"I want you."

"Y-You don't-" another hiccup, ",-mean t-that."

Or,

Yoongi gets worked up very, very easily and, because of this, he constantly gets the hiccups. Jeongguk is a very blunt, confident person who isn't afraid to tell someone how he feels or do something to show it. Let's just say Yoongi pretty much always has the hiccups around Jeongguk.

I already posted this story on Wattpad, but wanted it to reach more people so I'm posting it over here too. I'll try to update both at the same time but no promises. I'll try to upload as soon as I can but I am in college and ya girl has classes she doesn't wanna fail so we'll see how that goes. DM me or tweet me @jungguk_rose on Twitter if you have any questions or requests for the story.
See the end of the work for more notes.
I already posted this story on Wattpad but wanted it to reach more people so I'm posting it over here too. I'll try to update both at the same time but no promises. I'll try to upload as soon as I can but I am in college and ya girl has classes she doesn't wanna fail so we'll see how that goes. DM me or tweet me @bubjeongguk on Twitter if you have any questions or requests for the story.

The first time Jeongguk meets Yoongi, it's on the first day of his sophomore year in college.

He came into his second-period class, Sociology, a few minutes early so that he could find a good seat. He went to a big university, so if you didn't go to class early, you were probably going to be forced to sit by some questionable people. Jeongguk learned that the hard way on the first day he was in college. He walked into his lecture two minutes before class started and there were very few seats left. He ended up stuck between a guy who smelled like the inside of a football player's socks, and a girl who was on a call with her boyfriend the whole time. The things they were talking about were less than holy, to say the least.

When he later told his best friend, Taehyung, who was a sophomore, about his experience, a grimace on his face, the older boy laughed in his face, grabbed his shoulder, squeezed, and said with a mouth full of chicken, "Welcome to college."

So, here he was, a year later, and one of the only people in the class at the moment. He didn't want to get on his phone because, in the anxious state of his running around this morning, he forgot to grab his charger on the way out of his apartment. After having done the same thing many times, Jeongguk had learned that, without his phone charger, his phone usually died around lunch time. However, that was because of how often he typically got on it, so, when he realized he forgot it whenever he got about four blocks from his apartment complex, he decided he'd simply try not to get on it as much as possible.
So, he sighed and threw his head back in the seat, bored.

It wouldn't kill him to wait around for a little bit and do nothing but he would prefer not to. So, he opted for looking around the large lecture room to see who all was in there. He wasn't looking to make friends, he just wanted to take his classes and pass, but he thought it was an interesting pastime to people watch. He usually did it on the train when he headed to town. He didn't know why, it was just fun, trying to guess how you thought someone lived their life or what kind of person they were by what they looked like and did. It passed the time.

He looked to the front of the room and saw a girl with long blonde hair and blue eyes staring down at her phone, smiling at whatever she was looking at. She was dressed in a low-cut, long-sleeved crop top and a pair of black skinny jeans. He guessed she was probably a junior and that she was pretty popular and was looking at something either one of her friends or her boyfriend sent her. Or girlfriend, he didn't judge.

He looked a few seats down in front of him and noticed a guy and, upon first glance, figured he was your average loner. He was facing away from Jeongguk, but the sophomore could still see that he was wearing tight, tight black jeans, a black beanie and that the guy was listening to All Time Low. Yep, probably a loner.

Finally, he turned to his left and saw another guy. His eyebrows furrowed in confusion, he didn't recall seeing him when he came in and he didn't think anyone had come in since he'd gotten there. The guy had his head buried in a notebook, writing something, so Jeongguk couldn't really see his face but, from what he could see, the guy was decently cute. He looked a bit on the shorter side, with fluffy black hair, and a big yellow sweater that was definitely far too big for him, but somehow made him look soft and cute, paired with some plain black skinny jeans and black combat boots. He was wearing a cute black scrunchie on his wrist and had a doodled on little pink heart of the upper part of his right cheek. The more Jeongguk looked at him the more attractive he got. He just looked so cute and soft and, he couldn't even describe it, warm? He didn't know, he just looked like the type of
person you could go up to and ask for a hug and he would blush and be happy to give you one because he wanted everyone and their cats to be happy, you know? He looked like someone like that. Jeongguk found it endearing. Then again, he could also be a complete ass, he didn't know the guy, he couldn't say.

Jeongguk bit his lip and debated walking over to the guy but figured that was probably too forward. Then he contemplated staring at him the whole time because it seemed so hard to take his eyes off of him. He didn't know what it was but he just wanted to keep looking at him so he could take in his beauty and the aura surrounding him. However, he quickly realized that it would probably be really awkward and embarrassing if the guy looked up and caught him staring at him. Jeongguk knew he would immediately write him off as a creep and if he wanted any chance to meet him, that would not be the way to go, despite how badly he wanted to just completely turn his seat in order to look at him. So, he sighed and turned back to the front of the class, kicking his feet up on the seat in front of him. This was going to be a long lecture.

Over the next several minutes, more and more students flocked in until about three-fourths of the classroom were filled, yet the professor still wasn't there. Jeongguk was about to just close his eyes and rest until the guy got there when suddenly his legs, which were still rested on the seat in front of him, were bumped into by someone.

He opened his eyes to see who it was and move his feet out of the way for them to get through, not wanting to be an asshole, but before he could do so much as sit up the guy who had knocked into his legs, a big, cocky looking college kid, glared at him and said in a pissed off tone, "Move your fucking legs out of my way."

Now, Jeongguk would like to consider himself a relatively nice person, but he didn't care for being talked to or treated like that with no real reason at all. If he had been a dick, sure he understood why someone might get mad, but it was literally just his legs. Plus, he wasn't even given the opportunity to move before the guy got so worked up.
So, his words back weren't exactly polite.

"Calm down, dude, it's just my legs. I was about to move them out of your way because I had my eyes closed and just realized someone was trying to get by. No need to get pissed." His tone was stern but calm.

That just seemed to make the guy angrier.

He balled his fists and got closer to Jeongguk, "You trying to fight, bitch?"

He raised an eyebrow in a nonchalant manner and stayed in his seat, "That depends, you trying to get your ass kicked?"

There were sounds of laughter and hollering from the other students, loving the first-day drama. Some were on their phones, filming, and others were watching by idly, smiles on their faces. The older college students just looked annoyed or passive, clearly not wanting to put up with teenage disputes.

The guy tried to puff out his chest to look tough and Jeongguk refrained from outright laughing. He honestly looked ridiculous and, despite not being in martial arts for a few years, Jeongguk had taken up boxing over the summer and knew he could take the guy.
The guy tried to get closer to Jeongguk, saying something along the lines of "You should be saying that" before two guys grabbed him and tugged him around Jeongguk, to wherever he had been trying to go in the first place, laughing and saying, "Not today, dude," , "Calm down, buddy," , and "You really are trying to get kicked out on the first day."

Jeongguk watched them walk by as he got pats on the shoulder from other students and words of encouragement, but he ignored them. He noticed the guys walk by a memorable, big, yellow sweatshirt and shifted his attention to the college kid he noticed earlier. He had completely forgotten he was in here and wondered if he paid any attention to the commotion just now.

He looked from the boy's sweatshirt to his face, which was now lifted from his notebook and was staring at them, still pissed off, the guy that had just tried to fight Jeongguk, watching as he passed right by him. His eyes were wide with, what looked like, curiosity and worry.

The jock who bumped into him took a seat on the right of the cute student, talking with the guys who had dragged him away and, just as Jeongguk shifted his attention from them to look back at the mystery boy, he had turned his head to glance at Jeongguk.

It made the brown-haired boy's breath catch in his throat, those wide, dark, innocent eyes were staring at him now, amazement and curiosity in them. He blushed as soon as he realized Jeongguk was looking at him and looked down at his hands, playing with the sleeves of his sweater. The college student resisted the urge to coo at the adorable sight and pursed his lips to resist smiling. He watched with bemusement as the black-headed student shyly looked back up at him, probably trying to see if Jeongguk was still looking at him.
When noticing he was, the blush deepened and reached to his ears and he looked away again and bit back a smile, before staring back at Jeongguk. Jeongguk decided to be a little bit flirtatious and smiled, before winking at the boy.

He looked surprised, his eyes going wider than they already were, which Jeongguk thought was impossible. Then, his chest and head did a cute bouncing motion and his mouth opened slightly, a cute, soft noise coming out. The sophomore was confused to what it was at first, watching the boy for a moment to make sure he was okay. The boy did it again and seemed to get really embarrassed and upset all of the sudden, looking at Jeongguk, eyes wide, before turning and putting his sweater covered hands over his mouth and cheeks. He did it one or two more times, and Jeongguk realized that he was hiccupsing.

He couldn't help the smile as he realized that the student must have been so taken aback and shocked by Jeongguk's boldness that he literally started hiccupsing, and if that wasn't the cutest thing, he's ever seen in his whole life then he didn't know what was because that was really fucking cute.

He felt a little bad about making him put up with hiccups but figured he could get rid of them easily, by just holding his breath for a few seconds.

Jeongguk gave the cute guy one last glance before turning to the front, noticing that the professor had finally come in. He kicked his feet back up and sat back, pen in hand, thinking that this had probably just become his favorite class.
Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Each chapter will probably be a few thousand words. I don't like to have really long chapters but I also don't like to have super short chapters. I feel like you can gauge how good or bad my writer's block is by the length of my writing. If it's really short, I probably just felt like I had to upload something, or maybe it's just a boring filler chapter. However, if it's really long, I'm really into the story and have many ideas for it, so please keep an eye out for that. I'm going to try to have my upload schedule be every Saturday but I can't promise anything, I'm in college and school is the top priority for me right now. I hope everyone understands. Anyway, onto the chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The minutes ticked by slowly and Jeongguk swore he was going to fall asleep at any given minute, it was so hard to pay attention because the professor's voice was so low and monotone, he was really boring. He was honestly surprised he hadn't fallen asleep. Every time he felt like he was going to drift off, he stole a glance at the cute mystery boy and was immediately wide awake again. On a few occasions of him looking over at him, the boy would just so happen to turn and look at Jeongguk, or would already be looking at him.

Every time he noticed Jeongguk looking or was caught looking, another cute little hiccup would come from him and fill the silent lecture hall. It seemed that no one else was really paying attention to the noise, too distracted by the lecture or the phone they were hiding under the table to notice.

However, Jeongguk noticed every time it happened and, every time it did, he would smile and watch as the black-haired student covered his red face and willed the hiccups away. He didn't know why he always ended up with the hiccups but Jeongguk figured it had something to do with him getting so worked up. The thought of that just made Jeongguk want to do it more, it was really the most adorable thing he'd ever seen.
It was finally nearing the end of class and there were probably only three minutes left. The professor was finishing up his lecture about something involving human behavior when it comes to natural disasters but Jeongguk and many others were using the last remaining moments to put away all of their things and get ready to leave for his free period. He had plans to go to the food court and eat lunch with Taehyung, Namjoon, and Hoseok.

