Don't Let Me Go

by tanajj17

Summary

Know what helps your chances of getting into a popular district boarding school? Well, whatever it is, not having any family around sure doesn't help. Luck really must be on Jungkook's side for once. Funny how that works.

Enter Kim Taehyung, a fine specimen of the other part of the economy; with charming looks and probably diamonds for gallbladder stones.

And thus, the tale ensues.
Chapter 1

After landing in Seoul, Jungkook took a two hour taxi ride to Seoul Academy Boarding School. He was almost there and he was getting nervous. It didn't matter how many times someone had done this before, you still can't help but feel uneasy at the beginning of a new school year. Or at least that's what Jungkook felt. Let alone he was in a new city, attending a new school and the fact that he had been bullied by his fellow classmates all his life. Jungkook could literally feel the stress kicking in.

His nervousness was brought to a halt when the driver spoke up, “We’ve arrived in front of your school Mister.” Jungkook turned around to look at the school's edifice through the car's window and found himself gawking at the sight. He was genuinely stunned to see the magnificent building before him, well actually three buildings not one, with a few other smaller ones scattered around the campus ground.

Proudly standing in the middle was the tallest of the three. It was painted in white and sky blue colors just like the other two, but you could tell by the sheer mass of it that it was the main building. The other ones were smaller in size when compared to the main construction, but held their stance nonetheless. This academy was clearly built for rich students, that's why he was starting to feel a bit out of place since he was orphaned from a young age and was nowhere near as privileged as the other pupils of this new school. Yet it still managed to look welcoming after seeing so many students hanging out here and there, either studying or spending time with their friends.

Again, Jungkook was brought out of his reverie by the sound of someone clearing their throat. The driver sheepishly looked at him and gave Jungkook a slight smile. “Don’t worry child, a nice boy like you will surely find their place in this school.” Jungkook didn't bother voicing his doubts, instead thanked the man and handed him the cab fare whilst jumping out of the car. After the driver handed him his luggage, Jungkook, with his backpack on his shoulder and suitcase in his hand, began walking towards one of the smaller buildings that had ‘OFFICE’ written on it. He still had a few things to take care of if he wanted to survive in this place.

Once safely inside the office foyer he was blinded by the strong neon lights littered across the ceiling and he had to take a moment to allow the white spots in his vision to fade away. Jungkook blinked a few times, probably looking like he had a nervous tick or something, but when he deemed his sight was back to normal again he looked around him and saw what seemed to be the receptionist, name tag reading "Mrs.Jones", sitting at her glass desk. So he walked towards her, greeted her politely and gave her his name along with other required information and documents she demanded.

Mrs.Jones raised an eyebrow after hearing his name, "Are you the boy on the scholarship?" She asked while wrinkling her nose in distaste, as if the thought of not paying for his tuition with his own money was a concept she couldn't comprehend.
After confirming that yes, he was indeed the boy on the scholarship, he then proceeded to ask for his class schedule, dorm room number and a campus map since it was a given he would get lost at one point or another, this place was huge! She brazenly handed over some sheets of paper, told him that he would be staying in room nr.216 and to leave his luggage here because the staff will be bringing his belongings to his place. Jungkook just looked at her dumbly when she said that, he knew this school was for the rich but he would have never guessed they would have some sort of Hotel etiquette either, he could almost taste the pretense in her voice. As Jungkook was leaving after he took his stuff, he saw her moving the top of her dress to expose a little more cleavage and flirt with the guy that was standing in the place he was in a few seconds ago. He scoffed at the sight, if the way she smiled indicated anything, it meant that he was happily flirting back with her.

“Gross.” Jungkook muttered under his breath and turned around, intending to find his way to the dorms but instead bumped into a boy.

“Oh my god! I'm so sorry!” The guy profusely apologized. Jungkook just looked at him, assessing the person that almost knocked him over and he had to say he was really good looking, with cute chubby cheeks, a mop of fluffy looking reddish hair on his head and luring hazel eyes, nicely contrasting with the sweet features he had going on.

“No,” Jungkook reasoned, it's not like he bumped into him on purpose after all, "I wasn't looking while walking so I should be the one to apologize.”

“It’s alright,” The boy smiled reassuringly, he was looking at Jungkook as if trying to recall something, but when he couldn't seem to come up with anything he asked, "Hey, I don't think I've seen you around before and you look kind of lost..." He trailed off, hoping Jungkook would offer to explain by himself and not having to ask any further.

Jungkook almost rolled his eyes but held it in, this guy was adorable, it was so rare to meet such polite people these days, “Yes, that's because I'm new.” He started and then paused, not sure how much he should share, but decided to just go for it and continued, "I'm on a scholarship actually.”

The boy's eyes widened comically at that, it so was hilarious Jungkook had to stifle his laughter at the sight, “Wow that must mean you're a genius! I'm not good at studying at all.” The boy chuckled softly, "And don’t worry, I’ll show you around. We've been attending Seoul Academy since middle school!”

“We?” Jungkook asked, he wondered who this guy was talking about when he said we.

“Wait,” The guy just rambled on, "I didn't even introduce myself! Silly me,” He scratched the back of his head sheepishly, either ignoring Jungkook's question or not processing it, "Hello, my name is Jimin, Park Jimin.” He introduced himself, a friendly smile lighting up his entire features.

“Hi,” Jungkook greeted back and couldn't help but give back a tiny smile at Jimin's enthusiasm, it was quite catching, "-I'm Jungkook, Jeon Jungkook.”

Jimin just nodded sagely at that, determination written all over his face and continued, “Okay then Jungkook, shall I show you around?”

Jungkook looked at him, surprised that someone would offer to help him out without even having to ask for it, “Sure,” He agreed, after all it couldn't hurt could it? He would get to familiarize himself with the place and maybe end up with a friend by the end of the day.

As they walked outside of the office building, Jimin started to act like his own personal tour guide. All the places were impressive to say the least. He showed him the athletics area with outdoor tennis
grounds, football fields, basketball courts and among other things, the huge gym complete with an endless row of bleachers, a multi functional field that could be used for various types of sports and on the other end of platform was a huge double door leading to another section housing the Olympic-sized swimming pool. They passed a big park sporting picnic tables, neatly trimmed grass with pretty flower beds along the sidewalks and big old trees providing the students with much required shade on sunny days. Next was the library, which Jungkook fell in love with on first sight. He could already tell he would be spending an insane amount of time in there and school hasn't even started yet. After that, they saw the various Academy Halls where all the classes will be held in and he will attend to frequently for the remaining academic years.

After they were past the Halls, Jimin came to halt and looked like he was considering what would be best to do next, “Let's go to the dorms area and get us settled in.” He decided, "I can show you the other places later okay?"

“Sure.” Jungkook agreed and followed behind him, he was actually curious how the place he would be sleeping in looked like.

After passing by some other mini resting areas and what looked like the Academy Canteen, all nice and sleek with floor-to-ceiling windows, they were standing in front of a tall, sturdy looking complex which he assumed were the dorms.

“Do you know what room you were assigned to?” Jungkook asked, trying to seem as inconspicuous as possible when he looked to the side so he could gauge Jimin's reaction as they were making their way to the chrome elevator doors, "I'm in room nr.216, what about you?"

“I was in nr.405 last year.” Jimin said whilst he was searching for his keys to check the number tag, "Let me see which room I'm in this year.” He said as he was fumbling in his pocket and Jungkook was silently praying that they would be in the same room. Jimin was probably the first person that had the potential of being a proper friend to Jungkook in eight years.

“Oh my god! I'm in nr.216 as well! We're going to be sharing the same room!” Jimin squealed as they got into the elevator and pushed button number two on the console, "Heck yeah, man!"

“That's great!” Jungkook chirped and then sighed in relief, he was so glad he couldn't even begin explain how much and maybe, just maybe he will actually get the friend he wanted after all.

The elevator pinged, indicating that they reached second floor and stepped out into a nicely lit hallway. They found room nr. 216 all the way at the end of the corridor, hastily twisted the key into the lock and opened the door to see baby blue walls, dark espresso furniture and ash grey wooden flooring. It was a large square shaped room with a big window in the middle of the opposite wall to the entrance and a hallway to the right, next to the door, that led to an all white clean bathroom. Two beds were on either side of the room, facing the entrance, with their respective nightstands and a big double desk between them and under the window. On either side wall were a couple of shelves ready to be filled in and on the remaining surface at the entrance was a huge in-wall closet that had mirrors on their doors, giving the illusion that the room was bigger than it actually was and was divided in two sections, one for each student.

Both of them were just standing there, looking at their temporary home where they will be living in for the next few months. Jungkook let out a sigh, feeling content with how things turned out, closed the door behind him and thought to himself, 'Maybe this year will be different from all of the others.' Which reminded Jungkook to call Chanyeol and thank him.

~~
Chapter 2

Having Jimin as a roommate was the best thing that could have happened to Jungkook, right after moving to Seoul. Jimin looked so kind and caring he couldn't help but like the guy. Jungkook was now looking at the room, trying to decide which side to take, the left or the right? After contemplating it for a few more seconds, 'Whatever' He thought to himself and chose the one that was closer to where he was currently standing, which happened to be the right side of room. Jimin just rolled with it and went towards the other bed, not complaining and looking like he couldn't care less as long as he got someplace to sleep.

"Bro,-" Jimin stared, "-if you need help please don't hesitate to let me know. This school is kind of hard on people that look as innocent and vulnerable as you do." He said as he started to unpack his stuff and shoved them into different drawers inside the closet.

'Hah, right!' Jungkook thought to himself, he was nowhere near innocent and vulnerable, but he obviously wasn't gonna say that to his friend, "Thanks man, it really means a lot to me." Jungkook said as he walked past Jimin to take his neatly folded clothes and place them in his closet as well. He was glad he would have someone to rely on if he ever needed to and it's good to know that he's not alone after all.

"So where are we going for lunch?" Jimin asked after he finished taking out all the clothes and threw his suitcase under the bed.

"I don't really know, this place is way too exotic for my taste." Jungkook replied, suddenly remembering the fancy looking sites he saw earlier and wondering if he could even afford a glass of water in this place.

Jemin just laughed at that, clearly amused by Jungkook's choice of words, "Do you want me to show you a couple of non-exotic, fast food places?" He suggested as he wiggled his eyebrows obnoxiously.

Jungkook just rolled his ayes at him, "Could you? That would be amazing!" He smiled, 'And less overwhelming.' He thought to himself.

"Of course, I offered remember? Just get changed if you need to and we'll get going." Jimin suggested while he was looking in the mountain of shoes he had at the foot of his bed for some other pair to wear.

Hearing the promise of having an unhealthy delicious meal, Jungkook quickly grabbed some clothes, went to the bathroom and got dressed into a pair of skinny jeans, a white T-shirt and his trusty Timberland's, "Jimin I'm ready, let's go!" He shouted while still trying to get his left foot into the shoe.

"Let's go!" Jimin hollered right back and took his backpack, "So where should we go to first?" He asked as they got into the elevator, "I'm guessing we are both hungry, so how about grabbing something to eat and then continue the campus tour?"
"Sure, but please tell me there's a McDonald’s somewhere near here!" Jungkook didn't know if he could survive without their burgers for an entire year if they didn't, he really loved McDonald’s!

Jimin just looked at him and chuckled at Jungkook's desperation, "Sure there is! Let's get going then."

They started heading towards the main entrance gate in front of the school, since Jimin said the McDonald's goodness was off campus but not that far away, even by foot. As they were passing by the Academy Halls they saw a lot of students there rustling, giggling and some were even making out, profusely might he add. Jungkook sulked at the sight of couples sucking face here and there in the middle of the day. Maybe he was feeling so bitter because he has never been in a relationship, hell, he's never even been kissed by anyone or it could be because PDA was never something he could just understand.

As he was scanning the area, his gaze fell upon a boy unexpectedly. His bleach blonde hair swept over his forehead, Jungkook assumed the color of his eyes were somewhat chocolate brown and his skin was pale, a bit too pale. Jungkook watched the blonde guy's tongue slide down a girl's throat and he huffed at the scene. Even Jimin let out a long sigh when he saw that, though it sounded more resigned rather than confronted like Jungkook's did. "You okay?" Jungkook was starting to get worried, he didn't understand why his friend would have such a reaction.

Jimin just muttered, "Fine," Clearly not wanting to talk about it but Jungkook insisted.

"Jimin,-" He started, "-were supposed to be friends, what's wrong?" Jungkook knew it was a sly move, but if works then he doesn't care.

Jimin let out another sigh but gave in anyway, "See that boy making out with that girl over there?" He mumbled as he pointed towards that blonde guy and the girl he saw earlier, "Well, his name is Yoongi and I like him but you see, luck is never in my favor. He's a player,-" A dark look settling on his face, "-trying to get in every girl's or boy's pants is his adage." Jimin finished coldly. Wait a second, did he just...It took a while for Jungkook to process what Jimin just said but then it hit him, 'Okay, did he just say he likes that guy?! As in "like" like type of like?" He thought to himself, to say he was shocked would be an understatement, 'Wait what?'

Jimin took one look at Jungkook's face and was immediately stumbling over his words, trying to get them out as fast as possible, "Oh my god, I'm so sorry! I didn’t mean to drop the bombshell like that. Shit, you must think I'm a weirdo! I totally creeped you out right?" He asked as a heart wrenching tone took over his voice, "I guess I just lost the first friend I made this year." Jimin finished and he looked like a kicked puppy by this point.

Jungkook couldn't take it anymore and was already shaking his head, "What? NO! I mean, I-I just never thought you swung that way. I'm not prejudiced or anything I swear! It was just shocking is all, we're still friends don't worry! I'm not going to stop being friends with you just because of your sexuality...I mean that's just ridiculous!" He rambled on, hoping Jimin would understand what he was trying to convey. It really didn't matter to Jungkook if someone was gay or not as long as they were happy, their lives their choices.

Jimin smiled at that, or maybe it was just that eye smile of his, “Thank you so much Jungkook, you have no idea how much that means to me, really.”

That was the moment when Yoongi decided to crash in their conversation, “Hey there Jiminnie, long time no see.” He smirked and then asked shrewdly when he saw Jimin blush, "Missed me?"

Jungkook just watched this interaction from the sidelines and he could tell Yoongi was obviously enjoying teasing an already flustered Jimin.
“Shut up hyung.” Jimin squeaked out, looking adorable with those rosy cheeks of his and a frown wrinkling his forehead.

“Is that how you talk to your seniors Jiminie? I must punish you.” Yoongi leered as he leaned a bit closer towards Jimin’s face.

“Drop dead.” Jimin retorted as he was shaking his head.

“Ouch, that hurt.” Yoongi faked being offended, "More importantly-" He said as he turned his attention towards Jungkook now, eyeing him up and down as he continued, "-who’s this cutie with you?"

“He’s a new student and transferred here on a scholarship, his name is Jungkook." Jimin introduces Jungkook to an impressed looking Yoongi, "Jungkook, this is Yoongi, a senior and one year older than us."

“Hey, you're pretty good looking, wanna hangout sometime?” Yoongi asked as he winked like the douche he was.

Jungkook sneered at his behavior, 'God dammit, what's wrong with people these days?' He thought to himself and then scoffed, “No thanks, I’ll pass.”

“Your loss then.” Yoongi said as he coked his eyebrows, obviously not expecting to be turned down, but Jungkook couldn't care less if he hurt this assholes ego. "Any other person would kill to be in your shoes you know.” He finished, as if that would make any difference whatsoever.

“I'll deal with the loss then.” Jungkook said as he walked passe Yoongi with Jimin in his tow. The look on his face was priceless, Jungkook was sure that Yoongi isn't used to being rejecting him like that.

Once they were out of hearing range Jimin just started laughing, “You my boy are hilarious!” He said as he patted Jungkook on his shoulder blades.

“Why, thank you, sassiness is in my DNA.” Jungkook bragged, making Jimin burst into laughter again. He liked Jimin's bright smile and Jungkook would make sure Yoongi wont get the chance to ruin it again.

"Okay, let's get in my car and go have something to eat already!" Jimin said exasperated as he guided Jungkook to the outdoor parking lot. He could relate to how his friend was feeling, he had the impression that they will never make it to that place if they kept being interrupted like this.

Jimin's car was a shining Silver Lamborghini Reventon, the most expensive and the fastest Lamborghini, with a curb weight of 1,665 kg until, of course, the Lamborghini Veneno. Yes, Jungkook had done his fair share of research about vehicles, he really loved cars but he had no idea you could get these kind of models in Korea. 'They must be really rich' He thought to himself.

"We're going to McDonald’s… right?" Jungkook asked, getting a little bit nervous thinking that Jimin might want to go eat somewhere else.

Jimin glanced at him from the corner of his eyes, "Yes we are." He deadpanned like the goof he was.

They were about to get inside the car when Jimin's phone started buzzing with an incoming call, "Hello?...Yeah, that's me...No why?...What?! How! When?!...Okay… Fine… No no!...Don't do anything! I'm on my way." Jimin rambled frantically into the phone's speaker.
"I'm so sorry Jungkook but I have to go." Jimin explained as he unlocked the car and got in, "There's a family emergency, I really need to go!" He said and then started the engine, "Don't worry you'll be fine, just go eat and I'll get back to you when I'm done."

"Uh huh. It's ok, go do what you gotta do. See ya' later." Jungkook reassured as he was getting away from the car. Jimin just nodded at him and took off at a speed that couldn't have been legal.

~~

"One Mac burger, two large french fries and one large coke, please." Jungkook was at the counter placing his order, meanwhile a bored looking employee put everything together in a paper bag and yes, he knew he wanted a rather large meal but he was hungry.

"Isn't it too much food to eat for a skinny, beautiful boy like you?" Jungkook heard a voice saying from behind his back. He turned around to see who it belonged to and gagged at the sight of a ravish boy, now standing in front of him.

His skin looked sun kissed, giving him a healthy glow, just like his short sandy blonde colored hair did, with flecks of brown strands peaking through his bangs. His dark eyes looked at Jungkook curiously, lips quirked into a slight smirk and honestly, he looked like a predator assessing it's prey. Jungkook glared at him, not liking on bit how he was stared at, his eyes never leaving the overconfident stranger. The guy was tall and slim, yet Jungkook could clearly see the way his abs rippled underneath that tight white T-shirt he wore and the dark wash denim jeans did nothing to hide those glorious thighs of his. Jungkook was definitely not against the way the stranger's clothes clung to his body in all the right places, but once he caught on to what he was doing he sobered up, real fast. 'Am I actually checking a boy out?' Jungkook thought to himself, he didn't even know the guy and yet he could tell he was the most handsome person he's ever seen in all his life. 'What the heck is wrong with me?'

"Um, excuse me? What do you mean?" Jungkook cautiously breathed out, he didn't want his internal freakout to show on his face or something.

The stranger just laughed at him, "Well, I just thought a skinny boy like you wouldn't order something so heavy. I had a hunch that like, you were health conscious or something, you know?" And oh boy, Jungkook was sure he could hear that laugh forever and never get tired of it. His voice was rough and raspy, yet still smooth and soft at the same time. Jungkook really liked his voice, but rolled his eyes either way and reasoned, "I think you shouldn’t make assumptions like that when you don’t even know the person you're talking about.” Yes, he did like the way this stranger looked, but alarms were blaring in his brain, screaming for him to get away from the potential threat and they were usually right, so why should he ignore them this time?

"Sure babe." The stranger said, seemingly unfazed by Jungkook's words, "So can I get your number or something?"

'This person is flirting with me, a boy, in broad daylight! What's up with this school?' Jungkook though to himself and sighed, 'First that Yoongi guy and now him.' Since when did he become a guy magnet? "Uh huh,-" Jungkook said sarcastically and then continued, "-you know that was a clear slut alert right?"

"Excuse me, that hurt." The attractive stranger faked being offended, "You don't even know me, how can you make assumptions like that without even knowing the person you're talking about?" He threwed Jungkook's own words right back at him but Jungkook chose to ignore it because he was a mature adult like that.
"Well, if I'm wrong then I apologize, but I can clearly tell you're a player." Jungkook spat back, "Anyway, can you move out of the way?" He said as he grabbed his paper bag with his order inside of it and payed the cashier, "I gotta eat." Jungkook announces with a fake smile and then wiggled the food in his hands, hoping the stranger would get the hint and leave him alone.

"Sorry baby, but I can't just leave you alone, I'm too intrigued to let you go." The stranger purred and he looked smug for some unknown reason, "So where are you from?" He persisted as if Jungkook would just up and tell him everything there is to know about his life. Jungkook scoffed at his impulsiveness and said nothing in response, "Man, seriously? How shameless can one guy be?" He thought to himself. "Okay okay sorry." The stranger tried to placate Jungkook, "So why are you in Seoul?" He asked again, like this question was any better than the other.

Jungkook gave him the evil eye, wondering if this guy had any sort of common sense left, "That's none of your business and I barely know you,-" Jungkook shrugged and then continued, "-I'm not gonna talk to some random stranger about my personal life."

"Feisty-" He smirked, "-just how I like them." The stranger finished as he licked his bottom lip, drawing his attention to the action and Jungkook wanted to punch himself.

"Well then," Jungkook started, he will not be swayed by such cheap tricks, "I guess there's just one problem." He said as he smiled sweetly, "I don't like you."

"Whoa there, no need to be so hostile!" He chuckled, completely unfazed by Jungkook's rather rude attitude, "I'm just a nice guy trying to make a conversation." He shrugged nonchalantly like the smooth fucker he was.

"Okay, I've had enough!" Jungkook snapped, "Now let me be honest with you, I do not swing that way and if I did, I definitely wouldn't go for boys like you." He glared, disgust evident on his features, he just couldn't understand why this guy wasn't giving up already!

The stranger's smile just seemed to grow larger at that, "Aw, don't be mean babe! How do you know you don't like me if you won't even give me a chance?" He asked as he raised an eyebrow at that, like what he just said made perfect sense to him.

"Pfft please!" Jungkook started sternly, his patience was running out and he really just wanted to get out of there, "Guys like you just want a quick lay and be done with it. I'm not your type okay? And I'm a boy for god's sake, what is wrong with you?!" He hissed angrily, already exasperated at this point.

"Okay you got me, but rest assured that this isn't over yet." The stranger announced as he laughed, "I always enjoy a good chase before I catch them though, especially if my preys are as fiery as you are."

Jungkook stormed out of the restaurant after that, not wanting to hear another word from that presumptuous asshole, 'God! What shit am I getting myself into?' He thought to himself as he clutched the paper bag at his chest.

~~

Chapter End Notes
Okay so here's the second chapter guys. I hope you like it. Please, don’t be a silent reader and comment about how you feel. Also, let's reveal who that guy in the restaurant was in the next chapter, shall we? Hahahaha. I am sure some of you can take a guess.
Chapter 3:

Later that night Jimin returned to the dorms looking like hell. He seemed tired, with black bags underneath his eyes, red shirt covered in wet blotches from his back and around his waist line and instead of his earlier exhilarated self, his posture now screamed fatigued. This Jimin most definitely was not the person Jungkook met that morning, he honestly looked like he just escaped from the purgatory.

Jimin just threw his bag in the direction of his bed and sprinted towards Jungkook, hugging him for dear like as Jungkook hugged him back gladly. Not even a minute after, Jungkook could hear Jimin trying to hold back his whimpers, that were slowly turning into sobs, then finally just gave up and was now openly crying onto Jungkook's shoulders. Ignoring the fact that Jimin's scent was a mixture between hospital sterilizers and chemicals, Jungkook continued to hold him until Jimin ran out of tears and was lightly hiccuping from the strain of crying so much.

"I don't mean to be nosy or anything,-" Jungkook started softly, he didn't want to startle the already distressed Jimin in his arms, "-but I'd really like to know what's been going on with you for the past few hours." As soon as Jungkook finished his sentence he heard Jimin dry heaving. Slightly panicking and not knowing what to do, Jungkook quickly tossed him a Tupperware bottle filled with cold water and guided him to the closest seat, which happened to be Jungkook's desk chair.

After making sure that Jimin won't fall off or anything, Jungkook sat on his bed and watched him from afar. He just didn't know what else to do, speaking only caused Jimin to break down not just once, but twice, so he kept his mouth shut and wondered what could have possibly happened to bring the cheerful boy he met earlier today to this sorrowful, crying mess. Considering he was alone for most of the last years, he's never had to tend to anyone's needs and no one did that for him either, so saying that he had no idea what he was doing was a big understatement.

Jungkook, being the creeper that he was, just stared at Jimin as he got up from his chair and crawled into his bed, not even bothering to change his clothes into something more comfortable.

He just watched as Jimin's eyelids drooped and immediately passed out cold. With every passing moment of his life he was realizing more and more how worthless he actually is. It reminds him of the day of his fourteenth birthday, the day his life had been snatched away from him, the day he started realizing how sheltered he was.

* 

Jungkook was woken up from his slumber that morning by his mother's light kiss on top of his temple and saw his whole family gathered around his bed singing 'Happy Birthday to you' Which made him hide a grin under a yawn.

The only mornings he actually looked forward to waking up were his birthdays. This day was no different. Mom brought him his favorite breakfast in bed, pancakes with strawberry sauce and shared some with Ira because she was eyeing his meal with great interest.
Sehun hugged him and murmured, "Happy Birthday, my dear brother!" But before Jungkook could hug him back, his face got smeared with strawberry sauce.

At that Jungkook lunged at him, trying to tackle his brother to the ground, "Sehun hyung!" He squealed at the top of his lungs.

"Stop screeching! A prince should never forget his etiquette!" That, ladies and gentlemen, is Jungkook's brother for you.

*

A light beep brought him out of his memories.

Jungkook moved his body enough to grab his phone from the nightstand and stared at it. Everything was blurry and he was getting a mini heart-attack thinking he might have gone blind, but then he touched his eyes only to find himself wearing his glasses, 'What the heck?'

He took off the thing and flt that his face was damp, 'Fuck.' He cursed internally as he quickly pulled his T-shirt up and dried his face off. Readjusting his temporary glasses, he unlocked the screen of the smartphone to find a text from an unknown number. He hadn't given his number to anyone except Jimin, and thinking of Jimin...Jungkook looked up to check how he was doing and, 'Yup, still dead to the world.' Before he could start zoning out again he tapped on the message notification to read the text, curiosity getting the best of him.

*Unknown Number*
Hey love, told you it was just the beginning ;)
And believe me when I say this, I really do love a good chase. XX

Jungkook just stared at the screen. 'It's not who I think it is...It can't be, can it?' He thought to himself.

Jungkook
Um, I think you got the wrong person.
PS: Word of advice - don't disturb strangers at such ungodly hours

*Unknown Number*
If I was unsure before I'm not anymore now that I've got your response

Jungkook
Like hell you are. Wait, where did you say you got my number again?

*Unknown Number*
I have my sources, love.

Jungkook
Ugh fine, be like that.
I don't chat with strangers anyway and don't you dare call me that!

*Unknown Number*
Why, love?
Does it bother you?

Jungkook angrily typed a reply using some very colorful swear words but in the end he didn't send it, just added the text to the drafts instead. Why waste his time on strangers when he could get his well deserved sleep?
He glared at the phone, 'Something is wrong with this boy, I'm telling you.' Jungkook thought to himself but he had to admit that the stupid, egotistical, beautiful...no, scratch that, he meant conceited guy, succeed in bringing a silly smile to his face and maybe, for the first time in years, he would go to bed with a genuine smile on his lips.

~~

Jungkook woke up to the obnoxious buzzing of his alarm clock, making him squint at it and groan in contempt. He slipped out of his bed and went straight to the bathroom, quickly taking a shower and brushing his teeth, then got back into the room and went over to his closet, opened the doors and stared at the bundle of clothes he owned. He was just standing there not having any idea what to wear. 'Ah, fuck it.' He thought to himself as he decided to go simple, a pair of dark wash denim jeans, blue T shirt and combat boots.

Jungkook looked around their room for his backpack and saw that Jimin was still sleeping peacefully in his bed. He suddenly recalled yesterday's events and realized he needed to tread carefully around him, Jungkook didn't want a repeat of last night, so he tiptoed to Jimin's bed and whispered softly into his ear as he gently shook what he thought was Jimin's shoulder underneath the covers, “Jiminnie it's the first day of school, if you don’t wake up now we're going to be late and that's not good, right?” Jungkook didn’t think saying "we're going to be late" would actually do the trick but it did, thank God!

Jimin hastily emerged from his cocoon of blankets, squinted at Jungkook with one eye still closed, then looked at the clock on his nightstand and cried out in panic, “Why didn’t you wake me up earlier!?”

Jungkook supposes he should be annoyed that Jimin blamed the entire thing on Jungkook but honestly, he was too relieved the old Jimin was back. He wanted to ask him what actually happened last night now that he was all sobered up, but decided to let it go instead. They had just become friends and Jungkook didn’t want to overstep his boundaries by prying into Jimin personal matters so soon. He was sure Jimin would tell him when he's be ready, until then all Jungkook could do is be there for him when needed.

Jimin hastily got up, ran stumbling to the bathroom and to Jungkook's utter disbelief he was ready in exactly 15 minutes. 'This guy is really something.' Jungkook thought to himself, he was thoroughly impressed by Jimin's efficiency, he should learn how to do that as well.

“Let’s go buddy! A brand new year is waiting for us!” Jimin exclaimed enthusiastically. Now this is the Jimin Jungkook likes, the Jimin who was full of life and mischief permanently present in his eyes.

“Why yes, let’s go!” Jungkook flashed a smile in return. Both of them grabbed their backpacks, locked the door and left for the Academy Halls in search for their classrooms. They were in front of their school building, making their way in among the sleepy mass of students dragging their feet and looking like they'd rather be elsewhere.

“Kookie, I want to introduce you to my friends at lunch today, is that okay?” Jimin asked clearly excited at the thought of Jungkook meeting his friends.

'Did he just call me Kookie?' He thought to himself, only his brother, Sehun, used to call him that. He didn't know how to feel about being called like that again but let it go since he liked Jimin, maybe
it was time to move on and let other people in, “Yes, of course it is, in fact I'd love to meet them since I'm sure all of them are friendly. They are your friends after all.” Jungkook said with a small smile on his face.

“Aww, Kookie,-” Jimin cooed, "-love you!” Jungkook grunted in response, but Jimin being, well...Jimin, just laughed it off.

They were chatting about this and that when he suddenly remembered something, “Oh Jimin, can I see your schedule? I wonder if we have some classes together.” He asked, it's been on his mind since yesterday actually.

“Here,-” Jimin said as he handed Jungkook his chart, "-take a look at it.”

Jungkook scanned the paper and frowned when he couldn't find what he was looking for, “Oh my god, we barely have the same classes.”

“What? Seriously?” Jimin pouted as he snatched the paper back to check for himself if it was true.

“Yes, but it’s okay,-” He tried to assure a dejected looking Jimin, "-I'll see you at lunch and at the breaks between periods, I promise.”

“Oh, yeah-" Jimin sighed sadly, "-you're right.”

Jungkook didn't want Jimin to start the first day of school depressed so he tried to lighten the mood with some easy banter, “Aw, don’t be sad!” Jungkook cooed as he pinched his cheek only to get his hand batted away by an incredulous looking Jimin, "We'll meet at lunch later, okay?”

Jimin rolled his eyes at him, but gave a half smile, "Yes, okay."

Jungkook could tell Jimin was still feeling down but there was nothing he could do about it. By all means, if they could be in all of their classes together, Jungkook would have been the happiest person alive. He is the most anti social person ever so being in the same class with someone he knew would have been really easy. Evidently, Jungkook didn't want people like Yoongi and that flirt he met at the restaurant yesterday to be in the same class as him, he scoffed just thinking about the size of their egos. Jimin and Jungkook exchanged their goodbyes and then headed straight for their respective classes.

Jungkook let out an audible groan the minute he entered his study hall, he couldn't believe his eyes. There he was, that player from the restaurant, staring intensely at him. Jungkook could feel his gaze burning through him, sending shivers down his spine as his face broke out into the most arrogant smirk he's ever seen. He gawked at the boy across the room, wearing skin tight distressed blue jeans with a black T shirt that was a bit too big for him, casually exposing the skin on his shoulder, light brown hair made thin from too many years of dying it, hung straight down across his forehead and his lips were pink and swollen. At this point Jungkook might as well add that he was looking ethereally beautiful today, 'Wait, am I ogling a guy? Holy shit, maybe I should visit a doctor.' He thought to himself.

Jungkook quickly averted his eyes, walked over to an empty desk and tried to restrain himself from looking like a fool any further. 'What a lovely way to start a new year.' He thought to himself. That stupid, narcissistic, hot, sexy...wait no, he meant idiot of boy was in the same school as him and much to his disdain, in the same class as well.

He saw the guy walking over towards where he was sitting and then leaned on the edge of the desk, acting as nonchalant as ever, “Hey love, is it just me or maybe fate actually wants us to get
together?” He flirted shamelessly as he crossed his arms over his chest, showcasing his biceps through the shirt.

Jungkook scoffed at the boy's antics, “Sorry, but I don’t believe in that kind of crap.” He didn't believe in fate or destiny or whatever crap there was out there. He was a realist, not a dreamer.

“Oh, trust me I can always make you believe in that kind of crap.” The stranger said, almost taking Jungkook's words like a challenge he hadn't made.

“Be my guest.” Jungkook grumbled, might as well let him try since his patience was wearing thin anyway. He was expecting some sort of snarky comeback but the teacher interrupted their interaction immediately, which sort of made Jungkook huff out a sigh of disappointment, even if he'd never admit to it. He definitely didn’t want to be in the same room as him, no sir.

“Hello students, my name is Mr. Baekhyun-” The teacher introduced himself, "-and I will be your chemistry teacher for this year.” All the girls chimed happily after the teacher's introduction, which was annoying but he guessed he did understand where they were coming from. How often did you get such beautiful man to teach you chemistry? He was genuinely handsome and even Jungkook couldn’t disagree with that fact.

