Summary

It's the summer before Jimin's senior year and he's been dragged along on his best friend's annual summer vacation to visit his cousin. The summer is filled with trying different things, smoking funny things...and falling in love with Taehyung's cousin's roommate? That definitely wasn't on the agenda.

The 1989 story
Hello hello! I'm very excited for this new series I'm starting which will be a bunch of non connected fics set in various time periods in America! Starting with 1989, and if you haven't figured it out from the title and summary, I gained a lot of inspiration from the song All Summer Long by Kid Rock. Except instead of Northern Michigan, it'll be Central Arkansas lol.

Hope you enjoy! <3

See the end of the work for more notes.
Jimin lay on Taehyung’s bed in only one of his best friend’s oversized, striped sweatshirts, mindlessly watching smoke swirl up towards the ceiling before being whisked to the open window by the spinning blades of the ceiling fan. His head was towards the foot of the bed, bobbing to the guitar riffs accompanying Joe Elliott’s voice as Def Leppard’s *Pyromania* spun on the record player across the room. The six-year-old album was by far Jimin’s favorite, and he demanded to listen to it every time he came to hang out with his best friend.

“So, what are you gonna do without me all summer?” At Taehyung’s question, Jimin sat up slightly, just enough to be able to look at his best friend sitting in the window seat, joint in his hand as it dangled just out of the window.

Jimin shrugged, taking his own joint out of his mouth so he could respond. “Same as I always do, I guess. Play Mommy and Daddy’s perfect angel.”

Taehyung giggled a bit at Jimin’s response, bringing his joint up to his lips. “It’ll probably be even harder this year, with you just now entering your rebellious phase and all.” Taehyung smirked at his best friend as he took a drag.

“I’m not *that* rebellious~” Jimin snorted, laying back down on Taehyung’s bed.

“No?” Taehyung asked, taking the joint back out of his mouth and exhaling a good amount of smoke before continuing. “You literally spend every weekend smoking weed with a faggot while listening to-“ Taehyung paused to mock a horrified gasp before saying with a disgusted tone, “*the Devil’s music.* You don’t think that’s rebellious?” Jimin opted not to reply, putting his joint in his mouth and inhaling deeply, eyes fluttering slightly at the rush starting to go to his head as the drug took effect.

The 17-year-old honestly didn’t think he was so much a rebel as he was finally doing what he wanted as opposed to worrying about his parents’ view of him. And he remembered the exact day he stopped worrying clearly.

It had been nine months earlier, at the tail end of the previous summer, just a few weeks after Taehyung had returned from his annual trip to visit his cousin in Arkansas, and not long after the younger male had come out as gay. His parents had sat him at the dining room table and his mom handed him a copy of a familiar booklet that he had pulled out of the mailbox just three months earlier. “*Understanding AIDS?*” Jimin read off the title as a question, giving his parents a confused look.

“We think you need to read this again so that you can fully understand why it is not safe for you to continue your friendship with…that boy.” Jimin’s mother responded, the look of disdain she always sported whenever mentioning Taehyung appearing ten times more obviously.

Jimin blinked. “You think I’m going to get AIDS from being friends with Taehyung because he’s gay?” After a moment, Jimin laughed at the ridiculousness. “Okay, first of all, Taehyung doesn’t have AIDS, his parents forced him to get tested after he came out, and he’s clean. Second of all, even if he did, the only way I would get AIDS from him would be if we had sex, which ew, never gonna happen. And third of all, AIDS doesn’t only affect gay people. I could just as easily get AIDS from Seulgi—“ upon seeing the way his mother’s eyes widened at the name of his girlfriend, Jimin was quick to add on, “not that we’re having sex, or will be having sex until we’re married, of course.”

The argument that followed lasted for hours until Jimin’s parents fully banned him from being friends
with Taehyung, and it was that night as he was lying in bed that he decided he would from then on do anything if he really wanted with no regard for how he knew how his parents felt about it. Listening to rock music, having sex with his girlfriend, smoking weed, and of course, continuing to hang out with his best friend. Okay, so maybe he was a bit of a rebel.

“Maybe you should just come with me.” Taehyung suggested, the slur in his voice showing that the marijuana was affecting him now as it was Jimin. “You can meet my cousin, see firsthand what small-town life is like, I can introduce you to the guy who fucked my ass so hard I couldn’t walk for two days-“

“Dude, I told you I didn’t need the details.” Jimin held his hand up lazily before letting it drop onto his chest, humming along to *Photograph*.