As he zipped up his backpack and threw it over his shoulder, the professor said his goodbyes to everyone and promises to put the power points online, before beginning to pick up everything as well.

Jeongguk stood and stretched as a bunch of people got up and started leaving, the room suddenly a lot louder, filled with the commotion and banter from college students.

He was about to turn and walk out before he glanced behind him and saw the cute mystery student packing up the rest of his things. Jeongguk smiled and put his hands in his jean pockets, walking over.
He got over to the boy's seat and said a friendly, "Hey."

The boy turned and looked up at Jeongguk, expression going from one of blankness to one of embarrassment and nervousness. He tugged on the sleeves of his yellow sweater, which Jeongguk could now see read 'MAGIC SHOP', and let out a soft, cute, "H-Hi."

Jeongguk smiled at him and the boy suddenly hiccups, his eyes going wide when he realized he had the hiccups again.

Neither of them acknowledged it and Jeongguk tilted his head and freed one hand to hold it out, "I'm Jeongguk."

The boy hiccuped again and took Jeongguk's hand into his sweater-clad one, mumbling, "Y-Yoongi."
"Yoongi?" Jeongguk repeated and raised one dark eyebrow, still holding onto the boy's hand. He blushed and nodded and looked down at his lap and wow how can he get cuter? The boy, Yoongi, hiccupsped once more and Jeongguk's lips twitched, that's how.

He shifted his weight to one side of his body and started, "Well, Yoongi, I'm about to head to the food court to have lunch with some friends of mine and would really like it if you maybe came with me?"

Yoongi looked up at him and hiccupped again, face going redder than it was already, now working its way down his neck and chest, before disappearing behind his sweater.

"I-I was actually going to go eat w-with a few of my friends."

Jeongguk smiled, his bunny teeth shining through, "The more the merrier."
Yoongi looked like he was contemplating it and Jeongguk quickly added, "Only if you want to of course. I won't push. You're just really cute and I'd like to get to know you a bit more if possible."

At that, the boy hiccupped again but a bit stronger and looked down, a shy smile on his face, "R-Really?"

Jeongguk nodded and chuckled, "Yes, really."

Yoongi bit his lip and looked at him again before his gaze shifted to their hands, which were still connected, and he quickly retracted his, putting it back into his lap, the blush still bright and evident on his face.
"I-I would love that."

That made Jeongguk smile brightly as he put his hand back in his pocket, nodding. "Okay, that's great. How about we get going and you can talk to your friends on the way or something?"

Yoongi pursed his lips and nodded, reaching down to zip up his bag and pick it up, "Okay."

Jeongguk stepped back to give him room to stand up and throw his backpack over one shoulder and the brown-haired boy realized with a smile that it was a cute, pastel pink bag that had a cute cat face on the front.

Yoongi hiccupped and double checked his seat to make sure he didn't leave anything, before he turned to Jeongguk and smiled softly, "I'm ready."

He knew there was a fond look in his eyes as he nodded and moved back, allowing Yoongi to walk
ahead of him through the small walkway to the door of the lecture room. They were the last people out of the room, even the professor was gone by that point. He didn't know how long they had been talking but surely it hadn't been *that* long. Everyone was probably just in a rush to leave considering it was the first day and, for most people, this was their free period.

The two finally got to the door and Jeongguk rushed ahead to hold the door open for Yoongi, making the college student blush, saying a polite "Thank you" under his breath.

Jeongguk smiled at that and it only widened when he heard the little hiccups afterward. The two walked down the lecture hall, which was practically barren, since most of the college students were either in class, in the courtyard, or in the food court for lunch.

Their steps fell in time and Jeongguk heard Yoongi hiccups again and smiled, staring down the hall as he mumbled, "Cute."

The comment made the other boy turn and look at him, clear confusion on his face. Jeongguk looked back at him and raised an eyebrow, a little laugh coming out of him as he said, "What? It's cute."
Yoongi tilted his head dumbly and asked, completely oblivious, "What's cute?"

Jeongguk smiled and gripped his backpack, "You."

Yoongi blushed, eyes wide, and he looked down at the ground. Jeongguk took the opportunity to elaborate, "The little hiccupping thing that you do too, that's really cute."

The boy continued staring at the ground as he shook his head and mumbled, "S not cute. It's annoying."

At that exact moment, he hiccupped again and Jeongguk grinned.

"It's cute."
There was a short silence, Yoongi not disagreeing again and Jeongguk content with smiling at the little hiccups that would come from the boy every so often. They had gotten to the end of the hallway and pushed open the door into the next hallway before Jeongguk's curiosity struck him.

"How come you do it so easily?"

Yoongi hummed in question, either not knowing what Jeongguk was asking about or not hearing him in the first place, so he repeated himself.

"How come you hiccup so easily? Normally, people hiccup when they get scared or worked up so much that their diaphragm spasms and they stop breathing suddenly, but it's like you do it when pretty much anything happens."

As if on cue, another cute hiccup came.
Yoongi pursed his lips and stared down at the sleeves of his yellow sweater and Jeongguk suddenly worried that he shouldn't have asked so he backtracked, "I-I didn't mean it in a rude way or anything. As I said, I actually think it's really cute and it's pretty interesting, which is why I was asking. My bad, I don't want to offend you or anything like that so you don't have to-"

"N-No, no, i-it's okay to ask," Yoongi cut him off, shaking his head. He looked at Jeongguk with a smile on his face. "I actually really like that you're so interested in it and don't think it's weird or something. Most people just think it's strange and avoid asking or talking to me or anything. So, thanks for asking, actually."

Jeongguk's heart clenched at the idea of people making Yoongi feel upset or insecure over something he clearly couldn't control and he had to take a deep breath to refrain from getting angry.

He nodded in understanding and waited patiently for Yoongi to explain.

The black-headed college student looked down and thought for a moment, before saying, "I-I don't
actually know why I-I do it, really. I-I've gone to t-the doctor plenty of t-times in my life b-but every
time we go t-they just tell me I-I get worked up easily. I-I was prescribed medicine w-when I was
like eleven to help prevent the hiccups but it gave me really bad headaches s-so they took me off of it
and I've j-just had to deal with it over the years. I-I've gotten a lot better about getting s-so anxious
and most people don't even k-know it's something I-I do."

Jeongguk took in the words and let them process for a few moments, just watching the content
expression on Yoongi's face. He figured it was good that he's gotten good at dealing with it over the
years and couldn't even imagine how bad it must have been for his parents to put him on medication
for it.

A thought came to mind and Jeongguk didn't stop himself from saying it, "I'm happy you don't take
medication for it."

At that, Yoongi turned to look at him with his eyebrows knitted together in confusion and slight
offense. He must have thought Jeongguk meant it in some rude or malicious way.

Jeongguk was quick to elaborate, shrugging as he said, "It's a cute thing you do. It would be a shame
if you just got rid of it."
At that, his expression went from slightly confused and offended to understanding and shy, that infamous blush working its way back onto his face. Jeongguk watched as the student bit his lip to contain a smile, really a failed attempt, and then mumbled, "Thanks."

Jeongguk hummed and turned to continue looking down the hall, which they were nearing the end of, "Anytime."

There was another moment of silence between the two as they got closer to the doors that led into the food court when a thought suddenly came to the brunette and his brows knitted together in confusion, "Did you ever talk to your friends?"

There was a hiccup and then a gasp for Yoongi, "Oh, no! I completely forgot to do that!"

Jeongguk chuckled, watching as the other brought his hands to his face, his eyes wide. "I figured."
"They're going to kill me," He mumbled breathlessly, a tone of pure fear in his voice.

Jeongguk laughed again, finding his dramatic reaction funny. "I'm sure you'll be fine. We'll just walk over to wherever they're sitting and you can talk to them then."

He ended the statement with a nonchalant shrug as the two pushed open the doors to the food court, the volume suddenly much louder. There were probably over fifty students in the food court, either inline or already at a table.

Yoongi eyed the taller boy nervously, another hiccup working its way out of him, "I-I-I don't know k-know about-" hiccup, "-that."
Jeongguk placed a reassuring hand on his back, happy he was able to since Yoongi only threw his backpack over the one shoulder, and gave him a soft smile, "We won't know until we go over there though, will we?"

Yoongi looked at him as he hiccupped again and sighed, "I-I guess not."

Jeongguk smiled and rubbed his back in a soothing manner, which made Yoongi relax just a little bit as the two walked through the large room and over to where the shorter boy was guiding them.

They got to the back-right corner of the room and up to a table of two young, good-looking guys that were laughing together about something, happily eating away at their food.

Jeongguk smiled at the sight and stopped about a foot away from the table, letting Yoongi go ahead of him just a bit since Jeongguk didn't know them and didn't want to be rude and impose or anything.
The guys were on opposite sides of the table, so Yoongi was standing behind one of them and the other guy was across from them, facing Yoongi. He saw him standing right there and looked up, smiling, "Hey, hyung. Out of class already?"

Yoongi nodded, and the guy who wasn't facing them turned around and looked up at him, "Oh, hey Yoongi."

Then, his gaze shifted to Jeongguk and he got a bit confused, "Who's this?"

The guy who had been facing them noticed Jeongguk too at that exact moment and the two mystery guys were now looking at him. He stepped forward and bowed politely, and went to say who he was but before he could, Yoongi spoke up, "This is Jeongguk. We met in Sociology."

Jeongguk stood back up all the way and smiled at the two strangers, "Yeah, I'm Jeongguk. Nice to meet you."
The two guys, in turn, stood up and bowed to him, the guy with the bright, pink hair who had been facing them the whole time smiled, "It's nice to meet you too, Jeongguk. I'm Jimin."

Then, the other guy, who had blond hair, spoke up next, "Kim Seokjin. Nice to meet you."

The boys stayed standing, probably wondering if Jeongguk was staying or something, and so Yoongi stepped closer to Jeongguk and said, "A-Ah, um, Jeongguk was actually wondering if we would like to go eat with his friends at their table for lunch."

The two boys made a surprised face and looked between one another and then back at Jeongguk.

Jeongguk felt like he should say something so he nodded and pointed to the other side of the food court, where Taehyung, Hoseok, and Namjoon were all sitting, saying, "Yeah, they're right there. I promise they're really cool and lots of fun."
"Really cool?" Jimin asked with a bemused smile on his face as he looked at the table he was pointing to. "So even the guy with a carrot up his nose is cool?"

Jeongguk made a confused face and turned back around to look over at the table and sure enough, Kim Taehyung, with his ever so high IQ, had a carrot up his nose and was crossing his eyes to look down at it as Hoseok laughed and Namjoon shook his head, a smile on his face.