“So students, I expect you to give this class your utmost undivided attention. If anyone even thinks of slacking off then I let me give you a heads up.” Mr. Baekhyun said, his tone laced with authority. "-I will not tolerate any students in my class lazing around and I won’t hesitate to punish said student, be it a girl or boy.” At the thought of Mr. Baekhyun punishing them, some of the girls started to make some really weird choked off noises, “It won’t be anything pleasurable.” Mr. Baekhyun said which made the girls blush in response.

'Disgusting,' Jungkook thought to himself, he couldn't believe the nerve some people had.

“Moving on,” Mr. Baekhyun said mischievously, Jungkook eyes widened at that, 'God knows what he’s up to.' He wondered silently, "-I want you guys to introduce yourselves to the person sitting beside you.”

Jungkook groaned at that, did he forget to mention that that boy was sitting beside him? And he wouldn’t stop looking at Jungkook like if he concentrated hard enough he could undress him with his eyes. “So I finally get to introduce myself. My name is Taehyung, Kim Taehyung-” He sneered at Jungkook and then proceeded to motion his hands up down presenting his body, "-the man of your dreams.”

'So his name is Taehyung huh?' Jungkook thought to himself, of course Taehyung would make a show out of introducing himself, of course, “In your dreams, you mean?” He retorted as he rolled his eyes, "My name is Jungkook, Jeon Jungkook.”

Mr. Baekhyun booming voice pierced trough the crowd of students chatting with their desk-mates, "So congratulations folks, you have just said 'hello' to you permanent lab partner." He finished evilly, a big smirk plastered on his face as he started to begin the lecture.

'Wait,what!' Jungkook didn't like that, at all and then he heard Taehyung mutter, “Yes!” while throwing his fist in the air. 'Damn it! Damn it to HELL!' He thought to himself, he will fail this year for sure, 'THIS GUY IS SUPPOSED TO BE MY LAB PARTNER FOR THE ENTIRE YEAR?!' Jungkook screamed internally as he let out a sharp breath and looked up at the heavens, silently praying for strength and wondering what he did in his previous life to deserve this kind of torture, 'I did NOT sign up for this.' He was sure the universe hated him.
Probably seeing Jungkook so aggravated by the situation Taehyung decided to rile him up a little bit more like the ass he was. “Aw, love.” He cooed exaggeratedly, “aren’t you happy to get me as your lab partner?” He asked as he fluttered his eyelashes as if he were some pretty school girl.

Jungkook just started at him, refusing he had to deal with this for an entire year, he was fuming in his anger, “Like hell I am!” He hissed back at Taehyung’s face, he couldn’t even concentrate on what the teacher was saying, that’s how much he was getting on his nerves already.

“Aw, I know you are!” Taehyung coos again, either not understanding Jungkook’s sarcasm or choosing to ignore it.

After a few blessed minutes of silence, save for the teacher going on and on about what they will be studying this year, and letting Jungkook stew in his own misery, he heard Taehyung’s voice, “I’m really good at Chemistry so you can chill, there’s nothing to worry about.” He laughed easily, as if this was all a big fat joke to him.

“Oh really?” Jungkook said sarcastically, at least if what he said was true he didn't have to worry about his grades dropping in Chemistry, "We’ll see.”

The last remaining half hour was pure torture and thank God the bell rang before Taehyung could start another conversation he didn't wanna be a part of. Jungkook just grabbed the scattered books from his desk, shoved them in his backpack and bee lined it out of there as fast as he could. It felt like the longest Chemistry class he's ever been to in his entire life. 'It's gonna be tougher than I thought.' He thought to himself as he made his way to his next class.

---

After the end of second period was lunch time so Jungkook went to meet Jimin and his friends at the canteen. "Kookie!” He heard Jimin yell from all away back, "I saved a place for you! Come here!” Jungkook laughed and made his way over to their table.

“Kookie, let me introduce you to my friends. This is Hoseok-” He pointed towards a happy-go-lucky type of guy that seemed really friendly and bubbly just like Jimin, "-and this is Jin.” He presented his second friend like he was some kind of trophy. This guy, Jin, definitely had a very mature aura about himself, but Jungkook could tell that he was a genuinely nice guy, "They are both seniors and really good friends of mine.”

“If you ever need anything please don’t hesitate to ask,” Jin hyung smiled reassuringly and Hoseok hyung nodded in agreement, bright smile lighting up his entire features.

“Thank you so much hyung!” Jungkook beamed happily. 'Maybe This year won't be that tough after all.' He thought to himself as he looked around the table at his new friends.

---

Chapter End Notes

Hello! I hope you liked this chapter. Please tell me your thoughts?
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Just Kim Taehyung being Kim Taehyung.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 4:

"Bro, what's with you and that new kid, Jongkuk or whatever his name is? New toy?" Namjoon asked as he was watching Taehyung light a cigarette and taking a puff from it.

"His name is Jungkook." Taehyung corrected, "And I don't know, I just find him really interesting." He said as he was thinking about how stubborn Jungkook was and wouldn't give in to his advances, "He's the first guy ever to turn me down and you know nobody turns me down, nobody." He stressed the last word.

"Well that's a first." Namjoon started but the paused when a thought dawned on him, "You don't have feelings for him do you?" He asked as he was furrowing his eyebrows, "I mean...do you like him?"

Taehyung started laughing when he heard Namjoon's concerns, "Feelings? I don't do 'feelings' bro, I just wanna play with the guy a little more. I mean, how long can he resist my charms anyway? He seems so...pure-" He started but at Namjoon you better not expression he amended, "-and I value his innocence, I do, but at the same time I want to ravish him, make a moaning mess out of him, tease him to tears..." He trailed off and was already zoning out just by thinking of all the things he wanted to do to Jungkook, "When you use the word 'like' it's supposed to be something beautiful right? It's supposed to mean something but trust me, I'm sure what I feel for him is not something beautiful." Taehyung finished with a distant look on his face. To like someone meant to get invested and actually care for the other, well Taehyung didn't want any of that, he just wanted to play.

"You never know Tae, I mean you did develop feelings for -" Namjoon started but got cut off before he could finish.

"Shut up-" Taehyung said as he was gritting his teeth in annoyance, "-and never bring that up in front of me again, never." He didn't even what to think about it, that was all in the past, where it should stay, forever!

Looking slightly guilty, "Sorry." was all Namjoon could mutter.

"Where's Yoongi though?" Taehyung changed the subject, hoping it would lessen the tense atmosphere, he didn't want to make Namjoon uncomfortable.

"Anyone asked for me?" Taehyung heard someone saying behind him and turned around, smiling at the owner of the voice.
"Speak of the devil," Namjoon laughed as he shook his head.

"Oi, Tae! You have to listen to this." Yoongi began, not even bothering to greet them anymore, "There's this new kid in school and damn he's hot as fuck!" He said as his lips were quirking into a smirk, "I'd totally do him!"

Taehyung just stood there, cigarette in one hand as the other was fumbling with the lighter, but after Yoongi's words registered in Taehyung's brain, his body reacted before his mind could comprehend what's happening. He grabbed Yoongi by the collar of his shirt and growled angrily into his ears, "Don't you fucking dare touch him Yoongi, he's NOT your plaything." Taehyung could feel Yoongi flinch upon hearing his words, but it was Yoongi's words that caught him off guard.

Yoongi started laughing when he saw Taehyung get so riled up just for mentioning that Jungkook is fuckable, "Relax man, I already know you got your eyes on him. I have my Jiminie anyway."

Namjoon looked confused at that, "Your Jiminie?" He asked as he quirked one eyebrow up.

"Uh… Well something like that." Yoongi said vaguely, "Anyway, he likes me and I can take him whenever I want to." He said and then shrugged as if it was no big deal.

Namjoon just shook his head at his friends, "You two are assholes." He declared, tone laced with both amusement and authority.

"Tell us something we don't know." Taehyung and Yoongi replied in unison, then looked at each other and both shouted, "JINX!" at the same time, making them howl in laughter until their faces started to hurt.

"By the way," Yoongi stared as he wiped one tear at the corner of his eye and then looked at Namjoon, a shit eating grin nestling on his face, "-Jin was looking for you."

Namjoon looked shocked, but then he seemed to let the awe sink in until his eyes looked like two crescents, his lips pulled back into a grin and his face looked so bright he might as well be the embodiment of the freaking sun, "Seriously?" Namjoon exclaimed, he was sporting the biggest, most love struck, smile Taehyung's ever seen in his entire life.

"Nah, just kidding, I just wanted to see your reaction." Yoongi joked, that little shit was bluffing from the beginning, of course he was.

Namjoon's face fell at that and looked at Yoongi with fond exasperation, "You bloody asshole!" He shouted as he jumped on Yoongi and got him in a headlock.

Taehyung just smiled at them, 'These guys were really something else.' He thought to himself, but then he let his mind wander to a certain Jeon Jungkook.

~~

Taehyung woke up one hour earlier that he usually did, he that was determined to look good today. He took a shower, brushed his teeth and fumbled over to his closet to get the new set of clothes he bought a few days ago. He styled his hair perfectly so that it would look more silky and smooth, then finally he sprayed a thin layer of cologne to make him smell good. After grabbing his backpack and car keys Taehyung headed off to school.

The first class he had was Chemistry, which meant he’d be seeing Jungkook today, and since they were lab partners, it also meant they were going to be working together in very close proximity. To say he was excited would have been an understatement. He's never been nervous about approaching
someone before but they couldn’t possibly compare to Jungkook, he was so different from anyone else he's ever encountered.

Since he had a little under an hour to spare before going to class, Taehyung decided to meet with his squad in their usual place and hangout for a bit.

*

Jungkook walked into the laboratory, found an empty seat in a corner and promptly walked towards it. His first class today was chemistry and he was pretty damn excited because it was his favorite subject and he really enjoyed doing lab work. The formulas and the smell of those colorful chemicals were just indescribable to Jungkook and yes, he's aware he's being weird about it.

After waiting for a few minutes, Mr. Baekhyun entered the class with his usual rigorous demeanor and before he could start his usual greeting, Jungkook saw a brunette boy at the door, panting as if he ran here in order to make it in time. He sulked after realizing the boy was in fact Taehyung and promptly remembered that they were lab partners. 'Ugh.' He groaned internally.

"Sir, I'm so sorry I'm late! I got stuck in traffic." Taehyung wheezed as he tried to explain to the teacher what happened.

Jungkook rolled his eyes at him, 'Wow, what a great excuse.' He thought sarcastically.

"That's okay since it's the first time this semester, I will pardon you but be careful from now on Mr. Kim." The teacher scolded Taehyung as he walked into the classroom and took the seat right next to Jungkook. "Okay class, you will have to do some reactions today. Thermodynamics. We have just started the chapter so we'll just do some primary reactions for now." Mr. Baekhyun explained.

"Okay, so let's start!" Taehyung practically beamed, looking eager to get things started, "I'm really good at thermodynamics."

Jungkook blinked and then horror started seeping through his bones, "Taehyung, it's thermodynamics...I thought you said you were good at chemistry!" He whisper shouted.

"Oh yeah...That..." Taehyung just smiled at him sheepishly and decided to ignore Jungkook's remark, "So, let's start! What do we need to do? Mix some chemicals right? That's pretty easy." He blurted out, seemingly unfazed by Jungkook's internal freakout.

Jungkook sighed, 'Damn, this boy sucks at chemistry.' He thought to himself as he looked at Taehyung straight in the eyes, hoping he could communicate through his gaze how serious he was about this, "Shut up and listen to me. We have to do this in the crystallization process. Mix Carbon Dioxide and molybdenum. This is endothermic at low temperature but, if we apply a little bit more heat it will become exothermic. The amount of heat needed to apply should be checked first, otherwise something will explode. Do you understand?" Jungkook asked, but he knew everything he just said went straight over Taehyung’s head.

"Uh huh sure..." He replied dumbly, looking as lost as ever.

Jungkook let out another aggravating sigh at the sheer "intelligence" of his lab partner, "Look, just let me do this okay?" He offered, not wanting to end up blowing the entire classroom apart.

Taehyung was frantically shaking his head at that, refusing to back down even though he didn’t have the slightest idea what he was doing, "No! I want to do this, just tell me the process."

"Taehyung, you won’t be able to this!" Jungkook said slowly, careful to enunciate each syllable
correctly. He sounded like he was explaining to a small child why they couldn't do something.

He guessed Taehyung didn't like Jungkook patronizing him since burst out, "I can! Just tell me the damn process!" He hissed.

Jungkook groaned but relented anyway. "Pour molybdenum in a jar first." He ordered.

"Okay…” He trailed, picking up a jar and starting to pour it in.

"Taehyung! Stop!" Jungkook screeched, "That's not molybdenum! Its zinc! You are pouring zinc in that jar!" They just barely started and he was already worried for their safety.

"Oh my! I'm so sorry, I didn’t notice!" Taehyung apologized yet all Jungkook could do was frown at his stupidity. He quickly picked the molybdenum and poured it in the jar. "What now?"

"Pour the Carbon Dioxide in the jar and heat it." Jungkook directed as he pointed at the rack this time, making sure Taehyung got the right thing.

"Okay..." He replied picking up the Carbon Dioxide, poured the gas in the jar and heated it up, still looking like he had no idea what he was actually doing. Jungkook was horrified when he saw Taehyung heat the reaction to more than 600 Degrees Celsius.

He quickly grabbed Taehyung's wrist and shoved him towards the other side, “Damn it!” He cursed, "We can't heat the reaction more than 600 Degrees Celsius!” Jungkook turned off the heat immediately, hoping no damage had been done. He then turned around and faced Taehyung, practically shouting in his face, "Are you insane or something?! You can't heat the jar that much!"

"Um, why? Did I do it wrong?" Taehyung asked innocently, unaware of his errors.

"Damn it Taehyung, we're supposed to make molybdenum dioxide! If you had heated the jar that much, instead of making the reaction it would have caused an explosion!" Jungkook breathed out, unbelievable, this guy was unbelievable.

"Oops, sorry!" He said as he stuck out his tongue at the corner of his mouth, making him look significantly younger. Then Jungkook saw Taehyung glance down at something, "Errr, you're still kind of holding my hand." At that he glanced down as well and Jungkook reluctantly let go of Taehyung's wrists. He could feel the embarrassment spread different shades of angry pink across his face in an instant.

They worked in silence after that, with Jungkook giving instructions and closely monitoring Taehyung's every move, chastising him every time he was about to ruin the chemical reaction they were trying to achieve. They were done with their project as soon as the bell rang and all the students were slowly trickling out of the laboratory, heading in different directions for the next period.

"You seriously need some help in chemistry." He told Taehyung after the… experience they had back in class, "You suck at it." If he was going to be honest with himself, Taehyung shouldn't be let anywhere near the chemistry equipment ever again, that guy was dangerous.

“Oh really? How about you tutor me then, yeah?” Taehyung asked and then winked, reminding Jungkook what he was actually dealing with.

Jungkook looked at him like he was moron, "I'd rather not to be honest." He said as he finished packing his backpack.

"Aw, come on babe." Taehyung said whilst making puppy eyes at Jungkook, "How bad could it
Jungkook groaned loudly. God damn Taehyung's going to be the end of him, even he can’t say no to that face, “I’ll think about it.” He mumbled as he stared walking towards the door, Taehyung on his tow.

“Please do, I’d love it if you became my tutor.” He said and he looked smug, too smug actually, "Oh, by the way how do I look today?” He asked as motioned with his hands at his outfit.

That caught Jungkook by surprise, not expecting the sudden change of topic, “Excuse me?” He inquired, refusing to believe what he just heard.

“I said, how do I look today?” Taehyung repeated.

Jungkook raised one eyebrow up, “I believe it’s not my place to comment on how you look.” He averted the question, not wanting to get tangled in the mess any further than necessary.

“But babe, it is! I did this for you.” Taehyung said as his lips quirked into a smirk and then he gradually moved closer towards Jungkook. His breath hitched in his throat at that and he could feel himself getting warmer and warmer from how close their bodies were. Taehyung leaned forward, brought his lips to Jungkook right ear and murmured with a sultry lilt to his voice, “Remember the thing I said to you when we first met, Jeon? Ever since that day I’ve been constantly thinking of ways to make you mine, ways to make you want me…” He said as he casually bit Jungkook’s earlobe, slightly pulling it with his teeth as if it was no big deal. Jungkook tried to be silent, to conceal any sounds he might have made, but a soft moan escaped his lips anyway, "And trust me, I'm enjoying this chase more than ever.” He finished and Jungkook could feel Taehyung egotistical smirk as he pulled back, irking him even further.

Jungkook definitely didn't like the way his body had reacted to Taehyung, his breath was ragged, legs a quivering mess and the pleasure he felt when Taehyung bit his earlobe was new and frankly, just overwhelming. Fortunately, no one was around to witness anything since the class had finished a while ago, he would have died of embarrassment if anyone saw that.

He tried to say something, anything really, but Jungkook’s mouth refused to form any coherent sentences after the little stunt Taehyung pulled on him. So instead of speaking he simply decided to just walk out and never look back.

“Oh and don’t forget to think about tutoring me Jeon!” Jungkook heard him shout from behind. He had to admit, he liked it when Taehyung called him "Jeon" but the thing was, he had no idea why. It had felt so hot when Taehyung growled into his ear, humming Jungkook’s name like that with his raspy voice, 'Oh shit,' what was he saying? 'Okay, that’s it. I seriously have to talk to Jimin about this.' He though to himself as he hoisted his backpack further on his shoulder.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you liked this chapter! Let me know? x Sorry for uploading so late.
Jungkook has been avoiding Taehyung in every way possible. Taehyung tried talking to him in class and Jungkook kept replying with just "hmm" or "yeah" or "okay". He almost wanted to talk to Taehyung but he couldn’t disregard the stunt he pulled after Chemistry a few days ago. Jungkook wouldn’t stop musing over it, even at lunch when Jimin tried to talk to him about how much of an asshole Yoongi was, Jungkook just kept on spacing out. He tried to pay attention to the best of his abilities but Jungkook was unable to concentrate on anything his friend was saying.

After lunch Jungkook headed over to the gym because he had P.E. as the last period today. Jungkook despised P.E. All those stretching exercises that required weird twists and turns were annoying and then the teacher had gone ahead and paired him up with the most peculiar team he could muster. He didn't even know what they were about to play for God's sake! Jungkook needed a break. “Sir, can I please skip today’s class? I'm not feeling too well.” He asked his P.E. teacher as he tried to look as sick as possible.

The man just crumpled up his nose and looked at Jungkook up and down with sheer irritation, “Brats like you are the reason why I hate teaching, you know! I bet a 100 bucks everything is okay with you! You just want to miss out because of your...stupid teenage, hormonal reasons!” The teacher practically shouted in Jungkook’s face.

“Um sir, I believe I said I'm not feeling too well, since you already know about my 'teenage, hormonal reasons' I don’t have to explain myself any further right?” Jungkook backfired, he was in no mood to get sassed by his teacher, not today.

The teacher squinted at him, not knowing what to do with Jungkook's reaction but pointed towards a place outside of the field borders anyway, “Tsk, go sit on that empty bench over there and watch the others play, got it?”

“Yes sir.” He hastily dragged his feet the empty bench and sat down, then pulled out his earphones and iPod, shuffled through his playlists and finally found a song that would let him loosen up a bit. Just when was starting to get to the good part, Jungkook was brought up from his zen place when he felt someone move beside him. He looked up with a frown on his face and immediately felt irritated after catching a glimpse of who that particular person was. What was he doing here? ‘Oh fuck, don’t tell me we have P.E. together as well!’ He thought to himself, the universe can't hate him that much can it?

“Hey love,” Taehyung greeted and gave him a small smile.
Jungkook just looked at him, pondering the possibility of Taehyung being a stalker or something, “What the hell do you want Taehyung?” He breathed out, he really, really wanted to be alone, he's not even asking for much, just few hours, please!

“You.” Taehyung deadpanned as he looked Jungkook straight in the eye.

Jungkook rolled his eyes and sighed, “Just get to point, will you?” He asked exasperated, it didn't look like he was going to get out of this any time soon.

Jungkook was expecting a quirky retort or another flirty line, but what happened instead was something that caught him completely off guard. Quick like a rabbit, Taehyung’s lips were pressed against his right cheek, brushing against Jungkook’s skin softly where his lips lingered for a few more seconds. Jungkook’s breath caught in his throat and was pretty damn sure time had stopped in that moment. Before he could even react, Taehyung pulled away, the imprint of his soft, balmy smooth lips still left on his cheek. ‘What the hell just happened? Did he just kiss my cheek?’ Jungkook thought to himself as he was just sitting there, staring dumbly at Taehyung, refusing to accept what happened, but boy that definitely felt good, ‘Why did he do that?’ He wondered silently.

“I-I um, w-why did y-you-” Jungkook asked tripping over his tongue, making a fool out of himself.

“Please don’t ignore me?” Taehyung requested, his expression completely sincere.

Jungkook was conflicted, yes he did ignore him but he's not gonna be that asshole and tell Taehyung outright that he's been avoiding him like the plague, “What are you saying? I never-” He started but before he could deny anything Taehyung spoke up,

“No, don’t lie to me.” Taehyung said sternly and that shut Jungkook up. If Taehyung already knew then there's no use in lying.

Jungkook averted his gaze and instead chose to look at the ground, “Okay,” He said, it was the most vague thing he could come up with.

“I'm sorry for what I did after that Chemistry class,-" Taehyung apologized, ”-my hormones got the best of me and you looked so fucking hot I just couldn’t help it.” He explained, adamant about making Jungkook believe him as hope simmering at the edges of eyes.

Jungkook could feel his cheeks redden with every word he said and was a blushing mess by the time Taehyung had stopped talking, “It’s okay.” He managed to mumble. It really was, after all it's not like he could avoid Taehyung forever now could he? He apologized and that's all that mattered, at least now he knew Taehyung wasn't as shameless as he thought.

Taehyung looked relieved after hearing it, tiny smile back on his face, “So will you tutor me now? In Chemistry?”

“Um, I'm still not sure about that.” Jungkook replied hesitantly, still not sure that was the best course of action. He might have apologized but Taehyung is still Taehyung, he doubted he would drop his douchiness that easily.

“Please?” He requested, making those puppy eyes of his and Jungkook was weak, so weak he couldn’t help but say “Yes.” Taehyung’s face lit up in an instant at that and smiled brightly. It was nothing like those flirty smirks Jungkook was used to seeing but a genuine, honest to God gorgeous boxy smile and after looking at Taehyung longer than it was deemed polite, Jungkook decided that it suited him much, much better. "Thank you Jungkook!” Taehyung chirped and then sauntered back over to his friends.
Jungkook didn't plan to agree at first, but he couldn't say no to that baby face, no one could. Besides, if Taehyung kept on slacking off like this, then he'll never pass his labs requirements and Jungkook couldn't get a full mark. So he convinced himself that he had to teach Taehyung and help him keep up with the curriculum. Jungkook could compromise if it meant he could keep his grades up.

"WHAT THE HELL WAS KIM TAEHYUNG DOING WITH YOU JEON JUNGKOOK?!" A voice hollered from the back. Jungkook knitted his eyebrows together, knowing he'll have no other choice than to explain the whole thing to Jimin now. He turned around and saw his friend running fast towards him.

Jungkook sighed when he saw friend reaching the bench he was sitting on, “Jiminie, it's a long story.” He replied, trying to steer clear of the long talk that awaited him as he watched Jimin struggle to breathe from the strain of the run.

“I've got time Mister,” Jimin said as he rolled his eyes impatiently, still trying to get his breathing back to normal.

Jungkook looked at Jimin and seeing how determined he was to get an explanation he resigned himself for a long discussion and began,“What happened was...”

~~

“YOU SAID SORRY FOR KISSING HIM? " Yoongi shrieked loudly, making Taehyung feel like his eardrums were gonna burst, "I MEAN YOU ACTUALLY SAID SORRY? THE KIM TAEHYUNG SAID SORRY?! IS THIS REAL?" He asked and to be honest, Yoongi looked like a mad man to Taehyung right now as he was throwing his hands in the air frantically and slightly jumping on the spot all the while shouting words at Taehyung's face.

He was trying to explain to Yoongi and Namjoon what happened with Jungkook back in P.E. and Namjoon, being the kind of guy he was, tolerantly paid attention to each of Taehyung’s words but Yoongi, being the impatient ass he was, interrupted him every time he tried to open his mouth.

“I didn’t exactly kiss him.” Taehyung corrected, "I just...um...bit his earlobe and also kissed his cheek, but that was to show that I was sorry." He explained, hoping to God that Yoongi would shut up already and let him speak.

“You weren’t actually sorry, were you?” Yoongi asked as he quirked one eyebrow, always wanting to know the whole deal like a busybody.

“Of course not,-" Taehyung snorted, just the thought of actually meaning the apology made him wanna laugh, "-but, I had to act all earnest and shit you know? How else would I make him fall for me anyway?"

Namjoon had his serious-business face on and that never boded well for Taehyung, “Why do you want to make him fall for you so badly Tae? There are plenty of other people who would sleep with you at anytime you want.” He reasoned, "Then why him?"

Taehyung had to stop and think about it for a moment but deep down he knew why, “Because he doesn’t respond to any of my charms and he rejected me on the spot the first time we met. I just want to know what his deal is.” He said as he shrugged, he wanted to play with someone that wasn't taking any of his shit.

Namjoon released an exaggerated sigh, “You are being a complete douche bag.” He said as he shook his head, "I actually feel bad for that kid."
“I know what I'm doing.” Taehyung tried to reassure his hyung even though he knew it wouldn't work, so he decided to take another route, "You should see the way his body reacts when I touch him, how he turned into a quivering mess when I bit him, how he releases muffled moans, God, his face alone is enough to drive me insane.” Taehyung bit his lip, all those thoughts made his blood rush straight to his groin, "How can I not want to see it again? Do you have idea how many times I got a hard on just thinking about him?” Great, now he was aroused and frustrated, just what he needed.

Yoongi looked disgusted at Taehyung’s speech, “Whoa, bro that’s enough. We don’t wanna listen to your kinky fantasies about the new kid.” He half laughed, half looked like he was about to throw up.

“Oops, sorry.” Taehyung laughed, understanding where Yoongi was coming from. If he were in his place, he wouldn't want to hear about Yoongi's sex life either.

He knows he sounds like the biggest asshole right now but anyone in his shoes would understand how he feels. Never in his entire life has someone said no to him, let alone reject him so brutally without even giving it a second thought. To be honest Taehyung definitely has a thing for Jungkook but it’s only entirely sexual. He's been a player all his life so he wasn't surprised that he was attracted to a pretty face like Jungkook's, but getting rejected and ignored was a whole other thing. That's what makes Taehyung want to play with him more than anything.

God, he doesn’t even know what he’s thinking anymore. Deciding that he's had enough and saying his goodbyes to his friends, Taehyung got into his car and drove home, wanting nothing more than go to bed and sleep. It was finally the weekend which meant Jungkook will be coming over to Taehyung’s house for tutoring on Sunday, like they agreed on sometime last week. Taehyung smiled unknowingly at the thought of Jungkook in his room and picked up his phone to send him a message.

Taehyung
See you tomorrow Kookie.
I’ll text you my address tomorrow before getting here.

Taehyung kept waiting for his reply and groaned when an hour passed and he still didn’t get a response. Just when he was about to give up and go to sleep he heard the buzzing sound of his phone.

Jungkook
Sure.

See you tomorrow. He couldn’t say he was surprised at the curt response, he already knew how blunt Jungkook could come across via text and real life. He was that kind of down to earth type of person and Taehyung smiled after reading the text again. He can't wait for tomorrow, not because he was going to lean Chemistry, but because he's going to see Jungkook. He closed his phone and put it on the nightstand then he slowly closed his eyes to finally fall into a peaceful sleep.

~~

It's 18:00 pm, only half an hour left and Jungkook has to go to Taehyung's house. He could already feel the nerves kicking in from sheer anticipation. He styled his hair to look tousled, smudged a little eyeliner at the corner of his eyes to make them more noticeable and then moved to the closet to choose a white T-shirt, a pair of ripped light denim jeans and threw a black cardigan on too, just in case it would get cold outside.

Taehyung had already texted him the address to his house and Jungkook had to go there by bus since
it was really far away from campus. He put his Timberland's on, grabbed his backpack with the chemistry notes inside and was already out the door. Fortunately the bus was on time so he didn't have to wait too long. He payed for the ticket, chose to sit all the way in the back and put his earphones in to help time pass faster.

Five tracks and twenty minutes later, Jungkook got out of the bus, took out his phone to check the text Taehyung sent him with the directions to his place and started walking. It didn't take long, only around a minute or so for Jungkook to find it. He looked up to the house in front of him and gaped through the gate bars at the sheer grandeur for a moment. That was definitely not a house, Jungkook swore it was a baronial mansion! It was made of dark red and brown bricks, smooth walls only interrupted by some big windows sporting an insane amount of detail around them and around the imposing looking double door made out of thick wood. It also had various turrets around the dark grey roof, with some small lancet windows giving the architecture a fairy-tale vibe. In all honesty it looked luxurious in a vintage kind of way and Jungkook could tell it was built a long time ago yet it still held its grace.

After coming back to his senses five minutes later, he pressed the intercom at the gate and was immediately buzzed in. He walked inside through the front yard and saw that a man, probably in his mid 30's and dressed in a black uniform, was waiting for him by the door.

Jungkook should have known just by looking at their house that they would have a butler. The man gracefully pointed his palm towards the door, silently guiding Jungkook inside and found himself gawking at the interior, again! The theme was apparently modern-day-meets-Renaissance with old furniture tastefully retouched so they would look more contemporary and expensive original paintings decorating the midnight blue walls. There was a grand dark wood staircase that took up two sides of the entrance meeting at the top where the second floors started and where he could see doors leading to some other rooms. Right in between them hung a brightly lit chandelier from the ceiling but that was not the only light source, no, there were various floor lamps and side table lamps on bathing the house with warm lights and some in-shelve lights that were highlighting the crystal and shiny metal decorations they had around. Never mind that it was only 19pm and the sun was still in the sky.

He was still taking it all in when he spotted Taehyung turning to face Jungkook from upstairs. "You never told me you were filthy rich!" He burst, throwing his hands in the air like a crazy person, so what? Sue him for needing some sort of warning before being subjected to shit like this dammit!

Taehyung shrugged as he motioned with his shoulder to be followed. Jungkook numbly climbed the stairs, still awed by the house design...actually no, he was awed but the amount of money needed to have something like this for a house. Once they reached the top, Taehyung led Jungkook to his room, which unsurprisingly was still luxurious but nothing like the rest of the mansion. It was simple but tasteful, just like it's owner, screaming 'Taehyung lives here' from every corner. It had a big queen sized bed with dark grey and black bedding, twin dark wood nightstands, a desk under the huge window that was taking almost the entire wall to the side, two doors on the other side that probably lead to the walk-in closet and the bathroom, but Jungkook's favorite part of the room was the big maroon fluffy carpet at the foot of the bed. It looked so soft he wanted to just run his hands through it all day.

Jungkook was brought out of his thoughts when he heard Taehyung complain, "Will you please stop staring at my room and pay attention to me?" He said as he pouted adorably.

"Can you blame me? Your house is too beautiful!" Jungkook beamed, awe still present in his voice.

Taehyung just rolled his eyes at him, "Just get in bed and let's get started." Jungkook froze in his spot
thinking about the innuendo Taehyung just made and promptly started to fidget, not knowing how to react to something like that. Taehyung could probably tell he was feeling uneasy, "I didn't mean anything dirty." He said but then he smirked, "-unless you wanted me to."

Jungkook sobered up at that, reality crashing down on him all of a sudden. He got distracted by his surroundings and forgot how Taehyung was really like, "Shut up and get your books out." He commanded, entire demeanor changing drastically.

"Why, yes sir." Was all Taehyung said in response.

*  

For the next hour Taehyung tried to pay heed to every word Jungkook said which was evidently a new experience for him. Whenever Jungkook was explaining the reactions to him, or how Jungkook scrunched up his nose in annoyance every time Taehyung got a sum wrong, was simply mesmerizing for him to watch. Jungkook got even more and more infuriated when he kept on touching Jungkook’s thighs with his fingers. They felt so warm underneath his fingertips that he couldn't help but trail them further up Jungkook's thighs towards his groin and peeked from the corner of his eyes to gauge his reaction. Taehyung heard him curse under his breath and release a groan when his hand shifted even closer to his groin. He pretended not to notice but still held his palm there, that is until Jungkook slapped it away and snapped at him, "What the hell are you doing?"

"Um, nothing?" Taehyung feigned innocence, not wanting to admit to anything yet and make Jungkook run away or something.

"Then keep your dirty hands to yourself and concentrate on studying!" Jungkook hissed, clearly done with Taehyung's bullshit.

“But I’m tired!” He whined, they've been at it for hours already, "Let’s take a break.”

“Geez it hasn’t even been an hour!” Jungkook replied, huffing in annoyance.

Taehyung couldn't believe it, Jungkook has been so immersed into his books that he didn't have any time concept whatsoever, so he pointed at the clock on his wall and exclaimed, “Yes it has, look!”

Jungkook looked at the clock and then looked back at Taehyung, “It’s just 21:00pm!” He stated and Taehyung just stared at him blankly, waiting for the moment when it hit Jungkook that they have been studying for way longer than they planned on. “Oh…” Was all Jungkook said when he realized that it had already been two hours, “Fine, let’s take a break.”

“Yay! I’ll bring you some food okay?” Taehyung smiled, he was staring to get hungry and he knew Jungkook had to be as well since they didn't have dinner yet.

Jungkook looked uncomfortable all of a sudden, glancing from side to side, “Um, can I come with you?” He asked as he bit his plump bottom lip, "I don’t want to be alone...”

“You’ll miss me for just 15 minutes?” Taehyung smirked, not letting the image of Jungkook biting his lips show how much it was affecting him.

“No you idiot." Jungkook rolled his eyes, "I just want to help you.”

