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**peripheral vision**

by thenoblestroman

**Summary**

hufflepuff muggleborn jeon jeongguk falls head first for the slytherin pureblood ministry legacy son, park jimin. he quickly learns there’s a lot more politics to love than he originally thought.

**Notes**

dthis is a story about how to be a good person. like a real, actual good person. not a performative one, but someone with a soul and heart who cares for the advancement of others less privileged than yourself. with no benefit to your own other than a simple act of kindness. this is also a story about learning and ultimately unlearning a lot of bad things we were taught when we were young.

finally, this story is set in a place i’ve called home for as long as i can remember. writing in the wizarding world is honestly a dream come true and a privilege i not once took for granted while writing this. getting to combine my two things i’ve loved most, harry potter and bangtan sonyeondan? words cannot describe my joy. harry potter is the reason i am the writer, person, and soul i am today, and for him, and all my other friends at hogwarts, i cannot thank them enough.
(final note, i’m publishing this on my 25th birthday so....... happy birthday 2 me)

See the end of the work for more notes.
prologue

“you should never have to apologize for the way you need to be loved.”

Prologue

September 1st, Year Seven

It was his first night back in the castle, and Jeongguk had forgotten how deathly cold it got. Every inch of his body ached in a bone cutting bitter chill as the castle breathed out in early September wind of the late evening. Jeongguk wrapped his robes tighter around him, shivering out a sigh as his teeth chattered in his mouth. His wand was illuminated in front of him, bright tip flickering a blue tinted light as he quietly stomped down the hall. His eyes roamed up to the portraits as they yawned in quiet slumber for the evening, shuffling about around him in their gilded frames and Jeongguk smiled, content.

Jeongguk missed it here. Missed the cold embrace of the castle, missed the way the fire would crackle in their metal holsters on the wall, missed the smells of fresh ink and parchment. Every inch of Jeongguk felt alive being back here, felt at home.

He rounded the last corner, coming to a halt and sparing a glance down to his rusty gold watch. He took a few more steps, eyes wide as he examined the empty hallway again. It was just him, surrounded by the breathing stone walls of the castle. Everyone was in their common room by now, late in the evening after the Sorting Ceremony at the start of the year and he’d just finished his patrol. He spared another glance to his watch, watching with bated breath as the second hand rounded out to a quarter after when he darted off, shuffling down the hall. The sound of his leather shoes tapping against the ground, his golden and black robes skirting around his waist as he sprinted up the steps of the Astronomy Tower.

He made it to the top quicker than he meant to, slightly winded, and met with the red oak door slightly cracked open, moonlight spilling out on his feet before him. It was even cooler up here, and Jeongguk could feel his skin tightening beneath his robes.

He whispered out a quiet, “Nox,” The end of his wand’s light extinguishing before tucking it into his back pocket. He paused, heart stammering in his chest and pushing at the door with the palm of his shaking hand.

That’s where he saw him; fluffy golden hair spilling like gilded honey on his craned neck, and shoulders draped in black and emerald robes, dripping down to his crossed ankles as he slunk himself against the open window. His back was currently facing Jeongguk, his silhouette stoic as he gazed up at the evening sky, hands tucked in his pockets.

Jeongguk felt frozen, mesmerized, watching the boy in front of him and for a moment he felt like he could stand here forever, drinking him in, completely spellbound. He’d never get tired of seeing him here, dipped in starlight. But somehow he plucked up the courage to take a few steps forward, feet slapping against the ground and shattering the silence around them.

The boy turned around, eyes sewn abnormally large in fear but upon falling onto Jeongguk, he visibly melted. He rushed over to him, hands coursing over every inch of his body, before pulling back, eyes still wide.
“Jeongguk,” He sighed out, his lungs heavy as he spoke. His eyes continued their journey across Jeongguk’s frame, hands planted tightly around his robed biceps. He tilted his head up to meet his eyes. “You’ve grown.”

Jeongguk laughed, head falling back. “Is that the first thing you say to your boyfriend you haven’t seen in months?”

Jimin giggled, tightening his grip on his arms, and pulling him closer until he pressed tight against him.

At this distance, Jeongguk could feel Jimin’s heart hammering against his chest, feel the warmth spilling off his skin, feel the way his breath danced across his cheek and smelled spicy like pumpkin juice.

At this distance Jeongguk could count every freckle on his face and just how badly he missed counting them, kissing them.

He surged forward, pressing his lips against Jimin’s and melted like putty in his embrace. Their teeth clattered upon impact, Jimin’s hands traveling up his arms and tangling in his inky black hair, tightening there.

Months of desperation and longing painted their lips, and Jeongguk felt Jimin nip at his lower lip with his teeth and chuckled beneath his breath, tightening his grip around his waist.

Jimin pulled back, nose brushing against Jeongguk’s cheek and flitting his eyes back up to Jeongguk’s.

“I missed you so much,” He whispered, leaning forward and pressing another soft kiss to his lips. “I thought I was going crazy without you.”

Jeongguk tugged him back against him, lips pressing against his for a moment, inhaling every part of Jimin that he could. He doesn’t know how he survived the summer without him in his arms.

Jimin pulled back again, and pressed their foreheads together for a moment, sighing out in quiet relief to have Jeongguk back in his embrace. He shot back from his grip shooting his wrist up and shuffling away from his thick robes. “Okay, good I still have time.”

His hand dug down into his pockets and shuffled there for a moment before pulling out a notebook-sized parcel wrapped in ripped brown paper. He shoved it in his hand, caressing them softly.

“Happy Birthday, Jeonggukie.”

Jeongguk looked up, surprised, then back down to the parcel in his hands. “Jimin I—”

“I know you said you didn’t want anything I know,” Jimin said quickly interrupting him. His hands flew up to caress at the underside of Jeongguk’s jaw. “It’s not every day a wizard turns seventeen, though.”

Jeongguk felt his heart flip in delight, tugging Jimin closer towards the window and sinking beside it, legs folding beneath him. He clawed at the paper, tossing it aside before revealing a small red leather box. His hand hovered over it hesitantly before cracking it open, heart catching in his throat.

Inside was a beautiful glittering golden watch; its face a fantastic navy blue shimmering with shooting stars. Jeongguk looked up, mouth agape to find Jimin beaming back at him, legs pulled tight against his chest.
“It’s tradition to give wizards a watch on their seventeenth birthday,” He smiled, running a stray hand through his hair. “I just thought… thought it’d be nice if I… you know since you’re…” He paused, the following word hanging heavy on his tongue before swallowing thickly.

Jeongguk lifted the watch, surprised at its weight as he ran his fingers across its cold surface. He flipped it over, to find it was engraved.

**From Park to Jeon**

*My Forever Boy*

Jeongguk throat hitched tightly in his throat, as he met Jimin’s gaze with glassy eyes. “Jimin, this is beautiful.” He whispered, through a cracked voice. His throat was thick as he swallowed. “You didn’t have to do this.”

“I know,” Jimin smirked, fingers finding themselves on Jeongguk’s cheek. His smirk fell, eyes heavy with admiration. “My Head Boy,” He said quietly, affectionately running his fingers through Jeongguk’s hair. “You deserve it. It’s your birthday. Your seventeenth birthday.”

Jeongguk lifted the watch again, yanking the rusted one on his wrist off and tossing it into his robes pocket and slapping on the new one. It was cool to the touch, and he struggled a bit, trying to snap it together when Jimin leaped forward, hands twiddling with the watch’s back before locking it into place.

Once correctly in place, Jimin patted at it, eyes flitting up to meet Jeongguk’s. “You’re a real wizard now.” He leaned forward and pressed a soft kiss to his lips.

When Jeongguk leaned back, he utterly drunk on Jimin’s presence. He shifted slightly and winced, yanking his wand from his back pocket.

“You’re gonna blow your ass off if you keep putting your wand back there,” Jimin scolded, tangling their fingers together. “And I happen to really like your ass.”

Jeongguk rolled his eyes, twiddling the wand through his fingers. “So tell me about your summer, Jimin. I’m sure it was better than mine.”

Jimin huffed out a sigh, head rolling against the stone wall and eyes peering out the window to the night's sky. “I… doubt it.” He lolled his head slightly, eyeing Jeongguk mindlessly. “My parents got me an internship at the Ministry.”

“That’s amazing, Jimin!” Jeongguk exclaimed.

“I know, it’s just…” Jimin sucked in a breath, eyes finding themselves tangled back on glittering stars in the sky above them. He watched them, eyebrows knitted in obvious disillusionment. He chewed on his lip nervously, “Spending every day shuffling papers, grabbing coffee for people who don’t even know my name other than Park.” He groaned, eyes falling back upon Jeongguk. “It’s not what I want, Jeongguk.”

Jeongguk massaged soft circles into Jimin’s skin, “Have you tried talking to them?”

“I’m a Ministry legacy kid,” Jimin said sharply. “My grandparents worked at the Ministry. My parents worked at the Ministry. Can you imagine how’d they react if I told them their oldest son wanted to play Quidditch for a living?”

Jeongguk found himself scooting closer to Jimin, pressing himself tightly against his boyfriend’s
side. He grabbed at his head, pressing it against his chest, letting their breathing slow in pace until they sighed out together, in perfect tandem — hearts pattering against glassy ribs, blood shooting like fire through itchy veins.

If Jeongguk had his way, he’d stay right here with Jimin forever, tangled together in the Astronomy Tower, their spot, draped in moonlight.

“I think,” Jeongguk said, each word falling light on his tongue. “You should follow your heart.”

“You always say that,” Jimin says looking up at him, and snorted. “You’re such a sappy Hufflepuff.”

Jeongguk kissed him again, leaning forward and pressing his lips quickly to the tip of his nose. “Your sappy Hufflepuff.”

Jimp pulled back, combing his eyes over him. “You didn’t mention your dad in any of the letters this summer.” His hand is rubbing circles into Jeongguk’s skin.

“He’s…” Jeongguk paused. “He hasn’t gotten any better.”

Jimp sucked in a sharp breath, scooting closer to encase him in his arms. Jeongguk was shaking, and Jimin tightened his arms around him.

“They did a couple of operations,” Jeongguk continued, voice muffled against Jimin’s shoulder. He pulled back, eyes wet. “They thought they got everything I just—” He sighed, heavy in his lungs. “My mom will be devastated, Jimin.”

Jimin leaned forward, cupping his cheeks with his hands and pressed a soft kiss to his lips. He pulled back, eyes pulling tight over Jeongguk’s face, drinking in every detail he could.

Jeongguk pulled back, “He was such an asshole,” He murmured.

“He’s still your dad, Jeongguk.”

Jeongguk resided, pulling back and casting his eyes to the window beside them, drinking in starlight.

“Have you tried any potions? I’m sure we could find something in the library that can—” Jimin began, voice rattling.

“This is something magic can’t fix, Jimin.” Jeongguk sighed, tossing his gaze back to him.

Jimp sighs for a moment, before perking up. “Off topic,” He says. He crawls over and reaches for his bag and pulls out an old antique camera. It’s dark brown and rusted on it’s edges but Jimin is beaming down at it like it was his newborn child.

“I got a new camera over the summer!” He exclaims lightly. He glances down at it and fiddles with a few of the latches and buttons. “Well, not necessarily new but, it’s new to me.” He points the camera up to Jeongguk and quickly snaps a picture.

Jeongguk frowns, “You know I hate when you do that,” He says crossing his arms. “At least warn me first.”

“Nah,” Jimin says shaking his head and pointing the camera at him again. Jeongguk is reaching for him to stop but he snaps at it again, a light giggle falling from his lips. “I like to capture the real
Jeongguk is reaching for Jimin when there was a knock that echoed up the stairs, and the two’s head darted to the door.

“What— what was that?” Jeongguk whispered, hands tightening around Jimin’s.

The knock echoed again, this time closer, and Jeongguk felt as Jimin snatched at his wand, outstretching his hand before him.

“I think someone’s coming—” Jimin said, lips pursed as he pulled them up to their feet.

Jeongguk fumbled through his robes, tugging his wand out as well, though his arm was less steady than Jimin’s, a slight tremble at his wrist.

Jimin must’ve noticed, eyes shooting down at it then back up to Jeongguk’s wide eyes. “What’s wrong?” He whispered.

The echo continued, this time sounding a bit like footsteps as it clambered slowly up the stone steps.

“I—I—” Jeongguk stammered, not too sure why he was nervous himself.

Jimin nudged him with his elbow, a smile crawling on his lips, “And to think I thought you were gonna be sorted into Gryffindor—”

Jeongguk yanked him and ducked them behind the massive silver telescope; listening as tiny paws scuffled into the room.

Jeongguk’s breath hitched in his throat as he peeled around the telescope body, “Fuck.” He gasped. He turned back to face Jimin, “It’s Filch.”

Argus Filch wobbled into the door, greasy hair slicked back on his head, and a permanent scowl etched on his face. He lets out an exasperated huff as he peered around the Astronomy Tower’s massive room, hands planted on his hips.

“You said they came up here, sweetheart?”

Jimin listened as Mrs. Norris, his ugly scrawny cat purred, paws rapping at the ground near the Filch’s ankles.

“Well, find ‘em, my love, since you’re so sure.”

Jeongguk’s head whipped towards Jimin’s panic claiming his voice, “I can’t get caught, Jimin!” He whispered. “This is my first night as Head Boy; they’d strip me of my badge, probably get expelled, snap my wand or something—”

“Can you calm the fuck down?” Jimin sneered, prodding Jeongguk’s side with his wand. “I’m trying to think here.” Jimin pressed his eyes together, fingers rubbing at his temple roughly. They jolted open, head thrashing about before shoving at Jeongguk again. “I have an idea.”

They crouched behind the telescope, and Jimin grabbed at Jeongguk’s hand, slowly rising to his feet to peer over the telescope’s side. He watched as Mrs. Norris shuffled around the room, her bright red eyes scouring over the various instruments and books. Filch wasn’t far behind; scowl pulled tight on his thin lips.
Jimin turned to Jeongguk, “I’m gonna do something when their attention is pulled, make a run for the door. I’ll be right behind you.”

Jeongguk gulped nervously.

“Don’t worry Head Boy; no one’s ripping that badge off of you,” Jimin pressed a quick kiss to his lips and winked. “At least not tonight.”

Jimin leaned forward and pointed his wand towards a small glass vase on the furthest end of the room.

“Finestra,” He murmured, flicking his wand in its direction.

The vase shattered, and both Mrs. Norris and Filch leaped towards it.

Jimin poked at Jeongguk’s side, “Run!” He screeched beneath his breath.

Jeongguk dashed forward, keeping his body curled in on itself as he shuffled towards the door as quietly as he could. Jimin was right behind him, when he stumbled on the hem of his robe, catching the sight of Filch’s peripheral vision.

“Park?” He slurred with disdain.

Jimin’s eyes widened, feeling as Jeongguk reached back and grabbed at his hand yanking him along with him.

They stumbled towards the door, reaching it and shuffling out as quickly as they could. Once making it out the door, Filch hot on their tails, Jeongguk lurched back, and slammed the door shut, pointing his wand at the rusted lock.

“Colloportus!” He exclaimed, and the door snapped lock.

He felt Jimin tugging on his wrist, pulling him down the stairs and ripping down an abandoned hallway.

He missed this, missed the way the adrenaline ran hot through his blood, the way every moment with Jimin was like catching fire, unpredictable, careless.

He never wanted to stop running.

His feet were like the wind beneath him sweeping him alongside Jimin down twisting hallways and flickering flamed torches as his cheeks bloomed red in excitement.

They came to an abrupt stop, and Jimin had him pinned against the cold stone wall, lips ghosting over his.

“Jimin,” He murmured breathlessly, blood running hot in his skin. “Jimin—”

Jimin pulled back, eyes wild, blonde hair blown askew atop his head. The torch above their heads flickered across the face, splashing bright orange and tangerine across his cheeks. He was breathing hard, cheeks the sweetest shade of burgundy.

“I never wanna stop running with you,” Jimin choked out in a frantic pant. His eyes ghosted across Jeongguk’s face before leaning back down and pressing another kiss to his lips. “Ever.”
Chapter Summary

He and Jimin were meant to be best friends; Written in the stars before they were even imagined.

Year One

He watched as the Scottish countryside blurred past, oozing a throng of bleeding colors past the tinted window of the train. He chewed nervously at his inner cheek, the hanging scent of zinc bitter against his tongue.

The tears he’d managed to contain for the first twenty minutes of the ride, the tears he’d managed to contain when his mother held him hard pressed against her chest, breathing words of encouragement into his shiny black hair. Those same tears that staged themselves against his tear ducts as he boarded this train with muddled fear and pressing confusion were threatening to return. This time with such force all he could do was suck in a breath and try his best to concentrate on the passing oak trees.

It’s only been 22 minutes and 46 seconds since he’d boarded the train, yet the phantom hug from his mother still ached deep in his bones.

“You’ll be fine,” His mother had whispered, pressing a soft kiss against his warm cheek. She pulled back and smiled brightly, her eyes red, the cracks in stoic face debuting. “If you need anything, don’t be afraid to call.”

“I don’t know if they have phones, Ma.” He’d replied, lips dry. “The woman who came said they communicate through owls remember—”

“Well looks like we’ll have to invest in an owl, eh?” His mother grinned, winking and pulling him in again, breathing softly into his hair.

He could feel himself shaking, unbeknownst to his intentions, “What about Dad?”

His mother paused for a beat, the only sound around them the whirr of the train, and shuffling of metal carts, leather bags being shoved onto the platform, the scuttle of excited feet.

“He’ll turn around. He always does, you know that.” His mother finally said. She gave him another quick squeeze, “I love you, Jeonggukie.”

Jeongguk smiled sheepishly, pulling back the tears; those goddamn tears. “Love you too.”

He watched his brother, bright brown eyes and black hair blown askew on his head, sigh. “See you around, punk.” He said, playfully shoving at Jeongguk’s side. “Don’t go blowing things up or anything… weird.”

Jeongguk shrugged, sucking in another deep breath. “I’ll try my best not to.”

An hour and a half had passed, and Jeongguk had finally trained his eyes not to cry. He’d curled up
beside the window, legs pulled tight against his chest, listening to the sounds of the roaring train as it ripped through the countryside.

There was a knock at the door, and Jeongguk jumped in his seat, eyes shooting to the door as it was being wriggled open.

A boy with fluffy honey blonde hair and bright full pink lips stuck his head in, visibly melting with relief when he met Jeongguk’s gaze.

“Can I crash here?” The boy asked rolling back the door and peering deeper inside.

Jeongguk nodded, turning towards him, patting at his swollen eyes, “You can sit here if you want, it’s fine.”

The boy emerged into the compartment, gilded hair swinging softly as he glided in gracefully, snapping the door shut behind him. He plopped down on the plush blue seat and letting out an exasperated sigh. “Thank you, literally every compartment is full. I was looking for my friend. I told my parents we should have arrived earlier—” He paused, noticing how Jeongguk looked over at him with eyes too big for his head and a fearful expression painted across his face.

“I’m Park Jimin,” He said, extending his hand for Jeongguk to take.

Jeongguk’s eyes shot down to Jimin’s hand then back to Jimin. Hesitation was weighing heavy inside him before reaching forward and grabbing it.

Jemin seemed ecstatic at the contact, shaking his hand enthusiastically before dropping it to pull the grey backpack off his shoulders and set it beside him on the seat.

“I’m Jeon Jeongguk,” Jeongguk answered softly, eyes drooping and turning to the window for a moment. “You have family that goes here?”

“No, I’m an only child but I have older friends who are already here,” Jimin replied, “Like my friend Yoongi, he’s already here.” He bit back his smile, head shooting down as he began rummaging through his backpack. “I’m guessing you’re the first in your family to come?”

“Yes,” Jeongguk replied softly, “I’m the only one in my family to come.” He shrugged, waving his hand around. “I didn’t even know all of this existed until a few months ago.”

Jemin perked up from where he was looking and looked over at Jeongguk with wide eyes. He gulped, frozen where he sat.

“You’re Muggle-born,” Jimin said quietly, lips pursed, the word somehow sticky on his lips.

Jeongguk watched him fearfully, feeling a bit like he’d spoken too much too soon. He straightened up, fingers fidgeting against his seat as Jimin gazed over at him, face frozen in fear.

“Is that… is that a bad thing…” Jeongguk asked, finally plucking up the courage to speak.

Jemin shook his head, snapping out of his gaze and turning his attention back to his backpack.

“No! It’s not bad… it’s not bad at all,” Jimin said voice small in his chest and smile etched on his face as he kept rummaging through his bag.

Jeongguk didn’t quite believe him, suddenly tasting discomfort sprouting between them. It was bitter and made Jeongguk’s tongue curl up in distaste. He turned his attention back to the window
Some time fiddled between them, the rumble of the train car buzzing beneath them, a quiet lullaby as Jeongguk’s head laid perched against the cold, damp window.

“I don’t want you to think I think you’re not a good person,” Jimin chirped up suddenly.

Jeongguk turned to face him, eyes wide in surprise at his sudden words.

“I… you seem nice,” Jimin said, quietly, not averting his eyes from Jeongguk. “I don’t think it’d be nice to judge someone before getting to know them, right?”

Jeongguk wasn’t sure what Jimin was alluding to, the woman who’d showed up on his doorstep a few months prior seemed nice. She didn’t make it sound like it was a bad thing that his parents weren’t of Magic blood.

But there was sincerity embedded deeply in Jimin’s warm chocolate brown eyes, and it was making Jeongguk’s heart clench up.

“It’s okay,” Jeongguk said with a shrug, eyes edging back to the window, watching the golden sun dip itself behind pastured green hills.

“No, it’s not.” Jimin continued, keeping his eyes focused on Jeongguk. “I think it’s pretty fascinating to be a Muggleborn, really.” He paused for a moment. “To muster up all that magic out of nothing…” He shrugged. “Seems pretty wicked to me.”

Jimin smiled brightly, teeth sparkly white and shimmering. It made Jeongguk melt, feeling a smile itch at the corners of his mouth as well.

“Today’s my birthday,” Jeongguk said after a while.

Jimin lit up across from him, “Today?”

Jeongguk nodded again, feeling his legs fall from where his chest slowly. “That’s what ‘today’s my birthday’ usually means.”

Jimin’s eyes narrowed, but there was no anger in them; they were strangely… fond.

“Well, Happy Birthday, Jeongguk!” Jimin finally replied, reaching across the compartment to squeeze at Jeongguk’s hand.

Jeongguk wanted to hold on forever.

There was a knock at the door, and the two boys turned their heads towards it, and a tiny woman with bright white hair and matching apron stuck her head into the compartment.

“Anything from the trolly?” She asked, fanning her hand out towards the trolly full of an assortment of candies and jellies she was pushing.

Jeongguk’s cheeks flamed red, turning to Jimin in panic. He didn’t have any money. He didn’t know how this wizard money worked, and the woman who’d helped with everything upon his arrival hadn’t explained it in great detail.

All he knew he had a few dollars in his possession right now and they were suddenly burning a hole into his pocket as he burned in shame.
Jimin must’ve noticed his discomfort and leaped towards his bag, quickly.

“What do you want?” Jimin asked, pulling a thick black leather pouch in his bag and shucking out coins.

Jeongguk shrugged, overwhelmed by the vast array of sweets in front of him and Jimin’s generosity.

Jimin looked up from his pouch, waiting for his answer. “Did you hear me?”

Jeongguk shrugged, “I don’t really—you don’t have to get me anything, Jimin.”

“It’s your birthday,” Jimin said, standing up and pulling on Jeongguk’s arm and yanking him from his seat. “And besides. I want to.” He grinned again, that same beaming grin that was making Jeongguk’s heart pound against his ribs.

“So, tell me,” Jimin said coins circling in his palm and waving over the sweets. “What do you want?”

“There are four houses,” Jimin explained, biting off the jelly slug again, cheeks flushed full of it already. “There’s Slytherin, Gryffindor, Hufflepuff, and Ravenclaw.” His chest puffed up proudly. “My family’s all in Slytherin, so that’s what I’m aiming for.”

Jeongguk chomped idly on his cauldron cake, drowning in a sea of candies littered around his waist. Jimin ended up buying a bit of everything, insisting that he needed to try everything on the cart since it was his first time and all.

“Is that where you want to be?” Jeongguk asked, looking up at Jimin and biting on his cake again.

“Hmm?” Jimin asked, tossing the jelly slug box behind him and digging through their pile towards a chocolate frog.

“I said,” Jeongguk said, swallowing the last bit of his cake. “Is that where you want to be?”

Jimin looked up at him, eyes riddled in confusion. He shook his head, “I mean, yeah, of course, I wanna be in Slytherin. Why wouldn’t I?”

Jeongguk shrugged, fingerling through the pile and pulling out a packet of acid pops and eyeing the back of them. “Dunno, you should go where you wanna go. I don’t know. Whatever,” His voice dropped, but he could feel Jimin looking over at him quietly.

“Well, where do you wanna go?” Jimin asked.

Jeongguk shrugged, finished reading the packet and ripping open its scarlet bag and pouring them out onto his hand. “Dunno.” He popped one into his mouth, face wincing up as the tart flavor saturated his tongue. “Wherever the wind takes me.”

Jimin giggled but was slightly moved by his words. “I think you’d make a good Gryffindor.” He said, prodding at his shoulder.

“I dunno, I’m not very brave,” Jeongguk said putting the acid pops down and shuffling for another candy.

“Well, the only house worth anything are Gryffindor and Slytherin,” Jimin said mindlessly
chewing on his candy. “At least that what my family says.”

“Why not Slytherin?” Jeongguk asked, picking up a sugar quill and nibbling at its feathered tip. “I guess I’d like to be in Slytherin with you.”

Jimin’s face dropped, and he kept his eyes steady on the candy in front of him. Jeongguk could taste that discomfort blooming between them again, and it was making his skin itch.

“Like I said, I think you’d be a very cool Gryffindor,” Jimin finally said, completely leaping over the topic, praying that Jeongguk wouldn’t notice.

Jeongguk did, but he swallowed down his discomfort and instead focused on finishing his sugar quill.

“When we get older, we could join the Quidditch team, and I could beat you in every game.”

“What’s Quidditch?” Jeongguk asked.

Jimin sighed, but his tone was colored with nothing but adoration. “I’m gonna have to teach you everything, huh?”

He heard his name, but couldn’t will his feet to move. He could feel Jimin pressed tightly to his side, as he stared up at the woman with wide, fearful eyes.

“Jeon Jeongguk?” She repeated, looking out over the small crowd of first years, who all seemed frozen in their spots, in the vastness of the Great Hall.

Jimin dug an elbow into Jeongguk’s side, and Jeongguk glanced over towards him. Jimin nodded his head towards the stool in front of them.

“You got this,” Jimin whispered, smiling widely and pushing him forward a few feet.

Jeongguk stumbled for a moment, somehow finding the will in his legs to move up the few wooden steps towards the wooden stool in front of them; feeling every eye in the school searing white hot into his back.

The woman, Professor McGonagall, looked down at him fondly, lifting the tethered witches hat from the stool and nodding him towards the chair.

He sat down, every bone in his body chattering against his skin. He looked out over the crowd of ogling wide-eyed students and the last thing he saw before the floppy cloth of the Sorting Hat obscured his vision, was Jimin smiling up at him bright-eyed and excited, thumbs extended upwards towards him excitedly. A golden light in the sea of terrified First Years.

Jeongguk was drowning in admiration.

“You have a golden heart,” The Hat murmured in his ear.

Jeongguk jolted up, heart pounding in his chest. His eyes combed up, peering into the darkness of the Hat, feeling its voice rumbling through his brain.

“A golden heart, a golden mind and a thirst to help when needed,” The Hat continued. Jeongguk chewed nervously on his lip, desperate to meet Jimin’s eyes again.
“This is difficult, I might say,” The Hat pondered softly. “Your bravery is duly noted, but that heart... the heart shimmers with the ray of a thousand suns.” It paused, and Jeongguk could feel his cheeks flaming the brightest red, butterflies rattling around in his stomach.

“HUFFLEPUFF!” The hat exclaimed.

Jeongguk felt chagrin seep into his bones at the announcement and suddenly the Hat was being yanked from his head and his vision flushed in the heavy candlelight of the room. His eyes combed over the crowd to find Jimin; expecting to meet his shameful eyes but when he did, they were jubilant. He was exploding into a round of applause before everyone else, hands clapping together with enough energy Jeongguk could see his palms reddening where he stood.

Professor McGonagall beckoned him towards the long table on the furthest right. Jeongguk’s legs fumbled as he stood, hobbling over towards the table of whooping students who swallowed him towards them. Patting him on the back and grinning brightly towards him as he cut through the crowd of golden and black robes.

He settled beside a boy with dark brown hair and sharp cut nose who ran an affectionate hand along his back and patted at the bench beside him.

“I’m Hoseok,” He smiled warmly, squeezing tightly at Jeongguk’s shoulder. “Welcome to Hufflepuff!”

Jeongguk blushed, ducking his head but somehow finding his eyes drawn back to the crowd of First Years to see Jimin waving at him from his spot.

Jeongguk waved back sheepishly, cheeks burning from the attention.

Jimin looked like he was going to say something when McGonagall shouted out, “Park Jimin?”

Jimin’s head tossed towards her, and he smiled, striding up to the stool with his shoulders pulled back and head held high. He sat on the seat and sighed, keeping his eyes locked on Jeongguk’s until the Hat was tossed atop his head.

It felt like hours that the Hat was murmuring in Jimin’s ear. He could see Jimin twisting his fingers nervously in the pocket of his plain black robes, feet crossing nervously at the stool’s wooden legs. There were a few more moments of hesitation before the Hat shouted, “SLYTHERIN!”

The table across from Hufflepuff exploded, students leaping from the bench and exploding into thunderous applause.

The Hat was pulled from Jimin’s head to reveal his face which was contorted in an array of expressions. Jeongguk noted, mostly happiness but there was a hint of uncertainty embedded somewhere in his eyes and Jeongguk’s heart ached.

Jimin leaped from his chair and jogged down the steps towards the table and was swallowed by a large looming group of students clad in emerald and black.

In the midst of the chaos, Jimin tore his attention from them and locked eyes with Jeongguk.

A smile cut across his lips as he extended a thumbs up again, before taking a seat at the table.

Hoseok was chewing ravenously on a turkey leg listening as a boy named Taehyung, a first year
like Jeongguk with neon blue hair and wide boxy smile, was droning on about his trip to Ollivanders.

“T’m a Metamorphagus,” He said. He pointed to his hair, eyes crossing at the gesture as he tried to focus on his bang. After a moment the blue bleed into a bright, vibrant red. He grinned even brighter eyeing everyone around him before scooping up a pile of pillowy mashed potatoes onto his spoon and shoveling it into his mouth.

Hoseok turned to Jeongguk, who was busy nibbling on his peas.

“You’re quiet,” Hoseok said softly, hand somehow finding its way into the tangle of Jeongguk’s sleek black hair. “Also, you never told me your name.”

“I’m Jeongguk,” He answered quietly, directing his voice down to his plate.

“Nice to meet you, Jeongguk,” Hoseok replied, taking a sip from his butterbeer. He studied Jeongguk for a while, watching as he nipped at his food, skirting it around his golden plate with the tip of his fork. “Let me guess. You’re a Muggleborn.”

Jeongguk turned to face Hoseok, “Yes.” He answered quickly. “People keep saying that like it’s a bad thing.”

“I never said it was a bad thing,” Hoseok said quickly shaking his head. “My best friends, Seokjin, is a Muggle-born, and he's one of the smartest wizards I’ve ever met.” His eyes looked across the Hall to the Gryffindor table where a towering boy with choppy black bangs and startlingly handsome face and red and gold robes was chatting the head off of a girl with kinky curly hair beside him.

“Did someone make you think there’s something wrong with being a Muggleborn?” Hoseok asked.

Jeongguk sighed exasperatedly, eyes flitting up towards the Slytherin table then back to his plate. “I mean… my friend on the train…”

“Let me guess. He was sorted into Slytherin, hmm?” Hoseok asked.

Jeongguk could feel tears sting at his eyes, “He just… when he first met me… he just sort of made it seem like there was something… wrong with it.” Jeongguk shook his head, sigh rattling in his chest. “I don’t know; I’m just being stupid.”

“No you’re not,” Taehyung chirped.

Jeongguk looked up, surprised that the boy was speaking to him.

“My dad is a Muggle, and my mom is the witch in the family.” Taehyung continued. “My mother never made my dad feel like he was anything less than amazing. Because that’s what he is, amazing. Magic or not.” He grinned, boxy and wide and full of optimism. “I’m sure your family is very proud of you.”

Jeongguk shrugged, “I mean, I guess.” He replied. “My dad wasn’t too happy about it, though.” He inhaled sharply, that was an understatement. His father was furious about it.

“I’m sorry,” Hoseok said, rubbing soft circles into his back. “You’re at least here right? Could be worse. You could be one of those people who have to keep all their magic bottled up inside of them and end up exploding because of it.”
Jeongguk’s eyes widened, “No,” He said.

“Yes,” Hoseok replied, “My dad works for the Ministry—Ministry of Magic—and says there are dozens of cases. It’s scary. Some people really don’t want to be a wizard.”

Jeongguk could feel the warmth swimming off of Hoseok’s skin and basked in its radiance. He felt Taehyung scoot closer to him, squeezing onto his side and reach over and pour more pumpkin juice into Jeongguk’s goblet.

Jeongguk felt strangely warm here, and maybe, just maybe. He could get used to it.

It’d been nearly two months, and Jeongguk still hadn’t found his way around the castle. He found himself outside, slugging through the ripping rain until he reached the greenhouse. He yanked the door open, seeing the class currently in progress and groaned internally.

Professor Longbottom, with wide blue eyes and a buck-toothed grin, looked up from the head of the class, cocking his head. “Late again, Mr. Jeon.”

Jeongguk flushed bright red, “Sorry Professor.” He murmured, slipping into the door and shaking the rain from his robes.

Professor Longbottom tsked at him, but nodded understandingly, tightening his dragon hide gloves around his wrists. “Just give yourself more time before arriving next time okay?” He said softly.

Jeongguk nodded, cheeks still warm.

“Pop in next to the nearest open pot, I’m sure someone will show you what you’ve missed.” Professor Longbottom instructed, turning on his heel and walking back towards an array of lush green plants and shoveling fresh soil into them.

Jeongguk shook himself again, sprays of rainwater sprinkling around him and stumbled into the room, his shoes squeaking against the floor with each step. He looked around the crowded greenhouse until he saw Jimin, squiggling something down on his paper. Jeongguk lit up at sight and leaped towards him, plopping down beside him promptly.

