more. Then Jin grabbed his shoulders and decided that it was time for some kissing. Hoseok and Yoongi shared a look of discomfort and stood up. Hoseok brushed grass and flowers off his butt, and then off Yoongi's, letting his hand linger there for a moment. Yoongi seemed to like it. Cute.

Hoseok started putting their things back in the basket. Yoongi combed through his hair with his fingers but ran away when Jin started chasing him around, shouting about how much he loved him and how he wanted a hug. Left were Hoseok and Namjoon.

"I'm so happy for you," Namjoon said in an honest voice.

"Me too. I don't think Yoongi's real," Hoseok said. He folded the blanket and put in the basket along with the trash and closed it. He watched how Jin brought Yoongi into a hug and jumped him around with loud protests.

"Something tells me that he feels the same about you," Namjoon spoke wisely. Hoseok glanced to the side, looked him in the eyes. They were honest. Happy. "Isn't it funny, how you met Yoongi and I met Jin? Here, at the farm?"

"Not funny, more strange," Hoseok pondered.

"You're right. Fate is strange," Namjoon said thoughtfully.

"You believe in fate? I didn't know." Hoseok sat down on the grass. Yoongi's face was turning blue. Jin didn't let him go.

"Sometimes, believing there is a reason makes it more bearable," Namjoon said. He must be thinking of his dead family. It made Hoseok sad. "Both the good and the bad. And I think there is a reason with this. I love to think so anyway."

"Mm." Hoseok didn't know what to say. They went silent. Namjoon was a great friend, but it felt like he thought too much. He was much deeper than Hoseok. Much wiser. Hoseok felt simple next to him. He still appreciated him. So much.

Yoongi broke free from Jin's embrace and ran over to Hoseok to hide behind his back. Namjoon
grabbed Jin's leg when he passed, making him stumble. They walked to their own blanket and eventually started with their own picnic. Hoseok and Yoongi walked to the horses, hand in hand, smiling at each other. Hoseok was happy just being in Yoongi's company. The kisses and hugs were only a bonus.

Behind the horses they started kissing again. Hoseok didn't know how it happened. One moment he was patting Tata and the other he had Yoongi pressed against the tree, running his hands over his body and pressing a leg between his. Yoongi wrapped his arms around Hoseok's shoulders, and Hoseok eagerly stroked Yoongi between his legs until Yoongi was jumping around with eager.

"Hoseok," Yoongi breathed against his lips then. "What- what are we?"

"What do you mean?" Hoseok asked back, leaning his forehead against Yoongi's.

"Do you, uhm, want to be my boyfriend?"

They both smiled shyly. Hoseok felt happy. His heart fluttered. Yoongi wanted to be his boyfriend. He'd never had one before.

"I think you could ask a bit nicer..." Hoseok said just to be a tease.

Yoongi got down on one knee. He took Hoseok's hand in his, brought it to his lips and pressed a kiss to it. Hoseok lost his breath. "My dear beloved Jung Hoseok. Would you mind being my one and only boyfriend? Would you please make me the honor?"

"Hm..." Hoseok smiled gigglly as Yoongi pressed another kiss to his hand, kissing his wrist and up his arm too. "I'd love to!"

"You would?" Yoongi smiled, looking relieved.

"Yes!" Hoseok grinned. He pulled Yoongi up from the ground, hugged him and spun him around in the air, as much as he could without bumping into the horses. "You're the best boyfriend," Hoseok mused as he hugged Yoongi as tightly as he could, wanting to hug him until they became one and would never need to be apart.

"How can you say that after five seconds?" Yoongi joked.

"I just know." Hoseok pressed Yoongi against the tree again, kissing him as sensually as he could.

They only stopped kissing when Tata started feasting on Hoseok's hair. Hoseok shrieked and Yoongi laughed, joking about how he would still love him even if he grew bald.

They waved goodbye to Jin and Namjoon, cringing and changing their minds when they found them making out in the sunlight over there. Yoongi hurriedly started helping Hoseok up his horse when it looked like Jin was taking his shirt off.

"Poor Yeontan," Yoongi said. The dog was rolling around on its back on the grass, probably rolling on bird poop or something. "His small, innocent eyes..."

"Innocent?"

"You're right. The poor thing has probably seen a lot," Yoongi stated with an uncomfortable grimace on his face. He glanced up at Hoseok. "You good? I don't want you to fall off and die now that you're my boyfriend."
"But it would've been okay otherwise?" Hoseok raised his eyebrows.

"Yeah?"

Hoseok tsked. He kicked Yoongi's shoulder with his foot, shrieking when Yoongi grabbed it and he almost fell off the horse.

"Watch it. I told you, don't fall." Yoongi warned him with a smug look in his eyes.

"Let go of my foot, thanks." Hoseok tried to kick him off. Yoongi didn't budge. He took off Hoseok's shoe and threw it away over his shoulder. "Hey!"

"What?" Yoongi faked ignorance. "Did you need that?"

"Give me back my shoe!" Hoseok put his sweaty foot under Yoongi's nose.

"I would take a bath if I were you," Yoongi teased with a sneaky frown.

"My. Shoe!" Hoseok pressed his dirty, smelly toes to Yoongi's chin. Yoongi leaned back and crossed his arms.

"What will you do if I don't get it?" Yoongi questioned. "Punish me?"

"You're very funny Yoongi, but I will die unless I get my shoe back," Hoseok made a sad face. Yoongi walked around the horse and grabbed Hoseok's other foot, taking that shoe and throwing it away too. "Yoongi!"

"What! Stop accusing me!" Yoongi laughed.

"Give me back my shoes!" Hoseok jumped off Tata, praying that the horse wouldn't step on his feet and break them under its hooves. Then he started chasing Yoongi who ran away as he approached him. "Get back here, you thief!"

"I'm not a thief, look, my hands are empty!" Yoongi showed his hands. He grinned so his gums were showing. He was so pretty. And so sneaky. Hoseok was faster. He caught up to Yoongi on the dusty road and grabbed his hands, locking them behind his back.

"Got you. Now you will get punished." He lightly kicked Yoongi's legs, making him drop to his knees on the road.

"What are you going to do, officer?" Yoongi asked with staged worry.

"I'm going to take your shoes as punishment, Sir," Hoseok stated. He crouched down and took Yoongi's shoes off, and socks too. He took them and ran away, feeling giggly, planning on hiding them from Yoongi.

"Wait!" Yoongi shouted after him. "I thought- I thought you were going to kiss me or something!"

"Then you thought wrong!" Hoseok shouted over his back. "Only good boys get kisses!" He hid behind the tree with Yoongi's shoes and socks in his hands, his heart racing. Koya gave him a look that made him afraid. He placed himself next to one of Jin's horses instead.

"Here, I got your shoes!" Yoongi called when Hoseok's heart had calmed down some. "Where are you?"

Hoseok jogged out on the road. He saw Yoongi to his right, Hoseok's shoes in his hands. "Here I
"Sorry, but I'm a good boy now. I have your shoes," Yoongi walked up to Hoseok and held his shoes out for him. Hoseok held out his left foot, raising his eyebrows until Yoongi crouched down in front of him and stared brushing dust and dirt off it his foot, putting his shoes back on for him.

"I feel like Cinderella," Hoseok said as Yoongi put on his other shoe.

"Dirty and abused?" Yoongi gave him a sceptic look.

"No." Hoseok helped Yoongi up from the ground and kissed his cheek. "Like a princess who has found her prince! Thank you for putting my shoes back on."

"No problem- wait," Yoongi said as Hoseok walked back for Tata. "Aren't you going to help me?"

"Nope!" Hoseok poked his tongue out with a funny grimace. He threw Yoongi's shoes and socks to the ground. "I'm leaving now, bye!" He laughed as he put on his fancy hat and tried to get up on Tata's back by himself.

"Wait!"

Yoongi put on his shoes, putting his socks in his pockets, and hurried for Hoseok to help him up. Hoseok patted him on the top of his head as thanks. Yoongi kissed his hand and Hoseok felt soft. Yoongi was so cute.

They took the picnic basket with them and left for the mansion, steering their gazes away from Jin and Namjoon who were doing ungodly things on the flower field with little innocent Yeontan playing around beside them.

Rose and Nils helped them put back Tata and Koya in the stall in Jin's stable. Then Hoseok and Yoongi walked to the fancy bathroom in the Minsion to clean their greasy hairs and Hoseok's smelly feet.

The day kept getting better and better. It had been the best date. Yoongi was Hoseok's boyfriend.

Hoseok was so lucky.
Hoseok had the best days with Yoongi. They ate breakfast together, sharing bacon and eggs and strawberries in the dining room. They took walks around the grounds. Yoongi taught Hoseok how to play twinkle twinkle little star on piano, and they played footsie under the bench in the gazebo.

One day Yoongi sneaked Hoseok into the kitchen, and they ate merengue for lunch until their stomachs hurt. They ate chocolate pudding for dinner and cheesecake for dessert. When Maggie walked into the kitchen they hid under a table, snickering as Deedee hid them behind her skirt.

Hoseok hugged Jimin every time they passed, but most of the time he spent with Yoongi now. He still bathed with the others in the lake, but it was a bit weird now since Jimin and Taehyung had started examining him, trying to see if Yoongi had given him any hickeys and figure out what they'd done or not.

Jin put up a badminton net and farmers played games with each other. Sana still whispering about Moody Min whenever Yoongi approached. Many looked at Hoseok and Yoongi's clasped hands. Hoseok shrugged and led Yoongi to the gazebo where Yoongi joked about the others; Jackson's dialect and Rose's ugly dress.

One day the weather was bad. Hoseok woke up to the smattering sound of rain hitting the window. He stayed inside instead of patrolling to the lake under the thunder. He knocked on Yoongi's door and curled up next to him in bed, loving the warmth and the lazy kisses Yoongi gave him.

Jin prepared games they could play inside. Mark and Alejandro invaded the living room, both wondering where Jimin was. Yoongi looked a bit worried when Mark started poking all taxidermy animals in the room. He told Hoseok that he'd seen Jimin in the kitchen before, talking to Jones.

Hoseok spent most of the day massaging Yoongi's head and stroking his hair. He sat on Yoongi's bedframe and pretended to be a professional as Yoongi fed him candy. Hoseok ate so many sweets it felt like his teeth would rot soon. Good thing that he was brushing his teeth five times a day, wanting to taste good in case Yoongi felt like practicing some French kissing again.

It turned out that Yoongi wanted to practice French kissing. A lot, actually. He grabbed an umbrella and led Hoseok outside in the rain, pulling him into the empty barn and kissing him against the wall. Hoseok turned them around, lifted Yoongi up as he hooked his legs behind his back.

They hid in the hay barn until someone opened the door. Maggie walked inside with a lamp in her hand. It wasn't fun anymore, how she had her eyes on them and wanted to punish Hoseok. Oh well. Yoongi threw himself at Hoseok and started kissing him over the hay the moment Maggie was gone, so he wasn't complaining.
Yoongi lit the fireplace in his room in the evening and they watched the flames from Yoongi's bed where they sat, eating candy again. They talked about how embarrassing Jin was with his camera that he stubbornly carried around everywhere.

They sneaked to the kitchen in the middle of the night, kissing against the wall there. Whenever they came across Maggie they hid in closets or under tables. Hoseok brought Yoongi to the beach and made him sit on his lap, ignoring the curious and confused stares from the others, and Jin who pressed the camera up their faces again, blinding them with the flashes before Jimin pulled Jin into the water, with his clothes on and everything.

Hoseok had the best days with Yoongi. But he still didn't feel satisfied. They hadn't talked about what had happened at the field, just how they hadn't talked about what had happened in attic. Maybe Yoongi felt embarrassed about it. Maybe he didn't want to that anymore. But Hoseok wanted to. He just didn't know how bring it up. He'd seen Yoongi naked so many times. He still dressed him in mornings. There was just never a moment where he could ask Yoongi about it. He didn't even know what to ask. What to ask for. No matter what he planned to say in his head he sounded like Horny Hobi.

"Uhm, hi Yoongi, would you mind grinding my thigh again?"

"Yoongi, my angel, you're so cute but can't you lick my nipple again?"

"Yoongi... when I take your clothes off the next time, would you mind if I jerked you off?"

Hoseok rubbed his face in his hands. He groaned. He was Horny Hobi. He didn't want to drag Yoongi into it though. Yoongi was so cute when they hugged, so sneaky as he stole chocolate from Jin's 'secret' storage in the kitchen. Maybe he was shy. Of course he was shy. The previous two times had been somewhat of mistakes. They hadn't planned it, let alone talked about it afterwards.

Maybe Yoongi had changed his mind. He was probably embarrassed. They'd gone too fast. Hoseok knew they had. It was strange though, that he didn't feel scared away or embarrassed. All he felt was the need to do it again. He loved Yoongi so much. Hugging and kissing was good, but it had been days and Jimin was sleeping in the same room as Hoseok again and it was really difficult to keep quiet at night.

"Could you stop making weird sounds over there, mattress-humper?" Jimin muttered from his side of the room. It was late and Hoseok was lying in bed, overthinking his relationship with Yoongi.

Hoseok sputtered, taken off guard. "What did-did you call me! I-, I did not hump anything-"

"Sure mama," Jimin said sarcastically. "But you're doing something and I can't sleep. Stop whispering to yourself, please."

"I can't sleep either," Hoseok countered. He pressed his face into his pillow and groaned again, full of distress and uncertainty. Didn't Yoongi want Hoseok that way anymore? What if he was bored of him already? Hoseok had told Yoongi he loved him ten times today. Yoongi had only told him back eight of those times.

Perhaps Hoseok was overthinking. Still.

He heard Jimin's bed give a creak as he turned his back to Hoseok, mumbling about mattress-humpers and horny dogs. Hoseok turned so he had his back to him too, glancing out the window and seeing the stars there. The stars made him think of Yoongi. He missed him. Staying the night apart was hard.
After what felt like hours of twisting and turning in bed, Hoseok had enough. He couldn't stand it anymore.

He got out of bed and pattered over to Jimin's bed, sitting down on it and poking him in the stomach. "Jiminie?" He whispered in a low voice. "Jiminie, hey? Are you awake?"

"What do you think?" Jimin shot back, swatting Hoseok's hand away and trying to tickle him back.

"It's a wild guess, but I'd say you are." Hoseok sighed sadly with a pout. Jimin sounded irritated. Hoseok didn't care. He lifted Jimin's blanket and climbed into bed next to him, hooking a leg over his and draping an arm over his chest.

"Why are you hugging me in the middle of the night?" Jimin asked, sounding off put. "You can still go to Yoongi. Don't hump me or something."

"That was mean of you, Jiminie," Hoseok whispered, feeling hurt. "I just wanted a hug and some advice from my wisest, best friend."

"Your wisest best friend? Really?" Jimin sounded flattered. "I'm that?"

"Yes." Hoseok pouted some more. "I need help with something. I don't know what to do."

"Is that why you keep groaning over there?" Jimin wondered, hugging Hoseok back. His arms were warm.

"I can't sleep," Hoseok said again.

"Why not?" Jimin stopped sounding irritated, sounding like he cared instead. He patted Hoseok on the back, encouraging him. He was a nice friend. Hoseok felt guilty for having interrupted his sleep so many times.

"Jiminie, Yoongi and I are boyfriends now," Hoseok started.

"Oh, cool!" Jimin let out a little, excited giggle. "I thought so, but I didn't ask."

"But I was wondering if, ehm." Hoseok bit his lip worriedly.

"Wondering what?" Jimin questioned curiously.

"Are we going too fast?" Hoseok cut the chase and skipped to the question he needed an answer to.

"What do you mean?" Jimin had a more serious tone now.

"Uhm..." Hoseok felt a bit awkward. "We're kissing a lot and uhm, hugging, and he holds my hand and I see his dick every morning-" He took a pause when Jimin made a sound of discomfort. "Sorry. But we kind of got off in the attic and ehm, a-at the field, but now it's been days and we haven't talked about it and- and do you think he's tired of me already? Or is he just shy? Am I too eager?"

"You mean too horny?" Jimin asked critically.

Hoseok felt his cheeks go red. "No, eager. I'm eager." He kept his hands and legs to himself, not wanting to touch Jimin when he felt so embarrassed. "But you're so good at things like this,"

"I'm good at things like this?" Jimin huffed. "Thanks, but I gave Tony a kiss on the cheek and he practically crapped his pants. I think I'm losing my game."
"You know what I meant," Hoseok said.

"I do."

"And I'm sorry he almost crapped his pants," Hoseok added, trying not to imagine that. "But are Yoongi and I going too fast?" He brought the topic back to himself again.

"Hobi," Jimin said knowingly. "As Jesus once said; if it feels right, there's no need to wait. Just go for it."

"Jesus never said that," Someone spoke from under the bed, taking Hoseok by surprise completely.

"Tae!?!" Jimin exclaimed in shock.

"Sorry, didn't mean to eavesdrop," Taehyung excused himself in an awkward voice. He crawled out on the floor from under the bed. "I don't know what I'm doing here? I was playing hide and seek with Kookie before and then I must've fallen asleep."

"Okay, weird?" Jimin commented. "Do you wanna join our relationship talk? Hobi thinks he's too horny."

"Sure!" Taehyung flopped down on the bed, making both Hoseok and Jimin groan when he elbowed them in the faces and chests and stomachs. "Go on, pretend that I'm not here." He said with a wide grin on his face.

"I can't really breathe-" Hoseok piped, trying to gently push Taehyung to Jimin's side of the bed.

"Anyway," Jimin said as a matter of fact. "Ask him if you can touch his dick or whatever. But don't tell me any details afterwards, okay?"

"That's it?" Hoseok asked, not liking the idea at all. He couldn't do that. It was too embarrassing. What if Yoongi said no?

"Most of the time things seem more difficult than they are," Jimin added. "I think you should just tell him that you think he's hot and want to get dirty again. Sometimes it's best to be straightforward and just say what you want. How else is he supposed to get what you want if you don't tell him?"

Hoseok nodded. "I guess so..." He agreed, growing nervous, and a bit excited too. Yoongi was so cute. What if he said yes? Maybe he would blush. That would be cute. "But if he wanted to, wouldn't he have told me by now?"

"Hobi. He's Moody Min. He's probably too nervous to tell you. Right Tae?" Jimin ran a hand through Taehyung's hair.

"I agree with everything Jimin says," Taehyung said. Not really a surprise. They were best friends. "Haven't you already told him you love him? Things are bound to happen when two people love each other."

"Right now Hobi seems to love his mattress more than Yoongi," Jimin snorted out a laugh. Taehyung snickered too.

"Hey, not funny," Hoseok pinched the both of them in the side. They squeaked and tried to push him off the bed. "I'm serious. What if Yoongi isn't ready? What if I'm not ready?"
"Only you can know that," Jimin contemplated. "Ask him?"

"What is it you want to do, hyung?" Taehyung asked innocently. Hoseok grew embarrassed, ashamed and uncomfortable. He did not want to give Taehyung any weird ideas. He and Jungkook would stay pure until they were fifty eight, or at least until Jungkook turned eighteen.

"He wants to ride his dick, I believe," Jimin filled in. "Ah, isn't it just romantic?"

Hoseok kicked his feet with a red face. "I do not. I just want to- to touch him naked or something..."

"Ooh," Jimin laughed. "But why don't you take off your clothes and knock on his door now then? And poke him? Then you'll have touched him naked."

"That's not what I meant," Hoseok groaned. He sat up and detangled himself from Jimin and Taehyung when they both grabbed for him, wanting him to stay. Hoseok laid down in his own bed with a sigh. He didn't feel much wiser, but he'd come to a decision. He would ask Yoongi tomorrow. Just ask him. Maybe it was like Jimin had said. Better to be straightforward than to wander around in worry and feel insecure. Perhaps Jimin hadn't put it exactly like that, but it's the message Hoseok got.

"Good night, hyungs!" Taehyung wished them as he opened the door and stepped outside. "And good luck Hobi! I hope you get to be naked with him!" Hoseok's face went redder. Jimin snickered.

"Just go," Hoseok muttered, feeling relieved when the door closed. It became silent. Hoseok gazed out at the stars, wondering where Auriga was. Jimin was silent too. Hopefully he'd gone back to sleep. Then Hoseok heard his bed creak.

"All jokes aside, I don't think you're going too fast," Jimin said, breaking the silence. "You love each other and you've already done stuff, so I just think Yoongi's feeling shy. Maybe he's thinking the same as you, who knows?"

Hoseok turned on his bed, faced Jimin in the darkness. "You think he's just shy?"

"He could be," Jimin said. "Or he is. He doesn't let anyone see him naked."

"But I dress him every day."

"I know."

They went silent. Hoseok blinked at Jimin, feeling thankful. Jimin may be irritating, and he might be immature, and he might be a little shit most of the time, but when Hoseok needed him he was a good friend.

"Thanks. I'll ask him tomorrow," Hoseok said.

"Good luck," Jimin yawned. "I hope you'll have loads of fun. Horny Hobi and Moaning Min is the perfect match after all."

"Think so?" Hoseok asked, for the first time not hating the nicknames. They sounded fun.

"Almost perfect," Jimin corrected himself. "I think Moody Min and Homo Hobi are a tiny bit better!"

"Ha-ha." Hoseok rolled his eyes. Jimin laughed. "You and your names..."
"What? They're funny?" Jimin countered. "I made up some more, by the way. Dirty Dahyun, Jerk-me-Jackson."

Hoseok stopped listening there. He turned his back to Jimin and closed his eyes, yawning as he started drifting asleep. He was tired. He had to sleep now so he would have energy tomorrow. Tomorrow when he would ask Yoongi... something. He wasn't sure what exact words to use yet, but he would ask him. Something. Yes.

"Hello? Are you listening to me!" Jimin hissed. Hoseok fake-snored. Jimin threw a pillow to the back of his head. Hoseok threw it back, ducking it the next time Jimin sent it flying his way. Jimin muttered as he walked across the room to pick it up the floor.

"Good luck tomorrow, Casanova~" Jimin whispered teasingly as he went back to his bed.

"Thanks," Hoseok said. "I'll need it."

And he did.

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Hoseok stood outside of Yoongi's door the next morning with his heart pounding like mad in his chest. Like usual. What was new was what had happened this morning. He had scrubbed himself five times with the soap. When he'd handed the little thing that was left of it to Jackson in the lake Jackson had gotten mad and had almost drowned him. Jimin had jumped on Jackson's back, and then Mark had jumped on Jimin's back. Namjoon had saved all their lives by getting another soap from the mansion.

At breakfast Hoseok hadn't eaten anything. He was too nervous. Jimin had taken his bacon and Jungkook his strawberries and Taehyung his apple. Then Deedee had given him chocolate cake out of nowhere, and everyone had turned into hyenas, reaching over the table to grab a bite. With cake splattered over his shirt Hoseok had walked into the kitchen to eat cake in there. Jimin had sneaked inside, starting combing cake from Hoseok's hair with his fingers.

Hoseok had brushed his teeth five times in the fancy bathroom. He'd started panicking when he saw a thick strand of hair between his eyebrows. He was growing a unibrow. Not good. It was not good. He couldn't walk into Yoongi's room looking like a Neanderthal when he was going to ask him to have sex with him!

He'd ran around in panic until he'd found Jimin on the second floor.

"Why are you crying? Did he say no?" Jimin had asked in sadness.

"No!" Hoseok had shouted, pointing at his eyebrows. "Don't you see? I look like a troll! Help!"

After Jimin helped him pluck the hair he'd brushed his hair again. Washed his face ten times and brushed his teeth once more. Then he'd been dressed in washed clothes and looked so stiff and nervous that Jackson asked him if he'd shit himself, which made others laugh at him.

Now he stood by Yoongi's bedroom door with his heart pounding. There was only the door. Only the door between himself and Yoongi. He was so nervous. He knocked once. Silence. He knocked once more. More silence. He opened the door and stepped inside, finding Yoongi asleep in his bed.