Taehyung already knew he would say yes but he pretended to think it over anyway and then said, “Fine, let’s go.” looking like it pained him, when in fact it didn't, it really didn't.
They got out of the bedroom after Jungkook packed his things, went down the stairs and then headed right towards the kitchen. He ignored Jungkook when he was looking at it with keen interest, he’s not that surprised, Taehyung’s kitchen is probably bigger than the dorm room Jungkook stays in. He found himself distantly wondering what his parents thought of while designing it, “What do you want to eat?” Taehyung asked as he opened the refrigerator to check what he had to work with.

“Um, anything goes for me.” Jungkook answered truthfully as he shrugged.

Taehyung hummed but then he saw a pack of fresh meat on one of the compartments, “How does grilled meat sound?” He asked, he could do that and some sort of veggies on the side. Quick and easy.

“Sounds great.” Jungkook responded with a smile and Taehyung nodded, now that he knew what he was going to do he got to work. He quickly started to cut the meat in thin layers with a very sharp knife, seasoned it with some condiments to give it flavor, heated the grilling pan and placed the slices on it to be cooked. While he left the meat to sizzle in the pan, he opened the freezer, got a pack of frozen small cut vegetables and placed them in a frying pan with a little bit of olive oil and tomato sauce and that too was left to cook on the stove as he flipped the meat on the other side to grill evenly. Since his parents were out of the country most of the time for business, he grew a habit of staying alone and learned how to cook from the housekeeper, Mrs. Hyeon.

While he was making sure the food on stove wouldn't get burnt, Taehyung asked Jungkook to set up the table since he looked like he wanted to help. He pointed to which cupboard contained what and Jungkook got the table ready by the time the food was done. He heard Jungkook’s stomach growl in hunger at the scent of the food and his face reddened in embarrassment, making Taehyung laugh in return. ‘God, he's adorable.’ He thought to himself.

They both dug in quickly and even Taehyung was amazed by how good his cooking tasted as he saw Jungkook’s face light up immediately after taking in a bite, “Wow.” He breathed out. Taehyung simply chuckled at his expression. “It tastes amazing! Thank you,” Jungkook complimented and the dug in for more.

“You’re welcome Jungkook, I'm glad you like it.” He really was, seeing Jungkook eat so deliciously made his feel proud of himself. They ate in silence after that, not wanting to talk while chewing food.

When they were almost done with their meals Taehyung glanced up at Jungkook and noticed there was a little bit of sauce stuck on the right side of Jungkook’s lips and he knew he was too engrossed in eating to realize it. ‘Maybe now is the time to make my move?’ Taehyung thought to himself. Without debating it any further he shifted his position and pulled himself closer to Jungkook, their faces only a few inches away.

Jungkook froze at that, looking like he had not idea what was going on, but then Taehyung brushed his fingertips along the edge of Jungkook’s face ever so softly and Jungkook closed his eyes at the sudden contact, inhaling sharply. Taehyung, encouraged by his reaction, trailed his finger tips from his forehead, to underside of his eyes, the bridge of his nose and lastly his plump pink lips, they felt so plush and velvety Taehyung almost left out a groan.

He then rubbed his index finger over Jungkook's lips to the corner of his mouth, wiped off the sauce, brought his finger up and licked it of with the tip of his tongue. He was pleased with himself when he saw Jungkook's pupils dilate at that, so Taehyung bought his thumb back to Jungkook's mouth and started stroking the soft skin beneath his bottom lip with it. Jungkook let out a blessed sigh that, looking like he was in a trance. 'Fuck!' Taehyung cursed internally, he was loosing it as he leaned in closer, wanting to get a taste of his lips, intoxicated by Jungkook's scent but then he was pushed harshly as Jungkook got off his chair. Unable to understand the scene unfolding in front of him a
displeased expression broke onto Taehyung’s face.

“What do you think you’re doing?” Jungkook demanded, he looked on the edge of something but Taehyung couldn’t figure out what.

“Um, I was just trying to clean off the sauce.” Taehyung lied, he had no idea how to deal with this but telling Jungkook he wanted to kiss him was probably not the best decision out there.

“Don’t do something like that ever again.” Jungkook retorted, his features quickly changing from the innocent, blushing, stammering boy to a fumed, outraged and exasperated one.

Taehyung was confused now, he thought Jungkook was enjoying it too, what the hell happened? Not knowing what else to do he started to apologize, “Sorry I-“

“No.” Jungkook cut him off, "Last time you said your hormones got the best of you, but about what happened just now? What instigated you this time, huh?” He demanded but before Taehyung could even think of saying anything Jungkook continued, "I am not a fucking plaything Taehyung!” He shouted, getting closer into Taehyung’s space, "You can’t just do that every time and say sorry the next day!” He frantically flailed his arms for emphasis, "A kiss without feelings is not what I want!” He cried out.

So that’s what this is about? 'But it’s just a kiss, he’s acting so childish'. Taehyung thought to himself but he knew if he said this out loud Jungkook would go ballistic, so he thought of apologizing again, not wanting to let things like this, “Jungkook please let me-“

“Shut the fuck up and don’t speak to me ever again!” Jungkook spoke over him, even more furious than before, "I’m not going to tutor you anymore and I’ll ask our Chemistry teacher to change my lab partner, so go fuck with someone else!” He snarled.

'What the actual fuck? He’s taking this too far!' Taehyung complained silently, he just wanted to kiss him not rape him, geez! But instead of saying that he tried to lighten up the mood by trying to apologize one last time. “Kookie please-“

He cut Taehyung off before he could finish, again, “Do not call me that!” He growled dangerously, the grabbed his backpack and then stormed out of the house.

Damn, Taehyung knew he fucked up bad. 'How could I possibly think Jungkook would want me to kiss him so soon? He would never fall for me that easily. Ugh, fuck it to hell!’ He sighed, 'Maybe Namjoon was right, I should have taken it slow but he looked so good how the fuck was I supposed to resist?’ He debated with himself internally as he tried thinking of ways to make it right, anything really, if it would mean he could fix this situation, but his mind came up nothing, nada, rien, complete blank. 'Shit, I need a drink.' He thought to himself as he made to put the dishes away.

* 

Jungkook was feeling miserable, he was disgusted, infuriated and...hurt, he shouldn’t be hurt! Then why was he feeling like this? Why does his heart feel like it's gonna burst out of his chest? Jimin warned him that Taehyung's a player and he’s in for the sex so then why the fuck did he go and get himself involved? 'Shit...shit,shit SHIT!' He cursed internally, he just wanted to cry and felt like ripping his hair out in frustration. He didn’t want to go back to his dorm since he’ll have to face Jimin and answer his endless questions which, yeah, Jungkook definitely wasn’t in the mood for that.

'What should I do?’ He thought to himself, maybe he should call up his cousin who supposedly lives in Seoul? God, he couldn’t do that, he hasn’t contacted him for years. He can’t just up and ask if he could stay over for the night without warning.
As he was having a mental dispute with himself, his phone buzzed, caller ID displaying "Chanyeol". 'I wonder why is he calling.' He wondered silently, Chanyeol is his amazing older foster brother that was the reason he was in Seoul now in the first place. He swiped the accept button and greeted, "Hyung! What made you call me after all this time?" Jungkook asked and then laughed, trying to hide the sorrow in his voice.

"Kookie! I missed you so much. How are you? How have you been? Did you make any new friends? What are they like? Where are you?" Chanyeol rambled on, not even giving him time to answer any of the questions.

"Whoa whoa hyung, breathe! I'm doing great, I made some amazing friends and everything else is fine. I'm in my dorm room right now." Jungkook lied, well, not all of it was a lie, he did make great friends but he's not exactly sure how to define his...whatever it is that he has with Taehyung though.

"I just got back in Seoul so I thought we could meet up?" Chanyeol asked.

"What? Seriously? I’d love to!" Jungkook beamed happily, meeting Chanyeol might lift his mood to great degrees anyway.

"I’ll text you the address, come over okay?"

"Sure, I’ll see you in a bit." Jungkook put his phone back in my pocket and took a bus to where Chanyeol was staying. It wasn't very far away but it was still late at night, 22:00 pm to be more specific, so the traffic was light. After a second twenty minute bus ride for that day, he got out and went to find his foster brother's apartment. It took him a while but when he finally was in front of Chanyeol’s door, he rang the bell and Chanyeol opened it immediately.

"Kookie!” Chanyeol mused and pulled Jungkook into a bone crushing hug that felt like home.

"Uh hyung,-" Jungkook huffed out as he was struggling to speak, "-you are crushing me."

"Aw, sorry!" Chanyeol cooed, "I really missed you." He said truthfully

"I missed you too hyung, more than you know." Jungkook confessed, he really did miss his hyung, he wouldn't be where he is today without him and for that he'll be forever grateful to him.

"Okay,-" Said Chanyeol, trying to steer the mood to something less sullen, "-now tell me how's your life going, I want to know of everything.”

So Jungkook began talking to Chanyeol about all of the things that happened to him in the last weeks. Starting from Jimin being his roommate to his crush on Yoongi and how much of an asshole he was, about Jin and Hoseok's funny stories they were reminiscing at lunch every day and last but not least Taehyung, he didn't get in too much detail about it, just told him they were lab partners and that's about it. Thankfully, Chanyeol didn’t pry any further into the Taehyung story which made him release some of the tension from his shoulders.

"Hyung, if you don’t mind can I stay here for the night?” Jungkook asked knowing he didn’t have any other place to say if he said no but he really didn't want to go back to the dorms when Chanyeol was in town.

"Do you even have to ask? Don't be silly, of course you can! Let me go grab some sheets and blankets and you can sleep in the guestroom.” Chanyeol offered.

“I'll help you.” Jungkook smiled, this is why he loved his hyung, he would always have his back. They changed the bed together into the fresh linens whilst talking about everything and anything.
Jungkook loved how Chanyeol was so understanding and gave him his advice on what to do best. Jungkook hadn’t felt this alleviated in a while. After finishing up he borrowed some pajamas from Chanyeol and wished him good night. Jungkook acted fine in front of his foster brother but in the back of his mind he was still upset and troubled thinking back about today’s turn of events.

'I wonder how Taehyung is doing.' Jungkook thought to himself and then slowly, but surely, fell into a fitful sleep.

~~

Chapter End Notes

I haven't uploaded in days and I am really sorry about that. I hope you guys liked this chapter! Please share your thoughts. xx
Jungkook woke up quite early since he had to go back to his dorms and get the stuff he needed for class. As he was getting out of the bed he recalled what happened last night and groaned loudly, just the thought of seeing Taehyung made him feel nauseous. He put on the same clothes he wore yesterday and walked out of the guestroom to the kitchen. He made to go straight for the fridge to take a cold bottle of water but stopped in his tracks when he saw that Chanyeol was preparing breakfast and was shocked to see a man, probably in his 20s, standing right beside his foster brother and holding him around the waist. 'Um, what the hell is going on?' He thought to himself.

"Hyung..." Jungkook trailed off, not knowing what else to do.

"O-oh!" Chanyeol quickly broke out of the man's grasp and turned around to look at him, "K-Kookie! G-good morning." He stammered, definitely not expecting to see Jungkook this early in the morning.

Jungkook just looked at his hyung, contemplating what to do next as he took the bottle out of the fridge, "Who is he?" He asked as he tilted the head in the direction of the stranger while taking a sip of the cold water. That's when the man turned around and next thing you know Jungkook spat out his water, coughing and spluttering not believing what his eyes were seeing.

"Whoa take is easy there kid." The man said, clearly amused by Jungkook's reaction.

"Baekhyun...sousaeng..?" Jungkook managed to stammer out, what the heck was happening?

"Wait, what?" Now it Chanyeol's time to be surprised, "You two know each other?"

"He's my Chemistry teacher!" Jungkook exclaimed, still having problems believing Mr.Baekhyun was standing here, in his hyung's kitchen and hugging him??

"You never told me!" Chanyeol turned to Baekhyun, demanding an explanation without having to ask for it.

"I never knew your kid brother is in the same school I'm teaching in." Baekhyun replied evenly, looking unfazed by the situation.

"Um.." Jungkook interrupted, "Are you guys together?" He blurted out before realizing the magnitude of the question. 'Shit.' He cursed internally.

"Yes." "No." Both said in unison. Chanyeol quickly directed his glare to Baekhyun and gritted his teeth in annoyance for saying "yes". Baekhyun just smirked in return and shrugged as if to say it is what it is.

They looked quite cute together to be honest, it reminded him of a certain of Taehyung and how they would acting around each other. 'Oh shit. What am I saying?' He thought to himself, he really neded to get out of there as soon as possible, "Hyung, I gotta go. I have morning classes today and I don't
wanna be late."

That got Chanyeol to stop trying to murder his...boyfriend?...with his glare, "You can't leave without having breakfast!"

"It's okay,-" Jungkook smiled, "I'll grab something to eat on my way." He knew he had to give them some time alone to fix, um, whatever it was they were having a death-glare-contest about, "Please don't worry."

Chanyeol looked pained but tried to reason nonetheless, "Kookie I know you are feeling uncomfortable but it's not what it looks like." His brother started to explain.

"No! It's not that hyung." He had to make sure his hyung didn't get the wrong impression, "I really have to go, I'll stop by sometime soon I promise."

"Let the kid go Chanyeol." Baekhyun intervened and then winked in that I got your back kind of way.

"Uh, fine." Chanyeol relented, "I'll call you when I'm free okay?" He said, still reluctant of letting Jungkook go without having breakfast first.

"Yes okay." Jungkook agreed and with that settled, he left.

~~

Jungkook opened his dorm room, expecting to see Jimin there waiting with his arms crossed and tapping his foot on the floor or something but thankfully he wasn't. Jungkook really didn't want to run into him right now. He went to the bathroom and took a hot shower to freshen up and help him get rid of all the tension he accumulated for the last few days. After that he dried off, threw on some clothes, packed his bag and headed off for school. Fortunately first period was History and Taehyung wasn't in it.

Just as Jungkook started walking up the stairs to get to class he spotted Jimin's unmistakable red hair right away, "Kookie!" He heard Jimin's yell across the hall, making several heads turn towards him to see what the commotion was about. Jungkook just rolled his eyes at them, 'Typical teenagers...'

"Hey, Jiminnie." Jungkook half smiled when Jimin finally made his way over through the crowd of sleepy students.

"Where were you last night?" Jimin asked concerned, getting straight to business and not wasting any other second with pleasantries.

"Um," Jungkook stated, he didn't want to tell Jimin what actually happened but he could manage half the truth, better than nothing anyway, "I had to meet up my foster brother." He said vaguely.

"Really?" Jimin looked skeptical, "You stayed the night there?" Jungkook could sense the doubt in his tone and he didn't like the assumptions Jimin was making, he really didn't.

"Really," Jungkook tried his best to steer clear of the topic, so he said the first thing that came through his head, "-but you won't believe who I met there!" Nice, that was sure to get Jimin interested and forget whatever his mind came up with.

"Who!?" Jimin asked eagerly and yup, he knew it would work.

"Mr.Baekhyun, our chemistry teacher!" Jungkook whispered conspiratorially, which only riled up
Jimin even more.

“What?” Jimin asked, eyes wide, "He knows your brother?"

“Apparently yes, they seemed really cosy in the kitchen this morning.” He laughed remembering his brother's face when Jungkook caught them.

“Wow,” Jimin looked awed for some unknown reason, "-that’s new, I would have never guessed.”

“I know right? I’ll ask him next time how they know each other.” Jungkook was just glad he succeeded in distracting Jimin, if it meant he had to gossip for it to work he would gossip all day long.

“Do that.” Jimin nodded, obviously wanting to know more, "Oh hey Kookie, meet us at lunch okay? We have to tell you something.”

Jungkook looked at him skeptically but agreed anyway, “Yes, sure. I’ll meet you at lunch then.” He smiled, wondering what his friends wanted to talk about. Jimin waved his goodbye and then he made his way to class.

~~

History was boring as hell. 'Why the fuck do we need to learn about people who are dead anyway?' He thought angrily, after bearing with the teacher's rant about monarchy, and how the rulers are the head of their states and blah blah blah, the bell rang, God bless, causing the class to end and Jungkook, well Jungkook was relieved to say the least.

He didn’t catch a glimpse of Taehyung today yet and Jungkook felt relieved about it, but at the same time maybe he was...disappointed, even though he’d never admit that to himself. As he was making his way to Chemistry, he saw a girl with blonde hair giggling and being all touchy with someone she was leaning heavily over, it was so obvious she was doing it on purpose he just rolled his eyes at then. Bu then he froze on spot when his eyes warded off towards the guy, his mouth gaped open, eyes widened and Jungkook’s heart beat picked up speed unconsciously. This girl was flirting with Taehyung and gladly flirting back with her as he was gripping her waist. Jungkook inhaled sharply at the scene unfolding in front of him, he was revolted, he knew Taehyung was a player but he never imagined that he would stoop this low.

Before Jungkook could get out of there unnoticed, Taehyung glanced in his direction languidly but then he stood up straighter as his eyes almost popped out of their sockets and his jaw dropped, not expecting to see Jungkook there. He watched as Taehyung's face changed dramatically fast from a flirty, playful expression to a dark, distressed one. Jungkook just let out a soft rhetoric laugh trying to hide the desolation he felt, not seeing the point in all of this.

Taehyung swiftly untangled himself from the girl and ambled towards Jungkook, “Kookie it’s not what you think.” He said evenly, betraying nothing of what he felt.

Jungkook was feeling strangely calm for some reason, he once read somewhere that that's what happens when you go into shock, “Okay.” He replied, too done with this bullshit to even bother starting an argument. Yes, his heart hurt, but they were not in a relationship so it doesn’t matter. They were not even friends for fuck's sake, him and Taehyung were nothing, just nothing.

“Okay?” Taehyung asked incredulous, obviously expecting Jungkook to flip his shit, "You are not going to say anything else?” He said as he cocked his head to one side, looking as confused as ever.

“What else do you want me to say? I believe I don't have the right to interfere in your private
business. I could care less about what you do with your love life as long as it doesn’t involve me.” Jungkook smiled but it didn’t reach his eyes, he had to admit he was impressed with himself, his voice didn’t waver once, not even for one bit.

“Oh.” Taehyung's face fell immediately at that, which satisfied Jungkook to a great extent, ’The mighty Kim Taehyung is speechless ladies and gentlemen, because of me!’ He preened internally. “I’m so-“ Taehyung started but Jungkook cut him off when he realized he wanted to apologize.

“Save it, it’s not worth it.” Jungkook smiled again on purpose, knowing it would bother Taehyung but he just didn’t care anymore. Before he could try and say something else, Jungkook turned around and left to attend his class, leaving a shocked Taehyung behind.

Jungkook wasn’t surprised when his lab partner didn’t arrive even after 15 minutes had passed, he sort of expected Taehyung’s absence. He worked in silence, immersing himself into work and after finishing the boring experiments Jungkook decided it was probably time to talk to Mr. Baekhyun about changing lab partners once and for all, “Sir, there’s something I would like to ask of you.” He said when the teacher was within hearing range.

“If you want to know about your brother then come over some other time because I don’t like mixing my professional matters with personal ones.” Baekhyun said sternly.

“Oh it’s nothing personal,-” Jungkook reassured, "-I just wanted to ask if you could change my lab partner.” He bit his lip after making the request, it was a nervous habit of his.

“Why? Taehyung’s your partner right?” Baekhyun asked while furrowing his eyebrows, "Is he not good enough?”

“Yes, I'm just not comfortable with him, plus he’s so bad with lab work it eats up all my patience. I can’t afford to get average marks because of him.” Jungkook explained, hoping the teacher will understand his concerns. He did not want average grades, that's definitely not gonna happen, not when he could help it.

“Hmm, I see.” Baekhyun contemplated Jungkook's words for a while, "I'll see what I can do to assign you with someone who can keep up with your work but I'm not promising anything.”

“Thank you, it means a lot.” He appreciated the teacher's efforts. The bell rang and with that, Jungkook left the classroom and headed off to the canteen when he remembered Jimin asked to see him. 'God, was that only this morning.’ He groaned at the long day he had so far and it wasn't even over yet, it was only lunch time!

Jungkook went over to the usual table they sat at and saw that Jimin saved him a seat as usual. He placed his tray with food on the table as he sat down and greeted Jin and Hoseok who were scarfing down their meal like starved men.

“How do you like it here Jungkook?” Jin hyung asked between a bite.

“It’s a really interesting place.” Jungkook answered truthfully, what else could he say?

“Oh?” Hoseok hyung interfered, "I heard you are pretty close with Taehyung? Is that true?” He inquired while leaning over the table and squinting his eyes at Jungkook.

“We are just lab partners hyung,” Jungkook placated, not understanding where this conversation was going.

“You better be careful with the guy.” Hoseok responded as he pointed his fork at Jungkook, "He’s
“Yeah, he’s Yoongi’s friend after all.” Jimin added, as if mentioning Taehyung and Yoongi were friends explained something. The sad thing was that it did, it actually explained a lot to be honest.

“And don’t forget about Namjoon.” Jin shrugged. ’Namjoon?’ He wondered who that was, but considering he was friends with the other two he assumed it was just another douche.

“Trust me, I know.” Jungkook replied and he did know, what with the way Taehyung acted hot and cold all the time, he’d have to be stupid not to.

“Moving on,-” Trust Jin to change the subject when the conversation was going somber, “-the student council is throwing a party next weekend for the newbie’s. Do you want to come?” Jin asked while taking a sip from his coke.

“Party?” Jungkook asked in surprise, “They are allowed to do that?” He’s never heard of a student council throwing parties.

“We have permission from the principal.” At Jungkook raised eyebrows Jin explained, "I'm a member of the student council myself, as long as there’s no alcohol we are allowed to throw a party, but some students do slip it in sometimes. We just need to be careful with that and we're good to go.”

“You should come Kookie.” Jimin butted in and Jungkook finally understood what was going on, so that's what this was all about, they wanted him to go the party with them, "It'll be nice and it will take your mind off things.” Jinim beamed, hope written all over his face.

And honestly, Jungkook was never one to party but he couldn't refuse when his friends were looking at him like that, “Um, sure. I'm down.” Jungkook agreed, he had to at least give it a try.

“That’s great then!” Hoseok chirped happily, "We'll see you on Saturday night yeah? You can come with Jimin."

Jungkook flashed him a smile, "I will hyung.” Then glanced at his roommate who had a fist raised and bumped his against Jimin's because they were totally bros like that. He hoped this party would take his mind off things.

As they were chatting happily about mundane things Jungkook felt his phone buzz and swiped it open to see a new text message.

Taehyung: I'm sorry. Forgive me.

’Forgive him eh? As if.’ Jungkook was determined to have one hell of a night on Saturday. 'You just watch Kim Taehyung, the whole world doesn’t revolve around you.' He thought to himself as he locked his phone without replying, what would he have said anyway?

~~

Jungkook’s classes were finally over and was relieved to no end after having such a hectic day. He just wanted to get into bed and sleep for like a week, but it seemed the universe had other plans for him as he bumped into the last person he wanted to see in front of his locker.

“Are you coming to the party the student council is throwing on Saturday?” Is the first thing Taehyung says.

“Why?” Jungkook asked, hatred lacing his voice as he punched the code in to open the door to his
locker and place his books in.

"Who are you going with?" Taehyung fired another question, looking impatient all of a sudden.

'What the hell?' Jungkook thought to himself, "It's none of your business." He seethed through his teeth.

"Just answer the goddamn question Jungkook." He snapped, tone rising in anger making Jungkook flinch, he's never heard Taehyung get angry.

Not knowing what to do with Taehyung acting like this, he just replied calmly as if trying to appease the beast, "Jimin."

Even though he deserved it, Taehyung's face fell for the second time that day but he quickly sobered up and tried to hide the disappointment in voice, "I'll see you at the party then?"

"You might not." Jungkook replied seriously, "I'll try my hardest to stay away. Don't wanna ruin things for you." He laughed bitterly, not wanting a repeat from this morning.

Taehyung looked confused, "Jungkook what are you-?"

Jungkook cut him off, "Just never mind." He said as he closed his locker and started walking towards the exit, "I have to go." Just when he thought he was going to make it out of there without another word, Taehyung’s voice reached his ears.

"Jungkook!" He called loudly, "I know you are mad at me but I want you to save me just one dance in the party, please! I-I know I'm not in the right position to ask this but think about it. It’s just a dance, please." Taehyung pleaded.

'Dance?' He wants Jungkook to save a dance for him? 'Is he serious?' As if he’d ever dance with him. 'Huh.' He scoffed, not bothering to respond he just kept on walking, heading for the dorms as he wondered how the party will turn out to be.

~~

Chapter End Notes

Comment about how you feel!
They were in the middle of October, which meant they had about one month and a half to get ready for midterms and Jungkook was doing his best to stay on top of his studies at all times. All he did was study and ignore Taehyung for the two other times he saw him in Chemistry that week. He was so immersed in his books that before he knew it, it was already Saturday, that Saturday.

He was shuffling around the room getting ready for the party and Jungkook...well, he wouldn’t say he was pumped about it, but he wasn’t that indifferent either, anything that could make him forget about Taehyung works for him to be honest.

“Kookie, you ready?” He heard Jimin shout from the hallway to the bathroom, "What are you-?" He started to say but stopped when he saw Jungkook, "Oh, oh my god.” Jimin trailed off.

“Um, what happened?” Jungkook asked, he had no idea what was going on through Jimin's head.

“Holy shit Kookie!” He exclaimed as he was eyeing Jungkook up and down, "Don’t you look amazing! Every girl at that party is going to drool over you.”

Well, Jungkook had to admit he didn’t look bad. He was wearing ripped light blue skin tight jeans with a black T-shirt and black combat boots, he smudged a little eyeliner across his eyes to make them look more luring and styled his hair to look tousled but parted his bangs to reveal his forehead a little bit, he guessed it didn’t look bad. “Why, thanks Jiminie. You don’t look so bad yourself.” Jungkook complimented back.

Jimin actually did look good, he wore a pair of skinny black jeans, a white T-shirt with a jacket hovering above, he also wore eyeliner since his eyes looked darker and his red hair was lightly brushed back out from his face, allowing him to run his hands through his hair if he wanted to without ruining it, “Let’s get this party started yeah? Let’s make the best of it!” Jimin hollered enthusiastically as they were getting out the door and Jungkook was sure the whole floor heard him but he couldn't care less.

“Yeah, let’s go!” Jungkook shouted right back, laughter making it's way out of his mouth.

They got in Jimin’s car and within 15 minutes they were already at the house the school apparently rented for the occasion. He never knew something like this was even possible and God this house was even better than Taehyung’s for sure. Although Jimin parked his car two blocks away, he could still hear the noise clearly and felt the ground vibrating under his feet as they walked closer to the house and the music got progressively louder. They were barely late by 15 minutes and the place was already packed full. People were shouting to be heard over the music, couples were making out in obscure corners and hallways and the rest were showing off their "smooth" moves on the dance
floor where the music was almost deafening. But each of them had something in common, they all
seemed to have found themselves the spiked drinks already.

As they made their way through the crowd, Jungkook could feel girls staring at him and Jimin,
openly checking them out whereas some of the them were glaring in their general direction as if their
utmost enemy walked into the room. 'What the heck?' Jungkook thought to himself as Jimin led the
way towards the kitchen where he knew Jin and Hoseok were and waved at them when they finally
got there. As expected, they found Hoseok setting a tray full of Doritos and Cheerios on the table
while Jin was pouring some drinks in the small cups taking on the entire surface of table. Since Jin
was concentrating so hard not to spill the drinks outside the cups, he didn't notice their arrival.

Hoseok was the first one to acknowledge their presence, “Jimin! Jungkook! You two came!”
Hoseok greeted and engulfed both of them into a tight hug.

“Uh hyung, c-cant b-breath.” Jungkook muffled out and Hoseok let loose of his grip that was
holding the three of them together. He had no idea his hyung held that much strength in those thin
arms of his.

“Whoa, wow!” Jin exclaimed when he finally put the bottle down and looked up at both of them,
“You two look nice.” Jin complimented from the side, big smile on his face and he nodded in
approval.

“Thanks hyung, you're looking good too.” Jungkook and Jimin said in unison, then looked
incredulously at each other and started laughing like the idiots they were.

“I'm glad you two could make it.” Hoseok smiled at them, shaking his head as if wondering what
went wrong with these ones.

Jungkook simply smiled back, he could honestly say he was really lucky to make such good friends
right away. He may have had a bad past but it seemed so far behind him now that it didn't bother him
everyday anymore like it used to, well except for the whole Taehyung thing. Jungkook, not liking to
just stand there doing nothing, quickly offered to help Jin with the drinks while Jimin and Hoseok
started piling the table with snacks. By the time they were done, Jungkook was already exhausted so
he settled down on the kitchen counter and sipped from the cup in hand.

He watched as more and more people started entering the kitchen, raiding it for snacks and drinks,
and soon the air started getting warm because of the sudden increase in people. Jungkook was
thinking of a way to get out of there, when suddenly someone tapped his shoulder. He turned around
to see who it was and come face to face with a boy.

He smiled at Jungkook and said, “Hey, you look like you want to get outta here.” Jungkook was
surprised, he wasn't expecting it. The boy didn’t seem much older than him, he was lean and perhaps
well built, Jungkook couldn't say because of the heavy coat the guy was wearing, and had messy
brown hair spiked on the top of his head. He caught Jungkook’s eye, his dark brown orbs piquing
with sudden interest.

“Um, yeah I guess.” Jungkook said vaguely, he didn't know what to do with the statement the
stranger made.

“Want to come with me?” The handsome stranger asked with a smile plastered on his face. Jungkook
could honestly say he was beautiful, maybe just as attractive as Taehyung even.

“Sure.” Jungkook replied tentatively, he just hoped the dude wasn't going to hit on him or anything
like that. He was at a party for the first time in his life and was already following a stranger he knew
nothing about through the crowd. Jungkook didn’t even know his name.

“I'm Jackson by the way.” Jungkook just stared at him, could he read his mind? 'What the fuck?'

“Oh, okay.” He said skeptically, 'I'm Jungkook.”

“I've never seen you around before, are you new?”

Jungkook had no idea what the hell he was doing anymore, “Yeah, I just transferred.” He answered as he bit his lip, he was starting to feel uncomfortable. He didn't know if it was that wise to have followed this guy anymore.

“I see, are you enjoying the party?”

“I'm not so sure.” Jungkook replied laughing a bit, he really wasn't though, too many people, too much noise and the temperature was unbearable.

“Do you dance?” His question took Jungkook off guard, he wasn't expecting that but honestly, he didn't know what he was expecting either.

“No, not really. Why?” Well yeah, Jungkook used to take dancing lessons when his family was still alive but after they died his passion for dancing died along with them.

“Do you want to dance with me? I could get you a drink as well.”

“I don’t really want to.” Jungkook answered honestly, he hadn't danced in years, not anymore.

“It will be fun, come on.” Jackson insisted. Fun was definitely not what was going through Jungkook’s mind at the prospect of dancing but he guess he didn’t really have a choice. He’s never been to a party before so he didn’t know how things actually worked here. They walked towards the dance floor and Jungkook’s eyes widened at the crowd of sweaty people that looked like they were having the time of their lives. Loud music was bursting through the speakers with heavy trap beats and even though he wasn’t a tad bit enthusiastic about dancing, the vibe going on around the room made Jungkook want to join in the fun, he hadn’t heard this kind of music in a while.

“Here’s your drink.” Jungkook turned around to see Jackson offering him a cold glass with some sort of liquid inside.

“Thanks.” He took the glass and smiled at Jackson, he was very charming guy.

“Finish it, -” Jackson winked suggestively, "-then we can start dancing?”

And wow, Jungkook had to revise that part where he thought he was straight because he's sure he shouldn't react like that to a boy flirting with him, other than Taehyung that is. 'Maybe I like both girls and boys,' He thought to himself. It was possible, he always found girls pretty and now he was starting to think some guys were attractive too. Putting that thought on hold for later, he replied with an “okay” and gulped the whole thing down within a second. Jungkook thought it was some funky tasting coke or something and he wanted more already, he didn't exactly enjoy the taste but he assumed he was just thirsty.

Jackson leaned over Jungkook's shoulder and practically growled into Jungkook’s ears, "Ready?"

“Oh, yeah!” Jungkook muffled out, mind already starting to get fuzzy around the edges.
Taehyung watched the crowd swaying rhythmically along with the music beats blaring through the speakers, as he was sitting in a chair across the table with a drink in his hand. For the last hour he looked for Jungkook everywhere around the house but couldn't find him. Taehyung saw Jimin with Yoongi and thought to ask him about Jungkook but knew it was a bad idea since he was slightly drunk. The last thing he needed right now was to get kicked out by Jin. Taehyung groaned, 'Where the hell is he?' he just wanted to dance with Jungkook.

Taehyung was scanning the crowd again and his gaze fell immediately on the back of a particular silhouette as it was swaying seductively from side to side along with the beat and then spun around in the embrace of who they were dancing with so they were back to front, slightly grinding on each other. He gasped when he caught a glimpse of the boy's face.

Jungkook.

Taehyung couldn't stop gawking at him, he was looking so fucking hot with those ripped jeans, smudged eyeliner and messy hair, dancing so lasciviously to the heavy trap beats. He noticed Jungkook’s hips purposely rolling back against a boy, one hand threwed over the other’s neck seductively and the back of head resting on his partners shoulder showing the tender lines of his neck, eyes closed and face relaxed. But then he noticed the guy mouthing at Jungkook's throat, biting the tender skin, a hand snaking across Jungkook's waist and another making it's way lower to his hipbone so Taehyung shifted his eyes further to the right and froze. Anger was boiling through his veins and curled his hands into fists unconsciously, nails digging in the pads of his own flesh as the sight clarified in front of him. He bit his lip hard enough to draw blood, jealousy wracking through his body, Taehyung could already feel the heat rising up his face.