After a bit, Taehyung spoke again. “Seriously, you should come to Arkansas with me this summer. It’ll be great!”

Jimin snorted. “You know my parents would never go for that.”

“We can tell them you’re going on a school trip or something.” Jimin gave a noncommittal response, now too into his favorite song from his favorite album to even remember what they had just been talking about.

Later, once Jimin and Taehyung had sobered up, Jimin jumped in Taehyung’s shower to rid himself of any excess weed smell and redressed in his own clothes. Once he had been deemed weed free, the two friends headed to McDonald’s to sate their cravings before finally parting ways.

Jimin had forgotten all about Taehyung’s invitation to visit his cousin until a week later at school when Taehyung ran up to him with a damn good imitation of a field trip permission slip to trick his parents into letting him go away for the summer. Jimin decided to humor Taehyung, giving the paper to his parents when he got home, only to be rendered speechless when his parents bought it and sent him to his room to get a head start on packing for the “school trip” that would be taking place in just a couple of weeks.

“Are you really going to Arkansas?” Seulgi asked, a slight look of disgust on her face as thoughts of farms and hillbillies flitted through her mind.

Jimin nodded as he buttoned up his jeans. “This way I can spend the whole summer with Taehyung without constantly hearing my parents bagging on him. Plus, I’m excited to meet his cousin, Taehyung always talks so highly of him.”

Seulgi crossed her arms over her chest, pouting slightly. “I’m gonna miss you, though~’

Jimin paused in tucking his shirt into his jeans, smiling at the 18-year-old as he sat back down on her bed. “You say that now, but in a few weeks when you start getting ready for college and everything, you’ll probably be like ‘Jimin who?’” Seulgi giggled, wrapping her arms around the younger male and pressing her lips to his cheek. “‘Oh yeah, that dumb high school kid I used to mess around with!!’” Jimin’s imitation was cut short as Seulgi moved her lips to his, lips parting almost immediately as her tongue darted out to meet his.

Jimin ended the kiss much too soon, even in his opinion, but he really had to get home as he was trying to stay in his parents’ good graces for the last few days leading up to the trip. “I’ll really miss you~” Seulgi whispered as Jimin rubbed his thumb along her arm.
“I’ll miss you too.” Jimin assured her as he moved to stand up. “I’ll leave you the number to Taehyung’s cousin’s place, that way you can call me whenever you want.” Seulgi nodded as Jimin went over to her desk to write the phone number down on a piece of paper. Once that was done, he walked back over to the bed, giving his girlfriend one more kiss before dressing himself fully so he could leave.
Chapter Notes

Hope you enjoy this chapter! Yes, these first two chapters have been a slow build, but it'll start to pick up in the next chapter when we start to meet more of the guys ^-^.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Jimin entered LAX with his parents around 7:45 in the morning, gripping tightly onto his suitcase. “You sure you don’t need us to go back with you?”

“No!” Jimin blurted out. “I mean, I’m 17, I’m nearly an adult. I’m perfectly capable of meeting with the group, getting checked in, and getting through security by myself.” Jimin had informed his parents that he was supposed to meet with the school group by the security checkpoint, where he would receive his boarding pass from the chaperone, and he definitely didn’t want them going anywhere near the area and risk them finding out that he was lying to them.

“If you’re sure~” Jimin’s mom pouted slightly, obviously not happy at the thought of her baby not needing her anymore. She stepped forward and encased his face in her hands, pulling his head down so she could kiss him on the forehead. “Be safe, call us every night to check in.”

Jimin promised that he would try as his dad pulled an envelope out of his pocket. “Here’s some spending money for you, try to make it last the whole summer.” The 17-year-old nodded as he accepted the cash, slipping the envelope into one of the outer pockets of his bag.

“Well, I’m gonna go to the bathroom before we head out.” Jimin told his parents as a cue for them to leave. “I’ll see you at the end of summer.” He gave them each a hug, his mother holding on too tightly a bit too long, before walking over to the bathroom. He watched for his parents leaving, and once they had exited the airport, he went back to the benches near the check in desk to wait for his best friend to appear.

Taehyung appeared around five minutes later, immediately tugging at Jimin’s arm to get him to follow him to the appropriate check in counter. “Your mom and dad aren’t coming in?”

“Nah~” Taehyung shook his head as they stood at the back of the short line. “I’ve done this shit enough times that they trust me.”