"Morning..." Hoseok said as he approached the bed. Yoongi was asleep? Hoseok could be a perv and still undress him. Or he could be a sap and gently caress his cheek and kiss his forehead. Yeah, that sounded much better. He would do that.
He sat down beside Yoongi on the bed and started stroking his cheek. "You're so beautiful Yoongi," He whispered gently, small smile on his lips. "Especially in your sleep."

Yoongi snapped his eyes open. "That sounded a bit creepy."

Hoseok's heart jolted. His mouth dried out and he swallowed. "S-sorry, didn't- didn't think you would hear me." He put his hands in his lap and bit his lip.

"I've been awake for a while," Yoongi revealed with a small smile, looking sneaky. "Only faked sleep to see what you'd do."

Hoseok huffed. He lightly slapped Yoongi's arm. "Why would you do that? I'm embarrassed now."

"I watched you in the lake," Yoongi blurted, changing the topic.

"What?" Hoseok felt even more embarrassed, and a bit proud, weirdly. He hoped Yoongi thought he'd looked hot. "That's a bit creepy."

"I know," Yoongi agreed with a slight frown. "Sorry." He found one of Hoseok's hands and held it in his. His hands were warm. "But why did you scrub yourself five times? Were you dirty?"

"Yes. I'm dirty," Hoseok said, not sure what to say. Yoongi had watched him clean himself like a weird person.

"You're dirty?" Yoongi sat up with a small frown on his face. "You look pretty clean to me?"

"Yoongi..." Hoseok scooted closer, feeling his heart clench with nervousness. He was going to ask now. It was a good moment. Only the two of them, early in the morning. Yoongi was warm and Hoseok had sweaty hands.

"Yes?" Yoongi looked worried. "What is it? Something's wrong?"

"No! No, uhm," Hoseok licked his dry lips. He'd brushed them too. Too many times. "I just…"

"Just?" Yoongi flicked his gaze over Hoseok's face.

"There's- there's something I'd like to ask you," Hoseok said, glancing into Yoongi's emotional eyes.

"You can ask me anything," Yoongi said with a nervous look in his eyes. "What is it?" He stroked Hoseok's hand. "Don't you want to dress me anymore?"

"What? No." Hoseok shook his head. "No, I'd love to dress you, o-or, undress you..."

"Okay," Yoongi said with cheeks going pink. "Do you want to do that?"

"Yeah." Hoseok nodded. He felt his own cheeks go pink as Yoongi sat down on the side of the bed like usual. Hoseok took off his nightgown, letting it fall to the side. He wasn't sure why he'd done that. He hadn't asked Yoongi yet. Now Yoongi was naked and Hoseok couldn't stop staring at his beautiful body.

Yoongi shifted some under Hoseok's gaze. He found Hoseok's hand again, took it in his as Hoseok leaned on Yoongi, leaning his side against his. He wanted to say more. Ask Yoongi. It wasn't easy. All words died out and his head went empty. Yoongi's thighs were pale and almost as distracting as Yoongi's bits.
Hoseok leaned in and pressed a kiss to Yoongi's shoulder, hoping that the kiss would speak for itself. He pressed another two kisses on the same spot, feeling the salty taste of Yoongi's skin on his lips. Yoongi was silent. Hoseok hadn't kissed his body like this before. Not while he was dressing him. It felt intimate, sweet.

Hoseok pressed a kiss to Yoongi's neck, before he kissed a trail along his jaw and finished by pressing a soft one to his lips. His right hand found Yoongi's thigh, and he lightly graced his fingers over the inner side of it. His blood started pumping. Yoongi's breath hitched. He put a hand over Hoseok's and guided it higher up his thigh, slowly. Hoseok broke the kiss. He didn't dare breathe. Yoongi stilled his hand just below his crotch. Dangerously close.

Hoseok stared at his hand on Yoongi's thigh. His thumb graced one of the dark hairs. He didn't dare move his hand higher.

Yoongi faced down, swallowed, appearing nervous. Hoseok pressed one more kiss to his lips.

"You're so beautiful Yoongi, I could look at you forever," He said, meaning every word. Yoongi was so pretty. So sweet. He didn't look like the rest at all. He was different. A diamond among rocks. Hoseok was so happy he'd got him. That he was Hoseok's boyfriend.

"You could?" Yoongi asked, sounding hesitant but looking happy. He glanced at Hoseok from under his fringe, smiling a little bit with eyes shy.

"I could. And I could kiss you forever too, anywhere you want," Hoseok said, pressing a wet kiss to Yoongi's shoulder.

Yoongi didn't answer. The look in his eyes changed. He bit his lip, tugged at Hoseok's shirt. Hoseok felt his face flush. He got the message. He removed his hand from Yoongi's thigh, resisting the urge to sniff it, and unbuttoned his shirt. Yoongi's eyes dropped to his chest as the fabric parted. Hoseok shrugged the shirt off and let it fall to the floor. And then he was really brave, because with a heart beating hard in his chest he took off his pants and underwear too. He tossed his clothes to the floor, feeling nervous as Yoongi darted his eyes over his body. Hoseok shuddered. He was naked. He liked it when Yoongi looked at him like that.

"Why did you take your clothes off?" Yoongi whispered, putting a hand on Hoseok's knee as Hoseok sat back down beside him on the bed, growing so nervous.

"I thought..." Hoseok trailed off, putting his hand over Yoongi's. They were both naked now and he liked it. He wanted to hug Yoongi like this, like they'd done in the bathtub that time. "I've been thinking and- and I-"

"Yes?" Yoongi looked Hoseok in the eyes. He looked honest, nervous, excited. Maybe he got what Hoseok was about to ask.

"I- I wondered if you- maybe you would like to-" Hoseok crossed his legs. He was growing a bit too excited. He felt embarrassed over himself. He couldn't bring himself to say the words.

Yoongi's eyes lowered to between Hoseok's legs. His cheeks reddened further before he glanced back into Hoseok's eyes. He nodded. Hoseok's heart jumped. "If you want to."

"I want to," Hoseok answered quickly. They must be thinking about the same thing. Yoongi stared at Hoseok's bits again and crossed his own legs. It was hot. It was good. But Hoseok hadn't planned this far. He hadn't actually thought that Yoongi would say yes. He'd hoped, but he hadn't really thought so.
And it went silent. So silent. Hoseok heard his heart thump loudly in his chest. *Thump, thump,* beating so fast, almost as if he was about to faint. He felt his hands go sweaty. A strange giggle tried to make it out of his throat.

"Okay..." Hoseok said with a nervous smile. "So I actually don't know what to do," He admitted, wanting Yoongi to take charge and help him now that he started feeling hot. "Sorry."

"Me neither," Yoongi replied, sounding lost and confused.

"Really?" Hoseok glanced at him, not daring looking him directly in the eyes. It would be too embarrassing. He looked between Yoongi's eyebrows instead, like a weirdo.

"Really," Yoongi said, giving Hoseok's hand a squeeze. He scooted a bit closer, rubbing Hoseok's knee soothingly in his other hand. Hoseok watched his hand move over his knee, raising goosebumps.

"It's a bit cold here so maybe we could move under your... ehm, your blanket?" Hoseok asked, not feeling cold at all. He was feeling hot, and that's why he wanted to hide. Yoongi hadn't seen him like this yet. He wasn't sure if he was ready to cross that line. Not right now. Maybe in a bit. He was tense and nervous.

"Okay," Yoongi said, sounding full of nervous excitement. He swallowed loudly, drawing Hoseok's attention to his throat. Yoongi held up the blanket and climbed in under it. Hoseok did the same, lying down beside him, looking at Yoongi as the blanket covered them from their chins down.

"Bummer," Yoongi mumbled. "Now I can't see you anymore."

Hoseok smiled shyly with red cheeks. "Maybe that was my plan."

"Why? I love you, remember?" Yoongi whispered, sounding honest and vulnerable.

Hoseok felt his chest go warm. "I don't think I'd be able to forget even if I tried." He reached out, found Yoongi's shoulder and stroked it, stroking his palm from his shoulder to his neck, up and down. Yoongi silenced and swallowed again. Maybe his mouth was full of spit. Hoseok's was all dry.

It felt like Hoseok's heart started racing as he stroked his hand down to Yoongi's waist, down his butt, gently massaging it between his fingers. Yoongi's mouth fell open and he started panting. Hoseok breathed faster too. Yoongi moved his hands to Hoseok's hair, scraping his scalp with his nails. Hoseok run his other hand over Yoongi's chest, wanting to touch him more. He touched Yoongi's nipple, and Yoongi closed his eyes with a frown. His cheeks were even redder. Hoseok stared as hypnotized as Yoongi bit his lip. Hoseok did it again. He teased Yoongi's nipple at the same time he massaged his soft buttock.

"F-feels good?" Hoseok asked, out of breath already.

Yoongi nodded a little bit, eyes still pressed shut. Hoseok wasn't satisfied. He wanted him to speak. Make more sounds. Louder sounds. Tell Hoseok what he was feeling.

He ran his hands over Yoongi, everywhere he could reach, mapping out the places where he was the most sensitive, like under his armpit and on his inner thigh. Hoseok purposely didn't touch his dick. He simply didn't dare to. He didn't know what he would do. It graced his wrist once, and he almost moaned.
When Yoongi started shifting, smelling like sweat and arousal, appearing bothered, Hoseok leaned in and brought him into a kiss. Yoongi answered it, hesitant at first. His lips were small and soft, trembling some as they met Hoseok's. Hoseok was trembling with anticipation too. Yoongi finally started making more sounds as they started making out. He tangled a hand in Hoseok's hair and moaned, the sounds wonderful. Hoseok touched Yoongi's nipples, urging him on.

The sounds Yoongi made were a bit too wonderful. Hoseok couldn't stay still. He felt horny and he had to do something about his cock that screamed for attention. He put a hand against Yoongi's chest and pinned him to the bed, draping a leg over him, straddling him. He broke the kiss and gasped as his cock rubbed against Yoongi's stomach. The friction was just what he needed. He jerked his hips, feeling a spark of pleasure, feeling dizzy. He had to do it again. It was so sweaty under the blanket. He bucked his hips, pressing a kiss to Yoongi's neck as he felt the pleasure again.

"You're- you're sitting on me-" Yoongi put his hands on Hoseok's hips. Hoseok wasn't sure what he was doing; if he wanted to still Hoseok's hips or urge him on. He wasn't sure what he wanted himself, wasn't sure what he was doing, but he loved this and Yoongi's naked skin against his own felt perfect.

"S-sorry," Hoseok panted, pressing a sloppy kiss to Yoongi's chin. Yoongi's grip on his hips loosened. Hoseok felt something grace his buttock. It must be Yoongi's erection. The thought made him want to cry. He leaned back, sitting up on Yoongi, biting his lip when he felt the hard grace his crack. "You wanna s-sit on me instead?"

"We could try," Yoongi said airily, nodding with his lips parted. Hoseok leaned in and wrapped his arms around Yoongi before he turned them around. The blanket was draped off them as Yoongi sat on Hoseok's thighs, steadying himself with his hands on Hoseok's chest. They both glanced down. Hoseok felt his heart jolt in his chest when he saw their cocks so close together. Almost touching. Yoongi was a bit smaller. Hoseok had more hair on his crotch.

"Wow," Hoseok breathed, not sure if it was from finally getting to see Yoongi like this, or from Yoongi sitting on him. He could feel Yoongi's ass against his thighs and it drove him crazy. He had to do something. Yoongi watching him made him want to squirm.

Yoongi wasn't saying anything. He sat with his legs around Hoseok's thighs, staring at Hoseok's length with a grimace that looked both pleasurable and painful, as if he didn't know what to do. Hoseok didn't know what to do either. Doing nothing was torture.

"Can't- can't you touch me, Yoongi?" Hoseok asked in a gentle voice. He took one of Yoongi's hands in his, making him look him in the eyes.

Yoongi's eyes changed character. They grew darker. Hoseok loved the look of them. He felt desirable. Yoongi nodded, glancing at Hoseok from under his fringe. Hoseok's stomach swirled with excitement. He lowered his gaze as Yoongi moved his hand to Hoseok's crotch, tracing his fingers over Hoseok's hipbone before he carefully wrapped his fingers around Hoseok's length. Hoseok could've died. Or moaned. Yoongi was touching him, and his hand was warm, strong, a bit hesitant but perfect in every way. It felt like Yoongi was slightly trembling, but it was okay too. He stroked his hand to the base before it went back up, slowly starting jerking Hoseok off, pumping him up and down, his grip growing firmer by every stroke. He whined, as if he was the one getting touched, and the sounds were wonderful. Hoseok's hips raised off the mattress, and he felt pleasure tease every muscle in his body.

"Yoongi-" Hoseok cried, not sure what else to say. Yoongi stroked him perfectly, just perfectly, making Hoseok feel good, and with his other hand he grabbed himself, starting touching himself
too, stimulating them both. Hoseok was panting. The sight of Yoongi touching himself was too much. Yoongi raised himself up on his knees and stroked them in the same pace, giving whines of pleasure as he looked between them.

Hoseok's body started tensing. He wanted to touch Yoongi. He wanted to buck his hips. He couldn't do anything as long as Yoongi was sitting on him. He was locked in place. He closed his eyes and covered his mouth with a hand, trying to silence himself. He was close. Yoongi's hand was on his cock, working him to finish, and Hoseok never lasted long when Yoongi touched him. The angle wasn't perfect, and he wanted Yoongi to go faster, but he was still close, so close.

"Yoongi, I'm-" He gasped, about to come, chasing the feeling. Then Yoongi stopped. He let Hoseok go, putting his right hand on himself instead, starting snapping his hips as he touched himself in a quick pace.

Hoseok took a moment to catch his breath. He was dizzy. Giggly. It felt a bit like he was floating. He hauled himself up on his elbows, sat up and brought Yoongi in for a hug, making his hand pause. He hugged Yoongi tight and kissed him hard on the lips, feeling soft when Yoongi kissed him back. None of them knew how to do this. It was messy. They weren't in sync. But it was okay.

"I could do that for you," Hoseok mumbled sweetly against Yoongi's eager lips. They weren't kissing properly either. One moment Yoongi's lips were on Hoseok's chin and then on his cheek and then he sucked on Hoseok's lower lip. Hoseok felt fussy with arousal. Fussy with love. It smelled so much like Yoongi here. Yoongi was so cute and sexy.

"You're amazing, Hoseok," Yoongi breathed close to Hoseok's ear, kissing him there now. Hoseok shivered from the compliment. He tightened his grip around Yoongi's back and bucked his hips, rubbing himself against Yoongi's thigh, unable to resist, making them both suck in a breath.

"Where- where do you want me to touch you, Yoongi?" Hoseok asked as one of his hands lowered to Yoongi's butt that he loved so much, grabbing one of his soft buttocks.

"Everywhere, please?" Yoongi pleaded. Hoseok felt a spark in his chest. He wanted Yoongi to beg again. He stroked his other hand down Yoongi's chest, teasing his nipple before he traced his fingers over the thick curls of pubic hair on his crotch.

"Here?" Hoseok whispered as his hand found Yoongi's heated cock. He was so excited. He wrapped his hand around him, feeling him in his hand. He wanted to moan. Touching Yoongi was so different from touching himself. "Tell me, here?" He lightly pressed his thumb over the slit, stroking over the spot twice until he had Yoongi gasping.

"Y-yes, yes there, please," Yoongi draped his arms around Hoseok's neck. He was on his knees, and he spread his legs, burying his head against Hoseok's neck as Hoseok kept teasing the head of his cock, stroking it, drawing cries out of him.

Hoseok pressed a kiss to Yoongi's neck. He stroked his hand around Yoongi's cock, unused to the feeling of him in his hand. He started stroking him, stroking his other hand over his buttock meanwhile. He pressed a hard kiss to Yoongi's neck before he got a new idea and sucked on the spot, feeling his own cock twitch from the thought of leaving a mark on Yoongi.

"Oh my god," Yoongi breathed, angling his head to the side, exposing more of his neck for Hoseok. He started moving his hips, meeting Hoseok's hand.

Hoseok felt electrified. He licked the spot he'd sucked on before he sucked the perfect, pale skin next to it. Yoongi tasted so sweet. He breathed hard in Hoseok's ear, he was throbbing in Hoseok's
hand, and Hoseok felt so hot. He was burning up. He rejoiced from the slapping sounds of his hand sliding over Yoongi's cock. It was so filthy. So intimate. He loved it.

"I love you Yoongi," Hoseok whispered into Yoongi's ear. Yoongi whimpered, bucking his hips faster. His movements were uneven and erratic. Just watching him was enough to make Hoseok feel close to coming. Yoongi was the most beautiful. So uncensored. He panted hard, making the bed creak under them with how eagerly he snapped his hips.

"I-" Yoongi managed breathlessly. His hips stilled. He buried his hands in Hoseok's hair, panting with an open mouth. "I-, oh shit," Hoseok gathered the precome at the tip of his cock, stroking it down the length, feeling surreal.

"Why did you stop, Yoongi? You looked so beautiful." Hoseok pressed kisses up Yoongi's neck, stopping by his open mouth, giving him sweet pecks.

"I-" Yoongi pressed messy kisses to Hoseok's lips, then leaned back and looked him in the eyes. His eyes were glazed, and a bit nervous. His forehead was sweaty. "Could you touch me somewhere else? Please?"

Hoseok almost came from that please. He nodded eagerly and patted Yoongi on the butt, not expecting the whimper that came from Yoongi's mouth. It left his cheeks burning.

"Where?"

"Between- uhm." Yoongi looked embarrassed. He faced away.

"Between?" Hoseok softly stroked Yoongi's butt.

"Between my buttocks," Yoongi said quickly in a low voice. Hoseok almost didn't hear him. Yoongi's face was red and lower lip nearly trembling.

"Yes," Hoseok nodded again, loving the idea. He'd done that in the attic by mistake.

"Really?" Yoongi smiled a little bit. The smile faltered when Hoseok stroked his way to his crack and let his middle finger slip between his buttocks. "Okay," He breathed, leaning on Hoseok's shoulder again.

"I love you so much Yoongi," Hoseok whispered against Yoongi's ear as he started stroking Yoongi's cock again, in a faster pace, a bit harder too. Yoongi got to it again, jerked his hips, moaning when Hoseok stared rubbing his finger between his buttocks, against his opening. Yoongi grinded against Hoseok's finger before he jerked into his hand, sobbing against his ear, mumbling praises and curses. Hoseok was in heaven. "Are you- are you going to come for me?"

Yoongi whimpered. He bucked his hips hard, and then he came. "Ah, Hoseok, Hoseok-" Yoongi cut himself short. He stiffened against Hoseok as Hoseok jerked him off, pumping his cock as he pressed his finger past his rim and inside, taking them both by surprise.

Yoongi spilled over Hoseok's hand. Perfect. Hoseok let Yoongi's cock go and quickly grabbed himself short. He stiffened against Hoseok as Hoseok jerked him off, pumping his cock as he pressed his finger past his rim and inside, taking them both by surprise.

Yoongi spilled over Hoseok's hand. Perfect. Hoseok let Yoongi's cock go and quickly grabbed himself, pulling himself fast, chasing the high. He didn't need much, only a couple of strokes before he came. He snapped his hips and held Yoongi in place with a hand around his waist, coming over Yoongi's stomach.

He moaned as he painted Yoongi in rivulets of white. "Yes, yes, Yoongi," He mumbled, stroking himself in a quick pace, before he started wincing from overstimulation. He felt tingly. Fantastic. Then the high faded and he went back to reality. Yoongi was leaning away from him with a hand
on Hoseok’s shoulder, glancing down himself with a surprised look on his face. Hoseok glanced down at him too, panic and shame gripping his heart.

"S-sorry!" He piped, ashamed over himself. Yoongi blinked at the white on his stomach. Hoseok had done that. Without asking, or warning. "I- I don't know what happened-"]

"No, I, uhm, I think I liked it," Yoongi said in a little voice. His voice was hoarse and dark. He looked embarrassed.

"You did?" Hoseok whispered. He didn't believe his ears. He met Yoongi's gaze with big eyes.

"Is this what happened to my underwear?" The corner of Yoongi's lips twitched into a smile. Hoseok didn't believe it. Was he seriously joking?

"Coming over the real you is ten times better," Hoseok said, like a real perv, making it worse by tracing a finger through the hardening come on Yoongi's stomach, spreading it around, not sure why.

"Why do you want to do that?" Yoongi asked, looking curious, and a bit amused.

"Because you're mine," Hoseok said without thinking. His eyes flicked to the blooming hickey on Yoongi's neck. Yoongi put a hand there, probably feeling the raised skin for himself. "Sorry."

"Don't apologize," Yoongi said, taking one of Hoseok's hands in his, eyes sincere with a happy glow to them. "I love to be yours."

Hoseok smiled shyly. Yoongi looked away, probably sensing how sappy that had been.

"You're amazing Yoongi..." Hoseok whispered. "You know that, right?" He glanced at Yoongi who was smiling too.

"Come here." Yoongi pulled Hoseok in for a very messy kiss. They hugged, fell down the bed and started making out, the messy sheets and spit on their cheeks and the dirty blanket forgotten.

They kissed, and Hoseok felt happy. Satisfied. Loved. Yoongi stroked his back. Patted his hair. Scratched his nails over his neck. Yoongi touched him, and he'd never felt better. He was all fussy and gooey and giggly. He pulled the blanket over them, pinning Yoongi to the mattress and kissing him under it until he complained about not getting enough air.

Eventually they got up. Hoseok had to pee and Yoongi was hungry. They checked that the corridor was empty before they ran for the fancy bathroom hand in hand, suppressing screams when they found Jin and Namjoon in there. Hoseok covered Yoongi with his body, growing embarrassed when Jin gasped and pointed at them like he would animals at the zoo.

Namjoon forced Jin away, giving Hoseok and Yoongi privacy, but not until after he'd given Hoseok the most awkward thumbs up in the universe. Deedee showed up a while later with warm water. She didn't ask why Yoongi was hiding behind the door or why Hoseok was naked and sweaty.

When Deedee was gone and they had warm water in the bathtub, Hoseok locked the door and kissed Yoongi against the wall, lifting him up and carrying him to the tub. He washed him and treated him like the angel that he was before he stepped into the water himself, laughing when most of the water splashed over the edge and Yoongi smiled.

They hugged and kissed and Hoseok was happy. The sun streamed into the room from the
window, and Hoseok watched Yoongi's face in the sun, wondering how much was left of the summer, wondering how many days he would get with Yoongi before the Mins returned and he would need to move back to the barn. He wouldn't get to dress Yoongi anymore then. He wouldn't be allowed inside. What would happen then? Just thinking about it made Hoseok want to cry.

"What are you thinking about?" Yoongi asked curiously. He nudged Hoseok's foot with his own under the water.


"You did?" Yoongi smiled happily. "I'm positive my heart is about to burst with love for you right now."

"You are?" Hoseok pouted. Yoongi was so romantic. He was like no one else. Soft. Wonderful. Precious. He smiled adorably in the bathtub in front of him, looking happy and embarrassed from what he had just said.

"Yup." Yoongi nodded before he splashed water at Hoseok who tried to cover his eyes with his hands. "My heart belongs to you."

And then Hoseok thought that he could worry about having to move back into the barn when it was time. Now he would splash water on Yoongi and pretend that they would spend the rest of their lives like this; naked and equal, full of love and promises of a happy future. If only it was that way.
Hoseok started sleeping in Yoongi's bed. He checked that it was okay with Jimin, that he wouldn't feel lonely, before he took his pillow and pajamas and knocked on Yoongi's door to let him in. Technically he wouldn't need his pajamas. He didn't only sleep in Yoongi's bed either.

One meter into the room Hoseok dropped his things on the floor and took off Yoongi his nightgown, hurriedly draping it over his head before their lips met, unable to wait any longer.

He couldn't keep his hands to himself. Yoongi neither. Every time they were alone they ended up doing something. Worse was it when they were alone in Yoongi's room. It was impossible to not do anything when Yoongi was so beautiful and he told Hoseok such nice things. How could he not jerk Yoongi off as thanks after Yoongi had told him he loved him again? Impossible. Absolutely impossible. Hoseok had to make Yoongi feel good. It was his new greatest task in life, second after making Yoongi smile.