'What the fuck is happening here? Why the fuck is he touching my Jungkook?' Taehyung growled, fuming with rage as he made his way through the crowd to snatch Jungkook away from that whore. 'How fucking dare he touch him?' He thought as he pulled Jungkook out of the boy's grasp roughly, making him stumble into Taehyung's arms and Jungkook let out a soft moan at the sudden contact, lifted his head up and looked at Taehyung straight in the eyes, desire oozing off him in waves. 'Oh my god.' Taehyung fucking swore this boy will be the death of him.

"Excuse me," The guy started, looking annoyed at being interrupted, "-if you hadn’t noticed we were dancing and who the fu-"

Taehyung grasped the collar of the other's shirt with one hand and snarled into his face, making sure the stranger clung to each and every one of his words, “Listen here you piece of unwanted shit. Jeon Jungkook is MINE so you better stay away or I. will. kill. you with own bare hands.”

Before the guy could get a chance to talk back, Taehyung gripped Jungkook’s right wrist tightly and yanked him out of there. Every single person in the room stopped and watched them as they made their way through the dance floor and honestly, he couldn't care less at this point.

Taehyung attended enough school parties to know that even though alcohol was strictly prohibited, some people did manage to slip some in and Jungkook being the innocent little brat he is probably never even thought that someone would mix alcohol with his drink. Kim Taehyung can’t possibly be the Kim Taehyung without making sure that asshole’s life was as miserable as fucking possible. Excuse the language.

He guided Jungkook up the stairs, then down the hall to a room that he thought was empty but two guys were already there, on the bed, sucking each other’s faces off which grossed Taehyung out more when he realized those two were Park Jimin and Yoongi. 'Oh my fucking god, someone please kill me!' Great, now he needed some brain bleach to get rid of that image from his head. Taehyung quickly closed the door, not wanting to see any more of that shit, and went to the room right next to
the other which was thankfully empty, making him sigh in relief, and closed the door behind them.

He shifted his gaze towards the boy beside him who looked at him clearly confused. Taehyung knew he couldn’t understand any of the things that were happening around them right now and honestly, Taehyung was pissed as hell with this kid for getting drunk and being so wanton with a guy he barely knew, but the way Jungkook was looking him made him bite back his words. Jungkook’s shirt was almost falling down his right arm, showing the milky white flesh of his shoulder, just begging to be marked, his pink lips were swollen and shiny with spit from biting them so often, his hair looked fluffy and Taehyung loved it all. He looked desirable in every way known to a man. Taehyung could take him right there and then if he wanted to, his primal instincts were already kicking him over the edge but he knew he could never do that to Jungkook, not when he wasn’t even in his right mind.

Jungkook looked at him through his eyelashes, luring eyes rimmed with smudged eyeliner, desire pouring off of him, “Taehyung, kiss me.”

Yes, after being silent for so long that’s the first sentence that spilled out of that pretty mouth of his. The words sent shivers down Taehyung’s entire body and he could already feel his core tighten in his pants. ‘What the fuck? Is Jeon fucking Jungkook actually asking me to kiss him?’

Jungkook, seeing that Taehyung wouldn’t do anything, decided to take matters in his own hands and leaned closer, “Mmm, Taehyung please.” He pleaded as he wrapped his arms around Taehyung’s neck and started grinding his hips, applying the most sinful pressure against his groin. ‘Oh god. Oh god, please, please make him stop.’ Taehyung prayed silently, he wasn’t sure he would be able to control himself any further if Jungkook kept this up.

‘Oh my fucking god...’

~~
Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

lots of yoonmin and drunk jungkook.

Chapter 8:

~~

“Taehyung I need you to kiss me.” Jungkook, whose body was currently glued to Taehyung’s. He whined into his ears, sending shivers down his spine. He was looking up at Taehyung with those dark brown orbs of his, exuding lust and hunger from everywhere.

“Jungkook, you are drunk.” Taehyung replied through gritted teeth, holding to his sanity with everything he's got.

“Ngh, no.” Jungkook whimpered, "I just want your mouth against mine.” He squirmed impatiently against him.

Taehyung wanted to push him back, he really did, but he couldn’t. Not when Jungkook’s lips were already pressing against his. A groan escaped Taehyung’s mouth but sounded more like a cry, 'His lips oh his god damn lips.' They were so soft against his and felt so full Taehyung licked Jungkook’s bottom lip, pulling it roughly between his teeth, tasting coke and mint on his breath. Taehyung’s hands were already roaming inside Jungkook’s T-shirt like they had a mind of their own and Jungkook, taking the hint, willingly opened his mouth letting their tongues dance and twirl together, fighting for dominance. Obviously, Taehyung was winning. Jungkook moaned loudly when Taehyung licked into his mouth and bit his upper lip, making a groan rumble through his chest. Taehyung took his time exploring the younger male’s mouth, mapping out every crevice and committing it to memory. He could taste every corner of Jungkook’s mouth and god that feeling, that fucking feeling was enough to make his entire world go blank.

Taehyung couldn’t stop himself from gripping Jungkook’s waist and pushing them towards the bed without having to break the kiss. When the back of Jungkook's knees hit the edge of the bed, Taehyung pushed him on it, making him bounce softly and then crawled on his knees over Jungkook. Taehyung grabbed his wrists in a tight hold and brought them above his head, holding him still as he kissed him roughly, desire igniting the world around them as they became lost in a sea of lust and love. It was a spicy, powerful combination that sent waves of carnal hunger coursing through their bodies, it was as if the rest of the world was engulfed in their lustful burning flames as their kisses grew more urgent, more desperate for more. Their breaths were ragged when Taehyung pulled back and he could feel droplets of sweat prickling his skin as their temperature grew hotter.

Taehyung’s hands were itching to take off Jungkook’s T-shirt, fuck him till his world fell apart and couldn’t even remember his own name, but he knew he couldn’t do that. Taehyung could see the skin on Jungkook's neck, daring him to touch it and he is a weak, weak man who couldn't resist. His mouth was already moving to Jungkook's neck, pressed a kiss to his Adam's apple, lips soon traveling up to his chin, trailing kisses across his jaw and reaching his earlobe. Taehyung took a hold of it between his teeth and pulled it slightly, enough to send shivers coursing down Jungkook's spine and let out a moan. God if it wasn’t the sexiest sound Taehyung has ever heard. He found
Jungkook’s sweet spot behind his ear as he sucked and nibbled on the skin roughly, letting red and pink marks on his trail, making Jungkook was a moaning, writhing mess under him. Taehyung wanted nothing more than to hear those sounds out of Jungkook’s mouth again and to see his flesh covered in blotches of maroon and purple, letting everyone else know exactly who he belonged to. So he shifted his mouth to Jungkook’s bare collarbones and sucked at the unblemished skin there too, he bit the flesh, coloring it with red marks and drew even more lewd moans from the boy squirming underneath him.

“Taehyung, please, please-” Jungkook begged out through a moan, clearly not having any idea how he sounded like right now. Taehyung knew exactly what he was begging for but he also knew he couldn’t give it to him, at least not now. Not when he probably won’t even remember any of this in the morning. If Taehyung could he would have taken him against every surface of the room, he wanted to get into his pants since the day they met and that has been his number one aim ever since but now that he finally had the chance, he didn’t want to. Taehyung’s libido was already urging him on but his mind kept saying not to take advantage of the situation. If the next morning Jungkook wakes up and regrets it, then Taehyung would never be able to forgive himself, forgive himself for ruining every chance he had at being with Jungkook.

“Kookie no, not now baby, please,” Taehyung breathed out, "Don’t make this any harder that it already is." He pleaded, trying to put some sense back into Jungkook mind.

Jungkook's face fell at that, he looked devastated, “Do you not want to do it with me?” He asked in a small voice, filled with doubt and insecurities.

Taehyung was taken aback by that, “Oh, baby. No, no no. I want to. Oh god you have you have no idea how much I want to.” He assured, softly kissing Jungkook's forehead, "But you're not thinking right, you're drunk babe.” Taehyung explained, hoping to erase that awful expression off Jungkook's face.

Jungkook looked at him as if he were insane, “So? Isn’t that what you wanted? To get into my pants. T-That’s why you were after me right?” He asked, voice shaking slightly.

Guilt washed over Taehyung as soon as those words fell out of Jungkook’s mouth. It was true after all, “I-I don’t know, I'm sorry babe, I'm so sorry...” The older stuttered, voice stained with remorse.

“Why are you sorry? It’s okay.” Jungkook said softly as he brought his hand up, cupped Taehyung's face in his palm and brushed his thumb over his cheekbones, "I've been there already, I know people just wanted me for my body. Y-" He said hesitantly, averting his gaze from Taehyung’s eyes and taking his hand back, "-you're not the only one, Taehyung."

Taehyung could already see the corner of Jungkook's eyes glistening with tears, it felt as if his world crashed down around him and he was falling into pits of darkness, as if he’d never be able to get up again. There was a lump in his throat, his stomach churned in shame and it was as if there was a rock on top of his chest, making it impossible for him to breathe. Taehyung tore his gaze away from the boy who was now a crying mess under him. Guilt coursing through his entire body setting his mind on fire he started talking, not knowing what else to do to stop Jungkook from crying, “Kookie, I-I it’s not like that. I don’t know what to say anymore, I am-“

Jungkook laughed breathily, cutting Taehyung off, “Don’t be sorry. I knew it from the start anyway, that's why I wanted to stay away from you.” He still had tears on his cheeks and around the rim of his eyes but a frown was starting to settle on his face, "I swear I wanted to but whenever you touched me I felt like I was wanted, really wanted, even though I knew it wasn't like that. It was impossible to stay away and-” He stopped and choked on a sob he tried to hold back, "-it stung when I saw you with that girl that day.”
Is this really the Jungkook Taehyung knew? He's being way too honest about how he feels. If this is what a little bit of alcohol does to him Jungkook, he would gladly mix some more in his drink if he ever got the chance, just too be able to see this adorable, vulnerable and sincere Jungkook, “I-It wasn’t like that I promise. She was just being too clingy, I’m sorry for not pushing her away.”

Jungkook just giggled lightly in reply, making Taehyung’s heart race a thousand miles a minute. His hand was back on his face, tracing Taehyung’s forehead, his eyes, nose and then lastly his lips where he stopped and started stroking them with the pad of his thumb. Taehyung released a content sigh, mind slowly reminiscing the day he did the same to Jungkook in his kitchen.

“I feel sleepy.” Jungkook suddenly whined, eyes droopy and body going limp with exhaustion.

“Sleep.” Taehyung ordered, his voice hoarse even though he didn’t intend to.

Jungkook moaned softly at the sound of Taehyung's voice but his eyes were already fluttering shut into a peaceful sleep. Taehyung detached himself from Jungkook, kneeled down to take their shoes off and then pulled the duvet over to cover him up. He then stood there, marveling at how beautiful Jungkook's sleeping form as he brought a hand up and pushed away the strands of hair that were lying loose on Jungkook's forehead. He had no idea how to fix this but he is willing to try if it means he could have Jungkook in return.

~~

Taehyung couldn’t fall sleep no matter how much tried to, so instead he decided to seek out the guy who dared spike Jungkook’s drink. 'That little fucker.' The student council Vice President Seokjin should have taken care of this. 'I mean whose duty is it to prevent this kind of situations?' He thought to himself, what would have happened if he weren’t there when that scumbag decided to be all chummy with Jungkook?

Taehyung took a quick glimpse, scanning his surroundings for Seokjin and something weird caught his eye, from the looks of it, it was Namjoon sitting beside a guy, laughing and giggling at something the other was saying. 'Oh my god, ew.' Taehyung thought as he scrunched up his nose at the scene, he was sure that the boy beside Namjoon was probably Seokjin, nobody could get Namjoon to be so bubbly.

“So this is where you have been the entire time eh? With Seokjin?” Taehyung said as he disrupted the cozy vibe they had going on and slid into a seat beside Namjoon.

“Taehyung.” Seokjin said in lieu of a greeting, clenching his jaw tightly after seeing him.

Okay, so Taehyung knew very well that Seokjin didn't like him, not that he liked Seokjin either but he didn't need to show his disgust and annoyance like that right after he greeted them, "Seokjin." Taehyung gritted back.

"What are you doing here?” Seokjin asked sternly and was furrowing his eyebrows as if Taehyung was never meant to be there.

Taehyung scoffed, "Last time I checked it was a school party and since I am a student of this school too,” He then raised both he arms and shrugged, "Here I am!"

"Um, er guys, so uh, can't you two just suck it up and act civilized with each other?” Namjoon butted in, clearly trying to mend the harsh atmosphere.

"No." "No." They both said at once. Namjoon just sighed and gave up on trying to convince them otherwise.
"Anyway, this isn't what I'm here about-" Taehyung started off, "someone managed to slip some alcohol in Jungkook's drink."

Namjoon's face just scrunched up in disbelief whereas Seokjin's was quite the opposite, his mouth gaped open and eyes widened in horror, throat suddenly dry and unabling him form forming any coherent words. From what he's heard from Yoongi, Jungkook was apparently a part of Seokjin's, Jimin's and Hoseok's group so it was understandable why he would have such a reaction, "Shit." He heard Seokjin manage to curse under his breath.

"Yeah, that was sort of my reaction too when I saw Jungkook throwing himself at a random boy, drunk might I add." Taehyung hissed, getting angry just by thinking about it.

"What? Jungkook did what?" Seokjin repeated as his eyes widened incredulously.

"You heard me." The younger replied sternly, having enough of this already.

"Shit, I-I thought I took care of it properly. God what the fuck." Seokjin was looking horrified and genuinely worried for what happened to Jungkook but Taehyung wasn't gonna let it go that easily, no sir.

"Hah, well you didn't do a very good job." Taehyung jabbed, this guy was supposed to make sure shit like this didn't happen.

"Taehyung." Namjoon chided.

"No, don't butt in because I'm sassing your cute little cru-"

"Shut up and tell us who that guy you saw Jungkook with was. It's too obvious that he was the one who added the alcohol." Namjoon cut him off, having had enough of Taehyung's crap. Seokjin's eyes shifted towards Namjoon and he sighed in relief, looking grateful that someone had his back.

"I don't know." Taehyung said as he pursed his lips, "-He had blonde hair or it was orange I think? He was wearing a long coat. I just threatened him for touching Jungkook. Never caught his name."

"Are you sure it wasn't you?" Seokjin asked, as doubtful as ever when it came to Taehyung.

"Just because I've done it a few times before doesn't mean you get to blame it on me this time." He hissed in annoyance, not liking being accused for something he didn't do.

"I wanted to make sure." Seokjin replied evenly, looking like he couldn't care less what Taehyung thought.

"I wouldn't do that, especially not to Jungkook, mind you." He spat, getting irritated at the thought of hurting Jungkook.

"Well, never mind then." Seokjin said, looking pensive, "Anyway, I'll talk with the other student council members and immediately find out who that guy with Jungkook was." He promised.

"You better." Taehyung responded, not wanting to think too much about it or else he'd find the guy himself and rip his throat out, barehanded.

"Taehyung, did you see Yoongi?" Namjoon inquired unexpectedly, probably because he hadn't seen Yoongi all evening.

"Uh, er yeah." Taehyung grimaced as he remembered the scene he stumbled on upstairs, "He was
with Jimin.” He half laughed at that.

Namjoon and Seokjin were both taken aback little, "Wow, someone is getting laid tonight.” Namjoon winked. Yeah, they were practically sucking each other's faces off. How could they not get laid?

"Wait, if Jimin is with Yoongi where is Jungkook then?" Seokjin questioned, suddenly looking worried and he glancing around him as if searching for Jungkook.

"I took him upstairs, he's sleeping there." Taehyung smiled, remembering Jungkook's sleeping face made him feel warm and fuzzy inside.

Seokjin nodded, thankful that Taehyung took care of Jungkook, and stood up suddenly, "I should go get Yoongi and Jimin to come downstairs before they wreck everything." He said with a grimace.

"You do that.” Taehyung chuckled, not wanting to be in Seokjin's shoes right now. God knows what fresh hell he's going to walk into.

Apparently, Seokjin found Yoongi and Jimin sleeping next to each other and he dragged them both down to the living room. The conversation soon jumped from one topic to another, everybody enjoying themselves and by the time 12 am rolled around they decided it was time to head home. Taehyung was well aware that neither Jimin nor Seokjin liked his group of friends but honestly, it didn't seem that way tonight. Even Hoseok seemed to be making an effort, filling in every silence to help the conversation flow smoothly.

Since Jimin was a bad drunk and was in no position to drive, Yoongi chose to drop him off in his car. Taehyung could easily discern through the looks Yoongi was throwing at him that he wanted to do the job alone.

That meant someone had to bring Jungkook back to his dorm as well so Taehyung offered to drop him home in his car. "I'll do it." He volunteered when Namjoon asked who's going to drop Jungkook off. To Taehyung’s surprise, Seokjin agreed to let Jungkook go with him.

Taehyung sauntered upstairs to get Jungkook who was still sleeping in his bed peacefully and knew he was a goner when even the soft snores stifling through his nose sounded so fucking adorable to him.

Taehyung shook him a little thinking it would wake him up but all Jungkook did was whine and burrow deeper into the blankets. So he leaned over him and then whispered softly into his ears, "Jungkook, baby wake up, I need to get you home."

"Nghh." Jungkook whined into his pillow, showing no signs of waking up.

'God what do I do to wake him up?' Without thinking about it any further, Taehyung started leaving a gentle trail of kisses on Jungkook's skin, starting from his cheeks, then moving to his jaw and his exposed collarbone, then pressed his plush lips on Jungkook’s neck lingering there for a moment and began sucking at his pulse point repeatedly until Jungkook’s skin was wet and marred purple.

That's when Jungkook’s eyes shot open, "W-What are you doing?" Jungkook jolted up and asked incredulous, cheeks dusted with a soft red.

"I was just trying to wake you up and since my words weren't working, I thought my mouth would." Taehyung smirked, flirting shamelessly with the gorgeous boy in front of him, all soft with sleep and making his marks look so pretty on him, "Let me take you home, okay? You can go back to sleep when you get back to your room.” Taehyung grunted as he made to lift Jungkook in his arms and
carry him.

But Jungkook stopped him immediately, "I can walk myself to the car." He grumbled as he was burning holes into the mattress and Taehyung let him go, watched him get up tentatively and clumsily putting his shoes back on.

'God, why is he so fucking adorable?'

~~
Chapter 9

Jungkook woke up with a pounding headache, it felt like someone was hammering his brain with an axe. He groaned loudly pulling the duvet away and tried standing up but failed miserably when his legs wouldn't cooperate. His head hurt like a bitch, his throat was so dry that he felt like he could drink ten gallons of water and his eyes were sensitive to light. He fell back on his bed in a mess of limbs, contemplating his life choices. 'Damn, how did this even happen?' He thought to himself as he tried to recall what happened last night but his mind was entirely blank. 'Is this what you call a hangover? But I don’t remember drinking alcohol! Ugh, what the hell?'

He glanced at his right side and saw Jimin snuggled into his bed and snoring peacefully. "Why isn’t he awake yet?" He looked at the clock on the nightstand and saw that it was already 11am. He was so glad it was the weekend, he wouldn't know what to do if he had classes to attend to today. While still in bed, he twisted his body in a few different ways to release the tension in his muscles, stood up carefully and walked to the bathroom, stripped out of the clothes he wore at the party yesterday with a grimace on his face, grabbed his brush and toothpaste and headed straight for the shower, turned it on and let the cool water run down his body to wake him up and started brushing his teeth as well. 'Multi tasking.' He thought to himself. When it was starting to get unbearable he turned the water on to hot and let his muscles relax under the spray, put the toothbrush away and rubbed shower gel on his skin to get rid of the filth he accumulated from last night. He felt great by the time he deemed himself clean, turned the water off and got out of the shower to a foggy looking bathroom. He covered himself with a towel and went back into the room to put some fresh clothes on.

After he changed he decided it was time for him to wake up the sleepyhead beside him,"Jimin, wake up. It’s 11:30 am already."

"Ugh," Jimin groaned lously, "Jungkookieee my head hurts so bad I want to die!" He started to whine and he generally looked as miserable as he probably felt.

"I know how you feel." Jungkook really did, but he wouldn't succumb to such things, "Here’s a deal, you wake up and take a shower and I’ll go get some food and aspirin for you, yeah?" He smiled, knowing Jimin wouldn’t pass on his offer.

"Yes! Yes, please. I love you." Jimin mumbled as he waved his hand dismissively at Jungkook.

He released a soft chuckle at Jimin's antics and got out to do what he had just promised. While walking to the restaurant to buy some brunch his mind slowly drifted to last night, wrecking his brain for anything that he could muster. The last thing he remembers is talking with a guy. 'What was his
name again? Jack? Jaebum? Ah damn it, I remember nothing!"

He got inside the diner and went straight up to the counter when he saw that there was no one in front of him, “Two bacon sandwiches and two large French fries please.” He placed his order to the waitress who was looking uncomfortable whenever she would glance up at him. 'Do I look that bad?' He thought to himself, this wasn't doing anything great to his already low self-esteem.

“Yes sure, sir.” She scribbled the order in her notebook and sauntered off. As he was waiting for his order, Jungkook looked around the restaurant and well, of fucking course he had to be here right now, Kim Taehyung. 'Ugh!'

“Well well, if it isn’t Jeon Jungkook.” Taehyung said and then smirked as he was eyeing Jungkook's neck area. 'What the heck?' He thought to himself as he looked at Taehyung's form, he was wearing a blue dress shirt, ripped jeans and a white snapback. Of course he would look edible with a snapback, of fucking course!

“If it isn’t Kim Taehyung.” Jungkook hissed back, he didn't like how attractive he found Taehyung, it would only cause trouble if he let that thought loose.

“What are you doing here Jungkook? You managed to cure your hangover already?” He asked as he was furrowing his eyebrows, obviously not expecting to see Jungkook outside today.

“H-How do you know?” He stammered, Jungkook had no idea how Taehyung knew about his hangover and dread was starting to pool in his stomach at that prospect.

“Oh Kookie! You have no idea how many things I know and have seen last night.”

“What the fuck? What do you mean?” Oh God what the fuck happened to him last night, this cannot be good.

“You want to know what actually happened last night? I was there, I witnessed it all babe.” Taehyung said matter-of-factly.

“Cut to the chase, you asshole.” Jungkook snapped, he was not in the mood to fuck around and he could already feel the headache coming back.

“Not so easily baby. Go out on a date with me.”

Jungkook’s brain shut down at that. He just stood there, staring dumbly at Taehyung as if he just saw an alien or something. 'Did he just say date?' He wants to take Jungkook out on a date, “What?”

“I said, go out on a date with me.” Taehyung repeated patiently and look a bit distressed when he realized it sounded like a demand, so he asked softly, "Will you?"

Jungkook didn't care about that right now, “Are you out of your fucking mind?” He seethed, Taehyung can't expect him to just forget how much of an asshole he is and go out with him that easily, "Why would I go out on a date with you?"

Taehyung released a low chuckle, “After all the things we did last night, is date really that much of a big deal to you?”

He creased his eyebrows in confusion, dread increasing by the second “What do you mean?” Jungkook asked, already starting to panic, 'Don’t tell me we…?'

“You kissed me.”
'I kissed Kim Taehyung? What in the world!' He was not expecting that. Getting kissed...ok, he could see how that would have happened but HIM kissing Taehyung, not so much. “Stop joking.” He rolled his eyes and scoffed, there's no way, no! 

“I'm not joking here kid, you kissed me.” Taehyung insisted, "We made out and you told me a lot of things about yourself." After seeing that Jungkook was still not believing one single word he was saying he added, "You even confessed that you were jealous of that girl you saw me with that day.”

'Oh my god! Oh my freaking god! What is this happening to me? What did I ever do to deserve this? I'm going to fucking kill myself. God take the wheel, I've had a good run.' He thought to himself.

"There’s no way that's true!" Jungkook exclaimed, still refusing to believe anything, he was in denial and he was ok with it.

“Oh baby, but it is.” Taehyung confirmed his fears but then explained, "You were drunk though, someone mixed alcohol in your drink.” A slight furrow creasing in his forehead at that.

'Oh.' Okay, that explains why he had a hangover but there was still a major piece of information missing, “Who was it?” Jungkook demanded.

“I don’t know, but you were practically throwing yourself at the guy and grinding up on him.” Taehyung laughed.

'That’s it I’m out.' Jungkook could feel himself heating up in embarrassment, he felt like he was going to die from the sheer humiliation. 'Shit.'

“Don’t worry though, I was the only one who saw you that way. The memories belong only to me.” Taehyung sneered.

Blood crept up on his entire, face blushing furiously at the thought of Taehyung wanting to keep a memory of Jungkook all to himself.

“Fuck,” Taehyung cursed, "-stop being so cute Jeon.” He looked pained for some reason Jungkook didn't know about.

“I-I'm not being cute.” Jungkook mumbled, "Shut up.” He retorted, but there was no heat behind the words. Crap, when did he become so soft for Taehyung.

"You are." Taehyung contradicted, "Do you not realize how fucking adorable you are? Everyone around you wants in your pants."

"Aren’t you just talking about yourself?" He countered, trying to steer the conversation away from himself.

"I'm one of them." Taehyung admitted.

"Wow,-' Jungkook laughed, "-that sure was blunt." He couldn't comprehend how Taehyung's mind worked sometimes.

"But that's not the only reason I want to stay close to you." Taehyung added, looking proud of himself, as if managing to make Jungkook laugh was a privilege.

"Oh please do enlighten me. What are the other reasons?” He humored, the order wasn't ready yet, might as well entertain himself with something.

Taehyung's face sombered, all playfulness gone, "I want to protect you." He stated, "I find you
intriguing, explosive, interesting..." Taehyung trailed off, "You act strong of the outside but on the inside you are fragile. It makes me want to lock you up in a room and never let anyone hurt you."

Jungkook wasn’t expecting such an earnest answer that Taehyung had obviously thought through before voicing it. He opened his mouth to say something but Jungkook knew he wouldn't be able to form a coherent sentence right now. They stood in silence for a minute, Jungkook musing over Taehyung's over, running them over and over in his head and finally released a sigh, "You don't know me Taehyung." He didn't, no one did, and whatever Taehyung thought he had figured out, it was probably nothing anyway.

"You told me some shit last night and that's exactly why I want to know more about you Jungkook."

Jungkook wasn't expecting that, "I told you stuff? W-What do you m-mean?" He stammered.

Taehyung grimaced as if the thought of saying it pained him, "You told me that you have dealt with people who wanted you only for your body."

Oh hell no, why in the world did he do that! No, just no, "I-I don't know what was going on my head. I-It's not true." He lied through his teeth, silently cursing himself for getting drunk when he knew Taehyung was around.

"It's okay." Taehyung said softly, "I'm not going to force you to spill everything but one day, one day I want you to tell me everything." He finished, determination written all over his face.

"...Okay." Jungkook agreed shocking both of them. He didn't know what the hell was going on anymore. One minute they are fighting and the other they are...this...whatever this is.

The waitress finally brought Jungkook his order and noticed that she scribbled something along with a number on a paper and pushed it towards Taehyung. His eyes widened at that, a foreign and unwelcome feeling seeping through Jungkook’s bones. 'Jealousy? Why was I jealous?' Without saying anything Jungkook threw some bills on the counter and literally stormed out of the diner. He had to bring the food to Jimin before it got cold, besides it was already quite late and he didn't buy the aspirin yet. As he was heading for the pharmacy, he looked behind him and a sigh escaped his lips when he realized Taehyung wasn't chasing after him. He wondered what things he actually said last night, life wasn't exactly flowers and rainbows for Jungkook right now but he knew it could be a lot worse. He got inside the store, bought a pack of aspirin and made his way back to the dorms.

Jungkook had made friends, friends that wouldn't talk behind his back, friends that would help him in any kind of situation and friends that would stay by his side no matter what. He had never thought about 'real' friends before Chanyeol, who was his brother and friend at the same time. Getting thrown to one foster family to another wasn't easy, some wrecked him, some took away the memory of being loved. He was abused and sexually assaulted, his body was already tainted. How could someone even think of falling in love with him?

He was brought out of his self deprecating thoughts when he heard Jimin’s voice. He had no idea when the hell he arrived back to his room and he couldn't remember a thing from the from the pharmacy to the dorms, 'This can't be good,' Jungkook thought, he couldn't afford to go down that path again.

"Yah Jeon Jungkook! How long does it take to bring me a sandwich?!!" Jimin practically yelled as he was taking his shoes off.

"Sorry! The canteen was closed so I had to go out and buy it from the nearby restaurant. I just got a little bit side-tracked." He explained, not wanting to tell Jimin about Taehyung yet.
"Huh, you are forgiven." Jimin said as if he were some sort of royalty, "Now give me my food!" He shrieked when he saw the bag bearing his meal, making grabby hands for it from where he was sitting on his bed.

'He's such a kid.' He thought to himself as he handed over Jimin's portion of the food, "Hey, Jimin do you know what happened last night?" Jungkook asked.

"Yeah, I got laid." He deadpanned.

"Oh." Jungkook started but then the words registered into his brain and all but shouted, "Wait...YOU WHAT?!"

"Hey, hey, don't yell!" Said Jimin with muffled words as he was covering his ears with his hands, the sandwich dangling from his mouth.

"Tell me what happened!" Jungkook demanded, he couldn't believe how chill Jimin was about getting laid and then there was him, freaking out over a kiss.

“It’s nothing important Kookie.” Jimin shrugged it off as if it was no big deal.

“No, Jimin it is. I want to know. You have to tell me. I-I know you are keeping some secrets from me and honestly I don’t want to force you to tell me but the least I can expect from you to tell me what is going on with your life at times.” Jungkook rambled on, not expecting to get so serious about it all of a sudden but he did, so there's no turning back.

“I'm sorry." Jimin sighed and ruffled his bed hair, 'It's not that I don’t want to tell you, just that I don’t want you to judge me either.’

“I wouldn’t.” Jungkook said seriously and meant every word. He'd never do that Jimin, friends don't do that to each other.

Jimin looked at him fondly and smiled, “So, let me explain about what happened last night.”

*

Jimin knew what he was doing, he knew exactly what sent Yoongi flying over the edge, in fact it was all the more reason he was dressed like this, a drink in his hand and dancing rhythmically, swaying his body to the music and there was Yoongi sitting on a chair across from him, eyes fixed on Jimin. It felt like his whole body was on fire when Yoongi looked at Jimin as if he were eye fucking him. After a few more minutes of dancing and sipping from his cup, Jimin saw Yoongi making his way towards him. 'Hah.' Jimin laughed internally.

When he was close enough to where Jimin was standing, he heard Yoongi curse under his breath, “Fuck, this kid.” Then closed the remaining distance between them and growled, face dangerously close to Jimin's, “What are you doing?”

“What am I doing?” Jimin feigned innocence which made the other release a defeated sigh. He liked riling up Yoongi like this, it was fun to see him loosen up his douche a little.

“You know what you're doing, Park Jimin.” Yoongi said, not wanting to be played with anymore.

Jimin just laughed at Yoongi's ridiculousness, who would have thought just a tiny bit of alcohol would get him to be so comfortable around his crush, that thing was like liquid courage or something. At the sound of his laughter Jimin saw Yoongi shiver and then groan, not liking how Jimin was affecting him. “Dance with me.” Yoongi demanded.
Jimin just looked at him, he really liked this Yoongi in front of him, “Okay.” He smirked, spinning around and then their bodies were pressed up against each other in an instant, Jimin purposely grinding his ass against Yoongi's crotch making him release a low groan. He was already a bit tipsy and he could feel the adrenaline pumping through his blood along with the strong beat of the music. Yoongi, probably having had enough of his teasing, moved in front of Jimin and then brought them closer to each other as he rested his hands on Jimin’s waist. He liked the feeling of Yoongi's hands on him but he wanted to touch too so he wrapped his arms around Yoongi’s neck, bringing them that much closer, feeling the other's soft breaths on his skin.

Jimin doesn't know what it was that caused Yoongi to tilt his head and press a soft kiss to Jimin's lips, maybe it was the drink, maybe it was the thick scorching fervor of the dance floor or maybe it was just the adrenaline but Jimin didn't care, not as long as he could have this. He wanted to do this for so long, that now that it had happened he froze, taken aback but then he felt Yoongi starting to pull away and sobered up quickly. He surged forward and pressed his lips firmly to Yoongi's, 'Oh God, his lips!'

He can't believe this is happening, Min Yoongi is actually kissing him and it seems like he's enjoying himself as well if the way Yoongi’s hand traveled to the back of Jimin’s head to get a better angle meant anything. A soft moan escaped Jimin’s lips when Yoongi sucked and licked on his bottom lip asking for permission. He almost felt embarrassed at how quickly he opened his mouth, but then Yoongi was kissing him languidly at such an excruciatingly slow pace Jimin felt like he was going to pass out. Yoongi’s tongue was swirling against every corner of Jimin’s mouth, making Jimin release a muffled moan at the intensity of it all, it felt like they were going to melt and lose their minds if they didn’t touch each other more.

It was Yoongi who pulled back first, looking at Jimin like he wanted to devour him, then leaned to the side so his cheek was brushing against Jimin’s and growled into his ears, “Bedroom. Now.” Yoongi’s words went straight to Jimin’s dick, making it twitch in arousal. He nodded since he couldn't muster the strength to talk right now and both of them were already making their way through the crowd, up the stairs. Anticipation coursed through their bodies while they were making their way to an empty bedroom. Each second spent to get there seemed like an entire decade and Jimin could hear Yoongi as cursed in annoyance and glanced at Jimin's lips, looking as if it took everything in his willpower not to just fuck into Jimin’s mouth right then and there.

As soon as they were inside the room, Yoongi tugged Jimin by the wrists, pushed him against the wall roughly and reconnected their lips as Jimin gasped from being shoved up the sturdy surface so forcefully, but moaned loudly when Yoongi’s hand slid down his ass slowly. Yoongi gripped his cheeks through the jeans getting another soft whine from Jimin, then moved his hands to Jimin's things and pulled his legs along his waist, effectively trapping Jimin against the wall.