Jimin looked up from his paper, eyes darting around the classroom then looking back to Jeongguk. “Jeonggukie,” He whispered breathlessly, cheeks reddening for a reason Jeongguk couldn’t figure out why.

Jeongguk yanked the band of his leather bag from his shoulder, and it plopped to the wet floor with a loud squeak. He sighed, looking at Jimin, “Why didn’t you tell me all I had to do was cross the southeast courtyard? I spent forever on the third floor trying to dodge the moving staircases—” He was unpacking his bag now, but could feel the eyes of all the students in the classroom bearing down on him. He slipped his notebook and quill out, and Jimin was bright red now, turning from the majority of the class and facing Jeongguk.

“What— what’s wrong Jimin?” Jeongguk asked, eyes shooting around at the confused class then back to Jimin who seemed to burn an even brighter red.

Jimin let out an exasperated sigh, setting his quill down. “It’s not very often Hufflepuffs, and Slytherins have class together.” He murmured, running a nervous hand along the spine of his notebook.
Jeongguk’s eyes were knitted tightly together in confusion. He could feel something very close to shame rippling off of Jimin’s frame, and it was making him uneasy. Jimin was right. Since beginning their term at Hogwarts, they’d seen each other very little; their schedules never really lining up properly. If they did see each other, it was usually in passing in the hall between classes or coming and going from dinner.

Jeongguk hated to say he missed him.

But right now, as he watched Jimin burn bright red in front of him, dripping in unbridled shame, he wasn’t too sure if the other boy felt the same.

Jimin reached forward, “I just don’t think it’s a good idea if we… sit together… at least not right now.”

Jeongguk sucked in a sharp breath, embarrassment caging his lungs. He could feel the glares from several Slytherins across the table, and it was itching the skin on his neck.

“Oh. I mean… okay,” Jeongguk pouted, sloppily gathering his things and slowly rising to his feet. Jimin caught his hand, eyes darting around for a moment then shooting back to meet Jeongguk’s.

“We could have a late dinner, tonight if that’s okay?” Jimin said softly. “Study in the library after? I need help with my Charms.” He flashed a bright smile, and Jeongguk melted.

He nodded softly, “Yeah, sure.” Jimin dropped his hand and flashed him another smile before turning back to his parchment.

Jeongguk scooped up his bag and scuttled over to where a disappointed Taehyung was peering up at him.

Jeongguk sat harshly, humiliation flushing through him.

“What was that?” Taehyung asked, scooting his potted Bouncing Bulb aside and shooting Jimin a dark glance.

“It was nothing,” Jeongguk said, shaking his head and digging through his bag for his gloves.

“Don’t lie to me, Jeongguk, because whatever just happened wasn’t nothing,” Taehyung shot back. He leaned in closer, “Did he… say something to you?”

Jeongguk shook his head, ears flaming red hot under pressure, “I said it was nothing, Taehyung.” There was sharpness tickling his tongue, and Taehyung leaned back at its attack. He nodded, turning his head back to his book.

“If he does anything else, I’ll kick his ass you know,” Taehyung whispered under his breath, eyes still focused on his parchment.

Jeongguk smiled weakly, looking up to catch Jimin’s eyes wandering towards him, eyes laced with apology.

It was raining even harder once the class ended. It pelted like bullets against the foggy glass of the humid greenhouse ceiling above them as Jeongguk slowly packed his belongings into his bag. Taehyung was mumbling pathetically beside him, still upset about having to incinerate the
Bouncing Bulb he’d been caring for weeks; when Jimin shuffled up, head bowed but eyes glued to Jeongguk.

“Jeongguk?” He whispered, voice soft. His hand was secured tightly around his bag thrown across his shoulder.

Jeongguk looked up from his bag and sighed, unnecessarily comforted by Jimin’s presence.

Jimin blushed at his gaze, ducking his head. “I—” He paused. “I just want to make sure we’re still okay.”

Jeongguk shook his head, gulping, “It’s fine, Jimin.”

“Hell no it’s not fine,” Taehyung chimed in. He tugged on the strap of his backpack. “He didn’t tell me what you said but knowing you—”

“Knowing me?” Jimin snapped, eyes narrowing as he looked up at Taehyung. “Nice to be known by so many, but unfortunately I have no clue who you are.”

Taehyung growled, “I’m Jeongguk’s friend, Kim Taehyung.”

Jimin cocked his head, tongue poking at the inside of his cheek. “Still doesn’t ring a bell. Does your father—”

“I’m a Halfblood,” Taehyung sneered.

Jimin smiled, but there was something insidious hidden beneath his grin. He nodded slowly, robed arms crossing across his chest. He straightened his neck and cast his eyes down to his feet then combed them back up to Taehyung’s eyes. He hummed out, dissatisfactory. “Makes sense.” He murmured venomously with a shrug. He turned his eyes back Jeongguk and the poisonous nature in his eyes melted, suddenly warm.

“Are we still on for dinner tonight?” Jimin asked, voice soft.

Jeongguk felt mesmerized, but nodded numbly, “Yeah, I’ll see you around, Jimin.”

Jimin grinned brightly, giving him an enthusiastic wave before shooting Taehyung a menacing glance and galloping out of the room.

Taehyung watched Jeongguk for a moment, mouth hanging open. “You’ve got to be kidding me.”

Jeongguk felt mesmerized, but nodded numbly, “Yeah, I’ll see you around, Jimin.”

Jimin grinned brightly, giving him an enthusiastic wave before shooting Taehyung a menacing glance and galloping out of the room.

Taehyung watched Jeongguk for a moment, mouth hanging open. “You’ve got to be kidding me.”

Jeongguk shook his head, “He’s my friend, Tae—”

“He’s an asshole,” Taehyung shot back. “If he didn’t know you personally he’d probably call you a M—”

“Tae if you’re gonna berate me for my friends, I—”

“He’s not your friend, Jeongguk.” Taehyung deadpanned. He cleared his throat, “Did you not see the way he just spoke to me? Do you think he’d treat you any better if you didn’t know him?”

Jeongguk chewed on his cheek nervously before scooping his bag up and tossing it over his shoulder. “I’ve got Potions next, Tae.” He mumbled, “I’ll see you around.”

Taehyung watched as Jeongguk stomped out of the classroom, wondering if he’d ever get through to him.
They’d missed their late dinner together due to Professor Slughorn’s excessive droning about Pompion Potions. But Jeongguk still found himself stepping into the darkened library near sundown to find Jimin at the furthest right corner, chin propped up by his bent wrist, gazing out of the large glass window.

“I’m sorry I’m late,” Jeongguk mumbled, setting his books down on the oak table and yanking out his textbooks. “You know how enthusiastic Professor Slughorn gets when talking about—”

Jimin’s eyes flitted up to meet his warmly, “It’s okay, Jeongguk, really.” He laughed. “Sometimes eating dinner alone is fun… you get to observe people.”

“It’s just impolite to have people wait for you,” Jeongguk said softly.

“You’re fine, honestly,” Jimin said, reaching across the table and grabbing Jeongguk’s hand. “Besides, I eat alone at home all the time, so I’m kind of use to it.” He shrugged, flicking through his textbook mindlessly.

Jeongguk watched him for a second, and Jimin must have felt his gaze and looked up.

“It’s just…” He paused, eyes shooting up to the ceiling then back down to Jeongguk. “My parents aren’t home… a lot. They work a lot so…” He gnawed on his cheek. “It’s fine. Our estate’s staff—”

“You shouldn’t have to eat alone, though,” Jeongguk said softly he shook his head. “You’re never eating alone again, I swear.”

“Jeongguk—”

“Shut up and accept my friendship,” Jeongguk said, a smile on his lips.

Jimin grinned cheekily, kicking him playfully under the table.

Jeongguk learned that Jimin was not very skilled at wandwork. They’d been in the library for close to three hours, and he still had not mastered the unlocking charm they needed to know by winter exams.

He pointed his red oak wand at the small rusted lock they’d found hanging on a forgotten shelf of books. He twirled his wand nervously in his hand for a moment, licking his lower lip before murmuring out, “Alohomora.”

The lock jiggled around, clattering against the wooden shelf before falling back with a limp clang.

Jimin groaned, his head falling against the wooden table below him. “I’m a failure,” He said, voice small. “I’ll never be a good wizard, my father will disown me, I’ll be left to fend for myself, living on the streets—”

“You’re so dramatic,” Jeongguk said with a roll of his eyes. He tightened his grip on his wand, light and willow wood, and pointed it at the lock. He closed one eye, sticking his tongue between his lips and murmured out, “Alohomora.”

A blue spark exploded from the lock, and it popped open, clattering to the floor.
Jimin turned to face him, his mouth gaping open. “How did you… how do you do that?”

Jeongguk shrugged, walking over to the fallen lock and attaching it back to the shelf. “You think too hard.” He said simply, turning back to face Jimin. “You put too much of your head into the spell.”

He grabbed Jimin’s hand, tracing along the lines in his fingers. “You don’t have to try so hard. Just…” He pressed his palm against Jimin’s, warm and clammy against dry and cool. “Every ounce of magic you’ll ever need is already inside of you. You know how to do this spell already. You just have to—” He closed his eyes and Jimin followed him.

Their fingers were now interlaced, and Jeongguk could’ve sworn he felt something electric shoot between them. He peeked open one eyes to see Jimin’s tranquil face, his eyes pressed softly closed and breathing so light Jeongguk could’ve sworn he was sleeping.

Jeongguk never thought another boy was beautiful. The thought never really crossed him, that he could even find another boy attractive. But right now, as early autumn winds nipped at the window beside them. As candlelight crackled above them, dripping golds and oranges onto them, dancing shadows across the sharp planes of Jimin’s face. As he felt Jimin’s soft touch against his, he couldn’t deny it any longer. Jimin was gorgeous.

“So are you gonna tell me what to do next— or—” Jimin started, one eye peeling open to look at Jeongguk.

Jeongguk yelped, closing his eyes and smiling. “Oh!” He exclaimed, pulling himself from his train of thought. “Well, you don’t need my help, Jimin.” He took another deep breath. “You can do this.” He said with a smile.

Jimin opened both eyes and picked up his wand. It twirled around between his fingers before nervously pointing it at the lock. He took a deep breath, breathing heavily through his nose. He pointed his wand and mumbled out, “Alohomora.”

The lock fiddled for a moment, then a blue spark shot from it, and it fell from the cabinet onto the ground.

Jimin turned to Jeongguk, his face laced with jubilance.

Jeongguk smiled back, “You did it!” He exclaimed.

Jimin giggled throwing his arms around Jeongguk, and Jeongguk felt himself freeze at the touch. His heart was hammering so hard in his chest he had no doubt in his mind that Jimin could feel it rattling against him. But when he pulled back, Jimin was still grinning.

“You’re the best, Jeonggukie!” He exclaimed.

The following morning they’d emerged into the Great Hall together, Jimin brushing his shoulder cheekily against Jeongguk's an attempt to make him fall.

Jeongguk grinned, kicking at his shins and Jimin stumbled against the Gryffindor table. A few Gryffindor's looked up at him and narrowed their eyes in disgust and Jimin waved sheepishly at them. Once further down the Hall, he shoved at Jeongguk playfully.

"I'm gonna kill you, Jeon."
Jeongguk giggled kicking him again, but Jimin skirted from his foot.

"Do you think I'm kidding?"

Jeongguk shoved at him lovingly, and from the corner of his eye, he could see Taehyung staring over at him menacingly. Namjoon was beside him whispering to his friend with the kinky hair and warm brown skin again as she was gathering up her books from the table.

"I would invite you to join me for breakfast, but," He pointed his head towards the table but kept his eyes glued to Jimin's. "I don't think they'd like that very much."

Jimin smiled, "It's fine, my friend Yoongi is over there, I can join him for a while."

Jeongguk was hesitant, reaching forward and grabbing Jimin into a hug. He could feel Jimin still, frozen beneath him.

When Jeongguk pulled back, his face was painted bright red.

"I'll see you around, okay?" Jeongguk said shuffling back over to the Hufflepuff table. "Right Jimin?"

That must've shaken Jimin from whatever fog he was in. "Yeah, yeah of course. See you around, Jeonggukie." He finished with a slightly embarrassed grin.

Jeongguk waved and jogged over to the table, collapsing beside Taehyung and sighing out.

Namjoon gave his friend, Amaré Nightingale, he remembered, a squeeze on the hand as she tightened her bag around her.

"I'm not leaving because you're here, Jeongguk." She said with a bright smile. "I've got Divinations soon."

Jeongguk waved at her, shooting a plate closer to him, "I understand." He grinned back.

Amaré flicked a hanging piece of hair from her eyes and turned back to Namjoon. "We have Quidditch practice later, see you then?" She said.

Namjoon shrugged, "I have a lot of work to do, Mar--"

Amaré swatted at him. "Stop being such a loser, Joonie. Loosen up. We're only kids you know." She picked up a pastry from his plate and plopped it into her mouth. "You've got your whole life ahead of you to figure things out. If I don't see you at practice tonight, it's over."

Namjoon chuckled, "Goodbye, Amaré."

Amaré's grin was blinding as she waved and jogged away.

Taehyung was quiet beside Jeongguk chomping at his eggs and scribbling at his homework. Jeongguk could feel the tension rippling off of him, and it was making him uneasy.

Namjoon looked between the two but turned his eyes back to his plate.

"I see you're still hanging out with that Slytherin."

"Jimin, you mean," Jeongguk corrected, sipping at his orange juice.
“It’s not just that he’s a Slytherin,” Taehyung said as calmly as he could, but his shaky voice gave him away. “He’s a Park, Jeongguk. A Park.”

Jeongguk’s eyebrows knitted up tightly in quiet confusion. Jimin didn’t talk too much about his family. From what Jeongguk had gathered, he’d learned that he was in fact, very wealthy, and was from a very influential family. Whenever he’d press any further, Jimin would wave him off, glowing bright red and averting the conversation to something well beyond familial ties.

Taehyung shot Namjoon a weary glance, as Namjoon swallowed down his pumpkin juice eyes widening.

“I always forget you Muggleborns don’t know much about this sort of stuff,” Taehyung said with a shrug. Namjoon shrugged in response, laughing into his pumpkin juice and continuing scribbling on his parchment.

Taehyung turned, his entire body facing Jeongguk now. “The Parks have got to be one of the most powerful pureblood families in the Wizarding World,” Taehyung began. “Second to maybe the Malfoys or something—”

“The thing about the Parks though, is they’re political,” Namjoon interjected, fiddling with his wand on the grand oak table. “Jimin’s grandfather was Minister of Magic. His father is the Chief Warlock of the Wizengamot—”

“They aren’t just your typical family who hates Muggleborns, Jeongguk,” Taehyung said, urgency hot on his tongue. “They actively work to make their lives a living hell. They write laws, govern sanctions—”

“They’re legislative powerhouses in the anti Muggleborn movement,” Namjoon added.

From across the Great Hall, Jeongguk could see the top of Jimin’s golden head as he shoveled fresh potatoes onto his plate. Yoongi was whispering something to him, and a warm smile crawled on his face before turning to him and falling over on him in an exaggerated laugh.

Jeongguk’s eyes flickered back to Taehyung, whose eyes were laced with worry.

“It also doesn’t help he’s a prick,” Namjoon said with a roll of his eyes. “Walks around like he owns the place—”

“The Park’s hate for Muggleborns…. Is deeper than you think, Jeongguk. It’s dangerous. Insidious.”

Namjoon gulped, nodding. “They’ve ruined so many lives, Jeongguk. Rots them from the inside out. I’d stay away from him if I were you.”

Jeongguk took a rattling deep breath, his heart suddenly stammering in his chest. “He’s… he’s not like that.” He whispered.

He could practically feel the frustration bleed from Taehyung and Namjoon simultaneously.

“Just…” Taehyung said, voice warm with concern. He gripped at Jeongguk’s hand and gripped at it tightly. “Be careful, okay? Promise us that.”

Jeongguk smiled, “What makes you think I won’t?”

“Liking someone too much makes you stupid, soups up your brain. Turns it to slush.” Namjoon
commented, reaching over the table and eyeing Taehyung’s pastry. “You eating that?”

Taehyung shook his head, but his eyes never left Jeongguk. Jeongguk shot a glance up to Jimin, and his heart sank.

He was already in too deep.

He meets Hoseok and Namjoon’s friend Seokjin, a third year Gryffindor, while watching them whiz around the Quidditch pitch after class one evening. Seokjin is brutally handsome, with beautiful sleek cat eyes and soft honey skin. He lands in front of Jeongguk gracefully, hair tousled atop his head from the whipping wind.

Jeongguk stammers in front of him, heart flipping like a fish in his chest.

“You’re Joonie’s friend aren’t you?” He breathes out, shaking his hair and making Jeongguk’s heart thrum in his chest.

“I—” Jeongguk says, unable to control his blushing. “Y-Yeah.”

Seokjin smiles, and Jeongguk is certain is heart is moments from bursting from his chest. Seokjin is a boy, a very handsome boy, and Jeongguk had no reason why he’s acting like this over a boy —

Namjoon lands beside him, less gracefully, but with a solid thump. He smiles up at Seokjin like he held the world in his hands. “You’ve met Jeonggukie?”

“Yeah, he’s sweet,” Seokjin says, ruffling a hand through his hair.

Jeongguk was going to die if Seokjin didn’t stop smiling at him like that.

“You still playing with the Hufflepuff?” Min Yoongi, a second year Slytherin and Jimin’s closest friend mumbles over dinner one evening. Jimin looks up at him and frowns, shoveling broccoli onto his plate.

“I’m not playing with anyone,” He mumbles back.

Yoongi rolls his eyes and bits into his carrots. “I think he really likes you.” He notes quietly. There’s something in his words, Jimin notices, but doesn’t say anything. He watches as Yoongi’s sharp eyes travel to the Hufflepuff table momentarily where Jeongguk is speaking animatedly to a bright orange haired boy with a boxy smile.

Jeongguk looks carefree, happy. And Jimin is envious.

“How do you think you parents would feel?” Yoongi adds. “Knowing you’re friends with a Muggleborn?”

Yoongi, though seemingly a cold Slytherin is softer than most believe. Despite his House he isn’t particularly rude to Muggleborns and Halfbloods. It warms Jimin, to be around his light.

“I don’t care what my parents think,” Jimin says quickly with a shrug.

Yoongi hums at that, cutting up more carrots on his plate.
A quiet lulls between them, exchanging clattering metal utensils on gilded plates.

“It’s not nice to mess with people’s hearts, Jimin,” Yoongi suddenly says. He’s not looking at him, his eyes are still cast down to his plate. “Does he have any clue what family you’re from?”

“He’s my best friend and that’s all he needs to know,” Jimin snaps. He feels bad suddenly from his outburst.

Yoongi shrugs, chewing on another carrot. When he finally grants him the privilege of his gaze it’s passive. Nothing like what Jimin thought he wanted.

“Be careful,” Is all Yoongi says.

Jimin doesn’t like his tone but he accepts it, growing too comfortable with the burning in his chest.

There's no detaching two people who are meant to be best friends. Jeongguk is only eleven years old but knows destiny when he sees it. When he feels it. His father had spoken to him dozens of times, about the stars and how destiny was written in them, destined to explode together.

Sometimes some things strings people together, be it destiny, be it the way Jimin always finds a way to make him giggle at inappropriate times. Be it the way Jeongguk sneaks him snacks from the kitchens on his way to meet him in the library. Be it the way Jeongguk would let him copy his homework as long as Jimin would promise to sneak him out and take him flying on weekends.

Jeongguk learned that Jimin was overly affectionate, despite his cold facade. There were too many times than he could count where he’d find the blonde boy draping himself over him from laughing way too hard, or tangling himself in Jeongguk's arms make his heart clench so tight he's sure it'll never unravel.

Jeongguk knows that tug behind his belly button that jerks him back every time he sees Jimin rounding the corner to meet him in the courtyard between classes.

He and Jimin were meant to be best friends; Written in the stars before they were even imagined.

They're sitting in the courtyard tonight, gazing up at the moon through heavy-lidded eyes. It was the final night before heading home for the summer. Jeongguk wasn't too sure he'd last so long without seeing Jimin.

"I'm gonna send you loads of letters," Jimin said. "Don't really understand the Muggle phone thing, but I'll try I guess."

Jeongguk blushed, keeping his eyes up to the sky, but from his peripheral vision he spotted the way Jimin was looking at him, and it was disgustingly fond.

Jeongguk met his eyes and nodded, "We'll speak to each other." He says softly. “Keep in touch all summer.”

He feels Jimin’s hand on his and shivers at his touch. Then suddenly he’s engulfed, Jimin’s wrapping his arms around Jeongguk and he’s drowning in him; his sweet scent, his warm skin. He could stay here forever if he could.

“Forever,” He says in Jimin’s ear.
Jimin pulls back, magic coloring his eyes. “Forever.”
"Some stars shine bright on their own, but there are certain stars that are meant for companionship. They help each other grow, help each other shine."

Year Three

To see Jimin again was like tripping over the sun. Summer never felt right, the sun felt too cool without Jimin's presence.

He was the first thing Jeongguk saw when entering the Divination classroom, with all its bohemian arrangements. Low hanging lanterns, burgundy curtains, rounded small tables.

He was bopping his head about, digging into his bag when Jeongguk snuck up behind him, jokingly prodding a finger into his neck. Jimin slapped at him but ended up slapping at his own neck. He shot his eyes up to meet Jeongguk's, and they widened but was quickly overtaken with anger.

"You asshole," Jimin said, voice dark.

Jeongguk smiled, plopping down beside him and giggling. "Nice to see you too Jimin."

Everything about Jimin was dripping in honey, from his skin to his hair to his megawatt smile. He was so beautiful it hurt, and Jeongguk couldn't believe just how much he missed him.

"You sound like a man, Jeonggukie," Jimin said softly, reaching across the table to stroke at Jeongguk's jaw. "Who told you to grow up on me?"

Jeongguk blushed, the praise landed somewhere between his ribs and his heart. Jimin always did this, the strange overbearing intimacy that would make his stomach crawl up his throat.

"How was your summer?"

Jimin shrugged, "Went to Peru with my family, it was nice." The words were brief and laced with cool darkness that Jeongguk couldn't quite place. Jimin turned to face him, "I missed you more though."

Jeongguk didn't understand what was making his heart stir, but it was warm, and it felt nice, and somehow he could taste the honey from Jimin's smile on his lips. So he ducked his head, eyes shooting to his bag and turning back his back to him as he heard students begin filing into the room.

Taehyung shuffled up behind him, ruffling his hair as he hovered over him, "Can I sit here?" He asked.

Jeongguk nodded, scooting over slightly as he continued digging through his bag.

Taehyung and Jimin locked eyes and tension shot between them, cold as ice.
Jeongguk looked up from his bag and frowned. "If you guys are gonna be sitting this close the least
you can do is not directly shoot daggers so sharp I can feel them."

Jimin sucked on his teeth, ruffling a hand through his hair.

Taehyung rolled his eyes, crossing his arms across his chest.
"I don't hate him," Jimin murmured bitterly, but it was obvious how he really felt.
"I don't hate him either," Taehyung said, voice low. "Actually I don't hate him at all."

Jeongguk rolled his eyes, curling his arms to reach for both of their hands. They both lurched back,
and Jeongguk couldn't help the giggle that escaped his lips. "You both mean a lot to me," He
began, voice quiet. "You both are some of the coolest best people I know so it would be nice if you
treated each other a little less like you hated each other and a little more like the friends I know you
can be."

Taehyung opened his mouth to say something but snapped it shut immediately. Jimin shot him, an
angry looked and rolled his eyes again. "Like I said," He said, his voice dripping with disdain. He
kept his eyes locked on Taehyung, cold and angry. "I don't hate him. He's just a little—"

"Little what?" Taehyung sneered, leaning across the table.

"See?" Jimin said, waving his hand. "He thinks everything I say is a fucking threat—"

"Well maybe you should stop thinking you're so goddamn important and maybe people wouldn't
think you were such a bully—"

"Can you guys stop?" Jeongguk exclaimed, voice hot. He could feel his face heating up, and he
was shooting his head between the two. "Even if you don't care about each other can you at least
pretend? For me?"

Taehyung huffed out a breath, hesitating for a moment before nodding darkly. "Sure. Whatever. I
don't care." He said, throwing his hands up slightly. His eyes narrowed as they landed back on
Jimin. "I won't say anything if he won't."

Jeongguk turned and face Jimin who still looked disinterested. "Why am I the one who always—"

Jeongguk snarled at him, and Jimin sighed. "Sure, fuck. Whatever."

He learned that he was not meant to see the future, at least not as far as he'd hoped. He turned to
Jimin with confused eyes, the teacup still in his hands. "I don't really know what I'm looking at," He
whispered as Professor Lovegood continued circling around them murmuring something about
digging deep inside themselves for a glimpse at who they could become.

"Sounds like a load of horseshit to me—" Taehyung mumbled, sifting through the textbook
frantically.

Jimin shrugged, squinting as he buried his nose deeper into his teacup. "I have no fucking clue
what this is supposed to say." He turned back to the book, flipping through the pages aggressively.
"It says something here about changes—" He narrowed his eyes, cursing himself for not bringing
his glasses with him.

"The textbook is saying something about those squiggly shapes," Jimin started again, leaning over
to show Jeongguk. "They say it has something to do with personal growth and development, but
I'm not too sure—"

"Doesn't look like you've grown to me," Taehyung murmured through pouted lips, eyes glued to the textbook below him.

Jimin's head shot up at that, eyes narrowing. "What did you fucking say?"

Taehyung looked at up at innocently, "I didn't say anything—"

"I ought to curse you ass blind, Kim," Jimin spat at him jostling the table.

Taehyung's eyes widened as Jimin shuffled around a bit threateningly when Professor Lovegood announced that class had ended.

Amidst the bustle of students packing up their things, Jimin sat coolly, eyeing Taehyung with lethal eyes.

Jeongguk sealed his lips, tossing his things into his bags when he felt Jimin tug at the sleeve of his robes.

"We should go to Hogsmeade next weekend," Jimin suggested lightly. "I really wanna buy you your first fresh butterbeer, like from a tap. How it's supposed to be drank."

Jeongguk nodded, excitement bubbling inside of him. "Yeah, of course, Jimin."

Jimin rose, swiftly packing his things away before pulling Jeongguk into a tight hug. When he pulled back his eyes were laced with sincerity. "I missed you, Jeonggukie."

Jeongguk felt drunk on Jimin's presence because the truth was, he missed Jimin too. He doesn't know how he survived the summer without him.

Jimin gave him one last squeeze and Taehyung one final glare before hurrying out of the classroom and out of the door.

"I still don't like him," Taehyung murmured, following Jeongguk as they descended down the Divination Tower.

This was their first time as third years with the ability to go to Hogsmeade and Jeongguk was sick, deathly sick. He looked up at Jimin with watery eyes, nose itching at him irritatingly. This was supposed to be their first time out as best friends, exploring the autumn wonderland of Hogsmeade but instead, Jeongguk could barely keep his eyes open.

"I'll bring you back a ton of candies," Jimin said, tugging on his red mittens. Jeongguk shrugged, eyes falling embarrassingly on the stone floor before him. "You know I don't like coconu—"

"Now why would I bring you back coconut if I know you don't like it?" Jimin pressed a smile curling on his lips.

Jeongguk shrugged, nose flaming bright red. He held his breath, a sneeze ripping through him. Jimin frowned, caressing at his cheeks with his gloved hand.

"Please feel better, Jeonggukie. Visit Madame Pomfrey, I'm sure she can stir something up for
you."

Jeongguk sniffled again, rubbing at his eyes. "This sucks."

"I know," Jimin replied, poking his lower lip out. His hand paused atop his, and he froze. He leaned forward, almost as if he were daring himself to press in towards Jeongguk's cheek when someone tugged at him.

It's was Jihyo, the tall thin Slytherin girl with warm golden skin and a heavy black bob. She tossed herself into Jimin's side with a light giggle.

"Come on, or we'll miss the train!" She exclaimed breathlessly.

Jimin blushed, turning back to Jeongguk with a sheepish smile. "I'll see you around Jeonggukie."

Jihyo was pulling Jimin into the soft autumn breeze by the arm. Flailing herself atop him pathetically.

Jeongguk waved until they disappeared from view. Disappointment stirring in him.

Jeongguk didn't particularly feel bad enough to go to the Hospital Wing, but somehow he ended up there.

He pushed himself through the large metal doors and was met with the sharp clean scent of rubbing alcohol. His nose turned up as if sifted through his nose and down his lungs.

"Are you lost, young man? Do you need anything?" He hears Madame Pomfrey begin as she starts up to him from her desk.

Jeongguk turns to her and shakes her head, "I uh—" He pauses. "I wasn't feeling well, so I just thought—"

"A stuffy nose and bad headache hmm?" She says, lifting his head from his chin to face her. Her fingers are cold and makes Jeongguk shiver. "That's nothing a little Pepperup Potion can't fix." She turns her back to him and scurries back over to the desk, conjuring up her cauldron.

Jeongguk follows behind her quietly, watching as she tips ingredients into the misting pot. He peeks over her shoulder and frowns at the slight minty fragrance sifting up from the bowl.

Madame Pomfrey catches him and cocks her head, "Yes sir?" She presses.

Jeongguk shakes his head shyly, "It's nothing, ma'am."

She eyes him again, narrowing her eyes as she waves her wand over the potion, turning it a bright baby blue.

Jeongguk frowns even deeper, humming slightly to himself.

Madame Pomfrey turns to him again, "If I'm doing something wrong—" She begins angrily.
"It's four spins counterclockwise," Jeongguk whispers, his cheeks flaming. "You uh... you did two clockwise." He peers into the cauldron, watching the potion bleed an even brighter blue. "That's why it's that color. It should be blue but.... not that blue."

Madame Pomfrey narrowed her eyes and eyed him up and down. She turned back to the cauldron, with a sigh.

It was quiet between them for a moment before she spoke again.

"Have you thought about Healing?"

Jeongguk gaped at her dumbly, "Me?" He says pointing to himself. "I— not really, ma'am."

Madame Pomfrey is smiling as she dips a mug into the cauldron and turns to face him. "Healing, unlike most careers in our world, is more gift based than anything." He slips the mug into his hands and pats at them. "I think you have a gift."

Jeongguk feels a smile itching on his cheeks. "I uh—" He begins sheepishly. "I didn't think— isn't it a little—"

"Don't say anything about it being a feminine career because it isn't," She protests. "There's nothing feminine about caring."

Jeongguk takes a sip from the mug, feeling it run like warm dripping honey down his throat. He sighs in relief, swallowing thickly.

"I think you have a very beautiful gift—?"

"Jeongguk," He answers.

Madame Pomfrey smiles patting at his hands. "Jeongguk. You have a gift, and I'd love to train you. Could always use a few more hands around here."

Jeongguk takes another sip a thinks. He nods sweetly, "Sure. Why not."

The soup was cold, Jeongguk noted, stirring it around in its bowl. He grimaced, spooning it up to his lips and frowning as he slurped it down. Madame Pomfrey had recommended it, and though Jeongguk was weary of purposely cold soup, he was drinking it down as quickly as he could.

The Great Hall was empty, for dinner time. Most students were still at Hogsmeade, and Jeongguk couldn't help but feel a loneliness lick up his spine.

He was spooning up some more soup when the doors to the Hall burst open and a flood of students jostled in. Among them was now sunshine yellow haired Taehyung, who spotted Jeongguk at the far end of the Hufflepuff table and jogged down towards him.

He landed with a plop, nose bright red from the chilly wind outside.

"Why are you down here?" He asked breathless, slipping his legs over the bench to seat himself comfortably to Jeongguk's side.

Jeongguk shrugged, "Madame Pomfrey told me to come and eat this," He said with a slightly disgusted scowl, swirling the soup around. "And it was kind of lonely in the dorm."
Taehyung reached forward and hugged at Jeongguk before pulling back. "Well I hope you're feeling a little bit better," He said. He yanked off his glove and patted at Jeongguk's forehead. "You don't have a temperature—"

"I'm fine, really," Jeongguk snorted, though unsuccessfully through congested nostrils. "It's probably just my allergies, really—"

His eyes found Jimin who was trailing in behind Jihyo to the Slytherin table. His cheeks were flushed pink from the cold, and his hair was fluffy, spilling from beneath his red beanie.

Jeongguk found himself blushing, watching as Jihyo yanked Jimin onto the bench and tossed herself over his shoulder.

It was making Jeongguk's heart burn with unbridled fury, and he didn't know why.

"Jealousy doesn't look good on you, Jeonggukie," Taehyung mumbled reaching over and plucking a grape from Jeongguk's plate. "It doesn't look good on anyone, but you look terrible. Your face isn't made for it."

Jeongguk's head snapped towards him, but his eyes flickered back to Jihyo who was now giggling into Jimin's ear. His chest tightened at the sight.

"I'm not jealous," Jeongguk mumbled softly, sniffling and scooping up more soup onto his spoon.

Taehyung rolled his eyes, "Uh huh."

Jeongguk's eyes found themselves back to Jimin, and the heart burn was back. Watching Jihyo toss and drape herself over Jimin like a flimsy, giggling ragdoll.

Jeongguk had no reason to be jealous, obviously. Jimin was his best friend, and if Jihyo was interested in him, that shouldn't bother him because... he was his best friend.

Jeongguk's cheeks burned at the thought, heart stuttering in his chest.

Jimin was his best friend.

Obviously.

It's after Divinations a few days later when Jeongguk feels Jimin tug at his arm. He snatched him out of the classroom and up the winding staircase, grip tight on his wrist.

"Jimin—" He protested, yanking at his arm but Jimin turns around and shushes him, slipping up the stairs at an incredible pace.

They arrived at an unassuming door, old and wooden with a rusty metal lock. Jimin fiddles with it and after a few moments it springs free.

When he turns around he is beaming, "I wanted to show you something," He says brightly. He pushes open the door to reveal the wide expanse of the abandoned Astronomy Tower.

The walls are concrete but are dotted with wide windows that spill in sunlight. In the very core of the room is a massive silver telescope that pierces the sky.
Jeongguk drops his bag as he approaches it, wonderstruck.

"Jimin—" He says breathlessly. "This is—"

"Pretty fucking cool huh?" Jimin finishes. He takes a few steps up beside Jeongguk, eyes following his up the telescope and out to the open sky above them. "Dunno, was just playing around and exploring when I just found all of this?" He waves his hands about. He turned to face Jeongguk and blushed. "Just thought you'd think it was cool too."