Hoseok spent a great amount of time making Yoongi smile. He purposely put on his clothes inside out, or pretended to slip on soap in the bathroom, or pretended to be a 'kiss monster' that attacked Yoongi with kisses in the mornings. Yoongi smiled a lot these days. He tried to cover it with a hand. Useless. Hoseok smiled a lot too. His cheeks were hurting and his dick was hurting a bit too, the poor thing. Hoseok used it too much. Or Yoongi did. Yoongi was really good at making Hoseok feel good in return. They truly were the perfect match. Hobi was horny and Yoongi was moaning.

Though, not everyone thought that their love making was all fun and games. Jin knocked on Yoongi's door several times a day, claiming that Jungkook thought the house was haunted by ghosts and that Mark was complaining about someone 'crying' every night. Yoongi faked ignorance, knowing that Jungkook and Mark's rooms were on the floor below. Maybe they heard how Hoseok and Yoongi stumbled around on the floor. Maybe they heard the bed creak. Maybe Hoseok should care more about it than he did.

Hoseok didn't really spend any time away from Yoongi. They were glued together. Sometimes more literally, since Hoseok liked coming on Yoongi and they stuck together afterwards as they hugged. It wasn't very practical since they had to bathe every time before they went to bed, but it was fun, in a pervy way.

Yoongi really liked it when Hoseok played with his butt. Hoseok always got so excited that he turned awkward. He was awkward, with how he fumbled and felt flustered every time Yoongi spread out on bed in front of him, or led him into closets, or into bathrooms.

Hoseok wasn't sure what to call what they were doing. They were boyfriends. They loved each other. Were they lovers? Were they having sex? Hoseok didn't want to call it that. It felt like more
to him. They weren't just fucking. There was more feeling to it. Every time it felt like Hoseok opened up his heart, and Yoongi opened up his heart too. It was more.

They made love as soon as they were alone, but they weren't always clever. They often forgot to lock the door or check that the corridor was empty outside. One time it knocked on the door just as Hoseok started playing with Yoongi's butt again. Hoseok hid under the blanket as old hag Maggie checked inside, claiming that she had heard 'sounds'. When she left Hoseok kissed Yoongi from head to toe (and locked the door of course).

Jin pointed at Yoongi's neck as Yoongi and Hoseok walked down for breakfast days later. Hoseok didn't bathe with the others in the lake anymore. He avoided questions by pressing himself to Yoongi's side. No one asked anyway. There was always some drama going on that kept the other's attention. Today Jackson was accused of having stolen Rose's necklace.

"A hickey!" Jin gasped as he kept pointing at Yoongi's neck. Jin and Namjoon had started eating breakfast with Hoseok and Yoongi in the dining room, claiming it was the only time they saw Yoongi anymore.

"Want strawberries, Hobi?" Yoongi asked Hoseok with a small smile. They were holding hands under the table. Jin gaped at them, playfully slapping Namjoon's arm.

"Yes, thank you," Hoseok said politely. He was still shaky. This morning Yoongi had wanted to try something new, and he'd licked Hoseok's cock until he came crying his name, spilling over his face. It felt odd now, how they could sit here like normal next to Jin and Namjoon when they'd been that dirty only an hour ago.

"What's the plan for today?" Namjoon asked, calming Jin by putting a hand over his on the table.

"Drawing answers from Hoseok and Yoongi!" Jin decided with a fist flying in the air. "Guys, tell me, what are you doing in Yoongi's room all days?"

"Do you really want to know?" Yoongi asked before he shared a funny look with Hoseok and they laughed.

"Ugh." Jin made a face of disgust. "Do you see how cute they are, Joonie?"

"Yeah." Namjoon ate bacon with a smile. "Pinch me."

"Do you want to be kinky too, now?" Jin raised his eyebrows.

"Ew." Yoongi gave Jin a disapproving look before he picked up a strawberry from the bowl and held it out for Hoseok who opened his mouth, letting him be fed. He nibbled after Yoongi's fingers like a dog, making him laugh.

"I changed my mind," Jin said with a frown and jab in Namjoon's side with his elbow. Namjoon spit out the bacon in his mouth and almost choked. "They're not cute anymore. I'm a bit grossed out."

"You are?" Yoongi wondered with a sneaky smile. "Heard that Hoseok? Want me to feed you again? Maybe you could lick my fingers like you did this morning?"

Hoseok's face went beet red. Namjoon fell off his chair and Jin gasped and threw a strawberry at Yoongi in shock. Jones walked out of the side room to check what was going on, surprising them all when Jimin, Taehyung and Jungkook walked into the room too.
"Jimin?" Hoseok whispered in confusion.

"Juicy Jimin, if I may," Jimin said with a flirty smile. He leaned in to whisper in Hoseok's ear. "With all the noise you're making all the time I had to go somewhere."

"Are you sleeping in Jungkook's room with them?" Hoseok asked.

Jimin leaned back. "Uh, sure?" He nodded before he shared a smug look with Jin who gasped and threw a strawberry at him this time. Jungkook picked up the strawberries from the floor and ate them, mumbling about a five second rule.

"Pause, pause!" Jin said as he helped Namjoon up his chair and stood up himself, putting his hands on the table. "I demand that everyone tells me their secrets right now!"

"This is your shirt. I took it last week," Namjoon confessed with a sad face. "Sorry."

"Not you!?!" Jin exclaimed. "And I gave it to you. I meant Jimin, Yoongi and Taehyung!"

"I didn't think you wanted to know?" Yoongi said with staged innocence. "And what did Jimin and Taehyung do?"

"I haven't done anything!" Taehyung said as he raised his hands in the air in surrender.

"Then who ate all my chocolate, hm?" Jin gave Taehyung a scrutinizing look. "And why are all beds in the house lacking a pillow?"

Hoseok flicked his eyes over everyone, feeling like he'd lived in a bubble the last days. All beds lacked a pillow? The only pillows he knew about were Yoongi's. Yoongi had humped one yesterday while Hoseok watched him. He was not going to tell Jin that.

"They made a fort or something," Jimin said absentmindedly, waving a hand in the air. "But I totally don't have any secrets. Right, Tony?" He hooked arms with Jones who looked really stiff.

"In my room," Jungkook said at the same time Jimin said, "In the forest." They looked at each other, opening their mouths to argue.

"You're not allowed into the forest alone," Jin scolded them.

"Says who?" Jungkook wondered with a stubborn frown that only twelve years olds could pull off. "You didn't tell me that?"

"I thought it was obvious?" Jin sputtered. "Is that where my favorite pillow is? In the dirty forest?"

"One is in the boathouse," Taehyung explained with a thoughtful look on his face. "Someone broke the lock on it, by the way. We saw Sana and Momo in there yesterday."

"What do you mean?" Jin looked confused. Hoseok shared a look of confusion with Yoongi and they started eating strawberries again. Jin argued and talked and tried to press secrets from the others for a while longer, then Taehyung and Jungkook skipped away to play games and Jimin followed Jones back into the side room.

"Why does it feel like no one tells me things?" Jin sighed when they were gone. No one answered. Yoongi fed Hoseok with a strawberry and Namjoon tried to fix the plate he'd just accidentally broken. Breakfast was always interesting when they were with Jin and Namjoon.
Hoseok held on to the sides of the small boat, swallowing the need to puke. Yoongi sat in front of him, paddling them into the middle of the lake. Hoseok tried to shield himself from the sun under his straw hat. Yoongi had borrowed Namjoon's old hat.

It had been Jin's idea to put them on a boat. After breakfast they'd started sneaking back into Yoongi's room again. Jin had stopped them, dragged them to the beach and put them in the boat against their will. He'd put Taehyung and Jungkook in another boat, and Sana and Momo in one, suddenly claiming that it was a wonderful day and that they should all enjoy the sun and summer because before they knew it it would be gone.

So now Hoseok sat here in the boat, clutching to the sides as Yoongi put the paddles on the boat-floor between them and turned so he faced Hoseok. He had the sun in his back. Maybe Hoseok should remind Yoongi that he couldn't swim. He didn't think that his shirt would help him float much in case he fell in.

"Are you okay?" Yoongi asked worriedly.

Hoseok sat stiff as a plank. He squinted against the sun. Glanced to his sides. Taehyung and Jungkook looked okay in their boat, but Sana and Momo were struggling with the paddles and then Momo fell into the lake with a scream. Jones dived in from the dock, coming to the rescue. Momo kept screaming, and Sana started screaming too, falling in when Momo grabbed her hands. Their skirts floated up around them and made them look like strange flowers.

"I think they're drowning over there," Hoseok forced out, staring as Momo's head disappeared under the water surface. Sana dived in to save her, but none of them could swim.

"Damn Jin," Yoongi muttered. Then Hoseok didn't know what happened, but one second Yoongi was in front of him and the other he had dived into the water. Hoseok gasped, wondering where he went, seeing that he'd left Namjoon's straw hat in the boat, when he broke through the water surface.

"Yoongi!?" Hoseok shouted, starting to panic from the thought of Yoongi drowning. They were at the deepest part of the lake. The water looked almost black as he glanced down. The sky was light blue with white and fluffy clouds. It was too cheerful considering Sana and Momo were drowning.

"Help!" Sana shouted as she appeared again, lifting a coughing Momo from the water.

"Here!" Yoongi shouted before glanced over his shoulder. "Hoseok, a paddle!"

Hoseok stared in shock. Then he got it. He grabbed one of the paddles and threw it for the water, feeling like a loser when it landed in the boat again. He threw it once more. It landed in the water between himself and Yoongi. Yoongi grabbed it before it sunk to the bottom. He held it out in front of him.

"Grab the paddle," Yoongi instructed shouting Sana and coughing Momo. "Grab it! And Hoseok, get closer please!"

Hoseok started fumbling with his hands. He forgot how to use them for a moment. He grabbed the other paddle and started paddling, moving the boat closer as Sana and Momo grabbed Yoongi's paddle and Yoongi swam towards Hoseok, bringing them along by tugging at the paddle.

"I'm here!" Jones exclaimed as he reached them. He was out of breath.
"Bring the other boat here," Yoongi instructed him. "Hoseok, could you help Momo up?" He asked Hoseok, looking like a drenched rat.

"Y-yes!" Hoseok stuttered, wanting to help, forgetting all about his fear of falling in and seasickness. He put the paddle in the middle of the boat and grabbed the other paddle when Yoongi gave it to him. Momo held it at the other end. Hoseok tugged at it, leaning back not to turn the boat over. He hauled a very wet Momo inside. She coughed and gasped.

"Sana," Yoongi forced Sana, who had clung to him, off him and made her grip the paddle that Hoseok held out for her. He hauled her up this time. She landed on Hoseok and wet him down. He pushed her off and pressed himself to the end of the boat, not wanting them to wet him down.

"Sir!" Jones brought the other boat to Yoongi who held the boats close together. He nodded at Hoseok who prayed that he wouldn't fall in before he stepped into the new boat. His legs were wobbly and he fell to his knees with a racing heart.

"Momo, give Hoseok one of the paddles," Yoongi instructed her. She wasn't listening. She hugged Sana, laughing this time. Yoongi had to ask two more times before she listened and gave Hoseok one. He used it to help Yoongi into the boat, hugging him tightly as soon as he was in his arms.

"You're a hero, Yoongi," Hoseok whispered, feeling his heart swell.

"Nah, I just wanted to impress you." Yoongi shrugged with a flirty smile on his lips.

"What?" Hoseok laughed some.

"Did I? Are you impressed by my swimming skills?" Yoongi wondered teasingly. He leaned back with a small smile. He was shivering. "Oh, and your clothes are wet now so maybe you should take them off. Just a thought."

"Ha-ha." Hoseok laughed sarcastically. "You could take off your clothes." He tugged at Yoongi's wet shirt.

"I could always pull you in so I could save you?" Yoongi pondered, lightly pushing Hoseok to the side, almost giving him a heart attack.

"N-no! I don't wanna pee myself!" Hoseok squeaked. He wished he hadn't done that. He heard weird sounds, and looking around he found Sana and Momo staring at them from the other boat, and Jones looking confused in the water.

"Nothing to see here!" Yoongi grabbed the paddle and started paddling them away. "You're welcome that I saved your lives!"

"Are you together or something?" Sana shouted after them. Too loud. Everyone at the farm must have heard her. "I don't think friends try to impress each other like that!"

"For being a gossiper, she is surprisingly slow," Yoongi commented to Hoseok as his eyes trailed on Sana and Momo staring at them from the other boat, and Jones looking confused in the water.

"Where are we going?" He asked, looking around, waving at Taehyung and Jungkook who made a heart sign at him.

"Don't know? Away from others." Yoongi shrugged. "Not good?"

"No, it sounds good to me." Hoseok started smiling again. He took off his shoes and took off
Yoongi's shoes, so he could play with Yoongi's toes.

When they were almost by the other side of the lake Yoongi stopped paddling. He shuddered before he took off his shirt and pants.

Hoseok whistled. "Stripping for me, Yoongi? Or are you going in again?"

"Yeah I'm stripping, here you go." Yoongi laughed as he threw his wet shirt at Hoseok's face.

"Ow! You almost made me blind!" Hoseok complained, shielding his eyes as Yoongi threw his pants at him too. "Why are you dressing down? Want to test me?"

"No, I already know you can't keep your hands to yourself," Yoongi teased with a smug smirk on his face. Hoseok poked Yoongi's toes with his own, feeling exposed. "But I'm freezing. Don't think anyone can see us here, so I'll dry my clothes on the side of the boat," He said as he draped his shirt over the side of the boat, along with his pants.

"You're freezing? Why didn't you say so." Hoseok took off his shirt and pants too, tucking them at the back of the boat even though they were only damp. He smiled as he pulled Yoongi in for a hug, planning on warming him up with his body. He took off his straw hat and put it in the back too. It was in the way when Yoongi started stroking his hair.

"I really hope no one's watching now," Yoongi said as he pressed a sensual kiss to Hoseok's lips.

"Me too," Hoseok said, not really caring about anything besides Yoongi's lips at the moment. He kissed them time after time, hoping that he helped Yoongi feel hot again. The sun was warm, especially as it was reflected in the water.

As they kissed Hoseok started stroking down Yoongi's arm. The boat wobbled some under them. They were on their knees on the boat-floor. Not the most stable place in the world. Hoseok already felt like he was falling.

He stroked down Yoongi's back, grabbing the hem of his wet underwear. He wanted to pull them down. No one was there anyway. No one lived at the other side of the lake. Probably. He didn't care. The boat covered them. He pulled the underwear down Yoongi's thighs, instantly putting his palms over Yoongi's soft buttocks.

"You have the prettiest butt, Yoongi," Hoseok mused. He spread the cheeks apart a few times, not missing the way Yoongi nervously swallowed.

"Why did you pull my underwear down?" Yoongi asked in a low voice, without initiating anything, or pushing Hoseok's hands away.

"I thought you wanted me to?" Hoseok faked ignorance as he lightly ran a finger between the buttocks, over Yoongi's puckered skin. Yoongi's breath hitched and Hoseok's heart beat faster. "Didn't you like that? If you want more you need to ask nicely."

Yoongi took a breath. "Why?"

Hoseok gently spanked Yoongi's buttock, just a soft slap to the skin. "Wrong answer, baby."

"Since when do you call me baby?" Yoongi questioned.

"Since now?" Hoseok smiled at Yoongi to hide how excited he was. He pressed a kiss to his lips. "You're my angel. My baby."
"What are you then?" Yoongi asked, looking cute, leaning his chin on Hoseok's shoulder.

"I'm Hobi, your one true love and boyfriend." Hoseok kissed Yoongi's neck with passion.

"Cocky?" Yoongi joked. He stopped joking when Hoseok pressed a finger against his hole, slipping through the rim and sinking inside. It was hot inside of Yoongi. Hot and tight and lots of resistance. Hoseok felt himself grow hard from the way Yoongi felt around his finger. Glancing down between them he saw Yoongi's half-hard cock. He must like this. A lot.

"Do you like this?" Hoseok asked to be a tease. He pulled his finger in and out of Yoongi. He didn't like how dry it was. "Wait-" He gathered spit in his mouth and spit on his fingers, coating them with the spit before he put his middle finger back inside Yoongi's ass. Much better. His finger slipped inside easily, and he added another one, not sure what he was doing, only knowing that he loved doing this.

"I like- like this," Yoongi breathed, sounding like he tried to control his breathing. "Again, please?"

Hoseok felt an explosion from that please. He held Yoongi open with one hand on his buttock, spreading him, and fingered him with his other hand. When his fingers went dry again he spit on them again. The angle wasn't perfect. His wrist started hurting.

"Could you turn around, maybe?" Hoseok whispered. He didn't want the moment to end, but his wrist was aching too much.

"Of course." Yoongi detangled himself from Hoseok, looking around with lust in his eyes. There was no bed or pillows or flower fields. All there was was the water around them and the boat. So Yoongi got down on all fours on the boat, almost hitting his head against the bench by Hoseok's clothes, causing Hoseok's heart to jolt. "Like this?" He asked with his ass in the air. Hoseok almost got a nosebleed. Yoongi's ass was perfect. Round cheeks. Puckered hole. Balls hanging between his legs.

Hoseok stroked Yoongi's cheeks. When it wasn't enough he kissed them, loving every part of Yoongi. He ran his hands up and down Yoongi's inner thighs, gently stroking him, feeling him shudder. He wanted to kiss all of him. He had to. He kissed his thighs and his sac and then he pressed a kiss to the sensitive skin of his hole. His stomach swirled because it was so wrong. Yoongi gasped, muscles clenched. Hoseok leaned back and wiped his mouth on the back of his hand. He spit on his fingers before he brought two of them to Yoongi's ass, rubbing them over the spot he'd just kissed, pressing them inside, feeling aroused as he watched them get swallowed by Yoongi's hole.

He didn't know what to do. He pressed a kiss to Yoongi's hip before he wrapped an arm around him and found his cock, starting stroking him in a slow pace. Yoongi groaned as he grinded back on Hoseok's fingers.

"Harder," Yoongi urged. "Please,"

Hoseok bit his lip. He started jerking Yoongi faster, thinking that he'd meant that. His fingers were going dry again. He curled them a little bit, wondering if he would be able to, when Yoongi's body twitched and he moaned. Hoseok froze. Yoongi froze. Hoseok's cock was the only thing that didn't freeze. It jumped in his underwear. Hoseok pulled them down with a hand, panting when his erection sprung free.

"Yoongi, what was that?" He asked, experimentally curling his fingers inside of Yoongi again.
"I was going to ask you," Yoongi said over his shoulder. His face was red. His arms were trembling. Hoseok just wanted to ravish him. Kiss him. Hold him. Do it all.

Then he thought... if he could put his fingers in there, would he be able to put something else in there as well?

"Angel-baby, do you think I could put my dick in here?" He asked bluntly. He could feel embarrassed later.

Yoongi flicked his eyes from Hoseok's eyes to his cock back to his eyes again. "No?"

"No?" Hoseok asked, growing strangely disappointed. "Can't we try?"

"I-" Yoongi frowned down at Hoseok's cock again. "You're much bigger than your fingers."

"You're right..." Hoseok trailed off. He kissed Yoongi's buttock, feeling lost. He wanted to fuck Yoongi. Somehow. He didn't want to say that out loud though. He sounded creepy.

Then he got another idea. He started curling his fingers again, excitedly waiting for sounds from Yoongi, feeling amazing when Yoongi gasped a moment later. Hoseok rubbed his fingers against the spot that left Yoongi's body jerking, watching him.

"I'm-" Yoongi choked out, pressing back on Hoseok's fingers as much as he could in the narrow boat. "C-coming-, coming n-now!" He moaned out loud as Hoseok pressed his fingers down hard on the spot. Hoseok panted and started rubbing his cock against Yoongi's leg, humping it. The friction was good but not enough. He retracted his fingers from Yoongi's butt and grabbed his hips instead, lining up behind him. "W-what are-"

"I just wanna- wanna try something, you can relax Yoongi, I love you so much-" Hoseok stopped talking when he lined up his cock against Yoongi's crack, rolling his hips and sliding against him. Yoongi gave a sound of surprise. He grinded back at him, urging him on. Hoseok felt lit up. He held on to Yoongi as he started bucking his hips, heart beating hard in his chest, breathing hard.

The boat wobbled and water splashed up on the side, but it wouldn't tip over. "Oh my god," Yoongi cried, reaching back to touch Hoseok somewhere. Hoseok leaned forward, draping himself over Yoongi in the boat, pressing a kiss to his ear. He reached around and stroked a hand over Yoongi's chest, finding one of his nipples that he pinched. He snapped his hips in a quick pace, rubbing his cock against Yoongi's crack.

"Touch me, touch me, please, more," Yoongi whined. Hoseok licked his ear, breathing into it messily as the hand on Yoongi's nipple lowered to his cock hanging between his legs. He gripped it, feeling the heat, and started stroking. "Ah," Yoongi panted, trapped between Hoseok's hand and cock.

"Louder," Hoseok breathed, sliding his thumb over the slit before his hand slid down hard over Yoongi's length. Hoseok was close. This was almost like real fucking. Like the thing he felt the need to do. He was burning up inside and he felt alive. Yoongi whined and sobbed under him, helplessly bucking his hips and pressing back at Hoseok. The ground was hard and it made Hoseok's knees hurt. He didn't care. The pleasure was more important.

"Nggh," Hoseok pressed a kiss to Yoongi's neck. "Do you wanna- wanna come, baby?" He squeezed Yoongi's cock at the base, preventing him from coming.

"I-" Yoongi's breath hitched. His back arched under Hoseok. "I wanna, please, please let me,"
"My baby," Hoseok whispered. He loosened his grip on Yoongi's length, and rutted against Yoongi's crack, his movements too eager. His cock slid in under his ass, rubbing against his balls.

"Shit," Yoongi cursed as he came. He tensed and gasped with a mouth agape, body going rigid. Hoseok quickly started jerking himself off until he came too, over Yoongi's ass and thighs. He whimpered about Yoongi, kissed him, feeling blissful as his toes curled.

The feeling was amazing, but over too quickly. Panting, he started looking around, finding Yoongi still panting in front of him. Hoseok grabbed his shirt that he'd tucked in the corner of the boat and used it to wipe away the mess he'd made. His shirt getting dirty was a small sacrifice. He dipped it into the water, squeezed water from it and turned a still panting Yoongi around. They made eye contact under the sun. Hoseok smiled, full of love and giggly happiness as Yoongi smiled back at him, incredulous look on his face. Hoseok cleaned him with his shirt, making sure to kiss him everywhere he could. He wiped the floor of the boat too, before he half-heartedly washed his shirt in the lake water and draped it over the side of the boat.

Yoongi sat up, grimacing from the pain in his back. It probably hadn't been that comfortable to lie on the boat floor. Or to stand on his knees and hands. Then Yoongi stopped grimacing. He brought Hoseok into a hug and kissed him.

"Please excuse me for cursing, but hell, how much I love you, Hoseok."

"I love you too." Hoseok pressed his nose against Yoongi's, smiling at him, feeling warm and sated. "Love that you're all mine."

They hugged some more, but then they were too tired and laid down on the boat floor. It was small and crowded and not very comfortable. Hoseok held Yoongi in his arms, stroking his back gently and smiling at him. Their boat had drifted closer to the other side of the lake. Treetops gave them shadow from the harsh sun. The paddle was pressed against the side. Hoseok had no energy to pick it up and steer the boat back to the middle of the lake. He didn't feel like doing so either. He and Yoongi were still naked.

"Hoseok, I've been meaning to tell you something," Yoongi said then, his voice sleepy. He leaned on Hoseok's chest. Hoseok threaded his fingers in his hair.

"What?"

"I wonder if- if you have ever noticed the marks on my lower back," Yoongi asked in a small voice, looking hesitant.

Hoseok got a flashback from the first time he'd tried to dress him, and from the first time he'd scrubbed Yoongi in the bath. He'd seen the pink more times than that. He was just used to it. He hadn't commented on it.