Yoongi’s tongue swiped along his bottom lip and he eagerly opened his mouth, letting their tongues twist together. Jimin let one of his hands wander down the front of Yoongi's chest and groaned at the feeling of lean, hard muscle under his touch. Jimin wanted to pull off Yoongi's shirt, needing them to be closer, his body aching with the want of skin to skin touch, so he grabbed the hem of the shirt and tugged it upwards, taking it off with a little help from Yoongi and then his shirt was next, tossed carelessly on the floor. They both sighed at the feeling of their bare chests touching, feeling content at the proximity and kissing each other senseless once again as they started to slightly grind their clothed cocks against each other.

Yoongi looked like he wanted more and wasn’t sure if Jimin did as well, but still tugged Jimin towards the bed and pushed him on it. He then climbed on top of him, dug his head into Jimin’s exposed neck and kissed every part of the unblemished skin. His skin was glowing red with arousal, Jimin could feel it, and Yoongi groaned as he tasted Jimin's skin, tongue licking up the column of his
neck and sucking on Jimin’s collarbone, he then moved his mouth where Jimin’s neck and shoulder met and started to leave open mouthed kisses along the skin, leaving harsh red marks all over the place. At this, Jimin choked on his moan which sounded more like a sob than anything.

Desire shot through his body making him dizzy with need, he wanted Yoongi to touch him everywhere. He was consumed fully by Min Yoongi, the only thing he could see, the only thing he could feel, the only thing he could smell, it was as if Yoongi was the air he was breathing. Jimin brought his hand up, wanting more of him, and palmed at Yoongi’s arousal through his pants, making Yoongi grunt loudly, “Fuck, Jimin.” he cursed then grabbed Jimin's wrist and pulled it away from his erection.

“More.” Jimin sobbed, "I want- no, need more." He corrected, he wanted all of it, he wanted to feel it all, "Please.”

Yoongi looked pained, not knowing if to give in or do the right thing, “We c-can’t do this." He decided, coming back to his senses, "I want to go all the way Jimin but not like this, I'm sorry.”

Jimin took one long look at Yoongi and sighed when he saw that Yoongi wasn't going to relent no matter what, “I-It’s okay, at least you're not being an asshole right now.”

“Yah!” Yoongi scolded, "What do you mean?” he asked as he rolled on his back and held tightly onto Jimin's torso so that he was lying on top of him, letting Jimin settle comfortably and the rested his hands on Jimin’s butt.

“Nothing.” Jimin smiled and burrowed his head into Yoongi’s neck so that he could breathe in his intoxicating smell, he could never get enough of it, it was too addictive to give up on.

“Let’s take a nap.” Yoongi suggested crushing their bodies further together as he embraced Jimin tightly.

“Okay.” Jimin breathed out, a soft smile slowly displaying on his face, he could get used to this.

~~

Chapter End Notes

I am sorry for not uploading all this time. I hope this was worth the wait. Please leave your comments! It really helps.
Chapter 10:

“Wow.” Jungkook said softly after listening to the night Jimin and Yoongi spent together. He couldn't believe the Yoongi from Jimin's story was the same Yoongi he heard about around school. At least now he knew why Jimin's neck looked like it had an encounter with a vacuum or something like that.

“Yeah, I know.” Jimin released a low chuckle, still looking dreamy and soft at the thought of him and Yoongi.

“So, are you two together now?” Jungkook asked, wanting nothing more that to see his friend happy, even if it meant dating someone like Yoongi. As long as he didn't hurt Jimin, Jungkook was okay with it.

“I don’t know…” Jimin's eyebrows furrowed as if that thought never occurred to him, “-he needs to ask me out for us to be together.” He said, giddy disposition turning sour.

“I think he will.” Jungkook assured. 'He better' Jungkook thought to himself, if Yoongi knew what's best for him.

“Hope so. Anyway, what the hell is up with you and Taehyung?” Jimin smirked, eyes going down to Jungkook's neck, promptly raising an eyebrow.

'What the hell is he talking about?' Did he have something on his neck or something?”Nothing...?” Jungkook trailed, unsure if he should make a statement or ask.

“Whatever you say, Jeon.” Jimin laughed as he wiggled his eyebrows up and down suggestively. Jungkook had no idea what the hell went through Jimin's head anymore,”Anyway I need to study now, so leave me alone for like, five hours and then come back.” He said as he stood up and went to his desk side, plopping a stack of books from the shelves on it. He had every intention of catching up, spending the night out already messed with his routine, he didn't want to make it worse by slacking off even more.

“Five hours!!” Jimin asked, voice high pitched, "Are you serious?” He looked at Jungkook as if he was expecting him to say hah, got you!, but Jungkook didn't.

“Yeah, now leave.” Then Jungkook pushed him out the door before he could even protest. He didn't have time for Jimin's antics, he had to study. After a thoroughly unimpressed Jimin left, shouting "And where am I supposed to go Kookie?!!", he closed the door and made to go for the desk when something dawned on him. He suddenly remembered the waitress from the diner looking at him weirdly, Taehyung's not-so-subtle glances at his neck and now Jimin actively pointing it out. 'No...It can't be...' He thought to himself as he went straight for the bathroom and glanced at himself in the mirror. 'Fuck' He cursed internally, and he thought Jimin had it bad. He can't believe he went out looking like this, angry red and purple marks on his skin for everybody to see. He was going to kill Taehyung!
After five hours Jungkook closed the book he was studying from, feeling fully satisfied with himself for finishing almost half of the midterm syllabus, so he got up from his chair and stretched to release the tension in his muscles. He told Jimin to come back in five hours and was beginning to wonder where his friend was. He sighed and opened the mini fridge Jimin brought from his house to the dorm, to see if they had anything to make something for dinner and groaned when he realized it was empty, there was literally nothing in it other that a bunch of soda cans and water bottles.

Jungkook sighed, he had to go buy food if he wanted to eat tonight. He took his wallet from the nightstand, put his shoes on and headed out for the supermarket. As soon as he stepped outside a gust of cold air hit his face making him shiver, it wasn’t supposed to be chilly, heck, it’s not even winter yet! Jungkook tucked the thin hoodie closer to his body and walked quickly to the nearest grocery store.

He was about half way there when he felt someone's presence behind his back. He could sense them walking after him but was too scared to turn around and check out who it was. Jungkook was starting to panic, heartbeat steadily picking up and breathing coming in short quick bouts, so he fastened his pace, swiftly entered the store and huffed out a sigh of relief when he got inside. 'Was I over reacting or was that person actually following me?' Not wanting to think about it any further, Jungkook shoved those thoughts aside and began shopping. He only picked up the necessary things like bacon for the gazillion of sandwiches they ate on a daily basis or Jimin’s jams, the kid had a weird obsession with jam. Jungkook wandered around for a few more minutes to see if there was anything he forgot to buy, checked out quickly and headed for the dorms, eager to get back as soon as humanly possible.

It was already 20pm and he felt uneasy passing through the the dark alley, this feeling was way too familiar, raw terror shot up his spine and he could feel his stomach tighten in fear. Jungkook inhaled sharply, moving forward despite not wanting to, his feet feeling heavier than usual, each step like an eternity. Some memories from his past ate at his mind, making walking home an even more difficult task than it already was, 'Please don’t let it end like that night.' He pleaded to whatever entity there was, hoping they would listen to his request but they never did.

"Not so fast kid." Drawled a voice behind Jungkook, waves of shock coursing through his entire body, making him stop walking involuntarily, 'Holy shit.' He cursed under his breath, 'No. No way in hell. It couldn't be him. Could it?'

The man came out from where he was hiding under the shadows of the building and Jungkook froze, refusing to believe what he was seeing. His hair was the first thing Jungkook noticed, a dark shade of brown and then his body was covered in a black coat, scarf wrapped around his neck hiding the man's face to some extent. It was him, his foster dad, standing there, face only dimly lit by the surrounding streetlights yet his features still made fear run through Jungkook’s veins. His lips curved into the most unnerving smirk when he saw the horror in Jungkook's expression, his eyes were dark and filled with nothing but venom and pure hatred. 'I need to get out.' Jungkook thought to himself but his body wouldn't listen to him.

"I can’t let our little Jungkookie get out of here so easily now can I?" The voice cooed as he was getting closer and closer to where Jungkook was standing. His mind went completely blank. It might seem like a melodramatic scene from a movie to some but this was the reality Jungkook was forced to live in. He felt his stomach drop with every word his foster father said and wanted to scream for help but all he could muster was a choked sob.

“Did you miss me baby?” The man hissed as he clamped on Jungkook’s throat, wrapping his long.
repulsive fingers around it and pushing him against the brick wall of the building. Jungkook clasped desperately at the man's wrists, trying to get rid of the man’s hands but wasn't strong enough, his vision becoming blurry as the oxygen was slowly getting cut off from his lungs, “-Because, I missed you,-” The man continued as he leaned in to whisper those vile words, “-I missed all the things I got to do with you,-” His voice was menacing, dipping with poison and a nasty promise, “-And, I can not wait to do them again, even touching that filthy woman doesn't feel the same. You, you were so different, when can I do it again love?”

Jungkook felt like throwing up, he could tell he would be hyperventilating right now if he were allowed to breathe. His body crumbled with disgust and he shut his eyes ferociously tight, hoping it would do something, anything because there was nothing left he could do. Jungkook couldn’t fight back, he could never fight back. It used to be a daily routine for him, this man would come back home drunk and would touch him in all kind of ways. He hated it, he hated it so much he felt like killing himself. Jungkook knew that even if he screamed or shouted nobody would come help him, so he endured it for months. Then he came here and was finally starting to get over it but now the man found his way back into Jungkook's life to hurt him again. 'I am so tired, so so tired.' Jungkook thought defeatedly and let his body fall back against the wall. It felt like the man sucked out every last bit of energy from him and Jungkook’s legs were already giving out as the man crushed his body against Jungkook’s further. 'Please let this be over quickly.' He thought to himself, he didn't want to suffer for much longer.

* 

“What? What did you just say?” Taehyung asked as he was gritting his teeth in sheer annoyance, Jimin called him a few seconds ago and saying that he was surprised to see his number on incoming call would be an understatement.

“Jungkook isn’t back yet and it’s almost 21:00 pm.” Jimin drawled out, his voice painted with worry, “He told me to leave him alone for five hours so that he could study but when I came back he wasn’t here. So I waited for a while but he still didn't coming back a-and n-now it’s 21pm already and I don’t know what to do. He isn’t even familiar with this place p-please help me look for him.” Jimin stuttered as he was desperately trying to convince Taehyung to help him.

'Dannn, that kid really likes to worry others doesn’t he?' Taehyung thought, not seeing what the big deal was, Jungkook was probably just late or something, “Don’t you think you are overreacting a little bit? He is a big boy, I'm sure he can take care of himself.” He tried to reason but Jimin was having none of it.

“No-” Jimin said sternly, “-he's new here and he doesn’t even know the place properly. I have a gut feeling that something bad happened.” He sounded distressed over the phone, as if he were pacing around the room. " Look, I wouldn't have asked for your help but I know you know this place like the back of your hand so please, please help me find him.” Jimin pleaded and Taehyung could tell he was genuinely worried, even through the phone Taehyung could tell he was tired.

Taehyung sighed, but he was starting to catch Jimin's paranoia as well, “Let me handle this.” He said as he hung up. Taehyung had no idea where to start so he resolved to drive around the dorm area. He hastily got out of the bed, grabbed his car keys and went out.

After fifteen minutes of driving around aimlessly, he found himself in front of a grocery shop close to the dorms, so he parked his car and stomped off towards the store intending to check if Jungkook was inside but stopped when he saw the sign hanging on the door, 'Fuck.' The shop was already closed. 'Damn.' He thought to himself as he walked past it, Taehyung made his way around the store passing through an alley that he knew led back to the school campus grounds and that's when he
spotted Jungkook. Taehyung was about to call out for him but noticed a shadow swathing around Jungkook. 'Oh...' He was confused there for a second but then he came up to his senses, 'Oh.' He thought again, anger simmering at the edges, so this is what Jimin was talking about. Taehyung was overwhelmed with the concern that surged through his mind and he distantly wondered how could Jungkook be a magnet for all these kind of situations, when he heard Jungkook yelp loudly, trying to get out of the man’s grasp and failing. Rage swelled through Taehyung’s body as he dug his fingers into the flesh of palms, ‘That bastard. How fucking dare he touch my Jungkook like that!?'

The man loosened his grip on Jungkook’s throat when he noticed Taehyung and Jungkook fell down immediately, coughing and struggling to breathe as he curled back against the wall like a ball. Relief washed over Taehyung after seeing Jungkook out of that bastard’s grasp and he diverted his attention to the man who was currently quirking his eyebrows at him. “Who are you?” The stranger questioned as he walked over to Taehyung.

“That’s not important right now-” Taehyung practically growled, “-what matters is that you hurt Jungkook and there’s no way I’ll let you go that easily.” Before the fucker could even process the threat, Taehyung lounged at him, pushed him against the wall roughly, wrapped his fingers tightly around the bastard’s throat and smacked his head against the bricks. The man groaned, grabbing at Taehyung’s palms with his hands to try loosen the grip but couldn’t. ‘This was easier than I thought it would be.’ Taehyung though to himself, he wasn’t expecting it, but spat on the bastard’s face anyway and continued, “I don’t know who you are or what you want, but if I see your disgusting little feet in here ever again I swear to God I will find you and rip your heart out with my own bare hands. Got it?” Taehyung seethed. The man nodded furiously, face getting redder for the lack of oxygen and Taehyung smashed the guy’s head against the wall for the last time before releasing his grip, “Get out of my sight before I actually decide to kill you right here, you fucker.” He threatened. The man let out a cry of terror before standing up shakily and stumbling out of the alleyway into the streets.

Disgusting. How could a pathetic little shit like him even have the thought of hurting someone? Taehyung let out a shaky breath and shifted his gaze to the boy who was currently huddled against the wall looking completely worn out. He made his way over to him and crouched down in front oh him as well, “Jungkook...” Taehyung called out, taking the younger’s face in his hands and turning it from side to side searching for any cuts or bruises. He found some slight pink marks from the man’s fingers around Jungkook’s neck and the sight made Taehyung feel sick, regretting having let that son-of-a-bitch go so easily, “Jungkook, are you okay?” He asked, hoping Jungkook would say something, anything, but a sigh escaped Taehyung's lips when Jungkook remained silent.

Jimin, Taehyung had to let him know, maybe he could do something about this. He brought out his phone intending to call Jimin but Jungkook spoke up, “N-no..” He stuttered slowly, his eyes fixed on the ground beneath them, “You can’t let anyone know. P-Please.” He pleaded, voice shaky and his lips quivering uncontrollably with unshed tears.

It broke Taehyung’s heart to see Jungkook like this but he had to do something, he couldn’t just leave it like this, “But Jungkook-” He started but was cut off.

“No no no please, y-you can’t tell anyone, please!” Jungkook begged as his eyes looked up to Taehyung’s. He swore he had never seen someone look so afraid and vulnerable, stomach churning with worry. Taehyung could see a tear welling up at the corner of Jungkook’s eyes as he breathed out shakily and sighed,Taehyung wanted nothing more than to lock him up in a room and never let him go, never let anyone hurt him again. Mind reeling, still feeling the need to protect Jungkook from the cruel world, Taehyung pulled him a little closer so that Jungkook could rest his head on Taehyung’s chest and then wrapped his arms around his shoulders gently. Jungkook started to whimper softly at the touch and his blood was boiling in anger again, all he wanted to do was find and kill the man who caused this, but Jungkook needed him right now.
“Jungkook-” Taehyung started, “-we have to get you home.” He whispered into Jungkook's hair, rubbing his back soothingly with his palm, hoping it would calm him down a little bit.

“N-no.” He raised his head from Taehyung's chest and stuttered, lips quivering from the sudden burst of cold wind.

Taehyung paused, taken aback with his answer, “Then where do you want to go?”

“You’re place, I-If only it isn’t too much trouble. I-I already caused you a lot of trouble so I-I am s-sorry I really d-didn’t mean for y-you to get i-involved-” Jungkook stammered furiously, but Taehyung cut him off.

“Jeon Jungkook just shut up and let me take care of you.” He started but immediately regretted it when he saw Jungkook flinch as his tone, “Please? Now, stand up and let me take you home.” He murmured softly, running his hand through Jungkook’s hair in apology.

Taehyung tugged Jungkook up by his arms and stood up despite the fact that his legs were wobbling, held a firm grip on Jungkook's waist and walked back to his car. He opened the passenger seat and buckled Jungkook in, then went around the car to get in as well. 'I have to let Jimin know I found him.' He thought as he quickly fired a text to Jimin. Taehyung glanced at the boy beside him and a soft smile escaped his lips. There he was, Jeon Jungkook dozing off, loose strands of hair covering his forehead, lips swollen and pink from all the crying and despite looking absolutely wrecked and worn out, his face had never looked so peaceful.

As he was watching Jungkook, that night Taehyung came to a conclusion, 'I like Jeon Jungkook and it isn’t even funny anymore.'

~~

Chapter End Notes

I hope you liked it. Please don't forget to leave a comment and kudos. It would mean a lot. :) x
chapter 11

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 11:

Taehyung was looking at the boy, standing in front of him, completely lost. It's been half an hour since they arrived at his house and Jungkook looked extremely nervous and distressed, which made Taehyung even more worried. 'What do I do to fix him?' He thought to himself, he wished there was something more he could do to help.

Noticing that Jungkook was shivering, Taehyung wrapped a fluffy blanket around him and made his way to kitchen to make hot chocolate. He was extremely grateful right now that his coffee machine had the option of brewing other types of hot drinks. He grabbed the mug when it was full, careful not to burn himself, and brought it back to where Jungkook was settled on the couch. "T-thanks." Jungkook murmured softly, looking adorable burrowed deep into the plush covers and with a steamy mug of hot chocolate in his hands.

Taehyung simply sighed in content, thankful that he wasn't completely useless. He watched in silence as Jungkook finished the creamy chocolate concoction and suggested that he take a shower to warm up a bit more. Jungkook looked suspiciously at him for a few seconds but agreed nonetheless and Taehyung guided him to his bathroom to do as he was told. He then quickly rifled through his closet and offered Jungkook a bundle of clothes, "Here's a T-shirt and sweatpants for you, they might be a little big but I think you can manage." Jungkook took them thankfully and disappeared inside the bathroom.

While Jungkook was taking a shower, Taehyung thought of letting his cooking skills come to use and went to the kitchen to prepare an almost-midnight dinner. He decided to go with pasta since it was quick and easy but still no less delicious, so he grabbed a pot, filled it with water and put it on the stove to let it heat up. Then he took a pack of pasta from the cupboards, opened it up and set it aside on the counter. Taehyung thought he should go with some sort of sauce that was rich in vitamins to give Jungkook some strength, so he quickly washed some fresh vegetables, put the pasta in the water since it was finally starting to simmer, and went ahead to chop them into tiny pieces. He then put them all into a pan, settled it on the stove as well and then started to add progressively what else was needed like onion rings or mushrooms. His mind started to wander as he cooked, Jungkook was here, in his house, they were both alone and with absolutely no one to interrupt them.

Wild ideas jumbled in his brain, Oh the things they could do now, but his thoughts immediately came to a halt when he realized that Jungkook was too vulnerable, too fragile right now and he would most definitely not take advantage of the situation like some asshole.

After a while, Jungkook came back downstairs to met Taehyung in the kitchen and he took a moment to simply drink in the sight of Jungkook, hair damp and sticking to his forehead, cheeks flushed with a warm shade of pink and he was wearing Taehyung's clothes. Oh God he was wearing Taehyung's clothes! He gripped on the handle of the frying fan tightly, hoping it would calm him down, it took all of his willpower to not just jump Jungkook then and there.

"Is everything okay?" Jungkook asked, bringing Taehyung out from his reverie.

"Yes, of course." He didn't want to make Jungkook uncomfortable with his thoughts so he changed
the subject, hoping he didn't notice Taehyung's growing interest, "Are you ready for dinner?" He asked back, bouncing into the conversation, ready to get his mind out of the gutters.

"Yes." Jungkook replied softly as he sat down at the table and Taehyung served him a warm plate of delicious smelling pasta. He didn't know if it was because Jungkook needed to talk or because of what happened earlier, but Jungkook began telling Taehyung about himself.

That night they talked about everything and anything, Jungkook told him about his favorite food, color and favorite places he wanted to visit in the future, he even told him that he liked to dance but stopped when Jungkook's family died in a car accident and then he was thrown from one foster family to another.

Taehyung didn't know what to do with this information, hearing his story made Taehyung's heart cry out for him. How could Jungkook handle all that? How come there was no one to protect him? All these questions kept racing through his mind but he knew he couldn't ask Jungkook about it, not when he looked like he was this close to having a nervous meltdown.

Jungkook was finally opening up and he couldn't be gladder for it. He did want to know about the man from before but he knew this wasn't a good time to ask such things. That's why Taehyung was caught off guard when he heard Jungkook ask, "D-Do you want to know a-about the man from before?" He stuttered, a conflicted expression taking over his face.

Taehyung wasn't expecting Jungkook to be the one to bring it up, he knew it must have been a pretty sensitive topic to talk about and he would have never asked unless he knew Jungkook was okay with it. So he chose to reply carefully, making sure that there was no pressure, if Jungkook didn't wanna talk about it, he didn't have to, "Only if you're comfortable with it."

Jungkook looked at his empty plate, contemplating over what to do, but then he seemed like he reached to a conclusion and finally said, "I want you to know."

"Okay."

* 

Jungkook was cleaning his bed after he finished reading "Mocking Jay", when suddenly his door flung open and his drunken foster father stormed in, holding an empty bottle of beer in one of his hands. The man held the neck of it and smashed the end of the bottle on the corner of the dresser in Jungkook’s room, shards of glass flying everywhere as he swunged the rest of the broken bottle at Jungkook and hit him in his arm. He cried out in pain but shut his mouth immediately, knowing that yelps and screams would only make it worse. Thick rivulets of dark red blood were trickling down his right arm, dripping steadily on the carpet but he couldn't do anything about it now, not when his foster dad drunkenly moved forwards again, aiming for face this time with the broken glass. He closed his eyes, pointlessly trying to protect them from the weapon, waiting in absolute misery for the blow to come but it never did. He opened his eyes slowly, not knowing what to expect but seeing his foster brother, Chanyeol, holding his father's wrist and shouting curses at the man wasn't it. Without saying a word to Jungkook, Chanyeol literally dragged his dad away from him, out of his room and Jungkook sighed in relief when the threat was out of his space, but then reality hit him, he would've been lying on the floor unconscious, probably dead by now, if it wasn't for Chanyeol.

He closed the door shut and was waiting for his foster mother to come hurt him, it was part of his daily routine, he is used to all of this. The marriage didn't work out anymore after their daughter's death, that's why they used Jungkook as a punching bag to get rid of their frustration and anger, but the funny thing is, they brought him in as replacement for their daughter. His thoughts were interrupted when a knock at the door echoed in his room. He was shocked to say the least, no one
knocked on his door, usually they either flung the door or kicked it open, but never knocked.

When another set of knocks reached his ears, he knew he wasn’t imagining it, that meant it must be Chanyeol. He was a calm and quiet guy, went to college in Seoul and lived there ever since. Whenever he came back to visit his parents he always protected Jungkook from them but never did much talking, so Jungkook didn’t expect him to come to him. As he opened the door his suspicions were confirmed, standing in front of him was Chanyeol, "Hey Jungkook did you take care of your ar-" he started to ask but stopped when he saw the gory mess that was Jungkook’s right arm and the trail of blood he left behind.

Not wanting to worry him anymore than necessary, he already saved Jungkook and couldn't ask for more even if he wanted to, Jungkook started saying, "It's alrig-" But Chanyeol cut him off.

"No it's not, come with me." Chanyeol said as he pulled Jungkook to the bathroom and motioned for him to sit on the closed toilet seat as he was searching for the first aid kit under the sink cabinets. Once he finally found it, he took out a couple of cotton balls, drenched them in antiseptic and started to dab it lightly on the wounds, disinfecting them as fast as possible when he heard Jungkook whimper with the sting of it. He quickly cleaned the blood from his arm, slathered some styptic ointment on the wounds to stop it from bleeding, put a thick dressing on them and then bandaged his arm tightly with gauze, "You should check it before you go to sleep tonight." Chanyeol instructed, he was studying to be a doctor so it made sense that he would be all professional about it.

After he finished packing back the first aid kit, Chanyeol looked into Jungkook's eyes and started seriously, "Anyway, I came here to make you an offer. I've been thinking of ways to get you out of this place and I took the liberty of inscribing you for a scholarship program at Seoul Academy Boarding School." He said as he handed Jungkook a white envelope with the school's monogram and his name written beside it, "So here it is, if it reached mom or dad's hand they would've thrown it away. Seoul Academy is in Seoul and near my college if you ever need anything," Chanyeol added, trying to assure Jungkook that he would not be completely alone in a new city, "It's totally up to you whether you want to accept it and leave this hell-hole or stay here, but if I were you, I would've packed my bags immediately, took the next flight to Seoul and left for good." He gave Jungkook a small smile as he stood up and walked towards the door. "If you decide to take up the offer, just tell me and we'll take care of it together." With that, he shut the door behind him, leaving Jungkook alone to think about it.

The scholarship was tempting to say the least, he could leave this house, abusive parents and all the bullies from school forever, he could start as new, better life for himself as they say, "Sometimes bad things have to happen before good things can." But there were some cons about it too, he would miss Busan considering he grew up here since he was born, he would miss the shopping mall where his dad took him to every weekend for ice-cream, the park where he used to play with his siblings for hours until their mom had to force them to go home, all the places he had memories about his family and he wouldn’t be able to visit their graves either.

Jungkook didn't know what to do, he had to choose between his family and his future but he knew that if his family was still alive, they'd want him to choose what's best for him since no one should live in the past. He was looking at the envelope, turning it over and over again, musing over what to do but then he felt the pain in right arm and remembered what happened not even one hour ago. That's what did it for him, he decided to make proper use of the scholarship he received, he decided to leave this house, hell-hole like Chanyeol said, once and for all, he decided on starting a new life in Seoul. That's what he fell asleep to that night, whether he made the right decision or not.

He woke up the following morning feeling exhausted, the pain in his arm getting worse by the second, so he made his way to the bathroom to wash up and took two tablets of Advil while he was
at it. He then went down to the kitchen, got a bowl, the cereal box and a carton of milk, placed them on the counter and started to mix them up when he saw another bowl being placed in front his own.

Jungkook looked up to meet his brother's eyes, lazy smile on his face, "Good morning." He greeted.

Jungkook never says 'good' before 'morning' but he was going to turn over a new leaf starting from today, so he gave back a tiny smile as well and said, "Good morning." It felt cathartic to him, as if he just realized that it was actually happening, he really could get out of this place and he was extremely calm about it, peace washing over him at the thought. Chanyeol made himself comfortable in his seat and looked at Jungkook with a raised eyebrow, silently asking him if he came to a conclusion about what he wanted to do. Jungkook just rolled his eyes at his brother and told him confidently, "I have considered the offer and decided that I'll join Seoul Academy from Junior Year."

Chanyeol's poker face broke into a genuine smile after hearing Jungkook words and surprised him by coming towards him and hugging him tightly, "I was hoping for that." He said truthfully, "You shouldn't be tortured like this, you deserve so much better and now you'll get what you've been deprived of all these years,-" He said as he pulled back from the hug and looked Jungkook in the eyes, "-freedom." Chanyeol finished, then patted Jungkook on the back and went back to his seat.

He was stunned, not expecting the sudden affection, he can even remember the last time someone touched him with the intention of soothing him rather than hurting him, "I just hope that it's the right decision." He confessed, he was still nervous about it even though he already made his decision. "I know it is." Chanyeol said confidently, "Don't worry about it."

Jungkook was still skeptical, "We'll see," He replied shortly and went back to his cereal bowl intending to finish it when heard something crash from above.

"Jungkook you fucking bitch, where are you?" Jungkook's foster mom suddenly hollered from upstairs and Chanyeol was on his feet in an instant, going to see what his mother wanted before she could get inside the kitchen. Jungkook just stood there terrified, he didn't know what caused her to get angry this time, maybe it was the blood stains on the carpet, he distantly thought but he heard a loud thud from somewhere around the house and Jungkook entered the living room panicked. He looked around to see what happened and saw it was just his foster father, unconscious on the ground next to the couch.

"One day, only one day in this hell-hole." Chanyeol breathed heavily with the strain of fighting his father and punching him unconscious, "Tomorrow morning is your flight, you'll never have to look back on this place ever again." Chanyeol spoke and then indicated for Jungkook to get out of there as he climbed upstairs to stop his mom from killing Jungkook when they heard her yells getting closer and closer to the living room.

"Just one day." Jungkook mumbled under his breath and walked out of the house, grinning from ear to ear.

*

After listening to Jungkook’s story, a deafening silence took over Taehyung’s kitchen, none of them were talking and Taehyung seemed like he was trying very hard to process Jungkook’s words. On the other hand Jungkook was chewing on his lips wondering what could be going through Taehyung’s mind, he didn't like the silence, “So, um yeah the man you saw earlier was my dad, my foster father.”

Taehyung was still quiet, eyes burning holes into the table, ears slightly red, palms gathered into a fist
as he dug his nails into the soft flesh. He looked absolutely furious. Jungkook wanted to ask if Taehyung was alright but before he could speak Taehyung's eyes shot up, looking straight at him and Jungkook was shocked, he knew what that look meant, Taehyung was fuming with anger just seconds ago and now his eyes were swimming with...pity. That was one thing Jungkook absolutely detested, pity. Yes, he's gone through a lot but pity isn't what he was looking for when he let someone in. Considering the fact that Taehyung was the first person he's ever let in, he wasn't expecting to be shown pity. Yes, he was weak and vulnerable but he definitely did not need someone's pity.

But it this was inevitable he guessed, who wouldn't pity him after hearing all that? Everyone would, but he still didn't like seeing it in Taehyung's eyes, no, not him, "Taehyung." Jungkook called out in a warning, voice stern.

Taehyung didn't answer, again, instead got up from his chair at the dinner table, walked around it towards Jungkook, bent down and held him in, wrapping one arm around Jungkook's waist and the other holding the back of his head, grounding him into place. Jungkook breathed in Taehyung's scent and sighed, the sweet smell of lemon filled his nose and somehow it seemed to cleanse his doubts away. He wanted to burrow himself closer but held back, Taehyung's scent sweet, comforting and welcoming but held a sour undertone, similar to a trap, once you're in you can't get out. Or like a spell, a spell that caused attraction, lust and...envy, envy of his beautiful strong scent engulfing him into the warmth filled hug and something that Jungkook wasn't familiar with, love.

"Sorry." Taehyung started murmuring on top of Jungkook's hair, "I am so sorry. I'm sorry you had to go through that, I'm sorry there was no one to protect you. I am so-

Taehyung's words died on his lips when Jungkook broke out of his grip hastily, "Don't. Don't even think of pitying me, I don't want any of that." Jungkook spoke steely, gaze shifting to the opposite wall over Taehyung's shoulder.

"No!" Taehyung cried out, scrambling to apologize, "I don't pity you, I will never pity you. I-I'm just hurting. This is not pity, I don't really know how to explain it but ugh..." Taehyung groaned when he seemed like he couldn't get his words out right, "Can I kiss you?" He requested, looking at him and pleading with his eyes, hoping Jungkook would understand what he wanted to say.

Jungkook widened his eyes at that, thinking that maybe he heard him wrong, what was he saying, of course he heard wrong, why else would Taehyung want to kiss him anyway, "W-what?" Jungkook asked dumbly.

"I asked if I can kiss you?" Taehyung repeated, hitting on each word properly this time, rather than just getting it out there like he did before when he was rambling.

"Maybe..." Jungkook answered hesitantly, he still couldn't understand why though, did Taehyung not listen to was he just said? Din he not find him repulsive? How could he want to touch Jungkook after hearing all of that? It seemed like Taehyung didn't care, taking Jungkook's "maybe" as a yes and leaned in to give Jungkook a chaste and sweet kiss, plush lips feeling softer than he thought they would.

* 

Taehyung was hoping Jungkook would realize how much he meant to him through the kiss. He tilted his head a little bit, a hand coming up to cup Jungkook's cheek and another to hold his neck, then swiped softly the tip of his tongue over Jungkook's bottom lip, silently asking for permission and Jungkook let him in eagerly, making Taehyung swell with pride as Jungkook shut his eyes unconsciously and gathered him up for a toe curling kiss, pleased with himself that he could have
Jungkook like this.

Taehyung was taking his sweet time tasting Jungkook, letting his tongue swirl around the hot cavern and groaned when he felt Jungkook's grip on his shirt tighten, just as another sinful moan escaped his lips. God, Taehyung could hear that sound forever and never get tired of it.

*

Taehyung was an amazing kisser. Jungkook has never kissed anyone else but he doubted that feeling like stars exploding behind his eyelids and heartbeat going crazy in contentment meant it was a bad kiss. It went from chaste and sweet, to messy and needy in an instant, seeming like Taehyung couldn't help but devour Jungkook from the inside and it was so intense Jungkook was out of breath, head swimming with desire. So he gently pulled away first, resting their foreheads together, both of them panting heavily.

"Thank you." Taehyung whispered against Jungkook's cheeks as he was pecking them softly.

"W-what for?" Jungkook asked, tripping over his tongue at the gentle affection Taehyung was showing so easily. It made Jungkook's brain melt even more than the fiery kiss from before, it seemed like he really enjoyed small gestures of tenderness like these.

"For letting me do that." Taehyung said breathily. Jungkook knew what "that" meant and he could already feel a blush staining his cheeks, feeling embarrassed that he let Taehyung in so easily.