Not much later, it was finally their turn and they had their tickets in hand within ten minutes. They headed to the security checkpoint, dumping their bags in the x-ray bins and removing any metal accessories they had before walking through the metal detector. Once they were through, they retrieved their luggage and headed to their gate where they showed their boarding passes to the flight attendant and hurried on the plane to find their seats.

After getting settled, Taehyung rummaged around in his bag until he produced two Walkmans, two sets of headphones, and two cassette tapes. “I brought Pyromania, of course,” Jimin clapped in glee, “and Queen’s new album. Which~” He couldn’t even get the question out before Jimin was grabbing the tape of his favorite album.

“I’ll listen to Queen next~” Jimin informed his friend, as he had been excited to listen to the new
album ever since it came out a week earlier. “But I gotta do Def Leppard first, it’s tradition.” Taehyung snorted at his best friend as he slipped the tape into one of the Walkmans.

They arrived in Houston a little over three hours later, and although the clocks told Jimin that it was past lunch time thanks to the two-hour time zone difference, the 17-year old’s stomach was saying something else completely. “Come on~” Jimin whined as he followed his best friend through the new airport. “I’m starving, let’s go find food!”

“I gotta check in with my cousin first, let him know we’re making it okay.” Taehyung informed him, stopping at one of the many phone booths and handing Jimin his bag to hold. He quickly dialed the number he knew by heart, ignoring Jimin’s whining as he listened to the ringing on the other end.

Someone finally answered, and while it was a familiar voice, it wasn’t the voice he wanted. “I don’t know who this is but fuck off.”

“Good afternoon to you too, Sleeping Beauty~” Taehyung greeted his cousin’s roommate in a cheery voice.

“Is it afternoon already?”

Taehyung hummed in response. “Is Seokjin there?”

“No, he’s at work. His shift ends in about…” The male trailed off, and Taehyung assumed it was to go look at a clock. “…half an hour.”

“Okay, when he gets home tell him that we made it to Houston~”

“Wait, we?”

Taehyung rolled his eyes at getting interrupted. “Yes, we. Didn’t Seokjin tell you that you’ll be hosting an extra guest this summer?” The male started grumbling about that ‘no good fucker that pays half the rent’. “Anyway, we’re in Houston, we have an hour layover, and we should be in Little Rock by 4:00 if not sooner.”

The male on the phone sighed deeply. “Alright, I’ll let him know. See you tonight, kid~” Taehyung bid him goodbye before hanging up the phone.

“Now can you feed me?” Jimin asked as Taehyung turned back to him. “I can literally feel my stomach eating itself.”

“You are so dramatic~” Taehyung rolled his eyes at his friend, taking his bag back from him before grabbing his hand to lead him to the nearest place with food.

As there were very few people on their flight to Little Rock, the two 17-year olds were able to exit the plane and terminal very quickly. The second they stepped foot in the airport, Taehyung was facepalming and groaning. “What is it?” Taehyung just pointed in front of them, Jimin’s eyes following until his gaze landed on a tall, very broad-shouldered man holding a brightly decorated sign with the words ‘Baby Bear’ written on it in huge letters.
“There’s my baby bear!” The man exclaimed as the two teenagers approached him, dropping the sign to pull his younger cousin into a hug. “Did you grow taller since last summer?”

“Well, he’s now two inches taller than me as opposed to half an inch…” Jimin offered.

The older male turned to Jimin as he released Taehyung, holding his hand out in greeting. “You must be Jimin! I’ve heard so much about you, Taehyung talks about you nonstop when he visits. I’m Seokjin~”

Jimin shook his hand, giving him a friendly smile. “It’s really nice to meet you, Taehyung talks about you a lot too."

“All horrible things, I’m sure~” Seokjin teased, picking his sign back up from the ground before leading the two through the small airport, making sure his artwork was on display for everyone they passed by much to his younger cousin’s humiliation. “I’ll be able to correct any false information on the ride to Conway, it’s quite a bit of a drive.”

When they exited the airport, they were met with a very slight drizzle of rain. “Why does the air feel so thick?” Jimin said, confused by the weight the air seemed to hold as they followed Seokjin to his truck.

“That would be the humidity.” Seokjin answered. “They say rain is supposed to help, but that is complete bullshit.” They finally came to a stop by a powder blue ’67 Dodge truck. “Might wanna get used to it, it’ll only get worse as the summer goes on.”