"I have," Hoseok admitted. "What about them?" He wondered what had happened. Maybe a dog had attacked him. It had happened to one of Hoseok's friends when he was younger.

"They are uhm, scars," Yoongi said, looking saddened. Hoseok stroked him with more determination, ran his hands over his soft skin. "From my father. He used to hit me with his belt when I was younger."

"What?" Hoseok asked, feeling sick with fear instantly.

"Not many times," Yoongi tried to calm him. He looked afraid. "But- but father found out that I was homosexual. He thought I was possessed by Satan, so he tried to turn me 'back to normal' by
"What the?" Hoseok felt about to cry. Then he grew furious. Had someone hurt Yoongi? His Yoongi? Hoseok wanted to punch Yoongi's father.

"He says it's wrong and disgusting," Yoongi finished.

"But it's love?"

"I know." Yoongi sighed. He shook his head miserably. "But he doesn't know love. Doesn't believe in it. He hates mother and mother hates him. Everyone knows they've had affairs on the side. All they want is to keep the bloodline going. They think I'm perverted, that it's a disease. I can't count all the times they've told me I'm going to hell."

Hoseok stared at Yoongi in shock. He was so sad. So angry. Upset. "Your brother then?"

"He knows," Yoongi said. "Knows what I am. I just- I was younger at that time, when father found out about it. I didn't understand how what I felt was right could be so wrong to them."

"I understand," Hoseok said. "Or I don't, of course I don't, I can't, but to some extend?"

"You do?" Yoongi stroked Hoseok's cheek affectionately. "Tell me? I'm only talking about myself."

"No, you're not," Hoseok reassured him, wanting to listen to Yoongi talking forever. "But I have a sister. Not sure if I mentioned her before. I love her a lot, but I didn't even tell her what I am. Not mother. Especially not father. No one knows what's wrong with me, only that I've always been different. I was teased a lot in school too."

"Different?" Yoongi wondered.

Hoseok let out an ironic laugh. "Yeah ehm, I don't like chopping fire wood, or working until I'm sweaty, or girls, or anything like that. I like dancing and singing." He revealed. He held his breath. This is the first time he'd told anyone about this. He hoped Yoongi wouldn't make fun of him.

"Really?" Yoongi asked, raising his eyebrows some. "I didn't know that."

"It's my dream," Hoseok explained, opening the last bit of his heart. "Father doesn't think it's manly enough though, and mother says I'll end up living on the street, that I can't make money on it. I never got to take dance classes and every time I sang someone asked me to stop." He started pouting thinking about it. "They're already against me. I don't know if they found out about this other thing. That I-, ehm,"

"That you like dick?" Yoongi suggested, looking serious.

"That I'm in love with a boy."

"Oh." Yoongi smiled shyly, looking about to giggle.

"Very in love with a boy," Hoseok corrected himself. He stroked back Yoongi's fringe and pressed a kiss to his forehead, feeling warm for a moment.

"We're two then," Yoongi said with a small smile. "My parents don't know that I'm in love with a boy either."

"What do you think would happen if they found out?" Hoseok asked, regretting it when he saw
how horrified Yoongi looked.

"Kill me?" Yoongi offered, as if Hoseok knew what they would do. "Beat me up again?"

"I won't let them do that," Hoseok said quickly, hiding how afraid he was himself. He looked at Yoongi seriously. "Okay? I promise. I'll protect you."

"Okay," Yoongi said, not looking like he believed him. Hoseok didn't believe himself either. Mister and Missus Min seemed to be horrible people. Hoseok would never dare stand up against them. But he would try. He loved Yoongi. He would protect him.

"What do you think your parents would do then?" Yoongi bounced back the question.

"Oh." Hoseok felt his stomach knot. "Cry?"

"Cry? Why?" Yoongi blinked in wonder.

"My family is very emotional," Hoseok pondered. "And father has always had this dream that I would put our family name 'out there' by marrying some rich girl or something. All my life he's been telling me things that 'will come in handy when I become a father myself'."

"So he will cry because you can't have children?" Yoongi checked.

"And he would probably be grossed out too," Hoseok said, remembering about the time when father had caught Hoseok staring at another boy at the market, giving him a very long, worried look afterwards. "Actually, I don't know what my parents would do. I'm not planning on telling them. Think they've forgotten about me by now."

"What?" Yoongi still looked confused. "How could they do that?"

"Most people don't think I'm that special," Hoseok admitted. "I'm just a boy. My parents dropped me off here and didn't give me their new address. Haven't gotten a letter all summer."

"Are you sure?" Yoongi asked with a slight frown. "Maggie's the one who handles the post. She's really good at burning letters."

Hoseok's mouth fell open. "What do you mean? Has she burned my letters? Have my parents contacted me?" His stomach knotted together again. He started feeling sick.

"I'm not sure? I could ask her, or take care of the post myself in the mornings," Yoongi said. "Hey? What is it?" He stroked Hoseok's hair, put on a smile for him. "I'm not afraid of my father, and I think you're super special."

"It's not that," Hoseok said, feeling conflicted. "It's just- I thought my parents had forgotten about me, and I was getting used to the idea, but if they have sent me a letter, they- they might come pick me up at the end of the summer."

Yoongi's eyes went big with fear. "And...?"

"Then I'll need to move to Seoul."

They went silent. Yoongi stared into Hoseok's eyes, looking terrified. "No," He said with a shake of his head. "No."

"I don't want to either," Hoseok said, feeling sad. "We don't know though. We need to check the post."
"You're right." Yoongi nodded. His eyes were scared. Lonely. "I just don't know what I'd do if you moved away. I'm so used to having you close."

"Same." Hoseok sighed. He hugged Yoongi close and pressed several hard kisses to his forehead and eyebrows. "Let's not think about that now. Can't you tell me if you have any dreams instead?"

"If I have any dreams?" Yoongi leaned his head on Hoseok's shoulder and glanced at him. "My dream is to marry you."

"What," Hoseok breathed in shock. His heart jolted out of his chest and he filled with nervous excitement.

"I mean," Yoongi swallowed, looking like he'd said too much. "I would never be able to propose to you, since we're both men, or boys, but if I could I think that would be my dream."

"You want to marry me?" Hoseok whispered, so flattered and honored and surprised and filled of love that he felt tears burn in his eyes.

"I want to marry you." Yoongi shrugged, his face red. "If I could I would give you half my heritage and half my clothes and half of the candy in my drawer."

"You want to marry me?" Hoseok repeated, too shocked and happy to think of anything else. "Me?"

"Yes, Hoseok, you. I love you, remember?" Yoongi smiled uncertainty. "You make it hard to breathe most of the time, and I can't really eat, and I'm so nervous, but you make me so happy."

"Oh my god." Hoseok put a hand over his mouth. He blinked, felt a tear trickle down his cheek.

"Don't cry? Please?" Yoongi hurriedly tried to wipe Hoseok's tears away. They kept coming.

"I'm just so happy," Hoseok sniffled, hugging Yoongi tighter and pressing his face against his hair. "And I- I want to marry you too. I want to be with you every day."

"Honestly?" Yoongi sounded surprised, giggly with happiness too. "Though, I think you'd grow bored of me after a while."

"Me? Grow bored of you? No, you would grow tired of me." Hoseok kissed Yoongi's hair, combing through it with his fingers.

"Never." Yoongi shook his head.

"Good, we feel the same then." Hoseok let out a light laugh. "God... you marrying me. I hadn't even thought about that until now."

"We can't, legally," Yoongi said, sounding annoyed. "Which is bullshit."

"I agree. It's pure poop to prevent us when I love you so much!" Hoseok pulled Yoongi closer, so he could look him in the eyes. "But imagine. Imagine us in a church with me at the altar and you walking in with flowers in your hair."

"Flowers in my hair? Where did that come from?" Yoongi chuckled.

"You'd look wonderful," Hoseok said dreamily, imagining it. "And you'd wear blue like the sea, and I'd wear green like the trees."

"So you want nature theme?" Yoongi raised his eyebrows. "What if I want a traditional one?"
"You don't." Hoseok shook his head. "You hate traditions."

"True," Yoongi admitted. "I was only testing you there, but you know me. Maybe you are fit to be my husband after all," He teased with a sneaky smile on his lips.

"Hey..." Hoseok bit at Yoongi's neck, nibbling at the skin and pretending to be punishing him.

"I've always loved dogs," Yoongi giggled, scraping Hoseok's nape with his fingers. "Please continue."

Hoseok laughed. "No, I wanna talk about our wedding. I'm excited now."

"I say we skip all formalities and skip to the wedding night. Good with you?" Yoongi joked, poking Hoseok in the chest with a cute finger.

"No? I want to hear how much you love me in the vows." Hoseok poked Yoongi back. Yoongi's body twitched and he laughed so his gums were showing. Adorable. His laugh was addicting. Hoseok felt nearly crazy with love.

"My family has a 'famous' blanket that couples get to borrow on the wedding night. It's said to be blessed by God who will help them make babies," Yoongi said. Hoseok thought he was joking at first, but he looked serious.

"If it's the blanket I've been using it might explain why I had to hump my mattress all the time," Hoseok said, feeling a bit weird from the thought.

"You humped your mattress? I feel jealous." Yoongi snorted out a laugh. It was wonderful.

"Don't be. I thought of you every time," Hoseok said, hearing how creepy he sounded.

"I'm flattered," Yoongi said, thankfully not sounding weirded out. They hugged and laughed some more, then they tuned out into silence. The boat was by the shore now. It was shadowy under the tall trees. It was a forest without a beach.

"So you wondered about my dreams?" Yoongi brought the topic back to the original one. Hoseok didn't feel done yet.

"I think you forgot something," Hoseok said. Yoongi raised his eyebrows in question. "You didn't propose to me properly."

"Oh." Yoongi crawled back in the boat. He scrambled around until he stood on one knee, smiling embarrassingly at Hoseok who sat up, feeling soft at heart. "Jung Hoseok, the most beautiful, funny and lovable person on the planet, would you like to marry me?" He asked, holding out a hand.

"Only on the planet?" Hoseok teased, unable to resist.

"In the universe. The most lovable person anywhere in the world and galaxy," Yoongi said dramatically, overdoing it. "What do you say? Will you marry me?"

"Yes!" Hoseok took Yoongi's hand with a smile, feeling so giggly. He couldn't wait to tell Jimin about this later. Jimin would scream. Hoseok wanted to scream too. He didn't want to scare Yoongi.

"If you want I could- could give you a ring when we get back," Yoongi said with red cheeks. He
entwined their fingers and looked at their hands.

"You could?" Hoseok asked in a low voice, heart clenching in his chest. "You don't have to. I could make one from grass or something."

"My husband isn't going to walk around with a grass ring." Yoongi shook his head with a smile. He glanced back up at Hoseok, meeting his gaze. "I have a green ring that I'd like to give to you, but only if you want it, of course."

"Do I have a choice?" Hoseok wondered, feeling happy that Yoongi wanted to make him pretty.

"Not really," Yoongi said with a funny look on his face. "I want you to wear it on your ring finger, so everyone can see that you're mine."

"Sounds good to me." Hoseok giggled into his hand. No one had ever made him feel this special. Yoongi kept complimenting him. Teasing him. There was no one like him. Hoseok was so happy. He must be walking on clouds. He must be dreaming.

"I think we should seal this with a kiss, don't you think, sir?" Yoongi asked.

"Sir?" Hoseok wondered.

"If you marry me you'd become noble," Yoongi explained. "But I can call you Hoseok too, or Hobi."

"Can't you call me hm..." Hoseok searched his mind for the word his father had called mother all his childhood. "Darling!"

"You want me to call you darling?" Yoongi raised his eyebrows. "As you wish, darling. Want a really wet kiss now, darling?"

"Sure, baby," Hoseok laughed. Yoongi was overdoing it. Hoseok didn't mind. Yoongi hugged him and they kissed, long and emotional, wet and sensual, sealing the promise of a future wedding. They might never be able to do it legally. The thought was still thrilling. Hoseok felt euphoric. Yoongi wanted him as his husband. It was mutual. Everything was mutual. Hoseok could die happy now.

After the steamy kiss Hoseok dressed Yoongi in his clothes. Not because they wanted to, but because it was cooler in the shadow of the trees and the floor of the boat just got harder and harder. Hoseok got dressed in his own damp clothes and then he sat with Yoongi in his lap, stroking his hands over his chest, whispering about how much he loved him in his ear as Yoongi smiled and halfheartedly mumbled for him to stop, like a shy baby.

"So do you have any other dreams, my one true love?" Hoseok asked in a soft voice. He kissed Yoongi's neck until the skin was more pink than white.

"I'm writing a lot," Yoongi revealed. "In my journal."

"Mm? Tell me more. I would like to compliment you again," Hoseok said, earning him a light, playful slap on the thigh from Yoongi. He resisted the urge to ask Yoongi to do it again.

"It's mostly song notes and poems," Yoongi explained.

"I love it. Sounds romantic and mysterious, just like you." Hoseok kissed Yoongi's neck some more, loving him that much, heart swelling with love.
"I don't think being mysterious is something good..." Yoongi trailed off uncertainly.

"I think it is," Hoseok said, thinking so. "You're always interesting."

"I am?"

"Yup." Hoseok leaned in close to Yoongi's ear. "Very," He whispered, smiling excitedly when Yoongi shivered and pressed his legs together. So cute. "But you write music then? I could sing the songs for you. I don't think I'll ever learn how to play piano. I'm a lost case."

"No, you're not," Yoongi said. "I just keep seducing you every time I try to teach you how to play."

"So you admit?" Hoseok staged a gasp. "I wondered why you kept stroking my hands and nudge my feet under the table..."

"It was purely intentional," Yoongi said lightly. Hoseok pinched his cheek. Yoongi scrunched his nose up and tried to swat his hand away.

"Have you written songs?" Hoseok asked. "Piano songs?"

"Mostly piano songs. I know how to play the flute and guitar too, but I like piano the most," Yoongi said. Hoseok made a sound of being impressed. Yoongi was so cool. He knew so much. His fingers could work wonders. "There's only text to one of the songs though."

"A special song?" Hoseok wondered curiously.

"Yeah. About a special person."

Hoseok felt his heart jump with jealousy. Had Yoongi written a song about someone else?

"You wrote a song about yourself, angel?" Hoseok asked, masking his worry and irrational jealousy.

"Very funny," Yoongi snorted. "It's about you."

Oh. Hoseok felt stupid. Why had he been jealous? Yoongi had just told him that he loved Hoseok the most.

"It is?" Hoseok asked in wonder, feeling flattered and soft instead. "Can I hear it?"

"Perhaps. It depends..."

"On?"

"Hm..." Yoongi thoughtfully rubbed his chin, making an act of thinking. "You need to kiss me first," He said cleverly, glancing at Hoseok over his shoulder.

Hoseok pressed a kiss to Yoongi's shoulder. "Done. Can I hear it now?"

"I meant on my lips." Yoongi pointed at his lips, looking cute and stubborn. Hoseok leaned closer and kissed him on his lips from behind, the angle not the best, still managing to press their lips together in a sweet kiss.

"Can I hear it now?" He asked impatiently, excitedly.

"When we get back," Yoongi decided, small, shy smile on his lips. "But I wrote it a week ago and

They teased each other some more, then Yoongi's stomach rumbled and they decided that it was time to head back. Hoseok grabbed the paddle and started paddling, not wanting Yoongi to work up a sweat. Yoongi watched him from the other side of the boat, putting on Hoseok's straw-hat and smiling at him. He looked good in the hat.

"This was the best date, Yoongi," Hoseok said when they were halfway back to the farm.

"Was it a date?" Yoongi asked.

"Sure it was. Jin probably knew this would happen. He's clever." Hoseok winked at Yoongi.

"He's always said he'd like to play best man on my wedding one day," Yoongi said. "I would rather have Namjoon, but then Jin would tell me that farmers weren't allowed at the altar."

"But I'm a farmer?" Hoseok pouted sadly.

"Yes, but our wedding will allow farmers, and homosexuals, inside. In fact, *only* farmers and homosexuals are allowed inside," Yoongi decided, looking sneaky and proud.

"What about Jones? Jimin said he was only twenty percent homosexual. Is he allowed inside or not?" Hoseok asked, thinking that Jimin would want to invite him if they were a thing now.

"He can come," Yoongi said with a nod. "But no one's allowed to dress up. I want all eyes to be on you, so everyone can see how beautiful you are."

"Oh Yoongi," Hoseok said, his heart clenching. Was Yoongi real? He couldn't be. He made Hoseok feel so wanted.

"You have to admit that you're beautiful?" Yoongi said, giving Hoseok a serious, honest look.

"I love you." Hoseok dropped the paddle and attack-hugged Yoongi. He threw himself at him and kissed him madly, having to feel that Yoongi was real since he felt everything from it.

When he heard a 'plop' he leaned away, catching his breath as he glanced over his shoulder in confusion. "What was that?"

"I think you dropped our paddle," Yoongi spoke before he grabbed the front of Hoseok's shirt and pulled him close again. "Kiss me-"

By the time they stopped kissing the paddle was long gone, probably at the bottom of the lake already. The boat started drifting for the other side of the lake again. Yoongi shielded himself from the sun under Hoseok's hat. Hoseok felt like he'd got five tans today.

"What do we do now?" He asked. Yoongi had no time to answer. Taehyung and Jungkook approached them in their own boat, grinning and waving at them. They looked a bit too smug.

"Why does it feel like they've been spying on us?" Yoongi questioned worriedly.

"I don't know and I don't want to know," Hoseok said. Taehyung and Jungkook's boat lined up next to theirs and they handed them one of their paddles, smiling weirdly at them. "What?" Hoseok
"The trees have eyes, you know," Taehyung said mysteriously. "Kookie and I have another fort in the forest."

"Wha-" Hoseok started. Then his eyes went wide. "Wait." Had Taehyung and Jungkook been in the forest? When Hoseok fucked Yoongi with his fingers?

"Please tell me they're joking?" Yoongi said worriedly, scratching the side of his face worriedly, sharing a horrified look with Hoseok.

"They're joking." Hoseok said, hoping that Taehyung and Jungkook only had seen them hug naked in the boat. It had to be that way. Jungkook was twelve. He would've looked more shocked otherwise. He probably thought that seeing Hoseok and Yoongi naked had been fun.

Hoseok grabbed the paddle they got and paddled them back to the beach where Jin came running for them. He squeaked and jumped on the spot, holding something in his hands. Hoseok gasped when he saw what it was. A pair of binoculars. Creepy. Had he watched them?

"Min Yoongi!" Jin exclaimed, knowing no personal space as he pressed himself up in Yoongi's face by the beach. "I didn't believe my eyes when I saw Hoseok kiss your as-" Yoongi stomped on his foot, made him shut it.

Hoseok smiled a tense smile at the small crowd gathered on the beach. Dahyun had her arms crossed, and Rose was frowning deep. Why did they look so mad?

"Did you push Sana into the water?" Rose asked Hoseok as he passed her, having stepped out of the boat too, glaring at him. "Not nice."

"Excuse me?" Hoseok raised his eyebrows.

"Sana told us everything," Dahyun said, sharing an angry look with Rose. "What do you have against girls?"

"I don't have anything against girls-"

"I love love!" Jin squealed, his outburst overpowering everything else. "But Yoongi, please don't hesitate to come to me if you have any questions!"

"What is he shouting about?" Jackson wondered as he walked out on the beach with Mark.

"Who knows?" Rose huffed. "But didn't you hear? Hoseok pushed Sana into the lake and she almost died."

Hoseok grew irritated. "That's not true. She fell inside herself and then Yoongi saved her. I helped him."

"Yoongi saving Sana?" Jackson laughed. "Nice joke. Everyone knows that they hate each other."

"But it's true," Hoseok urged. Rose and Dahyun shook their heads at him.

"He's spent so much time with Moody Min that he's lost touch with reality," Jackson joked. "What? Everyone knows that craziness is contagious."

"Yoongi isn't crazy," Hoseok spat, growing furious. It's people like this that's the reason Yoongi hadn't allowed anyone to dress him or look at him for years. Gossipers that knew nothing about the
real Yoongi. They didn't know the angel-baby that had just proposed to Hoseok and promised him the world.

"What? Do you like him or something?" Jackson frowned. "But wait. You do. Why are you hanging around him all days? Does he need help using the bathroom too?"

"Ew, I would never be able to help him do that." All heads turned to the side when Sana joined the group, raising her eyebrows at Hoseok. Her dress was still damp. Hoseok felt growing hate bubble in his chest.

"Yoongi saved you. You should feel grateful," Hoseok told Sana.

"Trying to threaten me?" Sana wondered. "Just like Moody Min."

"Stop calling him that!" Hoseok kicked up sand. The wind was on his side. The sand blew up in Sana's face.

"What's happening here?" Hoseok wanted to thank God. Jimin. He was here to help Hoseok. Jin and Yoongi were arguing further back on the beach. Taehyung and Jungkook paddled up on the beach. Hoseok wasn't alone.

"Yoongi saved Sana and Momo who almost drowned, but Sana says Yoongi tried to drown her., Hoseok explained. "And they're calling Yoongi crazy."

"Hey," Jimin raised a short warning finger at the group. "Hobi's my best bro. Mess with Min and you're messing with me. Understood?"

"No? That sounded confusing." Mark looked confused.

"Just agree with me, Mark." Jimin rolled his eyes. "Everyone knows Sana's a gossiper. Half the things that jump out her mouth are frogs."

"Not true." Sana crossed her arms.

"You just want drama. Can't agree that Min can be nice." Jimin poked his tongue out. "If you weren't such an ass he might give you chocolate too."

"Chocolate?" Everyone asked.

"Act along?" Jimin whispered to Hoseok. He went on like a warrior, keeping the argumentation until Sana gave up and admitted that Yoongi had saved her. Hoseok hugged Jimin with victory and Jimin winked at Mark.

Then Taehyung and Jungkook hugged Jimin and Hoseok from behind, surprising them and clinging to them like two monkeys. Hoseok tried to shrug Jungkook off his back. Jin was hugging Yoongi now. They must be done arguing. It looked like Jin was crying. He patted Yoongi on the back and wiped his runny nose on the back of his hand. He shouted for Namjoon until he ran up to them. Jin whispered something in his ear and he started crying too.

"Why are they crying?" Jimin asked in confusion. Hoseok had his suspicion.

"Promise not to tell?" He whispered to Jimin. Taehyung and Jungkook released them and angled up their ears to hear too.

"Cross my heart," Jimin swore solemnly. "Now tell me! What is it!"
"Yoongi proposed to me," Hoseok whispered excitedly. "He asked me if I wanted to marry him, and I said yes."

It took a second. Then Jimin started screaming. He put a hand over his mouth, hooked arms with Taehyung and screamed some more. Jungkook grinned and Taehyung started singing, "Hoseok and Yoongi sitting in a tree~"

"Shh," Hoseok tried hushing them. Jin, Namjoon and Yoongi glanced over at them and Hoseok waved awkwardly, feeling smitten when Yoongi smiled at him over his shoulder, looking handsome and wonderful.

"Jesus is real everyone!" Jimin said, dropping to his knees and putting his hands together in a prayer. "Hallelujah!" Then he rose up and looked more serious. "Invite me, okay? I'm your right hand."


"Did he really ask you to be his husband?" Jimin whispered with big eyes. "That's so big."

"I know," Hoseok said. It was. He didn't feel scared. Not at all. Thinking of his and Yoongi's imaginary wedding only left him feeling happy. Giddy with happiness. Like he would be smiling for the rest of his life.

"I'm so happy!" Jimin squealed some more and jumped on the spot. Hoseok laughed. Then Yoongi called for him and Hoseok ran for him in a second, forgetting about his friends and their little celebratory party. He smiled at Yoongi, feeling happy. He wasn't prepared for Jin who reached for him, pulling him into his arms.

"Welcome to the family, dear. I hope you will make Yoongi happy. I know you will. I approve. You're wonderful together!" Jin cried. He pushed Hoseok into Namjoon's arms. He got a hug, feeling emotional but stiff from being pushed around like this.