Jungkook didn't know what to say, he wanted Taehyung to kiss him so he let him do it. He didn't want to think too much about it so instead he said, "We should sleep."

"Together?" Taehyung winked and Jungkook could feel his blush burning up on his face even more than before.

"Um.." Jungkook started, searching for words, he guessed he liked Taehyung but he wasn't ready to sleep with him yet, it was way to soon for anything like that.

"I was joking." Taehyung amended after seeing Jungkook was starting to get uncomfortable, "You can sleep here."

Maybe it was the spur of the moment, maybe it was the kiss that they shared a while ago or maybe Jungkook just didn't want to be apart from Taehyung right now but what Jungkook said next surprised them both, "N-no. You can sleep with me as well but if it is uncomfortable for you then-"

Taehyung broke him off with, "No. I'll stay."

Jungkook smiled, of course he would agree, then Taehyung held Jungkook's hand in his own and walked together upstairs to his bedroom. They got under the covers and just laid there for a few seconds, not knowing what to do, until Taehyung pulled him in, spooning him behind, arm holding him tightly around his waist, chest pressed firmly against Jungkook's back, and he could feel Taehyung’s hot breath fanning over the back of his neck, sending shivers down his spine. He couldn't help but feel content about it, after a long time in a while Jungkook slept with a smile plastered on his face, he was happy and Taehyung alone was the reason he did.

~~

Chapter End Notes
I finally updated. *Throws confetti* I am so sorry for taking this long. I have been so busy with studies and stuff. I am sorry. I hope you liked the chapter. Please leave me your comments. This chapter was much more descriptive and tbh I am not good at writing these. So, forgive me please.
Taehyung opened his eyes, sunlight bathing his skin as he lied on one side. He tried to close his eyes again but he suddenly remembered the things that happened yesterday. Fluttery thoughts bit at his brain, forbidding him to go back to sleep. He looked down and there he was, Jungkook, peacefully sleeping with his head tucked underneath Taehyung’s chin, hot breath fanning on his neck. ‘How did this kid even manage to change position like this?’ Taehyung thought to himself, a faint smile making itself shown on his face.

Jungkook’s lips were pressed into the most adorable pout and Taehyung wanted nothing more than kiss it away. He pressed his fingers to Jungkook’s lips and Jungkook whimpered, moaning out Taehyung’s name softly, the sound traveling straight to his cock. ‘Damn Jeon Jungkook, look what you’re doing to me.’ Taehyung thought silently, he was whipped and couldn’t be gladder about it.

Jungkook was so perfect for him that Taehyung was wondering what did he ever do to deserve someone like Jungkook in his life. He was already afraid of losing Jungkook and the funny thing was, Jungkook isn’t even his. ‘But I can make him mine.’ He let his free hand wander around Jungkook face and neck, making him moan again, slightly shifting his position. Taehyung froze, thinking he might have woken him up from his peaceful slumber, but Jungkook went back to sleep. Taehyung slid out his hand from under Jungkook’s head softly, releasing Jungkook’s grip on his shirt and rolled out of the bed as quietly as he could.

He knew Jungkook would ask for breakfast as soon as he wakes up so he went to the kitchen to cook something for them. Taehyung decided to make something simple but filling so he went with bread toast and scrambled eggs. He quickly grabbed some slices of bread and popped them in the toaster, took a pan and put it on the stove with a thick piece of butter on to melt, then cracked some eggs into a bowl to scramble them and added some shredded cheese, for some extra flavor, before pouring the mixture into the pan.

As he was busy making breakfast, Jungkook entered the kitchen, “Good morning.”

Taehyung looked over his shoulder when he heard Jungkook’s voice, he was standing by the door looking cuddly and absolutely irresistible, eyes still sticky with sleep and lips pressed into a pout as a yawn left his mouth. Taehyung’s clothes were a bit big on him, the material falling down below his shoulder, making the exposed skin terribly enticing and Taehyung wanted nothing more than to run his tongue over that soft milky white flesh. He could feel his dick twitch with the urge to touch Jungkook, “Good morning.” Taehyung managed to greet back, voice raspy with want.

“What are you making?” Jungkook asked as he walked over to him and peered over Taehyung’s shoulder to look at the stove.

“Oh, just toast and scrambled eggs.” Taehyung replied, not letting it show how much he was affected by Jungkook's proximity.

“Oh, nice.” Jungkook smiled, completely unfazed by the influence he had on Taehyung. 'This kid is so oblivious.' Taehyung thought. “Um, what did you tell Jimin last night?” Jungkook questioned, chewing on his lips and Taehyung could tell it was a nervous habit of his, Jungkook always did that when there was something bothering him.
“I told him that you went out to buy stuff for dinner but then got caught up in the rain, so I brought you to my house.” Thankfully it did rain pretty heavily yesterday and that excuse should make Jimin back off a little.

“Oh.” Was all Jungkook replied with. Both of them got quiet after that and while Taehyung was setting up plates on the table for them to eat Jungkook spoke up suddenly, “Thank you.” He said, an unreadable look on his face.

Now Taehyung was just confused, “What for?” He asked as he paused from putting food on the plates and looked at Jungkook instead.

“For everything.” Jungkook said earnestly, "I let you get caught up in the mess I made and it wasn’t even supposed to end up like this. You went through so much trouble for me-” He swallowed audibly at that, as if the thought of bothering Taehyung was too much for him, "-you even had to bring me to your house.” Jungkook finished weakly.

Taehyung couldn't let that go, he had to make sure Jungkook knew that helping him was no trouble, in fact he would do it over and over again if it meant Jungkook was safe and sound, “Jungkook let someone take care of you for once, don’t burden everything on your shoulders. You have lots of people to share it with now and I wanted to help you, you know?” He was suddenly feeling shy, not knowing how Jungkook would take this, "I-I feel like it’s my job to protect you.” Jungkook just looked at Taehyung, his cheeks starting to slowly dust with a shade of light pretty pink. 'Cute,' Taehyung thought to himself, “Well, now that we're done with all the emotional talk, let’s eat!”

Taehyung exclaimed exaggeratedly, not liking how out of character he was feeling around Jungkook, it was starting to get ridiculous.

Jungkook sat down at the table and Taehyung could feel a smile on his lips as he watched Jungkook dig into the food in front of him. Even watching him eat made him feel giddy and happier than he could ever imagine.

“I should go back to my dorm after this.” Jungkook said as he was shoving the eggs in his mouth with a fork and then humming in approval at the taste of it.

“Um, if you want you can stay a little longer, I don’t mind.” Taehyung suggested, 'Or, you could stay with me in here forever.' he thought. He really didn't want Jungkook to leave just yet.

“N-No it’s okay,-” Jungkook stuttered, "-I gotta go back, I have class this afternoon, anyway.” He mumbled as if the thought of going to school today was painful.

“Let’s go together then, I have class today as well.” Taehyung said reassuringly and Jungkook just nodded in agreement. After they finished eating and cleaned up the dishes, they were both ready to go. They got into the car and Taehyung dropped Jungkook at the dorms because he needed to get changed and grab his backpack.

~~

It's been more than a week since the party and Jungkook’s mind was still in disarray, it was pooling towards the gloomiest corners of his subconscious. His foster father was back and that knowledge alone could push Jungkook’s instincts on edge. He could feel his stomach fall into pits of darkness and all he wanted to do was hide away. 'I don’t want to go through this again.' He thought to himself. “Don’t burden everything on your shoulders. You have lots of people to share it with now.” Taehyung’s words kept echoing in his head like a mantra. Taehyung, he seemed like an angel to Jungkook now, if Taehyung wouldn't have been there last night he could have been dead by now.
Taehyung was being so nice and tender, that his stomach was doing somersaults just from remembering how softly he was caressing Jungkook that night and the kiss, oh god that kiss was mind blowing to Jungkook. He would love to do it again and now Jungkook couldn't deny it anymore, not after all that happened, not after kissing Taehyung and couldn't care less that he was boy. He definitely felt something for Taehyung but he couldn't pinpoint exactly on what it was. Taehyung is good looking, rich and popular, everything Jungkook could never be. Their status difference was so far apart, Jungkook couldn't see how they could ever happen, "How could we possibly be together?" He asked silently, but was broken out of his reverie when he heard someone clear his throat.

Jungkook looked at the person standing beside him, the guy was wearing a button down shirt with ripped skinny blue jeans, hair pushed back and an earring on his left ear. Jungkook guessed he was objectively handsome after all, "Remember me?" He asked and Jungkook quirked up his eyebrows in surprise.

"No." He pressed his lips in a line, he would have known if he did for sure.

"We met at the party, you even danced with me." The guy half smiled. Something inside Jungkook stirred and he widened his eyes when he recalled the guy at the party that night, Jackson, he was the one who gave him the alcohol. That then resulted in his bubbling hormones to take control over everything, make him kiss Taehyung and not remembering any of it. "Um, actually.." Jackson continued, "I wanted to apologize. I-I shouldn't have mixed alcohol in your drink, I'm sorry. It's okay if you don't want to forgive me, but I just wanted you to know that I'm sorry." He finished, his eyes darting on the ground below and slightly fidgeting.

Jungkook was definitely angry with him but he could see the guilt oozing from the boy standing in front of him and decided that it wasn't worth holding onto it, "It's okay." Jungkook smiled.

"Really?" Jackson asked happily, clearly not expecting to be forgiven any time soon.

"Yes, so if you don't mind, I have a class to attend so see you around?" Jungkook said, already intending to turn around and never see Jackson ever again.

"Do you like...um, want to hangout? After class?" Jackson asked as he chewed on his lips and looked nervously at Jungkook.

"Uh..." Jungkook hesitated, he's not sure why Jackson would want to hangout with him, but he apologized for what he had done so he guessed it wouldn't hurt to make a new friend, "I guess."

"Great! I'll see you then." Jackson beamed at him, looking as happy as ever, nothing like the guilty person standing in front of him a few seconds ago. Jungkook gave him another polite smile and walked off to class, he had calculus. 'Ugh,' He groaned.

After 90 minutes of formulas, endless strings of numbers and the teachers droning voice, the bell finally rang, making the entire class huff in relief, calculus was always taking so much from them it was getting ridiculous. Jungkook picked up his scattered books from the desk and got out of the lecture room, heading straight for the canteen. "Hey!" Jungkook heard someone call out his name.

Jungkook looked back to check who was calling him and there was Jackson, grinning and waving his hand frantically, "Hey, yourself." Jungkook greeted when he was within hearing range.

"Do you want to have lunch together?" Jackson asked with a smile beaming on his face.

"Uh...sure." Jungkook said, they had to start from somewhere if they wanted to be friends right?
Jungkook followed Jackson to the canteen without speaking another word and after grabbing a tray and taking the food they wanted to eat, they found an empty table to sit at. Jungkook doesn't like talking while eating so he decided to keep his mouth shut while he was at it. Jackson seemed the exact opposite though. He kept blabbering about his past history and whatnot. Jungkook couldn't comprehend any of it, or more like he didn't want to. Don't get him wrong, Jackson was definitely a nice guy, or at least he seemed to be, but talking with a new person never excited Jungkook. He always liked to keep it low and Jimin was thankfully the type of person Jungkook wants to get associated with, Jin hyung and Hoseok hyung as well, but that's about it. Now Jackson was obviously different, it was hard to describe what kind of different though.

"Guess what happened then?" Jackson asked, bringing Jungkook out of his thoughts. That's when Jungkook's eye fell on Taehyung, sitting at the opposite table and staring at Jungkook, gaze searing through him. Taehyung looked angry, really angry actually, as he bit his lips and fisted his hands so hard his knuckles were white. 'Why is he angry?' Jungkook thought himself, but couldn't come up with anything so he decided to ignore Taehyung and his dramatics.

* 

How dare he? How dare he talk with Jungkook after everything he has done? How dare he not listen to Taehyung when he clearly mentioned to Jackson to stay away from Jungkook! How dare he disobey Taehyung? Taehyung was practically boiling with anger, detesting the sight in front of him.

"Taehyung bro, calm down. They are just talking." Yoongi butted in, trying to calm the furious beast but his effort's were in vain.

"Just look at that bastard!" Taehyung hissed, he was starting to get loud, making several heads turn towards him but he couldn't give a shit right now, "Look how happily he is talking with my Jungkook like he fucking owns him." He growled as he flailed his hand at the general direction of the table Jungkook was sitting at.

"They are just talking." Namjoon placated, "And since when is he your Jungkook?" He asked this time, curious about what happened to make Taehyung think that.

"Shut up." Taehyung spat, then toned it down a notch at Namjoon's unimpressed expression, "You don't know anything." He mumbled.

"We do-" Namjoon countered, "-but Jungkook doesn't." He added, hoping Taehyung would take the hint and do something about it.

"What do you mean?" Taehyung asked, clearly not getting it as he took a sip from his drink.

Namjoon looked heavenwards, as if silently asking for patience, then moved his gaze back to Taehyung and rolled his at his friend, "You like Jungkook." He deadpanned, "Did you tell him that yet?"

Namjoon's question surprised Taehyung. Was it that obvious that he liked Jungkook? "No..." He trailed off.

"Exactly."

"What's that supposed to mean?" He asked, he could never keep up with Namjoon's conversations, not now not ever.

"Figure it out, genius!" With that Namjoon and Yoongi both left, leaving Taehyung stew in his own misery alone and groaned in frustration. Why was he friends with those two assholes again?
He only had one more class and Jungkook would be done for the day. He was stuffing his books in his locker when he heard Taehyung call his name from behind him. Jungkook turned around and before he could even understand what was going on, Taehyung pushed him slightly against the cold metal locker, back pressed onto it. He was startled to be manhandled like this out of the blue, but what shocked him the most was the anger pooling in Taehyung's eyes. He was fuming and Jungkook felt like he was about to get eaten alive. He had no idea what was going on, "What are-

Taehyung cut him off, of course, "Do you like him? Do you like Jackson?" His voice was cold, dangerous and Jungkook felt chills run down his spine after hearing it.

"What?" Jungkook was confused, "No! He was just trying to be friendly, what are you talking about?" He sweared Taehyung was being impossible sometimes.

"Then stop fucking acting like you do!" He practically shouted, slamming his fist against the locker, "God damn it Jungkook! You have no idea, do you?" He seethed.

Jungkook let out a stuttered, shaky breath, mouth wide open at the sudden outburst and a slight, all too familiar, tendril of fear was making its way into Jungkook's blood, Taehyung looked scary, "What idea?" He stammered, words getting stuck at the back of his throat. He didn't want to antagonize Taehyung and didn't know if it would set him off even further if he spoke, but Jungkook needed an explanation and besides, they were in public, he doubted Taehyung would hit him if there were people to witness it.

"He wants to get into your pants!" Taehyung explained loudly, "Just how oblivious can you be?" He hissed, getting closer in Jungkook's personal space.

And that's it, Jungkook forgot all about his fear, still not knowing if it was the right thing to do, but he's had enough of Taehyung acting like he's any better, "You mean everyone who tries talking to me want to get into my pants? Am I not even worthy of someone’s friendship? Is that what you are implying?" Jungkook shot back, annoyed at Taehyung’s assumptions. It didn't matter if he was right or not, it still stung to be thought of as thing rather than an individual.

"Fuck,-" Taehyung cursed as he hung his head down, trying to get his breathing back to normal, "-don’t make it complicated." He looked up at Jungkook and yelled in front of his face, "You have no idea who Jackson is!"

"I have enough sense to recognize someone’s intentions Kim Taehyung! You don’t get to tell me what to do!" Jungkook shouted right back, feeling angry all of a sudden. Was Taehyung saying he was too stupid to know when to take care of himself? It only happened once and it was because he was drunk, he would make sure that never happened again, so why the fuck was he acting like this! It made no sense whatsoever.

"Fucking, shut up." Taehyung cursed, still fuming with anger. Jungkook wanted to open his mouth again and give Taehyung a piece of his mind but couldn’t, not when Taehyung smashed their lips together, molding them perfectly with each other. It was as if Taehyung was kissing him with every ounce of energy he had left in him. Jungkook could tell Taehyung was still angry, fuck, he could be so outraged that he could literally hit Jungkook if he wanted to, so Jungkook just gave in and let him have his way.

Taehyung was kissing him with so much fervor as if his life depended on it, so intense that Jungkook felt dizzy with it. He tried to pull away a little bit, leaning his head back against the locker to catch his breath, but who was Taehyung to listen, he just pushed Jungkook further, pinning him firmly
against the cold metal and bit on Jungkook’s bottom lip as one hand was clutching at the back of Jungkook’s neck to keep him still and the other was wandering underneath the hem of Jungkook’s shirt, as if he had any right to, as if he owned him. Jungkook shut his eyes, mind blank and legs effectively turning into jelly from the pleasure shooting through his body, overwhelming him. Jungkook squirmed underneath Taehyung’s touch, needing to hold onto something to ground him back to earth so he fist his hand in Taehyung’s hair and tugged on it roughly, making Taehyung release a muffled moan in his mouth in return.

Taehyung swiped his tongue over Jungkook’s bottom lip, silently asking for permission and a soft mewl escaped Jungkook’s lips when he opened his mouth to let Taehyung’s tongue dominate him. Jungkook’s heart was beating so fast it could burst, he could literally taste their arousal thickening the air. The kiss was so hot that Jungkook’s body felt like it was set on fire, his mind messy and Taehyung the only thing running through it. Taehyung consumed him, all he could hear was Taehyung, all he could feel was Taehyung, all he could taste was Taehyung, all he could see was Taehyung and all he could breathe was Taehyung. He was kissing Jungkook like tomorrow would never come, he felt so good that he started grinding their hips together and Taehyung groaned from the back of his throat as the friction sent raw burning desire straight to his cock.

Jungkook loved the sound of it.

* 

Taehyung liked kissing Jungkook so much that he never wanted to stop, he loved how dominant he felt, loved how Jungkook would always let him have his way and loved how easily Jungkook would writhe beneath him. Jungkook would always let out those delectable noises, soft whimpers and breathy moans while Taehyung would swallow them greedily. All he wanted to do was devour Jungkook, take him right then and there but he didn’t want anyone else to see, he wanted Jungkook all to himself. It was Taehyung who pulled out first, realizing they were indeed short of breath, both of them panting heavily as Taehyung rested his forehead against Jungkook’s.

“Wow.” Jungkook whispered out wide eyed.

“Yes, wow.” Taehyung smirked, he liked making Jungkook feel good and this was no exception.

“Why would you do that?” Jungkook asked, pressing his thumb on his swollen red lips, looking at Taehyung in awe, as if he expected something else to happen.

“It was the only way to shut you up.” He joked, but it was sort of true anyway, he knew that when Jungkook was on a roll nothing and nobody could stop him...well, apparently kisses did and Taehyung was feeling so fucking smug about it, he smirked involuntarily.

“As if.” Jungkook rolled his eyes, but there was no heat in his words.

Taehyung huffed out a laugh, closing the distance between their bodies again, chest pressed against Jungkook’s and breath fanning over Jungkook ears, “I don’t care if you are good at judging someone’s intentions, but when I tell you to stay away from someone you stay away. Got it?” Taehyung whispered, his voice icy yet gentle in the best way possible.

Jungkook shuddered as Taehyung’s order seeped into his skull, “O-Okay.” He breathed out, seemingly understanding Taehyung's conviction about the matter.

“Good.” Taehyung pulled out, pecking on Jungkook’s cheek ever so softly, content that Jungkook was going to stay away from that fuckup, and left.
Jungkook watched Taehyung walking away, leaving his mind in a whirlpool of emotions, as much as he liked kissing Taehyung and as much as he liked being touched by him, Jungkook still couldn't figure out what exactly the relationship between them is, what exactly they were to each other. Friends? Lovers? Boyfriends? Fuck buddies without the fucking? Jungkook had no idea and it was driving him insane. 'Does Taehyung actually like me or...?' He wondered as he turned around and took the stuff he needed for last period. 'Ugh whatever, he will tell me if he does.'

Midterms were approaching fast and Jungkook was feeling train-wrecked. He's been constantly studying, spending an insane amount of time at the library, trying to understand the coursework as best as he could. He was so cut off the world he couldn't even remember having anything else to eat other than a sandwich in days, all he could remember clearly was the unhealthy amount of coffee he ingested and the flashcards he had memorized.

That's why when Jungkook went home and found Jimin sitting on his bed, grinning maniacally from ear to ear, he was surprised to say the least. He hadn't seen nor talked much to his friend lately, just a few times in the morning and then in the evening when they were both too tired to do anything else other than sleep. "What's with you?" Jungkook asked, throwing his backpack on the bed and then slumping on it like a sack of potatoes.

"You won't believe what happened." Jimin started, clearly wanting to rile Jungkook's curiosity up like the little shit he was.

"What happened?" Jungkook asked. It obviously worked if the genuine need to know what Jimin was talking about was any indication. Jimin looked at him beaming and burst out, not being able to hold back anymore, "Yoongi asked me out! On a date! Can you freaking believe it? I can't believe he actually asked me out. Oh my fucking God!" He shrieked as he jumped up and down, bouncing on the bed like a little child of five.

Jungkook blinked, he was so not expecting that, "Whoa, what the hell? I can't believe he did that." He said surprised.

“Well neither could I but he did, I'm so happy.” Jimin smiled, genuinely radiating joy everywhere around him, even Jungkook couldn't help but feel better. He was happy for Jimin because that jerk finally asked him out. Late but at least he did in the end, not like someone he knows. '*Cough* Taehyung *Cough*" He thought to himself. "Also, Yoongi told me that Namjoon might be planning to ask Jin hyung out soon," Jimin might as well be the embodiment of the sun right now, he was that bright and bubbly, "Don't tell him though." He added, not wanting to ruin the surprise for Jin.

"Wait," Jungkook said when the words caught up with him, he can't help being slow, he just spent the entire afternoon in the library dammit, "Namjoon likes Jin hyung?" He asked, clearly shocked.

Now it was Jimin's time to be shocked, "You didn't know?" He asked incredulous.

"No...?" Jungkook trailed, how was he supposed to know stuff like this anyway, it wasn't as if it was public knowledge...was it?

"Namjoon likes Jin hyung since like, middle school! But Jin hyung always brushed him off." Jimin said as if it was the most romantic thing he's ever heard.

"Wow. That's new." He still didn't know who that Namjoon guy was and it's already been three
months since he transferred to this school, but the guy was starting to seem better than the other two friends of his, like come on, a guy that liked the same person so much for so many years can't be that bad.

"Anyway, we are all going to this King Crab restaurant for dinner." Jimin said, and then added when he saw Jungkook already making to dress into his pajamas and go to sleep, "As in both of the groups, you have to come as well."

"Jiminnie..." Jungkook whined, he didn't feel like going out, he just wanted to sleep, "You know I don't like social gatherings."

"Hell no! You must come Jungkookie, -" Jimin pouted, "-for me at least." Then proceeded to make that adorable pleading drenched-puppy face of his and there was no way Jungkook could say no that.

"Ugh...fine." Jimin literally jumped on Jungkook, hugging him tightly and murmuring "thank you" for like the millionth time. Jungkook simply sighed, resigning himself to spending the evening out as his lips split into a half smile at his Jimin's antics. At least he would get that warm meal he wanted, no, needed out of it. Dinner outside meant meeting Taehyung and Jungkook wasn't sure if he was ready to do that. They haven't seen much of each other since that kiss at the lockers, just a glimpse here and there but oh well, he didn't have much of a choice anyway.

“Oh, by the way, there’s this guy named Jackson, apparently he is Hoseok hyung’s kid brother and he’s going to join us as well.” Jimin said, walking past Jungkook to the closet to choose an outfit for tonight.

“WHAT?!" Jungkook shrieked, no way! Why did the universe hate him so much? He couldn't be at the same table with Jackson and Taehyung together, he just couldn't, that won't end up well no matter how he looked at it.

“Aish! Don’t yell! You know Jackson?” Jimin asked back as he threw a bunch of clothes on his bed, probably what he was planning to wear for later.

“He was the one who mixed alcohol in my drink that night at the party!” Jungkook cried out. Oh my God why is this happening to him, why?

“Whoa, whoa what? Seriously?” Jimin asked horrified, "I don’t think Hoseok hyung knows about it though, he wouldn’t have invited him if he did.” He speculated, and it was true, Jungkook knew Hoseok would never do something like that to him.

“Well, he did apologize and I sort of forgave him anyway so it’s okay, but I don’t think Taehyung likes him all that much...” Jungkook chewed on his lips, hoping his friend would understand what he wanted to say, like 'Don't fucking put me in the same room as those two!' But Jimin didn't, of course he didn't, he only heard what he wanted to, “Since when do you care about who Taehyung likes?” Jimin asked quirking his eyebrows suggestively at Jungkook.

“Um, I don’t...” Jungkook trailed off and promptly made his way to the bathroom to take a shower, not wanting to open that can of worms yet, but not before he heard Jimin say cheekily.

“Mhmm, okay.” Jimin singsonged and got back to whatever he was doing.

Jungkook just groaned, he knew it wasn't over and that Jimin will bring it up again, but until then he didn't want to talk about it. What would he say anyway, he had no idea what was going on between them either and now he had to be in the same room as Jackson and Taehyung for an entire evening.
'This is going to be a long night.' He thought to himself as he got into the shower.
They were at the restaurant, trying to decide what to order and Jimin and Yoongi wouldn't stop bickering with each other, it was annoying as fuck.

"I'll go with pork belly!"

"I thought you hate pork belly?"

"I have always loved pork belly. Don't you know what I like?"

"But, you said that night that you don't."

"I was drunk." Jimin said and then frowned, clearly annoyed with Yoongi's lack of attention to the things he liked.

Jungkook just groaned at the two of them, but then finally, God bless his soul, he heard Seokjin hyung step in and stop the lovebirds from bickering, "Children please, no fighting today." It was supposed to be a fun night, or at least that's what Jimin depicted it as, but no, it was the exact opposite. Jimin and Yoongi just started dating and already were on weird terms, both seated with a heavy scowls on their faces. Whereas things between Namjoon and Jin hyung were beyond awkward, as in they were barely speaking to each other. And then there was Hoseok hyung, confused at Jackson's and Taehyung's behavior. Taehyung was giving Jackson death glares and Jackson was throwing them right back with every chance he got.

They could feel the tension in the atmosphere growing by the second and both Jungkook and Hoseok hyung sighed, feeling that they were on the same boat. 'How did it even turn out to be like this?' Jungkook thought to himself. After a few minutes of awkward silence later, the waiter finally brought their meals, breaking the heavy mood going on at the table.

Seokjin hyung helped with the servings, making sure that they each had something to eat and all of them dug into their food afterwards. It was Hoseok hyung who felt the need to fix the unfriendly environment so he started with jokes and stories about his middle school years. Surprisingly, everyone started to laugh at that, even Jackson and Taehyung. And Jungkook finally got to meet Namjoon and he was right, the guy wasn't even half as bad he was made to be.

Ice broken and tension lessened, every one of them then started telling stories about their middle school days. They laughed like it was the end of the world tomorrow and Jimin's eyes were glistening with tears at the sudden outburst of laughter going on around the table.

It was now Jungkook's turn to say something but he knew he had literally nothing under his sleeves, his school days where never fun, all he could remember were the bullies. His face fell at the memories, beaming disposition turning into a tiny barely-there flicker of a smile, "Uh, I don't really have anything to share." He said as he chewed on his lips, hoping they would just let it got and move on to the next person.

"Don't be like that! There has to be something!" Jimin insisted, clearly having no idea what was going through Jungkook's head.
"There really isn't anything." He said truthfully, there never was, not when it came to his past.

"I'll say then." Taehyung and Jackson said in unison, earning surprised expressions from the others. Jungkook widened his eyes, shocked at their enthusiasm but grateful he wasn't in the spot light anymore. Taehyung shot Jackson the death glare that seemed so popular with those two tonight, while Jackson did the same, or that's what Jungkook made out from the short glimpse he got.

Taehyung's story was astoundingly funny and so was Jackson's, they both managed to get a laugh out of Jungkook anyway. Jackson seemed like a happy-go-lucky type of guy, kind of like his brother Hoseok. 'Must run in the family.' He thought, and Jungkook decided that he was not that bad after all, not like Taehyung made him to be anyway. What Jungkook really wanted to know was what kind of history did Taehyung and Jackson had, that kind of hatred doesn't just come out of nowhere like that.

Time slipped by before they even realized and It was already 22:30pm when Seokjin hyung declared that it was time for them to go home.

“I'm gonna walk Jimin.” Yoongi announced while Jimin raised his eyebrows, apparently their weird phase what just that, a phase.

Hoseok hyung then said, “Jackson and I will go together.” Then he added, “Namjoon is obviously going with Jin.” Earning a flushed face from Jin hyung.

“That leaves Jungkook and I then,” Taehyung looked at him and smirked cockily, that smug bastard. Jungkook chewed on his lips, nervousness creeping in when he saw Taehyung glance at Jackson beside him, sporting a very evident scowl on his face. Taehyung just sneered in return, obviously satisfied with the sudden turn of events.

“Well, it’s settled then.” Yoongi grabbed Jimin’s hands and walked out of the restaurant, leaving everyone just standing there with they mouths gaped open, staring dumbly after them. Jungkook and Taehyung somehow ended up to be the last ones to leave and Taehyung seemed pissed when none other than Jackson pulled Jungkook in for a bone crushing hug right in front of Taehyung. 'Is he jealous?'' Jungkook thought to himself, if that were the case then it would explain a lot of things, but Taehyung never said anything about liking Jungkook, not like that at least.

Taehyung was walking faster than usual, considering the fact that he was left behind every minute or so. Jungkook frowned at this, he has no idea why Taehyung is being so out of character. Was Taehyung angry at him now? But he didn't do anything this time. The frigid December air did nothing to ease the walk to the dorms and it was really awkward when Taehyung didn’t even reply to anything Jungkook said, making him get more worried by the second, dread pooling in his stomach.

“We are here.” Taehyung said when they were in front of Jungkook’s dorms, lips pursed into a tight line.

“Why won't you talk to me?” Jungkook asked, "Did I do something wrong?" His voice coming out a little shaky without him intending to. He couldn't help it, he was slightly freaking out here and there's nothing that he could do about it.

“No.” Taehyung replied simply, when in fact he seemed like he wanted to say, "yes, you let Jackson hug you."

Jungkook was starting to feel miserable, Taehyung wouldn't talk to him and he didn't like it, he really didn't like it, "Then wh-“ He started but the words died on his lips.
“I told you it was nothing didn’t I?!” Taehyung hissed angrily, voice painted with annoyance, looking like was about to snap any second now. Jungkook stumbled back at the outburst, clearly surprised with the sudden change of tone, his body going automatically in defense. He never knew what to expect from Taehyung, one minute he was saying it's his job to protect Jungkook and then he would go and do shit like this, hurting Jungkook by himself. “Shit.” Taehyung muttered when he saw Jungkook stepping away from him, “I'm sorry, I'm sorry okay?” He then sighed, shoulders slumping forward, "I don't know why I'm acting like this.”

See, this what he's talking about. Hot and cold, hot and cold, never the same, “No, it’s fine, it’s okay if you don’t want to talk about it.”Jungkook amended, there's no use in forcing Taehyung to speak now if he didn't want to, he never liked it himself so he figured Taehyung wouldn't like it either.

“I really wish I could." Taehyung confessed, "I have so much pent up frustration that I would let it out if I could, I really would, but I don’t want you to see me like that.” He looked as miserable as Jungkook was on their walk back and he didn't want Taehyung feeling like this.

“Taehyung..” Jungkook started, pained to see Taehyung distressed, he wished there was something else he could do to help but the only thing he had now were his words, so he used them, “If you want to talk with somebody then know that I'm always here okay? I'll be here to listen, I promise.” He would make sure to be.

“I-I know, thank you.” Taehyung said, voice breaking, it's the first time Jungkook has seen Taehyung so vulnerable and his heart ached for him. He didn't like seeing Taehyung upset. “Hey, Jungkook?”

Jungkook looked at him straight in his eyes, “Yeah?” He whispered softly as if afraid of breaking whatever truce they came up to.

“I think I like you.” Taehyung confessed earnestly, still looking so vulnerable it was messing with his head.

Jungkook was startled, he was not expecting anything like that, “Wha-“ He wanted to ask but was cut off.

“T-I think I like you. Don’t worry you don’t have to say it back. In fact, you can even pretend like this never happened but I-I just wanted you to know.” Taehyung breathed, rambling on furiously as if afraid that if he stopped he would never get the words out.

Jungkook tried to calm him down, to tell him to take his time, “Taehyung I-“ but got cut off again.

“No. Don’t. I know you probably don’t think of me that way and I'm honestly in no position to hear a rejection yet so you don’t have to say anything.” It was like a bucket of ice water was poured on top of Jungkook, he felt like someone threw a punch of reeling emotions at him and he was trying his best to not fall from the force of it. Taehyung liked him, he wished for that to happen, he knew he did but the sudden confession was a lot to take in. "I don't want you to feel uncomfortable about this so please don't let it get to you." Taehyung said as he chewed on his lips nervously and Jungkook distantly wondered when did Taehyung pick that habit from him.

"It's not like that," It really wasn't, he wasn't uncomfortable he was just... "I'm just shocked is all." Jungkook replied, he would have never seen this coming, never even thought Taehyung would be the first one to confess. The idea of Taehyung liking him never crossed his mind...okay maybe it did, but Jungkook never paid any heed to it and now he was seeing Taehyung's behavior in a new light. Jungkook felt chills running down his skin all of a sudden as a thought dawned on him, 'Is the reason he was so rude to Jackson because he likes me?' Jungkook wondered, "You and Jackson.."
started despite knowing Taehyung wouldn't want to answer, "Do you guys have a history?"

Surprisingly, Taehyung didn't avoid the question as he expected to, and actually answered honestly, "Yes we do and I want you to stay away from him, please."