"Cool? Jimin, please," Jeongguk gasped. He eyed around the room, drinking it in. His heart was fluttering in his chest again, and he could feel Jimin's body pressed tight against his.

He turned to face Jimin, a smile crawling on his face. "This is amazing, Jiminnie."

Jimin beamed at that, nodding proudly to himself as Jeongguk approached the telescope timidly. He placed a hand on its cool body and sighed, running modest fingers across it. "My dad is an astronomer, you know." He says after a while.

Jimin gapes at him, "Astronomer?" He asks softly. "I didn't know Muggles were astronomers."

Jeongguk giggles at the innocent ignorance. "It doesn't take a wizard to see the magic in the stars, Jimin."

Jimin smiles at that, taking a step towards him hesitantly.

"My father says some stars are meant to shine together," Jeongguk says, peering up into the sky. He can feel Jimin lingering beside him. It makes him nervous, and he doesn't know why. Jimin always makes him so nervous.

"Some stars shine bright on their own, but there are certain stars that are meant for companionship. They help each other grow, help each other shine."

He doesn't know why he's saying it, but it feels right.

Jimin reaches forward and places a hand over his. Jeongguk doesn't know how to react to the affection, so he freezes, as he usually does. Jimin always does this, takes a leap with an extended hand.

"Oh!" Jimin exclaims eyes lighting up. He plunges into his bag and pulls out a large brown paper bag and shoves it against Jeongguk's chest. "I meant to give these to you the other day, but... I was kind of caught up."

By caught up, Jeongguk wonders if he means with Jihyo, but he bites his tongue. He grips the bag and peers into it to find a massive lump of colorful candy inside.

He gasps, eyes flickering up to Jimin's before reaching inside and plucking out a Blizzard Pop. He pops it into his mouth and grins, tongue bleeding blue. Jimin giggles and pats at his cheek.

"Didn't think I forgot about my best friend did you?"

Jeongguk hums because of course, he thought that but he'd never admit it out loud. Instead, he blushes and tilts the bag for Jimin to dip his hand in for his own Blizzard Pop.

Jimin pops it into his mouth, flicking his tongue out to display his blueing tongue.

Jeongguk giggles and falls against him and they stay like that for a while. Blue tongues and racing
They end up in the Astronomy Tower a lot. Draping themselves over the windows and drinking in the castle from afar.

It feels safe up here, high in the clouds, together. Jimin had just finished Quidditch practice, his latest obsession, and they had chosen the Astronomy Tower to relax, away from the rest of the world.

Jeongguk is chewing on a chocolate cauldron when Jimin blurts out, "I think Jihyo likes me."

Jeongguk doesn't react immediately. He swallows the last bit he was chewing on before looking up to meet Jimin's eyes.

They looked worried. Confused. But mostly worried.

He is leaning over his potions textbook and his eyes twisted in distress.

"Well," Jeongguk begins, trying his best not to show how hard his heart is shattering in his chest. "Do you like her?"

Jimin pauses and lets out a whistled sigh. Jeongguk could read the trouble in his expression and gulped.

After a moment Jimin shakes his head, "It's fine, whatever," He mumbles. "Pretend I didn't say anything."

But that was the problem.

He couldn't pretend that he didn't say anything. The words muddied around in his head and were making his ears ring.

Maybe Taehyung was right. Jealousy didn't look good on Jeongguk.

They descended the rocky hillside to the dark boathouse with quiet toes and slippery soles. Jeongguk's arms were laced through Jimin's and were pressed tightly to his side as he listened to the black water slapping against the old darkened wood of the boathouse. It was a lot cooler near the water, and Jeongguk was shivering; teeth chattering in his jaw. His skin was prickling with fresh goosebumps, springing onto his forearms and making the hairs on his arms tickle against his flesh.

Jimin must've noticed, wrapping a tight arm around Jeongguk's waist and massaging soft circles into his flesh.

Jeongguk whispered out a soft thanks, and Jimin grinned back, hair wisping atop his head as the wind whistled against them.

They knocked on the boathouse seven times, and the door rattled for a moment. After a second it
opened with a squeak, and Namjoon poked his head out. "Hey, Jeonggukie, you made it—" His
eyes fell upon Jimin, and he growled. "What's he doing here?"

"Well— I just thought you wouldn't mind—"

Namjoon groaned, hesitating slightly before wrenching the door open. "You always know how to
push our buttons don't you, Jeongguk?"

He widened the door, and they slipped in, skin instantly warming upon arrival.

Despite it's darkened appearance, Namjoon must've enchanted the boathouse to be relatively lit
from the inside. They'd assembled a rounded table and a few chairs, where Taehyung and Seokjin
were tossing down a few cards. Hoseok was shuffling with the record player off near the corner.

Jeongguk peeled himself from Jimin's arms and shook off his rain soaked robes, wide eyes roaming
around the compact area of the boathouse.

"This is crazy cool, Joon," He breathed out in shock.

Namjoon shrugged, but there was a slight hint of pride at his lips. "I mean I guess," He said
quietly. "This is one of the abandoned boat houses along the lake. All it needed were a few
concealing charms and sound dampening charms and voila —" He waved around flamboyantly.

"He worked on these charms for a very long time," Seokjin added from the table. "Spent all night
in the library looking for the right charms that won't make the castle's go off like crazy." He looked
up at Namjoon with adoring eyes. "He's a genius."

"Can you guys stop, please I'm gagging over here," Hoseok said from across the boathouse.

Jimin grinned, reaching into his robes. "Guess what I stole from one of the seventh years?" He
slipped out a giant bottle of Firewhiskey, only to be met with Jeongguk's wide eyes.

"Jimin!" He gasped through gritted teeth. "You didn't say you were bringing that."

"Why would I tell you I was bringing it?" Jimin asked, throwing his robes over beside Jeongguk's.
"That would ruin the surprise, silly."

Jeongguk gulped, looking at Namjoon who was eyeing them both with an unreadable expression.
He reached forward, grabbing the bottle from Jimin's hand and a pained smile curling on his lips.

"Uh, thanks, Jimin." He said voice strained.

Jimin nodded politely and bowed as Namjoon carried it over to where Taehyung and Seokjin were
still arguing quietly.

He turned to Jeongguk who was staring at him in quiet shock.

"What?" Jimin asked, shaking the rain from his hair.

"I just..." Jeongguk said, tongue dry. "Why are you being so nice?"

"What do you mean 'why am I being so nice'?" Jimin raked a hand through his hair and
straightened his black and emerald sweater.

Jeongguk could taste the light tone on Jimin's tongue but couldn't quite place it. It was soft, and too
subtle, but glaringly obvious. He narrowed his eyes as Jimin looked up at him with innocent eyes.
"These are your friends, Jeonggukie," Jimin explained, voice light and airy as he spoke. "If they're important to you, I want to make an effort to prove to you that they can be important to me too."

The innocence in his tone was jarring, and Jeongguk felt blindsided by it. He felt Jimin lace their arms together again, pulling him towards the group.

"Now introduce me to your friends before I get too drunk to remember who they are."

It turns out Jimin could handle his liquor a lot better than Jeongguk could. An hour had passed, and Jeongguk's head was swimming as it laid softly on Jimin's lap. He could feel Jimin's small fingers curling in his hair, feel the wisps of wind that snuck through the aged wood of the boathouse, smell the Firewhiskey burning on their skin, and hear as the blonde boy above him giggled at Hoseok and Seokjin's faux duel.

"You've got to use your wrist more!" Namjoon exclaimed throwing Seokjin an excited smile.

Seokjin flicked his wrist tossing out a silver colored sparkling charm to Hoseok who dodged it, rebutting with a purpled counterspell. It struck Seokjin in his left shoulder, and he stumbled back, an exaggerated low yelp falling from his lips.

"He cheated—" Seokjin began, pointing his wand at Hoseok accusingly.

"He didn't cheat, you just didn't use your wrist—" Taehyung snipped before tossing his head back and sipping from his cup.

"Like I said," Namjoon interjected. He lingered beside Seokjin for a moment, as if he were going to touch him, but instead ending up hovering awkwardly.

Seokjin was blushing the brightest pink, walking over to Hoseok and prodding him with his wand. "Next time, I'm gonna flame your ass all the way to Korea and back."

Hoseok giggled, slapping at his shoulder playfully and reaching down to take a gulp of his Firewhiskey.

"It's not really about, wandwork," Jimin said suddenly, hands still tangling through Jeongguk's hair.

They all turned to face him bodies tensing up when he spoke.

"What are you talking about?" Namjoon asked voice laced with a tinge of anger.

Jimin tasted it and smiled darkly, looking down to Jeongguk softly then back up to the group.

"Dueling, it's not about wandwork, it's about psychology."

Namjoon narrowed his eyes, taking a few echoing steps towards him and crossed his arms. "Please enlighten us."

"It's easy to get caught up in spells and counter curses," Jimin began, voice unusually even as he spoke. "Most of it is theatrics, the real trick is you gotta figure out what type of dueler you're up against and how to beat them. You find their weakness, and you exploit it. Outwit them. Finish them."
The boathouse creaked against the blistering wind as the five boys exchanged dark glances. Jeongguk shuffled in his sleep, and Jimin's eyes leaped down to him, his hands now moving to caress his cheek.

"Not everyone wants to fight dirty," Namjoon said with a firm voice.

"It's not dirty if you win," Jimin resounded with poisonous finality. His eyes flitted up to meet Namjoon, and there was something unusually wicked twisted in his eyes. Jeongguk groaned and turned in his lap.

"I think it's time for you to go to bed, Jeonggukie," Jimin said patting at his cheek. He could still feel the other boys staring at him as if they were readying to fight. Jeongguk shook his head, his face burning bright red. "I'm fine," He slurred, sitting up slightly only to knock over Jimin's cup, spilling the remains of whatever was left in it.

"Oops, I'm sorry," Jeongguk garbled, reaching forward and scooping it up. Jimin laughed, hand flying to Jeongguk's side. "It's fine, Jeongguk, don't worry about it."

Jeongguk blushed, ducking his head in Jimin's shoulder and sighing.

"Here, let's get you up," Jimin said, hoisting Jeongguk up to his wobbling feet. Jeongguk draped himself on Jimin's side as he tightened his grip around him.

Jeongguk could feel Taehyung's eyes on them, and he blinked towards him, shaking his head. "See?" He said with a tongue he felt was moving slower than he'd wanted. "He's not that bad, is he?"

Taehyung's face exploded red, and he shook his head, keeping his head on his cup. "Good night, Jeonggukie."

Jinmin had been slinging his robes over him, but he hadn't noticed. He turned to face him as he was buttoning it up to his cheeks. "Don't want you catching a cold," He mumbled through soft lips. Jeongguk's eyes narrowed in on them, watching as he nipped on them in concentration, bright pink and particularly pillow like.

Jeongguk could feel something warm burning in his chest, and he shot his eyes down, hoping he hadn't caught him looking.

"This was fun," Jimin said, looking up at Namjoon. He sucked on his teeth and tucked his arms tighter around Jeongguk's waist. "See you at the next one." He patted at his chest aggressively before yanking the boathouse door open and shuffling himself and Jeongguk outside.

"It's only two more steps, Jeongguk."

Jeongguk was now slumped against the stone wall, head drooped on his shoulder. They were only a few feet from the entrance to the Hufflepuff dorms when Jeongguk's legs had decided to give out beneath him. Jimin was plastered behind him, arms pulled tight around his waist as he pushed at him, nudging him with all his weight up the stairs with no success.

"I can't carry you anymore Jeongguk, fuck," Jimin said breathless, a bead of sweat collecting at his temple. "Ever since you decided to grow a whole fucking foot over the summer, I can't carry you around."
Jeongguk sniffled, "Okay," He said shaking his head, although it was making him dizzier than before. He turned to face Jimin, vision blurry. "Two more steps right?"

Jimin nodded, smiling, "Two more steps, love. On the count of three. One, tw—"

Jeongguk's heart leaped at that, legs lurching forward and somehow jumping up the last two stairs only to trip on his own leg and land on the cold stone ground with a splat.

He could hear Jimin burst into laughter behind him as he laid, there, lip wet with drool against the granite floor.

"And he sticks the landing!" Jimin exclaimed through a fit of giggles.

Jeongguk peeled himself from the ground rolled over onto his back, feeling as Jimin sat with a squat beside him on the stairs. Jeongguk breathed out heavily, letting his hands fall to his heaving chest where his heart was doing cartwheels in his ribs.

"Remind me not to let you drink too much ever again," Jimin said lovingly, combing the sweat drenched hair from Jeongguk's forehead.

Jeongguk felt a smile crawl on his lips, melting to his touch as Jimin curled his fingers through his hair.

"That's the first time I've ever drunk before," Jeongguk said softly.

"I can tell, Googie." Jimin giggled.

Jeongguk liked it when he called him Googie. It made his heart flutter like bubbles in his ribs. He tilted his head to see Jimin with his palm holding up his head looking down at Jeongguk with such adoring eyes Jeongguk felt his breath freeze in his chest.

"Stop looking at me like that," Jeongguk breathed out bitterly.

"I'm not looking at you like anything," Jimin said defensively, pulling his palm from his face and frowning. His eyes were still riddled with the same adoration, and bleeding with a lot more love than usual.

"You know what you're doing," Jeongguk said pulling himself up to a swimming head. "Stop it."

Jimin narrowed his eyes, "How am I looking at you, Jeonggukie?"

Jeongguk's voice caught in his throat, he blinked over at Jimin a bit before burying his face in his hands. He could feel that same burning sensation tickling at his chest. "You're looking at me like you——"

"Like I what?" Jimin pressed voice light.

Jeongguk could barely breathe now, and he was certain that if he blushed any more his cheeks would melt straight off his face.

He found himself peeling his face from his hands and turning to face Jimin again. Jimin was glowing, skin honey kissed and golden hair falling softly over his dark brown eyes. His cheeks, though naturally rosy, were bitten an even deeper shade of bubblegum pink and it was making Jeongguk's mouth water.

"You're looking at me," Jeongguk said with a cotton filled mouth. He dropped his voice so low, it
was barely a whisper past his lips. "You're looking at me like you like me or something."

There it was. It landed between them like a thirty ton weight, warm, and stifling. It'd been there for a while, they knew, but its formal address was startling.

Jeongguk tensed, but felt Jimin scoot closer to him on the step and flinched at the contact as Jimin's robes brushed against his leg.

"What if," Jimin said quietly, licking his lips. He seemed unusually nervous, and Jeongguk didn't like it. Jimin doesn't get nervous. "What if I did like you?" He finished with a shaky voice.

Jeongguk's heart finally burst in his chest, and all he could do was suck in a breath so sharp he assumed he was seconds from passing out. It was melting all over his ribs, dripping like hot wax into his stomach making it bubble and churn like a badly brewed potion.

"Don't say that," Jeongguk mumbled.

"What?" Jimin said surprised. "That I like you?"

"Yeah, don't say things you don't mean, Jimin." Insecurity was coloring Jeongguk's voice.

Jimin tightened his grip on him, he chased for Jeongguk's eyes vehemently, "I'm not the drunk one here, Jeonggukie." He said sharply. "And I don't say things I don't mean, Jeongguk. You know that."

Jeongguk gulped, vulnerability prickling at his skin. He forced his eyes away from him, instead, keeping his eyes on a towering portrait over them of a sleeping man with a long grey fuzzy beard who was snoring a bit too loud. It was a nice distraction from the golden boy who was dripping sunlight all over him beside him.

"So," Jimin said after a while, chewing at his lip. It came out in a slight tune, light on his lips.

It was awkward between them for a second, and that same time that was fluttering between them before was stifling past them now like sludge. Jeongguk breathed out again, slow and measured.

"I like you too," He said with quiet reserve.

He could feel Jimin breathe out a contained sigh of relief besides him. Something about that made him smile.

When he dared to meet Jimin's gaze, his eyes were soft, hints of tears prickling at their seams.

"I've liked you for a while," Jimin said, a nervous hand shoveling through his hair. "I think."

"Me too," Jeongguk smiled in response, tooth catching on his lip. "I think."

Jimin giggled, more of a nervous tick than anything but something about its lithe tone made Jeongguk's soul breathe out in relief.

Jeongguk could feel Jimin hovering beside him, skin buzzing with an unknown magic that was leaving his skin feel like it was ready to shed. Jimin eyes were combing over his face like he'd never seen it before, drinking in every mole, every hair. The attention was leaving Jeongguk restless.

"What if I," Jimin said suddenly, voice jumping like static. "What if I kissed you?"
Jeongguk was buzzing. He sucked in a sharp wooly breath and nodded, eyebrows furrowed up in. "I—" His voice wasn't cooperating, and it was annoyingly frustrating. "I think I'd like that."

Jimin's hand found itself on the back of Jeongguk's head, pressing softly against the nape of his neck. His skin was humming, nerves pulled tight under his flesh as he felt Jimin ghost his lips over his for a moment, soft and gentle. His breath danced hot over his, the cinnamon from the Firewhiskey still fresh on his breathe. He lingered, nosing at Jeongguk's lips for a moment before he plucked up the courage to slowly press his lips against his.

Jeongguk didn't know what to expect the first time he kissed Jimin. Or anyone for that matter. He'd watched these lips for years, watched them curl themselves around jokes. Watched them spew spells and charms. Shoot out words of encouragement. He'd watched these lips sing light songs of contentment. He'd seen these lips gaggle on too long about Quidditch. Watched them curl around straws as he sucked in pumpkin juice at lightning speed.

Jeongguk had watched these lips for years, riddled with curiosity. But not once did he comprehend the concept that one day they'd be pressed flush against his.

Jeongguk's heart was crawling out of his ribs and up his throat. He was frozen, not really in control of his body movements as he felt Jimin's lips move against his.

Everything was wet, unusually wet. Sloppy spit slicked lips and slippery tongues tangling in incoherence. Jimin's lips were warm, wet with a sharp cut taste of cinnamon. They were soft and plush against Jeongguk's as he slotted them against his, sucking on his smaller lower lip and nipping at its skin. He was careful, lips learning his in a soft sprint to nowhere in particular. It was leisure and warm, careful pecks, dragging tugs against sensitive skin as they learned the curves of each other's lips.

Jeongguk's hands fiddled up to Jimin's neck, curling at the olive hood of his robes and pulling him in tighter against his chest. He didn't know what he was doing, didn't understand why Jimin's lips felt so good against his, didn't understand why the buzzing in his skin seemed to explode into fireworks the moment his lips pressed against his. But he did know that he liked it. He liked it a lot.

Jimin pulled back, chest heaving as he danced his eyes over Jeongguk. "J—Jeongguk?"

Jeongguk was panting as he looked at him.

There was a click. The change between them that snapped into action the moment Jimin had pressed his lips to his. Jeongguk could feel it, rattling around in his chest like a ping pong ball and he knew without a doubt in his mind that Jimin was feeling it too.

"I know, Jimin," Jeongguk replied. The rubber band had been snapped, and he knew it could never be snapped back. But right now, he looked over at Jimin whose cheeks were now cherry red and lips were slobbered with spit and the lips of the flaming lantern above them painting his face a turbulent orange, painting him to be the most beautiful thing he'd ever laid eyes on.

Jeongguk wasn't too sure if he cared about that change anymore. Perhaps he welcomed it with wide arms.

He surged forward, teeth clattering as he pulled Jimin into another kiss, this one more furious than the last. His tongue played over Jimin's top lip and sucked at it softly. He heard a moan bubble past Jimin's lips and felt his heart flutter like butterflies against his ribcage.

When he pulled back, Jimin looked delirious, eyes glassy and crossed and lips bitten the sweetest
shade of magenta.

"I don't know what we're—" Jimin started breathlessly.

"We don't have to worry about that," Jeongguk said, he didn't understand the sudden confidence shooting like ice in his veins, but it was making him feel invincible.

"Let's just worry about this, right now." Jeongguk took his hand and intertwined their fingers as tightly as he could. "Jimin and Jeongguk right?"

Jimin blushed, ducking his head for a moment to glance at their intertwined fingers only to look down and meet Jeongguk's wide, bright eyes again.

"Jimin and Jeongguk."

Jeongguk could feel Jimin staring at him from across the Charms classroom. But every time he'd dare to look up and meet his eyes; he'd dart them back down to his textbook, and continue scribbling on his parchment.

"He keeps looking at you," Taehyung whispered at Jeongguk from the side of his mouth.

"I know," Jeongguk nodded, feeling Jimin's gaze burning into the side of his face. His sight felt like fire against his skin, making it hard to concentrate.

"Like, more than usual," Taehyung continued. "Like he looks at you a lot, but today he's just—"

"If I tell you something, you have to promise not to tell anyone," Jeongguk said sternly.

Taehyung's eyes widened, "I promise."

Jeongguk shook his head, "No, I'm being serious, Tae. You can't tell anyone. Joon, Hoseok, Seokjin, no one."

Taehyung shook his head and scooted closer, eyeing Professor Flitwick and before turning his attention back to Jeongguk.

Jeongguk bit at his lip nervously, fingering at the parchment before leaning into Taehyung's ear. "We kissed."

Taehyung's loud gasp slipped from his lips and echoed around the room. His hand flew to his mouth.

Professor Flitwick looked up at him and shook his head before burying his nose back into his book. Jimin looked up from across the classroom and eyed Jeongguk for a moment before shooting his eyes back onto his parchment.

"We kissed."

Taehyung's loud gasp slipped from his lips and echoed around the room. His hand flew to his mouth.

Professor Flitwick looked up at him and shook his head before burying his nose back into his book. Jimin looked up from across the classroom and eyed Jeongguk for a moment before shooting his eyes back onto his parchment.

"We kissed."

Taehyung sucked in an embarrassed breath and turned back to Jeongguk, "You—I mean—I always guessed there was something, I just never thought you'd actually do something about it."

His face was twisted as he combed his eyes over Jeongguk. Jeongguk could feel the disappointment dripping off of him and tried not to feel offended by it.
"So," Taehyung said, absentmindedly drawing circles onto his classwork. "What are you gonna do about it?"

Jeongguk shrugged. He hadn't thought much about it since it happened. After separating, Jeongguk had found himself strangely sobered up and climbing into the Hufflepuff common room with a racing heart and even faster racing head. He crawled into his bed and spent most of the night staring up at the ceiling, unable to sleep.

He didn't know where they were going with this, and that's what frightened him the most.

"I'm not really sure," Jeongguk said slowly. "We didn't really get that far."

Taehyung opened his mouth to speak but leaped out of his chair when Professor Flitwick waddled up to their desks.

"I understand it's a privilege to sit beside such good friends while in my class, however," His small voice was stern, shaking with anger. "Mr. Kim, Mr. Jeon, if you don't want to lose your House any more points and spend the next few nights with me in detention I'd suggest you save your secrets for dinner tonight, understood?"

Taehyung and Jeongguk nodded their heads and watched as Professor Flitwick continued back up to his wooden podium, climbing up a large stack of yellow papered books to his chair.

Taehyung looked at Jeongguk with wide eyes and an even wider smile. He nudged Jeongguk and began scribbling on his parchment again.

Jeongguk looked up to be met with Jimin's eyes peering at him from across the classroom again.

"Are you my boyfriend?" Jeongguk asks late one evening.

It's late and cold in the library where they're sitting. Jimin's head was pressed against the glass of the window beside them. His eyes snapped open at the question.

"Wha—" He asks.

"I said," Jeongguk repeats. He leans into Jimin's space, "Are you my boyfriend?"

Jimin observes him, chewing on his lips. "Do you want me to be your boyfriend?"

Jeongguk rolls his eyes, "I asked the question first, Jimin."

Jimin sighs at that, visibly nervous. He dips his head before speaking, "I wouldn't mind it if you were my boyfriend—"

"Okay—"

"So—"

They stare at each other in silence before Jeongguk leans over and presses a kiss to Jimin's lips. Jimin stares at him surprised, eyes darting around the nearly empty library before landing back onto Jeongguk.
"You're my boyfriend, Jimin."

"Okay," Jimin responds.

Jeongguk stares at him blankly, fighting a smile. "Say it back." He snips.

Jimin chews at his cheek, with a frown, biting back his laughter. "You're my boyfriend, Jimin."

Jeongguk swats at him and leans back into his chair and growls, "You're annoying."

"Your annoying boyfriend," Jimin laughs.

Jeongguk's eyes light up for a moment feeling his cheeks flush up.

He could get used to this.
It was something about this moment, feeling Jeongguk unraveling beneath him, their bodies flushed together, magic stirring between them he’d never felt so loved, so powerful. He couldn’t imagine anything better than this. There wasn’t enough magic in the world to make him give this up.

Year Five

There was a Boggart rattling around in a wooden cupboard in front of Jeongguk, and he was absolutely terrified. His willow wood wand was outstretched in front of him, quivering wildly in his shaking hand. He felt Professor Vance’s hands place themselves softly on his shoulder and he jumped back at her touch.

“It’s okay to be scared, Jeongguk, that’s normal,” She said softly, pushing her thick red bangs from her sparkling green eyes. She was young, barely hitting thirty, so her smile was full of optimism. “But you cannot give it the power over you. You’ve got to look it in the eyes and seize control, understood?”

Jeongguk nodded, but he wasn’t too sure he quite understood her. He could hear the Boggart's muffled growling ahead of him, and his head snapped to face it. Every part of him was dripping with fear, and he could hear Taehyung and Namjoon's quiet words of encouragement from the crowd behind him.

"When I open the cupboard, I want you to channel all you fear on the Boggart then when the time comes, what do you say?"

"R— riddikulus," Jeongguk stammered nervously.

"Exactly." Professor Vance nodded back with an encouraging smile.

"Professor?" Jeongguk asked, voice small. "How will I know when is the right time?"

Professor Vance beamed, green eyes sparkling. "You'll know when the right time comes, Jeongguk. It's in your blood."

Jeongguk gulped, watching as Professor Vance pointed her wand to the rattling wooden cabinet for a moment, and flicked her wand.

The truth was that Jeongguk was afraid of a lot of things. He was scared of the last stall in the boy's bathroom, and the way the darkened stall would creak despite the fact that practically no one used it. He was afraid of the seventh-floor corridor of the far east wing of the castle, how he'd go out of his way to avoid it on walks back from dinner at night. He was afraid of walking home from the Hospital Wing too late, the sound of wailing ghosts making his skin prickle up with goosebumps.

Jeongguk was afraid of lots of things, unpredictability being the worst. However, as the Boggart stumbled from the cabinet, clutching his heart and Taehyung's pained expression on its face,
Jeongguk didn't know how to express his surprise.

Jeongguk was frozen, watching as the Boggart stumbled towards him with Taehyung's distressed grimace, face twisted up in agony when suddenly, like rippling water, it was Namjoon.

"Jeongguk," Professor Vance warned beside him, eyeing him note fully.

Jeongguk took a few steps back, watching the Boggart pat at its chest, face contorted in pain. It continued its painful waddle, mouth hanging open, pleading quietly for help when again like rippling water it changed.

When Jeongguk was finally faced with Jimin's pained face, he felt a whine rip from his chest. The Boggart was bleeding this time, falling to its knees, blood dribbling from his lip. His face was riddled purpled bruises along his cheek. He clawed at the ground with shaky hands, shooting his eyes up to meet Jeongguk's.

"Jeongguk, ready your wand," Professor Vance said sternly.

Jeongguk raised his wand shakily before him his heart ripping at his chest. The Boggart's eyes were pleading, blood smearing down him lips onto the drained white skin of his chin.

"Jeongguk—!" Professor Vance exclaimed.

"R—" Jeongguk stammered, his wand shaking in his hand as he pointed the wand directly at Jimin's face. "Riddikulus!"

From the tip of Jeongguk's wand shot pink and purple sparks striking the Boggart in the cheek. Its face flew back at the strike skin pinkening until it began to bloom a bright hot pink. His flesh started to shine light glimmer from it like plastic. His reddening skin started to expand, inflating slowly until he floated up above them, bouncing off of the wooden ceiling in the shape of a simple heart-shaped balloon.

The class behind him exploded in applause, but Professor Vance took careful steps towards him, pointing her wand to the balloon above them before guiding it down and back into the cupboard in front of them.

Jeongguk felt her hand crawl at his shoulders, tugging at them until he met her gaze.

He looked up at her with glazed eyes, concentration waned.

"You doing all right there, Jeongguk?" She whispered the class behind them an unruly bellow of shouts and exclamations.

Jeongguk nodded sloppily, eyes failing to meet hers. Professor Vance bit at her lip, unsure what to say.

"And what would you say that was?" She began. "Your fear?"

Jeongguk gulped, throat suddenly bone dry. He flinched, eyes darting to the cupboard then meeting Professor's Vance's eyes for a short fleeting moment. "I—I don't know," He started, his voice a dried out squeak. "Those were my friends, I— they were— they were all hurt—"

"You're training to be a healer, am I right?" Professor Vance said quietly, directing them away from the class.
Jeongguk nodded, trying to stop himself from shaking but to no avail. He could feel himself shivering under her touch, body spasming beyond his control. He pinched his eyes together, but only to be met with the vision of Jimin's bloodied and bruised face. His eyes shot back open to see Professor Vance staring back at him, eyes laced with worry.

"You can't save everyone, Jeongguk," She whispered. Her grip on his shoulders tightened. "There's only so far those two hands and that wand of yours can take you."

Jeongguk found himself nodding, but couldn't feel himself doing it. Professor Vance was watching him with quiet sullied eyes, and she frowned. She squeezed at his shoulders one last time and delivered him a light smile. Jeongguk attempted to smile back but acknowledged the fact that his upon arrival, appeared disjointed; broken.

Professor Vance turned to the class, "I think that's enough for the day, don't you?"

The class murmured excitedly, gathering up their books and stuffing them into their bags.

"I want 12 pages on the anatomical makeup of a Boggart and the twelve common uses of Boggart dung on my desk by next Friday!" She exclaimed over the clattering sounds of rushing students.

Jeongguk took a hesitant step towards the class when he felt Professor Vance tug on his arm. He looked up, meeting her eyes.

"If you need anyone to talk to, Jeongguk, my door is always open, okay?" Her voice was light but heavy with consideration.

Jeongguk nodded, and turned back to the desks where Taehyung and Namjoon were both standing, waiting. Taehyung had gathered up Jeongguk's bag, had it tossed over his shoulder as he waited, quietly beside the door with Namjoon.

"Thanks," Jeongguk smiled, reaching out and grabbing for his bag and tossing it around his shoulder.

Namjoon opened the wooden door and ushered him out and into the corridor. Jeongguk ducked his head, shooting out the door when he felt Taehyung's hand on his wrist, coiling him around.

Taehyung's touch was light, but Jeongguk flinched, shooting his hand from his grip.

"We just wanna know, if you're okay—" Taehyung started, skin pink with embarrassment.

"If you want to talk about anything," Namjoon finished.

Jeongguk could see the strain in their eyes as they spoke. It was admirable, he thought. To see them both squirming in front of him awkwardly. Jeongguk couldn't imagine how it'd feel to see a version of yourself writhing in pain in front of you, bloodied and bruised.

"I'm sorry you guys had to see that," Jeongguk mumbled nervously through a pouty lip. He cast his eyes down to his shoes, shuffling them around below him. "I— I don't know what that was."

Taehyung and Namjoon shot each other worried glances, and Namjoon reached forward, pulling Jeongguk in a tight hug.

Jeongguk froze for a moment in shock, face squished against Namjoon's the itchy royal blue sweater against Namjoon's chest. Namjoon tightened his grip on him, pressing a soft kiss to his cheek.
"You're our friend, Jeonggukie," Namjoon said, lips lost in the tangle of Jeongguk's messy black hair. He pulled back but kept his hands fisted in his hair. "If you ever want to talk, don't ever be afraid to talk, okay?"

"We want to listen," Taehyung said. "About everything. Even if it's about—"

His voice dropped, but Jeongguk knew where it was going. He pulled himself from Namjoon's grip and smiled back. "Thanks, guys," Jeongguk didn't really recognize his own voice as it bubbled up his throat and past his lips. It was cold and disjointed, a ghost of what he remembered that he actually sounded like. Namjoon and Taehyung must have noticed the change in his voice and shot each other a dark glance.

"I think I want to nap, honestly, I'm exhausted," Jeongguk said quietly.

That was the truth, every part of his body was aching, and the only way Jeongguk could assume would solve that would be passing out on his bed for a few hours.

"I'll see you guys around?" It came out more of a question, but Jeongguk didn't wait for the answer, leaving Taehyung and Namjoon behind.

Jeongguk somehow rose from the dead with barely an hour left to get dinner. He shuffled to the Great Hall with haste; hair still cast like splattered ink atop his head, dried drool painted up the side of his face.

He was met with the less populated Great Hall, only a small gaggle of students sprinkled across its tables. The candles were low, intimate, the starry sky above them shimmering purples and navy blues.

Jeongguk saw Jimin sitting at the far end of the Slytherin table, nose buried in a note in front of him. His head was propped on his balled up fist, eyes knitted up in anger.

Jeongguk began his walk towards him, licking at his hand and running it down his head in an attempt to tame his hair. He plopped down in front of him, slapping the table upon arrival.

Jimin's head snapped up, and he squeaked. His eyes widening as he dropped the letter in his small hand, nearly grazing the abandoned golden bowl of soup in front of him.

"Jeongguk!" He exclaimed breathlessly. "Don't do that, you scared the shit out of me, goodness."

Jeongguk grinned, his first real smile of the day. The relief on his cheeks was instantaneous, warming, almost.

Jimin looked down at his watch, then back up to Jeongguk's face. "What has you down here so late?"

Jeongguk grabbed an empty golden plate and began piling slabs of turkey onto it. "I took a nap for longer than I intended."

That was a lie. Upon reaching his dorm after Defense Against the Dark Arts, Jeongguk had passed out in the empty dorm with absolutely no intentions upon waking up. It hurt almost, the moment his eyes peeled open, and he realized he was still here, in this castle, and forced to face another day.
Jeongguk pointed to the letter now sitting beside Jimin's bowl. "What's that?"

Jimin glanced at the letter and sighed. He picked it up, fingers combing over the red printed words. "Dear our beloved son," Jimin recited, reading the words with a quiet voice. "We regret to inform you we will not be present during this holiday season..." He dropped his voice for a moment. "You're still welcome home, welcome to invite the friends you've made at school. However, we as a family, your father, and mother, will not be present as a unit as we will be visiting family in Korea." He dropped the letter in front of him, letting it fall onto the pile of potatoes.

He kept his eyes on his soup, swishing his spoon through it mindlessly before he spoke again. "They didn't even bother writing it themselves." He said bitterly. He pouted again, lips pink from biting at them. "It was our secretary. As usual."