Seokjin and Yoongi laughed at the sight, and Jeongguk turned back around, a hand on his neck in a nervous gesture. "A-Ah, y-yeah. They're a bit ridiculous but they're really good guys once you get to know them, I promise."

Jimin and Seokjin still looked contemplative so Yoongi helpfully chimed in, "They seem like a lot of fun."

Jeongguk gave him a smile, which he returned, a blush on his face.
Seokjin sighed a started, "Well, I would've liked to have known about it before I got my food and started eating, Min Yoongi-"

Yoongi laughed nervously.

"-But," He continued, a smile working its way onto his face. "It does sound like fun so I'd love to."

Jeongguk and Yoongi smiled at the answer and then turned to Jimin to see if he had decided to go or not. There was a smile on the pink-haired boy's face and he looked between the two and then over to the table, "The guy with the red hair is cute so sure."

Jeongguk nodded and put his hands in his pockets, "Okay, then. Great."
Yoongi gripped his backpack and smiled, "Let's go then."

The two boys nodded and grabbed their backpacks and food, letting Jeongguk led the way to the table at the front of the food court. As they were walking, Yoongi was talking to his two friends about his classes and how his day had been so far. Jeongguk tried not to ease drop but carefully picked up on the moment when the raven-haired boy said, "It was okay but then turned into a really nice day when I got to Sociology."

There were giggles and Jeongguk bit back a smile, knowing the remark was about him.

They got up to the table in no time, only having to weave through a few students, as most of them were sitting down. When they got within earshot, Jeongguk saw that Taehyung and Hoseok were now holding water bottles to their faces and pretending they were microphones as they dramatically sung Celine Dion's My Heart Will Go On.

He chuckled and raced over to the two, setting his bag down on the table and grabbing Namjoon's bottle, joining in. The boys' smiled at his entrance and Taehyung gripped his shoulder, singing more passionately.
Jeongguk had almost completely forgotten the others were with him until he looked up and saw Jimin and Seokjin laughing and Yoongi staring at Jeongguk, smiling fondly.

When he made eye contact with the boy, he held his stare as he sang, "My heart will go on~"

The action made Yoongi blush and, next thing he knew, there was a cute hiccup escaping the boy. The black-haired boy brought his sweater to his face to cover the movement and his blush rose to his ears, tinting them.

Jeongguk chuckled and put the bottle down, giving it back to Namjoon, as the song ended. The other two did the same and Namjoon clapped, clearly entertained.

"Nice singing, Kook," Taehyung said to him and pat his back, which was when he looked over and saw the other three boys standing by the table. His smile widened and he bowed, "Oh, shit, hi. Sorry, we didn't see you."
Namjoon and Hoseok followed the movement and stood in greeting, both saying something along the lines of, "Oh, hey."

Yoongi, Jimin, and Seokjin bowed in return, Jimin responding to Taehyung by saying, "No problem, we were entranced by your magnificent performance anyway."

There was a flirtatious smile on his face when he stood back up to look at Taehyung and the red-headed boy looked Jimin up and down once before returning the flirty look, "Yeah."

Hoseok made a puking noise and Taehyung smacked him, still looking at Jimin. Namjoon laughed at the two and then turned to Seokjin, who was closest to him, holding out his hand. Seokjin was already staring at him, an almost lustful look in his eyes as he held out his hand in return to shake hands with Namjoon.

"It's nice to meet you," The blond-haired man started. "I'm-"
"-Really hot," Seokjin finished for him, confident in his words, not a hint of regret on his face.

Namjoon sputtered and blushed, a nervous smile on his face.

"A-Ah, I was going to say Kim Namjoon but thanks."

Seokjin let go of his hand and took a seat next to where he had been sitting, still looking at him. "You can be both."

Namjoon sat down next to Seokjin and the two began talking, the clear flush still heating Namjoon's face. Jeongguk shifted his attention to Taehyung and realized that he and Jimin were already sitting down, clearly entranced by one another, not even noticing the others anymore.
He laughed and looked at Hoseok, who was smiling at Yoongi, who still had cute, soft hiccups leaving him. He was probably nervous about meeting so many people. Jeongguk tried not to awe and gripped Yoongi's wrist softly, pulling him to sit beside him.

Yoongi blushed and sat, putting his backpack down. Jeongguk gave him one more smile and then turned to Hoseok and said, "Hyung, this is Yoongi. Yoongi this is Hoseok."

Hoseok bowed slightly in his seat in greeting, giving Yoongi his infamous bright smile. "It's nice to meet you, Yoongi."

The shy college student tilted his head to bow back, giving Hoseok a soft smile, "Nice to meet you too."

Yoongi looked away from Hoseok and down at his lap. He tugged at his sleeves for a few moments before turning to look at Jeongguk and blushing furiously. Jeongguk realized he had been smiling fondly at him the whole time and before he could say anything, Yoongi hiccups and boldly asked, "Is there a reason you're looking at me?"
There was no malice behind the question, Jeongguk could tell it was just Yoongi's way of trying to seem confident in a flirtatious moment. It was really cute.

He grinned cheekily and bumped his shoulder into the college student, "Because you're gorgeous."

The reaction was instant, the blush that had finally gone away reappearing, more vibrant than ever and working its way down Yoongi's neck and chest. A sudden, powerful hiccup came from him and he covered his mouth, still staring right back at Jeongguk. His eyes were wide and innocent. He was looking at the brunette like he really couldn't believe the confidence he had to say such things or like he was genuinely surprised to hear something like that.

Jeongguk chuckled at the reaction and stood up, "I'll go get us food since we're the only people without any. What do you want?"
Yoongi looked taken aback and unsure. A little hiccup worked its way out of him and he turned completely around to face the taller boy, "O-Oh no, Jeongguk. I-I can go get my food."

Jeongguk shook his head and smiled, "I insist. What do you want?"

The raven-headed boy stared at him for a long moment, as if trying to figure him out and then sighed, "You aren't going to let up even if we went back and forth about it for ten minutes huh?"

Jeongguk grinned and ruffled the college student's hair, "Good job."

Yoongi huffed and a hiccup followed. He stared at Jeongguk long and hard, before saying, "I want an Italian BMT sub. At least let me pay for myself."

He went to reach for his back pocket and Jeongguk grinned and started walking in the direction of the sandwich place, "Nope. I'm paying."
Yoongi called after him but Jeongguk just grinned and carried on walking, his order in memory.

The black-haired student watched his retreating figure with a smile on his face. He was cute. A hiccup quickly followed that thought.

"So," Someone said, before plopping down beside him. Yoongi looked up to see that it was Hoseok, who was smiling brightly as he got comfortable in the spot Jeongguk had been sitting in and started eating his food again. "What's your major?"

He took a bite of his food and looked at Yoongi, patiently waiting for an answer. Yoongi continued to hiccup out of nervousness but, thankfully, the other college student didn’t make a comment about it. He smiled, a little anxious, and tugged at the sleeves of his sweater, "Music production."
Hoseok looked a little surprised, talking with food in his mouth, "Really?"

Yoongi nodded and his eyebrows subconsciously knitted together in confusion, "Why do you look surprised?"

Hoseok shrugged and took another bite of food, "I don't really know. I guess you just look...I don't know, soft? I guess. I kind of figured you'd do something that had to do with animals or kids. You seem like the type."
"O-Oh," He said, still slightly confused but thinking it was supposed to be a compliment, although it's kind of just offended him. Just because he was on the shyer side and wasn't buff didn't mean he had to have a job that involved cute, small kids or animals. He wasn't soft. He was just as capable as everyone else. Maybe he shouldn't have been taking it to heart so much and maybe he was overreacting, but, for his whole life, people had either been cruel to him because he was "soft" and had a hiccupping issue, or they were overly protective and thought he was helpless. He wasn't though and, quite frankly, he was a little sick of being treated like it. Sure, he liked the kindness and the compliments, but he didn't need to be babied.

"Thanks, I guess," He mumbled and then neither one of them spoke for a long moment. Hoseok continued to eat his food, not even noticing that his comment had kind of offended Yoongi.
The black-haired college student sighed and turned his head to look around the food court and see where Jeongguk went and if he was almost done. The way their food court was set up was so that there were a bunch of different little food and drink places around the outer edges, some burger places, a Starbucks, one sandwich place, a fried chicken place, a taco place, and a Chinese place, among a few other little food and drink stands. In the middle, there were tons upon tons of tables for people to eat at. There were a bunch of lines for the little food and drink places, and most of the tables were filled to the brim. Those who didn't want to eat in the food court went out to the courtyard and sometimes ate in the halls or in the gym.

Yoongi didn't have to look for long before his eyes landed straight to Jeongguk. To be completely honest, he wasn't that hard to find. He was tall, had on a black sweatshirt with a large logo on the back, and was being stared at and shyly pointed to by a bunch of girls and guys that were around him.

Yoongi's eyebrows furrowed and he tilted his head, confused. He watched as Jeongguk held one bag in hand and handed the cashier money with the other, before grabbing another bag that contained Yoongi's sandwich. He got his change back and then nodded, turning around with a smile and starting his walk back over to the table across the food court.
He still couldn't figure out why they were staring at him. Was there something on him? Did he do something?

Yoongi simply couldn't figure it out so, out loud, continuing to watch Jeongguk, he asked with a helpless pout, "Why are so many people staring at Jeongguk?"

There was a laugh from Namjoon and Yoongi turned to look at him, wondering what it was for. The blue-haired boy was smiling in Jeongguk's direction, saying, "Uh, well, you see-"
Before he could say anything more, there was what sounded like the smacking of lips, and Taehyung pulling away from Jimin, holding his face in his hands. The older boy had a dazed, lazy smile on his face, lips red and raw, just the same as Taehyung's. Both of their hair was a mess and they were red all down their faces and chests. "He's Jeon Jeongguk. He's hot as fuck. Of course, there are people staring at him."

After the remark, he put his lips back against Jimin's, resuming the apparent make out session they were having.

Namjoon sighed, lip twisted up in disgust, "You guys just met."
Seokjin followed the remark with a grimace and an uninterested, "If you two want to fuck then go somewhere else."

Hoseok made a gagging sound from somewhere behind Yoongi, who was blushing bright red, eyes wide at the sight.

Before anyone could say anything else, there was a voice from a few feet away from the table, "Hey, guys, gross, what the fuck. People are trying to eat."

Yoongi turned just in time to see Jeongguk set the food down in front of Yoongi and sigh loudly,
going over to Jimin and Taehyung and pushing them both by the shoulder, forcing them to pull away.

Jimin whined and Taehyung tried to shove Jeongguk's hand away but he was too strong for the boy to manage. The two looked completely debauched and red, their clothes were a mess from tugging on one another, their hair sticking up in different places, and their lips red and swollen.