"Could I have my fiancé back now, please?" Yoongi asked. He took Hoseok's hand in his and pulled him into his own arms, drawing a laugh out of him.

"You just called me your fiancé," Hoseok giggled. He felt so fluffy inside. So soft and happy.

"Weird, I know. You don't have your ring yet, but we will take care of that now. Would you please follow me to my room, my love?" Yoongi asked politely, sweeping Hoseok under his feet.

"Yes!" Jin was the one to answer. "Yes, yes follow him Hobi! Go!" He pushed them from behind, grabbing a napkin from his pocket and sneezing into it.

"Don't mind them," Yoongi said as they walked for the mansion together. Hoseok took back his straw-hat from Yoongi, running a hand through Yoongi's hair.

"I don't mind," Hoseok said with a smile. Yoongi smiled back at him, looking happy.

Back in Yoongi's room Yoongi picked up a ring with an emerald gemstone on it from his desk drawer. He got down on one knee and asked Hoseok for his left hand. He threaded the ring on his ring finger. It was the perfect fit. Hoseok watched the ring on his finger, feeling as good as royal. It was the nicest gift he'd ever received.

"I love you!" Hoseok said as he kissed Yoongi and picked him up in his arms, carrying him to the
bed. He loved him so much. He was going to show him. For the rest of his life he was going to show him.

Chapter End Notes

tnx again for reading!!♥♥♥ enjoy the happy farmers ride while it lasts, because this train will soon reach its final destination in Gay Town translation: there's not many chapters left?? thank you for following me on this journey! hope you liked this chapter, and i hope you will like the end of this story!...
Blue like the sea and green like the trees. That's what Hoseok thought as he held Yoongi's hand and walked to the piano. What did those colors make together? Purple? Nah. Turquoise? No. Hoseok knew what they made. True love. Blue and green made true love. Hoseok's math teacher would be proud. This was the most complicated equation he'd ever solved.

Yoongi started playing the piano with his pretty fingers. Hoseok watched them move over the keys, humming along with the melody. It wasn't a happy song. It wasn't a sad song either. It was deep, interesting, and it only got better once Yoongi started singing.

"The text is bad," Yoongi had warned Hoseok before Hoseok had spaced off thinking about colors. "And a bit creepy."

Hoseok didn't think so though. He would probably never think something Yoongi had laid his hands on could be bad or creepy. Only wonderful.

Yoongi started singing, eyes hesitant, mumbling out the words. "What's the price, for your hazel eyes. Bright like the sun, you're always so fun. With all the colors you spread, my heart is always fed. Full of happiness and love, you're my only one." Yoongi hummed the rest of the song, probably not having made text to it yet. Then he stopped playing the piano and glanced at Hoseok uncertainly. "I know it's bad," He said, reaching for the notes he'd placed on the piano in front of him.

"No, it's not," Hoseok stopped him. He took his hand in his and smiled. He was so warm inside. He couldn't believe that Yoongi had written that for him. "The last rhyme was a stretch, but did you write this with me in mind? I'm so happy."

"You are?" Yoongi looked happy too. "That's only the first part of it, though. It's not done yet."

"I still love it." Hoseok made a funny grimace and kissed the tip of Yoongi's nose. "Because you made it."

Yoongi smiled like the cutest, most shy, angel-baby in the world. Hoseok felt crazy for a moment. He hugged Yoongi tight and kissed him against the piano, not caring if Jungkook or Mark would complain about ghosts from downstairs again.

Later, as Hoseok and Yoongi walked downstairs to rummage through the post in Maggie's room, they walked into Jin who almost fainted when he saw them.

"Ah, Hoseok and Yoongi!" He exclaimed dramatically. He had little Yeontan under his arm. The dog barked and tried to wriggle out of his grip.

"Good afternoon to you too," Yoongi said swiftly, dodging him and leading Hoseok forward in the
"Does anyone want cake?" Jin asked no one in particular. "We need to celebrate! Cake for everyone!"

At the mention of cake farmers, as by magic, appeared around every corner. Jimin hooked arms with Taehyung who held on to Jungkook who took Yeontan from Jin.

"In here." Yoongi opened a closed door with his key. They were on the first floor, close to the ballroom. Hoseok hadn't been here before. The room they walked into was small and smelled like old parchment. Newspapers and letters were stacked on shelves.

"What is this room?" Hoseok asked curiously.

"Where we store letters," Yoongi replied even though it was quite obvious. He started looking through he letters on the closest shelf. "Here are the letters we received at the beginning of the summer, over here."

"Why are you keeping them?" Hoseok wondered, thinking that letters were personal, perhaps too personal to keep in a room where anyone could read them.

"It's mostly business related," Yoongi explained. "Sometimes people promise things and then they forget about it, so we keep letters as proof."

"Okay." Hoseok felt confused. He looked around. He didn't want to mess anything up. "Do you receive a lot of mail?"

"Nope." Yoongi raised his eyebrows at Hoseok over his shoulder. "Almost only from proposers, but they stopped when I didn't reply to them."

Hoseok felt his heart jump with jealousy. "You didn't answer them? Why not?"

"I never wanted to get married." Yoongi shrugged. They both glanced at their rings. "Until now."

"Oh, Yoongi," Hoseok couldn't help it. He had to kiss Yoongi. So he hugged him and kissed him really hard and messy on the lips, and accidentally pulled down a whole shelf with letters along the way. Newspapers and letters covered the floor as they stumbled and broke apart. "Oops,"

"It's okay, I'm just gonna check that no one heard us," Yoongi whispered, looking flustered, going to the door to check. He shut it quickly and inhaled sharply. Hoseok's heart thumped. "Maggie's in the corridor."

Hoseok nodded in the darkness. He held his breath until Yoongi deemed it safe and opened the door again, letting light inside. They hurriedly put back the letters and newspapers on the shelf and Yoongi started looking for something again.

"This was odd," Yoongi commented. "All letters from the past months are missing."

"What?"

"That hag," Yoongi muttered. He leaned against the wall, giving Hoseok a tired, annoyed look. "She doesn't let me know anything. Has treated me like a child all my life."

"I'm sorry," Hoseok said with a pout, thinking that he hated that hag for treating Yoongi so badly when he deserved the best treatment in the world.
"Not your fault." Yoongi shook his head. "But this could mean two things. Either none of us has received any mail, which means that you can stay here. Though, then you might not ever meet your parents again." He offered Hoseok a sad face.

"And what's the other thing?" Hoseok asked, not wanting to think about that since it made him so sad.

"The other possibility is that we have received post, only that Maggie's keeping them somewhere else, or that she's burned them," Yoongi explained with a concerned frown on his face.

"Why would she do that?" Hoseok simply didn't understand.

"Many reasons," Yoongi pondered. "Once I had a pen pal that my mother didn't seem fit, so she made Maggie burn all the letters. Perhaps your parents sent you money that Maggie took? We don't know anything."

Hoseok gaped. His parents had left him with nothing when they'd dropped him off here. "Would she do that?"

"Maggie usually doesn't know limits. That's why my parents love her." Yoongi let out a sigh. He draped an arm around Hoseok's shoulders even though he was a bit shorter than him.

"What do we do now?" Hoseok asked, wondering if his parents would come to pick him up or not. He wondered if this went for the others as well. What if Jimin's family had tried to contact him, wanting him back? What if Taehyung's father wanted to meet him again?

"I'll check the mailbox tomorrow morning myself," Yoongi said. He led Hoseok out of the room. "And if that hag's been burning our post I'm thinking of asking Jimin for some pranking help."

"Really?" Hoseok asked.

"Yeah? Wouldn't it be fun to burn up all her clothes?" Yoongi snickered evilly.

"That's not a prank. That's just being mean." Hoseok tsked and ruffled Yoongi's hair.

"Same, same." Yoongi smiled teasingly, kissing Hoseok on his cheek.

Hoseok stopped and started frowning. "You need to stop being so cute now, darling. I'm hungry but you're distracting me all the time."

"My bad." Yoongi snickered before he kissed Hoseok's cheek again. Hoseok had enough. He lifted Yoongi up and ran into the dining room, as fast as he could, kissing Yoongi against the wall until Jones walked into the room and dropped a tray in surprise when he saw them.

"Don't tell anyone," Yoongi told him quickly, nervously, taking a step away from Hoseok who grew scared. He should be more careful. "Here," Yoongi gave Jones money and candy from his pockets.

"Sir! No need!" Jones bowed several times. He still put the money and candy in his pocket and hurried away into the kitchen with a bright smile on his lips.

Hoseok and Yoongi shared a look of confusion. Then they walked to the beach where Jin was sharing around chocolate cake. And after that he shared around sausages and potatoes on plates. Quite in the wrong order. Hoseok and Yoongi sat down on Jimin, Taehyung and Namjoon's blanket. Jungkook was helping Jin sharing around the food against his will.
"Have a seat," Jimin said with a smug look on his face.

"Thanks Jiminie," Hoseok tried to look unbothered. Jimin and Taehyung looked like two, smug little devils.

"Nice with chocolate cake for lunch," Namjoon commented. It was a bit stiff. He was a true hero for trying to make it less tense.

The conversation went on as they ate. Jin and Jungkook jointed them, almost pushing Jimin out of the little blanket when it got crowded. Jimin called Jin out for having a fat ass and Jungkook stole Jimin's sausages. Yoongi whispered rude things about them into Hoseok in his ear that Hoseok probably only thought was funny since he was whipped.

They talked and laughed and Jungkook threw food at Jin. Then they stopped laughing. Someone ran out of the beach. Or several. Mina, Sana and Momo, looking hurried.

"Everyone, we have a problem!" Sana exclaimed, coming to a stop when she almost stepped on Jimin. Hoseok felt his stomach clench. His mind instantly went for the Mins. Were they back?

"Spill?" Jimin asked impatiently. "You broke a nail or something?"

"No, silly." Sana rolled her eyes. "Much greater than that." She motioned for Momo and Mina who held hands.

"Momo dumped you for Mina?" Taehyung suggested.

"No, Mina- she's pregnant!" Sana said dramatically, motioning for Mina who hunched her shoulders, looking miserable.

Hoseok dropped the sausage in his hand. Jin choked and Jimin gasped.

"Fuck you, Jack!" Someone shouted close to them. Mark. He stood up from his blanket and walked over to Jackson who stood gaping by the trees. It took a moment, then Mark slapped Jackson across the face.

"What-" Jackson shouted as Mark kicked his leg.

"I hate you!" Mark spat, trying to hit Jackson again. They stumbled and landed on the sand, Mark sitting on Jackson as he waved his fists around in the air.

Jimin snapped his head back and forth, trying to keep up with everything. Hoseok picked up his sausage from the blanket and nibbled on it as he scooted closer to Yoongi. He didn't know what to do. He didn't like violence. At least the Mins weren't back. He still had time left with Yoongi.

"No you don't!" Jackson shouted under Mark. "You love me!"

"Shut up!" Mark hit Jackson on the shoulder. Then something strange happened. Jackson grabbed Mark's shoulders and kissed him.

Jimin gasped. He jumped up on his feet and ran over to them. "What the hell do you think you're doing, you cheater!" He exclaimed. "Your girlfriend is about to have your baby!" He kicked Jackson's foot until he stopped kissing Mark and they both glanced at Jimin.

"No, she's not?" Jackson countered, looking flustered. "We haven't done it?"

The beach silenced. All eyes turned to Mina.
"Then who the hell is the father?" Jimin urged in confusion. "Hello?" He looked from Mina to Jackson back to Mina. Jin stood up and patted Jimin on the back, looking impatient and confused too, looking like he searched for a joke in his head but couldn't find one.

Mina was silent. Why was she always so silent? Silent like a mouse. Hoseok took Yoongi's hand in his over his lap. He was confused.

"If you don't tell we gonna vote," Jimin told Mina warningly. Momo and Sana were whispering with her. Hoseok wished he could hear what they were saying.

Yoongi poked Hoseok's thigh. He leaned close to his ear. "It's a wild guess, but I don't think it was you or me."

Hoseok shook his head, bit his lip not to laugh. "Out of all times to make a joke, you choose right now?" He lightly slapped Yoongi's thigh.

"What? I know you think I'm funny." Yoongi made a funny face.

"Why are you so calm?" Hoseok whispered lowly. "Mina's pregnant?"

"That's what Sana says anyway." Yoongi shrugged. "She might be lying."

"Oh," Hoseok said with realization. Sana had lied before. Was she lying now too? Hoseok didn't know. He started patting Yoongi's hand in his lap as he watched Sana nod to Momo and take a step forward, covering Mina with her body.

"Mina told me something," Sana started, speaking in an important voice. "Remember that douche bag who left the farm the day before Flower got here? Well, she did it with him."

"What!" Jimin screamed. "But he was together with me!"

Mina finally looked up from where she'd been staring at the ground, shocked expression on her face. "Taemin?" She asked in a low voice.

"Yes, Tae-fucking-min!" Jimin shouted, sounding confused and sad. "He told me he loved me and then he left to marry some bitch from the capital!"

"What the hell?" Jackson muttered, standing up with Mark. They held hands. It was weird.

Hoseok was shocked into silence. Yoongi looked surprised too. Maybe he knew who they were talking about.

"Mina, I don't know what to say." Jackson sighed, approaching Mina who looked ashamed. "I was just gonna break up with you, and then this happened."

Mina gaped. She stared at Jackson. Sana and Momo looked furious.

"What?" Mark asked Jackson, looking surprised too.

"Why?" Sana demanded. She patted Mina on the back, giving her support.

"I-, I think I like someone else," Jackson admitted.

"Who?" Dahyun asked from further down the beach. Hoseok hadn't known she'd been there. She sounded hopeful and looked smitten. Rose rolled her eyes at her. Maybe Dahyun hadn't just seen what had happened.
Jackson turned around. "Mark," he said. "I'm sorry that I called you a faggot. Turns out I'm one myself."


"Someone explain?" Alejandro asked in bad Korean, looking lost with a half-eaten sausage in his hand.

"Hello?" Sana said impatiently as Jackson gave Mark another kiss. Hoseok felt strange. "Focus back on Mina? What do we do?" She turned to Mina. "And where the freak did that loser jack you up?"

"In the f..." Mina said in a low voice.

"What?" Jimin cupped his ear and frowned.

"In the f-forest..." Mina whispered. Jackson groaned with disgust, or jealousy, or because Mark was squeezing his hand too hard.

"Anyone else has something to confess?" Jimin urged. "Tae?" He looked at Taehyung.

"I'm as innocent as a baby," Taehyung clarified with innocent puppy dog eyes. "Swear." Jimin did not look convinced.

"I think 'oseok and Yoongi are dating," Alejandro said, drawing the attention to him.

Hoseok's eyes went big. He forced a snort. "What? We dating? Funny joke!" He let go of Yoongi's hand and scooted to the side.

"Wait, what's that?" Sana narrowed her eyes at Hoseok, glancing at his fingers. "A ring?"

Hoseok put his hands behind his back. "I know that you and Momo are a couple!" He blurted, desperate for the attention to go to someone else.

Dahyun was the only one who looked truly shocked. Perhaps everyone had known already.

Dahyun pulled Sana to the side and started whispering with her. Jackson and Mark walked into the forest. Hoseok didn't want to know what they were going to do in there. It was so strange. All the weeks he'd been here he'd seen Jackson talk about girls and flirt with Mina. Had it been an act? Hoseok had no idea. He remembered about the time when he'd helped Jackson chop firewood. He'd felt so different then.

"What do you think we should do?" Namjoon asked Yoongi across the blanket. He looked concerned. "If she's really pregnant I don't think we should let the Mins know."

"No, they can't know," Yoongi said, sounding serious. "We'll just hide it. She's working in the kitchen and the Mins rarely go down there anyway."

"What about when it's time to- to-" Jungkook looked green in the face. Namjoon patted him on the back.

"Then Deedee can help her," Namjoon said. Hoseok felt confused, and a bit disgusted. Could Deedee release children? How did Namjoon know that? Had she done that before?

"What will happen to the baby?" Hoseok asked.
"Orphanage?" Namjoon sighed. "It can't stay here."

"We can't put it at an orphanage," Jungkook said with sad eyes. "It's awful."

"Well, it's eight months left, isn't it?" Yoongi asked. "Or seven. Anyway, we have time to think about it."

"I'd say it's less than seven month since it's been almost two months since Taemin left the farm, but I agree." Namjoon nodded. "We'll just hide it until then."

"Oh my god, I feel so betrayed!" Jimin exclaimed as he slumped back down on the blanket beside them. "Taemin told me I was the only one for him!"

"Something tells me that that's what he told Mina too," Jin said as he followed, grunting in shock.

"You don't even know who he is." Jimin narrowed his eyes at Jin. "You never saw him. He was only here for a year."

"I know who you mean," Yoongi said. Jimin and Jin stared at him. "Or I don't..." He mumbled, looking like he grew uncomfortable from the attention.

The commotion on the beach calmed down some. Momo and Sana sat Mina down on the dock, babbling about baby names and cute clothes. Mina did not look as cheerful. She looked sad and miserable. Sana and Momo kept doing it worse by wanting to touch her stomach all the time.

Jimin and Jin talked shit about Taemin. Hoseok wondered who he was. What he looked like. What he'd done in the old bunk bed before Hoseok had arrived, with weird spots on the blanket and a smelling pillow. Perhaps it was best not to know.

By the time Jackson and Mark returned from the forest the beach had cleared of people. Only Hoseok and Yoongi were left, Hoseok leaning his head on Yoongi's lap, getting a hair massage. They made awkward eye contact with Jackson and Mark who stopped holding hands and hurried away when they saw them.

"It's so weird to see them together," Hoseok said. It was weird how Jackson could just drop Mina like this. Maybe he'd never really liked her.

"I think that's what others think about us," Yoongi mused ironically, stroking Hoseok's cheek.

"You're right." Hoseok turned to his stomach and smiled up at Yoongi. He held out his left hand, admiring the emerald ring on his finger.

"You like it? I could give you more if you want," Yoongi said in a soft voice, stroking back Hoseok's hair.

"No, I love this one." Hoseok wrapped his arms around Yoongi's waist, hugged him close. "But you could always give me a kiss..."

Ten minutes later Hoseok was flustered from a very long, very messy kiss. He laid on his side on the blanket, held by Yoongi who stroked his back. It felt so right. He thought of something.

"Yoongi... if I got pregnant, would you abandon me then?"

"I thought you couldn't get pregnant?" Yoongi leaned back with raised eyebrows. "Aren't you a boy?"
"Yes, but if I could. Would you leave then?" He tugged at Yoongi’s shirt, gazed into his eyes.

"Would you leave me?" Yoongi asked back.

"I asked first." Hoseok poked Yoongi on the stomach.

"Would you leave me if I got really, really ugly and really, really old?" Yoongi asked playfully.

"Like Maggie?"

"Would you still be the same on the inside?" Hoseok pondered. "Then no, I wouldn't leave you."

"I wouldn't leave you either," Yoongi said with a little smile.

"If I got ugly or pregnant?" Hoseok asked.

"Both?" Yoongi let out a confused laugh. "What are we even talking about?"

"I don't know?" Hoseok smiled. He gently stroked Yoongi’s cheek, feeling emotional. He loved Yoongi so much. He still couldn't grasp the fact that Yoongi felt the same. He had to hear it. He would never get enough of it.

***

Yoongi checked the post the next morning. No mail for him. No mail for Hoseok. Hoseok started to relax. Perhaps he would get to stay here. He grew a bit worried, of course, since he feared that something had happened to his parents, but he was happy too.

He hugged Yoongi when he returned from having checked the mail; rolled them around on his bed, imagining a future full of secret meetings with Yoongi in the gazebo at night, eating strawberries on the dock and dancing in the moonlight. He couldn't wait.
Return

Chapter Notes

Are you ready for the end?

9 months later, here's the ending of Happy Farmers...

Hoseok lived the best life at the Min farm. He spent his days with Yoongi, he spent his nights with Yoongi. He squealed with Jimin and exchanged smiles with Namjoon. Jin was too excited sometimes, and Jungkook too quiet, but he loved the group they'd become.

Hoseok lived the best life. Then came the day when the Mins returned.

It had seemed so far away. So very far away. He hadn't allowed himself to think about it. Yoongi neither. No one had thought about it. They had played on the beach all summer. It wasn't until now that Hoseok saw that parts of the fence was broken. The hut was falling apart. The main door of the Minsion wasn't fixed yet.

Yoongi had gotten a letter announcing their arrival the day before. His face had went pale. Scared. It had drained of all color, and he'd thrown the letter into the fireplace before Hoseok had got a chance to read it.

"What did it say?" Hoseok had asked, his stomach hurting from how scared Yoongi looked.

"Nothing. It said nothing. Don't worry about it."

So Hoseok worried about it. It wasn't like Yoongi to look so pale. To walk around not smiling. He'd smiled for the past weeks. Every time he'd seen Hoseok he'd smiled. Now he looked scared. He hadn't eaten anything either. In a whole day. He must be nervous about the Mins returning.

Jin walked around the next morning, urging everyone to grab their things and move back into the barn outside. Sana, Momo, Rose and Lisa cleaned the rooms, groaning and complaining about the Mins return. Hoseok had only seen the Mins from afar before. But they weren't nice people. They couldn't be nice people. Not after the things Yoongi had told him about them.

When the boys were back in the barn Jin walked around hugging everyone goodbye, hugging Yoongi for several minutes and Namjoon for up to an hour, before he grabbed Jungkook and walked back to his own farm. Rose, Lisa and Jinwoo followed.

"I miss him already," Taehyung said with a pout. Everyone had followed Jin and Jungkook to the gate, watching them leave.

"Me too," Namjoon sighed. He rubbed his face in his hands in distress and sadness. "It was fun while it lasted."

Hoseok frowned a bit, stomach an uncomfortable knot. Everyone sounded so sad. They made him feel sad too. Yoongi looked like someone had died. But it didn't have to be bad. Not *that* bad anyway. Jin and Jungkook were still neighbors to them. They lived close. And Hoseok and Yoongi would meet every day, may it be in a bush or in a closet or anywhere. They would meet. This was
not the end. Why did everyone make it feel like the end?

People scattered. Namjoon comforted Taehyung who looked about to cry. Jimin was already crying. Hoseok took Yoongi's hand in his, glancing at him with an uncertain smile on his lips. Yoongi's face was still pale. He'd clung to Hoseok all night. Something was wrong.

"What is it?" Hoseok urged, stroking Yoongi's hand in his. Yoongi glanced down at their hands, sounding like he choked on something. "Are you afraid? I told you I would protect you, remember?"

"I don't think you can do that," Yoongi mumbled. Hoseok almost didn't hear him. "It's- it's too late."

"What are you talking about, angel?" Hoseok asked, confused, feeling sadness tug at his heart from how little Yoongi sounded.

"I'm not an angel," Yoongi said, shaking his head.

"Who says that?" Hoseok put a hand on Yoongi's shoulder, pulled him in for a hug. He had to cheer Yoongi up. They could still meet and kiss each other every day. Hoseok wasn't going anywhere. "I think you're an angel."

Yoongi stayed silent. He hugged Hoseok back, tightly. Hoseok's heart started racing. There was something Yoongi wasn't telling him. He didn't understand why. Yoongi could tell him anything. He wanted Yoongi to tell him anything.

The sound of a creaking horse carriage made them both snap their heads up. Hoseok's heart jolted with fear. Yoongi became stiff in his arms.

"They're here now," Yoongi whispered. "My parents and... Alice. I want to hide."

"Alice?" Hoseok frowned, letting Yoongi go, staring at him in confusion. It wasn't like Yoongi to act like this. "Who's that?"

Yoongi shook his head. He bit his lip and put his hands in his pockets, shutting Hoseok out.

"Who is it?" Hoseok urged. Yoongi wasn't looking him in the eyes. "Hello? Yoongi?"

Yoongi swallowed. "My fiancé."

Hoseok felt his stomach drop. "What?" He breathed, too shocked to speak. "What are you saying?"