Chapter End Notes

We met Seokjin and briefly met Yoongi. What do you think of them so far? We'll meet Yoongi, and some others, officially in the next chapter!
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Jimin spent the slightly longer than a half hour drive smushed in the middle seat in the cab of Seokjin’s truck as the older male informed him of what he felt was important to know about the upcoming summer. “I do work full time during the summer, but I’m free on weekends so I can drive y’all around places if you want or need me to. During the week, you’ll have to walk everywhere, but Taehyung knows his way around town, so he’ll only get you lost about five or six times-hey I’m driving!” Seokjin yelled at his 17-year-old cousin who had reached around Jimin to playfully swat at his arm.

“Where do you work?” Jimin asked, always having been the kind of person to take interest in someone’s life, especially if he was going to be living with them for the summer.

“Stoby’s~” The 20-year-old answered. “It’s a local restaurant that opened around nine years ago.”

“I’ve never had to pay for lunch when I visit for the summer because he’s worked there for so long.” Taehyung bragged. “So, I hope you don’t mind sandwiches and queso every day.”

Jimin then asked the older male how long he had worked there. “Six years now. When I was 14, I wanted the Mario Bros. game, but my parents wouldn’t buy it for me, saying that I was old enough to start earning my own money for ‘useless crap like that’. So, I went out and got a job.” Sensing Jimin’s stare on him, he explained further. “I only worked, like, four hours on the weekends cleaning the tables and sweeping the floors, so it wasn’t child labor or anything. But I did make enough money to buy the game.” Jimin nodded in understanding as Seokjin continued his information giving. “I also have a roommate, Yoongi. He’s a bit grumpy, but don’t let him scare you. He’s basically a cat in human form, acting like he hates everyone and everything but secretly craves love and attention. We only have two bedrooms, so you and Taehyung will have to sleep in the living room on the sofa bed. If you’re interested, Yoongi and I usually like to go see a movie at the drive in on Fridays. The closest one is about an hour and a half drive from here. You’re welcome to join us if you want.”

“Why do you go so far for a movie?” Jimin asked. “Is there not a cinema in Conway?”

“Oh, there is~” Taehyung answered for his cousin. “But there’s no popcorn guy.” Seokjin reached over Jimin to smack Taehyung, who pressed himself against the door of the truck to avoid his cousin’s wrath. “He insists on going to the Kenda Drive In in Marshall so he can bone the popcorn guy.”

“Shut up, Tae!”

Jimin decided to join in on the teasing, giggling away as he said. “Does he butter him up?”

“Oh, I changed my mind, y’all can sleep on the porch!” After the trio calmed down, Seokjin said, “I believe that’s everything you need to know. Oh! And the neighbor kid likes to come over randomly to hang around the house. So, don’t be surprised or confused when a random child knocks on the door. It’s probably him.”

“He’s really adorable~” Taehyung chimed in again.

Seokjin was quick to correct him. “He’s annoying.”
“Big eyes, chubby cheeks, slightly oversized front teeth. He looks kind of like a bunny.” Taehyung went on to say as if his cousin hadn’t said anything.

Seokjin chose to treat his younger cousin with the same level of respect. “I probably should have kicked him out by now, but his dad owns a liquor store and he sneaks us beer and shit.”

“Sounds great!” Jimin exclaimed, ready to get to the town he would be spending the summer in, and not just because his legs were beginning to cramp up.

When they did finally arrive at Seokjin’s home, Jimin was somewhat shocked to see just how small it was. He’d always thought his home in Santa Monica was on the smaller side, but now his perspective had changed. Seokjin led them in to see a teenage boy sitting on the couch, completely focused on the TV as he played The Legend of Zelda. “And this would be the neighbor kid I was telling you about.” Seokjin explained to Jimin before acknowledging the teenager. “Jungkook, what did I tell you about coming over here when Yoongi and I aren’t here?”

“It’s not my fault you keep a spare key under your welcome mat like 90% of the population does.” When Seokjin had said ‘neighbor kid’, Jimin had imagined a chubby preteen. Not this bulky teenager that looked slightly older than what he probably was. “Plus, Mom and Dad are fighting again. I didn’t want to be around for that.”

Seokjin sighed. ‘Okay, first of all, it’s not a ‘welcome’ mat. It says ‘go away’ for a reason. And second of all, you are excused this time because I know how hard that is on you.”

Taehyung, who had been standing slack jawed and wide eyed ever since the stepped inside finally spoke up. “Wait, you can’t possible be my Kookie! My Kookie is short and chubby, you’re tall and muscular!”

During his rant, Jungkook had paused his game and stood up from the couch, and Jimin found it hard to keep his gaze off the thighs the male had on display beneath his denim shorts. “I joined the football team last year and started working out.” He then embraced the male that he was now just slightly shorter than. “It’s good to see you again!”