"You're a really good kisser," Jimin said with a cheeky smile on his face.
Jeongguk plopped down in the free space between Jimin and Yoongi and started reaching for his food at the same moment that Taehyung leaned down to Jimin's ear, a teasing smile on his face and mumbled, "That's not the only thing I'm good at."

The comment made Jimin giggle and, suddenly, Taehyung was tugging the older boy up and the two were quickly leaving the food court, clearly headed to somewhere they could continue making out and probably do more...not appropriate things.

[A/N: I have a smut book but feel weird about putting that in too much detail. Priorities.]

"I'm not even surprised, to be honest," Namjoon said as he watched them retreat, before turning back to Seokjin and continuing their conversation.
Hoseok nodded silently and continued eating. Jeongguk just quirked his lips up in a quick smile, and then started gently tapping his fork against the table to rip the plastic and get it out.

"Is Taehyung always like that?" Yoongi asked curiously, still staring at the doorway the two had just left out of.

There was a chuckle, Jeongguk retorting with, "Is Jimin always like that?"

Yoongi giggled and turned to get his food out of the bag, a hiccup following the sound of happiness. "Fair enough."
It was quiet for a moment before Jeongguk tore open the ketchup packet to pour out next to his chicken nuggets. "So, what were you guys talking about while I was gone?"

"Um...." Yoongi began, not knowing if he should say. That meant he would have to bring up and talk about the fact that so many people eyed Jeongguk because he was hot. Sure, Yoongi had noticed the looks shot their way as they got out of Sociology and over to the table, but he thought it was people staring at him maybe because he was hiccupping, or possibly because he was so red in the face. He didn't think it was because of Jeongguk.

There was a chuckle, "Yoongi saw everyone staring at you and asked why you were getting eyed like a piece of meat in a lion's den."
The words were from Hoseok and Yoongi sputtered at the wording of the statement, hiccupping profusely. "T-That's-" hiccup, "-n-n-not how I-" another hiccup, ",-s-said it."

Hoseok laughed even harder at how much Yoongi was freaking out over it and threw his head back. Jeongguk slowed down his movements and stared at the table for a few moments before his lips twitched up in a cheeky smile of sorts.

Yoongi was embarrassed beyond belief, blushing red in the face and hiccupping uncontrollably. He really couldn't believe Hoseok would say something like that. It was quiet for a few moments, other than Hoseok's laughter and Yoongi's sputtering and hiccupping.
After he thought he finally calmed down to only a few hiccups, Jeongguk spoke. His tone was soft but teasing, "Really?"

The black-haired boy paused his relentless tugging on his sweater sleeves and slowly looked up at Jeongguk. The younger had continued to get his spork out of his little packet and there was now a smirk on his face as he did so, a playful glint in his eyes. He was still looking down at the table, seemingly dazed.

Yoongi felt the heat work its way down his neck as he hiccupped and said, "I-I didn't ask l-like that. I-I just saw people l-looking at you a-and was confused..."

Jeongguk looked up and raised an eyebrow at the black-haired boy, dark, doe eyes staring right into his. "Why did you think they were staring at me?"
Yoongi shrugged and said, "I-I don't know. T-That's why I asked."

Hoseok reached over and patted Jeongguk on the back, "But of course they were staring at you because of your charming good looks, our handsome Kookie."

Jeongguk chuckled at that and then Hoseok turned to Yoongi, a bright expression matching his breathtaking smile. "Don't you agree Yoongi? Our Kookie is just so cute."

And of course, Yoongi thought he was attractive. It would take a blind person to not be able to see that.

[A/N: Shameless plug for my new book Blind & Beautiful, go check it out.]
He didn't want to be rude and lie, say he wasn't attractive, but would it be weird if he agreed? He figured not since Hoseok was just asking him a question.

He must've been thinking for a second too long because Hoseok and Jeongguk were looking at him, waiting for a response. Jeongguk had taken a bite of his food and still had the utensil pursed between his lips, watching Yoongi's expression. He was caught up in his beautiful eyes as he stuttered out, "Y-Yeah-" a hiccup, "-of course."

Hoseok said something along the lines of "Exactly" and turned back to his food, laughing, but Yoongi was distracted by the light, almost invisible shade of pink that landed on Jeongguk's cheeks as the brown-headed boy took the spork out of his mouth and bit down on his bottom lip, shyly looking at the table now.

Yoongi felt his heart rate increase at the cute sight and didn't even notice the stream of hiccups that left him. He was too focused on trying not to coo out loud at the boy in front of him. How could he be so cute?
There was no way he was real. No one that cute and hot at the same time could exist, it just wasn't possible. He refused to believe such a thing.

Jeongguk turned back to his food and ate it with a cute, dopey smile on his face, mumbling, "Thanks, Yoongi..."

He hiccupped again before turning to get his own food out, saying, "N-No need to thank me, i-it's true."

Yoongi watched as the black-haired boy's expression got wider and literally had to bite his lip to hold back a painfully loud awe. The wide grin was followed by Jeongguk bumping his shoulder into the other boy playfully and saying, "You're more attractive."

The words made him burn bright red, eyes wide. However, he ignored the clear surprise and embarrassment showing on his face and snorted. "Sure."
Jeongguk made a 'pfft' noise, before giving Yoongi a look and saying, "It's true."

The comment made his heart soar and a swarm of butterflies move swirl around his stomach but he just shrugged the comment off and took a bite out of his food. All the boys carried on their lunch like that, quietly eating, making a few comments every so often. Seokjin and Namjoon were quietly engaging in their own discussion, and Jimin and Taehyung hadn't come back yet.

It wasn't a weird or awkward kind of atmosphere, it was relaxed and comfortable like they had all known each other for ages, especially with Jeongguk and Yoongi. The black-haired boy had quietly asked him when he was born, to which Yoongi told him and made Jeongguk's eyes go wide. The boy confessed that he was a bit younger, which made Yoongi his hyung. They discussed Jeongguk being in an advanced placement class and talked about their futures. It was nice and casual. Jeongguk just made him feel comfortable, which was new for him. Sure, he felt comfortable with Seokjin and Jimin, but he even felt nervous to be around them when they first met, scared of being made fun of. It took him weeks to warm up to them. He had only just met Jeongguk earlier that day and it was like they just clicked so well that, for the most part, Yoongi hadn't even been nervous. He hiccupped every so often, which was usually when he noticed Jeongguk smiling at him out of the corner of his eye.

He really enjoyed Jeongguk's company and it seemed like he felt the same way about Yoongi. The
mere thought of that made the older boy's heart beat a bit faster, hiccups working their way out of him.

After the thought crossed his mind and the hiccups started coming out of him, Jeongguk reached a hand down and set it on Yoongi's thigh. It wasn't in a weird manner, just a comforting one. It was just a bit above his knee, the, frankly bigger than Yoongi's, hand, tan and smooth looking, gently gripped his leg.

The brown-haired boy went as red as a tomato, hiccupping even more, which Jeongguk managed to cease by gently rubbing his thumb along Yoongi's jean-clad leg.

When Yoongi looked away from where his hand was on his leg and up at Jeongguk, the younger was still looking down at his food, eating. He didn't even look at the black-haired boy. The only telling sign that he even acknowledged Yoongi was the hand on the older college student's leg.

After a few moments of Yoongi just staring wide-eyed at the younger, flushed and surprised, heart rate slowing with every comforting swipe of his thumb, Jeongguk finally turned to look at him.
He smiled, "You're too cute, hyung."

Yoongi watched the cheeky boy go back to eating his food like nothing happened, completely calm, while the older was a sputtering, red mess. How could he be so calm? How could he just say that? How? He just-

The black-haired boy took a deep breath and turned back to his own food, trying to calm the blush on his face.

*They just met and he was already convinced Jeon Jeongguk was going to be the death of him.*
Chapter End Notes

I really hope you guys liked this chapter. Come yell at me on Twitter @jungguk_rose

And be sure to leave Kudos and comment, I love hearing you guys' feedback!! ♡♡♡♡
After lunch, they all parted ways, Jimin and Taehyung only coming back for their backpacks before leaving again, giggling like mad, red and debauched, their hair knotted messes and clothes wrinkled and disheveled. The others watched with mirth swimming in their eyes as the two newfound lovers speed-walked out of the lunchroom a few minutes before their break period would be over, holding hands and barely looking away from one another. Other students in the room either didn’t care or were watching them with wide eyes, what the two boys had just been up to obvious.

The next people to leave were Namjoon, Seokjin, and Hoseok. Seokjin and Hoseok asking Namjoon where his next class was and the student telling them he was headed to Chemistry, which also happened to be where Seokjin and Hoseok were going. All the sudden, the three of them went off on a tangent about how awful their professor was and started walking off, too caught up in their conversation to say goodbye to the other two left at the table, as they headed to class.

Jeongguk and Yoongi didn’t mind much though, too invested in their own conversation. Yoongi was dying laughing at Jeongguk, who was wide-eyed and serious looking as he held the elder’s arm lightly, persistent in his words, “I’m serious though if aliens were here why would they take the cows? The pigs are more useful and that’s all I’m going to say about that.”

Yoongi threw his head back with laughter, bright, gummy smile showcased as hiccups came out along with the barrels of laughter. It made Jeongguk crack a little, breaking into a small smile and huffing a laugh, before trying to mask it with his serious look again.

“Yah! You laugh but it’s true.”

Jeongguk let go of the brunette and took one last bite of his food before putting everything into Yoongi’s bag, which was now just filled with his own food trash, ready to be thrown into the bin on the way out. The whole time he did so he listened to the older boy laugh, eventually having to lean onto the table and wrap his arms around his stomach because he was laughing so hard and hiccupping so much.

The younger watched with a bright, fond smile he couldn’t help as Yoongi eventually calmed down, breaths deep and long, trying to calm down. After a while, he looked up at the black-haired boy, who now had his arms crossed, keeping a straight face, but gave his seriousness away through his eyes, which were staring at the older student with so much happiness and playfulness.
A little hiccup came out of him as he stared Jeongguk, before giggling and saying, “You’re ridiculous.”

Jeongguk just smiled and waited for him to completely calm down, looking at the older boy’s bright smile and sending thanks to whatever miracle managed to create something so beautifully breathtaking.

“I may be ridiculous but you love it,” Jeongguk said with a cheeky smile, playful in his words, mirth dancing in his onyx eyes.

Yoongi made a ‘pfft’ sound and took a sip of the drink he had gotten up to get a few minutes ago, which was when Jeongguk realized that they both mix root beer and Dr. Pepper together. The younger made an offended noise and his mouth dropped open, glaring at the brown-haired boy. It was clear he wasn’t truly offended and was just playing, nevertheless though, Yoongi pulled his lips away from the drink with a giggle, saying, “I’m just kidding.”