Jeongguk watched Jimin quietly, watching as his eyes drooped down to the green colored soup, growing colder and stiffer with time. Without thinking, Jeongguk reached across the table and gripped at Jimin's hand. Jimin looked up at him surprised.

"Do you want me to stay?" Jeongguk asked, voice low.

Jeongguk was rubbing circles across Jimin's knuckles, and it was intimate, too intimate for the publicity of their surroundings. However, for a moment Jimin closed his eyes and smiled, relishing his touch.

"You have a family, Jeonggukie," Jimin said softly. "I don't want to keep you from them."

"You're my family too," Jeongguk replied. He noticed a quirk in Jimin's eyes at that. "You're my best friend, my boyfriend and besides," He dropped his voice but kept his eyes on Jimin who's eyes were brown and warm with love. "No one is allowed to spend Christmas alone."

The smile on Jimin's face grew, crawling across his lips until his teeth were glimmering against the candlelight. Jeongguk shot back a warm smile as well, something warm bubbling in his chest. Maybe it was love; maybe it was adoration, he wasn't really sure.

But what he was sure about, was that he was happy.

“I don’t think this is a good idea, Jimin,” Jeongguk whined, tugging on the black and emerald robes he was currently wearing. They were a bit too short for him, being that they were Jimin’s. The bottom of them hit directly above his ankle, skirting at his shins. The arms were short, pulling above his wrists and circling near his forearm.

“Stop complaining,” Jimin said as they shot around the corner towards the large rounded stone door. “It was either put you in one of my robes, or I shrink you and put you in my pocket—”

“The spell you don’t even know the counter curse to—” Jeongguk sniped.

“Exactly,” Jimin said flicking his hair from his eyes. “So, which one seemed like a better option?”

Jeongguk rolled his eyes, and Jimin walked closer to the stone door and whispered out, “Pureblood.” Watching as the door wretched and swung open.

Jimin looked back at Jeongguk, a smile on his face as he extended his hand. Jeongguk grabbed at it, feeling as Jimin pulled him through the open door and into the darkened common room.
The Slytherin common room was very much different to the Hufflepuff common room. It was extravagantly large, engulfed in pulsing green lights that hung from onyx color chandeliers that hung from the ceiling. Exquisite serpent carvings adored the marble and stone walls. On the far right corner, a giant crackling fire engulfed an elaborately carved fireplace of sparkling granite.

Jeongguk felt Jimin come to a stop, turning to face him with wide eyes then turning back on his heel. “Hello?” He shouted, voice bellowing.

The dormitory rattled in silence, the only sound the stone breathing in as cold winter air snapped against it outside.

“Hello?!?” He yelled again; his echo engulfing them.

He turned back to face Jeongguk eyes glowing. He wrapped his arms around his neck leaning in and pressing his nose into the crook of Jeongguk neck.

“See?” He said peppering kisses onto his neck. “It’s just us, I swear.”

Jeongguk gulped, burying his nose into Jimin hair and sighing. “What if someone—”

“Everyone in this House has gone home to spend the Christmas holiday with their families,” Jimin said, lips grazing against Jeongguk’s neck. “It’s just this fire,” Jimin said, slowly yanking Jeongguk closer to it. “This couch,” His hands pressed to Jeongguk’s side pressing him down against the olive velour couch and tossing himself atop him. He straddled him, pulling at the hair at the nape of Jeongguk’s neck and yanking it down. “And us. It’s just us, Jeonggukie. Jimin and Jeongguk.”

He ghosted his lips over Jeongguk’s for a moment before pressing them softly against them.

The fire beside them sweltered, lapping against their already fiery skin. The kiss was languid, lazy lips ghosting over hot skin and glossy lips. Jeongguk kept his hands dancing along the sides of Jimin’s torso. His fingers tickling up past the hem of his sweater, painting across his skin.

Jimin moaned, voice rumbling past Jeongguk’s lips and pressed even harder into him, grinding against his crotch and keeping his fingers tangling through his hair. He could feel Jeongguk hardening beneath him, and he grinned into the kiss, rolling his hips and massaging his fingers along the sharp line of Jeongguk’s jaw.

Jeongguk pulled back, chest heaving as he skated his eyes across Jimin’s face.

“Fuck,” Jeongguk groaned, eyes pinching together in pain and letting his head fall against the back of the couch. “You’re gonna be the death of me, Jimin.”

Jimin’s face lit up, combing strands of hair and tucking it softly behind Jeongguk’s ear. His eyes ran over every inch of Jeongguk’s face before landing on the mole below his lip. He leaned down, pressing a soft kiss against it, and pulled back.

“Good.”

He kissed him again, this time fervent clouding his intentions— fever of arousal nipping at the heat pooling in his belly. His lips crashed against Jeongguk, whimpering past his lips and glossing Jeongguk’s with massive intent.

Every inch of Jeongguk felt on fire, hips grinding up against Jimin, hands running down the soft column of Jimin’s spine, meeting at his ass, massaging circles in the firm flesh.
He pulled back, heart hammering against his ribs.

“I’m ready.” Jeongguk murmured quietly, swallowing too large gulps of air.

“What are you talking about?” Jimin asked, cupping his face and peppering kisses against it.

“I’m you know…” He could feel his cheeks burning. “… Ready.”

Jimin pulled back, hands still cupped softly along Jeongguk’s face when it hit him. His eyes widened, and he dropped his hands, shoulders slumping.

“Jeonggukie—”

“I’ve been thinking about it for a while,” Jeongguk continued, hands still running up and down Jimin’s narrow back under his sweater. “I just thought....” He gulped, meeting Jimin’s gaze and keeping it. “If I’m gonna do my first time... I wanna do it with the person I—”

He couldn’t finish his sentence with Jimin’s lips shooting down and capturing Jeongguk’s in a passionate kiss.

He pulled back after a moment, smiling wide, crooked tooth catching on his bottom lip. “I think I’m ready too.”

Ten minutes later Jeongguk found himself in the compact bedroom of the Slytherin boys dormitory.

There were four beds, each lined with emerald silk sheets and a thick, burly silver quilt, a giant green serpent embroidered in its center. Jeongguk was tucked beneath the duvet and Jimin was buzzing about in the offset bathroom, doing God knows what he wasn’t too sure, but he could hear water running.

One thing he did know was if Jimin didn’t come out soon he was going to vomit up his own heart all over this nice comforter.

Jimin did emerge, shirtless and with eyes blown wide in anxiety. He pulled back the olive colored curtains around the bed and knelt on it slightly. “I’m sorry, I just had to… breathe first— wash my hands a bit? I don’t know—”

“It’s okay, Jimin,” Jeongguk said, despite his own hammering heart.

Jimin sheepishly grinned, “I’m sorry.” He said quietly, eyes shooting to the quilt. “I’m just really nervous.”

“Me too,” Jeongguk replied in a soft chuckle, curling his toes against the silk sheets. He pulled his knees up to his chin and tuck them there for a moment. Feeling the bed dip, as Jimin crawled on it, inching closer to Jeongguk and setting himself down beside him.

They sat there for a moment, a heat radiating white-hot from each other’s skin when Jimin finally turned to face Jeongguk, reaching up and curling fingers through his hair.

“How do you… how do you want to do this?” He asked carefully.

Jeongguk blushed even harder, burying his face in his knees. “I thought that maybe I could… you know.”
He couldn’t bear to meet Jimin’s eyes, mostly afraid of the expression he’d meet. He could feel the comfort lacing through Jimin’s fingers as he affectionately massaged through his hair.

“Is that what you want?” Jimin asked, leaning over and pressing a small kiss to his cheek.

Jeongguk nodded, finally prying his head up to meet Jimin’s gaze. “Yeah.” He said finally. “I want to feel you inside me.”

“Fuck,” Jimin groaned, eyes visibly darkening. He pulled Jeongguk closer, pressing his lips swift against his. After a moment he pulled back, and his eyes were still painted dark.

Jeongguk pulled himself from Jimin’s grip and slowly lowered his back onto the silk sheets below him and spread his legs; looking up at Jimin with lust filled eyes.

Jimin sucked in a sharp breath, hands coasting over the broad expanse of Jeongguk’s bare chest when he leaned back on his heels, sighing.

“Do you have—”

“It’s in my bag,” Jeongguk answered, head pointing to his leather bag he’d thrown off at the end of the bed upon arrival.

Jimin reached down and rummaged through it for a moment, pulling out a small bottle of lube and a condom.

“Where’d you get these?” Jimin asked suspiciously, watching as Jeongguk began unbuttoning his black slacks.

“I think Namjoon must’ve known I was… gonna suggest this.” He said, tossing the pants to the side of the bed. “Probably had Taehyung slip them in my stocking before heading to the train.”

Jimin giggled, clipping the bottle open. His eyes shot down to Jeongguk’s for a moment, and he hesitated. “I gotta prep you.” He mumbled.

“Oh. Yeah,” Jeongguk blushed, fingers pulling at the elastic edge of his boxers before slowly slipping them from his waist and tossing them on the floor beside the pants.

He laid before Jimin, completely exposed. Cold air was nipping at his skin, as he pressed his knees together shamefully, hands flying to his face as he felt his cheeks burn bright red.

“No, don't do that,” Jimin said softly, warm hands pulling his legs apart. “I wanna see you.”

Jimin pressed a kiss to Jeongguk’s lips, slowly peppering down to his stomach.

“You’re absolutely beautiful, Jeonggukie.” Jimin purred against Jeongguk’s belly button. His tongue swirled along his oblique, peppering praises across his body as he did. His lips ghosted down past the one area Jeongguk wanted him most, hot breath curling along his hip.

When Jimin leaned up, his chest was flushed pink. “I’m gonna start okay?” He said softly.

Jeongguk nodded, eyes fluttering shut in anticipation.

He heard the clicking sound of the bottle, listened as it squirts on Jimin’s fingers. He felt as the bottle fell with a plop against the bed beside him, and he could feel the warmth of Jimin’s skin as he edged closer towards him.
“I’m gonna start right now, okay?” Jimin said, voice no louder than a whisper. He ran a hand softly along the delicate inner skin of Jeongguk’s thigh.

Jeongguk nodded, head sinking further against the cotton pillow eyes straining on the olive canopy above him when he felt Jimin first nudge at his hole, fingers cold and sticky.

“You’ve got to relax, baby,” Jimin said, leaning down and pressing a wet kiss to his lips. Jimin was running a hand softly along Jeongguk’s side, his lips pressed to Jeongguk’s cheek, but not quite kissing at it, as he ran soft circles against the tight muscle of his hole.

It was just the two of them, Jeongguk chanted to himself. Two beating hearts stranded in an empty castle. Bodies on fire, but hearts flaming brighter. It was just the two of them, pressed together, splayed out on silk emerald sheets.

Jimin and Jeongguk.

Jimin and Jeongguk.

Jimin and Jeongguk.

Jeongguk felt himself relax at the thought and he felt Jimin’s finger slowly press inside him.

His body lurched back in surprise, a muffled yelp on his lips. Jimin’s fingers felt foreign, intrusive as it pressed tighter into him, curling his fingers up through the first tight ring of muscle.

Jimin was looking down at him, mouth parted, lips wet from licking them too much. His blonde hair was sprayed across his forehead, dampening with sweat at every heartbeat. His usual bright eyes seared dark with lust but attentive as they measured every reaction that flickered across Jeongguk’s wincing face.

It stung, not a painful sting, a low simmering burn that’s didn’t really turn him on, but he mostly felt uncomfortable.

Jimin pumped it out in the slowest of motions before pumping it back in. He dragged his finger out, every inch of them pressing along Jeongguk’s walls. Jeongguk winced, and Jimin froze.

“Are you okay?” He asked, leaning up and meeting Jeongguk’s eyes.

Jeongguk nodded, “Yeah, yeah, I’m fine.”

Jimin hesitated, starting his slow pump again. After a while, he paused.

“I’m gonna add in another, okay?”

Jeongguk gulped and nodded, feeling his skin begin to stick with sweat.

“Just go slow, okay?” He asked, his voice a lot more panicked than he’d intended. His eyes darted up to the olive colored curtains sweeping low from the ceiling and gulped again, feeling as Jimin pressed another finger inside him. The sting was still present, but it stretched, and Jeongguk felt his back arch lift from the bed a bit.

Jimin was moving so slow, and Jeongguk wondered if he was moving at all, his eyes found themselves between his legs, watching as Jimin dipped his hands in and out of him at an excruciatingly slow speed.

At some point, Jimin had slipped in three fingers, and Jeongguk felt a whimper gurgle past his lips
without his control. His grip on Jimin’s shoulders tightened, mouth reaching up and teeth biting at his ear.

Jimin laughed, still pumping slow and with particular regard. “You okay?” He asked, breathing hot against Jeongguk’s neck.

Jeongguk nodded again, but his body betrayed him, tensing up as Jimin began to pump faster.

Jimin was running his other softly along Jeongguk’s thigh, pressing soft kisses against his skin.

“I think I’m ready,” Jeongguk breathed out, voice husky as he spoke.

Jimin leaned up against his ankles, fingers still pumping inside of him. “Jeongguk—”

“I’m fine, Jimin, I promise,” Jeongguk said. “It’s just us, remember?”

Jimin’s face screwed up, and he finally pulled out, wiping his fingers on his pants, and he rolled back and yanked them off.

Once tossed to the side, he threw himself back atop the bed and Jeongguk watched as Jimin’s dick smacked against his stomach, glistening and red. But his eyes found themselves again at Jimin’s, as they always do. Enthralled with the way they seemed to swirl with a magnetism he’d never felt before. It was electric, running like molten lava between them and Jeongguk was hungrier than he’d ever been for him.

Jeongguk nodded, breaking it. Heart pounding against his chest so hard he’s certain Jimin could hear it.

Jeongguk leaned up against his ankles, fingers still pumping inside of him. “Jeongguk—”

“I’m fine, Jimin, I promise,” Jeongguk said. “It’s just us, remember?”

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Jeongguk noded, breaking it. Heart pounding against his chest so hard he’s certain Jimin could hear it.

Jeongguk sealed his eyes and groaned again. “If you don’t stop looking at me like that, I’m gonna come right now.”

Jeongguk laughed, the giggle tickling at Jimin’s skin. He pressed a kiss to his cheek, “Do it, I dare you.”

“Fuck you, Jeon this isn’t funny—”

Jeongguk leaned up and licked at the shell of Jimin’s ear and could feel the blonde boy shiver. He froze, body trembling.

Jimin leaned back up and rolled his eyes as he reached for the condom. “You’re a brat,” He sneered, ripping the condom open and slowly inching it on himself.

“I know,” Jeongguk grinned back.

He watched as Jimin pumped himself a few times before leaning back down and pressing himself against his entrance.

Jeongguk sucked in a breath so sharp his lungs ached.

“You ready?” Jimin murmured against his skin.

Jeongguk nodded, arms tightening around Jimin’s shoulders.
Jimin kissed him one last time, before pushing himself in.

Jeongguk froze beneath him, feeling as Jimin ran careful hands up his sides and kissed him furiously to distract him.

But it was burning, burning so white hot Jeongguk was certain he was ripping from the inside. Goosebumps were dancing along his skin, itching from his arms to his chest all the way down to the way his toes curled against the comforter and Jeongguk wanted to cry. His vision was going blurry, streaks of white and purples flooding his eyes as he pinched them together as hard as he could, teeth clenching so tight he thought they might shatter.

“Am I hurting you?” Jimin breathed, daring to chance a glance at him.

Jeongguk breathed out shakily, trying to will his heart to calm down. He shook his head, peeking one eye open to see Jimin looking down at him with wide puppy dog eyes laced with worry.

Jeongguk took another deep breath, something rattling around in his lungs.

“Jeongguk, am I hurting you?” Jimin repeated. “I can stop if it hurts too much—”

Jeongguk shook his head furiously, growling slightly as he clung onto Jimin’s arms. “I’m fine. I’m — it just… it burns, a bit.”

“Burns?” Jimin pressed, he was shaking himself. “Fuck, Jeongguk, lemme—”

Jeongguk tightened his grip on Jimin’s arm, “No, no I’m fine just…” He exhaled again. “Go slow… please.”

Jimin nodded, sweat congealing on his forehead as he pressed forward again, inching deeper into Jeongguk’s tight heat at a frightening slow speed.

“You’re so tight, god, Jeongguk,” Jimin began shivering as he pressed even deeper inside him. “You feel so good Jeonggukie; you have no idea.”

Jeongguk chuckled, voice light and airy as his head was feeling.

After a moment Jimin stilled, hips pressed flush against Jeongguk’s as he filled him to the hilt. Jimin was shaking, shivering like he was plunged in a frosted lake and Jeongguk knew it was to stop himself from coming too quickly. That warranted a giggle from Jeongguk, a distraction from the pain shooting through his veins.

“What’s wrong?” Jimin asked, lips still peppering along Jeongguk’s skin.

“It’s been two seconds, and you’re already gonna come, huh?” Jeongguk pressed mischievously. “Mr. Half Veela can’t even go a minute inside me without coming?”

Jimin smiled, teeth grazing along Jeongguk’s shoulder. He turned to face him, eyes filled with the purest admiration. “If you saw just how beautiful you look under me,” He breathed out slowly, rising to his arms but not before leaning down and pressing a kiss to Jeongguk’s forehead. “You’d be ready to come too.”

Jeongguk’s heart squeezed tightly in his chest at that, and his head rolled slightly on the pillow, neck bared. Jimin leaned down and kissed it gently.

“I’m gonna move, okay?” He whispered against his skin.
Jeongguk nodded, “Yeah just don’t—”

“Don’t worry,” Jimin said, kissing him again, leaning up until he hovered over him. He pressed his hand against Jeongguk’s chest and rocked his hips back and slid slowly back into him. Jeongguk was wincing, but not as much, so Jimin rolled into him again, the slow slide through Jeongguk’s wet heat making his head feel like he was swimming through freezing water. He sucked in a breath, a rocked again, hips swaying upwards and Jeongguk yelped. His back arched off the bed; skin flushed as his hands leaping up and grabbing at Jimin’s forearm.

“I love you so much, Jeongguk,” Jimin huffed out breathlessly. “I love every part of you, fuck, I love you so much.” He was thrusting even harder now, eyes crazed with heated passion. He leaned down and pressed a soft kiss to his lips again, catching Jeongguk’s lower lips between his teeth. “Don’t ever feel like you aren’t enough.” He kissed him again, manic and desperate.

Jeongguk felt tears brim at his eyes, reaching down and pumping his own dick at the rhythm of Jimin’s erratic thrusts, pathetic moans bubbling past his lips.

Jeongguk was now whispering a litany of gospels on his tongue in the form of Jimin’s name, and Jimin could feel fire pooling in his heart because of it.

“I’m close,” Jimin breathed into his mouth, hot and desperate. His tongue licked at the seams of Jeongguk’s lips in a desperate attempt to pry them open, his hips snapping against Jeongguk’s quivering thighs, an obscene sound of skin against skin echoing loudly through the small bedroom.

Jimin stole a glance down to see Jeongguk was shimmering below him, skin glossy and rose pink, hair matted against his forehead and Jimin couldn’t help himself. He brushed it away with shaky fingers only to reveal his tightly knitted eyebrows, drawn up in complete ecstasy.

Jimin had never seen anything more magical.

Jeongguk was moaning an incoherent string of words, nails clawing into Jimin’s back as if he were afraid he’d wither away without the anchor.

“Jemin,” He groaned, voice cracking and back arching up from the bed as Jimin massaged at his prostate.
Jimin continued snapping his hips flush against his, arms shaking as they caged his head between them, eyes pressed tightly in the last attempt to hold himself together when he heard his name again.

"Jimin," Jeongguk moaned again, voice singing.

Jimin opened his eyes to meet Jeongguk’s soft gaze, looking up at him with glittering half-lidded eyes like he held the world in his hands. Jimin could barely breathe. Heart hammering against his ribs so hard he could almost swear it was moments away from freeing from his flesh.

"J—Jimin," Jeongguk whimpered again, wondrous eyes brimming red with white-hot tears. He hiccupped, gripping tighter onto Jimin’s shoulders. “Jimin, I’m—” He was breathless, too breathless, barely hanging on by a string. He’s curled himself around Jimin, legs tangled behind him, pressing his heels into his ass. His shaking hands now pressed flat on the small of his back, hips grinding up to meet Jimin’s erratic thrusts.

It was something about this moment, feeling Jeongguk unraveling beneath him, their bodies flushed together, magic stirring between them he’d never felt so loved, so powerful.

He couldn’t imagine anything better than this. There wasn’t enough magic in the world to make him give this up.

“I got you,” Jimin whispered in his ear, quickening his pace to an unrelenting flurry of unrhymetic sloppy thrusts. He pressed his lips to Jeongguk’s, and he feels him clench around him, and he sees stars; bursting bright and glittering, clouding his vision.

Jeongguk’s orgasm hits him suddenly, and he screams, muffling his voice into the crook of Jimin’s neck, teeth gazing hotly against his skin. His nails, pressing into the seams of Jimin’s back, cutting so deep, Jimin’s sure there’s hints of blood. Jimin looked down to see Jeongguk’s dick flinching, feeling as it shot ropes of white hot some between them, smearing as Jimin continued snapping his hips against him.

“I love you,” Jeongguk sobbed, tilting his head up to meet Jimin’s lips.

Jimin pressed his lips against Jeongguk’s so tight he swore he’d never let go. “I love you more.”

Jimin fisted his hands into the tangles of Jeongguk’s inky black hair, burying his face in the warm confines of his neck, and began the chase to his own orgasm. He could feel Jeongguk melt below him, falling limply to his touch. He was too worn out to do anything more.

His hips stuttered, and after four more thrusts, he came with a choked groan as he spilled into the condom. His hand is still fisted into Jeongguk’s hair as he grinds himself through it, hips jerking beyond his control before he falls limp against Jeongguk’s shaking frame.

It only took a minute or two before he came back to himself, and he could feel Jeongguk’s fingers combing through his hair softly. He rolled over, falling off onto a half ripped pillow he has no memory of how it was damaged, but he buries himself there, peppering kisses onto the side of Jeongguk’s neck.

“All right there, Minnie?” Jeongguk murmured, fingers still curling through his golden hair. His eyes are unashamedly wet with tears, burning red.

Jimin nodded, breathless, a laugh on his lips; vision slowly coming back to normal. “I’m gonna—” He breathed sharply again. “I’m gonna pull out okay?”
Jeongguk nodded sleepily, closing his eyes and Jimin slowly pulled himself from him, warranting a cold hiss from them both.

Jimin tied the condom and tossed it into the silver trash can beside his bed, leaning over to grab his wand from his bedside table and murmuring out and a charm watching as it disappeared in the can. He fell back onto the bed, bouncing slightly.

He turned to face Jeongguk, who was looking back at his eyes filled with so much love Jimin felt like he might just pass out.

Jimin squirmed on the bed, “They don’t make these beds for more than one body huh?” He said, tugging at his emerald quilt.

Jeongguk nodded, still drowning in bliss, fingers never once living Jimin. He was drawing circles along his cheek, fingers soft, touch delicate.

“I should— I should clean us up,” Jimin said, breaking himself from the wispy graze of Jeongguk’s fingers as it danced along his cheek.

Jeongguk looked down at his stomach, where stripes of dried cum had collected and giggled.

“Hmm,” He whispered.

Jimin lifted himself from the bed and waddled to the adjoining bathroom where he emerged with a wet black hand towel. When he returned, Jeongguk was curled up on the bed, lips parted, breathing softly in slumber.

Jimin smiled fondly, walking over and wiping at his stomach and his ass before tossing the towel into the hamper beside the bed.

He slunk in the bed beside him, reaching over and draping the quilt over both his and Jeongguk’s frame. He sank down onto the pillow, leaning over and pressing a soft kiss to Jeongguk’s forehead.

“Luhyew,” Jeongguk murmured, tossing an arm over Jimin’s chest and pulling him tighter against him. His skin was hot to the touch.

Jimin kissed his cheek this time, letting his lips linger there for a moment before pulling back.

“Love you too, Jeonggukie,” He whispered back, combing a hand through his hair.

Jeongguk woke up to soft wet kisses being pressed to his cheek and a warm arm curled under his head. He blinked a bit, confused when he felt it again — Pillow soft lips pressing gently against his exposed cheek.

Jimin was pressed tightly against him; leg curled up around his waist as he pulled him in closer to his chest and kissed him again, warm and soft.

"Merry Christmas, Jeonggukie."

Jeongguk grinned, eyes still pressed together when Jimin kissed him on the nose this time. Wet, on the tip. He opened his eyes and was met with such a heavenly sight he could've sworn he was dreaming.

To see Jimin, draped in early morning sun swollen pink lips was something he couldn't believe was
real. Despite the messy nature of his hair or the crust pooled in the corner of his eyes, Jimin was bleeding radiance as he gazed over at Jeongguk with eyes so filled with so much love Jeongguk could barely breathe.

When Jimin kissed him again, Jeongguk felt like his head was close to floating off. He could feel the tickle of Jimin's breath on his lips, and he giggled, pulling back.

"Merry Christmas, Jimin," He smiled back.

Jeongguk had spent every Christmas of his life with his family. Joining his brother in the running down creaky wooden stairs on an early morning to a sea of his mother's beautifully wrapped gifts. He'd spent afternoons spooning freshly brewed stew down his throat, evenings lapping uptight unwelcome hugs with cheeks pressed tightly against Auntie's chest and ruffled hair from forgotten uncles.

But as he felt Jimin's grip on his waist tighten, felt the warm press of his lips against his jaw, felt the lips of the nearby fire kiss his skin and smelled the freshly baked peppermint simmering in through the castle's pipes and vents.

Jeongguk realized there was nowhere else in the world he wanted to be.

Jimin leaned up only to press his head back onto Jeongguk's chest, drawing circles into his chest. Jeongguk swore just to stay here, only the two of them, caged in their own little paradise. Listening as the fire crackled in the fireplace across from them, as the stone creaked in the walls above them. If Jeongguk had it his way, he'd never move from this spot, here, with Jimin forever.

"Are you okay?" Jimin asked suddenly, propping himself up on his shoulder. "Does it hurt?"

Jeongguk was suddenly reminded of the sharp aching pain in his bottom and winced. "I'm fine," He murmured. "It'll get easier, though. It's fine."

"Get easier?" Jimin said with a scoff. "Who said I ever want to touch your ass again?"

Jeongguk shoved at him, but Jimin dodged him by springing above him. They wrestled a bit, a tangle of naked limbs and soft giggles. Jimin grabbed Jeongguk's arms and yanked them down, locking his arms over his head and gazing down at him with greedy eyes.

Jeongguk stared up at him with bright blinking eyes and a pathetic pout.

They stayed like that for a while, chest heaving as they breathed each other in. Jimin's eyes combed over Jeongguk hungrily, keeping his grip on his hand tight as she caged them above his head. He slowed his breathing, a faint smile curling on his lips before he painted them with his tongue.

"You're so cute," Jimin snickered, leaning down and chasing Jeongguk's lips with his. He pitched up and sighed, pressing himself against Jeongguk's lap. Jeongguk gasped, hands clung to his hips tightly, and Jimin hiccuped in surprise.

"We can't fuck on Christmas," Jimin said, cheeks bleeding red, faux innocence painting his lips. "It's against the rules."

"Who said that?" Jeongguk said, rutting up lightly against Jimin making his already pink cheeks flame even brighter.
"I don't know, the Pope maybe?" Jimin said as Jeongguk leaned up and pressed wet kisses to his neck. "It might be in the Bible, I dunno, oh!—"

Jeongguk was sucking likely at his neck and nipped at it making Jimin squeak in surprise.

"I don't think I've read that anywhere in the Bible," Jeongguk murmured tongue running lightly along the column of Jimin's neck. He ran his hand along Jimin's spine, feeling as he trembled above him. Jimin dropped his neck, Jeongguk nosing at it.

"Neither have I, honestly," Jimin said with a smile before kissing him again.

It turns out you can fuck on Christmas, especially when you're the only two in a very large and empty dormitory. They ended up fucking on the bed again and the large oak table near the fireplace. That place Jimin liked in particular because the sight on Jeongguk sprawled out below him on sleek brown wood and lips of the nearby fire playing against his skin was a dream to be seen.

They were now on the green velour of the common room couch. Jimin had just emptied himself into the condom again and had fallen onto Jeongguk's back. His chest, slick with sweat slipped against Jeongguk's skin as he breathed out heavily, blinking rapidly as stars flooded his vision.

Once regaining his vision, he leaned up and pressed soft kisses into Jeongguk's skin.

"I'm pulling out, okay?" Jimin said breathlessly.

Jeongguk nodded, and Jimin slowly pulled himself out and fell out on the couch beside him.

They were a symphony of heavy whistling breaths for a moment. Jeongguk reached over blindly grabbing at Jimin's hands and twisted their fingers together. Keeping his eyes on the ceiling above him, draped in emerald and silver silk. The hanging black marble chandelier above them was twinkling in the soft firelight.

Jeongguk could feel Jimin tightened his grip on his hand, pressed softly against his sticky chest.

"What are you afraid of, Jimin?"

He didn't know why he'd asked it. The question had been bubbling up under his skin since the Boggart Lesson.

There's something about facing your deepest darkest fears that peels open a part of you that you never knew you had. It'd been thrumming inside him, ever since seeing the Boggart's face, Jimin's face, contorted in terror.

Jimin was quiet beside him for a while, his breathing finally slowly back to normal. Jeongguk's hand was still entangled in his, still pressed tight against his chest where he could feel his stuttering heart.

"Not being good enough," Jimin answered back. There was finality in his tone, warm with thought. He was also staring at the ceiling, eyes circling the draping silk. "There's nothing more terrifying than not... adding up to what is expected of me."

Jeongguk hummed in response, tightening his grip on Jimin's hands. He could feel the blood pumping through his fingertips, feel the heat pouring off his skin. He curled over, nosing at the
side of his face until Jimin turned to face him. His eyes were sad, dark with a fear Jeongguk couldn't really understand.

The only thing Jeongguk could do was kiss them away so that he did. Pressing forward until warm lips met another, massaging sweet words he could never say into them.

When he pulled back, Jimin was smiling. All be it, a reserved smile, but a smile nonetheless.

"I like who I am though, when I'm with you, Jeongguk." Jimin's voice shook as he spoke. His vulnerability was evident, judging from his glassy eyes and the way he couldn't keep his hands from tangling in his hair. "You make me feel like I'm more than just my family name." He gulped, throat full of cotton. "I meant what I said last night. Everything."

Jeongguk had a petition of words hanging stuck on his tongue that he wished he could speak but couldn't find the courage. Or really, the words themselves. They fuddled around in his brain like putty, and he cursed himself, and his seeming inability to express himself.

He combed over Jimin's face again, drinking in every bit of him that he could.

"You are enough," He manages to say.

That seemed to be enough, seemed to suffice, because Jimin's face glowed, gleamed like the light of a thousand suns. And for a tongue-tied Jeongguk, that was more than enough.

The first time he saw Taehyung after the holidays, Taehyung could practically smell a difference on him. The now green haired boy’s eyes narrowed as Jeongguk walked up towards him with flushed cheeks and kiss bitten lips.

They were in the wooded clearing, waiting as their Care of Magical Creatures class was beginning and he was stumbling in, twisting his bag around him carelessly.

He stopped in front of Taehyung and smiled brightly, “Hey Tae, missed you over break.”

Taehyung’s eyes narrowed as he stared at him quietly, eyes combing down over him then climbing back up to his eyes. “So you actually did it, huh?”

Jeongguk cocked his head, confused. “What are you talking about?” He fiddled with his robe, tightening it over his neck as the wind whistled out past him.

Taehyung smiled, bitter wind curling through his hair. He ducked his eyes down and then back up to Jeongguk. "Your scarf, dumbass."

Jeongguk stared at him confused, then glanced down at his scarf he'd thrown across his neck mindlessly as he'd stumbled out of the Slytherin boy's dormitory this morning without anyone noticing. He was in a rush, he remembered, slipping out the common room door with untied shoes and sloppily thrown on socks. He looked down only to be met with a bar of bright silver and emerald tightly knitted scarf curled carelessly around his neck.

Jeongguk gasped, face igniting red as he yanked it off. He balled it up, shoving it into his bag hastily.

"No one else saw you," Taehyung smiled cheekily. "I think."
At that moment, from across the wooded clearing, Jeongguk watched as a blonde boy with thick emerald and black robes came strutting down the hilltop towards him. Around his neck, was wrapped a gold and black scarf Jeongguk could feel himself melting in embarrassment at the sight.

He shuffled up towards him, shielding his body from the rest of the students.

Jimin grinned brightly as Jeongguk neared him until Jeongguk reached around his neck, yanking the scarf from around him.

"Hey!" Jimin exclaimed, swatting at him. "What was that for?"

"Your— your scarf—" Jeongguk sneered through gritted teeth. He waved the golden scarf in front of him and watched as Jimin's eyes bloomed in realization.

"I— oh my g— Jeongguk!" Jimin babbled.

Jeongguk dug the Slytherin scarf from his bag and shoved it into Jimin's chest. "See you after class," He said with a huff. His eyes scanned around them for a moment before leaning forward and pressing a soft kiss to the corner of his lips.

He didn't have to look to know that Jimin was most likely beet red as he stomped away, leaving the Slytherin flustered as he shuffled towards the rest of his house.

"There's a pride to Centaurs, they're tough, resilient and will probably strike you dead if you ever have the nerve to piss one off," Taehyung noted, scribbling in his notebook. "My mother always told me, you don't fuck with Centaurs. Because they'll end you. Literally."

Jeongguk was quiet, crossing his legs and thumbing through his notebook. His brain had all but fizzled out an hour ago, but he kept feeling Jimin's eyes from across the clearing flickering up to meet his.

"I've never met one though, it'd probably be pretty cool, I think." Taehyung continued with a shrug.

"Yeah, seems pretty cool, I guess," Jeongguk said distracted with a soft giggle. Jimin was currently throwing goofy faces to him from across the courtyard, and Jeongguk was trying his best to swallow his laughter. Taehyung caught it, eyes shooting between the two with bitter disdain.

"There are certain Pureblood families who don't feel like that though," Taehyung sneered. His voice was dripping with disgust as he spoke, eyes turned in Jimin's general direction. "They look at anything less than them if they aren't of pureblood. Muggleborns, Halfbloods, Centaurs—"

"Hey," Jeongguk snapped.

Taehyung's eyes shot to Jeongguk's and widened with surprise.