“You too!” Taehyung said cheerly, squeezing Jungkook before pulling out of the hug. “This is Jimin, my best friend from California. He’s spending the summer with us too.”

Jumin waved shyly. “Hi~”

After a few minutes of conversing with Jungkook, Jimin quickly realized just how endearing the younger male was. He got along with Jungkook very well, they had a lot of the same interests, and the fact that he was Taehyung’s friend already made him a friend in Jimin’s eyes. They spent a good part of the evening playing video games and getting to know each other until Jimin excused himself to the kitchen to use one of the two phones in the house. (“There is one in Yoongi’s room, but I wouldn’t go in there if were you.” Seokjin had warned Jimin when he had inquired about the location of the phone.)

“He’s gotta go call his girlfriend~” Taehyung explained to Jungkook and Seokjin as Jimin walked off, his tone full of teasing.

Seulgi answered the phone just a few seconds after Jimin dialed the number, obviously happy to hear from him so soon. “You haven’t been attacked by any crazy hillbillies yet?”

Jimin snorted at her question. “No, and I doubt I will be.” They spent the next few minutes gushing
about how much they already missed each other and talking about the plans they each had for the next few days.

He was getting close to hanging up the phone when he heard the front door slam open. “Honey, I’m home!” Someone called out, and Jimin quickly told Seulgi he loved her and ended the call. “And I’ve brought dinner!”

Jimin left the kitchen to see a male around his height wearing the obnoxious red and white Pizza Hut uniform, holding three boxes of pizza in his hands. “Are those the day-old pizzas again?” Jungkook asked. “Because I still have PTSD from the food poisoning I got.”

“No~” The male scoffed as he set the pizza boxes on the coffee table. “The bimbettes that live down the street were supposed to be my last delivery, but when they saw me on the porch, the blondie said that she refused to eat pizza that had been handled by a homo because she didn’t want to catch it, then slammed the door in my face while saying she was going to call the restaurant and complain. So now we get free pizza.”

Seokjin groaned in disgust as Jimin spoke up. “What a ditz, being gay isn’t contagious.” The male looked up as if just noticing his presence for the first time.

“Yoongi, this is Tae’s friend, Jimin~”

“Oh, yes, the one you neglected to tell me was staying with us.” Yoongi then looked back over at Jimin. “Nice to meet you, now come enjoy some of this homosexual pepperoni.” Jimin couldn’t help but laugh a bit as he walked over to the couch, plopping next to Taehyung and taking a slice of pizza.

Chapter End Notes

What do you think of Yoongi and Jungkook? And I’m sure you all know who "popcorn guy" is ;)
Yoongi scratched his head as he trudged out of the bathroom, yawning as he reached the living room where Taehyung was sprawled out on the sofa bed. The 17-year-old was munching on a Poptart, the box resting in his lap, while watching a Tom & Jerry cartoon. “Where’s your friend?” Yoongi asked.

Taehyung answered by pointing to the kitchen, where Yoongi had been heading anyway. He padded into the room, seeing the other 17-year-old leaning against the wall with the phone pressed to his ear. Other than a small nod of acknowledgement, Yoongi attempted to ignore the younger male as he bustled around the room to fix his morning bowl of Lucky Charms. However, they were only attempts as he kept finding his gaze floating towards the younger male. Specifically, towards his bare legs under his sleep shorts, and if they went up just a bit further-

Yoongi quickly forced his gaze back down to his cereal bowl, stuffing his mouth as full as he could to distract himself from any thoughts of Taehyung’s friend. Taehyung’s most likely straight friend.

Jimin giggled into the phone, causing Yoongi to look up just as he was telling whoever was on the other end that he loved them. The teenager hung up the phone and greeted the 20-year-old, turning to rejoin his friend in the living room. “Are your parents making you call them every day or something?”

And there it is, Yoongi thought to himself as he nodded. “You plan on paying for that?” He asked. “Long distance calls aren’t cheap.”

Jimin’s eyes widened a bit. “Oh yeah, I already worked out a deal with Seokjin this morning to pay for the minutes. But if it’s still a big deal, I can stop calling her.”

Yoongi started to walk out of the kitchen. “Let’s see what this month’s phone bill looks like, then I’ll get back to you.”

The 17-year-old followed after him with the goal of rejoining his best friend for sugary, fattening breakfast foods and cartoons. “So, Yoongles~” Jimin couldn’t help but giggle at the nickname Taehyung used for the older male while Yoongi just tensed in irritation. “What are your plans for today?”