Jeongguk pouted instead and slouched a bit in his seat, his demeanor completely changed by the simple movement. “You better be.”

Yoongi laughed again and set the drink down before standing, throwing his adorable backpack over his shoulder, and reaching for the box of garbage from their food, “We should probably get going.”

Jeongguk hummed in agreement and grabbed the bag of trash before the older could reach it, standing up, his bag already over one shoulder, watching as Yoongi gasped and reached for the bag, “Hey!”

The younger smirked and laughed, “What?”

It wasn’t hard to keep it out of reach of the younger, as he was shorter than Jeongguk by a few inches. However, Yoongi was persistent, continuing to try and reach for the trash, even getting on his tippy toes and resorting to jumping at one point in time, whining at Jeongguk, little hiccups working their way out of him the entire time.

“Oh come on~”

“Let me get it~”

“You went to get food and wouldn’t let me pay, the least I can do is throw the trash away.”

Jeongguk just stared at his struggling with a shit eating grin, finding it extremely entertaining. However, it got to a point where his arm started getting tired and he realized the older student was far more persistent than him so he gave in, sighing and saying, “Okay, okay. I’ll let you throw it out.”

Yoongi seized his reaching and smiled, a hiccup escaping him, “R-Really? Yay, give i-it to me.”

The younger chuckled and started walking away, “When we get to the garbage can.”

The older gasped and followed after him, yelling a “W-What? Jeongguk!” from behind him but the younger ignored him, continuing to walk through the lunch room, bag held tightly in his hand, the other casually placed in his pocket. Within a few moments, Yoongi was tugging at his shoulder, huge, a frustrated pout on his face, “J-Jeong-” hiccup “-guk, give it to m-me.”

Jeongguk smiled down at the older, who was gripping the arm of his jacket with a stubborn resilience, fretting over something so small. It was cute. He didn’t think the brunette even realized he had both of his hands holding onto Jeongguk so tightly and, just to fluster him a bit, the black-haired
student simply raised an eyebrow at him and then glanced down at where he was attached to him, then back up at the older boy.

Yoongi’s brows furrowed for a small moment, clearly slightly confused, before he looked down at his hands and got it, gasping, eyes wide, releasing Jeongguk’s arm and covering his hands with his yellow sweater, hanging them low together. He went bright red and started hiccupping just a pinch louder, looking down.

At the moment, he didn’t even notice the two had already walked all the way to the entrance of the large, crowded room and were now standing beside the large, nearly full trash can.

Jeongguk nudged his shoulder gently against the older with a laugh and said, “Here.”

Yoongi looked up, face still bright, seeing the younger holding out the bag for him to take. He hiccupped and reached for the bag, his hands brushing against the black-headed college student’s own hand, warm and soft. It was inviting and, for one second, Yoongi briefly considered just taking his hand instead but decided against it. It would probably be awkward and weird, he didn’t want to come off as such just because he couldn’t be a normal human being. So, he ignored the want and took the bag, pouting up at the younger as he stretched his hand out and tossed it into the garbage can easily.

Jeongguk smiled and ruffled his hair, “Feel better?”

Yoongi huffed and a cute, small hiccup followed, glaring at the younger as he pushed his hand away from his hair. “No.”

Jeongguk just chuckled and put his other hand in his pocket before turning and pushing open the door to the large room. He let Yoongi walk past him and followed out right after him, immediately jumping into conversation.

“What’s your next class?”

“Physics,” Yoongi told him, a light pink blush littering his face because of his earlier embarrassment. The younger hummed in acknowledgment and nodded. That meant they didn’t have their next class together because Jeongguk wasn’t in physics. That made sense though, as he was a sophomore and, as he had learned earlier, Yoongi, Seokjin, Hoseok, and Namjoon were all seniors. Taehyung and Jimin were juniors. That meant Jeongguk was the only sophomore and wouldn’t have most classes with the others because they were in their majoring classes, whereas Jeongguk was still taking most of his standard classes.

Yoongi had told him earlier he was only in Sociology, the class the two met in because he failed to take it in his years prior in college, he never got around to it because he didn’t think he had to take it. However, apparently, at the end of the semester last year, his advisor told him he did, indeed, have to take the class. So, he was taking it now. It was luck that the two had crossed paths. They probably wouldn’t have met otherwise.

“What about you?” Yoongi asked, snapping the younger out of his thoughts. He was looking over at Jeongguk with those big, dark eyes like he was analyzing him or trying to learn about him. Curiosity and something like hope-no that couldn’t be it. Maybe just plain wonder that Jeongguk was mistaking for something more? He didn’t know. Whatever it was though, that’s how Yoongi was looking at him.

“Oh, I have Trig.”
Jeongguk watched as his eyes switched to something like disappointment, which the younger was probably also mistaken, and he smiled a pursed smile and looked forward, down the hall. His shoulders slumped and the smile was followed by a pout. He did look disappointed, though Jeongguk doubted that’s what it was.

“Well, what do you have afterward?” Yoongi said quietly. Jeongguk thought back to the schedule he had looked at earlier, before saying, “Nothing, I think. I think I just go home.”

Yoongi snapped his head to look back up at the younger at that, eyes bright again. “Me too!”

The black-headed student couldn’t help but smile at the older’s excited reaction. He watched his eyes light up and, with a smile, said, “Cool. Does that mean you want to hang out after class?”

Yoongi nodded enthusiastically, a big, gummy smile on his face. Jeongguk’s breath was taken away at the sight. He had never seen anything so beautiful in his entire life. His smile was something of dreams. It sparked a fire in the younger’s heart and filled it with a tight warmth. He felt as the warm feeling made its way through his body, his arms, and legs, down to his fingertips and up his neck, swirling around his ears. It made Jeongguk feel so happy and absolutely elated. It was quite possibly the best thing he’d ever seen and he just couldn’t take his eyes off the older boy as the smile stayed splayed on his face, cheeks pink and squishy, eyes bright.

“I’d love to!” Yoongi said, every hint of his earlier shyness gone, replaced with excitement.

His smile calmed into a normal, close-mouthed one and Jeongguk remembered how to breathe. He let out a slow, shaky breath and said, “Yeah, okay.”

The black-haired man cleared his throat to think and reclaim his talking skills, before starting. “We could go to a coffee shop, um, the movies, we could go to my apartment and watch movies and hang out, or we could-”

“We should go to your apartment.” Yoongi had cut him off to quickly blurt out the words which were directly followed by his eyes widening and his cheeks turning bright, fiery red. Yoongi felt embarrassed that he was so quick to pick that option. It came out sounding almost inappropriate and he wondered if he should take it back but he didn’t want to. Going to Jeongguk’s apartment and hanging out there would sound better than going out anywhere to him any day. He was introverted and didn’t like things that required too much effort. Staying in and watching movies while they hung out sounded nice compared to doing anything in public. However, maybe he should take it back. Maybe Jeongguk would think he was weird or something for picking that option. Then again, he did make it an option so he probably didn’t have anything against doing that.

However, Yoongi contemplated it for too long before taking it back, so Jeongguk had time to respond, “Oh, sure, okay. We could just hang out there and watch some movies?”

The older college student let out a breath of relief, happy Jeongguk didn’t seem to think he was weird for picking that option. “That sounds good.”

They continued walking and the younger student smiled softly, “Okay, great. Then do you want to meet up at the side of the school, where the parking lot is, after class or something?”

Yoongi nodded and stopped as they got to the end of the hall, knowing Jeongguk would have to go to the left to go to the standard class section and Yoongi would have to go to the right. Jeongguk stopped too, only a foot or so away from the older and hummed, “Okay, well I’ll see you later then.”

The black-headed student was so caught up in looking at Jeongguk this up close, seeing how
handsome he truly was, his words were breathless. “Yeah, okay.”

Jeongguk smiled his bright, bunny smile and started walking backward, towards the left side of the hall. “Bye Yoongi hyung.”

Yoongi hiccupped out of nervousness at the way the younger student was looking at him, eyes big and fond. He nodded and practically mumbled, “Bye Jeongguk.”

With that, the younger grinned and turned around, hands still in his pockets as he walked down the hall and to his class. As soon as he was out of sight, Yoongi let out a huge breath of air and started walking to his class.

Jeon Jeongguk really was something. He was so nice to Yoongi, as were his friends. They all accepted his weird hiccupping. His friends were nice about it, they ignored it, but Jeongguk was a bit different. Yoongi noticed earlier in the day that Jeongguk’s eyes would almost light up when he hiccupped like he enjoyed it. The older was probably just imagining it but, either way, he wasn’t rude or judging like so many others when they met Yoongi. It was a breath of fresh air. He liked it. He liked Jeongguk. He wouldn’t mind being around him more.

Yoongi smiled to himself, his heart fluttering. He couldn’t wait for later.

♡

It felt like class went by as slow as possible. Maybe that was because the small bubble of anticipation and excitement were building inside Yoongi, or simply because the class was that boring but either way, it took forever and he was quick to leave. He already had his things packed away five minutes before the professor finished class, ready to go. The second they were dismissed he ran out, getting some stares from other students. However, he didn’t care and just left the room and walked quickly all the way to the other side of the building. On the side of the building, there was a smaller parking lot than the one at the front, so most people didn’t park there. Yoongi had never really been over there because he just took the bus, he didn’t have a vehicle. He never felt like wasting his money on one when he was within walking distance of his work and his campus. There was no point in his eyes. The only painfully annoying thing about not having a vehicle was that, whenever he went grocery shopping, the walk back was long and painful. So, he made sure to stop by the store by his apartment almost religiously, so he could just get whatever he was almost out of or completely out of, as to avoid waiting and going to get a bunch of groceries occasionally. It had worked well so far.

He neared the parking lot and furrowed his eyebrows, why was he walking to the parking lot? His eyes widened as the realization hit him. Did Jeongguk have a car and plan on driving them to his apartment?

Yoongi slowed his steps and let out a long sigh, he hated accepting rides from people. He always felt bad. Sure, it was stupid to feel that way over something so simple but he couldn’t help it, it just made him feel bad accepting things like that from others. It made him feel like he was taking advantage of people.

His thoughts escaped him at the sound of a few guys standing by the exit out to the parking lot down the hall from him. They were loudly laughing and talking and the student couldn’t help but look up to see who was there. He realized that there were three of them and he recognized one of them as the guy in his class that morning, the one who had tried to start a fight with Jeongguk because he didn’t move his feet.

Yoongi got a little nervous and debated walking some other way to get to the parking lot because he knew the guy was aggressive. The thought of getting into something with him made a hiccup rise in
Yoongi and escape him before he could stop it. His eyes went wide as the three guys stopped
talking, realizing someone was only a little way down the hall from them.