Jeongguk was dripping with an air of intimidation that was making Taehyung squirm. There was a glint of something different in his eyes as he combed it over his green-haired friend. It was bold, Jeongguk's chest puffed out in pride as he kept his eyes glued on him. Protectiveness, Taehyung noted. A stooped hint of pridelful, possessive protectiveness was sparkling like gold in his eyes. It was threatening, cold, and Taehyung gulped under his gaze.

"He's been a jerk, I know," Jeongguk said, voice steady. "But he's not like that now. He's my—"

He paused. This wasn't something he felt like he could say to him, too intimate. "He means a lot to
me, Tae. It'd be nice if you respected that for once."

Taehyung bit at his lip and tucked his eyes back onto his book. It was quiet between them for a moment.

"I just... I want you to be careful with who you give your heart to, Jeonggukie," Taehyung whispered. "He's not the only person who cares about you."

Jeongguk wrestled with that, digging circles into his parchment with the tip of his quill. "You've been talking to that Min kid," He said softly, diverting the conversation. "A Slytherin—"

"It's not about being a Slytherin or not, Jeongguk," Taehyung snapped. The tip of his nose was now a sweet shade of bubblegum pink, matching his frosted cheeks. "It's about being a good person or not."

When Jeongguk looked up again across the courtyard, Jimin was giggling into the ear of a brown skin Slytherin girl with sleek black hair and a thick green hat. His belly flipped, watching as Jimin laughed again, covering his mouth as he doubled over in laughter.

Jimin was the best person he knew, he thought. The best person he'd ever know. He wasn’t sure if it was delusion, but he played into its hands willingly.

Taehyung's mouth was scrunched up as he thought, eyes dripping warm chocolate as he thought quietly to himself. "His name is Yoongi, as you know."

Professor Kettleburn announced the end of class, and the students began riling up their possessions, stuffing their bags and scurrying off back to the castle. Taehyung and Jeongguk stayed where they were, in a quiet recollection of their things.

"I don't just watch what he'd says when he's just around me," Taehyung continued voice dipped low as he tightened the scarf around his neck. "I watch how he treats the people around me, how he speaks to Seokjin, or even you, or Amaré, any other Muggleborns."

They began sprinting up the snow-dusted hill, and from this distance, Jeongguk could see the top of Jimin's blonde head, bouncing up the deadened grass. He was gathered together with a group of other Slytherin's who were hanging onto every word he was saying. It was making Jeongguk's heart bleed.

"Yoongi is an angel with me, but if he ever said anything about you, Amaré, anyone?" Taehyung was slightly winded as they reached the top of the hill.

Snow was dusting out around them, landing against frozen skin and blackened robes. There was a light dusting of snow in Jeongguk's black hair, a sea of stars in a darkened night sky. Taehyung reached forward, brushing it from him and Jeongguk giggled, light at the touch.

"I know I sound like a broken record," Taehyung said, nose scrunching up as he spoke. "I just don't want you to get hurt."

Jeongguk blushed, mostly from his words, but also from the cold that was snaking up his skin. "I'm a big boy, Taehyungie." He smiled, kicking the piling snow in front of him.

Taehyung was watching him with warm eyes again, and it was making Jeongguk itch. Somehow, immaturity claimed him, and he bent down, scooping up the pillowy snow in his hands and hurled it towards Taehyung's shoulder.
Taehyung gasped, shoving Jeongguk playfully. "You could've fooled me."

"Why healing?"

Professor Vance was watching Jeongguk from across her desk, legs folded. She was scribbling something in her notebook, distractedly.

It was raining outside, thundersnow, Jeongguk understood. Rumbling against the castle and tossing snow down in droves.

It'd been snowing nonstop since the term had just begun, leaving the castle in a bitter deep freeze. He hadn't seen Jimin much since then, except once, when Jimin had him pressed against an abandoned stall in the sixth-floor boy's restroom. The fleeting exchange was brief, and Jeongguk had to physically bite down the constant need to need Jimin at all times.

But as a fifth year, he was currently facing the Head of Hufflepuff House to talk about his upcoming OWLS to prep him for life beyond Hogwarts, and he was absolutely and utterly terrified.

When Namjoon had told him about his careers advice meeting in preparation for his OWL’s, he did not mention the stress that would come with it. Right now Jeongguk was terrified of the kind ginger-haired woman sitting across from him, and he had no idea why.

When he didn't answer, Professor Vance, looked up, green eyes wide with surprise.

"Jeongguk?" She asked, voice light.

Jeongguk snapped his eyes to her and nodded.

"I was asking," She said softly, closing her notebook and keeping her gaze locked onto him. "Why did you choose Healing as a future career?"

Jeongguk shrugged, looking down to his nails and picking at them mindlessly.

"I dunno," He answered. "It just felt right."

Professor Vance nodded, propping her head up on her knuckles as she breathed out softly. Her eyes combed over the manila folder in front of her. "Your marks, Jeongguk, are amazing. Some of the best in your class." She ran her finger down the yellow parchment, "Excellent in Charms, Excellent in Transfiguration. Excellent in Potions." She looked up and grinned. "I think you'd make one hell of an Auror if you ask me—"

"I don't want to be an Auror," Jeongguk quipped.

Professor Vance's eyes quirked up at that. She chewed at her lip, pushing the paper aside and leaning further across her desk.

Outside thunder rumbled again, mirroring the heavy beating of Jeongguk's quickening heart.

"You're friends with the Park boy, am I right?"

Jeongguk nodded, eyes still transfixed on his chipped nails.

"That boy has had his entire life mapped out even before he was born," Vance continued. Her voice was light and airy, a bit like she was singing. "No matter what he wants to do, his whole life is set,
planned. No matter what."

Jeongguk's flickered up to meet hers only to be met with a warm, kind expression painted across her face.

"I think, it's admirable to go into Healing. A gift, really." She was genuine in her words, and Jeongguk could feel it. "But choose it sincerely and without doubt, Jeongguk. Like I told you before you can't heal everyone."

There was something in her words Jeongguk didn't have the energy to find. He watched her shuffle in her chair a bit, standing up for a moment and stepping over to her potted plants. She unsheathed her wand from her robe and mumbled a charm that sent water sprouting from its tip.

"We get a lot of flack, but we really are the best House, Hufflepuff." She turned to face Jeongguk and smiled, youthful face full of optimism. "It takes courage to be kind, it takes courage to care. But it takes true courage to be kinder to yourself than anyone else." She finished watering her plant and coiled around to face Jeongguk.

"I will be here to guide you if you need any assistance, Jeongguk." She said cheerfully. "Do not be afraid to ask."

There was a pause as Jeongguk shuffled through his brain. He babbled for a moment, unsure if he was overstepping his boundaries when he finally blurted out. "Have you ever liked someone you weren't supposed to, Professor?"

Vance's eyes brightened, tapping her wand on her cheek for a moment. She eyed him knowingly but kept her gaze on her wand.

"There's no such thing as loving someone you're not supposed to. You have no control over what your heart feels." She paused, taking a seat at her desk again. "However, you... have to be careful who you give your heart to."

Her eyes dimmed as they fell onto the desk before her. "I fell in love with a witch who..." She paused. "She felt a way about people like us, Muggleborns."

Jeongguk's heart dropped, he chewed at the inside of his cheek roughly.

"She's not all Purebloods like we're not all Muggleborns," She paused, lip pursed. "You have a good heart, Jeongguk. And if you're talking about who I believe you're talking about... I have faith in your heart."

Jeongguk smiled at her dumbly, reaching down and grabbing at his bag and slowly rising to his feet.

"Thanks, Professor," He said with a smile. He turned on his heel to begin away when he heard Vance call his name.

"Jeongguk," She began.

Jeongguk's eyebrows quirked up.

"Just..." She paused. "Just think about Aurorship. I think there's a lot more healing in it than you originally think."

Jeongguk nodded in response and headed out the door.
The growing need to reach forward and grab Jimin's hand was a burning necessity Jeongguk couldn't resist.

They were in Hogsmeade; snow had finally pummeled the castle and her surroundings painting them in a blanket of glittering white. Jimin was currently a few inches ahead, full lips curled around an Acid Pop, his green emerald beanie stretched tight on his head. Fluffy blonde hair curled out from beneath it, tickling down at his eyelashes.

Jeongguk had never seen such a vision. Something possessed him, pooling warm in his chest as he lurched forward, curling his fingers through Jimin's gloved ones, yanking him closer to him.

Jimin squealed, and he was thrown back against the warmth of Jeongguk's chest.

"Jeonggukie—!" Jimin's voice was tight, cheeks rosy with embarrassment.

You know we can't—"

"You looked so darn cute," Jeongguk said, voice light as he spoke. "I couldn't resist."

Jimin melted, eyes curling up as he smiled. He darted his eyes around, then pecked him quickly on the lips. "Let's get some butterbeer I think my blood is freezing in my body."

He yanked him in towards the Three Broomsticks, shoving open the door into the congested heat of the old bar.

It smelled like freshly pulled pork and soured fermented wine upon arrival. Jimin pulled Jeongguk by his wrist to the furthest corner of the darkened bar, shoving him into a booth.

"I'll go get the drinks," Jimin said, untying his scarf. "Do you want anything else?"

Jeongguk shook his head, ripping his beanie from his head and sitting it on the table beside him.

"So if I brought you back octopus dung you won't get mad?" Jimin said cheekily.

Jeongguk rolled his eyes throwing a light punch to Jimin's side who expertly dodged it. He disappeared, dipping back to the bar and out of sight.

Jeongguk was peeling his coat from his shoulders when he felt someone hovering over him.

"I swear to God Jimin if you actually brought us—" Jeongguk began. His eyes flew up to the person, and his heart sank.

It was Taeyang, the scowling Slytherin who played alongside Jimin on their House Quidditch team. He was peering down at Jeongguk with a dirty grimace cut across his face.

"Do you not know how to speak?" Taeyang snapped. "You two are attached at the hip—"
"I was getting us some butterbeer," Jimin announced behind him. He slipped past the two Slytherins and setting the overly filled glasses onto the table. He slid one across to Jeongguk, before shooting his eyes back up to Taeyang. "I would grab you guys ones, but I don't feel like bother Madame Rosmerta anymore."

Taeyang looked down at Jimin and frowned. He sucked at his teeth, crossing his arms before flicking his eyes back to Jeongguk.

"Mind if we join you?" He asked.

That caught Jimin off guard; his eyes flickered to Jeongguk's then back to the two Slytherin's. "I don't know if that's really a good idea—"

"You've been playing with this... Hufflepuff for years and you've never formally introduced him to your friends, Jimin?" The girl snickered. "Shameful. Don't think your mother would be very proud of her son's lack of manners?"

Jimin was beet red, watching as Taeyang and the girl seated themselves in the seats across from them, but didn't bother peeling off their coats.

Jimin gaped at them for a moment before sinking into the seat next to Jeongguk, pressing himself tightly against him.

Jeongguk nervously glanced between them, then back down to the golden drink in front of him, pulling it up to his lips and lapping at the frost.

"You're not even going to introduce us?" Taeyang scoffed.

Jimin blushed again, fingers tracing along the foggy glass in front of him.

"Jeongguk? This is Lee Taeyang, he's a beater on the Slytherin team with me," Jimin began nervously. "And this is Beverly Hopkirk. I've known her since I was little."

Jeongguk smiled politely, bowing his head towards them.

"And this is Jeongguk; he's my—" His voice dipped, head cocking slightly. "He's my best friend. My best friend, yeah."

Jeongguk gulped nervously as the two Slytherins ran icy stares over him. An awkward cold beat sifted between them before Taeyang spoke again.

"What's your family do, Jeongguk?"

Jeongguk gulped, but below the table, he felt as Jimin grappled, fisting for his hand. Once grabbing it, he squeezed at it.

"Uh, my dad is an astronomer? He works with space organizations and stuff," Jeongguk began. "My mom... my mom is a teacher. Just a teacher."

"An astronomer?" Taeyang said with a quirk of his eyebrow. "Does he work with Professor Sinestra? I know shes does loads for wizarding astronomical—"

"My dad is a Muggle," Jeongguk cut in, clearing his throat. "He uh... he's a Muggle. I'm— I'm Muggleborn."

If Jeongguk noticed a quirk in Taeyang's eyebrow, he chose to ignore it. There was a glimmer, a
ghost of a dark smile curling at his lips that Jeongguk swore he saw flicker across his face. He knew he was Muggleborn. Everyone knew that the infamous Park Jimin spent most of his time with a Muggleborn Hufflepuff, but judging from the dark, villainous look clouding Taeyang's eyes, he just wanted to hear him actually say it.

Taeyang nodded, "Muggleborn hmm?" His voice was low and icy. "What's that like, Jeongguk, I've always wanted to know?"

Jeongguk shot Jimin a look only to find the blonde's eyes fixated on the untouched glass of butterbeer in front of him. When Jeongguk's eyes found Taeyang's again, they were still dark, poisonous, as if he were watching a cub before the attack.

Jeongguk gulped, "It's all I've ever known," He admitted. "I don't know what to compare it to, it's just my life, really—"

"So you think you're worthy?" Taeyang continued with a cold breath. His glare on Jeongguk didn't change. "Don't you think you're a little too—" He paused, lips quirking up as he shuffled through his brain. "Ordinary, for Jimin?"

"Taeyang, please—" Jimin sneered. His eyes shot up to meet Taeyang's in a freezing exchange of angered glares.

"Have you told him who you are?" Taeyang asked through clenched teeth. "Your family? Who you're meant to be?"

"Taeyang, I'm going to need you to stop—"

"Jimin is modest," Taeyang said, creeping his body onto the table closer to Jeongguk. "This boy right here, if he plays his cards well enough, is gonna be Minister one day."

Jeongguk was frozen in his clutches, eyes wide in fear as Taeyang grinned sinisterly across from him.

"He's gonna be the Minister. The Minister of Magic. His father is one of the most powerful people in the wizarding world, so the job is practically sitting there. Waiting for him on a silver platter."

Taeyang sucked at his teeth, folding his hands across the rough whitened wood of the table as he kept his eyes glued on the frozen Jeongguk in front of him.

"There are certain... things expected from people like us," Taeyang began, he traced his thin fingers on the table in front of him. "Jimin's gonna graduate from here, probably get some nice job at the Ministry, marry some nice pretty girl his parent's set him up with. Have smart, beautiful kids to continue the Park name—"

"Taeyang—" Jimin's voice was shaking as he spoke.

"He's got a legacy on his shoulders. He's got familial pride. So whatever thing you think you've got going—"

"Taeyang!" Jimin shot up, jostling the table spilling the forgotten butterbeer onto the table.

Taeyang peered up at him with overly faux innocent eyes. "Did I tell him something wrong, Jimin?" He asked politely.

Jimin was shaking, "I'm gonna need you both to leave. Now."
Taeyang's eyes flickered between Jimin and Jeongguk, and he tugged at Beverly's arm, pulling her up beside him.

Taeyang smiled, full tooth at Jimin and waved down at Jeongguk who was sitting frozen in the booth. "Nice to meet you, Jeongguk." The words felt twisted as they fell from his tongue and onto the table between them. His eyes darted to Jimin's. "See you later, Jiminie."

The two stepped away, and Jimin slowly sank back into his seat.

They didn't say anything for a while. Jeongguk's stomach was too busy curling in on itself to actually cough up the needed words.

Jimin was still shaking beside him, eyes glued to his half-emptied glass.

"Don't listen to them," He finally said, voice gravelly.

Jeongguk turned to face him, "I don't like your friends, Jimin."

"They aren't my friends," Jimin said through gritted teeth. He was tracing the pad of his fingers through the spilled butterbeer, sticking on the thumb.

"Yes, they are, Jimin." Jeongguk resounded.

It was quiet between them, but somehow Jimin found the courage to meet Jeongguk's gaze.

"What they said, it's not what I want—"

"I know," Jeongguk echoed. His words were sharp and more clipped than he liked.

Jimin gaped at him for a moment, tossing pride from himself as he clutched at both of his hands tenderly.

"I will never, ever drop you, ever," Jimin said sternly.

"Jimin you don't need—"

"No, Jeongguk listen—" Jimin said softly. "It's us. Forever. Jimin and Jeongguk right?"

Jeongguk did his best to force a smile onto his face. It felt wrong, inauthentic, tugging at the corner of his lips. But it seemed to warm Jimin's heart, cooling his heart as he pulled Jeongguk's hands to his lips and kissed them.

And despite its inauthenticity, Jimin seemed content. And for a Jeongguk, love-struck and desperately in love with the blonde haired boy who promised him forever. That was more than enough.
year seven

Chapter Summary

“Don’t dim yourself because it makes other people more comfortable.”

Year Seven

Jeongguk lingered idly outside the Slytherin locker room, offering awkward half hearted waves and watching as the players trickled out. A few eyed him suspiciously, hair dripping from fresh showers and tightening their bags around their shoulders before bustling past him in bitter haste of their painful loss.

Jeongguk hesitated until he believed they were all out, and shuffled in quickly.

The first thing that met him was the pungent stench of sweat drenched robes and soiled mud and grass. It was surprisingly humid in the darkened candlelit tent for the end of September, rows of wooden lockers towered over him, lined with muddied benches and kicked up grass.

Jeongguk heard a hiss from behind a locker on the far right corner and turned to see Jimin, still dressed in his sullied jade robes, dabbing at his bloodied arm.

“Jimin,” Jeongguk breathed out, hurrying over towards him.

Jimin’s head shot up in surprise, and his eyes widened in worry. “Jeongguk— you’re—” He looked around Jeongguk in panic, “You're not supposed to be here.”

Jeongguk rolled his eyes. “No one saw me come in, don’t worry.” He murmured, falling to his knees, crouching before him and gently grabbing at his injured arm.

Jimin hissed again, face wincing up in pain. “It doesn’t hurt that bad.” He choked out painfully.

Jeongguk looked up to meet Jimin’s eyes, watching as his face contorted in pain, and giggled.

“Doesn’t hurt, my ass.” Jeongguk smiled, running a gentle finger around the gaping gash that had bright red blood dripping down his forearm. “You don’t have to pretend to be strong to me, Jimin.”

He reached down to his dropped bag and pulled out a dark brown rag and rubbed it softly over the skin. He reached in again, pulled out a small white kit and wrenched it open. He slipped an alcohol soaked cotton swab between his fingers and looked up at Jimin through fluttery lashes. “This might sting a bit.”

Jimin rolled his eyes, outstretching his arm even closer to Jeongguk who hovered the cotton swab over his arm.

The moment he pressed it to his skin Jimin leaped back, a scream ripping from his lungs. “What the fuck Jeongguk!”

Jeongguk groaned, reaching for his arm again, “I’d be finished if you’d just cooperate—”
“You’re trying to kill me,” Jimin hissed, massaging his arm.

“I gotta clean the wound or—”

“I can’t believe my own boyfriend is trying to fucking kill me—”

“Can’t be that All Star Quidditch player if you don’t have an arm, huh?” Jeongguk exclaimed. “Because that’s what will happen if you don’t let me clean your arm.”

Jimin watched him through narrowed eyes before slowly extending his arm again. Jeongguk snatched Jimin’s arm towards him, heralding another hiss of pain.

Once the wound was cleaned, Jeongguk ran a clear colored ointment over it that rippled a cool moan of relief from Jimin’s chest. He leaned back onto the bench, chewing bitterly at the inside of his cheek watching at Jeongguk tended at his arm with the absolute utmost care. It was fascinating, watching his hands move over the wound with tender fingers.

Jimin felt like his heart just might burst from the attention.

“You always do it the Muggle way,” Jimin muttered, the wound a simple itch now.

Jeongguk smiled softly, eyes warm as they flitted up to Jimin’s momentarily, before shooting back down to the now completely clean wound.

“There’s an… intimacy to Healing.” Jeongguk said after a while through pursed lips. He dabbed at the flushed flesh, “Skin to skin contact. Flesh to flesh.” He continued, pulling out a threaded needle from his kit and nipping it through Jimin’s skin softly.

He continued his threading down the wound, almost painlessly. “To see someone at their most vulnerable, see them reduced to the final thread of human vulnerability and heal them? With my touch?” Jeongguk finished quicker than Jimin had expected, settling back on his heels to assess his work, then shooting his eyes up to meet Jimin’s. “The intimacy in the touch of another human’s hands, the care of another human’s hands.” He smiled. “That’s a different kind of magic.”

Jimin sighed, looking down at the wound and flexing his arm, there was a hint of pain, but it was subdued.

“So I’m guessing you’ll be some big hot shot at St. Mungo’s when we leave here, huh?” Jimin asked.

Jeongguk shrugged, slipping his kit back into the bag. “We’ll see whichever way the wind carries me.”

He gripped at Jimin’s hands and pulled them together. He always liked to hold Jimin’s hands, loved how soft they were despite the way they should be calloused from playing Quidditch. He loved the way he seemed to swallow Jimin’s whole when clasped together. Liked how they seemed to slot together, a bit like they were meant to be held.

Jeongguk clasped tightly onto Jimin’s arm. “And now,” He announced, “A kiss to make it better.” He pressed his lips softly to the wound and felt Jimin giggle above him.

His eyes darted up to see Jimin was wearing that wide toothed smile he loved so much. And at that moment, Jeongguk had never felt so much love flood the arteries of his heart that he genuinely believed it just might burst. He lifted himself up to meet the warm, smooth skin of Jimin’s lips, running nimble fingers along his jaw to tilt it up to meet him.
Jimin leaned back, head hitting the locker behind him, legs spreading to fit Jeongguk’s frame that slid between them. His hands found themselves on Jimin’s slim torso, smoothing softly along his sides. He brings a hand up to Jimin’s hair, tangling in his golden locks and tilts it backward.

Jimin gasped, panting heavily as Jeongguk’s breath ran hot against his lips. He tongued at them for a moment, before slipping it between them, a heartened moan bubbling from his chest.

Jimin’s hands slipped Jeongguk’s robe from his shoulder, and it fell sloppily from his arm. Jeongguk pulled back slightly, tilting his head as he studied Jimin’s face intently. “You’re gonna fuck me here, Jimin?”

Jimin leaned forward, pressing his lips to taunt against his, sucking slightly on Jeongguk’s tongue, groaning into his mouth and tangling a hand up his neck and stroking at it softly. He pulled back and paused, eyeing him hungrily. “Maybe.”

He surges forwards, wrapping an arm around Jeongguk’s waist and in response Jeongguk ground himself against Jimin’s hip.

Jimin tossed his head back, panting, breathless. “I knew you were trying to kill me.”

“Maybe that was the poi—”

They heard someone bumbling in, and Jimin pushed Jeongguk from his lap. He fumbled back, legs catching at the bench behind him and stumbling down. Jimin wiped at his spit slicked lips and tugged at his ruffled robes.

It was Lee Taeyang, the seventh year and Slytherin Beater. He stomped in and froze, eyes darting between the two boys suspiciously.

Jeongguk was currently collecting himself from his spot on the ground, straightening up and running a hand along his red kiss bitten lips.

“I’m—I’m sorry—” Taeyang mumbled. “I was just— I forgot something—” He shuffled past Jeongguk hastily and jigged open his locker with a quick hand.

Jeongguk could feel himself shrinking in their presence, the honey gold of his Hufflepuff robes suddenly burning holes into his skin.

“You know he's not supposed to be in here,” Taeyang whistled out, rummaging through the locker mindlessly.

Jeongguk watched as Jimin stiffened where he sat, slowly stretching his legs and puffing out his chest.

“I didn’t know we even let people like him in here,” Taeyang continued, plucking out a bag and plopping it on the bench beside him.

“Like what? Hufflepuffs?” Jimin asked with bitter disdain.

Taeyang’s eyes combed over Jeongguk ravenously, like a predator eyeing its prey. He cocked his head, and sucked in a sharp breath, it was cold and icy as his eyes. “Yeah. Hufflepuffs.” He turned back to the locker, flicking around through its contents and Jeongguk could feel Jimin heating up beside him.

“Can’t you just fuck off already?” Jimin finally spat, watching as Taeyang was carefully taking his
time in his locker.

Taeyang spun on his heel, eyes narrowing as he shot Jeongguk and angry glare. “Why?” He asked, venom lacing his voice. “Did I interrupt you fucking your Mudblood boyfriend?”

Jimin leaped to his feet, wand pulled from his pocket and outstretched before him as he barrelled up to Taeyang.

“Jimin—” Jeongguk said rushing forward, only to be met with the hard underside of Jimin’s palm pushing him away.

Taeyang laughed, hand rummaging into his robes and yanking his wand from his trousers. He pointed it towards Jimin in response, pressing it into his shoulder.

“You think we’re stupid or something? You think we don’t know what going on with you and your little—”

Jimin pressed his wand deeper into Taeyang’s cheek, “Don’t,” He sneered through clenched teeth.

Jeongguk stayed frozen at his side, fingers digging into the side of Jimin’s arm.

“Jimin, I think we should go—”

“Just wait until your father founds out his precious son is fucking around not just with a Mudblood, but a Mudblood with a dick on top of that—”

Jimin shoved at him, but Jeongguk caught his arm, yanking him back. He pulled him closer to him, trying to catch his line of vision. “Jimin—Jimin, Jimin, baby stop—”

Jimin’s vision was bright red as he pressed his wand deeper into Taeyang’s skin. Taeyang seemed to be egging him on with his eyes as if daring him to push any further.

A curse hung heavy on Jimin’s tongue, itching in his skin tingling from his finger to the tip of his Red Oak wand. Electricity running white hot through him, begging him to curse Taeyang backward. He could feel Jeongguk at his side, hear his voice muffled like static in his ears, but all he could see was hate flitting past his eyes as he stared over at Taeyang with hate glazed eyes.

“Jimin stop,” Jeongguk said, shaking him.

Somehow, Jimin snapped out of whatever daze he was in and was met with Jeongguk’s worry set eyes as he raked over him.

Taeyang took an amble step back and straightened out his robes, sniffling loudly. He shot a hateful glare to Jeongguk, then back to Jimin. “Fuck you, Park.”

Jimin rolled his eyes, watching as Taeyang shuffled back and out of the locker room.

Jimin sighed, shakily, still brimming with anger. He turned to face Jeongguk who was still eyeing him worryedly.

Jimin hadn’t noticed he’d been holding his breath until he felt the warmth of Jeongguk’s arms snake around his waist. There was a pause before he spoke. “You can’t let people get to you like that.” Jeongguk finally whispered, burying his lips into Jimin’s hair. He could feel Jimin shaking under his touch and tightened his grip around him.

“I know,” Jimin mused, licking his lips and pressing them softly against Jeongguk’s neck. “I just…
Jeongguk peeled back, eyeing Jimin before pressing a kiss to his forehead. Jimin sighed, hot and warm against Jeongguk’s neck. “And you’re more than yours, Jimin. I don’t need you going around protecting me all the time. Sometimes I feel like you’re more insecure about my Muggleborn status than I am.”

"I'm not insecure about anything," Jimin said breathlessly, pulling himself away from him. There was something in his words Jeongguk couldn't place, a hesitancy the lingered cool against his words. Jeongguk shook his head, "Namjoon wants to spend time in the boathouse tonight to celebrate Ravenclaw's win." Jeongguk began. "I know you're on the losing side of that, but I can't imagine you not being there with me."

Jimin's smile was magnetic as it spread across his face, his blooming cheeks ignited as he tossed his arms over Jeongguk's neck.

"Hey there, Seungpa dear." He said sweetly, untying the string of papers on her leg. "Got any good news for me today?"

Seungpa gawked at him, blinking with wide black eyes. Jeongguk smiled, leaning across the table and plucking up a sunflower seed from a golden bowl full of them and feeding it to her.

"I never get any mail," Taehyung whined, sipping on his pumpkin juice.

"Most of it's from my mom, really," Jeongguk said with a shrug. He shuffled through several letters and a crumpled Daily Prophet. "She sends me updates on how my dad is doing."

"Has he gotten any better?"

Jeongguk ran his eyes quickly over a handwritten note in his mother's beautiful scrawl. He looked back up to Taehyung who was looking at him intently. "He's fine, she says." He replied, tucking the letter back into his envelope. "He still has some surgeries left though. But she says the doctors think he’ll be alright." He finished quietly.

He breathed out, folding the paper and tucking it back into the envelope. When he felt Taehyung reached across the table.

"I'm really sorry about your dad," He said softly.

Besides Jimin, Jeongguk had not told many people about his relationship with his father. But the sincerity in Taehyung's eyes was admirable, so he smiled politely. "Thank you," He said, tossing the letters into the bag.
"Can I read that?" Taehyung asked, picking the newspaper from the table.

Jeongguk nodded blindly, going back to his Charms textbook and chewing at his eggs again.

After a few moments of reading, Taehyung stilled across from him. His eyes darted up above the newspaper to Jeongguk's in surprise, before turning back to the words again.

"Stop doing that," Jeongguk said, not looking up from his book. "I can feel you looking at me."

When he glanced up, he was met with Taehyung's worried eyes. He was chewing on the inside of his cheek nervously. He set the paper down for a moment, folding it a bit before turning it and placing it atop Jeongguk's book.

In large black typeface read the words read: CHIEF OF WIZENGAMOT PARK JIHOON LOBBIES MUGGLEBORN WAND REGISTRY TO MINISTER.

Jeongguk's stomach flipped, he darted his eyes up to Taehyung's whose face was curled up in worry.

"I—" Jeongguk began, words were lost on his tongue, sticking to the roof of his mouth. "That's his dad that has nothing to do with him—"

"You really think this had nothing to do with him?" Taehyung said, placing the paper back in front of himself. "You really think Jimin doesn't agree with this—"

"He doesn't," Jeongguk insisted incessantly. He shook his head, brain growing heavy. "You don't believe everything your parents do you?"

Taehyung opened his mouth to speak but snapped it shut immediately. He dipped his head, eyes combing over the article for a moment before looking back up to meet Jeongguk's again. This time, they were plagued with pity.

"This is a lot bigger than you and Jimin," Taehyung said softly. "Just... say something. Just mention it, okay?"

Frustration brewed laboriously in Jeongguk's chest. He rolled his eyes, leaping to his feet.

"Where are you going?" Taehyung exclaimed looking up at Jeongguk.

"I know you guys really hate that I'm happy with someone who isn't exactly someone you like," Jeongguk sneered, tossing his things haphazardly into his bag. Something inside of him was seething, boiling. "It's been like this for years, ever since I met him—"

"Jeongguk, I just don't want you to get hurt—"

"The only person hurting me right now, is you, Tae." Jeongguk paused, desperation clouding his eyes. His chest was hot and uncomfortably hollow as he looked over at his friend with pleading eyes. "Why can't you just... why can't you just accept that I'm happy, Taehyung—"

"I didn't say I didn't want you to be happy—"

"Then what is it?!" Jeongguk snapped. His voice echoed through the hall and the surrounded students all coiled around to face them.

Taehyung shrunk under the attention, cheeks reddening as he leaned in closer to Jeongguk who was shaking in front of him.
"Jimin was raised by some pretty ignorant people. He has said things that are pretty fucking hurtful to other people who happen to be like you. Just because you're a fucking token—" Taehyung closed his eyes, reeling in his anger for a moment. He breathed softly through his nose, peeling open his eyes once tranquil again. "There's only a matter of time until he breaks your heart by saying something really shitty to you. And don't expect me to be there to pick up the pieces, Jeongguk."

Jeongguk raged quietly in front of him. Burning in a gluttony of over brimming anger and frustration. He clenched his jaw, before ducking down and throwing his bag over his shoulder.

"Bye, Taehyung," He huffed out.

"Are we—" Taehyung stuttered. "Are you still coming to the boathouse tonight?"

Jeongguk turned angrily on his heel to face Taehyung again. "Well, I was gonna bring my Pureblood boyfriend, so I don't know if you'd be too comfortable with that."

Taehyung gaped at him, dropping his head for a moment then back up to meet Jeongguk's eyes.

"I'll see you two then, Jeonggukie."

By the time Jimin arrived at the boathouse, Jeongguk's face was bubblegum pink and oily from downing two bottles of Firewhiskey.

"Jiminie baby!" Jeongguk exclaimed, leaping towards him as Namjoon ushered him into the tiny boathouse.

Jeongguk tossed his arms around Jimin's small frame pulling him closer and burying his face into the crook of Jimin's neck. He breathed him in, lips pressing soft kisses against him when suddenly Jimin was pulling him back.

"I didn't know we did that here, Jeonggukie," Jimin said sweetly, running an affectionate hand through Jeongguk's hair.

"It's whatever," Jeongguk slurred waving him off. He pressed a soft kiss to the side of his face. He could feel Jimin squirm under his touch, pulling back and softly tangling his fingers through his.

"Let's go grab a drink, how's that sound Jeonggukie?" Jimin said, pulling his hand up and pressing a soft kiss to it.

Jeongguk could never handle his liquor. He was currently hurling his stomach into the Black Lake. Jimin was beside him, running a gentle hand up his spine.

"Why did I let you convince me to drink this much?" Jeongguk whispered, gagging slightly. He leaned up, and faced Jimin, his lips glimmering with spit.

Jimin tugged at the sleeve of his own grey sweater, grimaced, and patted at his lips. "I'm not in
control of what you do, Jeonggukie," He said sweetly, fingers massaging at his neck. "I'm just here to clean up the mess."

Jeongguk smile curled into an uncomfortable gag as he began vomiting again, spewing out his mouth in unruly thick chunks.

When he settled back on his heels, he could still feel Jimin's fingers working through the hair at the nape of his neck. The soft rub of Jimin's cashmere sweater sweet against his skin. He took a deep rattling breath.

"I read about your dad in the paper," Jeongguk said suddenly. He guessed it was the Firewhiskey making him this daring. He could feel Jimin stiffen beside him, fingers dropping their dance at his neck.

"Yes," He said simply.

When Jeongguk did finally look at him Jimin's eyes were closed.

"He's not... I'm not my father, Jeongguk." Jimin said softly. "I— I don't know what you want me to do, I have power over his actions—"

"Have you ever mentioned me?" Jeongguk said simply. His words were less slurred now, his tongue less sticky. He was watching Jimin with quiet, steady eyes. "In any letter, you've sent your family, have you ever— have you even mentioned me? Do they know who I am?"

Jimin gaped at him, hand slipping from beside him. "I— you know I couldn't Jeongguk. You know how they are."

"My mother asks about you," Jeongguk replied, wiping at his mouth. "Sometimes those pictures you take of us? I slip them into my letters back." He paused, releasing a measured breath. "She knows who you are, what you mean to me. She knows that... I love you."