“And anything that doesn’t have you in them~” Yoongi shot back, but anyone could see the fondness that he really had for the younger in his eyes.

Taehyung played along, grabbing his chest in mock pain. “You wound me~”

“I’m not really doing much.” Yoongi answered honestly. “Just going to hang out with~” Yoongi suddenly stopped talking, eyes widening before turning to head into his room. “You know what, never mind.”

“Wait!” Taehyung exclaimed, scrambling towards the foot of the bed. “Take me with you!”

“No!” Yoongi yelled back, successfully confusing Jimin as the 17-year-old looked back and forth
between the two.

“Please, Yoongi, I am begging you! Let me come!”

“Not after what you two did in my car!”

“We cleaned it up!”

“The fuck you did, there are still stains on the backseat!”

Taehyung pouted as realization hit Jimin. “Wait, is he talking about the guy?” Taehyung gave a slight nod, and the other 17-year-old was suddenly excited too. “I have to meet him! Best friend rules, come on, Yoongi!”

Yoongi felt himself wavering slightly but forced himself to stay strong. “No~”

Jimin pouted a bit, and Yoongi subtly adjusted his pajama pants just in case. “Please? We’ll buy you lunch!”

“If I’d known this is where we were going…” Yoongi grumbled under his breath, looking around the familiar restaurant before setting his glare on the 17-year olds across from him. “You’re not even going to be buying my lunch!” He complained.

“But you don’t have to pay for it either.” Taehyung pointed out, shooting a sickly sweet smile across the room when he saw his cousin looking at them.

Seokjin came over with his notepad in hand, shaking his head at his roommate. “Yoongi, I’m disappointed. Them, I can understand coming here to mooch off of my benefits, but you?” Seokjin tutted, and Yoongi just rolled his eyes.

“They said they would buy me lunch, alright?”

“And you believed them?” Seokjin shot back. “The disappointment just keeps growing.”

Yoongi laughed sarcastically before shoving the menu into the other 20-year old’s hand. “Just bring me my usual.”

Seokjin chuckled, as teasing his roommate was one of his favorite pastimes, before turning to his cousin. “So, what are you doing that you managed to convince Yoongi to tolerate you two for the day.”

“We’re going to Hoseok’s!” Taehyung exclaimed, visibly bouncing in his seat.

Seokjin’s smile faltered slightly at that. “Please tell me you have condoms.” He blurted out, catching the attention of a family sitting at the next table. Taehyung rolled his eyes as Seokjin continued. “I’m serious, Tae! I don’t want you to catch AIDS and die!”

“I’m clean and Hoseok’s clean!” Taehyung insisted. “If he wasn’t, the test mom and dad made me get wouldn’t have come back clean!” The father at the next table asked loudly for the check, obviously not wanting to expose his children to the conversation any longer.

Seokjin sighed. “Just please stay safe, Tae.”

“I will~” Taehyung assured his cousin. “You know I will.” Seokjin looked only slightly relieved at
that but dropped the subject and asked the two teenagers for their orders.

Jimin quickly understood why Taehyung was so enamored with Hoseok. Even he was infatuated with the 19-year-old male after only a few seconds of being in his presence. Hoseok had immediately invited them out to his family’s pool to stay cool in the hot Arkansas summer, and the two 17-year olds had jumped at the offer while Yoongi opted to sit on the edge of the pool and dip his feet in.

Not long into the swimming party, Jimin realized he was more of a third wheel as Taehyung and Hoseok became enraptured with each other. Bored, he swam over to where Yoongi sat pouting and rested his arms on the edge of the pool while smiling up at him. “You don’t like swimming?”

Yoongi shook his head. “Not particularly~”

Silence stretched between them and Jimin found himself tuning into the song currently playing from the boombox situated on a table a few feet away from the pool. He started bobbing his head slightly as he found the tune catchy and pleasing, barely registering Yoongi singing along quietly.

“I can see you
Your brown skin shinin’ in the sun
You got your hair combed back
And your sunglasses on, baby~”

“This is a nice song~” Jimin commented, pulling Yoongi out of the small trance he’d been in. “What is it?”

“You’ve never heard it?” Yoongi asked somewhat surprised as Jimin shook his head. “The Boys of Summer by Don Henley~” Upon seeing no recognition on Jimin’s face, he continued. “He was the drummer of The Eagles before they broke up in 1980. This song came out about five years ago. I can’t believe you haven’t heard it, it reached number five on the Billboard Hot 100 and it won him a Grammy for Best Male Rock Performance three years ago.”