The student’s eyes went wide as the three looked at him but he tried to remain calm, swallowing the
hiccups that tried to follow the first. He had to act casual. So, he gripped the sleeves of his sweater
and kept walking to the door. Maybe if he acted natural, they would leave him be.

The guys didn’t say anything as he got closer to them, now only a few feet away, which helped him
calm down some. However, just as he was about to pass the first guy, the one who tried to fight
Jeongguk, the guy spoke.

“Hey.”

Yoongi was polite, not wanting to piss the guy off, so he gave him a tight smile and opened his
mouth to say hi back. “He-” hiccup “-ey.”

The guy chuckled. “Hiccups?”

Yoongi smiled and slowly walked past him. He felt like this was going better than he expected it to
when, all of the sudden, the guy that tried to fight Jeongguk reached out to grip Yoongi’s sweater
sleeve and said, “Hey, aren’t you the one who I saw hanging out with that sophomore after class?”

Sophomore? Oh shit, he meant Jeongguk.

Yoongi played dumb, “Sophomore…?”

The guy stepped off the wall, still holding Yoongi, and got closer to him. His voice was deeper the
next time he spoke, angrier, “Don’t play stupid. That kid in class this morning that wouldn’t move
his damn legs. I saw you with him after class.”

Yoongi shut his mouth tightly as hiccup after hiccup came, staring up at the guy, trying to mask his
fear, though it was probably easily spotted in the way he was gripping his sweater so tightly his
knuckles went white.

“O-Oh,” hiccup, “Jeongguk?”

The guy huffed a laugh but it was mocking. “Yeah, glad you remembered.”

The other guys he was with sat by and laughed at the guy’s comment. Yoongi felt so small and
helpless, the guy’s grip was so tight, he couldn’t move away even if he tried his hardest, and who
knows what he wanted. He felt fear wrack down his spine, waiting.

“Give him a message would you since it seems you’re such good friends.” the guy said, tilting his
head as he looked down at Yoongi, practically towering over him.

“What message?” A hiccup followed the question and Yoongi cursed himself. Now was so not
the time.

He felt the fear increase as the guy smirked and leaned down, getting uncomfortably close to
Yoongi. By the time he stopped moving closer, the student could feel his breath against his ear. It
made another shiver run down Yoongi’s spine. It was creepy and made him feel gross. He wanted
the guy to move away, now. However, he didn’t want anything bad to happen so he just held his
breath and shut his mouth as more hiccups rose in him.

“Tell him to meet me in this parking lot on Friday, I want my chance to teach him a lesson.”
Yoongi’s eyes went wide. He wanted to fight Jeongguk. This guy really did have anger issues.

The guy finally leaned back and gave Yoongi a cocky smile. “If he doesn’t show it’ll be on you, hiccups.”

Yoongi got even more scared at that and swallowed sharply. He nodded and just looked back at the guy, waiting for him to let go and let him leave. The guy just continued looking at him, looking him up and down, making Yoongi even more uncomfortable than before, which he didn’t think was possible.

Suddenly, one of the guy’s friends, who had been looking at his phone, put the device away and said, “Hey, Jaebum, we’ve got to go. Yugyeom is waiting for us.”

The guy holding Yoongi, apparently Jaebum, sighed and let go, backing up and putting his hands in his pockets. He was still looking at the smaller student as he said, “Fine, let’s go.”

All at once, the guys turned and walked to the exit. The two Yoongi didn’t interact with walk out of the door and to the parking lot but the third guy, Jaebum, holds the door handle and pauses before leaving.

He turns to look over his shoulder at Yoongi and says, “I’m serious, hiccups. You’re cute and all but you don’t want to see what happens to people who don’t listen to me.”

Yoongi stays silent and watches as the guy walks out of the door, it closing loudly behind him. The moment the door is shut Yoongi lets out a large sigh of relief. He hiccups back to back and his mind races, thinking over what just happened. That guy wanted to fight Jeongguk and he expected Yoongi to tell him to fight him. Yoongi didn’t want to get hurt but he also didn’t want Jeongguk to get hurt. Sure, Jeongguk stood up for himself and acted all tough in class, but what happens if he agrees to fight Jaebum and it turns out that show he put on in class was all just an act? What if he seriously gets hurt?

Yoongi couldn’t think of what to do. He was so conflicted. He didn’t want Jeongguk to have to get into a fight just because Yoongi was dumb enough to run into the guy who tried to fight him in class.

Would he just not tell him and risk it? Would he let him know and risk it?

Yoongi sighed and slumped his shoulders. He really didn’t know what to do. He stared at the exit door helplessly. Jeongguk was probably going to be upset with him either way.

Too caught up in his thoughts, Yoongi didn’t hear footsteps behind him and didn’t hear when the footsteps got a little quieter, sneakier. What he especially didn’t notice though, was when the steps stopped right behind him.

However, he did finally notice it when the person shouted “Boo!” and gripped Yoongi’s waist from around his backpack, lifting him up.

The college student gasped loudly and squealed as he was picked up and spun around. He yelled and grabbed the hands of the person holding him, waiting for them to put him down.

He heard the person laugh at his reaction before setting Yoongi back down and allowing him to turn around and see who it was. His eyes were wide as he made eye contact with Jeongguk, who was grinning ear to ear.

*Speak of the devil.*
It was like Yoongi instantly forgot what had just happened, smiling and laughing, a hiccup escaping him in the process. “Jeongguk! You scared me!”

The younger college student placed his hands in his jean pockets, “Yeah, that was kind of the point hyung.”

“Yeah I get that but you didn’t have to do it,” the brunette scoffed and rolled his eyes, trying to seem upset but there was still a small, teasing smile on his face.

Jeongguk smiled down at him with that infamous bright, bunny smile of his before saying “You’re too cute not to mess with.”

The comment made Yoongi flush red, which had started becoming a very familiar feeling when it came to being around Jeongguk. He really was so sweet, flirty even, in Yoongi’s eyes, though he probably wasn’t meaning to come across that way. Why would he? Yoongi didn’t think he was bad looking but there were far better-looking people out there and Jeongguk, he knew for a fact, could get a number of those people.

He looked down at his hands and pulled his sleeves over his hands, gripping the fabric out of nervousness, an annoying little habit he had developed earlier in his life when he was around eleven or twelve.

“T-Thank—hiccup—-you.”

He heard a laugh and then felt as one of Jeongguk’s large hands ruffled his hair, which didn’t do anything to help the bright red embarrassment he wore. After a moment of messing up the hair, Yoongi had spent a few minutes fixing after the first time Jeongguk ruffled it, the younger of the two removed his hand and walked passed Yoongi coolly, heading to the door.

“Come on, let’s go.”

Yoongi immediately turned and scrambled to catch up with Jeongguk. The two exited the building, Yoongi a step behind and to the left of the younger college student. Jeongguk was walking with confidence, like he was proud, which confused Yoongi. It wouldn’t be weird if he always walked like that but, as far as Yoongi knew, it was the first time he had seen Jeongguk walk with such an aura. It wasn’t anything cocky, but confident. Confident and proud.

Yoongi knitted his eyebrows together and turned to look out at the, almost empty, parking lot. There were a few cars and one or two trucks, smaller ones, in the lot but none of those were within the direction the two were walking. There was only one vehicle in the parking lot that was even remotely close to the direction they were walking and, after Yoongi blinked to make sure he was seeing right, he realized that it was a fucking motorcycle.

A fucking motorcycle.

His eyes went big and his breath caught in his throat as they neared it. Was that thing Jeongguk’s? Holy shit, were they both going to get on that? Was Yoongi going to get on that?

“It’s a beauty huh?” Jeongguk asked, smiling and yeah, okay, that’s why he looked so proud.

Yoongi had to admit that it was indeed very beautiful. It was large enough to seat two people and had a storage compartment in the back. It was black and slick-looking, not a scratch on it.

However, it was also very intimidating and Yoongi’s clumsy ass would most definitely fall off it.
“Y-Yeah,” He said, the nerves clear in his voice as the words came out. “It’s yours?”

Jeongguk hummed, “Yep, my first and only.”

Despite the way he was feeling, Yoongi couldn’t help but internally coo at the comment, it sounded like romance, like love. It was cute.

Trying to mask his nerves by conversing, the older college student spoke again, “There isn’t any mark on it, is it new?”

At that, Jeongguk mocked fake hurt and looked at Yoongi, hand over his heart. “Hyung, how could you. You don’t think I could just be a good driver?”

Yoongi smiled softly, still terrified as shit. “Sure, I do, Jeongguk.”

Jeongguk made a ‘pfft’ noise and smiled, clearly not actually annoyed. At that exact moment, they stopped walking, right beside the vehicle now. Jeongguk gave it a once over and then looked over at Yoongi, noticing the smile had fallen from his face and he looked like he was about to drop his things and make a run for it.

Jeongguk frowned worriedly and wrapped an arm around the brunette’s shoulder, pulling him into his side. “Are you okay, Yoongi-hyung? Are you worried? You look worried?”

Yoongi finally stopped staring at the motorcycle and looked up at Jeongguk, hiccupping a few times, which gave him away. “M-Maybe…”

Jeongguk let out a little awe and moved his arm to rub the top of Yoongi’s back that wasn’t covered by his backpack. “It’s okay hyung. I wasn’t kidding earlier. I am a good driver. I’ve had this thing for three years and I’ve never gotten in a wreck or even a mild accident with anyone. My dad used to do all of these shows back before I was born all the way up until I was a young teenager where he would ride motorcycles over obstacles.”

Yoongi watched him with fascination as he told him that quick story, it was unique and interesting. He had never known anyone who knew anyone who did anything like that.

“Really? That’s amazing.” He told Jeongguk.

The younger grinned and laughed, “I’m glad you think so.”

He removed himself from Yoongi and the older almost made a noise of protest but contained it. “The point is that I’ve been around motorcycles, I’m probably the least likely person to get into an accident on one of these things.”

As he finished his statement, he backed up against the motorcycle and patted the seat for emphasis. Then, he tilted his head and held out his hand to Yoongi, “Trust me?”

Yoongi eyed his hand skeptically for a few moments. The offer was tempting and he had only just met this guy this morning. Could he trust him? He looked back up at Jeongguk’s face, a sincere little smile on his face. It was obvious that Jeongguk wasn’t going to pressure him, that he genuinely wanted Yoongi to be comfortable with him and he wouldn’t have it any other way. On top of the way he came off, he had been great to Yoongi the whole time. He was sweet to him despite knowing about his hiccups, he wanted him to have lunch with him, even went as far as to have all of their friends hang out together so he could talk to him, he wanted to hang out even more afterward, and now was asking Yoongi to get on the motorcycle with him so they could go to his apartment and watch movies.
For whatever reason, as stupid of an idea as it probably was, Yoongi agreed because his gut told him he could trust Jeongguk, that he could trust his driving and that he wouldn’t try to do anything bad when Yoongi was with him, be it to him or with him.