Jimin was plucking dampened grass beneath them, eyes shooting everywhere but Jeongguk's face.

"Despite what you think, I don't think you're your father, Jimin," Jeongguk said, hand on his stomach now.

Jimin was still quiet for a while. "I don't know what you want me to do, Jeongguk."

"I just... it'd be nice if you proved me right, the way I cape for you. My friends think I'm delusional." Jeongguk sighed.

Jimin breathed in softly, before blowing out, lips fanning as he did. He leaned over and gave Jeongguk a quick kiss to his cheek before pulling himself to his feet and outstretiching his hands. "Let's get back to your friends, how's that sound, Jeonggukie?"

Jeongguk wasn't sure if he was avoiding the subject, and if he was, he didn't particularly know why. What he did know was, as he grabbed Jimin's hand and yanked him upwards, there was no one else he'd rather trust.

Feelings always came easy for Jeongguk, and Jimin hated it. Every bit of him seemed to drip with a never ending amount of love that Jimin could never quite understand. He was warm in places Jimin couldn't see, soft in places he couldn't feel; and it fascinated him.
Jimin was currently shuffling around in the hall outside the Hospital Wing. He didn't think Madame Pomfrey liked him too much. Whenever he'd pop by, she'd shoo him off, mouth pulled tight and hands swatting at his back. Buzzing on something about, “interrupting her apprentice.”

But Jimin was waiting, twirling his wand through his fingers, watching as Jeongguk tended to a Gryffindor student with a broken ankle. He was massaging a white lotion into her foot, smiling brightly as the girl animatedly droned on about something Jimin was positive Jeongguk didn't care about.

But eyes said otherwise. Warm chocolate brown eyes dripping with care and concern as he tended to her foot, now wrapping her ankle with the tender care Jimin had learned to love.

Feelings always came easy for Jeongguk, and it terrified him.

He yanked at the white button up shirt around his neck with a hostile hand. As he peeked into the window again, watching as Jeongguk was now pouring the girl some pumpkin juice in the glass beside her bed.

She was smiling up at Jeongguk fondly, young eyes watery with adoration. Jeongguk grinned back, bunny toothed and scrunched nose when he spared a glance up to the window and froze.

Jimin stared back wide eyed before dipping away from the door and cursing himself.

He heard Jeongguk emerge from the Hospital Wing door and coiled around to meet him sheepishly.

"Jimin?" Jeongguk asked, wiping his hands with a towel.

Jimin smiled timidly, "I know this looks weird—"

Jeongguk smiled, "No, I think it's cute." He said, throwing the towel over his shoulder. "You never come to visit me at the Hospital Wing."

"That's because that old hag always kicks me out before I even step foot in the door!" Jimin exclaimed.

"Hey, don't call Madame Pomfrey an old hag, she's a wonderful woman," Jeongguk said crossing his arms. "And besides, she not even here, today." He tossed his head to the doors. "I'm finishing up, wanna join me?"

"Me? Uh... I mean—"

"It'll be fifteen minutes at the most, I swear, Jimin," Jeongguk said. "Or you can continue to lurk outside like a creep, whichever floats your boat."

Jimin hesitated before nodding and following Jeongguk into the Hospital Wing.

In all his time at Hogwarts, Jimin never had a reason to come to the Hospital Wing, luckily. However, he always found it fascinating that during his free time, Jeongguk would always find his way here, helping out.

He never questioned the Hufflepuff’s reasons, because it felt right for him.

"I just have to check on each of the students one last time, then write a final report for Madame Pomfrey for the evening. It'll only take—"
"Take your time, Jeonggukie," Jimin grinned, plopping down behind the metal desk at the front of the Hall where Jeongguk had already gathered his things.

Jeongguk smiled, turning on his heel and heading towards a Slytherin girl who must have accidentally enchanted her skin to turn a magnificent shade of violet.

Jimin shifted in the squeaky chair uncomfortably, eyes roaming the vast expansive hall. The walls were painted an uncomfortable eggshell, and riddled with large paintings of whispering doctors and nurses in old Victorian clothes. They shuffled around the paintings, stepping through frames as they peered down on the ailing students.

Jimin could smell an open window. Smell as autumn brisked in, soft earthy wind. He watched as Jeongguk wiped at the forehead of violet colored girl and whispered something that made her giggle.

This was Jeongguk's element, Jimin realized. He was meant to care for others. There was an unusual kindness that dripped from him, warm, and understanding. Jeongguk was kind, with golden heart too heavy for his chest that bled the purest gilt imaginable and Jimin couldn't be more envious.

His eyes flickered down on the poorly lit desk to the shuffle of papers. Jeongguk, he assumed, must've been finishing his Potion's essay on Felix Felicis when he saw a bright royal blue envelope poking from beneath it.

Jimin glanced up quickly only to see Jeongguk adjusting the pillows under a Hufflepuff boy's head when he slipped the envelope from the desk and coiled around, tearing it open carefully.

His eyes flitted across the paper quickly when he heard Jeongguk's quiet footsteps approach him.

"I'm all done! If we hurry up I think we still have time for dinner—"

"Why didn't you tell me you had a job offer from St. Mungo's?" Jimin asked softly, turning around in the chair to face him.

Jeongguk froze where he stood, eyes shooting down to the blue envelope in Jimin's hand.

"Were you reading my things, Jimin—?"

"Are you going to take it?" Jimin asked, ignoring him. His voice cracking as he set the envelope on the desk in front of him.

"I—" Jeongguk gaped at him, swallowing thickly. "I don't know what I'm going to do, Jimin."

Jimin's eyes stung with tears threatening to fall, he flung his head away from Jeongguk. "Congratulations, Jeonggukie. I'm proud of you."

Jeongguk watched him silently for a moment, taking a few careful steps towards him. "Is something wrong, Jimin?"

Jimin shook his head, but his reddening eyes betrayed him. He patted at the corner of his eyes quickly. "No, no of course not, I'm proud of you. You should take it. You worked very hard for this."

Jeongguk eyes narrowed as he watched him. He crept towards him a bit and knelt in front of him, grasping at his hands. Jimin's hands were cold, as they usually were, ice cold to the touch.
Jeongguk pressed them to his lips softly, keeping his eyes glued to Jimin who was avoiding his face entirely.

"Don't lie to me, something's wrong," Jeongguk whispered, chasing Jimin's eyes.

When Jimin finally granted him his eyes, they were swimming with tears. He chewed at his cheeks roughly. "This is the time everyone knows what they're doing. They get internships and offers—"

"You've had internships. You had one this summer—"

"It's not real, Jeongguk," Jimin whined. "It's— fake, made up for me because of who my father is." His lips wobbled a bit. "Everyone is getting everything they've been working for and then there's me. I'm here. A terrible wizard, being handed shit, I don't even care for—"

"Jimin, not everyone works at the same pace—"

"Lee Taeyang got an offer from a Japanese Quidditch team. Toyohashi Tengu," Jimin's voice was monotonous now. His eyes were on Jeongguk's, but he wasn't there anymore, not really. There was something hesitant in his eyes that Jeongguk couldn't quite catch. It simmered, heavy and dark.

"He's probably gonna make the team, play professionally." His voice dimmed, and he sniffled. When he pulled his head up to meet Jeongguk's eyes, there was a flicker of difference in them that Jeongguk couldn't place. He rummaged through them frantically, but somehow, deep inside, he knew he'd lost him.

Jemin shook his head. "Fuck, I'm sorry Googie, this is about you." He smiled emptily. "I'm proud of you sweetheart. You're gonna be a great Healer." He leaned forward and pressed a soft kiss to Jeongguk's cheek before shaking his hand free. "We can still make dinner if you hurry up."

Jeongguk watched Jimin for a moment before pulling himself onto his feet. Jimin was piling Jeongguk's things into his bag for him, but Jeongguk could smell a change in him. It was dark and heady on him and when he coiled around his eyes were empty. He tossed Jeongguk's bag over his shoulder and grabbed at his wrist.

"Hurry up I heard they had chess pie," Jimin said softly dragging Jeongguk through the heavy metal doors of the Hospital Wing, not realizing he'd left a part of himself behind.

"Please don't do anything stupid," Jeongguk said quickly. "I didn't bring my kit with me and if you hurt yourself—"

They were in the underbelly below the Quidditch Pitch. Above them, the wooden ceiling was buzzing, shuffling feet of excited students pounding against the pavement. Clouds of dust shimmered down around them.

Jemin surged forward, pressing his lips roughly against Jeongguk's. When he pulled back, Jeongguk's eyes were glassy. "I'll be fine, Jeonggukie. I've never gotten hurt before. At least not too badly."

"I know, I just..." Jeongguk hesitated. "I get nervous whenever you have a game. It's dangerous."

Jemin kissed him again, running his spare hand through Jeongguk's hair and pulling him tight against him. Jimin nipped at his tongue, licking at the roof of his mouth before pulling back, relishing in Jeongguk's fucked out face.
"Have I ever told you how hot you look in your uniform?" Jeongguk said breathlessly, pressing another kiss to Jimin.

Jimin smiled brightly, twirling in Jeongguk's arms before kissing him one last time, "I'll see you on the other side sweetheart."

"Don't say that," Jeongguk pouted. "Sounds like going off to die or something."

Jimin giggled, pecking him one last time, tucking his broom under his arm.

"Good luck," Jeongguk said, watching him march off and up the stairs. "I'll cheer extra loud for you!"

When Jeongguk met Taehyung in the stands, the game had already started. Taehyung patted at his seat, beckoning Jeongguk over as he pushed himself through the throngs of cheering students.

His eyes traced over towards the clear blue sky where he watched as a streak of emerald green shoot across the sky, blonde hair rippling behind him.

Something close to pride bubbled up in his chest, watching as Jimin zipped through the air, robe rippling like silk around. That was his boyfriend, his best friend up there, cutting across the sky like he owned it. Jimin looked like a dream, a streak of mossy green cutting across the sky as fast as lightning.

Jimin was meant to be there, up in the sky, a blur of colors and daring determination.

"Have they scored yet?"

"Ravenclaw had, Slytherin, not so much," Taehyung answered.

Jeongguk chewed at his lip, watching as Jimin skidded to a halt, hovering his broom beside the large white hoops. He was yelling something to Taeyang who growling something back to him. Jimin yelled something back, face scrunched up in concern before shooting back across the field.

Jeongguk didn't like watching him up there though, worry boiling at inside of him. Doubts were claiming him because Jimin could fall at any moment. Slip from his broom and fall feet through the air to his death. He could be bludgeoned to death by a bludger, fling himself into the stands. The possibilities, as they beetled like pricked nerves through Jeongguk's head, were endless.

Taehyung's gasp is what brought him back to reality. Taehyung had flung himself to his feet, beside Jeongguk. His gloved hand grasped tightly at his as he yanked at him.

"Jeong—" Taehyung exclaimed breathlessly. He looked down where Jeongguk was staring blankly up at him. "Jeongguk look—"

Jeongguk rose to his feet, eyes scanning the clear sky until it fell upon Jimin just as he extended his leg, knocking Amaré Nightingale from her broom.

The force knocked her sideways, sending her spinning towards the Gryffindor stands where she yanked her broom upwards in an attempt to halt to a stop.

The look of horror flickered across her face. The harsh brake stunted her, flinging her off of broom. Her hands grappled for a moment, fingers slipping on the smooth wood of the handle until her grip
gave way, sending her sliding through the air and falling with a splat on the grass below her.

Jeongguk hadn't noticed he'd been holding his breath. Eyes widening as she collapsed on the ground in a pile of misshapen bones and blood curdling screams ripping from her chest.

Jimin was hovering over her for a moment, before circling a bit before landing softly on the grass beside her.

Taehyung turned to speak to Jeongguk, but he was gone, ripping through the crowd, back down to meet Jimin on the field.

On the field, there was chaos.

Jimin was kneeling down beside her Amaré who was screaming wildly, hand twisted around her leg that was pressed back painfully behind her.

Jimin reached forward towards her when he heard footsteps stomping up towards him and an arm yanking him back and onto the grass.

It was Namjoon, peering down at Jimin with furious eyes. "What the fuck is your problem?"

Jimin gaped at him, struggling to bring himself back up to his feet. When he did, Namjoon surged forward again, nose flared and rage piercing through him. "You're a fucking asshole, Park!"
Namjoon said, pushing himself against Jimin's chest angrily. He breathed down at him, angry enough to see stars.

Jimin's jaw tightened as he pressed himself tighter against Namjoon's chest. "I thought she was a fucking bludger—"

"Bullshit!" Namjoon said shoving at Jimin roughly. "We all heard you yell Mudblood—"

"I did not!" Jimin screamed tossing a punch to Namjoon's arm. "I'd never—"

"Jeongguk's not the only Muggleborn who deserves respect!" Namjoon was yelling now, face a bright red as he flailed his wrist in Jimin's general direction. "You don't get to fuck a Muggleborn and think that's your free pass to being a good person—"

"Don't you dare fucking talk about him like that—"

Jimin grabbed a fistful of his royal blue Quidditch robes and yanked him down, fist reeling back to strike Namjoon in the nose when Madame Hooch blew her whistle from afar.

They froze, but Namjoon wiggled himself free, scoring one last shove to Jimin as she stomped over towards them.

Behind her, Madame Pomfrey and Jeongguk were quick on her heels. Jeongguk had his wand outstretched in front of him, controlling the path of a levitating white clothed gurney floating beside him as they hurried onto the field.

Once they reached them, Jeongguk hesitated, eyes flickering towards Jimin for a fleeting moment before dipping his head and scurrying towards Amaré who was still whimpering on the grass.

"Madame Hooch, ma'am. Jimin attacked Amaré, knocked her off her broom after calling her a slur —" Namjoon sputtered crossing his arms.
"I did not—!" Jimin snapped back. His eyes flitted to Jeongguk's for a moment, who was currently whispering a charm over Amaré's leg.

Jimin gulped, turning to Madame Hooch and pleading, "Madame, I swear, She flew up behind me. I saw her in my periphery, I thought she was a bludger ma'am—"

Madame Hooch blew at her whistle, hands flying up between the two bickering boys.

"What I'm going to need from you both is silence," She exclaimed. She tossed her eyes over to Amaré, who Jeongguk was helping up onto the gurney.

"How is she doing?" Madame Hooch asked.

Madame Pomfrey waved her wand over Amaré one last time as Jeongguk adjusted her comfortably onto the white cloth.

"Few broken bones, her leg is the worst though," Pomfrey huffed out.

Hooch nodded, 'I'll speak to her soon, feel better dear.'

Amaré smiled weakly, head falling back onto the gurney as Jeongguk levitated it once more.

His eyes tossed to Jimin with a strangely unreadable expression before turning on his heel and beginning back out to the field.

Once they were gone, Madame Hooch turned back to Jimin. "You, Park? You're out for the rest of the season."

Jimin's heart sank, rumbling around in the bottom of his stomach. "N—No, ma'am please—"

"No, Park. It's over." She said silencing him by waving her wand between them. "There's a thing called sportsmanship, and that's something I think you lack, quite frankly."

Jimin could barely breathe, running a nervous hand through his hair frantically, heart stuttering in his chest. He tried to focus his eyes on her but was coming up short, his nerves instead making her go into a flurry of doubles.

"Please, Madame Hooch," Jimin's voice dipped, cracking. Desperation was hot on him and he didn't care if he was making a fool of himself. He could feel his future slipping through his fingers like sand. "I—I need this I— This is my career, this is what I want to do you can't do this—"

"Well you should have thought about that before trying to shove your opponent to their death, shouldn't you?"

She turned on her heel, waving her right hand wildly towards the points keeper.

When the stadium exploded into cheers for Ravenclaw, Jimin was somehow clawing himself back off the field. His tongue was too sour for his mouth, eyes wet with hot tears as he stomped down the stairs towards the Slytherin locker rooms.

There were only two illuminated lanterns when Jeongguk entered the Hospital Wing. It always felt strangely like coming home when he came here. The strange sense that he was needed, wanted.
There was only a single window open, coughing out cool light wind, fresh with evening rain.

Amaré was on the bed in the furthest left corner. The tip of her wand was illuminated, and she was scribbling idly in a leather bound notebook. Her right leg was pulled tight in a white cast, sitting atop several white pillows. The window beside her bed was tangling gusts of wind through the kinks of her hair, wisping atop her head like cotton.

Jeongguk edged closer towards her, and she looked up, chocolate brown eyes pulled wide in surprise.

“Jeongguk,” She breathed out. “I didn’t expect to see you. What are you doing here?”

Jeongguk shrugged, shuffling his feet, anxiety chewing at him. His hand nervously flew to the nape of his neck, scratching.

“Well pull up a chair at least,” She said, nodding towards the silver metal chairs.

Jeongguk reached for one, and it scratched along the linoleum floor until he stopped it beside her bed and squatted into a seat.

Amaré had been doodling, but they were a bit too extravagant to be called doodles.

“Those are amazing,” Jeongguk said softly, leaning over to get a better look at them.

Amaré shrugged, eyeing the drawings with narrow eyes. “My mother is an artist, does loads of drawings for local newspapers and stuff.” She tsked for a moment, running the pencil over a few lines. “She taught me everything I know.”

Jeongguk smiled brightly, “Well, she must be amazing.”

“Yeah, I guess so,” Amaré replied with a broad smile.

There was a beat; soft crackling of fire from the lantern beside them. Madame Pomfrey was at her desk, whistling quietly to herself as she folded freshly washed sheets. Jeongguk was comfortable here in this serenity.

“You don’t have to apologize for him,” Amaré finally whispered.

Jeongguk felt his heart catch in his throat. Amaré was looking at him with warm, knowing eyes and it was making him uncomfortable. He coughed, clearing his throat as best as he could. It made Amaré smile even brighter.

“I wasn’t— that wasn’t what I— I didn’t mean—” Jeongguk stammered.

“It’s fine.” She said, hand reaching out to grab Jeongguk’s. “You’re only responsible for yourself, Jeongguk. No one else.”

“I still feel bad,” He whined back. “I don’t know why— I don’t think he meant—”

“Oh, he definitely meant it,” Amaré retorted with a laugh. A hand massaged at her cast leg. “The way he kicked me? That boy has some very powerful legs on him.”

Jeongguk winced, the image of Amaré hanging off of her broom never really something he thinks that he could shake. The look of absolute horror crossed her face absolutely haunting.

Jeongguk shrank in his seat, humiliated. “I’m sorry, Amaré. You didn’t deserve that.”
“I know.” She quipped.

Jeongguk smiled, a deep hollow chuckle cutting from his chest. Amaré must have tasted his discomfort and sat up a bit.

“It was very sweet of you to visit me. Namjoon just left about twenty minutes before you arrived.”

Jeongguk hummed, eyes roaming back to the window beside them. Eyes combing over the strawberry pink sky, tasting the chilly rain that sprinkled in by chance.

“I still don’t know why he did it. He seemed fine this morning—”

“Park has an extreme hatred for Muggleborns, Jeongguk,” Amaré replied with sincerity.

If Jeongguk could barely breathe before he’d completely stopped now. The air was caught somewhere between his throat and his lungs, and it was making him feel like he was moments from bursting. His face, from what he could feel, had bloomed bright red and he shot it down to the sheets where their hands were clasped tightly together.

“He was raised in a family where they… don’t see us as real wizards. Think we’re unworthy.” Amaré continued, daring to meet his eyes.

“He’s not like that when he’s with me,” Jeongguk whispered. “When it’s just us—”

“He’s not a barbarian, Jeongguk,” Amaré said. “Ignorant and backward, but no barbarian.”

He was still avoiding her gaze, humiliation burning white hot through him.

“It’s not your responsibility to be an exemplary Muggleborn to him. It’s not your responsibility to prove to him just how worthy a Muggleborn can be.” Amaré’s voice was quiet but was drowning in a power he wasn’t expecting.

“We are not just another bludger in his peripheral vision, Jeongguk.” She continued. “We are human. With a heart, bones, and soul.” She hesitated. “But it is not your responsibility to prove that to him. Or anyone who thinks like him.”

Her grip on his hand tightened.

“He doesn’t see me like that,” Jeongguk said, finally daring to meet her eyes. “I’m just Jeongguk. I’m his best friend.”


She was tracing lines in Jeongguk’s fingers now, hands warm and supple. “If he truly cares about you like you say he does, he would care about every part of you. Muggleborn or not.”

It was quiet between them again. Madame Pomfrey finished her folding and was refilling jugs of water, cold water dribbling into glass jugs echoing through the large hall.

“Don’t dim yourself because it makes other people more comfortable.”

“I just— he just—”

“It’s easy to dismiss bad things when you love someone,” Amaré resided with a sigh.
Jeongguk eyes bugged, and Amaré broke out into a quiet giggle.

“My mother always said I have good eyes.” She grinned. “But it’s not as if you two are very subtle about anything.”

Jeongguk’s cheeks warmed, ducking his head again.

“But if my eye is so good, tell me why I’m failing Divinations.”

“No one is passing Divinations, Amaré.” Jeongguk replied jokingly.

Something warm bloomed between them. Warm like summer, fresh like rain. He wasn’t particularly close to Amaré. He’d probably spoken to her twice in his life and both instances Namjoon was there. But right now, he felt an undying admiration for the girl.

“You can love Park, but love him with reprieve. Love him with…. Conscious awareness.” The virtue in her words was obvious. “If you love yourself more than you love him, there’s nothing he can do to truly hurt you.”

There was something hidden in her words Jeongguk couldn’t quite uncover.

“It was very noble of Namjoon to stand up for you,” Jeongguk said suddenly. Hurt. Embarrassed.

Amaré blushed herself, warm brown skin reddening up at the thought. “Goodness I know.” She sighed, voice light and airy. “Did you see him? All angry ready to fight? To defend my honor?” She gushed dramatically hand flying to her heart.

It finally clicked in Jeongguk’s head, and his whole face lit up at the thought.

“Amaré? Do you—”

Amaré rolled her eyes, smile still evident on her lips. “You think you and Park are the only two totally not subtle people out there?” She giggled again “I’ve had a crush on that boy since first year. But he’s had his eyes on a certain Gryffindor since then as well.”

Jeongguk thought back to just how much Namjoon’s face would light up whenever Seokjin was around, the way he’d lean into his touch, grab his arm while he laughed.

It was so obvious he didn’t know why he didn’t notice it before.

“I’m sorry,” Jeongguk said quietly.

Amaré swatted at him, “He’s my best friend.” She answered. “I’m not upset at all. All I want is for him to be happy.”

Madame Pomfrey was making her way towards them, jug of water in hand. “I’m closing up, Jeongguk dear.” She said placing the jug beside her bedside table. “Can I expect you tomorrow?”

“Three on the dot,” Jeongguk answered rising to his feet.

He felt Amaré squeeze at his hand, “Remember what I said, Hufflepuff.” She grinned. “Also thank you for visiting me, it was really kind of you.”

Jeongguk bowed, leaning down and pressing a soft kiss to her hand. “Anytime.”
Jeongguk could smell the fiery cinnamon heat of the Firewhiskey before he saw it. The door to the Astronomy Tower was hanging open slightly, and the smell was wafting from its black metal hinges as he neared it. He didn’t know what drew him here; there was always a bit of him that felt unnecessarily attached to Jimin. A thirst to be at least next to him as much as he could. Could be attachment, could be obsession, could be love. He wasn’t too sure anymore.

He was sure that he’d be here, holed up in the Astronomy Tower, like he usually was most nights.

The first thing he heard, however, was sniffling, sodden and congested as he pressed into the room. Jimin was sitting with his legs dangling out of one of the windows, the bottle of Firewhiskey hanging loosely from his fingers. His golden head was pressed against the cold stone of the window sill as he twirled his wand through his fingers mindlessly.

Jeongguk edged near him nervously, hand extended, his other one wrapped tightly around his wand.

“Jimin, baby—” He began.

Jimin didn’t flinch. He took another swig of the bottle before letting it fall back to his side.

“You know,” He began, his words a smeared slur on his tongue. “This is the exact spot that Severus Snape killed Albus Dumbledore.” He hummed, swishing the rust colored liquid around in the clear bottle.

“He killed him. Right. Here,” He emphasized, pointing beside him. He lifted his wand, pointing it towards a star above him. “He looked that motherfucker right in the eye, pointed his wand and—” A useless shimmering yellow light exploded from the tip of Jimin’s burgundy colored wand. Sprinkling down like rain from the window. “Killed him. On the spot.” He breathed out a sigh, but it shook. “All because they had an image to keep. It was...expected.”

Jimin gulped again, taking another swig of the firewhiskey. It burned, and he winced, swallowing it down and groaning.

“Jimin, baby, get down,” Jeongguk said, keeping his hand extended and inching closer towards him.

Jimin’s eyes were still glued to the bottle, and he sniffed again. “Am I a bad person, Jeongguk?”

Jeongguk froze, sighing deeply. “No, of course not, baby, you’ve got to get down though—”

Jimin wobbled, shifting where he was sitting, and Jeongguk could taste the uncertainty in his stability.

“No, I’m a bad person.” Jimin slurred shaking his head. “I could've fucking killed her—”

“But you didn’t, Jimin.” Jeongguk breathed. “You didn’t.”

“I kicked her with absolutely every bit of power I had,” Jimin grumbled, lips pouty. “I think I wanted to kill her.”

Jeongguk was frozen where he stood, hands shaking as he looked up at his distraught boyfriend. Jimin was on livewire right now, his body buzzing with uncertainty, and he knew any little tick
could send him tumbling out the window and cutting through the icy air.

“It doesn’t make any sense,” Jimin said, it was projected towards Jeongguk, but he wasn’t too sure that it was directed towards him. “All these Mudbloods and they’re all better wizards than me.”

Jeongguk froze where he stood, his words slipping like ice in his bones. He straightened his back, “Don’t say that, Minnie.”

“I’ve been raised in this, I have magic in my veins. My family has the name, the power and I can’t even conjure a fucking water charm correctly.” He gagged, wobbling a bit on his seat. “That fucking Mudblood was about to beat me at my game.”

“Stop saying that, Jimin—” Jeongguk was pinching his eyes together.

“What? Mudblood?” Jimin asked. He began his rise to his feet, wobbling a bit on the open stony window sill. The bottle slipped from his hand, shattering at his toes and wetting his black loafers.

“Yeah, stop saying that.” Jeongguk snapped back, keeping his eyes steady on Jimin who was swaying drunkenly in front of him. “I don’t know what the fuck has gotten into you, but you need to stop.”

“Why?” Jimin asked, his voice shaky, but his legs were shakier. The alcohol squelched under the squeak of his heel, and he slipped slightly, catching himself on the window sill.

“Because it’s me,” Jeongguk said, throat tearing up as he spoke. “I’m Jeongguk. Your Jeongguk. Your forever boy. Stop saying—”

“Ugh—” Jimin gagged, stomach flipping. He turned around suddenly, face screwing up uncomfortably. He fell to a squat. Burying his face into his hands and audibly groaning. He swayed a bit, balance waning as he squatted. “How are you so much better than me?” His voice was muffled by his shaking hands. He slid them from his face, eyes blood red, face blotchy and snotty. “How are you and every Mudblood in this fucking school so much better than me—”

“STOP FUCKING SAYING THAT!” Jeongguk suddenly burst.

Jimin looked at him, surprised, mouth falling open as he stared at him.

“I have never seen you as anything other than Jimin, my best friend, my boyfriend my—” Jeongguk panted. He couldn’t stop the tears that were springing in his eyes, they were hot and too salty and leaking from his face uncontrollably. “You are so much more than… being a Pureblood.”

The last word landed so venomously between them Jimin recoiled at its arrival. His face drew up, cheeks burning bright red.

“I don’t know why you can’t see me as more than my blood, Jimin,” Jeongguk said, voice desperate. “Why you can’t see any of us as more than—”

“What am I supposed to do, huh?” Jimin shot back, springing to his feet, albeit with a slight wobble. “What do you want me to do?”

“I don’t know!” Jeongguk screamed, voice going hoarse. The truth is, he didn’t know and that what was eating him up inside. The only person who could change Jimin’s heart was standing on the window sill right now, wobbling around drunkenly with absolutely no balance. There was uncertainty between them for the first time since Jimin joined his compartment on the train. The uncertainty was heavy abnormal, and Jeongguk didn’t like it. This wasn’t them. Jeongguk’s
constant need to fix him, heal him was clogging his brain, and it was making his head feel funny.

This was just another thing magic couldn’t fix.

“I don’t know, Jimin.” He resided, voice small. He wiped at his face frantically. He sighed, chest heavy. “But you can start by coming down right now.”

Jimin groaned, hesitating. He eyed him for a bit, legs wobbling as he stood silently for a moment. He faltered, arms swinging as he looked down at Jeongguk with heavy eyes. He shoved his wand into the pocket of his robes and took a shaky step forward when his leather shoe slipped, squeaking against the spilled firewhiskey.

“Jimin—” Jeongguk said, stepping forward and extending his hand.

Jimin’s eyes shot to Jeongguk’s in wild panic as he stumbled to find his balance again. His arms flailed wildly for a moment, fingers slipping on the concrete window sill as he scrambled to find purchase.

"Jeonggukie—! Jeonggukie I'm—" Jimin squeaked.

The frenzy in his eyes was palpable and white hot. He scrambled about, feet skating beneath him in the pool of alcohol his stability waning.

Then he fell back. Legs giving out beneath him as he plunged back into the cold night sky, out of the window of the Astronomy Tower.

Jeongguk felt his legs moving before he’d told them to. He flurried over to the window and slung half his body out. His fingers wrapped around the bare expanse of Jimin's ankle. Slippery fingers curling around him, heart sinking as he watched Jimin dangle out beneath him. His robes were draping over his body, whipping about into the midnight wind.

"I got you!" Jeongguk exclaimed. He began hauling him up, every muscle in his body straining as he yanked him up and quickly as he could.

Jinmin's face drained of every ounce of color once Jeongguk had him by the waist; sitting at the window sill and staring back at the Hufflepuff with a deeply heaving chest.

His glassy red eyes shifted wildly as he drank in every part of Jeongguk as he could.

"You're fucking stupid, Park," Jeongguk said with a pouty quivering lip. He was breathing heavily as well. He ran an affectionate hand across his cheek. "What the fuck were you thinking getting up there wasted off your ass— you could've died!"

Jinmin was still frozen before him, cheeks pale and eyes wide. He was watching Jeongguk like he was a ghost; eyes were blown wide, breathing ragged.

"Jinmin?" Jeongguk asked, tightened his grip on Jinmin's waist, pulling him closer and running a shaky hand through his hair. "Jinmin, baby—"

Hot tears sprung in Jinmin's eyes as Jeongguk could physically see something break inside of him. He could see the physical shift click behind his eyes and felt Jinmin toss his head into the crook of his neck, shivering with fear.

"I'm a bad person, Jeongguk." Jinmin wailed into him, gravelly voice muffled.
Jeongguk's hand lingered over his back awkwardly as Jimin unraveled in his arms. The situation felt stilted, awkward. He felt Jimin's tears stain his shirt, sticking to his chest.

"You're not a victim, Jimin."

Jimin pulled himself Jeongguk's shoulder, snot running wet down his nose. "Wha— What are you talking about?"

Jeongguk pulled himself away from Jimin's touch but kept his hand steady on his thigh.

"You keep making this about you, this isn't about you, Jimin. You're not the victim you want to be—"

"I just fell out of a goddamn window!" Jimin shouted, color finally coming back to his face. "And you don't think I'm a victim?"

Jeongguk pulled himself away from Jimin, hands flying to his ears as he paced the Tower's floor. When he finally turned back to face him he was flushed, heart pounding like mad in his chest.

"You keep making this about you. This isn't about you, Jimin." Jeongguk said breathlessly. "You can't just flip this around because you felt sorry for yourself after trying to kill someone today."

"I didn't—"

"You think you're better than us. You think you're better than me, Amaré, and every other Muggleborn." There was quiet panic coloring his voice. "I can't— you—" He could feel something close to mayhem blooming in his chest, and he wasn't too sure if he could stop it from sprouting. He swallowed in a deep breath, closing his eyes. When he opened them again, they were met with Jimin's fearful ones, tainted with that same uncertainty that'd shown up earlier.

"I don't know if we can still do this," Jeongguk mumbled monotonously.

Jimin leaped to his feet, rushing over to him. "What? Jeonggukie, I'm sorry."

"You're not, fuck, you're not, Jimin," Jeongguk said, but mostly to himself. He could feel Jimin's hands ghosting over him frantically, but he'd managed to turn off every emotion, so they were nothing more than the ghost of manic fingers, scrambling for feeling.

"What? What do you want me to do? I'm sorry, Jeonggukie, I'm sorry. What I said before, I'm sorry—" Jimin said voice rushed and laced with hysteria. "Please forgive me, Jeonggukie, please—"

"It's not about forgiving, Jimin, don't you get it?" Jeongguk said, voice still low.

"Then what? What is it about?" Jimin asked.

The dynamic in them shifted, was thrown physically off kilter as Jeongguk peered down at him with cold eyes. He pressed a soft kiss to Jimin's forehead, cold and clammy to his lips. When he pulled back, Jimin was looking at him with wide, desperate eyes.

"There's pity, in your eyes, when you look at me sometimes," Jeongguk said bleakly. His voice was cold, detached.

Jimin's brow knitted up.

"Like there's something wrong with me. I don't think you notice that you do it." Jeongguk
continued. "But I do."

Jimin's hands found themselves cupping Jeongguk's face, pressing soft kisses to every piece of exposed skin he could reach.

"I grew up loved, happy," Jeongguk said, voice dragging as he spoke. "I had a mother who adored me, a big brother who looked out for me a dad—" His voice caught as he spoke. Mind filtering to his father and his heart faltered again. "I never felt less than. Ever."

He pulled himself from Jimin's grip, watching as the blonde boy's hands fell pathetically in front of him.

"Jeonggukie, I'm sorry," Jimin said, voice dripping with sincerity. "I'm sorry if I ever made you feel like—"

"Do you hate me Jimin?" Jeongguk asked.


"Do you hate Muggleborns?"

It was quiet in the Tower for a moment. Jimin chewed on his cheek, rocking back on his heel. He looked down at his feet then back up to meet Jeongguk's eyes. "I don't think of you as a Muggleborn, Jeonggukie. You're my Jeonggukie. I love—"

"But that's what I am!" Jeongguk screamed. His cheeks burned as he stared at Jimin with bitter disdain. He could feel himself shaking, skin growing tight over his bones. "I'm not just your Jeongguk, I'm me. I'm Jeongguk, I'm Muggleborn, what else do you want?" He was growing breathless, head spinning.