Jimin shrugged. “My parents are very strict about what music I’m ‘exposed’ to, so my knowledge is limited to Taehyung’s interests, and he’s not a very big Eagles fan. But it sounds like you are.”

“A little bit, but they’re not my favorite band. That title is reserved for Def Leppard.” Jimin perked up a bit at the mention of his own favorite band. “But this is one of my favorite songs.”

“Def Leppard is my favorite band too.” Jimin smiled up at Yoongi. “I love their album Pyromania. Photograph is my all-time favorite song.”

“I prefer Rock of Ages on that one.” Yoongi responded. “But my absolute favorite album of theirs is Hysteria. You can’t beat Pour Some Sugar on Me.”

The two of them fell into an easy conversation about their favorite bands and albums, the world around them melting away until Yoongi happened to glance over Jimin’s shoulder. Jimin was in the middle of a rant about Queen’s music video for I Want to Break Free and how it didn’t deserve the criticism it received when the 20 year old started yelling in disgust, kicking his foot to splash water on whatever it was behind Jimin.

Jimin turned to see his best friend in a heavy makeout session with Hoseok. “No fucking in front of innocent eyes!”

Hoseok pulled out of the kiss and sent Yoongi a look. “It’s not our fault you’re a prude!” Yoongi
rolled his eyes as the 19-year-old continued yelling back to him. “Seriously, go get some dick or ass, whatever you prefer. Or even just get your dick sucked, that’ll get rid of those ‘innocent eyes’ very quickly.”

“Wait, are you a virgin?” Jimin asked, arriving at that assumption from Hoseok’s words.

“Would it be a problem if I was?”

“Considering I was a virgin up until six months ago, I’d say not really.” Jimin responded. “It’s just surprising, because you have a very different aura.”

Yoongi shrugged. “I just believe in waiting until the right person comes along. Especially with the whole AIDS crisis going on.”

Jimin nodded that he agreed with Yoongi. “There’s nothing wrong with wanting that, and don’t let those two idiots make you think otherwise.” He used his head to gesture to the couple who had no doubt started kissing again. He shot Yoongi another smile before disappearing under the water, reappearing a minute later next to Taehyung who had just jumped away from Hoseok while screaming.

“Asshole!” Taehyung screeched while Jimin just laughed, accepting the splashes the other 17-year-old gave him. Yoongi watched the exchange, trying to ignore the slight fluttering in his chest.

Chapter End Notes

We met Hobi! And what do you think of Yoongi's slight infatuation with Jimin?
A few weeks passed and although Taehyung and Jimin weren’t doing much more than lounging around the house, occasionally walking around town or taking advantage of Hoseok’s pool, Jimin was already sure that the summer of 1989 would be one of the best, if not the best, summers he would experience in his entire life. Something about being free from his parents and just getting to spend every second with his best friend made the days totally enjoyable.

He had gotten to know Yoongi and Seokjin further, loving the banter the two got into on a regular basis. He especially enjoyed the multitude of music discussions with Yoongi that followed after their first that day at Hoseok’s house. He’d also become really good friends with Jungkook, the younger teen making his way over to the house on a nearly daily basis.

In fact, Jungkook made his way over, not even bothering to knock as he burst into the living room just as the four males were putting their shoes on. “I just can’t deal with it right now!”

“What’s going on?” Taehyung asked, immediately moving over to comfort the stressed 15-year-old.

“My dad started ramming into me about college, so I told him I wasn’t really thinking about that yet because I’m only going to be a sophomore this year, he started yelling at me about being a lazy bum with no aspirations.”

Jimin felt his eye twitch slightly at the newest story of Jungkook’s father. “I don’t know if I’ve told you this already, but your dad is an asshole.”

“You’ve told me that about ten times actually, but it’s welcomed every time.” Jungkook responded, falling onto the couch with a pout. “Anyway, can I hang with you guys tonight?”

Yoongi and Seokjin shared a look before the older of the two turned to Jungkook with an apologetic look. “Sorry, Kook, but we’re kind of heading to Marshall so-“

“So Seokjin can go fuck the popcorn guy again-“

“WE CAN WATCH A MOVIE!” Seokjin practically yelled over Yoongi, elbowing him in the side while giving him a pointed glare. “And I know how your dad is about curfew, we’d never get back in time.”

Jungkook’s face fell at that. “Oh...okay, I guess that’s fine.”