So, Yoongi pursed his lips and took Jeongguk’s hand, “Yeah, I trust you.”

Jeongguk smiled at that and pulled Yoongi closer to him. He looked at him with happiness, happy he said yes and happy he said he could trust him. The younger of the two leaned over and opened the storage compartment, pulling out a helmet, which he gave to Yoongi, then leaning the opposite way and pulling up the top of his bike, where his helmet was.

He quickly put his helmet on, his dark bangs almost reaching his eyes. Then, he grabbed Yoongi’s helmet and helped him put it on. He grabbed the clasp, hands working to put it together right under Yoongi’s chin. Yoongi hiccupped once or twice, still nervous about getting on a bike. Each time he did it, Jeongguk smiled but didn’t point it out.

After a moment it was on and Jeongguk pulled back, grabbed the sides of Yoongi’s face and cooed, “Aw, hyung. You look so cute with a helmet on.”

The older college student sputtered and swatted and Jeongguk’s hands to get them off him, embarrassed. “I am not!”

Jeongguk laughed and turned around, facing the bike.

“Sure,” Came his teasing response as he threw a leg over the bike and leaned down some and Yoongi tried hard not to stare at his butt. Jeongguk started the bike and, as the engine revved, a proud smile came onto his face. *He really liked his bike.*

After a few moments, he turned back to Yoongi, who was still standing right beside him, scared shitless. Jeongguk smiled and let go of the handles, patting the spot behind him, “Come on, Yoongi hyung. Get on. You’ll be fine, I promise.”

Yoongi hiccupped. “O-Okay.”

He moved at a snail’s pace to get onto the motorcycle, finally getting a leg over, which was something of a chore as his legs were short and the bike was huge. However, he finally did so and just awkwardly sat there for a moment, playing with his sweater.

Jeongguk waited for him to situate and after he stopped moving around, he turned around, “Go on, hyung.”

Yoongi was confused and he expressed as much to Jeongguk with his facial expressions and his words, “What?”

The younger laughed at his cluelessness and reached behind himself to grab Yoongi’s hands and pull them around himself, so Yoongi was back hugging Jeongguk. It took the brunette by surprise, he totally forgot he had to do that, he was so worried about the bike ride itself.

He didn’t even think about the fact that he would be holding Jeongguk the whole ride.

Yoongi’s face went red and he hiccupped loudly three times in a row.

His face was against Jeongguk’s back so he felt as the younger man laughed at his reaction. Jeongguk carefully placed Yoongi’s hands on the front of his stomach and guided Yoongi clasp them together. The older noticed how his hands completely enclosed his own and the hiccups got
Eventually, Jeongguk let go and situated himself the rest of the way, leaning forward to grip the handles again. He revved the engine once more, before tilting his head to the side and saying, “Are you ready hyung?”

Yoongi let out a shallow breath, “As ready as I’ll ever be.”

Jeongguk laughed, “That’s the spirit.”

Within moments, Jeongguk pulled out of the parking lot and out of the campus and they were onto the road, headed to his apartment. The first few minutes were filled with nothing but the sound of the motorcycle, Yoongi gripping onto Jeongguk’s shirt for dear life, and holding his eyes closed as he tried not to think about the fact that he was exposed completely and could easily be killed if they got into an accident.

However, as they continued, he worked up the courage to open his eyes. He slowly blinked them open and looked around, noticing how clear everything seemed when on a bike. It was very different from being in a car. He felt like he could see everything so much better like he was in control of his surroundings more.

The wind on his face in the beautiful afternoon weather where it wasn’t too sunny or too cool had his heart beating a little faster in a little pitch of euphoria. He suddenly felt a little light, in a good way.

He got the courage to slowly raise his head from where it was buried in Jeongguk’s back and really look around. There wasn’t too much traffic and the sky was a lovely array of pink, blue, orange, and red.

He remembered back to Jeongguk’s confidence in his driving, how long he had been around motorcycles and how he had never gotten into an accident and he looked at the younger college student.

He was obviously facing the other way but Yoongi noticed that both of his hands were on the handles and he was carefully driving, very focused on his movements and surrounding. He was probably being extra slow and careful with Yoongi too.

With that thought in mind, Yoongi realized he was perfectly safe and that, honestly, this experience felt amazing. He felt amazing. It was beautiful out and they were going fast to the point of excitement, but it was still safe, and he was there with a beautiful, sweet guy who was confident in his driving.

So, Yoongi giggled. He giggled and stopped gripping the front of Jeongguk’s shirt so tight. He giggled and looked around at their surroundings. He smiled and took a moment to close his eyes and feel the soft breeze on his face.

Subconsciously, his hands moved back a little as he sat up some, not leaning all the way on Jeongguk anymore, so his hands were now resting against Jeongguk’s waist.

He hummed. This was nice. It wasn’t scary at all.

They pulled up to a red light and Jeongguk slowed it down to a stop, putting one foot down on the ground and then turning around to look over his shoulder at Yoongi, who was smiling his little gummy smile and looking around.

Jeongguk grinned and watched him, happy to see he was so happy. He was worried he wouldn’t
enjoy it but he was clearly proven wrong. At that exact moment, Yoongi looked at him and laughed a happy little laugh.

“Having fun?” Jeongguk asked. Yoongi nodded.

“It’s not scary?”

He scrunched his nose cutely and shook his head, “Not scary at all.”

*Cute* was Jeongguk’s only thought as he said “Good,” and turned back to watch the light, which turned green just then.

They started off down the street again, Yoongi thoroughly enjoying the ride as they went down the street before turning onto another, and then another, and finally pulling into Jeongguk’s apartment complex.

It was when they pulled into the apartment complex that Yoongi realized it was the same as his own. His eyes widened and his jaw dropped a little. *He had lived in the same complex as Jeongguk the whole time and had never seen him.*

He knew he had never seen him because, believe him, he would’ve remembered seeing him.

He figured Jeongguk would figure out eventually so he just blurted it out as Jeongguk pulled around to the side of the parking lot and into a space, “I live in the same complex.”

Jeongguk coming to a stop in his parking spot as he loudly laughed and said, “You’re kidding.”

He turned off the motorcycle and Yoongi shook his head, still in disbelief that he’d never noticed. “No, I’m serious. I always see your bike parked here but it took me until two seconds ago to realize it was yours this whole time.”

Jeongguk laughed again and shook his head in disbelief, taking his helmet off as Yoongi did the same. “What a fucking coincidence.”

Yoongi laughed, “Right. I can’t believe I’ve never seen you around.”

The two got off the bike and Jeongguk took Yoongi’s helmet and started putting them both away, “We probably just live on different floors or something.”

“I live on floor four,” Yoongi told him, adjusting his backpack, which had gotten slightly uncomfortable on his shoulders during the ride. Lucky for Jeongguk, he just got to put his, practically empty, backpack in the storage space during the ride.

Jeongguk laughed again and turned to Yoongi with a smile, “So do I!”

“No way,” Yoongi laughed back. *He really* couldn’t believe he had never seen him around before now. “You’re lying.”

“I’m serious, just wait, you’ll see when we get up there,” The younger college student said as he finally finished everything he needed to do and turned back to Yoongi, starting to walk to the building.

Yoongi laughed, “You get to the fourth floor and walk into some random person’s apartment, then turn around and are like ‘No, you’re right, I was just messing with you. I live on the first floor.”
Jeongguk threw his head back in laughter and Yoongi felt his heart flutter at the sight and sound of it as they walked. His laugh was a sight to behold.

They continued talking as they got to the apartment complex, walking into the building and over to the elevator. Yoongi hit the button and the two waited for a few moments, talking about how funny it would be if they happened to be next door neighbors but that would never happen.

The elevator door finally opened, an older woman and her son stepping off. They bowed to the woman and then got on the elevator. No one else got on with them and Yoongi watched as Jeongguk hit the button for the fourth floor.

They laughed and talked about the idea of hanging out more together since they lived so close and it would be so easy. Jeongguk teasingly suggested a sleepover, telling Yoongi they could watch chick flicks and do each other’s makeup. Yoongi rolled his eyes and laughed it off but secretly thought about how much fun that would be with Jeongguk. He was just such a fun person. He was so easy to be with.

Eventually, the elevator stopped and the two got off, no one waiting outside to get on. Yoongi followed right behind Jeongguk, allowing him to take the lead on guiding them to his apartment since, obviously, he was the only one of the two who knew where it was.

Yoongi subconsciously kept glancing at his own apartment door, then looking at Jeongguk and watching as they got closer to it. His heart beat quicker and quicker as they neared it, a hiccup escaping him.

They walked right past it and Yoongi’s eyes widened and his mouth opened in surprise. There was only one apartment to the left of his and that was the last apartment at the end of the hall. That was also the apartment Jeongguk stopped in front of.

“Here’s me,” He said, flipping through his keys for his house keys.

“You’re shitting me.”

Jeongguk turned to look at Yoongi, doe eyes wide in surprise. Yoongi didn’t swear. Ever. He had just met him but he already knew he wasn’t the type to swear.

Yoongi looked surprised and in disbelief, he looked dumbfounded.

“What?”

Yoongi pointed to the door a little way down to the right of Jeongguk’s, his next-door neighbors’ door. “That’s my apartment.”

Jeongguk’s eyes got a bit wider and he suddenly laughed, leaning down to rest his hand on his knees, finding it so funny. Yoongi joined him in his laughter. It was absurd. They had been neighbors for so long and never met and happened to meet and hang out today and here they were, finding out they were right by each other the whole time.

“Wow,” Jeongguk said breathlessly, standing up and calming down from his fit of laughter. Yoongi wiped tears out of his eyes and laughed, a little out of breath, “Right.”

Jeongguk giggled slightly as he got his proper key and unlocked the door, “How have we never met?”

“I really-” hiccup “-don’t know,” Yoongi said.
Jeongguk got the door open and let it open completely, before taking the key out, put it away, and turning to Yoongi, shaking his head. “We’re next-door neighbors and met at school because we happen to have the same class.”

Yoongi nodded as Jeongguk gestured for him to come inside. They both stepped in and Jeongguk closed the door behind them before turning and looking at the older with a thoughtful expression, “Must be fate.”

Yoongi blushed and smiled, looking down and playing with his sweater.

“So,” Jeongguk said, changing the subject. “Do you want something to drink?”

He walked past the older college student and through the living room, to his small kitchen. Yoongi thought for a moment before saying “Yes please, just some water.”