Jimin was still looking at him with those wide brown eyes, and it was cutting into his heart. He turned on his heel, walking to the opposite window, peering up at the milky colored moon. He sighed out a heavy breath, body buzzing.

"I am every part of who I am," Jeongguk said softly, eyes pressed to the stars. "I have Muggle blood, whether you like it or not."

Jimin was staring at him wide eyed still, he took a step forward, but Jeongguk swerved him shaking his head.

"I'm not dimming who I am for you anymore, Jimin."

Jimin's mouth dropped for a moment. Quietly straightening his back.

"I'll see you around, Jimin," Jeongguk said composedly. He pulled his wand out from his robe pocket and hummed a "Lumos," The tip igniting in light. He delivered Jimin a last smile, draped in compassion before slipping through the Astronomy Tower door, leaving Jimin trembling alone behind.

Jeongguk sat at the creaky wooden desk in front of him, pulling his bag from around his shoulder as students began filing into the darkened classroom for their Charms class to start.
Taehyung appeared suddenly beside him, face twisted up in concern.

"I didn't see you last night," He said softly. "Dorm was pretty lonely without you."

Jeongguk had in fact left the Astronomy Tower to break down on the fourth floor staircase moments later. He'd perched himself beside a painting that soon began complaining that his wailing was keeping him up. Upon that dismissal, he thought it'd be best to retire on the yellow velour couch of the Hufflepuff common room. Easier than explaining to the other boys he shared his room with as to why he was returning with puffy red eyes and runny snotty nose.

He woke up in the early morning before the sun, wrapped in robes that smelled too much like Jimin. His cheeks were tight and tear stained, and there was a single jelly filled pastry from a house elf who must've pitied him while cleaning in the early morning.

So here Jeongguk was, functioning off of barely any sleep, looking like death warmed over. His black hair was unbrushed and greasy, and tossed askew atop his head, his eyes were still itchy from the tears that were threatening to free themselves any moment, and there was still dried pink jelly on the corner of his lip.

He looked up at Taehyung with droopy, sleep crusted eyes and a heart too heavy for his chest.

"You didn't come up last night," Taehyung continued. "I just assumed you were with—"

"I wasn't." Jeongguk snapped, keeping his eyes steady on the flecks of dust beneath his toes.

Taehyung lurched back at his tone. His eyes shot around before falling back onto Jeongguk. "Did he say something to you—?"

"It's nothing, Tae."

And there he felt it— that string that seemed pull them together. Jeongguk could feel him before he saw him.

Jimin sauntered into the classroom in a gaggle of other students with an astonishingly ghostly white face. His heavy-lidded eyes were haunted with still present glassy tears, some that he must have drained himself of the previous night.

He sniffled, stumbling a bit across the wooden floor before claiming his balance again. He tightened his grip on his bag, looking up to meet Jeongguk's gaze and froze.

Taehyung's flashed his eyes between the two and swallowed thickly.

"That doesn't look like nothing, Jeongguk."

Jimin ducked his head and scurried over to the other Slytherin students.

Jeongguk buried his face in his hands and groaned when he felt Taehyung's hands on his back.

"You know you can talk to me," He murmured.

Professor Kettleburn waddled into the classroom, both of his big thick hands wrapped around the necks of two very colorful birds.

Jeongguk shrugged Taehyung's hands off, shaking his head. Not too sure if this was something he felt like he could share.
Jeongguk woke to the sound of light rapping at his window. He stirred for a bit, eyes peeling open to moonlight spilling on his cheek. He'd forgotten to close his curtains again and silently cursed himself.

The rapping continued again, and Jeongguk lifted his head, eyes straining as he peeked at the window only to see Haru, Jimin's snowy owl, peering into the window with wide green eyes.

Jeongguk's eyebrows knitted up as he pushed himself onto his elbows, leaning over to the window and wriggling it open.

Taehyung snored in the bed across from him, and Jeongguk froze, peeking over to see him wrestle a bit in his sleep before turning back and tucking the pillow he was cradling tighter against his chest and flipping to his side.

Jeongguk turned back to the window and continued wriggling it open until it opened with a spring.

Haru tottered inside, sharp claw clattering against the wooden window sill. She ducked in, rubbing the crown of her head against Jeongguk's hand lovingly before outstretching her leg towards him.

Jeongguk untied the twig from around her ankle and peeled the tiny ripped paper from its binding. It was torn and ripped and pressed to its shredded side was the faint hint of a red fingerprint. Jeongguk unfolded it with haste, confusion plaguing him as he read the note in Jimin's panicked scrawl:

*forbidden forest, near the lake. hurr*

The rest of the letter was tattered, and Jeongguk looked up at Haru who rustled against him cooed before turning and turned to flutter back outside and into the night's sky.

Jeongguk's heart was beating too fast. He clutched at it for a moment, finding himself rising to his feet before he'd told his legs to stand. He gripped at his robes tossed at the foot of his bed and began slipping it onto his shoulders when he heard Taehyung's gravely sleepy voice.

"Where are you going?"

Jeongguk froze, peering across the room where Taehyung was now sitting up, his lavender hair awry atop his head.

"I—" Jeongguk hesitated, slipping his feet into his loafer and reaching for his wand on his oak nightstand. "I think Jimin's in trouble."

"In trouble? Jeongguk it's—" He peered at the watch on their conjoined dresser drawer. "Jeongguk, it's nearly three in the morning, who gets in trouble at three in the morning?"

"I don't know, Taehyung," Jeongguk said, slipping his wand into his robes pocket. "He just sent his owl to my window, and there was a note about the forbidden forest, and I think there was blood on it—"

"Blood? Jeongguk calm down—"

"I can't Taehyung," Jeongguk could feel his nerve itching in his skin as he began over to the door
leading to the common room. "I don't know what's going on, but he's in trouble, Tae." He gulped, shivering. "I can feel it, and I'm not gonna leave him out there, I can't. I— he's my boyfriend, Tae."

For all the time he'd been with Jimin, not once had he called him his boyfriend to anyone besides Jimin himself. He never hid the fact that they were dating from his friends, he just never affirmed it. Too heavy, too out of pocket. They didn’t care, he knew. They didn’t care so he never bothered to confirm it. It startled him, and Taehyung alike, the confession. He watched as Taehyung blinked a bit and hung his head.

"Jeongguk, I... I don't think this is a good idea," Taehyung said with a low voice. He squeezed at his pillow a bit, "Whatever he's up to can't be good, especially this late at night. And the forbidden forest? Jeongguk, please think."

That was the problem, Jeongguk couldn't think. He stood in the doorway of their dormitory, mouth agape and hand wrapped tightly around his wand tucked deep in his pocket. Taehyung was looking over at him with wide, pleading eyes, laced with such grave concern, Jeongguk could practically hear his heart shatter like glass in his chest.

"I'm sorry, Taehyung—" He said rushly, skirting out of the dorm and down into the common room.

He found Jimin a lot deeper in the forbidden forest than he'd initially thought. The forest was bathed in frost, fog curling up like fresh cotton on his skin as he trudged through the depths of the woods. He tightened his robes around him, teeth chattering in his jaw. Below him, frozen twigs crackled beneath his shoe, echoing through the sea of hollowed trees.

Jemin's back was facing him when he reached him. He was pacing, robes torn off his shoulder and lying in a pile on the edge of the lake. He was mumbling incoherently to himself, in one hand his wand was outstretched, and the other was frantically running through his hair. He heard Jeongguk approach him and he froze, eyes flickering to him in a moment of unbridled panic. He outstretched his wand to him, and Jeongguk froze, throwing his hands up in submission.

"Jimin, it's me, it's only me." He breathed out frightfully, watching as Jimin's wand shivered clumsily in his hand.

"Jeongguk—" He breathed out, voice wavering. It was high pitched, broken, coated with frenzied dread. He lowered his wand and wobbled over to him with uncertain feet, lacking the grace Jeongguk was used to seeing. "Jeonggukie— Jeonggukie I fucked up."

He took another step towards him and moonlight struck his face, revealing honey skin painted in dark strips of bright, fresh blood.

Jeongguk gasped, eyes combing over Jimin's distressed face worriedly. His cheek was smeared red, probably from where Jimin had desperately tried to wipe the blood from his face. In his golden hair lied specks of dark dried blood, clinging to strands in solid congealed chunks.

His shaky hands were the worst, dripping with thick droplets the ran from his palm to his fingertips, raining on the ground below them.

Jemin was shaking as he approached him, "I— I didn't mean to— fuck Jeongguk I— fuck—"
Jeongguk had never seen Jimin so panicked. He shuffled his feet, wand falling from his shaking hand and landing on the scuffed dirt at his feet.

Jeongguk took a step to approach him, but Jimin flinched back.

"Jimin, what did you do?" Jeongguk asked softly.

Jimin shook his head and pressed his eyes tightly together. He turned on his heel, stumbling back to the pile on the lake.

"They all left me, Jeonggukie—" Jimin was mumbling again, scooping his wand up from the ground and twiddling it through worried fingers. He approached the pile and froze, coiling around to face Jeongguk again. "I— I didn't mean to do it, Jeongguk, you've got to believe me."

Jeongguk was hesitant as he watched him, approaching the pile beside Jimin. He flickered his eyes to where Jimin was shaking, every muscle in his body convulsing in panic. He flashed his eyes up to meet Jimin's.

"What did you do, Jimin?"

Jimin shook his head and tossed his gaze out to the lake.

Jeongguk sank to his knees and reached his hand out to hover over where Jimin's robe was piled up atop something. The cloth was dark, drenched in blood and Jeongguk squirmed at the sight of it. He reached out and gripped at it, cold with wet blood, and peeled it back to reveal the mangled face of what Jeongguk could barely make out as a centaur.

Jimin groaned beside him, bursting into hollowed out tears. Screams ripping from his chest as he looked down at the body. He flung himself towards the lake and hurled, body vomiting up barely anything.

As Jeongguk continued uncovering the body, he frowned in disgust. The body was barely recognizable, ripped to almost shreds below him, bleeding out onto the earth below him. Jeongguk's eyes scanned over his face again and felt his heart sink even further. From what he could gather, and he could barely gather much being that the body was disfigured enough, the centaur couldn't have been older than ten.

When Jeongguk looked back up to Jimin, he was wiping at the corners of his mouth.

"I— we just came out here to drink and— everything just crazy— Taeyang, he started throwing rocks at them— they were gonna kill us Jeongguk— I didn't mean—"

"Slow down, Jimin," Jeongguk said slowly. "You've got to calm down—"

Jimin took a shaky breath. "We just wanted to drink, Jeonggukie. Everything was fine until Taeyang started throwing rocks at them— they were gonna kill us Jeongguk— I didn't mean—"

"Something sour was pouring off of the centaur's body, and Jeongguk's head craned to meet its scent. On the centaur's torso, where Jimin had struck him with the curse, was bleeding black smoke, billowing up into the cold night air.

Jeongguk looked up to meet Jimin's eyes, mouth agape. "This is dark magic, Jimin." He said
quietly. "Y—you did dark magic?"

Jimin gulped, "I didn't mean to—it was the first thing that came to me—"

"Fuck, Jimin I—" Jeongguk could feel tears stinging at his eyes as he looked back down at the young centaur. "He was only a younling, Jimin——"

"Don't you think I fucking know that?" Jimin's voice rang hollow in the clearing. Echoing off trees and bouncing back to them. He was crying again, blood smeared face sparkling with the tracks of fresh tears. "I called you here because I knew you wouldn't— you wouldn't judge me, Jeongguk——" He stumbled forward onto his knees and yanked Jeongguk towards him. He fist Jeongguk's robes in his bloody hands he surged forward, pressing his salty flavored lips against Jeongguk's in hysteria.

Jeongguk froze beneath his lips, feeling as Jimin kissed him in a frenzy, lips wet and panicked. He was breathing hot against him, lips ghosting over whatever skin it could reach. When he pulled back, Jeongguk saw the snap in his crazed brown eyes.

"I need you Jeonggukie, please," Jimin whined kissing him again, this time even wilder than the last. He unclenched his fists from Jeongguk's robes fist at the hair at the nape of his neck, leaning forward and grinding himself onto Jeongguk who pushed him back in shock.

"Are you fucking crazy?" Jeongguk spit out, voice hitching in his throat. Jimin looked at him breathlessly, eyes so dazed and fucked out Jeongguk wasn't sure if he recognized him anymore.

"Jeongguk I—"

"Stop making this about you, Jimin," Jeongguk said wiping at his spit covered lips. He turned his attention back to the body and frowned. "We can either drop this thing to the bottom of the lake or—" He paused, dread sinking to the pit of his stomach. He refused to meet Jimin's eyes as he spoke. "We can burn it."

There was a pause between them. He didn't feel Jimin move beside him.

"Burn it?" He asked in a quiet voice.

Jeongguk nodded, "If they find it, and find out it was your wand that did this? Fuck, Jimin I—" His voice cracked. "This is bad, Jimin. Like... Azkaban bad."

Jimin gagged, burying his face back into his hands. "God, I'm so stupid—"

"Yeah you are," Jeongguk snapped back, rising to his feet and turning to face him. He fiddled in his bag, the one he'd slipped on his shoulder before leaving, and pulled out his first aid kit. Jimin stared at him confusedly as he pulled out a bottle of rubbing alcohol.

"What's that?" Jimin asked.

Jeongguk's nose turned up as he began spilling the alcohol over the body, drenching every part of it that he could. "It's a Muggle invention," He said, sprinkling the last bits of it atop the Centaur's face. "Not that you'd care."

Jimin had sunk to a squat, running a shaky hand over his face.

Jeongguk tossed the bottle back into his bag and looked around nervously.
"What?" Jimin asked.

"I can't just... set him on fire; they'd trace my wand if they found him," Jeongguk said turning back to face Jimin. "Don't you ever pay attention in class?"

Jimin opened his mouth to say something but snapped it shut. He flipped his wand's end and handed it to Jeongguk, looking up at him through glittery tear dusted lashes. "Use my wand," he said hollowly.

"What are you doing?" Jeongguk asked.

"Use my wand," Jimin said again, shaking his wand out for Jeongguk to grab. "His body is covered with dark magic from my wand I just—" He took a deep breath, lips quivering before speaking again. "I have nothing left to lose."

Jeongguk hesitated before reaching forward and grabbing Jimin's wand from his shaking hand.

Holding another wizard's wand, Jeongguk quickly learned, was a bizarre feeling. Its fit was wonky in his palm, he found Jimin's wand too heavy for his liking, it's wood too smooth beneath his fingers. He weighed it a bit, looking up at Jimin nervously before pointing the wand at the centaur's body.

He narrowed his eyes, his hand shaking too much to go for a direct shot to his heart where'd he'd been aiming. He didn't know why he was aiming for the heart, and he cursed himself for thinking that. Too cruel, he thought.

He let out a breath when he felt Jimin slink up beside him and slip the wand from his hand. "I'll do it," He said calmly.

Jeongguk hadn't noticed how much he was shaking until Jimin had taken his wand back. Every part of him was shivering, and he ran a nervous hand through his hair, watching as Jimin pointed his wand at the centaur's body and whispered out, "Incendio."

A bright red flame shot from the tip of his wand and struck the centaur and immediately engulfed in a lick of lapping orange flames. Jeongguk squinted, shielding his eyes from the brightness of the flames lips as it began its ravages and swallowed the centaur whole.

Jimin was staring at the fire with dead eyes, arms now fallen to his side the blood now dried on his fingers.

It only took a few minutes for the fire to die out, leaving behind a small pile of silver ashes behind. Jimin pointed his wand again mumbling out "Aguamenti," spritzing the dirt with water that flung itself from the tip of his wand, washing out to the lake beside it.

They sat there for a while as Jimin bathed himself in the lake in silence, water splashing around him, echoing off trees and trickling back into the low waves.

Jeongguk's eyes were on the castle, where the tip of the Astronomy Tower that was visible was peeking from the brush of the trees above them, piercing the sky.

"I didn't think you'd actually come," Jimin said suddenly, voice gravelly from non use.

Jeongguk turned to face him, eyebrows knitting up. "Why'd you think that?"

Jimin scrubbed at his hands, scouring at nearly clean hands raw with abrasion. "Don't play stupid,
Jeongguk rolled his eyes, "Well you send Haru to me, a letter tied to her leg, covered in blood and you think I wouldn't come?" He snorted. "You don't get to exploit my feelings like that, Jimin. I won't let you."

Jimin pinched his eyes together, fingers shaking from scrubbing on his skin. He looked down at his hands, moonlight sparkling against the water beneath them. They were clean, rubbed them raw for the past hour. He flexed his fingers, turning them over, bright red with overuse. He winced at the sting, casting his voice over his shoulder to Jeongguk when speaking again.

"I miss you," Jimin said softly. His voice puddled through the water, soft and careless as wind.

Jeongguk groaned, running his hand through his hair again nervously. "God, fuck you, Jimin."

Jimin hissed, washing again. "I keep fucking up." His voice was bitter and cold. He faced Jeongguk again. "I'm a bad person aren't I?"

Jeongguk closed his eyes, letting his head fall. The question had been haunting him from the moment Jimin asked him in the Astronomy Tower a couple of weeks earlier. It hurt and had been rattling through him for a while.

Jeongguk hesitated. "You keep doing these things. Keep doing bad things and eventually—" His voice dropped when he noticed Jimin staring at him with wide eyes. "If a good person keeps doing bad things eventually that's what they become, Jimin."

Jimin gulped again, swishing through the water below him, fingers thumbing through its blackened glass. "That's what makes someone a bad person hmm?" Jimin said, eyes falling on the lake before them. Watching starlight echoing from its surface, listening as it swished around his legs in large gulping smacks. "Actually doing the bad things."

"You can be a good person, Jimin," Jeongguk answered. "No one is irredeemable, I think. Being good is a choice. No one is born good." He paused, humming slightly as he thought. "But you don't get to just love me and think that makes you a good person. That's not how that works."

Jimin gaped at him, letting his head fall.

"I'm not some trophy to show off to people how charitable you are, loving me." Jeongguk continued, voice hot with disdain. "I'm not some... thing in your peripheral vision, Jimin. You don't get to parade me around and toss me to the side when it doesn't fit how you want people to look at you."

Jimin was stepping from the lake now and onto the shore now. He was dripping, and the moment the cold wind hit his skin, he hissed. He started shivering, noticing his robe had been destroyed in the fire as well.

Jeongguk looked up at him and rose to his feet, stepping over to him and peeling his robes off and draping them over his shoulders. He began buttoning them up to his chin. "Can't have you catching a cold," He said. A continued buttoning and upon finishing he smiled, drinking him in: Jimin clothed in a black and gold Hufflepuff robe that was entirely too long for him, hanging from his arms and dragging the dirt below him.

"I think you make a pretty cute Hufflepuff," Jeongguk said with a curt smile.

Jimin blushed under his praise, head curling and brushing against Jeongguk's hand.
It was a moment between them, warm, loving. Almost like it used to be.

Namjoon was shuffling around in the Black Lake when Jeongguk scuttled up to its shores. The hem of his oxblood colored corduroy pants rolled up to his knees as he stood in it's wading black waves. His Maplewood wand, a deep chestnut color that was no thicker than your average twig snapped from the arm of a nearby tree, was extended out before him where he'd conjured a fishing hook.

"Hey there, Joon," Jeongguk said, lowering himself on the rocky shore.

Namjoon turned around surprised, eyes lighting up.

"Oh hey, Jeonggukie, what's up?" Namjoon smiled, sloshing his legs around in the water a bit. "What brought you out here?"

Jeongguk shrugged, not quite sure himself. No matter the size of the castle it sometimes felt too stuffy. Too filled with throngs of bustlings people and ghost alike. He couldn't go to the Astronomy Tower anymore. It felt tainted. Somehow his feet brought him here, on the shores of a black lake, in a final attempt to clear his head.

"What are you doing, I should ask," Jeongguk said.

Namjoon grinned toothily. "Read somewhere there's a particular breed of fish that produce the highest grade Gillyweed imaginable, and they're only found here, in this lake." He pointed down to the water, swishing his wand about. The string attached to his wand swished around as he shimmied his wand a little more. "I thought it'd be fascinating to observe." He ended with a shrug.

The sun began its dip into the black lake, bleeding a swirl of tangerines. Jeongguk sniffled a bit a fresh air nipped at him, tightening his robes around him.

"What are you doing when you leave here, Joon?"

Joon cocked his head, keeping his eyes glued on the water below him. "Magizoology is the family business, you know." Namjoon began. "It's our thing. You can't be the great-great-grandnephew of the infamous Newt Scamander if you don't love magical creatures. It's in my blood." Something tugged at his wand, and he stilled, only for it to swim away.

"I think I was put on this Earth to take care of them. The animals."

"How did you know?" Jeongguk pressed, tucking his feet.

"Dunno just felt right. Didn't feel like school work, felt like..." He paused, sucking in a breath. "Felt like there was no other choice you know?"

Jeongguk mused at that, casting his eyes back out at the water in front of him. Watching it wade and ripple like raw silk.

"What about—"

"Seokjinnie?" Namjoon finished with a crooked smile. "We'll figure it out. We're only kids you know."
Jeongguk shivered and pursed his lips. The future, he thought was too bleak for his taste, too brittle right now.

"Jimin and I went—" He cut himself off, letting his words fall on the gravel below him and get picked up and carried off by the waves. "The other night some things happened. We got in a fight, and he said some things..."

Namjoon, thankfully, did not push him. He simply let the words fall off his lips as organically as possible.

Jeongguk smiled rather sheepishly. Letting his head fall, focusing his eyes on his chewed up nails. "This is the part when you say, 'I told you so.'"

Namjoon chuckled, "I would never say that. You love him, Jeongguk. There's nothing I could've told you." He paused, noticing the slight malice in his words, shaking his head. "Not that that's a bad thing. I'm not some great sage who knows all the world's secrets."

There was quiet between them for a moment, warmth.

"...Are you okay though?" Namjoon asked, his voice was soft as the breeze wisping around them. "He didn't say anything to really hurt you did he?"

Jeongguk wasn't too sure about that, and his hesitance was enough for Namjoon.

"He never called me a Mudblood, not once," Jeongguk rebutted, but mostly to himself. "Not even the other night when he was drunk out of his mind. He never called me that. Ever." He dared to meet Namjoon's eyes. "He treats me with so much love, Namjoon and that's what confuses me."

Namjoon eyes flickered with a moment of conflict. "There's a lot of really dumb things people are taught by their families." He began, voice heavy. "Dumb prejudices. Stupid rivalries with absolutely no base in modernity." He gnawed on his cheek, voice resound. "I've learned... recently... as an ally for the oppressed, that I've got a lot to learn. Learn a lot about talking over the people who need to be heard." He swished across the water to get closer to him.

"Words are cheap, Jeongguk. And allyship is even cheaper if it's done in complete disregard to the people you're supposed to be an ally for." He lowered his wand. He was choosing his words carefully, and Jeongguk couldn't thank him enough. "In my not so humble opinion, people are allowed to fuck up. Not everyone is born knowing everything politically correct."

Jeongguk kept his eyes on him, watching as the setting sun cast yellows and oranges across his face.

"However, I'm not the one who can forgive him." Namjoon settled, licking his lips carefully. He waddled towards Jeongguk even closer before emerging onto the shore. His legs were dripping with water, and he squatted before him, placing both hands in front of him and wrapping them around Jeongguk's and tightening his grip. Jeongguk tore his eyes from Namjoon's when he felt the first sting of a tear prick at his eyes. Namjoon's hold on him tightened.

"Your feelings are valid, Jeongguk. If you never want to talk to him again, that's valid. If you do want to talk to him again, that's valid." Namjoon ducked his eyes to meet Jeongguk's again. "Only you can decide that though, Jeonggukie. And neither one is wrong."

Jeongguk didn't want to decide that, he thought. That was too much pressure on him, and he hated it. He avoided Namjoon's eyes, but Namjoon nodded understandably.
"He just confuses me, Joon," Jeongguk said softly. "How can you love someone you don't like?"

Namjoon was chewing on his cheek again before he spoke. "When you love someone it clouds up lots of things." He began. "Prejudices. Mistakes."

Jeongguk could feel his eyes stinging again but ignored it, instead choosing to direct his head out to the water.

"Thank you, Joonie," he murmured.

Namjoon smiled, patting at his hand, "Anytime," he smiled back, kissing Jeongguk's hands.

"You should tell me more about this Gillyweed before I start crying," Jeongguk said patting at his already betraying eyes.

Namjoon smiled at that, stepping back out into the water to begin his soliloquy.

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He found him in the library, a book opened in front of him, but eyes dazed out towards the window beside him. His face was propped up by his hands, squishing his cheeks out. Jeongguk thought he looked adorable.

As he neared the short wooden table, he must've felt his presence and coiled around to meet him. His eyes flickered wide in surprise.

"Jeongguk," he huffed out breathlessly, fidgeting in his seat. "What— What are you doing here?"

Jeongguk didn't know what he was doing here. That invisible string that bound them together had been pulling on him for a while, tugging him back towards him. It'd been weeks since they'd spoken and it hurt not to see him, and he hated it. Hated the dependency he'd grown for him.

He was parched, body aching to reach out and touch him. He needed Jimin like he needed air to breathe, and he never felt so pathetic.

"I— I just thought maybe we could talk," Jeongguk breathed out.

Jumin looked up at him in surprise, shuffling his book away from him and gesturing to the seat in front of him.

Jeongguk clumsily took a seat in front of him.

He felt awkward here, in his presence. More awkward feeling this displaced around someone who was currently holding a piece of their heart in their hands.

Jumin shut the book and smiled sheepishly over to Jeongguk who smiled back equally timid. A painful minute stilted between them before Jeongguk plucked up the courage to speak.

"Is everything all right? You disappeared for a while—"

"Father sorted everything out," Jimin clipped. "Uh... everything should be all right." His voice hinted otherwise, but Jeongguk didn't press. He watched something uncomfortable fluttering across Jimin's expression momentarily.
"I hate that I miss you Jimin," Jeongguk whispered.

Jimin's eyes were fogging up, in sucked in a harsh breath. Finger twisting atop the table.

It started to rain outside, frozen pellets against the glass window beside them. Jeongguk's attention was snatched to them, eyes tracing cold raindrops tracking themselves down dirtied glass.

"What you said, what you've done, Jimin is unforgivable. I don't think I can ever find it in myself to forgive you," Jeongguk said. He'd been practicing this in his head for a while. Rehearsing extravagant words he knew deep down he'd never have the courage to speak. But now that he was here, watching the boy he'd given his heart to shatter in front of him, unclaimed words were bubbling like smoke past his lips out of his control. He was bleeding his soul out like a fresh wound.

Jimin always seems to have that effect on him.

"I've talked to some people since everything happened. Wanted to make sense of things," Jeongguk continued softly. "And I think I've learned a lot more about myself than I originally thought."

Jimin was watching him, tears framed by glassy eyes. He was chewing on his inner cheek like he usually does when he's nervous. His lips poked out in a frown.

"I don't depend on you, Jimin. You're not doing me any favors by giving me your time of day." Jeongguk said sternly. "And I'm not a trophy to be shown off to prove to people how good you are." He hesitated, the rain falling harder, shattering against the window. Jeongguk's heart was dancing up his throat, and he gulped, shoving it back down.

"I am human, and I love you. I love you like hellfire, Jimin and I feel like I'm drowning."

Jeongguk was the first to cry, tears running down hot cheeks. He swallowed thickly, cotton curling thick in his throat before speaking again.

"Everyone's allowed to learn, everyone's allowed to grow, Jimin," Jeongguk whispered.

Jimin sniffled at that; he wiped at his nose and finally met Jeongguk's gaze.

"I'm sorry, Jeonggukie—"

"Don't be sorry," Jeongguk retorted fervently. "You've got to mean more than sorry, Jimin."

When Jimin finally cried it ran like moondust down his cheek. His tears shimmered, hot and glittering like shooting stars and he bled every part of himself raw and bared to the boy across from him.

"I meant what I said, that time fifth year," Jimin hiccuped through his tears. He wiped at them with the back of his hand, smearing starlight across his face. "I like who I am with you, it's easy. I don't have to think if I'm gonna say something stupid."

Jeongguk didn't know what to say, so he didn't. He pressed his lips tightly together, listening as the battering rain slowed her torment against the window.

Jimin dared to reach across the table and grabbed Jeongguk's hand for the first time in a while. And as usual, it felt right, two lost puzzle pieces slotted together like they'd been missing their entire lives.
"This isn't forgiveness, Jimin," Jeongguk finally mumbled.

Jimin lowered his head at that, small fingers curling tighter around Jeongguk's as if he were moments from swimming away with the rain.

"But forgiveness isn't the gatekeeper of change," Jeongguk hummed for a moment. "You don't have to be forgiven to prove everyone wrong."

Jimin choked a bit, tilting his head back to gulp in fresh air. Jeongguk was looking at him with an unreadable expression, but Jimin found a way to salvage some good in it.

He squeezed at his hand, fingers such warm, but mostly from the warmth bleeding from Jeongguk's touch.

“I stretch your grace too thin sometimes, Jeonggukie,” Jimin says quietly. “I don’t deserve it. Never have.”

Jeongguk was always warm, skin baked like fresh bread. Jimin felt good here, basking in the familiarity of his glow.

"I'm going home for a bit before graduation," Jimin said suddenly. "Just for a day or two after exams. My parents won't be home of course, but," His voice fell hollow for a moment, uncertainty seeping through it. "You're welcome to come with me."

Jeongguk combed his eyes for hesitance but came up short. A hint of a smile threatened his lips, and he saw one flicker on Jimin as well.

He ducked his head, the rain suddenly stopping to now a simple sprinkle.

Jinim was watching him with morbidly fearful eyes like he was moments of rejection.

"Are you sure about this?" Jeongguk asked.

If he was gonna fall head first again, he had to be positive this time. Uncertainty wouldn't cut it anymore.

Jinim nodded earnestly, "More than anything in the world."

Jeongguk had never been to a Manor before.

The car they were in was luxurious, carrying them across the vast countryside to the large, intimidating house in the distance.

Jeongguk's eyes were cast out the window, but where his hand lay between them, he could feel the heat of Jimin's fingers threatening to reach out and touch him.

When he dared to look across the car to Jimin, he was also looking out the window as well. His eyes were sad, however, cast dark as the sky that threatened above them.

They arrived a few minutes later, car skidding to a slow halt on obnoxiously whitened gravel. Jeongguk reached to open the door, but it was instead yanked open for him; by a man in a dark tailored suit and suspicious eyes. Jeongguk muttered out a thank you, peeling himself from the car
and breathing in the thick air of the threatening rain.

Jimin was stepping beside him, grabbing his hand in his and pulling him up towards the towering black marble door.

"You can send our things to my room," He said over his shoulder to the man as he pushed open the door and pulled Jeongguk in with him.

Jeongguk, being Muggleborn, was no stranger to the extravagance of old homes in movies. His mother was a fan of Downton Abbey. He knew of their opulence, had seen them dozens of times in old television shows. But as he stepped into the vast foyer of Jimin's home, the darkened Park Manor that stood in lush hills and dampened forest. Piercing the sky with the rounded towers and luscious estate, Jeongguk had to reel in a sharp breath to overcome to the grandness of it all.

Park Manor was very old, Jeongguk picked up. Judging from the sleek black and white tile that squeaked underneath his sneakers and old creaking black wooden steps Jimin was currently pulling him up. It even smelled old, as they passed by dripping cobwebs that hung from the ceiling, brushing against their hands as Jimin steered them down darkened halls.

Jeongguk caught the sight of a small pink house elf, scrubbing at a bathroom floor as Jimin yanked him past it hastily.

They suddenly stopped in front of a large silver door, and Jimin dug in his pockets quickly.

Jeongguk gave himself this moment to let his eyes wander the wall where there were old pictures of baby Jimin standing with a carved smile beside a grand piano.

Jeongguk couldn't help the smile that crept on his lips, "They must be very proud of you, Jimin," He said softly, eyes coasting over the photos.

Jimin shrugged, tugging the key from his pocket and jamming it into the door. "I guess you can say that," He murmured, jamming it into the lock. "Or maybe they're just proud of the idea of me. Who they want me to be." He flung open the door and pulled Jeongguk inside.

He slammed the door behind them and took a deep breath at the silence that rattled around them. When he peeled his eyes, open Jeongguk was glancing around the room with wide, wondrous eyes. In the center of the room was a large bed with honey colored sheets and massive brown columns. The walls were littered with old photographs that Jimin had clearly taken himself. They were beautiful, most of them moving. A few of shaking branches in a storm, a few of rippling seawater at the shore. If Jeongguk took a few more steps, he saw a few of himself, giggling at the camera. Some of him mindlessly reading, one of him before he woke up, bare back facing the camera, early morning hair splattered against Jimin's dormitory sheets.

Jimin had moved to his bed now, sprawled out and breathing them in.

Jeongguk followed behind him, setting on the end of the bed, eyes still reading the room.

"This is amazing, Jimin, I can't believe you actually grew up here," He said wondrously. His eyes landed on the large window beside the bed, spilling in light.

"I hate it here," Jimin mumbled muffled against his pillow. He curled around to face Jimin, eyes squinting at the light from the window. "This has never been home, Jeongguk." His voice was hard. He smoothed his hands over the silk sheet and patted at it beside him.
Jeongguk fell back against it, head facing Jimin's.

They laid like that for a while, listening as thunder rumbled in the distance. Bathing in each other's warm company without uttering a word. The familiarity felt right between them again. Someone downstairs was boiling stew, and Jeongguk stomach sang out for it. Jimin giggled at him, hands hesitantly reaching up and playing in Jeongguk's hair like he used to.

"Hungry, Jeonggukie?" Jimin asked softly, silkening his fingers through soft strands.

Jeongguk nodded, "I guess so."

They paused again, warmth bleeding back into them as easy as Jimin's fingers danced through his hair. Jimin's eyes flickered down to Jeongguk before leaning forward and pressing a soft kiss to his forehead. "I miss this Jeongguk," He whispered.

Jeongguk's eyes lifted to meet him, something inside of him daring him to kiss him. "I think I want to kiss you," He said stupidly.

Jimin giggled again, lithe and bright.

Always the weak one Jeongguk caved, lips rearing and meeting Jimin's softly.

They were careful, reexploration hot on their lips as they tangled together. Fiery exchanges of hot tongues and even hotter skin. Jeongguk tugged at Jimin's blue colored collar, pulling him closer to him, nose prodding against his flesh dotting at the moles on his cheek. Jimin had somehow twisted his leg over Jeongguk's waist, anchoring him against him as he padded at his hair, pulling his lips flush against his, full lips painted with desperation.