Yoongi looked at the younger male with sad eyes. “You can hang out here for a bit if you want though. Just make sure you lock the door when you leave.” Jungkook nodded and thanked him quietly as the front door burst open again. “Does no one know how to knock anymore?” Yoongi glared at Hoseok.

Taehyung jumped up from his seat next to Jungkook to go greet his kind of boyfriend, the 15-year-old following him with an unreadable expression. Jimin tilted his head, trying to figure out why Jungkook looked like that when Seokjin broke through his concentration. “Alright, time to head out.”

“So what movie are we watching?” Jimin asked as the group of five made their way to Yoongi’s
station wagon, climbing into the front seat.

“Don’t know yet~” Yoongi answered with a shrug as he climbed into the driver’s seat. “Seokjin likes being surprised, so it’s kind of become a tradition to just show up and watch whatever is playing, regardless of if it’s a shitty movie or not.”

Jimin nodded and opened his mouth to respond, only to be interrupted by Seokjin yanking open the passenger door. “I refuse to sit back there with those two!” He exclaimed, referring to how Taehyung and Hoseok had already cuddled up in the backseat. “So, move over~” Without even giving Jimin the chance to do so, Seokjin climbed in and shoved the 17-year-old over.

Jimin slid over as the 20-year-old wanted, but due to not expecting the sudden force, he fell into Yoongi, hand falling onto the older’s thigh in an attempt to catch himself. “Oh, sorry~” Yoongi avoided looking at Jimin, willing the heat in his cheeks to go away before it became noticeable. “It’s okay~” He responded in a small voice, starting the car and backing out of the driveway as soon as possible.

Halfway through *Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade*, Seokjin glanced at his watch before dramatically stretching his arms. “I say it’s time for a snack refill.” He opened the door to climb out of the car.

Yoongi hummed in response, not even glancing at his roommate. “See you at the end of Namjoon’s 15-minute break.” Seokjin glared at him before slamming the door and walking off.

“Namjoon?” Jimin asked in confusion.

“Popcorn guy~” Taehyung answered his best friend, causing the two in the front seat to look back at him and Hoseok as they moved around in the back. “Hopefully Seokjin actually remembers to get candy this time. Last summer, he was always so fucked out he would forget to bring back extra snacks.” With the end of his statement, he climbed to the very back of the car to join Hoseok.

Yoongi rolled his eyes and groaned, turning to face the front again. “If I see any new stains back there, I’m castrating both of you.”

Taehyung’s head popped up long enough to say, “As if I would have sex when my best friend is literally two feet away from me.”

Jimin giggled, causing Yoongi to look over at him. “He has a point. That’s a line we just refuse to cross.”

An expression of disgust crossed Yoongi’s face. “I don’t want to meet anyone who would cross that line.”

Jimin shrugged, relaxing further into the seat. “My girlfriend has tried to before.” Yoongi tried to ignore the twinge he felt in his chest at the mention of Jimin’s girlfriend, as he did every time she was mentioned. “One time she literally grabbed my dick when we were at dinner with my parents.”

“That’s not cool.” Yoongi replied. “Doing something that you aren’t comfortable with is never okay.”

Jimin shrugged again. “It’s not that bad. It’s not like I’m disgusted by it or anything, it’s just not something I’m into. And she never takes it too far.” A bout of silence stretched between the two
before Jimin spoke again. “Plus, when you love someone, you find yourself doing things you never thought you would ever do just to make them happy.”

Yoongi glanced over at Jimin. “You love her a lot?” Jimin nodded in response, looking over at Yoongi and meeting his gaze. “As in you can see yourself marrying her or as in you’re just enjoying your time with her until it inevitably ends?”

Jimin’s mind went blank at the question, the 17-year-old not knowing how to answer that. He opened his mouth slightly in the hopes that some words would fall out but was once again interrupted by Seokjin opening the car door. “I have returned~” The 20-year-old announced as he resumed his seat next to Jimin, who had to stifle laughter at the sight of his messy hair, swollen lips, and pink cheeks. “And I have snacks!” He tossed a couple of packs of candy to the two sitting next to him before digging into the fresh popcorn bag he had purchased.

Chapter End Notes

What do you think of Yoongi's question for Jimin?

End Notes

Follow me on twitter @ot7mikrokosm for fic updates, fangirling, and just to talk if you need/want to!

If you have any other specific years/decades you would like to see in this series, just let me know! Right now I only have 1969 outlined inspired by the song Summer of 69 by Bryan Adams. You can even suggest songs and I can get a year based on when the song was released!

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