So there was something other going on between the two of them, "Are you not going to tell me what it is?" Jungkook knew he was taking it too far but he had to at least try and figure out what was going on. It didn't make sense, any of it, and he needed answers, he never liked being out of the loop because that stuff always comes back around and bites you in the ass later.

"I will, when the time is right, I will." Taehyung said cryptically but smiled softly anyway. How this guy managed to look like that was beyond Jungkook.

"Okay." He decided to drop the matter, he knew Taehyung was in a difficult position and all he wanted to do was help Taehyung like he always helped him. Taehyung was always the one protecting Jungkook, but he wanted it to be different this time, he wanted to be the type of person Taehyung could rely on for once. He didn't know what made him do it, maybe it was the sudden adrenaline rush or maybe it was the cozy mood they had going on, but Jungkook leaned in and brushed his lips against Taehyung's cheek softly. He let himself linger there for a few moments and he could feel Taehyung huff out a stuttered breath at the gentle connection. Jungkook smiled to himself when he looked at those pretty flushed cheeks in front of him, clearly happy about Taehyung's evident blush, it was the first he had seen Taehyung flustered because of him and he loved it. "Goodnight." Jungkook whispered in his ear ever so smoothly and walked towards the dorm building entrance before Taehyung could say anything.

That night, once again Jungkook fell asleep with a grin painted on his face.

~~

"Well, well if it isn't Kim Taehyung." Taehyung turned his head around to see Jackson standing beside him, casually leaning with his shoulder on the lockers, a sly grin on his face.

"Well well, if it isn't the two faced jerk." Taehyung spat back, God he hated this guy. No matter how much he tries to get rid of him him he always comes back, like some nasty mold that never goes away.

"Still on with being a child, aren't we?" Jackson said cockily, as if he were any better than Taehyung on that matter.

"You said it." Taehyung countered, slamming his locker shut in annoyance. He always managed to get on his nerves like this and Taehyung doesn't know why he puts up with this crap.

"Do you like Jungkook?" Jackson cut to the chase, clearly not wanting to be around Taehyung either.

"Why? So that you can snatch him from me again?" Taehyung retorted, he couldn't believe the nerve this jerk had. There's no way he would let Jackson have his way with Jungkook like that, no way.

"Maybe. Who knows?" Jackson smirked, that smug bastard.

That's it, he's had enough of this bullshit, "You fucking asshole just stay the fuck away from him you hear me?" Taehyung growled, yanking Jackson by the collar of his shirt roughly and slamming him against the lockers. Jackson looked like he was enjoying seeing Taehyung like this, so easily ticked off when it come to Jungkook and just laughed, the kind of dark, evil laughter you usually see villains do in movies. Taehyung gritted his teeth and pushed him further against the metal, his
forearm crushing Jackson's neck and holding him in place, "You filthy bastard. Take one step anywhere near Jungkook and I will end you!"

"Try me." Jackson hissed and then shoved at Taehyung's chest, letting himself loose from the choke-hold Taehyung had him in. He stumbled back, trying to regain his balance as he was literally seething, rage cursing through his veins and hands clenched into fists. "Be a little mature Taehyung I don't want to fight you. It was never my fault about what happened between you and Irene. She chose to leave you that wasn't my fault and besides, you don't even know if Jungkook actually likes you or not, but it's you we're talking about and we both know you love to assume don't you? That's why people always leave you."

Taehyung was seeing red with fury and somewhere at the back of his mind he knew Jackson was right but he couldn't believe that right away of course, he was in denial. He still is and that's what he hates the most about himself. He never wants to see things as they are because he can't handle it if he does, especially when he's so invested already. He could feel the anger diminishing by the second, that's it isn't it? If Jungkook decides he doesn't want him then it's over. "Please stop." Taehyung pleaded this time, he doesn't like the fact that Jackson is right.

"I will if you promise to do the same." Jackson compromised, "Jungkook never said he liked you back and I think I have a crush on him too. Let him decide who he wants to be with. If he doesn't like my company I'll quietly back away, but if he does don't ruin it."

Jackson was actually making sense and Taehyung hated it, hated that he was taking everything so calmly, hated that he was the one who knocked some sense back into Taehyung, "Okay." Taehyung agreed, there's no use in fighting it anyway, not when he knew that he wouldn't force Jungkook into doing anything he didn't want to, even if it meant he had to see them around together if he ended up choosing Jackson.

"Good." Jackson replied satisfied, "Also there's something I want to ask you."

"Go ahead."

"That night at the party, you saw me dancing with Jungkook didn't you?" At Taehyung's nod he continued, "Why did you pretend like you didn't know who it was then? Why didn't you tell Seokjin hyung that it was me who mixed the alcohol in Jungkook's drink?" Jackson inquired, he looked genuinely confused.

Taehyung scoffed and rolled his eyes, "Don't think that I did it for you, I did it for Hoseok." He explained, not understanding what the big deal was, "If he knew that it was you he would have been upset and I didn't want that, so I asked Seokjin to investigate by himself." Jackson laughed at that, as if the prospect of Taehyung caring about how Hoseok felt was alien or something, "Whatever you say." He said, an amused smile spread on his face as he left.

"Hey Jungkook, wanna go out?"

"Go out? As in, the literal meaning of going out?"

"Yeah. I asked you before, remember?"

"Uh...Sure I guess."

That's how he asked Jungkook out for a date. It's been three weeks since Taehyung has confessed to
Jungkook, the midterms week was over, winter break was here and nothing seems to have changed. They acted like friends, maybe, that of course included some kisses here and there or Taehyung would pull Jungkook in for a hug all of a sudden and Jungkook would peck softly on his cheeks and nose, blushing furiously while doing it. Jungkook didn't give Taehyung a proper answer yet and it would be lying if Taehyung said he wasn't anticipating it but it was okay. They would do lab work together or roam around the dorm at night, which sometimes even included holding hands. Jungkook would bring him kimchi to eat while tutoring him at Chemistry and then they would watch anime together sitting on the couch. Jungkook would fall asleep almost every night and Taehyung would carry him back to his bedroom where Jungkook would insist for him to sleep right next to him and Jungkook would even snuggle against him at times. Things weren’t perfect but they weren’t bad either, they were moving slowly but Taehyung didn’t mind. ‘As long as I get to be with Jungkook I'm okay, I will be okay.’

“You should eat lunch with us sometime.” Jungkook said one day as he was picking up his books from Taehyung’s bed.

“Uh, really?” He wasn't expecting that and he was honestly not sure if it was such a good idea, after all they weren't that close, they had dinner together that one time but that's about it, "Are you sure your group will be okay with it?”

“Of course.” Jungkook smiled reassuringly, "They are not that bad.” He said as he was starting to giggle softly at the prospect of Taehyung thinking his friends were insufferable.

* 

After that day Taehyung always joined them for lunch. Yoongi was already having lunch with them since after he got together with Jimin, but Namjoon and Taehyung apparently had no idea about it, so when they got the table they were just standing there with their trays in hand and grilled Yoongi about keeping it a secret. He looked like a deer caught in the headlights and it was quite funny to Jungkook. Since then, lunch became Jungkook’s favorite time of the day, happiness was literally a part of his daily routine now and somewhere deep down, Jungkook knew it wouldn't always be like this, knew it won't last for long. Because life is unfair, if everything is going too well then it’s best to take it as a siren call, he knew all too well that all of this will come to an end someday and honestly, he was terrified about it, he didn't want to loose any of this.

“Hey Jungkook! Do you want to hangout later today?” It was morning and Jungkook was in the library when he heard Jackson's voice, his face buried into the book on the table as he took a seat on the empty chair in front of Jungkook.

Winter break was coming to an end and he already slacked off enough with Taehyung as it was, he needed to study as much as he could if he wanted to spend more time with Taehyung, so he was in the library, trying to study but couldn't because of Jackson, he was too annoyed to even look at him. “I'm busy.” Jungkook replied curtly. Jackson’s face fell immediately at that, lips pressed into a pout, “What?” He asked.

“Let's hangout when you aren’t busy then.”

Jungkook just gritted his teeth, can't this guy take a hit and leave him alone already? He had stuff to do, he didn't have time for whatever games Jackson wanted to play at, “I told you I can’t.”

“Oh come on!” Jackson insisted, "Just for a while, please. Just grab lunch with me.”

Jungkook sighed and looked at the ceiling, he had no idea how he always got himself into shit like this, “Ugh, fine.” He agreed, hoping it would get Jackson off his back, then waved him off, "Now
leave, you're bothersome."

"You are so rude." Jackson mocked being offended, "Anyway I'll leave, see you later cutie!" He then jumped off his seat and walked out of the library. Jungkook sighed again. Telling Jackson no was literally impossible. It's not like Jungkook disliked him or anything, it's just that something in his mind would always tell him to stay away from him. Jungkook knew Taehyung didn't like him, maybe it was because of that.

He's hung out with Jackson before and Taehyung would always end up being at the place where they were somehow. It was weird really, Jungkook would always wonder how and why Taehyung was there, it wasn’t as if he and Taehyung never hung out, in fact it was obvious that Jungkook spent all his free time with Taehyung. 'Maybe he is jealous', Jungkook thought to himself, but it didn't make sense since it was clear that he only had eyes for Taehyung anyway. Filing that aside to think about later, Jungkook decided to submerge in his books again, after all, studies were still his number one priority and he would never mess it up for his so called love life.

* 

"Can you believe it? He actually said it was my fault. How exactly was it my fault? Guess what happened next?" Jackson was rambling on and on about God knows what and Jungkook tuned him out at some point in the beginning. "Jungkook, are you listening? Jungkook!" Jackson yelled, shaking Jungkook's shoulder with an obvious scowl on his face.

"Uh...Yeah?" Jungkook asked, oblivious to his question, he had no idea what Jackson was talking about and he honestly didn't really care that much either.

"Were you even listening?" The scowl on his face deepening by the second.

Jungkook sighed, he didn't want to do this, "I'm sorry, I just-"

"Just forget it." Jackson cut him off, "I'm leaving. I'm sure you can find your way back to your dorm by yourself." He bit back sternly as he throw a stack of money on the table.

"I'm really sorry, just, I'm not in the mood today." Jungkook apologized, it was true, he really wasn't in the mood.

"When are you ever Jungkook?" Jackson asked, with an unamused laugh.

"Sorry." Was all Jungkook could offer, he didn't know what else to say. He felt bad, he really did but there was no way out. Jungkook didn't feel like paying attention to anything Jackson was saying.

The winter break was over, school started back again a few weeks ago and it's been almost a month since that time Jungkook last had lunch with Jackson. The guy had been so insistent about it that after countless requests, Jungkook finally agreed to have dinner with him somewhere nice. Jungkook wanted to try, he wanted to give it a try for the first time, he wanted to spend time with someone other than Taehyung but God, was he wrong? It was like his body was there, but his mind was still wandering around, thinking about the last message Taehyung sent him.

Taehyung  
*Hey, where are you?*

Jungkook  
*Uh...* 
*Just going out with Jackson.*
Taehyung
Where?

Jungkook
I don't know.
He said at a restaurant or something.

Taehyung
Oh, okay. Have fun.

Jungkook was having an internal debate. Was Taehyung angry or did he actually not care he had dinner with Jackson? The old Taehyung he knew would have definitely asked him not to go and honestly, somewhere at the back of his mind he hoped that maybe Taehyung would stop him from going like all the other times he did, but oh boy, how the tables have turned. "Have fun" was definitely not something Taehyung would say, he didn't stop Jungkook and that's what was bothering him the most. 'Did I take him for granted? Or maybe I am just over thinking things?' He thought to himself and instead of mopping over the whole situation he decided to suck it up and text Taehyung.

Jungkook
Are you free?
Can you meet me outside my dorm?

Taehyung
Be there in five minutes.

Jungkook smiled at the fast response, he got up from the table, payed for the meal he couldn't remember a thing about and left. It was the beginning of February and it was cold outside but thankfully the restaurant Jackson took him to wasn't far from his dorm, 'Thank the deities above.' He thought as he dragged his feet towards the dorms. He liked winter and he liked snow but he didn't like walking in the frigid weather, especially when it was this late at night. By the time the building came into view he was freezing and he could see a figure already waiting in front of the dorm entrance, jumping slightly from foot to foot to keep warm.

"Hey." Taehyung greeted him when finally reached the dorms. He was wearing a thick black peacoat, a crisp white dress shirt underneath, a beanie wrapped around his head and not to mention his black framed glasses. Jungkook could see snowflakes gathering adorably on his bangs, some melting on his cheeks and all Jungkook could think about was, 'God, he is beautiful.'

"Hey yourself." Jungkook smiled, he finally felt the knot he had in his stomach loosen up at the sight of Taehyung.

“So, what did you want to talk about?” Taehyung as he bit his lips nervously.

'Why is he nervous?' Jungkook thought to himself, “You sound like I only call you when I need something.” He chuckled softly, amusement evident on his expression.

“You don’t?” Taehyung asked as he cocked his head slightly to one side. Jungkook frowned at that, "I do?” Did Taehyung really think he only wanted to be around him when he needed something? Because it wasn't true, at all.

“Never mind.” Taehyung shook his head, "Just talk, I guess.” He said, looking eager to get this over with.
“You are really difficult to understand sometimes, Taehyung.” Jungkook said as he looked at him straight in the eyes, those beautiful eyes, the kind of eyes you could get lost in and Jungkook guessed he already did, he was lost.

“Me?” Taehyung laughed, but it didn't reach his eyes, he looked like he was laughing at the ridiculousness of the situation more than anything.

“Yeah.” Jungkook said simply, he doesn't understand what's going on in Taehyung's brain, like right now for example, but it's ok, he doesn't really mind.

“I don't want to hear that from you.” Taehyung retorted, voice cold with contempt.

Jungkook just looked at him incredulously, “I don't want to fight.” he explained, “I'm just stating the obvious. You usually get so riled up over me hanging out with Jackson that you literally hit him once and then today you pretended like it was nothing.” He then looked down at the ground and scuffed the point of his shoe against the ground, ”-as if going out for dinner with Jackson has absolutely no meaning to you.”

Now Taehyung looked at him as if he was insane, “Jungkook, do you hear yourself speaking? What do you want? No seriously, I don't get what you're saying almost half of the time. You tell me to leave you alone when I bother you about Jackson but then you suddenly want me to be jealous?” Taehyung was practically shrieking by now, ”What do you mean when you say these things?”

Jungkook looked at him, he didn't know how to answer any of that so he shoved his hands inside his coat pockets and said, “You don't have to make it so complicated.”

Taehyung sighed, “I'm not, I just don't know what to do or say anymore.” He looked tired, as if talking about it sucked out all of his energy.

“Okay.” He whispered softly. It got quiet after that and Jungkook hated it, he hated the cold, quiet atmosphere so much that he wanted to bury himself in a hole on the ground and never come back.

“I'll see you tomorrow.” Taehyung said, then walked past Jungkook intending to go back to his car.

“Say, Taehyung.” Jungkook started and Taehyung stopped on his tracks, ”-back then, when I said that I was going out with Jackson, how did you feel?” He knew that it all depended on Taehyung's answer right now, ”What did it feel like?”

Taehyung looked surprised, not expecting that question, ”I didn't like it.” He said, lips pressed into a tight line.

Jungkook nodded and wished Taehyung, ”Goodnight.” He was once again left alone in the dark that night. This time Jungkook knew it was him who fucked up and he fucked up bad. He hurt Taehyung because he stupidly wanted to prove to himself that he could date other people if he wanted to, that he didn't need Taehyung, but he did. God, he was already acting like a clingy boyfriend and they weren't even a couple yet. He's never been like this, he never depended on anyone, is this what liking someone can do to a person? Jungkook was lost, his chest felt heavy, his breathing was irregular and all he wanted to do was bury his head into his pillow and cry, a lot.

And that's what he did for that night.

~~

“Jungkook, are you okay?” Jimin asked him as he was mouthing at his food.
“Yeah.” Jungkook grumbled, planting his face on the lunch table, he was feeling like shit.

“You have been sulking since morning and you said you couldn’t even answer the Chemistry teacher’s question about reactions, which is really unlike you.” Jimin explained, careful to point out each and every reason why Jungkook wasn’t fine, “Did you and Taehyung have a fight?” He asked as he squinted his eyes at Jungkook and swallowing his chicken meat.

Jungkook sighed, there's no point in denying it now, “Was it that obvious?” He looked at Jimin, a frown spreading across his face. He wondered when did he get that obvious about what was going on in his life, or maybe Jimin just knew him that well.

“Yeah, I mean Taehyung didn’t even join us for lunch today.” Jimin stated as if Jungkook didn't notice Taehyung was missing from the table.

“I don’t know what to do anymore Jimin.” Jungkook breathed out, he really didn't. He's never dealt with something like this before, it was all new to him.

“Don’t do anything.” Jimin suggested.

“What? You call that advice?” Jungkook snorted and shook his head, he couldn't believe his friend sometimes.

“Yeah. That’s the best one you’ll get.” Jimin replied with a comically serious face.

“Whatever.” Jungkook rolled his eyes, then decided to stop sulking and have a bite of his own food. It was really tough for him to get ready for school today. First, he slept in. Second, there was no hot water in the entire building because of some technical problems and had to take a cold shower. And last but not least, Taehyung hadn’t contacted him since last night and it was eating at him. He knew he had to mend it right this time but he wasn’t sure how to do it. He was upset all the time and more importantly, he was lonely without Taehyung around. He had no one to get pissed at, no one threw weird pickup lines at him, no one whined about the vast Chemistry homework, no one complained. There was just silence, complete and utter silence. He didn't like it.

* 

“Taehyung, bro when will you wipe off that poker face of yours?” Yoongi asked curiously and he looked at Taehyung as if he were some sort of wild, interesting animal at the zoo.

“He’s been like that since last night.” Namjoon announced as he nodded sagely.

Taehyung sighed and just sipped on his drink as Yoongi and Namjoon looked at him with utter annoyance. Idiots, he was friends with idiots, “Yah, just because I bunked class doesn’t mean you two get to do that too.” Taehyung scrunched up his face in irritation, he didn't want his friends to miss class because of him. Don't get him wrong, it was a totally bro and awesome thing to do, but he didn't feel like getting grilled. No sir.

“You don’t get to tell us what to do!” Yoongi scolded as he hit the back of Taehyung’s neck earning a groan in return.

“Whatever.” Taehyung muttered, see, this is why he didn't really want company right now.

"What exactly happened this time?” Namjoon asked, he was getting tired of skirting around the subject so he just went for it, "You fucked up again, didn’t you?”

“What?” Taehyung exclaimed offended, "Why do you guys always think I am the one who fucks
everything up?” He huffed exasperated, just because most of the times it was his fault it didn't mean that this time it was true.

“Because you do.” Yoongi stated the obvious. Okay, maybe it was him that kept fucking up, but this time was different.

“Well, it was Jungkook this time, mind you.” Taehyung spat and he was getting tired of this bullshit already.

“It’s good to have a change then.” Yoongi said teasingly, "Don’t worry too much about it kid." He patted his back and Namjoon smiled at him reassuringly. "He’ll come around.”

“I guess.” Taehyung mumbled but he was still unsure. Jungkook definitely didn’t look like the type to come around so quickly and it was really bothering him, but if he can be so stubborn about it, then so can Taehyung. After all, no matter how you look at it, this time the blame was entirely on Jungkook and Taehyung sure as hell won’t apologize for it.

He was so happy with how things were going between them he almost thought they were together, or at least somewhere close to being together but no, something had to go wrong. Taehyung didn't even plan for things to turn out like this, heck, he didn't even plan on having actual feelings for Jungkook. He just wanted to play with him but ended up getting caught in his own lies.

Why did things have to be so complicated? Why did Jackson have to come into the picture and ruin things, again? Wasn't once enough? Taehyung had a bad past...well not as bad as Jungkook's, but enough to take away Taehyung's trust in relationships. It was like a fairy tale to him, everything was so perfect thinking that love was right under his nose, then one day everything came crashing down. Since then he's been too scared of falling in love, so he slept around and drank to fill the void. But then Jungkook came into the picture and Taehyung had to start everything from the scratch. 'Fuck, it sounds so clichéd.' He thought to himself, but it was the truth and Jungkook doesn't know about any of this, Taehyung knew he had to come clean soon.

Taehyung's phone suddenly vibrated, bringing him out from his reverie, the notification pop-up alerting him that he got a text. He groaned as he took his phone from the other side of the table, he was not in the mood for anything right now to be honest.

Jungkook
We need to talk.

He double checked the sender to make sure it was actually Jungkook and just groaned louder, 'Amazing, he sounds like he wants to break up.' He thought to himself, exactly what he needed to complete this shitty day.

Taehyung
Where?

Jungkook
My room. Jimin's out.

It would have sounded like a booty call if he wouldn't have said "we needed to talk" before texting that. Taehyung left a bill on the table, saluted his friends, grabbed his car keys and drove to the dorms.

~~

Jungkook sighed and put his phone back on his nightstand. He knew he had to talk it out with
Taehyung, if both of them kept ignoring their feelings like this then they would end up regretting it further down the road. Jungkook realized something today and he needed to let Taehyung to know as well. He has never been good at verbalizing his feelings so this will be another first for him, another first that Taehyung will take from him.

He jumped up startled when he heard a knock on the door, he was that nervous, "You came." Jungkook breathed out as he opened the door.

* 

"Why wouldn't I?" Taehyung rolled his eyes and let himself inside Jungkook's room. It a lot cleaner, tidier and organized than Taehyung expected it to be. Jungkook's desk was messy though, it showed how much Jungkook studied, but then he caught his sight of a G-Dragon poster than hung above the head of Jungkook's bed. "You,-" Taehyung started incredulously, turning around to look at Jungkook, "-like G-Dragon?" His eyes were as big as saucers and his mouth gaped open as if he just saw a ghost.

"Yes...?"

"You don't look like the type to like G-Dragon." Taehyung pointed out, he really didn't, "I must say I'm taken aback." He spoke, his tone hinting towards the hilarity of the situation.

"Okay, you don't make sense." Jungkook said, looking exasperated already.

"I can't believe you are a G Dragon fanboy and I didn't even know." Taehyung was still in awe. His crush was fanboy and not just any fanboy, a G-Dragon fanboy! Of course he was having trouble believing it.

"You never asked." Jungkook rolled his eyes and that just got on Taehyung's nerves.

"Wow nice, we barely know each other." Taehyung pressed his lips into a thin line. He didn't want to get angry, he just got here God's sake!

"Oh, really?" Jungkook said sarcastically, "I'm not the one hiding things, Taehyung. You know about my past, you know where I came from, you know what I have been through, you know everything that you need to know about me." He was fuming with rage, Taehyung could tell, and he didn't know what to think, "Which is not the same when it comes to you because I know nothing about you! Me being a G-Dragon fan doesn't make a difference." Jungkook spat, his eyes grave.

He was right, everything that Jungkook just said was true and he had nothing to excuse himself with, "What do you want to know?" Taehyung questioned.

"What?" Jungkook asked, not expecting Taehyung to relent so easily, clearly expecting him to burst out into an argument or something.

"I'm asking what do you want to know about me." Taehyung said sternly. If Jungkook wanted to know about him then he will tell him whatever he wanted to know since he didn't want to keep secrets from each other and Jungkook deserved to know the whole story.

"I don't know." Jungkook huffed out, his sigh a little too exaggerated as he flailed his arms at his sides.

Taehyung just looked at him, slightly amused with Jungkook's dramatics, "I'll tell you after you tell me what you wanted to talk about." He came here for a reason and he didn't want to get sidetracked.
"Okay," Jungkook breathed out as if he was getting ready for a battle, "I have never liked anyone before, people at school, at home or on the TV...well, Big Bang is an exception though." Jungkook laughed, his eyes crinkling at the corners and teeth flashing prettily, "The only thing I liked was to study and I still do. I find books alluring, you know? The wisdom I gain from them, they satisfy my thirst for knowledge to a great extent. Before I met you, or even before I joined this school, I had no friends to rely on, neither did I have a family who loved me." He paused to take in a deep breath, "It was hard for me, really hard. But I had to suck it up." Taehyung ears were perked up, drinking in every word Jungkook was throwing at him. He was lost completely, Jungkook made no sense yet Taehyung could understand what it might have been like.

"My foster brother was literally the only person I had by my side. If it weren't for him, I wouldn't be here. I've already lost so much that now, even the thought of holding onto someone scares me. I've been alone for so long that the possibility of losing you is like,-" Jungkook furrowed his eyebrows as if he was struggling to come up with the right words, ",-like hanging from the edge of a cliff and holding onto a tree branch, either you pull me back or I fall." He sighed like what he was about to say next meant a lot to him, "I've been at the peak of a mountain and I haven't let anyone climb to me yet Taehyung. You are the first person I've ever let in and now that I've got a taste of how it feels to have someone beside me I don't want to let you go."

Taehyung looked at Jungkook now, his lips quivering into a faint smile. His emotions were coming back to him like some sort of hurricane, breaking the apathy he had going on and making him feel love yet again.

"So, what I'm trying to say is that whenever you say you like me, I'm terrified Taehyung, but I'm willing to give it a try, I'm willing to give us a try, only if you want me to." Jungkook confessed, voice shaking and looking devastated, "I have to warn you though, I won't be a perfect boyfriend. I'll forget your birthday or our 'anniversaries' and if you tell me you love me I'll probably reply with a thank you." Jungkook laughed again, this time a low deep laughter that echoed through the entire room, his voice was on the verge of cracking, his eyes were dim and Taehyung could picture the tears glossing over his eyes.

Taehyung smiled, sighing in relief because that was the cheesiest confession he has ever heard in his life. "Come here," He whispered as he pulled Jungkook in for a hug. They stood there for what seemed like an eternity with Jungkook muffling out tiny whimpered sobs and soaking Taehyung’s shirt on the shoulder. He was thinking over what Jungkook said and he couldn't help the wave of affection that warmed up his entire soul. He smiled to himself and pulled Jungkook even closer, buried his face into his hair and murmured softly, "I really, really like you Jungkook so of course I want to give us a try."

Jungkook pulled back at that and looked at his face as if searching for something. He guessed that if the small smile that broke on his lips meant anything, it was that he found it. "God, that was so cheesy I can’t believe you made me say that.” He said as Taehyung was rubbing softly on his tear strained cheeks.

“What can I say?” Taehyung smirked, "I tend to have that kind of effect on people.” He then leaned in and kissed each of Jungkook’s cheeks softly.

“Shut up.” Jungkook replied without any heat behind it, cheeks flushed prettily with a warm shade of pink.

“So, are we boyfriends yet?” Taehyung questioned, his eyes filled with anticipation. He really hoped so because he didn't know what he would do if he couldn't have Jungkook all for himself, not now not ever.
“I guess.” Jungkook smiled and pressed his plump lips against Taehyung’s, pecking him softly. The moment was so perfect that Taehyung wanted to capture it in a bottle and keep it close to his heart forever. After going through so many ups and downs they were finally together and he couldn’t be happier.

*  

Jungkook knew there was a high possibility that he might end up regret his decision later but he had to take the chance. He had to at least try it out and see how it goes. Honestly he didn’t plan on anything that he just said. The only thing that he wanted was for Taehyung to know how he was feeling, he liked Taehyung and he wanted him around in his life.

“Let’s stay together, forever okay?” Taehyung said as he looked lovingly into Jungkook’s eyes, as if he was looking at something precious. It made Jungkook’s breath catch in his throat and wondered if he'll ever get used to receiving such affection. ‘ Probably not.’ He thought to himself. “Forever?” He asked incredulously, “You know that’s impossible.” Then pouted and whined a little bit without intending to. Oh God, look at what Taehyung was doing to him, he didn’t act like this, ever!

“Let’s stay together for a long time then?” Taehyung chuckled and hugged him tighter.

Jungkook sighed in the embrace and then buried his face in the crook of Taehyung's neck and shoulder, “Yeah, for a long time.”

~~
Chapter 14:

“I don’t care! Just do whatever you can to make her better! Do you understand?” Jimin yelled before throwing his phone in the air. Jungkook came out from the bathroom only to see Jimin punching the table in anger.

Jungkook wondered what in the world happened to bring someone like Jimin over the edge because this definitely isn’t the Jimin, Jungkook knows. “Jimin?” Jungkook called out softly. Jimin looked up at him after hearing his name, anger firing up in his eyes, but then he saw the soft look on Jungkook face and crashed to his knees and then on his ass to the ground. Jungkook watched this in pure horror, “Are you okay?” He asked, slowly making his way towards the boy sitting on the floor in a mess of limbs and crouched down in front of him.

“Jungkookie...” Jimin started, his voice slightly cracking and eyes hooded in fatigue. He looked devastated and it was breaking Jungkook’s heart to see him like this.

“Jimin, what happened?” Jungkook asked, his voice tainted with worry as he rubbed Jimin’s arm soothingly, trying to get him to calm down and explain what's going on.

“My m-mother...” Jimin started but stopped as he almost chocked on a sob and leaned his forehead on Jungkook’s chest.

“Tell me what happened.” Jungkook demanded, he was starting to freak out. The only time he's ever seen Jimin like this was almost six months ago on his first day in Seoul.

“S-She has cancer Jungkook. She has lung cancer and she’s almost dying.” Jimin cried out, tears leaking from the corner of his eyes and clenching his fists in Jungkook’s shirt as sobs wrecked violently through his body.

Jungkook felt like someone punched him in the gut. Jimin, his best friend, was going through something like this all this time and he didn’t know, he never tried to know. “Shit, Jimin, I'm so sorry. I'm sorry that I never asked you, I'm sorry that I wasn’t there with you when you needed me the most. God I'm the worst friend ever.” Jungkook rambled on, he can't believe he's been such a dick all this time.

“No, it’s okay I'm the one who hid it from you.” Jimin reassured after hearing Jungkook berating himself.

Jungkook was chewing on lips when a thought came to his mind, “So that day when I first moved here and you had to leave because you got a call, then later that night you came back to our room and cried yourself to sleep, was it-” Jungkook stopped, he was worried about what might set Jimin off, but he had to ask, ”-was it because of your mother?”

“Y-Yes.” Jimin stuttered, still looking hesitant about letting Jungkook know about any of it.

“Jimin...why didn't you tell me?” Jungkook asked gently, ”I was worried back then when I saw you look so miserable and I wanted to help, I wanted to, but you didn't let me and the next morning you pretended like nothing happened.” He could still remember it clearly, the feeling of worthlessness that took over him still fresh in his mind.
“I’m sorry, I’m so sorry I just, I don’t know, I didn’t want to burden you with something unnecessary.” Jimin explained, as he clutched onto Jungkook’s shirt tighter, holding on for dear life as if Jungkook would just up and run if he let go.

“Ugh, you blithering idiot.” Jungkook scolded fondly, “Now listen to me, we are going to visit your mom together every day, I'm going to make all the healthy food there is for her and she’s going to get better. I promise you she will get better.” Jungkook hugged Jimin, hoping he could communicate how much he meant it.

“Thank you.” Jimin said softly as Jungkook rubbed his tear stained face with the sleeve of his shirt.

“But what happened that night though? Did you go to the hospital alone?” Jungkook questioned as he got up to bring Jimin a glass of cold water.

“Um, no I had someone with me.” Jimin said as he took the glass from Jungkook and gulped it down greedily.


Jimin looked at the ground between his crossed legs and murmured quietly, “Yoongi.”

Jungkook couldn't believe that, no way, he must have heard it wrong or Jimin didn't understand the question, “What?”

“Yoongi.” Jimin answered again but more clearly this time as he peered at Jungkook from under his eyelashes.

Jungkook blinked, “Really?”

“Yes.” Jimin nodded. He didn't look like he was lying or anything, which meant he was saying the truth and that opened a whole barrage of questions in Jungkook's mind.

“How? Why? When?” Jungkook threw at Jimin, frantically searching in his brain for any sort of connection that Yoongi had with Jimin before they started dating but came up with nothing.

“My brother and Yoongi were really close friends back in the days. I don’t know why but they somehow lost contact with each other but Yoongi visits my family at times though.” Jimin clarified, as if the fact that Yoongi would sometimes join on a family dinner was nothing. Okay, it probably wasn't since Jimin was used to it for years but still.

“Tell me what exactly happened that night.” Jungkook demanded. He wanted to know how Yoongi helped his friend when he wasn't able to.

“Well it’s nothing complicated really.” Jimin started as he set the empty glass beside him on the floor, "That call was from our chauffeur and he said my mother suddenly collapsed so they admitted her to the nearest hospital. I panicked and I didn’t know what to do so when I was on my way to the hospital I called Yoongi because I just felt like he would be able to help me." Jimin looked at Jungkook and smiled a little, "Believe it or not, he rushed over in like fifteen minutes and took care of everything. He helped me with my mom’s admission in the hospital, he even talked with the doctors and discussed about what other tests they should run.” Jimin had a soft look on his face as he was talking about the things Yoongi did to help him.

“I was a crying mess to be honest and I was yelling at the doctors because they wouldn’t tell me what’s wrong.” He stopped and sighed, but continued on, "My dad stays out of country most of the time and comes home for like a month or two, so it’s mostly me and my mom. I was so scared, I
thought I lost her but Yoongi calmed me down and it didn’t feel like pity you know.” Now looked at Jungkook, making sure he understood what he wanted to convey, "It felt like he was actually there for me, by my side. He stayed with me the whole time and then at night he insisted me to go back to our dorm. I refused of course but he wouldn’t listen so I had to come back home. By that time the doctors said she was stable, she just needed a few more chemotherapy sessions. I was so relieved and I honestly don’t know what it would have been like without Yoongi by my side, I’m so thankful.”

Jungkook listened carefully. He had no idea his friend had gone through something like that...no, he still is. Jimin's mother is still sick and he knows how it feels to lose a parent, he wouldn't wish that for Jimin and he was glad the treatment is working. Now the Yoongi matter is a whole other thing entirely, he still can't picture him in such a good light, but he did help help Jimin when he needed help, “He is not that bad, is he?”