“Got it,” Jeongguk said like he was on a mission, getting a cup out and getting his water. Yoongi took the few moments to look around the little apartment. Jeongguk’s living room was plain, there was just a black coffee table, a black leather couch and armchair, and two side tables on either end of the couch that matched the coffee table. However, it was cute. Jeongguk probably tried to decorate, but that seemed to just consist of him putting a candle on the coffee table and hanging some pictures on the wall of him, his family, friends, and some other photos. The other photos looked professionally taken. They were of nature and water. However, Yoongi turned to look at the wall closest to the door and noticed one photo. He thought at first that Jeongguk just got the photos from a store or offline and framed them, but this photo was of a street in Seoul that Yoongi had walked down millions of times. He neared it and his eyebrows knitted together.

“Do you like it?” Jeongguk said from somewhere behind him, a lot closer than he had been moments before. Yoongi turned around and saw the black-headed man was now in just his pants and a long, black-sleeved shirt, holding to cups, having taken off the jacket he was wearing.

“Yeah,” Yoongi said, reaching out to take his cup of water as Jeongguk offered it to him. “Thank you.”

“It’s amazing,” He said, looking at the picture again. “I’ve been there before.”

Jeongguk hummed. “Me too. It’s one of my favorite places here in Seoul.”

“Did you take this photo?” Yoongi asked.

He looked back at Jeongguk again, who nodded, looking at the picture. “Yeah, I did it for a project last year in my class. We had to talk about something that brought us happiness so I brought that photo.”

Yoongi was so impressed that he could take such beautiful photos but really confused as to why he would choose that to talk about for something that brought him happiness. “Why’d you bring this photo?”

Jeongguk took a sip of his drink and pulled it away from his lips, a little smile coming onto his face. “A few reasons. I love photography so that brings me happiness but that place in Seoul specifically is meaningful to me and brings incredibly happy memories. So, I brought that photo to show that.”

Yoongi’s curiosity got the best of him, “What happy memories?”

Jeongguk’s smile stayed but the happiness in his eyes slightly faltered. Yoongi immediately backtracked, feeling like he had overstepped. “Oh, I’m so sorry, Jeongguk. I shouldn’t have asked
something so invasive, it’s none of my business, you don’t need to tell me wh-

“No, no, you’re fine. I told it to a whole lecture room of students, of course, I can tell you. Don’t feel bad asking,” He said, shaking his head.

Yoongi’s shoulder untensed and he let out a breath, “O-Okay.”

Jeongguk took a moment to breathe before saying, “I have a bunch of memories of my dad and I going to shops down that street, like that comic store that’s always been there. We would get whatever comic book I was excited for if my grades were good that month. Then, we’d go to the ice cream shop and get ice cream and go sit outside and eat it and laugh and talk for ages, until the ice cream started melting and it was getting too late to stay out. I have some pretty good memories of that street.”

As he spoke, he smiled at the photo, his eyes getting just a bit watery as he spoke, voice calm and full of sincere emotion.

Yoongi was silent as he talked, listening carefully to everything he said. He felt his own emotions mimic Jeongguk’s like he could feel everything he was feeling as he spoke.

After he was done talking, Jeongguk blinked to clear his eyes and laughed a bit, “Sorry, that got a bit emotional but, I mean, you asked.”

Yoongi smiled softly before dropping it again, “Jeongguk, your dad…is he…?”

Jeongguk nodded, looking down at his cup and then back to the picture. “He passed away when I was a teenager. It was an accident he was in. He didn’t make it.”

Yoongi felt his heart tighten just a little. He moved closer and put a sweater-covered hand on Jeongguk’s arm. “I’m sorry that happened.”

Jeongguk looked at him and smiled a sincere smile, “It’s okay. He was a good man and I miss him a lot but there’s nothing that can be done about it now. Just have to move on with life, you know?”

Yoongi smiled back softly but a little sadly, “Yeah.”

It was quiet for a moment before Jeongguk completely broke the atmosphere, stretching his arms up in the air and saying, “Okay, what movie are we watching?”

After much bantering and debating, the two college students decided to watch ‘Before I Wake’ on Netflix with the Korean subtitles on. Yoongi loved scary movies and had seen this movie before and, on top of it being a scary movie, told Jeongguk it also had a good storyline and amazing ending. Jeongguk hated scary movies and just wanted to settle on The Notebook or something, he told the older boy that movie sounded too terrifying. However, Yoongi won him over by telling him that next time they could watch whatever romance movie Jeongguk wanted them to watch. Yoongi wouldn’t admit it, but he found it adorable that Jeongguk liked romance movies and hated scary movies.

So, the two started the movie on Jeongguk’s laptop and set it on the coffee table, settling on the couch. Yoongi sat on the end of the couch and Jeongguk sat next to him, their legs an inch or two away. Jeongguk grabbed a blanket from the back of the couch and put it over the two, getting them comfortable for the long movie.

It started off good but the moment something scary happened, Jeongguk gasped and jumped up in his spot, making Yoongi giggle. The poor guy looked pale as a ghost, holding the baby blue blanket up to his nose like it would protect him.
A really bad part came up and he gasped again, getting closer to Yoongi and setting a hand on his thigh. It made the older man’s heart catch in his throat and his eyes widen. Jeongguk didn’t even seem to notice, so immersed in what was happening on screen.

He gripped his thigh a little tighter when something scary came up and Yoongi had to bite his lip to keep in his hiccups. He didn’t have hiccups because of the movie but because of Jeongguk’s hand on him. His hand was big and warm and Yoongi never wanted him to move it but, at the same time, it was almost intimidating having it there.

Finally, after what seemed like forever, the movie ended. By the end of it, Jeongguk’s hand was still on Yoongi but he moved it as soon as it was over. Yoongi found himself feeling a little disappointed but it wasn’t like he could ask him to leave it so he kept quiet. Jeongguk grinned and went on about how the movie was so good at the end but also so scary and he didn’t expect it to be anything like that.

Yoongi smiled and nodded at his comments, in complete agreement. They talked about it some more and then got onto the topic of how bad scary movies were nowadays, how cheesy and predictable they had always been.

From there, they got off track and by the end of the evening, had talked about anything and everything. They talked about their tastes in movies, music, food. They discussed their likes and dislikes, what they thought about certain people and things. They cracked jokes and bantered back and forth. They disagreed on some things but Yoongi liked those discussions the best. It allowed them to say why they thought what they thought and allowed both to learn something about the other and another person’s point of view. It was the first time in a very long time that either one of them could recall having such an in-depth, useful, interesting conversation with someone. Yoongi appreciated people who he could talk to and, Jeongguk, he could talk to Jeongguk for hours.

Which is exactly what they ended up doing. They spoke from the end of the movie, which was over at about five, all the way up until Jeongguk yawned and looked at the watch on his wrist, eyes widening as he realized it was already eleven o’clock at night.

“Holy shit,” He said. “We’ve been talking for a long time.”

Yoongi giggled a little and shrugged, “Guess that just means we had a nice time talking.”

Jeongguk looked back up at him from his place on the couch, he had since turned properly to face Yoongi, legs bent on the couch and one arm outstretched on the top of it, head resting on his hand. He smiled his bunny smile.

“Yeah, that was really nice. I enjoyed talking to you, Yoongi hyung.”

Yoongi blushed a little and smiled, shyly looking down, “I really enjoyed talking to you too, Jeongguk.”

Jeongguk sighed, “We should probably get some sleep now though, shouldn’t stay up all night. I know we both have class tomorrow.”

Yoongi nodded and as if on cue, yawned. “Yeah, you’re right.”

The two slowly got up, stretching and picking up the blanket and the few pillows from the couch that had scattered around.

Yoongi grabbed his backpack and made sure he had his phone and everything else before walking over to the door. He got to the door and turned around to face Jeongguk, who had walked over with
him and was right there, hands in his pockets casually.

He smiled softly, “I had a really good time, Jeongguk.”

The younger man smiled and Yoongi admired it before noticing his cute, messed up hair that must’ve gotten ruined during the movie and during their hours of talking. He was wearing his long-sleeved black shirt and sweatpants. He looked comfortable. He looked cozy.

“I did too,” Jeongguk said, staring adoringly at Yoongi. “I like being around you, hyung.”

Yoongi felt his heart do a little thing and his breath escape him.

Before Yoongi could think or reply or anything of the sort, Jeongguk walked forward and pulled him into a hug, wrapping his arms around his waist and pressing his lips to the top of his head.

The older student’s eyes widened before closing as he grabbed onto Jeongguk’s shirt, allowing himself to be embraced.

Yoongi was right. He was very cozy. He was soft and warm but, at the same time, his chest was broad and sturdy. Despite being at school all day and not getting a chance to freshen up, he smelled amazing. He smelled like lavender and mint. Hugging him was a dream, it felt like.

Unluckily for him, Jeongguk pulled away after a few moments, grinning as he said, “We definitely need to do this again.”

“Definitely,” Yoongi agreed. “We do live right beside each other, it can happen really soon.”

Jeongguk’s eyes lit up a little, “Like tomorrow night?”

Yoongi laughed and shook his head, “Not then, I have an exam the next day, I have to study.”

The younger man pouted and the brunette found himself wanting to pinch his cheeks. He really was too cute.

“Friday?” He asked hopefully.

Yoongi thought for a moment before nodding, “Sure, Friday works.”

Jeongguk grinned and danced happily, “Yay, and I get to pick the movie this time!”

Yoongi nodded reassuringly and said, “We could go to my apartment?”

The black-haired boy’s hair bobbed with him as he nodded, approving. “Okay.”

Yoongi nodded and then turned around again, grabbing and turning the doorknob, opening the door, and stepping forward a bit before turning his head to look back at Jeongguk. “I’ll see you tomorrow?”

Jeongguk smiled softly, “See you tomorrow.”

Yoongi nodded and walked out, leaving the door open as he walked to his apartment right next door. He got to his door, unlocked it, and opened it up. He looked back to his left to Jeongguk’s apartment and saw the young man standing out of his door, watching Yoongi with a smile, making sure he got to his apartment and could get in.

“Goodnight, Jeongguk.” He waved to the college student.
Jeongguk gave a little wave back, “Night hyung.”

With that, he stepped into his apartment and shut the door behind him, immediately dropping his backpack and falling against his door. He slowly slid down the door until he was sitting on the floor against the door.

He let out a huge breath he didn’t know he was holding in and placed a hand over his heart, which was beating at a rapid pace. It was then that he noticed he had barely hiccupped the entire time he was with Jeongguk.

That was a little strange.

He didn’t think too much of it.

However, he did suddenly think of something else. That guy that had threatened him earlier in the day. Jaebum. Yoongi completely forgot to tell him about that.

Yoongi sighed and rested his head on the door, closing his eyes. Jeon Jeongguk was just too distracting. It was like he forgot everything when he was with him. He surrounded everything when he was with him, took over every one of Yoongi’s senses.

Yoongi let out a long breath.

Yep, Jeon Jeongguk would definitely be the death of him.

End Notes

That was short and trash but I hope you enjoyed...? Until next time, bye~

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!