"I- I just found out yesterday." Yoongi met Hoseok's gaze with saddened eyes. "The letter. They told me in the letter. She lives in the house next to our summer house."

"But-" Hoseok managed, too sad to speak. The sadness slowly turned into anger. Into frustration. He glanced at the pretty ring on his finger, stomach knotting together until it was all tight. "But I thought-"

"I know." Yoongi stared at Hoseok's hand. "But it was only a dream. The real world it- it doesn't work like that."

"Why not?" Hoseok said. "Why can't it work like that Yoongi?" He grabbed Yoongi's hands, forcing him to look him in the eyes. "If you love me and I love you, why can't it work like that?"

One part of him understood why Yoongi had looked so sad now. Yoongi probably hadn't told
"I have no will of my own." Yoongi shrugged, looking little and insecure, much like the Yoongi he'd been at the beginning of the summer. So different from the Yoongi who'd proposed to Hoseok; so different from the confident, charming Yoongi who constantly teased him with candy.

"Are you sure? Can't you oppose? Do you like her?" Hoseok asked, feeling awful just thinking about it.

"No, I hate her," Yoongi said quickly. "But I don't think I can oppose. I will need a good reason."

"You have a good reason. Me," Hoseok said, blinking and pouting, stomach still clenching.

"If they find out about you and me they'll throw me out the balcony," Yoongi said, looking worried and tired. Just tired. Hoseok felt even worse.

"I'll catch you?" Hoseok offered meekly.

"You don't get it, Hoseok."

"I do. I get everything. Please don't underestimate me." Hoseok sighed. He gripped Yoongi's hands tighter, looked him deeper in the eyes. They couldn't just give up like this. Hoseok would never give up. He needed Yoongi, and Yoongi needed him. "I want you, and I need you. Don't you want and need me?"

"I do, but-"

Yoongi didn't get to say the rest. The horse carriage came to a stop by the gate. Yoongi hurriedly pushed Hoseok away, sending him into the bush beside them. "They can't see us together!" Yoongi hissed, just like a coward. Hoseok frowned. Sure, he was afraid. He was terrified of the Mins and the future and the thought of losing Yoongi to someone else. But pushing Yoongi into a bush? He would never.

"Sorry about the fight," The bush told Hoseok as Hoseok fell through the branches and hit butt his the ground. The bush patted him on the shoulder. Hoseok snapped his head to the side, suppressing a scream, scared of the talking bush, when he saw that it was Jimin who had spied on them.

"What are you doing here?"

"Wanted to spy on the Mins so I have something to gossip about later. Your chat with Yoongi was only a bonus." Jimin winked. Hoseok felt hurt. Someone had seen that.

He looked away from Jimin as Yoongi opened the gate. Hoseok felt nervous. The Mins stepped inside the gate, Mister Min wearing a high hat and Missus Min shielding herself from the sun under a parasol. They nodded at Yoongi. No hug. No words of welcome. Yoongi looked anxious.

"Yoongi!" A light, screechy girl shouted. It was annoying. The most annoying voice Hoseok had heard in his life. A stupid voice. Hoseok clenched his jaw as he watched a blonde girl in a blue dress skip through the gate, holding her hand out for Yoongi, as if she expected Yoongi to kiss it.

"Hello, Alice," Yoongi said, looking like he had just stepped in poop. His body language was insecure, eyes angry and upset. Hoseok just wanted to jump up from the bush and place himself in front of him, shielding him from his parents and the annoying girl.
"That's not how you greet your fiancé now, is it?" Missus Min asked warningly. She put her hands on Alice's shoulders and led the girl forward. Hoseok hated all of them. Yoongi looked so uncomfortable.

Yoongi briefly flicked his gaze to the bush where Hoseok was hiding before he reluctantly kissed Alice's hand. She giggled and Jimin made hurling sounds behind Hoseok. Hoseok felt hate twitch in his chest. Damn that stupid girl. Yoongi should only kiss Hoseok.

Namjoon and Jackson showed up, bowing at the Mins before they grabbed their luggage. Yoongi was led into the mansion with them. The door closed and he disappeared. And then it was as if no time had passed. Hoseok was only a farmer again. A simple, poor farmer. Yoongi was locked inside. Lonely and sad. It wasn't right. But it was how reality looked. It was time to wake up. Hoseok couldn't live in a dream world forever. People like him weren't allowed into houses like that. People like Yoongi shouldn't be with someone as simple as himself.

He glanced at the ring on his finger. At the green emerald stone. It had felt so right. It had been so short. The time he'd spent with Yoongi.

What now? He felt his stomach hurt just thinking about how Yoongi must be feeling in there, trapped with his evil parents and forced to dote that annoying girl. She wasn't even pretty. Even Nils was prettier, and he had the biggest pimples in the world, like small volcanoes sitting on his nose.

"Ouch," Jimin voiced, whistling some. "It was fun while it lasted."

"You have no idea," Hoseok said. He turned around in the bush, stared Jimin in the eyes seriously. "Jiminie, you've got to help me. I can't let him marry that girl."

"You sound like me when Taemin left." Jimin grimaced. "Hobi, sometimes things don't turn out the way we want them to."

"What do you mean?" Hoseok blinked in shock. Betrayal. He'd thought of Jimin as his best friend here. Was he going to tell Hoseok to give up now? After all longing and pining and pain? Hell no.

"Just, maybe it was too much to ask for, you know? Sometimes when you ask for too much and take it for granted it slips away from you." Jimin shrugged. "Like Jesus once said-"

"I don't want to hear what Jesus said!" Hoseok shouted. "Fuck Jesus!" He stood up, stumbled on the twigs under his feet and fell back down in the bush again.

"Wow, excuse me?" Jimin followed him, putting his hands on his hips. "I'm just trying to be nice, but Hobi if you curse over Jesus like that I think you're going to hell."

"I'm already going to hell," Hoseok muttered. "I knew that the moment I saw Yoongi."

"What?" Jimin frowned in confusion.

Hoseok shook his head. "Never mind." He put his hands on Jimin's shoulders. "Look, Jiminie. I'm not going to give up, but I need your help. Yoongi is stuck in there and I need to think of a way to get him out so we can escape."

"Escape?" Jimin looked even more confused. "Like run away? Where?"

"Anywhere but here," Hoseok said. He hadn't made up a detailed plan. He'd just thought of it. "Can you help me?"
"If I can help you?" Jimin's eyes filled with smug excitement. "Of course I can! Just give me a minute to think."

"I'm open for anything, just don't set the barn on fire," Hoseok said. He didn't want to sleep inside the mansion now that the Mins were there. He wasn't sure if they would allow them to either. They might make them all sleep on the beach if the new barn burned up.

Hoseok and Jimin left for the barn, mumbling and whispering about different things they could do to bring the Mins out of the house, plotting and planning.

And then started the task of getting Yoongi out. Hoseok and Jimin sat in the barn, on a bunk bed. Hoseok grimaced from the smell of horses. Jin must've put Yoongi's horses back a few days ago. The barn was pretty much the same as the last one, with the only exception that it was less dusty and the rats, spiders and birds hadn't had the time to make nests yet.

"I could pretend to be drowning?" Jimin suggested. "But the Mins probably wouldn't care. Right."

"What do you think they're doing in there?" Hoseok asked worriedly, wanting nothing more than to run inside and save Yoongi. His Yoongi. Not Alice's.

"Who knows? Making him kiss that stupid girl?" Jimin shrugged.

"Yoongi would never." Hoseok shook his head. "He hates her. He loves me."

"That's the spirit!" Jimin patted Hoseok on the back. "You're probably right. He's probably demonstrating how gay he is with a banana right now."

Hoseok felt his heart sink. He hoped Yoongi was playing along in there. He couldn't tell the Mins about his romance with Hoseok. They might be evil to him then.

"What are you doing?" Taehyung asked as he and Namjoon returned to the barn. They sat down next to Hoseok and Jimin on Jimin's bed, Taehyung looking curious and Namjoon looking concerned.

"Joon?" Hoseok asked hurriedly. "Did you see Yoongi in there? What's going on?"

Namjoon heaved a sigh. "Just the end of the summer. The Mins returned and now they want the place to go back to normal. They're not happy that we've been slacking off. Says they won't pay us."

Jimin sputtered. "Say what!"

"What about Yoongi?" Hoseok asked. He couldn't care less if he would get paid or not. Dressing Yoongi every morning had been the highlight of his life.

Namjoon's eyebrows knitted together in a concerned frown. "He's in there. Gonna start education again, and, uhm, I didn't hear much but I think the Mins want him to marry Alice."

Hoseok's chest filled with fear. Anger. Fury. "No," He said, shaking his head. "I won't allow that to happen. Yoongi had been so happy these past weeks. So carefree. Constantly smiling. Happy in the dream world with Hoseok. They didn't need to wake up yet. The dream world didn't have to go. They could stay there for a while longer.

"We're not allowed into the house anymore, hyung," Taehyung said with a sad smile. "We need to paint the fence in an hour."
"Paint the fence? No!" Hoseok stood up, punched the bedframe. It hurt. Jackson and Mark in the bed next to them stopped gazing into each other's eyes and frowned at them. "We're more than just farmers! Come on!" Hoseok urged, finally snapping.

"What do you mean?" Taehyung asked warily.

"Hoseok, please calm down-" Namjoon tried. Hoseok didn't allow him to finish. He walked to the wall across from them where he'd hung his straw hat. He picked it up and threw it on the floor, stomping on it.

"I'm not a farmer!" Hoseok said, pressing his foot against the hat. His chest was heaving. He was furious. His parents had abandoned him. He didn't belong here. His whole world was trapped inside that house and he wasn't just going to sit down and paint the fence like it was nothing. He wasn't going to watch Yoongi being taken away from him. "I am a boy with a dream!"

"A dream?" Jimin asked, interest in his eyes. He looked thrilled. Like he'd waited for someone to revolt.

"I want to sing and dance," Hoseok said. He'd kept it a secret for so long. He was tired of secrets now. He kicked his hat to the side and tried to calm himself. "I want to sing and dance, and Yoongi wants to play the piano. We're meant to be together and I'm not going to waste our love like this. I'm not."

Jackson and Mark coughed. "Sorry?" Jackson asked. "Your love?"

"You're an idiot," Jimin told him. "A real idiot from idiot town. How could you not see that Hoseok and Yoongi were together? They're even engaged!"

Mark fell off the bed and Jackson gasped.

"Not officially," Hoseok mumbled, hating that he had to add that, hating that the world thought that he should feel ashamed for what he was feeling and what he wanted. Who decided that anyway? People should be able to make their own choices. Hoseok wasn't going to let Yoongi be married away.

"What 'appening in 'ere?" Alejandro asked as he walked into the room, shirtless and sleepy. He was so hairy that he might as well have been part monkey. Jimin threw a pillow at him. Alejandro bowed and smiled, thanking Jimin for it before he blew him a kiss.

Hoseok had no time for this. He had no time for gasping Mark or monkey Alejandro.

"Jiminnie," He said, pointing at Jimin, feeling thrilled. "Don't you want to learn how to read?"

"Of course." Jimin filled his chest with air. "And when I can I will write a letter to my parents and ask them to take me back!"

Hoseok's heart stung. Jimin had been abandoned for so many more years than Hoseok. He deserved love. He deserved to go to school.

"Tae." Hoseok pointed at Taehyung this time. "Don't you want to paint?"

Taehyung shrugged. He looked shy. Sad. Hoseok was reminding them of the things they'd lost out on. It wasn't fun. But it was necessary.

"Namjoon?" Hoseok asked in a softer voice. "Don't you want to become a doctor?"
"Not necessarily a doctor..." Namjoon trailed off, still frowning. "Just get an education. Make a difference in the world. But it doesn't matter. I can't. We can't, so why are you bringing this up, Hoseok?" He raised his eyebrows at Hoseok, looking sad and uncomfortable.

"All of us have dreams," Hoseok said, looking at Jackson, Mark and Alejandro too. "We only live once. Why are we here wasting our lives in this barn, getting paid nothing and working under the sun until our skins burn off?"

"Because we'd be homeless otherwise?" Namjoon countered. "I think that's a good reason to stay."

"A good reason to stay three years ago." Hoseok sat down next to Namjoon, taking his hand in his lap. "That was three years ago. What has changed since then?" He wasn't sure what he was saying anymore. He was thinking as he spoke. He started forming a plan. He saw the light in the tunnel far away. He could make this. They could make this.

"Tae and I got here, " Jimin supplied. "We got three years older."

"Mina got pregnant," Jackson said, probably still shocked about that.

"Hoseok's arrival?" Alejandro suggested, joining the conversation.

"No." Hoseok shook his head, looked at Namjoon. "Jin. You love Jin, don't you?"


"I think your reason to stay has changed," Hoseok said. "Mine too, and Tae's. But I was thinking. What would happen if Jin, Jungkook and Yoongi weren't here anymore? What reason would we have to stay?"

"I feel excluded. Please include Tony," Jimin said. Jackson and Mark sat down on the floor in front of them, gaping at everyone, too surprised to speak anymore.

"Sure, Jones too." Hoseok sighed. "What would happen if they weren't here anymore?"

"Yoongi lives here?" Namjoon argued. Hoseok didn't answer instantly. Everyone was silent as they waited for him to speak.

"I think we need to make a choice," Hoseok said then, rising up again. He didn't feel afraid anymore. He only felt hurried. Stressed. Furious. He had to save Yoongi. It must be the ring on his finger. It must be Flowy. His friends gave him the strength he needed. Before he'd come here he'd had nothing and no one. Now he had people backing him up. He had Yoongi's love. It made him brave.

"And that choice is?" Namjoon asked, letting Hoseok take command. He looked inspired. He didn't look afraid either. None of them did, even though they were so young.

"Are we going to stay here, wasting our lives as simple farmers, or are we going to chase our dreams?" Hoseok asked, making eye contact with every one of them. "Are we going to be afraid, or brave? Are we going to hate ourselves or love ourselves?"

"I want to be brave!" Jimin said, raising a fist in the air. "I want to learn how to read!"

Jackson stood up from the floor, raising a fist too. "I'm going to love myself! And Mark!"
"I want to be brave too," Taehyung joined in, nodding and smiling a little smile at everyone.

"I'm not just a farmer," Hoseok continued. "I'm not just a poor boy. I'm not simple. I'm not less worthy than anyone else. So why am I letting myself be treated differently? Why are you?" He randomly pointed at Mark.

"Yeah, why?" Mark asked. "Damn it! I'm gonna run on the lawn if I want to!"

"So do we agree?" Hoseok asked, looking around. Namjoon was the only one silent. Not so weird. He was a thinker. A dweller. He probably thought that Hoseok was stupid. Unsmart. He probably worried for him. Good. If he did then Hoseok didn't need to. He could put his focus on Yoongi.

"Si, si!" Alejandro said in Spanish, nodding excitedly at everyone.

"What's the plan?" Jimin asked, standing up. "Gonna storm the Mansion and steal their jewelry?"

"No," Hoseok said. "We'll just steal Yoongi. And maybe take all of his diamonds with us." He glanced at the ring on his finger. "The jewelry is in the top drawer on his desk, by the painting of the sea. I'm not sure how much it's worth but it should be enough to take us to Seoul."

"Seoul?" Namjoon spoke, raising his eyebrows.

"I want to find my parents and sister," Hoseok said. Decided. He decided that now. "It's my dream too. I don't want to stay here anymore."

"But my parents live in Busan." Jimin pouted. "Are we going to part ways?"

"You could go to school in Seoul, Jiminie," Hoseok said wisely, smiling a small, encouraging, pitiful smile at him.

"Wait," Namjoon said, blinking. All heads turned to him. "Jin's uncle Benny, doesn't he live in Seoul?"

"He does?" Hoseok asked. Ugh. Thinking about that man made him think of bitch Jihyo and her voluptuous breasts that she'd shoved up Yoongi's face. He felt even more irritated.

"What if we could stay there?" Namjoon asked, sounding like he didn't dare hope. "And go to school."

"Why would he let us in his house?" Jimin snorted. "We're dirty and we stink. He's probably homophobic too, and we're all homos one way or another."

"He's not homophobic." Namjoon shook his head with a funny smile on his lips. "He's like that himself."

Hoseok wondered why he was even surprised anymore. Everyone on this farm was gay. Kind of. Benny didn't live here but still.

"Perhaps..." Namjoon continued. "Perhaps Jinnie would like to follow us. He's talked about wanting to travel to Seoul for a while, and then money wouldn't be a problem."

"Jungkook too?" Taehyung asked excitedly.

"Jungkook too," Namjoon said with a smile at him.

"Then what are we waiting for?" Jimin asked. He high fived Hoseok. "Are we gonna end this
happy farmers life and become city boys or what?"

"Yeah!" Everyone cheered, even Namjoon. And Hoseok smiled. He was so excited. He wasn't a fan of fights, or revolutions, but his life was going to change. He was finally going to leave the farm. Meet his parents again.

Only one problem. He still didn't know how to get Yoongi out of the house.

The barn door opened and everyone scattered, pretending to be talking about the weather or preparing to paint the fence. They calmed down when they saw that it was Mina and Jisoo, arriving with fresh gossip from inside. Their nice meals with strawberries and bacon were long gone. Instead they were served dry bread and cold eggs.

"They just fired Bogum," Jisoo explained in a low voice, checking that no one was eavesdropping over her shoulder. "He took a strawberry and forgot to address Missus Min with Missus."

"Kidding? Shit," Jimin muttered as he chewed on the dry bread. Hoseok ate in silence. The Mins were not nice people. Where was Yoongi? Had they put him in the study with a French book in his lap? Were they forcing Yoongi to spend time with her, the stupid girl? Were they already married? No. It couldn't go that fast.

"We're thinking about leaving," Namjoon whispered to Jisoo who gaped a bit in surprise. "We're gonna take Yoongi and leave for Seoul."

"How?" Jisoo asked, sounding frightened.

"Jin has a horse carriage?" Namjoon supplied.

"We're still working on the details," Jimin spoke with his mouth full of bread. "If you wanna join you need to keep this top secret."

"Sure," Jisoo agreed. "When do we leave?" She whispered with a small, excited smile on her lips.

"Tonight," Hoseok decided. All heads turned to him. He thought of a plan. "Jackson will pretend to drown Mark in the lake. You will get the Mins. Namjoon and I will get Yoongi and Taehyung and Jimin will take his diamonds and eventually fend off Maggie or Alice."

"I should write that down," Namjoon said, looking for papers in his empty pockets.

"That's right, Maggie better watch out for these fists!" Jimin formed his hands into fists and punched the air.

"Can we ask Sana and Momo if they want to join?" Mina spoke up worriedly.

"Nope. They will just tell the Mins." Jimin shot down the offer. "You can tell them after dinner if you have to, but not before then. We need time to plan before the Mins fire us."

Mina and Jisoo showed that they understood by nodding and looking excited, and a bit scared. The rest of the lunch consisted of low whispering and planning 'the escape'. Then the boys walked to the hut to get tools, walking in a tight group which looked quite suspicious. Hoseok got paint and walked to the fence with Jimin, Taehyung and Namjoon. They took turns 'going to the outhouse' and 'getting more paint', actually keeping an eye on the house, trying to glance into Yoongi's room. They spread word to Dahyun who wanted to join them. She pressed her ear against the main door, only stopping when old hag Maggie slammed the door open in her face and scolded her for eavesdropping by hitting her leg with her cane.
Hours passed. Hoseok felt his heart sting. He hadn't seen Yoongi in hours. Where was he? Hoseok felt like he was going crazy. Yoongi had looked so little this morning. Afraid. Like he'd given up. Hoseok would save him. Protect him. Had Yoongi forgotten about that? It was okay if he had. Hoseok would remind him, but he still worried.

Dinner was disgusting. Sandwiches with dry ham. That's it. No butter. No cheese. No candy as dessert. Namjoon was glad they still got food. He had white paint on his chin and on his pants. He was the god of destruction, apparently. Hoseok wondered how he could've gone months without hearing that name until now.

More hours passed. Then the sun started setting. It was becoming dark. The boys gathered in the sleeping quarters, talking about the plan.

Then they started.

Alejandro, Dahyun and Mina left for Jin's farm through the stony beach. They were going to inform Jin and Jungkook about the plan. Jackson and Mark left for the lake, diving in, and Mark started shouting for help.

Jisoo jogged inside the mansion to get the Mins to help Mark who was drowning. Sana, Momo and Jones were stealing food in the kitchen. Jimin had told them an hour ago. Jones was going to hide if the Mins searched for him, so they wouldn't make him save Mark.

Hoseok, Namjoon, Taehyung and Jimin hid behind the gazebo. They stared forward. Hoseok's heart was racing. Namjoon checked his old pocket watch. Mark had shouted for minutes now. Where were the Mins? Didn't they care?

"Think it's time for plan B," Namjoon said when they'd waited ten minutes. Hoseok grew worried. Didn't the Mins hear?

"Since when do we have a plan B?" Jimin wondered. He sounded worried too.

"I talked to Mark earlier," Namjoon explained vaguely. He cupped his mouth with his hands and made bird sounds. Mark must've heard it. He stopped shouting in the lake and started walking up on the beach, Jackson following him.

"Everything for you, our great leader!" Mark briefly bowed at Namjoon with a smile before he and Jackson ran up on the porch and knocked loudly on the front door of the mansion. Hoseok's heart jumped. He hid behind the gazebo, pulled Namjoon down again so he would be covered too. It took a minute, then the door opened. It wasn't one of the Mins. It was Maggie.

"Ma'am! Ma'am!" Mark exclaimed, grabbing her shoulders. "There's an old man by the gate, claiming he's dying! He looks rich!"

Jimin choked. Hoseok's face went pale. Namjoon looked like that hadn't been what he had told Mark to say.

Hoseok thanked Jesus when Maggie bought it. She must be gullible. Greedy for money. She turned on her heel and called for the Mins, saying something about money. She chased away Jackson and Mark who hid behind the mansion, snickering to themselves.

Hoseok watched as the Mins stepped outside a minute later, following a greedy Maggie on her way to the gate. Mister Min looked grumpy and Missus Min irritated. Hoseok hated them even more.

"On my signal we run," Jimin said. Taehyung made strange gestures for Jackson and Mark who
left for Jin's farm through the stony beach. "Now!" Jimin said when the Mins were halfway to the
gate.

Hoseok started sprinting. He ran up on the porch when he reached it, threw the door open and
hurriedly counted the others as they ran inside after him. He left the door open at first, but changed
his mind. There was a key in the keyhole. He closed the door and turned the key, locked the door
and put the key in his pocket afterwards.

"Get Sana and watch out for Alice," Hoseok instructed Jimin and Taehyung. "Come on, Joon." He
started running up the stairs, his heart nearly beating out of his chest. Was Yoongi somewhere up
there? He had to be. Hoseok was seconds away from crying. He had to save him. He was going to
save him.

Namjoon followed him as he climbed up the stairs to the second floor. The corridor was empty. To
the third floor. The corridor was empty too. He ran to the end of the corridor, tugged at the door
handle to Yoongi's door. Locked. He pressed his ear against the door. Nothing. He heard nothing
from inside. Wasn't Yoongi there anymore?

"Yoongi! I'm here to save you!" Hoseok called, tugging at the door handle one more time before he
remembered about the key in his pocket. He unlocked the door as Namjoon caught up with him.
He threw the door open, putting the key back in his pocket hurriedly, staring around in hurry. The
room was so different. It was messy. Turned upside down in only a day. Clothes were on the floor
and the mirror was broken.

"Oh shit," Namjoon whispered, stepping inside too. He walked for the desk, opened the top drawer
and started filling his pockets with jewelry. Hoseok looked around. Yoongi wasn't here. The
window was open. Wide open.

"Oh no," Hoseok whispered, feeling tears burn in his eyes. He rubbed his face in his hands, feeling
sick. Had Yoongi left? Maybe he'd left when Hoseok had been eating dinner in the barn. Alice
wasn't here either. Hoseok was too late. He was always too late.