Jeongguk pulled back breathlessly, chest heaving as he ran his eyes over Jimin's again.

Jeongguk was struck by Jimin's youth, the wide expanse of his big brown eyes as he combed over him desperately. Jimin was young and stupid, and barely seventeen. Maturity clung to him like ill fated static. Jimin was just as stupid as he and so, so in love.

When Jimin leaned forward and kissed him again, there were a string of sorry's that Jeongguk could still taste on him, sour, apologetic.

He nipped at his lips and ran an adventurous tongue against the seams of his mouth. Jeongguk tugged at Jimin's shirt again, and he froze, stopping and slipping his shirt off and letting it pool at the head of the bed.

Jeongguk let out a shaky breath, slowly rising to sit back on his ankles and peel his sweater off in response.

They sat there, exchanging breaths when Jimin hooked his hand behind Jeongguk's neck and yanked him onto the bed again, tangling his arms around his neck and letting his lips roam wild along his neck.

The warmth in Jimin's eyes was therapeutic. Jimin was kissing him, hands cupped at his jaw like there wasn't enough time in the world.

Somehow, Jimin had made do with his slacks, ripping them off and tossing them haphazardly. His metal belt clattering against the wooden floor.

Jeongguk worked off his own bottoms, giggling under the tickling kisses that Jimin was motting
Jeongguk doesn't know when Jimin had grabbed the lube, head already foggy with lust, but he watched as Jimin squirted it on shaking fingers. Jeongguk spread his thighs, body laid bare in front of him feeling his cheeks flush at the thought of his vulnerability and Jimin must've noticed. Pausing what he was doing to lean down to kiss him.

"Come here Googie," He whispered against his skin.

It took a moment for him to relax, and he finally did. If only to the avail of Jimin's soft lips against the delicate inner skin of his thighs. It tickled, and it made him giggle. That must've pleased Jimin, who smiled and leaned up, slipping himself in between them and nudged his slippery fingers against his hole.

Jeongguk breathes shallowly at first, dick bright red and twitching on his stomach.

When he feels Jimin's fingers first press into the tight ring of muscle, Jeongguk sucked in a sharp inhale, lips growing slack against Jimin's.

They've done this before. A dozen times, more than a dozen times. But this time felt different, the air around them shifting. The desperate need to split Jeongguk open was gone, replaced instead with gentle hands and a gentler touch as he pumped into him. After a few more pumps, he slipped in another finger, pumping him in time with his quickening heartbeat, massaging it upwards against his prostate.

Jeongguk was thrashing underneath him, fingers clawing at Jimin's back when suddenly Jimin stopped. He sat, up against his ankles and tossed his head back, gulping in air. He pulled his fingers from Jeongguk and laughed a bit.

When he finally lifted his head to meet Jeongguk's gaze, he smiled. The black haired boy beneath him was already fucked out, eyes glazed with lust and cheeks kissed pink.

"You are... so magical," Jimin smiled, reaching for the lube again and snapping it open, drizzling it over himself and letting it fall back to the bed. It slipped on the silk sheet and skirted to the floor below.

Jeongguk couldn't find it in him to laugh at the corniness of the line because he was close to bursting. His dick sat bright red against his stomach and was pooling precum into his belly button. Every part of him was burning, begging for Jimin to touch him again.

Jimin pumped at himself a few times before leaning back down and pressing himself teasingly against Jeongguk's entrance.

He pressed a few stolen kisses against Jeongguk's lips before pushing himself into his tight wet heat in one quick slip.

They both moaned collectively, Jeongguk's more of an indistinctive garble of words spewed against the crook of Jimin's neck. He has curled his arms around Jimin's neck, reluctant to free him; pressing soft kisses to his cheek.

Jimin drives his hips with fluidity against Jeongguk, jostling them up the bed with each thrust. Jeongguk's gasps debut with croaks from his chest, meeting Jimin with each thrust, rocking his hips flush against his.

There was nothing obscene about this. Not the squelch of lube as Jimin pounded into him with
fluent hips. Not the way Jimin was grunting into Jeongguk's ears. Not the smack of wet skin against his, echoing through the large room. Not the thud of the wooden headboard hammering against the wall. Not even the harmonious moans bubbling past their lips.

This was strangely like making love; a mix of magic and fate and they were glowing. Glowing like two dying stars.

There'd never been anything more magical.

Jeongguk came first; fists balled up in the sheets above his head and a shout of Jimin's name on his lips.

Jimin jackhammers into him a few more times before his hips stutter. His balls tighten, and then he's spilling himself deep inside Jeongguk with a garbled groan.

Jeongguk is trembling when Jimin finally seizes moving his hips. He comes to a halt, blinking anxiously through blurred vision when he feels Jeongguk pressing kisses against his ear.

He slips out and falls on the bed beside him, chest still tight.

There's nothing to be said as they come back to themselves. Only exchanges of hungry lungs as they gulp in air.

It starts raining outside, finally. Thunder booms and rackets the manor.

Jimin slips on his side and combs his fingers through Jeongguk's hair as his eyes start fluttering close. He always gets sleepy after sex, he'd noticed.

"I love you, Jimin," Jeongguk is slurring, cheeks puffed out as slumber claims him.

Jimin smiles and presses a kiss to Jeongguk's cheek. "Love you too, Jeonggukie."

For Jimin, this was more than enough.

When Jeongguk awakens, he is alone. Thunder is still rippling outside, and he curls around in the bed, noticing the slip is different. When he opens his eyes, he notices the absence of the silk honey sheets in replacement of brown cotton ones. Jimin must've changed them while he was sleep.

Jeongguk looks down at himself to see that he's wearing an oversized Slytherin sweater and matching green pajama pants. He doesn't remember changing, but he tries to remind himself to thank Jimin for helping him.

He sits up and stretches, his body still aching from the proper pounding that knocked him out.

On the red cherry nightside table is his wand, and Jeongguk reaches for it instinctively. Tossing his legs over the side and pressing his bare feet against the cold wooden floor. He stands with a stretch, and pads towards the door and opens it with a squeak. He pops his head out to the darkened hallway and sighs in relief at its emptiness.

When he steps into the hallway, his bare feet pads against the wood, creaking beneath his toes. He mostly feels like he needs to pee, and he eyes what he assumes is a bathroom at the furthest end of the hall and quickens his step towards it.

He passes by a room with low light spilling from the doors hinges and pauses. Curiosity nips at
him as he shoves at the door gently, revealing a large room with olive colored green walls. Along the furthest wall is a massive black tree painted elaborately with thick hanging branches and what Jeongguk quickly learned were faces.

He eyed the branches curiously, walking up to the painted tree mouth agape with wonder. The tree, though a painted with a dark charcoal black paint seemed to breathe as he neared it, branches swaying in forgotten stilled wind. Above each name was a simply scribbled face that blinked back at him. Each name was gilded in immaculately scrawled Korean. Park Jihoon, Park Jihyun, Park Jeonghyun— that's when he saw it and gasped.

Park Jimin smiled back at Jeongguk from the bottom of the tree. Jeongguk ran a hand across his name and couldn't help the prideful grin that crawled across his face.

"This is my family tree," Jimin said suddenly from behind him.

Jeongguk nearly leaped from his skin, turning around to see Jimin standing in the doorway, a silver platter at hand. He sat it on the dark wood table at the entrance and continued in behind Jeongguk and wrapped his arms around his waist.

"It's usually big Pureblood families who do this, it's a pride thing. A symbol of maintaining purity." Jimin continued with a shrug. "It has all my great-grandparents, my uncles, my aunts, cousins." He paused when his eyes fell upon himself. Something flickered in his eyes that he Jeongguk couldn't quite read.

"Then there's me. The last Park son," Jimin said, voice sharp. Jeongguk felt his grip around his waist tighten.

Jimin broke the trance with the tree and smiled emptily up at Jeongguk. He pointed towards a branch painted below his name. "That's where my kids were supposed to go." He hummed softly.

Jeongguk thought he'd heard grief in his voice, but couldn't quite place it. He turned his head to face Jimin, "Were?" He pressed.

Jimin was quiet for a moment, eyes still unreadable. He flickered them up to Jeongguk softly before peeling himself from around his waist. "I went downstairs and had a few of the staff make us lunch if that's okay." He said, padding back over the covered silver platter. "I was gonna bring it to you in bed, but—"

"I was just looking for a bathroom," Jeongguk said, worry still plaguing him as Jimin picked the platter from the table.

"It's two doors down," Jimin instructed with a smile.

Jeongguk nodded, and Jimin kicked the door wider open and began to his room. "Hurry up, I wanna show you the house." He called over his shoulder.

Jeongguk nodded and began his way to the bathroom, worry still tight in his chest.

The Park Manor, Jeongguk quickly learned, functioned a lot more like a museum than an actual home.

After their lunch, they quickly dressed, and Jimin began the "informal bullshit tour" as he called it, around the house.
He'd taken him to the gardens first, full of lush topiaries and a magnificent alabaster fountain at its core. He'd swung him around towards the giant library, filled to the brim with old ancient texts Jeongguk was certain were centuries old.

They were now standing in the ballroom, with elegant tiled floors and gilded walls that draped with jewels and ornate drapes. Above them dangled a massive, opulent chandelier that twinkled like fine crystal in the flickering candlelight.

Jimin was watching him with cheerful eyes as Jeongguk was twirling himself around the ballroom, a bellyaching laugh ripping from his chest.

He collapsed with a laugh against the floor. Stomach flipping from exhaustion.

"I can't believe you actually grew up in a palace," Jeongguk said breathlessly from the floor.

"It's not a palace, it's a manor," Jimin said approaching him with crossed arms.

"Palace, manor, same thing," Jeongguk said waving him off. "I grew up in a suburb. Every house looks the same. Every yard looks the same. Ugly topiaries. Broken sprinklers." He was still breathless, but Jimin was dipping down to lay beside him, eyes shooting up to the chandelier that twinkled above them like stars.

"I bet it felt more like a home than here," Jimin said quietly.

Jeongguk wasn't sure if Jimin was directing that to him or murmuring it to himself, but it burned. He patted at the ground beside him until he found Jimin's hands and laced his fingers through his.

"One day we can have our own place, Jiminie," Jeongguk said softly. "Make wherever we are feel like home."

Jimin must've found comfort in his words because he squeezed at his hand as tight as he could.

They were embroiled in a game of Wizard's Chess in Jimin's room when they heard the front door creak open downstairs.

A booming voice bellowed through the front foyer and Jimin froze.

Jeongguk stared at him confusedly before Jimin bolted from his chair and out of the door.

There was a clatter of noise from the bottom floor and from where Jeongguk could see, Jimin had his upper body draped over the banister.

"Father?" Jimin said, voice shaky. "I didn't think you'd be coming home so soon—"

"Choi thinks he can overtake my department? Me?" The voice bellowed below.

Jeongguk felt his stomach drop, and he froze in his seat. He watched as Jimin fidgeted out in the hall.

"Father, you said you and Mother would be gone—"

"Jimin, please, I'm trying to—" The voice cut off, bellowing off again and Jimin skipped into his room and slammed the door, bolting it with his body. His eyes were sealed shut, and he was
breathing heavily. When he finally opened his eyes there was unbridled panic painting them. He attempted to smile, but it came out cracked.

"My parents are here," he said calmly. He peeled himself from the door and trodded over to Jeongguk at the foot of his bed.

Jeongguk was staring at him anxiously, and Jimin was twirling his wand in his hands.

"I can leave—" Jeongguk started.

"No!" Jimin exclaimed, throwing his hand over Jeongguk's. "You're not leaving." He closed his eyes and sighed, casting his eyes to the door. "They won't mind that you're here, it's just—"

"I'm Muggleborn," Jeongguk finished.

Jimin's eyes were apologetic as he tightened his grip on Jeongguk's hand. He inched closer to him and threw his arms around his neck, snuggling his nose into the crook of his neck.

"I should've never brought you here, I don't want them to say something—"

Jeongguk kissed Jimin softly before pulling back with a smile. "I can handle it," he said. "I swear."

"It's not that," Jimin said apprehensively. "I don't know if they can handle you."

Jimin looks like his father.

An actual carbon copy of his father's face seemed to be branded across Jimin's, and it was frightening to witness.

Park Jihoon is currently staring at Jeongguk from across the long white colored table, chewing on a slab on freshly braised pork. His eyes, dark and piercing, much like Jimin's, were wrinkled and hardened. His face, however, unlike Jimin's was etched in a perpetual scowl. His eyes icy and cold and lacking any of the warmth that Jimin possessed. His reached over and sipped from his goblet and set it back down at the table carefully.

Jimin was tense beside Jeongguk and for a good reason. He was mostly playing around with his food, skirting it across the plate with his metal chopstick mindlessly.

"So tell us about your friend, Jiminnie." Jimin's mother smiled, sipping from her glass. "You've never mentioned him before."

Jeongguk could barely look at her. Jimin had warned him that his mother came from a long line of Veela's, but seeing her up close, was like looking into the sun. She was absolutely ravishing, plush ivory skin, sleek black hair pulled into a tight bun atop her head. Her lips seemed to be stained pink, and not just from the wine she was currently sipping.

Jimin shuffled beside Jeongguk, eyes darting around before landing back on his mother. "Uh," he mumbled. "This is Jeon Jeongguk, he's... been my best friend since first year—"

"I made some of my closest friends while at Hogwarts," Jimin's father, Jihoon proclaimed, chest puffing out. "Some of the people I work with today were in my graduating class."

Jimin chewed at his lip but kept his eyes down on his plate.
"What House are you, son?" Jihoon asked.

There was genuine curiosity in Jihoon's voice, and it was confusing to Jeongguk. He cleared his throat, feeling for Jimin's hand under the table.

"I'm a Hufflepuff, sir."

Jihoon blinked, biting back his surprise. He shot his eyes to Jimin, who kept his glued to his still full plate. Jihoon nodded, sipping from his goblet again. "So you're graduating with Jimin soon," He continued, voice commanding. "What are you looking into doing?"

"Healing," Jeongguk replied. "I uh... I've been sort of an apprentice for Madame Pomfrey for a while."

There was a heavy pause, and Jeongguk felt Jimin tighten his grip on his hand.

"Jeongguk got a job offer with St. Mungo's," Jimin interjected suddenly, lighting up and turning to smile at Jeongguk who was frozen beside him. "He worked really hard for it, I'm really proud."


Jeongguk mouthed a polite thank you and returned his eyes to his meal.

They ate in cold silence for a while before Jihoon spoke again.

"I'm surprised you didn't bring that Jihyo girl," He said suddenly. "She's a Slytherin, am I correct?"

Jimin froze, keeping his eyes on his food. "You are correct, Father."

"She seemed like a very lovely girl," Jihoon continued shoving another piece of pork in his mouth. "You spoke very highly of her in those letters you sent."

Jimin's face reddened, "She's just my friend, Father."

"I work with her father, you know," Jihoon's voice carried something darker. It was husky and deep with an underlying anger Jeongguk could taste in his tone. He was working on his vegetables now, but his demeanor riddled with anger. "I was speaking to him about you two, and he kept going on about how he'd love his daughter to end up with a nice young man like you—"

"Father—"

"She's very pretty, intelligent, would be great for our family—"

"Father!" Jimin snapped. Jeongguk whipped his head to face Jimin's to see that he was shaking. Jeongguk reached forward and ran a hand across his back softly.

"Jimin—" He whispered. "Calm down, it's okay—"

"I think you should listen to your friend," Jihoon sneered.

Tension bubbled between them. Jihoon lifted his glass to his lips but did not shift his eyes from his son.

Jeongguk's hands massaged at Jimin's shoulders until he seized shaking. Jimin smiled, turning slightly to Jeongguk to whisper a soft thank you.
They ate again in silence, careful chewing and scraping of metal utensils echoing through the large dining room.

"Jeon Jeongguk," Jihoon said suddenly.

Jeongguk's head shot up at the call of his name, and he froze under the older man's glare.

"Jeon... Jeongguk..." Jihoon continued, eyes shooting up to the sky as if trying to recall something. "I've spent my entire career at the Ministry of Magic. Bumped into a few Jeon's but none of them remind me of you," He took a sip of his glass again, eyes narrowing on Jeongguk's shivering frame.

"Tell me what your family does again?"

And there it was. It landed like a bomb between them and Jimin stopped breathing beside him.

Jeongguk dared to look up and meet Jihoon's eyes. He forced a smile on his face bitterly. "Uh, you wouldn't know them," He began, voice shaky.

"Why would you say that?" Jihoon asked.

"It's probably because uh," Jeongguk's voice dropped. "I'm Muggleborn, sir."

Jihoon froze, but his eyes shifted. Jiyeo sucked in a light gasp, chopstick clattering against her plate.

Where Jeongguk expected explosive anger, Jihoon only exhibited quiet dark, seething, bubbling rage.

He smiled through it all, however, pushing away his plate to lean forward onto his elbows. He was reading Jeongguk with a dark, unreadable expression, eyes combing over every inch of him he could reach before settling back to meet his eyes. They were cold, devoid of any emotion, and heavy with something close to passiveness and that only chilled Jeongguk even further.

"Interesting," Was all he said. His voice was cold, spitting like ice up Jeongguk's spine.

Jimin had curled in on himself beside him, eyes glassy with fearful tears as if he was readying for punishment.

"You seem like a lovely young man," Jiyeo said suddenly, snapping her fingers.

From the side door, a tiny pink skinned house elf came tumbling out. Its ears flopped widely as it scuttled up to the table.

"Clean this up," Jiyeo sneered towards it.

The house elf bowed, waving its hands causing the plates on the table cleared with a blink. It shuffled back out and into the kitchen to the sound of banging pots and pans.

"Can we excuse ourselves?" Jimin asked, scooting his chair back against the floor.

"We still have dessert," Jihoon said innocently. He smiled at Jimin, but there was something sinister in his smile.

Where their empty plates had sat appeared bountiful chocolate cake, dripping with white cream.
Jimin pinched his eyes together and scooted back to the table. Jeongguk squeezed his hand below the table preparing themselves for a long, turbulent meal.

"I don't think he likes me," Jeongguk whispered. He was curled up beside Jimin on the bed. Jimin was currently tracing along the curves of his bedroom wallpaper with light illuminating from his wand, humming softly below his breath. He dropped his arm and sighed, turning his head to face Jeongguk.

"Well if it makes you feel any better, he doesn't like me either," Jimin lamented. "Nothing I do is enough for him. Never has been."

Jeongguk reached over and pressed a kiss to his lips. "You're more than enough, Jimin. At least for me."

Jimin smiled at that, pressing another kiss to Jeongguk's lips before sitting up and stretching.

"We should leave," Jimin said standing up and waddling over to his overnight bag and pulling out a hoodie to slip over his head. "I don't like having you here. Not with them. It's dangerous."

Jeongguk sat up as well, "Can we at least stay the night?" He asked. "I've never spent the night in a palace, give me this one opportunity, Jimin."

Jimin curled around to smile at him as Jeongguk rose to his feet.

"I'm going to brush my teeth," Jeongguk said grabbing his hygiene bag and slipping past Jimin and towards the door.

"Down the hall to the—" Jimin started.

"I know, Jimin," Jeongguk replied, leaning over to press a soft kiss to Jimin's cheek before slipping through the door.

He was turning the faucet off when he heard the first bang.

"I've covered up so much for you, you little shit— " He heard. There was a bang, and Jeongguk though he heard Jimin yelp.

"Killing centaurs, knocking Mudbloods off of brooms?" Jihoon's voice was venomous. "Do you know where you'd be if I weren't wiping your ass for you? You'd be in Azkaban you stupid little —"

Jeongguk stumbled from the bathroom to find Jimin and his father standing across from each other in the Family Tree room. Their wands were pointed directly at each other, and Jimin's upper lip was bleeding.

Upon his arrival, they both turned to face him. Jihoon growled shifting his wand to point at Jeongguk who threw his hands up defensively.

"You're a disgrace to this family, you know that, Jimin?" He spat, wand wavering at Jeongguk's chest. "Bringing this Mudblood into this home?"
"Stop calling him that—!" Jimin screamed. He took a step towards Jeongguk but froze when the tip of Jihoon's wand dripped gold sparks. His eyes narrowed as he narrowed his eyes at Jeongguk's quivering frame.

"And a faggot on top of all of that,\" The anger in Jihoon's voice palpable, white hot as it tumbled from his lips.

Jimin shot a curse at him, sparking bright red at his arm. It flew Jihoon back a bit, tripping a bit on his feet. When he settled, he looked at Jimin with surprised eyes.

"Don't you dare talk about him like that," Jimin growled through clenched teeth. He angled himself in front of Jeongguk's body, wand still outstretched to his father. "You ignorant, backward, stupid fucker—\"

"You're my son!" Jihoon screamed. "A Park, Jimin! You are a Park! You have too much ahead of you to be floundering around with some dirty blooded—"

"He's not dirty!" Jimin shouted back. "None of them are, no one is, Father." He struck his father with another red tipped curse, sending him stumbling to his knees.

When Jihoon stumbled to his feet he spat at the ground beside him.

"I should kill you both, right now," Jihoon said simply, dusting off his blazer. He grimaced at them before he turned his eyes back to his son.

Jimin gaped at him, "Wha—Father—"

"If you're choosing that disgusting Mudblood over your own family—"

"He is my family, Father, don't you get it?" Jimin's eyes were glassy, and he was shaking.

Jihoon clenched his jaw before turning on his heel and facing the painted Park Family Tree. He lifted his wand and hesitated before aiming it directly at the animation of Jimin's face.

Jimin's eyes widened upon realization, "Father no—"

From the tip of his wand shot black sparks that blasted against the wall. Jimin's face, his name exploded in a puff of black smoke that bled from the wall onto the wooden floor below them.

Jimin collapsed the ground clutching at his chest. Jeongguk dipped down beside him, caging him in his arms.

When Jihoon turned back around his face was stoic. He straightened his jacket again and treated back across the room before lingering beside Jimin who was still crouched over in pain.

He knelt down, finger tucking under Jimin's chin and curling it up to meet his eyes.

"You got what you wanted, you dirty blooded bastard," Jihoon taunted with a spiteful growl. He shoved at Jimin's face and rose to his feet and began out of the door. He paused, lingering for a moment. "I want you both gone before the sun comes up." He left with a slam of the door.

Jimin was still squeezing at his chest, face contorted in pain.

"Ji—Jimin?" Jeongguk could feel his breathing hitching in his throat. "What did he do, Jimin?"

"He struck me off," Jimin said through clenched teeth. He peeled his eyes open painfully. "He
blasted me off the family tree."

Jeongguk's eyes flitted up to the painting and where's Jimin's name once was still instead a large gaping black hole, still smoking from the blast. Jimin was wincing, clawing at his heart, "I didn't think it'd hurt this bad, though." He sighed, clawing at his chest.

Jeongguk didn't know what to do, so he wrapped his arms around Jimin's waist, cradling him against his chest.

They stayed like that for a while, Jimin wincing in pain and Jeongguk pressing soft kisses against the crown of his head. Once Jimin seized shaking as much Jeongguk somehow found the courage to speak again.

"What does this mean?"

"It means," Jimin started, head falling against Jeongguk's shoulder. "It means I'm not a Park anymore."

That made Jeongguk's stomach churn. He kissed at Jimin again, letting his lips fall pliant against his. When he pulled back, Jimin had gone still, eyes staring at the gaping hole where his name previous laid.

Jimin felt strange grieving a name.

"How does Jeon sound?" Jeongguk asked.

The smile that bloomed on Jimin's face was organic as the swell that was claiming his heart. He looked at Jeongguk who's eyes were abnormally hopeful.

"Never heard anything better."

They arrived at the doorstep before the sun rose.

Jeongguk took a wobbly step towards the red front door and hovered a hesitant wrist over it. Jimin was nervously pressed to his side, his bag pulled tight across his chest.

The cul de sac was quiet, too early for joggers sprinting up and down the street, or people heading off to work.

The sun had barely made its debut, the sky a deep plum rippling with forgotten clouds of last night's storm.

Jeongguk rattled his wrist against the door and waited.

He heard the echoing bark of a dog and rattling bare footsteps on wood as it clamored to the front door.

Within moments it was yanked open to reveal a tiny middle aged woman with salt and pepper hair tossed atop her head in a messy bun. She was yawning, tightening her fuzzy yellow robe around her waist when she focused her sleepy eyes on the two boys on her front steps.

After a couple of moments, she stilled, eyes widening at the sight.

"Jeonggukie?" She huffed out, hand flying to her mouth in surprise.
A shy smile crawled on Jeongguk's face, "Mom?" He mumbled out, uncertainty wavering.

Jeongguk's mother brightened, in the same way, Jeongguk does when he gets excited. Her large brown eyes swallowed half her face as she smiled, face glowing brightly.

"Jeonggukie, sweetheart!" She threw her arms around Jeongguk, swallowing him in a hug.

When she pulled back her eyes ran to Jimin, and she smiled, warmly. Her eyes returned to Jeongguk's in quiet recognition, and she smiled before turning her attention back to Jimin.

"I'm guessing you're Jimin," She smiled. "The young man who stole my baby's heart?"

Jimin's heart stuttered in his chest. "I'd say the honor is all mine, ma'am."

Jeongguk's mother was beaming at that. She lurched forward and tugged Jimin into her arms.

Jimin stilled at her audaciousness as she squeezed at his frame, but finally let himself melt into the hug. She was warm and dripping with love, and it was making Jimin's toes curl.

"Well come on in, come on in," She exclaimed, shoving the two boys into the door. "Let me start you boys, some tea, make you some breakfast or something." She started, shuffling them into the door. She pressed a soft kiss to Jeongguk's face before leaning over and pressing a few more to Jimin's.

"Welcome Home."
Epilogue

Jeongguk doesn’t know how long they’ve laid like this, but he knows it’s been a while. He can tell by the way the sun was now peeking through their makeshift curtains, spilling in like yolk against the hardwood floor.

It is warm now, early summer wind sifting in through the open window above their heads. The same open window that was making Jimin snore loudly in his right ear.

His mouth was wide open, drooling pooling from his tongue as he ripped out another snore echoing from his chest.

Jeongguk was afraid to move, being that Jimin had poured himself across him in his turbulent slumber. Legs tossed over him, arms tangled across his shoulders; completely sprawled out like Jeongguk himself was a part of the bed.

“Jimin,” Jeongguk murmurs, prodding lightly at his boyfriend’s side. “Jimin, wake up, we have to leave soon.”

Jimin woke with a disgruntled snort and Jeongguk prodded at him again which granted another snort from Jimin. He turned himself onto his side and peeled his swollen eyes open slowly and pouted.

Jeongguk was sitting up on the side of their bed, slipping his toes into his fuzzy blue house shoes.

“This is for your job, Jimin,” Jeongguk pressed bending over to toss his discarded black shirt from the night before over his head.

“I quit,” Jimin murmured into the pillow.

“No one told you to stay up all night watching movies.” Jeongguk retorted.

Since graduating and ultimately moving in together, Jimin had, with the help of Jeongguk, begun to learn the magic of Muggle amenities. And subsequently obsessing over them.

A couple of weeks ago, it was the blender. With Jimin filling their fridge with an overwhelming amount of smoothies. (“Pumpkin juice is overrated now that I’ve discovered strawberry banana, Jeonggukie.”)

A couple of days ago, Jeongguk had introduced him to the cinemas. He watched him ogle at the giant silver screen like a bright eyed child.

But yesterday, mostly thanks to Jeongguk’s laziness after a long shift at St. Mungo’s and Jimin’s persistence to return to the cinemas despite Jeongguk’s feet aching like hell, he introduced the
blonde to the wonders of Netflix. (“So it’s like going to the movies, without actually leaving your house? What type of magic—”)  

Jeongguk was padding over towards their shared dresser. It’s broken, like most of the things in their apartment. Most of the wooden knobs have been yanked off, a leg missing, causing it to slant slightly to its left.  

The fan in the far corner of their apartment whistles when it blows, occasionally skipping and screaming out in a slightly distressed panic until one of them strikes it with their wand and it goes back to normal. Their fridge sometimes shuts off, leaving food to spoil. Their television’s screen dims and momentarily fades to black and white before spurting again to color.  

Everything is broken, half a palace but all a home to them.  

“The portkey Namjoon set up should be ready in an hour, Jimin,” Jeongguk warned, tugging on a pair of skinny jeans.  

Jimin mumbles something incoherent into the pillow, hair fanned out wildly around him.  

“If you don’t get up right now, you’ll lose your job, then we’ll be homeless—”  

Jimin mumbles something again muffled against the sheet when he feels a zap at his right shoulder. He springs up from the bed to find Jeongguk standing at the door, wand pointed at him and white smoke spilling from its tip.  

“The fuck was that for?” Jimin curses, massaging at his arm.  

“You’ll thank me later when you still have your job,” Jeongguk say, motioning Jimin to rise to his feet. “Get up!”  

Once Jimin is dressed he finds Jeongguk shuffling around their living room, tucking his wand in his back pocket.  

“What did I tell you about putting your wand there?” Jimin said, tugging his camera around his neck.  

Jeongguk rolls his eyes and pulls it from his pocket, twiddling it around his fingers.  

Jimin smiles and points his camera at Jeongguk who groans as he clicks it. He pulls it down and steps over towards him.  

“Ready?” He asks, joining their hands.  

Jeongguk shrugs, “Nervous. Don’t like crowds.”  

Jimin leans over and presses a kiss to Jeongguk’s cheek. “I won’t leave your side. I promise.”  

As Jeongguk lands on the nipped green grass below him with a solid and spine crushing thump, he quickly remembers just why he hates Portkeys. He sits up and groans, hand flying to his back when he turns his head to see Jimin beside him, massaging at his arm.
He feels Jimin crawl toward and pulls him up.

“Doing okay?” He asked, helping Jeongguk up to his feet.

Jeongguk nods, blinking harshly as he tries to regain focus. He can hear horns bellows behind them, and the sound of cheering ripping across the wide open field.

Namjoon is behind them suddenly, holding at his stomach. “You two doing okay?”

Jinm nods, looking down and assessing his camera and upon inspection, he finds it to be in good shape from the travel, so he gives him a thumbs up.

Namjoon smiles at him and turns around, "I can't believe I'm actually at the Quidditch World Cup. And in Korea of all places? How lucky are we?"

Jeongguk found Jimin twisting their hands together as they emerged down the hilltop onto the crowded valley below them.

The valley was flooded with people, whizzing about on brooms above them. Banners flew above them, fanning about as the violet and gold of the rivaling Zimbabwean team exploded fireworks above their heads. To their right, the Korean home team shot up bright red and blue fireworks above the arena.

They descended into the buzzing crowd and into a sea of salty smells. Jeongguk smelled hints of freshly grilled fish and just ahead, the spicy boils of tangy curry.

Jimin tightened his hand around Jeongguk's as they followed Namjoon through the thick crowd and up to a small tan tent. Namjoon froze, and Jimin and Jeongguk came to a halt behind him, nearly toppling into his back.

"What's wrong?" Jimin asked, confused.

Namjoon gaped at the tent before turning around to face the two boys. He was blushing, cheeks a bright cherry red.

"I uh—" He gulped. "This is gonna be the first time I see Seokjin since we graduated and I'm—" He stopped, biting at his lip.

Jimin reached forward and pressed a soft hand to Namjoon's shoulder. "He's gonna be very happy to see you. I'm certain of it."

Namjoon blushes again and turns back to the tent. He waved his wand in front of it, and the door split open, revealing a much larger inside full of long hanging drapes and canopies of beds.

Hoseok is sprawled out on one of the beds, mouth hanging open as he snored loudly. Yoongi is laying on Taehyung's lap, mumbling something animatedly. Seokjin is in the corner, stirring at some stew in the makeshift kitchen. When he hears the three of them shuffle in his pauses, eyes widening. He shoots a glance down at the fire on the stove and lowers it and jogs over to them.

He hesitates before Namjoon, eyes combing over him before pulling him into a tight hug.

When he pulls back he's grinning, "I missed you," He breathes out. He looks over Namjoon's shoulders to where Jimin and Jeongguk are standing sheepishly behind him. "All of you. I'm happy you made it."
Jeongguk waves before unhooking his hand from Jimin's. He takes a few steps into the tent and eyeballs it wondrously. He looks down to Hoseok, then back to Seokjin.

"Don't mind Hobi," Seokjin explains. "He's an Auror for the Magical Congress in America. Time difference fucked him up a bit."

Jeongguk giggles and makes his way over to Yoongi and Taehyung who smile up at him.

"You're taking photos?" Seokjin asks Jimin.

Jimin waves his camera in front of him and grins. "The Daily Prophet's Main Sports Photographer Correspondent." He boasts with pride. "It's not quite playing Quidditch, but I love it."

"Do you miss playing?" Namjoon asks, raking a hand through his hair.

Jimin shakes his head, "Nah, this feels right," He sighs. "Change is good, right?"

Jimin is mounting his broom on the field when he turns to press a soft kiss to Jeongguk's lips. It's warm and still tastes like the vanilla soda from earlier. When he pulls back, he's smiling, tightening the strap of his camera tighter around his neck.

The buzz from the arena is electric, seeping with excitement. Jeongguk never got excited for Quidditch while in school but this? This he can get excited for.

The referee kicks up from where Jimin is hovering out and shoots out to the field.

Jimin turns to him excitedly, face bright as he waved his camera in front of him. "That's my cue," He grins.

Jeongguk grins back, pulling him into another kiss. "Don't do anything stupid," He says against his lips. He pulls back, drinking in every part of his face. That was his whole world right there, a mess of blonde hair and an even bigger mess of a heart, pumping in time with his. "Break a leg, sweetheart."

Jimin pecked him one more time and pulls back. He combs his eyes over Jeongguk as if he were studying fine art, like he had all the time in the world. He pulls his camera up and snaps one last picture of Jeongguk smiling over at him. He hears the referee whistle again and gives him one final wave before kicking himself up and into the arena, snapping pictures as he flies.

It wasn't quite Quidditch, but it was right. Jimin was meant to be in the air, snapping away at his camera, a flurry of white blonde hair and determination.

He watches Jimin with untethering pride pumping through his veins. That was his whole world up there, the whole world he's meant to love and teach and grow with.

Jeongguk doesn't know what magic brought them together, doesn't know what magic possessed Jimin to slip into his train compartment that day but it makes his heart bleed with cheerful thanks.

Some stars were meant to shine together, he thinks. And for him, that's more than enough.
if you follow me on twitter, you can witness my daily meltdowns on how much i happen to love jungkook

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