He opened Yoongi's nightstand drawer. No yellow candies left. No lemon. Only strawberry and
blueberry. No yellow. No Yoongi. Yoongi wasn't here. Where was he?

He sat down on the bed, choking on a first cry. He'd had it all. He'd had everything. Yoongi. His
prince. His angel. Where was his angel? Hoseok wouldn't last a day without him. Not a second. It
already felt like he was dying. He couldn't breathe.

Then he felt something weird. He was sitting on a lump. He felt around on the bed. He scooted to
the side. His heart fluttered. He pulled the blanket away, gasping when he found Yoongi asleep
under it, green clothes and yellow candies in his arms.

"Angel!" Hoseok cried, throwing himself at Yoongi in a tight hug. Yoongi jerked awake, tried to
shake Hoseok off of him before he understood who it was.

"Hoseok?" Yoongi whispered, full of shock. He turned in Hoseok's arms, gaping.

"Yoongi, I'm gonna save you now," Hoseok whispered, feeling his heart hurt from how fast it was
beating. There were fireworks in his stomach. Love in his chest. He had no time for that. He
wanted to kiss Yoongi. He had no time for that either.

"Am I dreaming?" Yoongi asked in a little voice. His eyes were big and incredulous, as if he
thought Hoseok was the angel.
"I'm always asking myself that when you're holding me." Hoseok smiled, unable to resist anymore. He wrapped his arms around Yoongi hard, pressed a kiss to his lips that left him feeling whole again.

"They locked me in here," Yoongi spoke against Hoseok's lips as he pressed kisses to them. "I told them I loved someone else, but- but I didn't have the time to tell them it was you."

"You told them?" Hoseok's heart swelled. "Oh, I'm so proud of you Yoongi. You're so brave. I love you." He stroked Yoongi's hair several times, feeling the softness under his hand. So soft. Yoongi was perfect. Like a little kitten. He'd stood up to his scary parents. For Hoseok's sake. He loved Hoseok.

"I love you," Yoongi whispered, stroking a hand over Hoseok's back. "I'm sorry that I- that I acted so strange earlier. Sorry that I didn't tell you about this yesterday. I was so scared."

"Shh, it's okay, I understand." Hoseok pressed a kiss to Yoongi's forehead. One to his nose. Cheek. Two to his lips. Yoongi let out a little giggle that drove Hoseok crazy. He hooked a leg over Yoongi's, never wanting to let go. He felt better again. Yoongi was in his arms. Where he belonged.

"Sorry for interrupting your reunion, but I think we need to go now?" Namjoon said, reminding them of his presence. "Hello, hyung." He nodded at Yoongi when they made eye contact, Yoongi glancing at Namjoon over his shoulder. "We're going to Seoul."

"We?" Yoongi asked, confused. It was cute.

"I'll save you, my prince." Hoseok climbed out of bed, dragged Yoongi along and pressed kisses to his hand. He crouched down on front of him, offering his back to him. "Jump on the horse!"

"I don't think we have time for games," Namjoon said. "I think I just heard Jimin shout something from downstairs." Namjoon opened the door and motioned for them to leave. His pockets were filled with diamond rings and bracelets.

When Yoongi just stood there, looking torn, confused and happy, Hoseok picked him up, lifting him up bridal style in his arms. Yoongi made a sound of surprise. He was dressed in his nightshirt. Just how Hoseok liked him. Green clothes and yellow candy laid on the bed.

"We're coming now!" Hoseok said, kissing Yoongi on the cheek again. "I love you baby, told you I would protect you."

Yoongi looked shy. He smiled the smallest of smiles, eyes on Hoseok, as Hoseok carried him out of the room and into the corridor. Yoongi was heavy. Much heavier than Taehyung or Jungkook. It didn't matter. He was heavy because he was so full of sugar sweet love. For Hoseok. Hoseok was filled with love for Yoongi, so he was probably heavy too.

Namjoon led them downstairs where they met Sana, Momo, Jimin and Jones. Sana and Momo carried bags filled with food. Jones carried Jimin on his back. Hoseok didn't ask. It looked weird, but he had an angel in his own arms so it would be strange to question them.

They left for the front door. Hoseok momentarily let Yoongi down to pick up the key from his pants. Then they heard something. From the other side. Voices. Angry voices and the rustling of the door handle being pulled down.

"Shit, they're back!" Jimin hissed, almost strangling Jones with his grip under his chin.
"What do we do?" Momo whispered worriedly.

Hoseok grabbed Yoongi's hand. Tightly. They made eye contact, the both of them looking horrified, like their hearts were hammering in their chests. Hoseok's heart was beating hard.

"Yoongi's window is open," Hoseok supplied.

"Do you want us to die!?!" Jimin shrieked. Everyone hushed him. It sounded like someone on the other side put a key in the keyhole. Hoseok was going to die. Faint. Whatever was worse. Probably dying.

Then he thought of something. A new plan. Something that this panic from hearing a key in the keyhole on the other side made him think of. He pulled Yoongi along with him, hoping that the others would follow as he led Yoongi downstairs to the basement. He heard running steps behind him. The others followed.

"Your plan?" Yoongi asked, not questioning him, sounding rather excited.

"I'm so happy I'm a pervert," Was all Hoseok answered. He unlocked the laundry room door with his key and walked inside with fast steps, seeing the two small windows at the top of the wall where he'd feared someone would see him as he'd jerked off in here weeks ago.

"Me too?" Yoongi said, looking around, seeing the windows too. The others ran into the room. Jimin smashed the door shut behind them and locked it with the key Hoseok had left in the keyhole.

"Watch out," Hoseok said before he grabbed the washing tub and emptied it of water that splashed over the floor, wetting down their feet. He turned it upside down, stepped up on it, struggling for balance, and reached for the right window and opened it. The window was narrow. Jones wouldn't fit. Maybe Hoseok neither.

"Yoongi," Hoseok said when the window was open, reaching for him.

"What are you doing?" Yoongi said, struggling against him as Hoseok tried to grab his hands.

"You go ahead, I'll see you at Jin's farm." Hoseok stepped down the tub and pressed an emotional kiss to Yoongi's cheek. While Yoongi was distracted Hoseok made him step up on the tub, and then Hoseok pushed him under the butt and lifted him up the last bit. Yoongi had no time to resist. He climbed out of the window, almost getting stuck around the butt since it was so narrow. When he was out he sat on the grass on the other side, ready to help someone else get out. Hoseok wanted to shoo him away. Tell him to run away from here.

Next up was Taehyung. He was smaller than Yoongi. Yoongi helped Hoseok get Taehyung out on the other side so it went faster. Then was Sana, Momo and Jimin. No more. Hoseok wouldn't fit. Not Namjoon or Jones either. Namjoon emptied his pockets, threw the jewelry out the window that Sana and Momo picked up on the other side.

"Go to Jin's place," Hoseok told Yoongi, "I'll take the main door."

"No," Yoongi started climbing inside again. Hoseok pushed him out and closed the window quickly. Yoongi pressed his hands against the window, staring and frowning at Hoseok. Maybe he was in as much pain as Hoseok.

"I love you," Hoseok mouthed. "Go."
"No," Yoongi mouthed, shaking his head and weakly trying to kick the window open. No use. Jimin and Taehyung grabbed his shoulders, started carrying him away, following Sana and Momo who were already jogging for the beach.

Yoongi struggled against them. Hoseok blinked at him, feeling sad and hollow inside. Yoongi was gone again. They were taken apart. Always the same. Always the ache in his chest.

"What do we do?" Namjoon asked, bringing Hoseok back to reality. Jones were pressing against the door. The key had fallen out. It was unlocked then. Life felt ironic. Now Hoseok was here again. Stuck in the laundry room with Maggie trying to get in. Only difference was that there was no washing tub to hide in.

"Open the door?" Hoseok asked, picking up the key laying on the floor.

"Wait." Namjoon looked like he was thinking hard. He spoke in a whisper, looking nervous. "We'll hide behind the door as we open it. When they run inside we'll run outside, locking them inside before we run for the front door."

"Won't they die in here then?" Hoseok asked, not liking that idea even if the Mins had given Yoongi the same treatment.

"No, Alice and Deedee have keys. Probably," Namjoon said. He was speaking in a low voice so they wouldn't hear on the other side of the door. Hoseok had no better plan. It would have to do.

"On three?" He asked, checking that Jones was listening. "One, two, three." Jones stepped away from the door. The three of them hid behind it, pressing themselves to the wall, as it threw open. Maggie and Mister and Missus Min stumbled inside. Hoseok wasted no time. He grabbed the other's wrists and started running. Outside the room Namjoon closed the door and Hoseok locked it with trembling fingers. Maggie had an own key. This would only buy them a few seconds. A few golden seconds.

Mister Min was saying something but Hoseok couldn't hear. He, Namjoon and Jones ran upstairs, to the first floor. Hoseok swept his gaze over the portraits in the hallway one final time before he run outside on the porch. He ran around the house, over the bright green lawn. He flicked his gaze to the little forest leading to the beach as they took off for Jin's farm. They ran over the stony beach. Hoseok mentally waved goodbye to the boats and the boathouse and the dock where he'd watched the stars with Yoongi so many times.

They ran up on Jin's farm. No one was there. It was much bigger than the Minsion farm. They ran over the lawn, reaching the barn.

Hoseok felt his heart burst when he saw someone dressed in a white nightgown with messy hair stand by the gate, barefoot and wonderful.

"Yoongi!" Hoseok cried, not bothering trying to hold the tears in anymore. Yoongi was here. Yoongi was his. Yoongi would always be his now. Not a puppet for his parents. Not Alice's. Only Hoseok's. Hoseok's husband.

"Hoseok, oh my god," Yoongi breathed, covering his mouth with his hands before he started running to meet Hoseok. Hoseok's heart hurt. They met in a hug. Hoseok pressed kisses to Yoongi's face, never having enough of him, wanting to hold him always.

"It's okay now," Hoseok whispered, kissing his angel. "It's okay. It's you and me now, angel. Always. Always you and me. Just like your dream."
"My dream..." Yoongi trailed off, smiling with affection at Hoseok. Hoseok felt so many things. He was happy. Sad. Relieved. He couldn't believe this. He couldn't believe how happy he was to have Yoongi in his arms. He was the luckiest boy on earth.

"Hoseok and Yoongi, please stop kissing and jump on the Kim Seokjin express!" Came a familiar voice. Jin. He walked up to them in pink attire, Yeontan in one arm, hooking Namjoon's arm with the other.

Hoseok grabbed Yoongi's hand. He gentle stroked it in his, never wanting to let go, never having to let go either. "I love you so much. Forever." He told Yoongi sincerely as they walked to the gate.

Yoongi only smiled at him. It was enough. It was more than enough. Yoongi's smile was everything. He needed to say no more. Hoseok understood. He felt the same. His heart was soft. It was hurting. Everything and nothing at the same time, just like Yoongi. And Yoongi was perfect.

Jin helped them into one of the two horse carriages. Jimin, Jones, Taehyung and Jungkook were already crammed in there. Hoseok put Yoongi in his lap and kissed the back of his head as Sana and Momo threw in their filled bags and two heavy trunks that must be filled with gold or diamonds.

Hoseok held his hand out next to Yoongi's, watching the glow of their rings. "Blue like the sea and green like the trees..."

"Won't you kiss me, please?" Yoongi finished the rhyme. He turned, sat on Hoseok's legs and hugged him. He nuzzled his nose against Hoseok's cheek adorably. Hoseok's chest hurt with love.

"You truly are an angel," Hoseok whispered, wondering how he'd been so lucky again. "Only mine." He pressed a slow kiss to Yoongi's lips that felt magical.

"Only yours," Yoongi agreed, mumbling against Hoseok's lips. "Only yours..."

Hoseok kissed Yoongi, and Yoongi kissed Hoseok. The rest of the world tuned out. It didn't matter. It wasn't important. Nothing was important but Yoongi. He was Hoseok's world.

Eventually the horse carriage started moving. Taking them forward. Into the future.

The sun set and the stars came out. The full moon kept them company, lighting up their rings through the little window. Jimin and Taehyung talked excitedly. Hoseok held Yoongi in his lap and whispered promises against his neck as Yoongi stroked his hand.

They traveled out into the night, in the darkness, and they never came back.
They travelled for three days. Three days in the crammed horse carriage, in the same clothes, with candy and bread. Hoseok didn't really mind. He didn't really think. He patted Yoongi's hair, or his arm, or his back, and hummed as he glanced out the window, looking at the stars or at the clouds.

When they stopped to feed and rest the horses Hoseok laid Yoongi down on fields, stroking him some more, touching him, kissing him, letting him know how beautiful he was, how much Hoseok loved him. Yoongi smiled. He was smiling again. Hoseok felt rich. Felt lucky.

And then he started living his life. He was finally out of the farm. He could live his dream. With Yoongi. With his friends.

He searched for his family in Seoul. He found them at a newspaper printing center. He threw himself in his mother's arms. It turned out that they had sent him letters. They'd wanted to pick him up again but had run out of money to go to Daegu. It was okay. Hoseok understood. He could forgive them.

Hoseok gave his father a hug too. He wondered who the boy Hoseok had brought with him was. The pale one with black hair. Yoongi. Hoseok told them it was his soul partner. They could interpret it however they wanted. Hoseok held Yoongi's hand as they walked among the newspaper printing machines, feeling like Yoongi was a pretty doll that he could show for the world.

Hoseok got his parents' address. He could send them letters now. On the way out of the center Yoongi came to an abrupt halt and gaped, pointing to the right. Two familiar faces were at the back of the hall. Mino and Taemin, that Hoseok didn't recognize, but Yoongi told him it was him, the man who'd left the farm before Hoseok arrived, the man who'd dumped Jimin.

Luckily Mino and Taemin didn't see Hoseok and Yoongi staring. Hoseok tightened his grip on Yoongi's hand as they left, deciding not to come back, preferably ever. What had happened at the farm was in the past. Hoseok did not want Mino to start accusing him again. It was just strange how he'd ended up here when they'd thrown him into the woods. How he'd ended up working on the same place as Hoseok's father.

Hoseok found the address to his sister too. He visited her with Yoongi one day. She wondered who Yoongi was too. Hoseok told her they were getting married. It was on time, that his sister knew who he really was, that she knew who he loved. It was the biggest part of him; his heart that loved Yoongi.

His sister looked happy. A bit concerned and confused, but mostly happy. She gave them cake and wished them all the best. She was different from how Hoseok remembered her. More mature. Not as fun. Not as cool. Yoongi was much cooler. Much funnier. He didn't tell his sister that.

Hoseok and Yoongi lived at Benny's now. In his mansion. With the rest. That old man had so many empty rooms that he could invite half the city to live with him. Hoseok and Yoongi shared one room, the biggest one with stars painted in the ceiling. It was beautiful. The room had a bookshelf and a telescope. Yoongi taught Hoseok the name of all the stars, the shape of all constellations, calling him a star along the way too. He was so kind. So cute and creative.
Hoseok got to dance. He couldn't believe it. He started to dance as soon as he could. Benny was surprisingly friendly, and he knew a lot of people. He had good contacts and made it so that Hoseok could join a dance academy. It was his dream. He could sing too, for Yoongi. He sang for him every day, and kissed him too. They kissed so much. Their room was located on the other side of the house, so no one heard them when they made love. Maybe Benny knew. Maybe he didn't. It didn't matter. Hoseok felt like he was living his dream life. He was.

Benny sent off a whole bunch to school. Jimin learned how to read and write. Taehyung learned how to paint. Namjoon studied twice as many subjects as the rest of them, learning about astronomy and psychology and science. He tried to become a doctor. He wanted to make a change. He didn't realize that he already was. That he already had.

Momo got help to become a ballet dancer. Jones started helping Benny take care of his grounds. Mina eventually gave birth to her little baby girl.

Life at Benny's wasn't normal. It wasn't ordinary. It was different, and Hoseok loved it. Everyone ate dinner in the fancy dining hall. Everyone was allowed to walk on the lawn and use the bathroom.

One day Hoseok planted a seed into the ground. He watched little Flowy grow into a beautiful flower. Five pink petals. Yoongi thought it was pretty. Hoseok told Yoongi he was prettier. And then Hoseok's friend was back. And Hoseok felt happy inside.

Hoseok didn't need to hide who he was anymore. He didn't feel ashamed. He didn't feel different. He didn't feel poor. He didn't feel simple. They were the same, him and Yoongi. Equal. They were equal. Their love made them into one. Nothing could keep them apart anymore.

Yoongi lost his heritage, but it didn't matter. It turned out that Benny, the old childless man, was sitting on millions. He loved to share and treated all of them like his own children. Jin was more than eager. Benny encouraged all of his projects, helping him take photographs with his camera or initiate parties in the ballroom.

Then the day came when Benny passed away. The group was old enough to part ways and make their own families now. There were portraits of Hoseok and Yoongi all over the house that Taehyung had painted. They didn't want to leave. So they didn't. Jin and Namjoon stayed too, and Jimin, Taehyung and Jungkook. They were the best of friends. They were fortunate. Fate was wonderful.

After years and years and years of hugging and kissing and love making and dancing and singing and Yoongi making Hoseok wonderful love songs, they got married. On the beach in the sunset, when the sky colored orange and pink and purple. When the moon chased the sun and the whole world held its breath to watch the beauty. Yoongi had flowers in his hair, and Hoseok started crying. Tears of love. Tears of happiness.

Hoseok had never been happier.

They would love each other forever.

And they did.
and that marks the end of another fic!
thank you for reading!!! I hope you liked this fic! thank you for spending these months
with me!

the next chapter is a long Author's Note with pictures and my thoughts while writing
this, with background information and stuff. make sure to click to that chapter if you
want to read it.

if you stop reading here then thank you!!! for reading! <3333333333
(If you have anything nice to say about the fic, or a comment to leave, then please do
that here! the following Author's Note is very long and will direct take the focus off of
the story in some places.)
Author's Note

Welcome to the Author's Note! This is author Farquad writing.

no just kidding, it's arthur writing!? ok jk again.

Now I'll be serious. Okay, so I actually have been working on this note for months, writing thousands of words and deleting them, writing thousands of words again and deleting again, but now I have tried to sort through my thoughts one final time. I'm going to post this and then if I change my mind I'll just short it down later!

Writing, editing and posting this fic has been a journey, and I know that some of my readers would like to know about the process, and about my thoughts while writing, so here we go!!

This note is the longest note ever, thousands of words. However, as usual, I will delete some of it within a day or two or a week or something, so if you want to read all of it then do that soon. And if you don't, then you can read this whenever, the shorter version!

Here the gigantic Author's Note start!

*~*~*

So you decided to take on the challenge to read it all? Okay, just kidding.

But where do I start? It feels like I went back 11 months in time writing this. Writing this story wasn't easy, nor was editing. I have everything to thank my wonderful, amazing readers. I want to start by doing that. Thank you a million, billion times. Especially to those who commented on every chapter, or told me what an amazing writer I am one way or another!

If it hadn't been for the gang who kept asking me when I was going to post this fic I probably would've never posted it. And if it hadn't been for the same gang who supported me when I got hate, or when I was sick, I would've dropped this.

I thought about dropping this so many times. Isn't that awful!? Maybe. A HUGE enormous, tear-filled thank you to my amazing readers!! I love you!! And I know that I'm not the most social, but I hope you know how much I appreciate you, like over here, from afar?? It's like I'm a ballerina balancing on a rope, and you're that safety net ready to catch me if I fall. At least it feels so. But. Perhaps there's really no net there?? And it's just Arthur… deep man…

And there I mentioned Arthur again. But anygay, I seriously can't thank you enough, like the gang, and with 'gang' I mean the Farquad Gang, also known as my readers. Just… This fic is here today, finished, because of YOU! (well, because of me too ofc since I'm the one who wrote it, but you know haha)

Also, kudos to B who supported me from day 01 when no one knew about this, listening to me scream and ?? weirdly dance around to Que Pasa Maria while watching Narnia?? Sometimes you just remember odd details… And I remember dressing the Christmas tree and listening to that Romanian song while writing this fic.

Christmas tree. That's how long ago I was writing this. Holy!? Soon xmas again. *gulp* I don't like xmas but merry sexmas to you all!

Ok but thank you again!!!! My AMAZING readers!! Now I'll go down to the nerdy info and stuff.
Perfect Prince. That's the working title I had for this fic. Then my faithful reader 'M' commented 'happy farmers' after the hint picture on Dream Fake Boyfriend, and the name stuck like dog poop to a shoe. (nice reference right?? I step in dog poo a lot, sadly…) Trust me, this fic was NOT going to be called happy farmers! I was like, "ha! what the!" and took it as a joke, until one month later it wasn't a joke anymore :/

Thank you M for the brilliant name!! I was reluctant at first, but I had actually struggled with naming this from the start. The name fit so well. Bless you. I've started a 'Happy' series now haha! Happy Campers, Happy Farmers, what's next? Okjk. No series. Or… (Arthur says no) Happy Sinners? Just kidding. Unless…? Happy Humpers! Happy Dancers. Happy Singers… Sometimes at night when I can't sleep I make up lists with funny names. That maybe aren't that funny…

Arthur says hi, by the way. Ok but, what did you think of Perv-Hoseok? Because this was Perv-Hoseok's fic. *gulp* Truth be told, I hadn't planned to make him as pervy, totally honest! It just happened. Seriously. But to my defense I was very, very sick while writing this and I literally thought I was going to die. And pause! I know, it feels like I'm saying 'bla, bla, bla I thought I was gonna die' all the time, but this, this was the FIRST time ever! I was dying for a while, from bacteria, and I thought that I wanted to have some fun before I died?? So I made Hoseok into a perv to make myself smile for a bit!

((I'm trying to keep this lighthearted!! You can skip this part if you want! Skip until you see a funny picture, then I'll write funnier stuff again! Until then, here's some more boring and angsty info about the process!))

So I started writing this 16 November 2018, and I remember the date because I was so excited(!!!!) to speed write this in a week or two, because that's what I did back then, I speed wrote something and put it up on the internet instantly. But then three days later I got terribly sick and I got annoyed, because I didn't want to be sick, I wanted to write this! I was seriously annoyed, because I had these chapters in my mind but I was too sick to write. Well, for a few days or so, then I started writing again, super sick and looking like a troll. Or should I say ogre? Feels like I missed the opportunity to pull a Shrek joke...

The reader reading this: god, not another shrek joke…

Anyway, so while editing this I felt a bit uncomfortable at times, because I honestly think it got a bit too dirty. Too smutty. Pervy? Whatever you want to call it. And I knew that while writing, that I couldn't post this, so I decided that I wouldn't. Things, and with things I mean the things Perv-
Hoseok did, got a bit out of control? Like, I knew that everything would be fine in the end, and I took it as a joke, but there were several readers who didn't, and I sort of knew that that would happen if I posted this. To me this was always seen as a joke. Hoseok did something he shouldn't do and I cringed or paused to shake my head or scream with Arthur for a bit. I hope you took it in a joking way too??

The thought of Hoseok being flashed by Yoongi's naked butt entertained me when I was sick, and in the end I still chose to keep everything the way I had written it. This story got a bit weird, but I wanted to keep it that way.

What do I mean with that? Well, who knows what I'm writing anymore. I'll be honest, before I started writing this I missed Happy Campers. You know, just the feeling of a world where you could stay for a while, with annoying side characters and drama and jokes and awkward situations. I wanted something similar again, not necessarily the same, just a similar vibe. I wanted Jimin to be annoying, Yoongi to be a misunderstood brat, Hoseok to be awkward and flustered and accused for no reason. I wanted something similar, but different. And this got different. I feel like this is Happy Campers overboard? Or something? Maybe they're too different to put beside each other like that. I was going to say that Farmers was a bit more pervy and a bit more hardcore and a bit more angsty than Campers, but now I got flashbacks of what happened in the candy shop and the angst at the end of Campers, so I'll just stop writing here…

Happy Campers and Happy Farmers have many similarities, and it's to be seen as another joke. The summer camp is founded 1910, this took place 1910.

Other similar things between them are; the infamous boathouse, old hag Maggie, the smiling rainbow flower/Flowy, Hoseok being dumped off by his parents, Yoongi being misunderstood, Yoongi's parents being abusive, mattress-humper, Alejandro flirting with Hoseok, and so on.

In Campers Yoongi peeps on Hoseok humping something, but in Farmers Hoseok is the one peeping on Yoongi humping something. Both stories had a laundry room scene. A lake, beach, forest, annoying campers/farmers. Rose took the role of stupid Alice in this, but only because stupid Alice were to arrive at the end. I could've reversed the roles, but Alice is so stupid and I didn't want to have her at the farm all the time, asslicking Yoongi. I just hate Alice, okay!?

Btw, can we just take a minute and bless Namjoon? Like real life Namjoon is jesus, but I meant Namjoon in HC and HF? Hoseok would be nothing without him. He'd be lost, have no friends, wouldn't come out to anyone, or trust anyone, and Namjoon…!!I always end up giving Namjoon major roles in my stories. He's just so important. Either the mastermind behind everything or the game changer or the much needed supportive best friend. (Arthur tells me to stop spoiling future works) But this fic was actually called NamBarn (from Namjoon+barn) in all documents until I finished writing, because Namjoon was such an important character.

No one asked…

The boathouse is my favorite house, by the way. What goes in in there?? And the attic? Wow, ghosts!

Okay I need to stop. It's just weird, that I'm writing about a literal place in my mind and then strangers read it online?? Feels weird. Hope you liked the farm. And the camp. The both of them.

Guess who Walter-Hobi was in this story. :'( yeah, old rotten hag Maggie!! Okay, just kidding. Sort of obvious that it was Flowy. Walter-Hobi2, Flowy-two. Do I sound weird or what?

*crickets* hehehehe
Moving on…

So while writing this a lot of bad stuff happened, sadly, and I ended up connecting this fic with the bad events. When finished writing this story early January I didn't like it anymore. I was going to leave it be, never wanting to see it again. Seriously. I was tired of this story, in a way I have never been tired of a story before. For a while I even hated this story. I edited the first chapters feeling horrible, because I hated it so much, hated how it reminded me of everything.

Then some time passed, I started writing another story, got terribly sick again, dropped that story too, got sick again, wrote another fic. It went on like that. Time passed, and along the way I published the first chapter just because I'm weirdly stubborn and had decided to post 190119, people started reading, and then I gave this story one more chance. Then things changed, and after a few months I started editing the rest of this, and I grew to love it again. I realized that it isn’t this story's' fault for what went on when I was writing it. This story was my friend, and kept me company and made me feel better as I was super sick, and I can only hope that it made someone else who felt bad feel a bit better too, even if it was just a tiny bit.

*~*~*

At the end of DFB I said that there were two hints for 'my next work', one in DFB and one in HC. The hint in DFB was 'mansion', and the hint in HC was '1910'. A mansion in 1910. That was the hint. :3 Don't think anyone got it, because wow, hardest hints ever made.
People guessed that this AU would be set at a farm though, from the pictures of hay and a barn!

I've been working on this for a very long time, and I believe that the circumstances make the story. I wouldn't have been able to write Farmers today, or any other time than those months last winter.

Thank you again to my supportive readers! I feel like I have changed, and maybe you sense that? Or maybe I haven't changed at all? It feels a bit strange to finish this story now, because the stories I write today are a bit different. What do I mean with that? Well, to be honest I think that Farmers is a bit cracky. Like, Jin randomly fainted and Yoongi stepped over his lifeless body on the floor. Stuff like that is fun, but today I'm more focused on plot, emotions and character development, rather than comedic relief and awkwardness. If that made any sense. It has been so nice to come back to this fic after editing some of my other works, just because it feels so easy. Hoseok's at the farm and I like it there. I hope you liked it there too.

*~*~*

Maybe it's no surprise that Yoongi's chapter is my favorite. Sorry Yoongi, for always using you to vent my own feelings…

I added a lot to that chapter. It was already long, about 17K at first, then I added some and suddenly it was 28K long. There just weren't enough words. To explain. To give his version.

Sitting in your window with a pair of binoculars is creepy, right? Maybe Yoongi was a creep too. He just wanted someone. Made a wish on Auriga. My favorite star constellation. It's magical…

The Book of Min Yoongi and A Not So Perfect Prince are both strange to me. They're not exactly chapters. What are they? Another perspective? An alternative? An eye opener?

*~*~*

Now back to the usual drabble.

Did the ending feel rushed? Up until chapter 50 I had this long, intriguing, dramatic ending
planned, but then something happened irl and I felt like pure shit and skipped all that and made the ending short instead. And the ending, I'm really not confident about it. I like it, I think it's okay, but it's not even close to what I had planned. I'm trying not to think about it, about what could've been, and trying to be happy for what I managed instead.

Here's the usual hint thing: (I might forget some?? Pardon me.)
Boathouse etc: Happy Campers
Alejandro: Bangtan Bitches
and then?? is that all? I couldn't have any Shrek or ABBA jokes in this, since it's 1910, and honestly that's a shame!

*~*~*

!!!!!!there will be more random facts and maybe you don't care about me, then you can skip this and go to the pictures down below! now I'll continue!!!!!!

But okay, so this fic was set in 1910, and yes so fun fact, I've always glorified the past? For many years I wished that I had been born hundred years ago, when the streets were made of pebbles instead of asphalt, people were travelling in horse carryages instead of cars, wearing dresses and corsets and stuff.

I just love the past?? It's bad, I know, there was no medicine and people died much younger, but still..

*~*~*

Sometimes I got comments that someone had a bad day, that they had felt sad but felt better when they got an update of this fic, and those comments mean so much to me. I am so happy if this fic could make anyone smile. Editing and posting this didn't go as smoothly or fast as I'd hoped, since I got sick all the time and other things happened, but I'm so happy that people kept reading and that I could make others smile!

Sometimes I think that this fic is haunted. Three days after I started writing I got sick. On the day I finished writing it something horrible happened. Lots of horrible things happened while writing/editing this. Things like that didn't happen when I edited other fics.

Writing Happy Farmers was different from writing other stories, like Happy Campers for example. I was very sad, anxious and insecure at the time. I just. Some really bad stuff happened that took away the joy of writing for a while. I didn't feel that I could update anymore, and I started updating once a week instead of 2-4 times a week. I always feel a bit anxious before posting a new chapter.
is anyone even reading anymore? I sound so boring! Seriously, I used to sound so fun but now I sound all angsty and boring.

---

This AN is supposed to be about the farmers fic, but I know that I have a few readers who's followed me from the start, who's read everything I've written. (YOU'RE AMAZING!!!!!!!!!!) I just wanted to say thanks to you again, you're amazing!!

But well, where were I. Yes, so I don't know if I'll ever do a long AN like this ever again? I mean, I'm posting a texting fic right now, but I don't think the AN to that one will be as long. So I just want to explain some things I guess.

I am sorry if I sound rude or if I have offended anyone this far. It's only that I've worked with this
fic since November and now it's been such a long time that I've thought of all of these things to add to the Author's Note…

While editing this fic I wrote several other fics, as you might or might not know. Though, for many months, this whole year basically, I have had a hard time writing Romance/Comedy/Drama. You know BTS? (would be a real surprise if you didn't haha!) I feel like 2018-Farquad was the LY:Her era 'because we're the two who found our destiny', and now 2019-Farquad has been the LY:Tear era, all dark colors and 'I'm so sick of this fake love, you're my tear, you're my fear'.

That probably didn't make any sense. I'm wondering if I'll have a LY:Answer era. Like, the calm after the storm, the sun coming back with a rainbow after the rain. (Stan BTS. Love yourself. Stream Epiphany.)

---

Thank you again!!! to the commenters. I am honest when I say that I wouldn't have been able to do this without your steady support. There were many times when I was like 'damn it, I'll stop posting this now' because it takes a lot of energy and dedication to go over 280K 2-4 times and then still have errors left that makes you cringe. I appreciate the comments, so, so much. I can't thank you enough for your encouraging words and positivity. I know how hard it is to leave a comment on a fic, and I'm bad at it myself, so I truly appreciate it.

I am happy that I posted this now and I'm happy that I didn't give up half way. Thank you everyone who's called me a good writer. It makes me so happy.

*~*~*

Now, finally, here are pictures I looked at while writing!!

[Image of a mansion]
The barn:

The gazebo:

The bathtub:

The dock:
The ballroom:

Yoongi’s nightgown (that Hoseok pulls off him all the time):

Yellow candy caramels:
Corridor of the Mansion:

The hay barn:

Flowy!!!!:

This guy looks like Namjoon in a straw hat:

Here's a reading boy who's dressed a bit like Yoongi, he looks annoyed too:
Mama, how many pictures was that?? I have like a hundred more saved, wta (what the arthur). Seokjin gay. Google '1910 gay' and pictures come up as inspiration.

I don't own any of the pictures! I will delete some of them. Hope the farm looked a bit like that to you too. Maybe it looks different to everyone.

And this is supposed to be in 1910, but I made the characters wear westerners' clothes because I know more about that, and I thought it would be more fun. I might've gotten some facts wrong, probably did, but take it with a pinch of salt.

Actually, child work was very common in 1910, and many people couldn't read, which is why Jimin couldn't read in this. I did a lot of research on lots of things, such as what year the leather jacket was invented, or jeans, or airplanes, or what year you could install toilets inside. But it was fun! 1910 isn't my favorite age though, but 1880ies.

---

I feel sorry for whoever is reading this, you must have a strong will and determination! this note is never ogre.

This story is not perfect, and it's not the work I'm the most proud of, but there's something about this that makes it so special to me. In one way, it feels like home. I love this story, and it feels like home to me. It just does. And for that I'm thankful, and happy. Maybe it feels like home because I belong in 1910. Things got deep fast…

But yes ehm so my favorite chapters are
1. A Not So Perfect Prince (POV Yoongi, angsty perv needs a hug)
2. Dream ("I wish I could marry you instead" heart:broken.)
3. Moaning Min (dreams, mattress humping and flirty Alecreepo)
4. Horny Hobi & Moaning Min (I think the chapter name says it all)
5. Bananas (teasing yoongi is naked on his bed and hoseok has a banana in his pants)
6. Stupid Boy (oh no no jimin, the ghosts took my blanket! ah!! hot yoongi is naked!!)
7. Friends, French & Fabrics (hoseok gave yoongi his socks, give me a tissue)
8. Soaps & Roses (only real sinners knows…)
9. The Undercover Perv (hoseok's a creep and yoongi gives him candy for the first time)
Me: "I'm not a perv, this fic got too dirty, eww"
also me: All dirty chapters were my favs!!!!!!!!!!
wtf
going through the chapters I realize how pervy this got?????? how????? who wrote this??+ arthur!?

What were your favorite chapters? If anyone's actually reading this messy, drabbling note?? Did you have a favorite scene? I LOVE when readers point out special scenes or parts in chapters that they liked. It's super interesting.

No one asked, but I have two favorite scenes.

The first one:
"Splinter-" Yoongi coughed. "I, uhm, I got a splinter."
"Oh." Hoseok felt disappointed. And relieved. "Where? Want me to kiss it better?"
"Uhm, here. On my cheek."
"What."
They became silent. Hoseok held Yoongi in his arms with a heart beating like mad. Did Yoongi want Hoseok to kiss his cheek? Or had he really got a splinter there?
"Just kidding-"
"Okay, I can kiss you-"

AWKWARD!!

The second scene:
"Hey, look, now he's trying to break into Maggie's room!" Rose exclaimed. "Let's get him girls!"

Am I the only one who finds that hilarious!?

Honorable mentions:
1. He was homeless now. Almost. The moon would be his companion, and Flowy, wherever they were. They were in Hoseok's heart. Flowy-one, Flowy-two and Flowy-three. And his thoughts kept getting weirder and weirder. The homeless life was getting to him already.

2. It felt like Yoongi was trying to tell him something with his eyes. Hopefully it wasn't 'dude, stop looking at me as if you love me, it's creeping me out' or 'I know what you did last night'.

"I do not!" Hoseok hissed, feeling embarrassed and ridiculed. "I would never...." He crossed his arms and wished that he would find a pair of Yoongi's used underwear on the floor in Yoongi's room tomorrow.

and the game changer:
4. "See you tomorrow," Yoongi said, and then he quickly turned his back to Hoseok so he couldn't see him smiling. He bit his lip and sat down by the piano, waiting until he heard the door close
behind him. Then he laughed. Laughed to himself. He wasn't sure what he was feeling. Something close to hope and excitement. Hoseok would be back tomorrow morning. He'd dress Yoongi again. Touch him.
If only the hours would pass faster.

So that's enough fav scenes for now hehe… Do you have any fav scenes? Anyone reading!??! arthur!?!?

*~*~*

Has anyone heard that song called Que Pasa Maria.........?
I mention it all the time, and I mentioned it in the note of DFB, but it's the Happy Farmers anthem!! Arthur is so tired of that song but it's my fav song and it only has like 200 views on YT, all from me, is it blocked everywhere or smth?? Can't have people dancing around on the street I guess… which people would do if they heard that song… just like in mamma mia…

I literally wrote half of this fic listening to that song, and edited most of it while listening to it too, and planning and all that. Or actually the song wasn't released yet when I was writing pt2 (this fic was four parts in the beginning), so I listened to the 30sec preview for a whole week until I got the whole song.

So part 2 of this fic has my fav chapters and was the funniest to write and it starts with Horny Hobi and ends with A Not So Perfect Prince. I have written 'this is the perviest shit i've ever written, help' at the top of the document?? Along with 'this is for all sinners out there' oh, and the text in the first document 'I'm going to hell'

(:
-

continue reading if you think alice is stupid

*~*~*

Me writing the long Author's Note of Survival Island: look up! question reality! haha! (please don't think I'm crazy!?)
Me writing this Author's Note: hello earthlings, nothing is real, the world isn't real, my bff is a ghost called arthur and we know nothing and will die unknowing

upgrade I guess? Ta-da?
Did you know that I can only write two genres? Gay/drama/romance or mystery/angst/mind games, and those are also my two personalities.

Shrek go away, stop trying to steal the attention all the time!!!

Shrek: no. >:( this is my swamp.

Okay, WTH is anyone seriously reading this?? I feel sorry for you… but dreamworks should like pay me or something bc i sure make a lot of commercial for Shrek 5!!

Okay (ogrey?) I seriously did not think that so many people would read this?? (the fic, not the note) This has as much kudos that campers had when I finished it, and I did not think that that would happen. I just… for some reason I didn't really think that anyone would read. I just threw farmers out there and distracted myself with other things, but with campers I was there all the time, analyzing everything. (why am I comparing HC and HF again??)

Like, I know that maybe 30-50 people are reading, from the different commenters, and I just think that 30 people read?? How many has actually read this?? Thank you again for reading but it's weird!

And I just randomly want to point out the aesthetic with posting dates of this fic. 190119 posted first chapter, 191019 posted last chapter, the 0 and 1 in the middle changed places. high five arthur!

Usually at end of a fic I post 'here's a hint to my next fic' but I have many unpublished sope fics so… I don't know which one I'll post next, and I don't want to spoil any of them by showing pictures, but… I still want to post the stories in the right order, but I don't want to spoil anything. But, but, but, always a but!

I had originally planned to like put a collage here? With small pictures and hints for different fics, but mama that would just spoil everything! Then I planned to link songs, but they're spoiling too?? Tags spoil too.
Ok but so I wrote Farmers last winter, then the texting fic, and the next one I wrote in February, actually I write about one story every month. So. They've piled up… *slowly slips away without giving a hint to the next fic I'll post* I love it, it's all I'll say.

Okay, okay stop begging! The next fic is a bit ironic, or it wasn't ironic when I wrote it, it was really interesting and intense and tragic (yes arthur I'll stop spoiling now!!) but haha I must be psychic or something, because things I make up in stories always end up happening to me like a month or two later. (I should write a fic where someone wins a million)

So before I change my mind, if anyone is curious and want hint, here's two songs like to get a 'vibe' of the story! (I have stories from all sorts of genres though hehe, POV Hoseok and POV Yoongi, mystery and angst but gay romantic drama too. and my stories have numbers in my head btw, Happy Campers is nr7, Happy Farmers nr10. my fav!??! number13)

Here are the linked hint-songs with some lyrics for number 12:

*I'm too alive, too real, and too right
Yeah I'll be damned if I'm dying tonight

Maybe I am dumb
Maybe I am numb
Maybe I'm just misunderstood
Misdiagnosed, I'm a ghost, move on

So happy songs!!!! jk
Keep your eyes open though because I have lots of fics that I might decide to post! And maybe I decide not to post them in order. I'm writing a fic right now that I might just post because I feel like it… who knows what might happen… only arthur…

I consider some of my unpublished works being masterpieces. Farmers is good, it was fun and waah what's gonna happen, and DFB too, and Campers will always be special to me. But… I'm literally turning my latest stories into books. (Not official, but like for myself, to have in my shelf.) And? That's why I'm reluctant to post. These stories are so special to me, so I don't know what I'd do if someone read me to filth and told me that I was gross again. Or what if no one likes it? What if what I think is good and great is actually really shitty? That would be awkward!

I know I've said it before, but it's easier to post funny 'crack' fics than stories that I've put my heart and soul into. Stories that I've went through so many times until I want to print out the pages and use them as tapestry on my walls.

Posting or not is a choice I have to make, and it's a decision I've been thinking about for a very long time. I've told a few readers, that posting Farmers was a 'test run', something I worked with while making up my mind whether I was going to quit posting or not.

Now, as some might now, I am posting another story. But it's a texting fic. And, yet again, not a story I've spent months screaming with Arthur about in my head. (maybe some light screaming but you know)

Sometimes I think, shit, these stories have to be read, ofc I need to post them. Especially since everything is ready? Some stories are edited twice, all quotes and song references ready. All I have to do is push a button. Put them up. But. I'm hesitating.

This hesitation is something I didn't have before. I am way more hesitant before posting these days. And these stories? They're my most precious things, and maybe it will take a while until I post, if I
post. I'm thinking about 3 stories in particular. I want to like throw them on the table and be like 'hey, hey, look!! read this!!! best story I've read in my life!!' (I'm so sorry, hope you don't think I'm licking my own ass?? did that sound weird or what…)

But like I can't just stop posting. Even if it's just once a week I can't stop, because I'm a hermit and if I stopped I might not start again. I'm just?? I'll be honest with you, after spending all summer last year working on Happy Campers I was exhausted, but the most stressing part wasn't editing every chapter 5 times, but the social part. I've realized that I can't force myself to be social. And it's hard for me to draw a line. For example replying to comments is fine, but talking with readers one on one? that got too much for me. and I should speak up about that, tell people that, but I'm too scared to hurt others (like a people pleaser) to speak my mind most of the time.

What am I even writing about?? I LOVE my readers so much! soooo much! but I want to be honest with you, that's why I'm telling you all this stuff! YOU're the reason that I keep posting, and that I've kept posting for almost two years.

I keep rambling random stuff because yet again, I never thought that I'd finish this. And I've been thinking about this AN for a long while. Because I don't know if Farmers will be the last long work I post or not. and I'm honestly 50% 50%, wondering, trying to make up my mind about it.

Naturally, I try to weigh different options against each other. Such as, what if I post another work and I get lots of hate? What will happen then? Well, then I'll feel bad and will change my mind. But what if people love the work and tell me that it's the best work ever and that it's amazing?

    Here's some more random stuff

About Mino being the bad guy? It was just a circumstance. I wondered what poor idol to make the bad guy, and then he released a song that very day and whoops he got the role. Hehe.

Sana and Momo were gossiping, dramatic bitches in this story, and Dahyun too. Dahyun and Sana are actually my favs in Twice, so sorry girls… And Nayeon and Jihyo, sorry for turning you into bitches too, but truth be told Jihyo does have a generous bosom…

    The randomness continues

Once a while someone contacts me, telling me how my stories literally changed their life. And? It feels surreal to me, I say it every time, but it does. It doesn't feel real. Changing lives? Me? No, what? Arthur, are you seeing this? Arthur, are you pranking me rn!?

Okay but I've been posting for a long time, and writing for a long time too, but at the end of the day it… doesn't feel real. It just doesn't. It feels like I've just finished reading Between Dreams and Reality. Feels like I'm the one writing novel long comments, trying to get the author to understand how this work changed my life forever.

A few works did change my life forever, so I know that feeling. How you suddenly don't feel alone anymore, how suddenly there's a work that you want to keep close to your heart. I know that feeling very well, but it's odd and surreal to think that something I've written could give someone that feeling.

Getting hate is painful, doubting yourself is hard too, but every time someone tells me that I have changed their life, made them happy or smile, or even made them follow their dreams or dare to be true to themselves or feel less alone, I just stop.

These stories are my home as I write them. And I'll be honest, it's hard to let someone into the
worlds I create. Because this isn't just something lalala that I do for fun on the side; writing has become my lifeboat, the string of hope, what makes me smile. I feel reluctant to open that door, to let others in to the world I created. And when the response is good, I still can't really understand what people tell me; can't really grasp the fact that people are reading, or understand when someone tells me that I'm a good writer. It's, perhaps, sad, but I have a hard time believing it. Even after almost two years. Just can't grip it.

When I get a comment like that, telling me that I've changed lives, I'm like, what?? Are you talking to the wrong person right now? Am I really making a change through writing? Wow. Maybe it's worth it. Editing, posting, doubting myself. If I change as much as one person's life, if I make one person smile, then maybe it's worth it.

*~*~*

For a very long time I was Yoongi sitting in his window, watching Auriga, making the same wish time after time. I spent months editing this story, in severe pain, in frustration and in sickness, but now when they journey is over I like to think that it was all meant to happen. It's hard to see the beauty of transformation when you're in the middle of it; hard to see how close you were to the end of the tunnel when you've been lost in the dark for so long.

Did that make any sense? Well, maybe not! I think I'm trying to say thank you, yet again.

Thank you B who's always standing behind me, supporting me, and thank you to my amazing incredible readers who never fail to pep-talk me and motivate me. Thank you so, so much. And thank you to me. You did it. You actually did it.

I'm so thankful and grateful, and so glad that this story has brought joy to so many people. So happy that this has been someone's 'favorite story' and that several people think I'm the 'best author'. It's because of you that I keep posting.

I had my mind set that farmers would be the last... but I don't think so anymore. So keep your eyes open, because you might be surprised by my next work...

Thank you again for supporting me, I can't press it enough. I hope you liked farmers, and that you'll like my next story too, and next, and so on. (and thank you ghost-woman from Auriga for giving me ideas and clues and for giving me what I wish for!!)

A huge, huge thank you for wishing me well when I was sick, several times. I'm still a bit sick, but I'm proud of myself and I'm surprised that I did it. I NEVER thought that I'd post the end of this fic. I had planned on never opening it again when I finished writing it in January. But I'm glad that I kept going. One chapter at a time.

I will miss this story. Miss the simplicity of it. The way the farm feels like home. Mostly I will miss reading the funny comments from my readers and reactions to plot twists and angst and awkwardness. (God, I will really miss that!!) Seeing reactions was the BEST! So I will miss that, and updating and editing this, and I will miss feeling like I have a purpose. But one part of me thinks that letting this go will be good too. Think it's time now.

Now what? Well, I'll keep posting. If you like my works then subscribe to me. Or something.

I don't know how to end this... I will actually miss this. Isn't it weird? Posting a chapter of farmers every Friday just feels like home now. It will take a while to get used to not doing it, considering it's been my life for the past 9 months or so.
Why are endings so difficult??

((I can't believe farmers is ending now!?!?!))

This note is over 8K words, but it felt so much longer, omg. It was like 12K before. Well.

Thank you again for reading! And for staying with me on this long journey! Farmers shall end, and it won't be easy to let go. I hope that you liked staying at the Mansion and the farm as much as I did.

I never thought this day would come, but now it's here. Thank you again for staying with me, for reading and commenting and just being amazing. Thank you so much.

It's time for this happy farmer to sign out.

Good bye!

Until next time, Sope forever!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!