“He isn’t.” Jimin smiled brightly, as if the thought of Jungkook approving of Yoongi was bringing him great joy.

Jungkook smiled back at that but sombered up quickly, “How long has your mother been sick?”

“About a year. She has been fighting it all this time, I'm so proud of her.” Jimin said, and he really did look proud and grateful that his mother was fighting the illness so well.

Now it was Jungkook's time to be awed with the person standing in front of him, “And I'm proud of you for staying strong all this time.” Jungkook said earnestly and meant every word of it.

Jimin flushed at that, “Anyway, there’s something else I have to tell you.” He started, "I'm going to Busan with Yoongi this weekend.”

“Busan? Why?” Jungkook asked, he hadn't thought of that place in a while.

“There are some things I need to take care of since mom can't. We have a villa there and I need to check on some house documents. Since I can't go alone Yoongi volunteered to go with me so I thought why not, you know?” He had a dreamy look on his face and Jungkook didn't want to know to many details about that.

“Oh, okay be careful.” Jungkook said quickly and then asked, hoping it would bring Jimin out of the gutters, "When do you leave?”

It worked. Jimin looked pained all of a sudden, “Tomorrow at 07am.” He groaned as he looked the suitcase he threw under the bed months ago.

“Ohay!" Jungkook chuckled as he stood up, "I'll help you pack.”

“Thanks bro!” Jimin shrieked, hugged Jungkook again and retrieved the suitcase to begin filling it in. Jungkook scrunched up his nose, his lips parting into a smile despite his attempts against it, but he couldn't help it, not when it came to Jimin.

* * *

Taehyung knew telling Yoongi about him and Jungkook dating would be unnecessary, yet he decided to do it anyway, even if it meant he had to put up with his teasing, “Me and Jungkook are together.” He said while Yoongi was chewing on some fries.

Yoongi widened his eyes at that and literally started choking on his food. Taehyung started laughing at the sight of his face turning red with the lack of oxygen and coughing like crazy, but handed him a water bottle anyway, he didn't want the guy dying on him, “What do you mean, together?” Yoongi
asked after he gulped down half the water and could breathe again.

“Together as in together?” Taehyung rolled his eyes, it wasn't that hard now was it. Yoongi is acting as if Jungkook and him being together was something that could never happen, well guess what bitch, it did!

“What?” Yoongi asked dumbly and wow did that hurt Taehyung's ego, just a tiny bit though.

“Hyung,” Taehyung started slowly, ",-Jungkook and I are dating.” He stressed the word dating, hoping Yoongi would get the hint and roll with it, congratulate them or something.

“Oh.” Was all Yoongi said. He had that poker face on that meant I'm thinking about it and I'm not sure if I like it which could not bode well for Taehyung, it never did.

“Oh my god!” Taehyung burst, pressing the heel of his palm to his forehead. What the hell is going on anymore? He figured Yoongi would be okay with it, Jungkook was Jimin's best friend for God's sake!

“What?” Yoongi questioned evenly, as if that would mask his thoughts when they were practically broadcasting on his face already.

Taehyung sighed and made some bizarre jazz-hands for emphasis, “Could you be any more obvious?” He said exasperated.

“Shut up.” Yoongi grumbled, "What do you expect me to say?” He shrugged as he took another french-fry and munched at it so he could have something to do.

“Oh I don’t know,” Taehyung said sarcastically, "Something like good job kid or I'm happy for you two?” He can't believe he even has to say this out loud.

Yoongi looked like he was mulling over it and then said, “I'm happy for you two.” As he pursed his lips.

Taehyung rolled his eyes fondly at him, “Gee, thanks.” He said as he ruffled his hair. He knew Yoongi just parroted the words he told him, but he couldn't help and feel giddy at being congratulated about him with Jungkook dating, he was that whipped,

“But-" Yoongi started, and Taehyung knew he was on the verge of finding out the real reason why he was so reluctant about being happy for them dating, "-there’s something I'm curious about though.” He said evenly as he took a sip of his water and wow did Taehyung want to run away from this conversation right now, he had a bad feeling about it, “Did you tell him about Irene?”

Taehyung looked at him now, face suddenly as white as fucking chalk and he knew this is why his friend was acting like this, he was worried it would come in between Jungkook and him later if he didn't take care of it now. He's never been comfortable with anyone mentioning Irene’s name, she was in his past and Jungkook is his present and future, but he knew Yoongi was right, “No,” Taehyung sighed, shoulders slumping.

“You better do that soon, kid. Wouldn’t want to see you guys break up before you even get started.” Yoongi said and it hurt, it hurt because everything he just said was true.

The words kept running through his brain on auto-play, "Wouldn’t want to see you guys break up before you even get started." Taehyung knew Yoongi was right, yet he couldn’t help feeling uneasy at the sudden mention of Irene’s name and he had to let Jungkook know about her. Jungkook would understand for sure, he doesn’t look like the type to mope over someone’s past but Taehyung knew
that it would at the very least make him upset, and he really didn't want that. He wanted to tell Jungkook everything about his past but it just didn't happen, he's been hesitating since the day Jackson came back, or more like he never got the chance to, but now that they are finally together Taehyung is afraid of ruining it already by telling him something like that, he wants to wait for the right moment to do it.

“Oh by the way,” Yoongi began, bringing Taehyung back from his thoughts, "I'm going to Busan with Jimin for the weekend.” He said happily, catching Taehyung off guard.

“Wait what? Really? What for?” He didn't expect that and was genuinely confused about the impromptu trip Yoongi was talking about.

“He needs someone to help him with some property documents and stuff.” Yoongi said as if he were bored about it, but his eyes said otherwise. If Taehyung hadn't heard why they were really going to Busan, he would have definitely thought something else more unorthodox about the reason for the trip.

“What made you volunteer though?” Taehyung asked, genuinely curious about why the Min bother-me-when-I-sleep-and-I-will-murder-you Yoongi accepted to go on a trip, rather than chill around and doing nothing.

“He is my boyfriend.” Yoongi said as if that was stupidest thing he's ever heard, "Why would I not volunteer?” He scoffed indignantly.

“Uh, right yeah of course.” Now he just felt stupid, he would have done the same if it was Jungkook, "So wait, does that mean Jungkook will be alone in his room?” Taehyung asked, excitement dancing in his eyes at the prospect of having Jungkook alone to himself.

“Yes.” Yoongi replied cautiously, “Don’t rush it though, you two just got together.” He advised, and he was right yet again, but he couldn't help but feel giddy about it.

“I won’t.” Taehyung smiled, he would never do anything to Jungkook that he didn't want to anyway, their relationship wasn't only about sex. He would wait for Jungkook to be ready no matter how long it took and wow did that prove even more how whiped he was, it's not even funny anymore.

“Does your family know that you are dating?” Yoongi asked, clearly expecting Taehyung to understand what he actually wanted to say.

“No, they don’t.” Taehyung said, obviously not getting were Yoongi was getting at with this, "Why?”

“Nothing.” Yoongi said lightly, but then continued on. "-I just felt like they should know since, you know,-” He said as he quirked one eyebrow, "-you are the heir to Kim Industries and whatnot.”

“They've got nothing to do with it.” Taehyung said, annoyed at Yoongi’s questions. Why should it matter to his parents who he was dating anyway, it's none of their business. His personal life is that, personal.

“Are you sure?” Yoongi asked, wanting to make sure Taehyung really meant it.

“Yes.” Taehyung gritted his teeth, he would never let his family get in between him and Jungkook, it won't happen, he'll make sure of it.

Yoongi looked at him in silence for a couple more seconds and then nodded, “Okay then.” He said
as stood up, saluted Taehyung and left, having to pack his stuff for the trip.

Taehyung groaned internally, ‘Why does Yoongi always have to ruin the moment with his concerns?’ He thought to himself. Taehyung understood what Yoongi wanted to say but it's not like his parents care much anyway, so why would it matter that he was dating Jungkook? On the contrary, his parents should be grateful someone as perfect as Jungkook is willing to date their son!

*  

Helping Jimin to pack was a mess and Jungkook knew it would be like that. It literally took him an hour to decide on just what clothes he was going to take, then Jungkook had to help him to pack his underwear and toiletries...let's just say that he was staring to lose his patience at his friend's diva-like mood.

Now he was at the library, his favorite place in the whole wide world. The finals were coming up in about four months and Jungkook wants nothing but 100% on the exams. He did good on the midterms, but he couldn't afford to get anything but full marks on the finals if he still wants the scholarship. Speaking of good grades, he still owed Taehyung two or three chemistry tuition lessons, that lazy ass didn't even contact him for them. Jungkook smiled as he took out a book from the shelf, imagining Taehyung making some lame excuses for skipping the lessons.

"Is that a mechatronics book I see?" A deep voice drawled out from a distance, making Jungkook turn his head to the side and see who it was.

He thought he recognized that voice, "Namjoon hyung?" Jungkook asked cautiously, not wanting to embarrass himself if it was someone else.

"Hey kid!" Namjoon greeted him with a smile, his adorable dimples showing and eyes turned into crescents.

Jungkook sighed in relief, thankful that he didn't make an ass of himself, "What are you doing here?" He asked, placing his book on the table and couldn't help but smile as well.

"In case you didn't know, the library is my favorite place as well." Namjoon chuckled as he motioned with his arms at his surroundings.

"Oh..." Jungkook had no idea about it and suddenly felt self conscious, "I didn't know that." Jungkook bit his lips, he liked Taehyung's friends but he didn't really know much about them.

"So were you reading mechatronics?" Namjoon asked as he took the seat opposite to Jungkook at the table and placed his backpack in his lap.

"Yes." Jungkook said shyly, he's never had to talk about it before and he didn't know how Namjoon would take it. Mechatronics wasn't exactly what someone would read on their spare time, not like Jungkook did anyway.

"I like that subject too." Namjoon said excitedly, looking like he found a long lost camarade or something and Jungkook completely understood where he was coming from because he felt the same too.

"Really?" Jungkook's eyes lit up like a child in a candy store, he was so glad there was someone else in this school that he could talk to bout it.

"Yes, it's quite intriguing." Namjoon nodded a he flashed another dimpled smile at Jungkook enthusiasm.
"I totally agree on that!" Jungkook exclaimed excitedly, "I really like the mechanics concept. I actually want to major in mechatronics when I start university." He confessed, he's never told that to anyone, not even to Chanyeol.

"Mechanical engineering then, eh?" Namjoon looked like proud father or something, pleasantly surprised that Jungkook would choose such a career for himself, "That's a very good decision." He agreed sagely.

"Yeah, that's the dream." Jungkook smiled happily, he was glad Namjoon approved, if he could do it then maybe so will the others. His dad was an architectural engineer and since childhood Jungkook has always been surrounded with books, machines, blue prints and what not. Starting from then Jungkook has always been interested in these kind of things but what caught his interest the most were the machines that used to be around him. Then one day when he was probably in 7th grade, his dad bought him a mechatronics book for beginners and he’s been keen to learn about mechanics ever since.

"So, I heard something from Yoongi." Namjoon clicked his tongue, looking mildly uncomfortable.

"What?" Jungkook asked intrigued, but wasn't sure what he meant by that.

"That you and Taehyung are together." Namjoon said cheekily as if he was enjoying making Jungkook flustered.

Jungkook gaped at him, his throat running dry all of a sudden, "Uh...Yeah." He stated, tone suddenly nervous since he didn't know if Namjoon was okay with it.

"Congratulations, I'm happy for you." Namjoon beamed at him and just like that his worried went away.

"Thank you, hyung." Jungkook really was thankful. Taehyung and him were a couple now but he was still having a hard time getting used to that prospect, the thought of them dating making him feel warm on the inside.

"Do you perhaps know about Irene?" Namjoon asked seriously, clearly expecting Jungkook to know who he was talking about.

"Who?" Jungkook tilted his head to one side slightly, he had no idea who that was but if Namjoon felt the need to bring it up then it must have been important, or at least relevant enough with what they were talking about.

"Irene," Namjoon repeated confused, but then he looked stricken all of a sudden, his expression falling, "Taehyung's ex girlfriend."

'Ex girlfriend...Oh.' Jungkook thought to himself, fidgeting as an unfamiliar and unwelcome feeling swooped inside his bones. Taehyung never mentioned having had a girlfriend and judging by the way Namjoon is talking about her they must have been serious. Jungkook's chest felt tight at that, making it hard to breathe properly, "Oh." Was his simple reply, he didn't know what else to say.

"I'll take that as you didn't know about her." Namjoon said looking mortified, "I'm sorry I had no idea." He apologized sincerely.

"No, it's okay." Jungkook smiled, trying to reassure Namjoon that it wasn't his fault, but it didn't reach his eyes, "I'm sure Taehyung will tell me when he feels like it." He pursed his lips, he had a feeling that wasn't going to be any time soon and he wasn't sure he was ok with that.
"Yeah, of course." He tried, but Jungkook could tell that deep down Namjoon knew that won’t happen, just like he did, "I’m sorry for bringing it up like that." He apologized again as he hoisted his backpack on his shoulder and left with a quiet "see you around".

Jungkook knew that Taehyung would have told him about his past if it weren't for his sudden confession a few days ago. He doesn't blame him, not really but he still can't help feeling uneasy about all of it. There has to be a reason Taehyung is still hiding this from him...right? Unless he's thinking that Jungkook doesn't have to know...yeah, no, he had to stop that string of thoughts right there else he will go insane with worry and paranoia. He tried to continue his reading but couldn't, not when his mind was going on a thousand different directions, so he decided to go back to his dorm for the day. It’s not like he can do anything about it anyway. Just as he was was about to change into a pair of soft pajamas and call it over for today, Jungkook’s phone buzzed, the notification pop-up showing that he got a new message.

Taehyung
Hey babe, you free? I want to stop by.

Jungkook
Sure.

Jungkook still wasn’t sure if he was in the mood for this, not after what happened at the library but they just got together and he doesn’t want to do anything that would jeopardize the relationship. He'd rather suck it up and deal with it than ruining everything they just started to build for themselves.

After a few minutes, there was a knock on door, “Hey,” Jungkook greeted, let Taehyung enter his room and then closed it shut.

“Hey, babe.” Taehyung smiled and made a bee-line for the bed then sat on it, “what were you doing?” He looked so happy to be here that Jungkook didn't have it in him to break his sunny disposition.

“Nothing,” Jungkook mulled it over for a second, but decided to go for the most basic of the truth, “I just got back from the library.” He said and he knew Taehyung would believe him since that's where he would find Jungkook at most of the time anyway.

“Aw, my little nerd.” Taehyung cooed as if he just saw a cute kitten or something, "C’mere.” He said as he opened his arms wide open and made gimme hands at Jungkook. He sighed at his boyfriend’s antics but walked towards him anyway, cheeks stained with a light shade of pink and sat on Taehyung’s lap, straddling him, “How was your day?” He breathed out as he was rubbing his thumb over Jungkook’s cheek and rested the other hand on top of Jungkook thigh, warmth seeping through the material of his jeans.

“Good,-” Jungkook answered softly, always so content whenever he was around, like his own personal brand of sedative in the form of Taehyung's presence, “-how was yours?” He asked back as he rested his palms against Taehyung's chest.

“Not good, baby.” Taehyung pouted exaggeratedly, "But now that I have you in my arms my day just got a hundred times better.” He hummed happily and then began placing soft little kisses on Jungkook’s face, starting from his chin to his jaw, his flushed cheeks, his delicate eyelids, the slope of his nose and repeating the same process on the other side of his face as well. Jungkook was feeling overwhelmed with the sudden burst of a affection he was feeling for Taehyung and let out a stuttered breath at that, his eyes shutting close. “You look so perfect like this.” Taehyung praised and he flushed even more at that. He loved it when Taehyung looked at him like he was something precious, it always made him feel better about himself, and his voice both excited and scared
Jungkook at the same time. He knew he wanted something from Taehyung but he wasn’t sure what it was that he wanted, “Where is Jimin?” Taehyung asked, stroking the soft skin of Jungkook’s neck with his index finger.

“O-Out with Y-Yoongi.” Jungkook stammered, cursing himself internally for already getting so worked up when nothing even happened yet.

Taehyung looked worried at the way Jungkook was stuttering his words, his eyes searching Jungkook’s, “Am I making you uncomfortable?” He asked.

“N-No.” Jungkook answered, still not being able to control the nervousness in his voice. Taehyung wasn’t making him feel uncomfortable, not at all, it was something else, something so strong he couldn’t ignore and let it run through his veins, warming his body up even though he couldn't put a name on it yet.

“Jimin is going to Busan tomorrow, right?” Taehyung asked and at Jungkook's nod he continued, “Do you want to come to my house? I mean spend the night there, I guess? I don’t want you to be alone here so I was wondering if you would like to spend the weekend with me.” Taehyung rambled on, looking slightly shy and insecure, as if he expected Jungkook to refuse him or something.

“S-Sure,-” Jungkook said immediately, not even giving it a second thought. He trusted Taehyung and he knew he was safe with him, “-if it won’t be a problem for y-you.” He added, suddenly feeling even more nervous about the whole issue.

Taehyung’s shy demeanor was gone and he back to his flirty self, “Oh baby, it would never be a problem.” He purred, lips almost touching Jungkook’s cheek with every word he said and he felt a shiver run down his spine at the sudden change of tone, thrill coursing through his body as he put his arms around Taehyung’s neck and leaned in for the kiss he knew would come.

And it did, Taehyung pressed his lips harshly against Jungkook’s for a second and then promptly slid his tongue in to feel the warmth of Jungkook’s mouth, eager to get a taste of him. Jungkook let him in immediately and clutched on the back of Taehyung’s shirt, holding on for dear life as Taehyung fucked into his mouth with his tongue, taking everything he had to give and more. Jungkook was losing control over his consciousness and things began to get a little heated when he started to roll his hips down against Taehyung’s crotch, earning him a deliciously tight groan that he swallowed greedily.

Taehyung pulled back at that, bringing everything to halt, only to see the wreck he made out of Jungkook sitting on his lap. “Ah fuck, Jeon Jungkook. Do you have any idea what you do to me?” Taehyung moaned, then burrowed his head on the crook of Jungkook's neck and shoulder and started nuzzling at it. Jungkook gaped at him with his wide innocent eyes, a thousand thoughts running through his mind. He couldn't tell if what Taehyung said was a good thing or not but fuck he needed this, he needed more, he didn't want to stop, why did Taehyung stop him? A tiny whine made it's way out from Jungkook throat and Taehyung rubbed Jungkook’s collarbone with his nose soothingly, softly dipping his tongue into the hollow base, silently apologizing for stopping but it was clear he had no intentions of continuing. Jungkook let out a sob at that, understanding what Taehyung wanted to convey and let his head fall on Taehyung’s shoulders as he tried to get his raging boner to calm down.

“You get me so riled up.” Taehyung whispered hungrily, “I want to just take you against every surface of this room.” He growled possessively as he tightened his arms around Jungkook's waist and brought him that much closer, breathing in his scent. Jungkook closed his eyes, he felt like he was losing every bit of strength he had left, becoming pliant in those capable arms as Taehyung hummed in approval and held him protectively, “But baby, I want to do it the right way." He said as
he brought a hand up to Jungkook's face and rubbed his thumb softly over his jaw, "Eat dinner with me tomorrow okay? And you agreed to stay the night, don’t forget that.” Taehyung explained as he nibbled on Jungkook’s collarbone, coloring it with a pretty shade of purple, marking him for everyone else to see that Jungkook was his.

Jungkook sighed in content, feeling safe and taken care of, “I’m yours babe.” Jungkook whispered in Taehyung's hair, pet name flowing smoothly from his lips and then pressed a sweet kiss on top of his temple, "If you take me, then I'm yours.”

~~

Going to have dinner at your boyfriend’s house is not an easy task, specially when he has asked you to stay the night. Jungkook had taken a thorough shower, carefully cleaning himself up real good, twice, because he didn't want any accidents happening, no sir! He then proceeded to pull out clothes from the closet, wondering what the hell was he supposed to wear when he knew they are probably going to come off anyway. He was trying to choose between two dress shirts but gave up when he couldn't, threw them away and sprawled face up on the bed.

Jungkook really wished Jimin was here to help him out, he left in the morning so Jungkook had basically no one to share his anticipation with. He sighed, got up again to look at the open closet and that's when he realized how ridiculous he was being, it didn't matter what he was dressed in, Taehyung wouldn't care anyway. "Fuck it!” He said, then decided to wear something warm and comfortable considering that it's February and nearly minus three degrees outside. So he went for a pair of dark grey skinny jeans, a black hoodie over a white T-shirt and black leather combat boots. Jungkook was about to get out of his room when he heard his phone buzz, notification light blinking.

Taehyung
You ready for tonight?

Jungkook felt a shiver run down his spine. Even through text Taehyung managed to get him all hot a bothered. How the heck was he able to that Jungkook had no idea.

Jungkook
Shut up.

He swore he could almost see Taehyung smirk after reading his reply, but Jungkook decided to ignore that image right now for the sake of his sanity. Getting on the buss to Taehyung’s house wasn’t hard for him since he had already been there countless of times before. Logically the ride took the same amount of time it usually did, but somehow today it seemed to take forever, he didn't know if to be glad about it or annoyed. But he sucked it up and dealt with it like a big boy and finally, after an eternity and a half, he reached Taehyung's mansion.

He was expecting the butler to open the door but instead he was surprised to see it was Taehyung that let him in. “Why hello baby, you came!” He winked playfully and then stood aside to let Jungkook get inside the house.

Jungkook rolled his eyes at Taehyung's antics, “Yeah, of course I did.” He said matter-of-factly, "Is your butler not here today?” Jungkook was wondering where the man was, he was always present around the house so him not being here was unusual.

“No, I gave him a day off.” Taehyung replied, walking past Jungkook as he helped him take off his hoodie.

“Why?”
“Just because.” Taehyung replied vaguely as he bit his lips and Jungkook immediately got the hint.

'Oh!' Jungkook thought, of course it was because of that, how could he be so stupid to not have guessed why. “Okay, never mind.” Jungkook said rapidly and looked at Taehyung properly this time, hoping it will get his mind out of the gutters. He looked gorgeous, as always, with a baby blue dress shirt, baggy jeans, his hair was a bit messy which made him look even hotter and not to mention his black framed glasses that cleaned up his face so beautifully. Jungkook was ogling openly at him but sobered up quickly, he didn't want to skip dinner and jump Taehyung already, no matter how much he was tempted to.

“You look beautiful.” Taehyung said, it was more like a whisper but Jungkook heard him clearly.

Of course he would find Jungkook beautiful even when he was wearing something as simple as a hoodie, that's why Jungkook liked Taehyung so much, “You too.” He complimented back and blushed, looking away shyly.

“Let’s eat.” Taehyung said as he grabbed Jungkook’s hand into his and guided him to the dining table. Jungkook gawked at the sight, the food was displayed so beautifully on the table, his stomach grumbled at the smell alone without him noticing, and the lit candles gave the whole place a cozy, romantic atmosphere without making it too cheesy, it was quite tasteful to be honest.

Taehyung laughed when he saw Jungkook's face, he knew Jungkook was weak when it came to food, “I made all your favorite food, there’s pork belly too!” He exclaimed happily.

Jungkook smiled, he was lucky his boyfriend cared so much about what he wanted, “Thank you, I know I'm going to love them all.” And he really was, there's no way any of it tasted bad.

*  *

They both dug in after they sat at the table and even Taehyung himself was quite satisfied with his cooking. Jungkook was barely talking or even looking at him at all and he figured that he really liked the food as well. ‘How adorable.’ Taehyung thought to himself. He was pleased that Jungkook was enjoying the evening so far, he didn't want him to feel uncomfortable or pressured at any time so he planned to go at Jungkook's pace.

After finishing their dinner Jungkook insisted to help Taehyung with the dishes and him, not being able to say no, let the boy have his way. “Taehyung, where do you keep this?” Jungkook asked as he lifted the bowl in his hand.

“In the cupboard on the top left.” Taehyung replied as he was getting busy with the work in his hand. He was watching Jungkook trying to reach the shelf but couldn't, and after a countless number of times he gave up and sighed. Noticing this, Taehyung smirked as he walked over to his adorable boyfriend, leaned his chest on his back, grabbed the bowl and gripped on Jungkook’s hips with one hand as he put the dish back in the cupboard. Jungkook gasped at the sudden contact, Taehyung’s crotch literally pressed against Jungkook’s ass. Taehyung could see Jungkook biting his lips, trying to stop himself from releasing a whine and he leered, totally pleased with himself as he slowly let go of Jungkook and stepped back to give him space and turn around. “Let’s watch a movie.” Taehyung murmured suggestively in Jungkook’s ears.

“Okay.” Jungkook replied quietly, flush high on his cheeks.

~ ~

Taehyung was rather enjoying the night, they were on his bed, watching a movie. Jungkook
suggested Paranormal Activity and who was Taehyung to say no to what his boyfriend wanted. Still, Taehyung had to admit Jungkook’s face was more entertaining than the movie itself. He would always nuzzle his face in Taehyung’s neck every time the camera’s angle shifted, his grip on Taehyung’s hands so tight that he thought he will have finger shaped bruises tomorrow and panic washed over Jungkook’s face every five minutes or so. Taehyung pulled himself closer whenever that would happen and he could almost feel Jungkook’s stuttered breath at every scary part in the movie. “Hey, let’s stop the movie.” Taehyung suggested, as entertaining as it was to watch Jungkook like this, he didn’t want him to feel scared, so he figured it was enough for the night.

“W-What? No! I want to continue.” Jungkook argued weakly, he obviously didn't want to continue but Taehyung played along anyway.

Taehyung rolled his eyes at him in return, “Fine.” He grumbled but was far from being fine, not when Jungkook suddenly jumped from his place as a lady in white popped up on the screen. “Jungkook,-” Taehyung whispered gently, “-come here baby boy.” He said and pulled Jungkook closer so that he could rest his head on Taehyung’s chest as he rubbed his back and ran his fingers through Jungkook’s hair. He then switched off the TV, having had enough of horror movies for one night and Jungkook groaned.

Taehyung thought he would complain about it but instead of doing that, Jungkook stayed still for a while, looking as if he was contemplating something. "Taehyung,-" Jungkook started, "-won't you kiss me?" He asked, it was more like a whisper but Taehyung could feel the anticipation hidden in his voice.

"You want me to?" He inquired evenly, making sure that Jungkook could say no if he wanted to.

"Yes." Jungkook answered without any hesitation. Even for someone like Taehyung, it was quite bold and he was rather shocked at the conviction in his voice, but what surprised him more was when Jungkook sat up on his elbow and slowly leaned his face towards Taehyung’s, lips brushing against his for a mere second before Jungkook pulled back immediately, suddenly conscious about his actions and started, "Sorry, I-I just-" Jungkook stammered but Taehyung cut him off smiling to himself.

"You want to kiss me that badly?” He teased and smirked as Jungkook's face flushed to a pretty pink color, making him look delectable. Taehyung couldn't resist anymore so he smashed his lips against Jungkook's and he groaned from the back of his throat at the taste of him. The kiss was hot, fiery and indulgent as Taehyung's hand roamed around to grab the back of Jungkook's head and hold him as he pleased. He pulled Jungkook closer, if that was even possible, his tongue swirling around Jungkook's mouth, massaging and sucking as Jungkook muffled out a broken sob that made Taehyung preen.

He pulled back to let Jungkook breathe but continued kissing down Jungkook's neck, mouthing at the sensitive spots he knew would make Jungkook go insane, and it did, he moaned when he felt Taehyung's expert lips on his bare skin and tilted his head back instinctively to allow Taehyung a better access. Taehyung was on a roll, all of Jungkook's reactions to what he was doing to him were getting to his head so he bit on Jungkook's collarbone more harshly than he intended to, making sure to bruise it with a beautiful purple color, but Jungkook didn't seem to mind the pain as he sucked and licked on the milky white flesh while working his way up to nip at Jungkook's chin, the filthy noises spilling from Jungkook's mouth were enough to drive Taehyung crazy.

"You are so perfect." Taehyung whispered into his ear and Jungkook bit his lips to stop himself from whining, "Let me tell you how perfect you are, babe." Taehyung said as he leaned down again to press his lips on Jungkook's jaw. "You are fiery,-" a kiss on his jaw, "-outspoken and stubborn." His
lips trailing down his neck as one hand moved under his shirt, tracing his fingertips along his navel, making goose bumps appear on Jungkook skin, "Smart, witty, loyal," a kiss to his collarbone, "-funny, brave, determined," another kiss on his pulse point, "-sexy,-" a kiss on his Adam's apple, "-kind,-" another kiss on the underside of his jaw, "-caring." He finished as he mouthed at Jungkook's chin. Every word came out as a broken rasp and Taehyung knew Jungkook could tell it was because of the stiffness that is currently pressed into his abdomen, setting his body on fire.

Taehyung tugged at the back of his shirt, swiftly taking it off in one move and then helped Jungkook with his when he saw he was struggling to get the thing off as well. With their shirts in a pile on the floor, Taehyung leaned back for a moment, his hands and eyes traveling around Jungkook's torso, mapping out the gorgeous creature underneath him. Jungkook was all smooth planes of milky white skin and softly defined muscle, he was beautiful. Taehyung's fingers brushed slightly around one of Jungkook's pretty dark pink nipples and he saw Jungkook shiver at that, 'Interesting,' He thought to himself, and then purposely did it again but this time he made sure to pass right over the already hardened nub, pinching it slightly and making Jungkook arch off the bed onto him, a breathy moan tearing through his throat. "Taehyung, I want-" Jungkook started but stopped as if forming words was too much for him right now.

"What do you want, baby? Tell me." Taehyung murmured softly, stroking Jungkook's cheeks and pressing a kiss to his forehead. God did Jungkook look beautiful right now, so pretty and adorable as he was struggling to speak.

"Ngh," Jungkook whined desperately, "I don't know, I don't know." He said frantically, his eyes closing unconsciously.

Taehyung smiled understanding how lost Jungkook must be. He knew it was his first time so he decided to take it slow. Jungkook's trust was everything he needed now, he wanted to prep him and show him how much he cared and loved him, he wanted Jungkook to believe in him. He's had sex countless times with people he never even cared about, but with Jungkook everything was different, it didn't feel like sex, it was more like two bodies becoming one, it felt like making love. "Babe,-" Taehyung cooed at how adorable Jungkook looked right now, all confused and flustered, "-do you trust me?" He asked seriously, but affection was seeping through, making it sound more tender than stern.

"Yes." Jungkook answered in the blink of an eye, looking at Taehyung as if he was the most most important thing on earth to him, a if nothing else mattered right now, as if it's just the two of them in this whole wide world and he wouldn't have it any other way.

Taehyung was taken aback by Jungkook's gaze, warmth spreading through his chest knowing that there was someone who would put him first before anyone else, "Then let me take care of you, yeah?" He said softly as he pecked Jungkook on the tip of his nose.

*"O-Okay." Jungkook answered, biting the inside of his cheeks as Taehyung looked into his eyes, making sure he was still okay with it, before moving to unbuckle Jungkook's belt. Taehyung unfastened the buckle and the tugged on it harshly, taking it out of the jean loops and throwing it on the floor. He then moved on to open the button of the jeans and pulled the zipper down revealing the wet spot of precum staining his boxers, making Taehyung shudder in a deep breath through his nose, pupils dilating.

Jungkook felt his eyes darken when he lifted his hips up a bit so that Taehyung could hook his fingers through the band of both his boxers and jeans to take them off and he saw the muscles under Taehyung's sun-kissed skin ripple with the movement, making his defined abs and biceps even more
enticing than they already were. He wanted nothing more than to lick at them and taste his skin but after the clothes were thrown in growing pile on the floor Taehyung grabbed Jungkook by the back of each knee and pulled them apart, exposing Jungkook in the most intimate way as he settled in between them comfortably. Jungkook blushed furiously at that, feeling self conscious and embarrassed, when he realized that he was completely naked but Taehyung was still half dressed. He made to take them off himself but stopped when he heard Taehyung's voice.

"Look at you kitten, you are so beautiful." Taehyung whispered, softly stroking the inside of Jungkook's thighs and he whimpered, biting his lips from the sudden ecstasy coursing through his body at the touch. Taehyung bent his head to kiss the soft skin of Jungkook's thighs and then sucked, bruising it all over, making Jungkook moan as his head arched back into the pillow. He had no idea he was that sensitive there but he always finds new things about himself when he's around Taehyung.

He was still trying to regain his senses back when he felt Taehyung trace one palm on his thigh, all the way up to his dick and touched the hard shaft with the tips of his fingers teasingly, making him breathe in sharply as Taehyung rubbed at the head of his cock, smearing the precum that was pooling on his belly around it. But then Taehyung wrapped his fingers properly around the shaft and started stroking languidly, making Jungkook suck in a deep breath as a whine escaped his lips, not being able to hold it back and he knew he didn't have to, not when Taehyung would get more aroused with each and every sound he made.

Jungkook could see Taehyung's own bulge growing at the contact, straining his pants in a way that couldn't be comfortable, so he brought his hands up to try get the jeans off Taehyung but he was stopped again and whined at that. He wanted to see Taehyung too!

* 

"Shh, I've got you babe." Taehyung cooed, hoping it would put Jungkook at ease. He wanted to take his pants off, he really wanted to, but if he did then he won't be able to take care of Jungkook like he wants to so he'll have to bear with the discomfort for now.

Taehyung let go of Jungkook's hands and made himself more comfortable between those beautiful legs, then leaned his head closer to Jungkook's member and breathed at the head, tantalizing Jungkook with what's to come. At Jungkook's shaky moans he decided to take mercy on his boyfriend and licked the head of Jungkook's cock, giving it a few kittenish licks until he was writhing underneath him, hands moving fast to fist Taehyung's hair as his lips muffled out a broken sob. Taking that as a yes to continue, Taehyung pressed the flat of his tongue against the slit and then took him in fully, sucking lazily at the head of Jungkook's cock as one of his hands kneaded at those marked thighs and made his way up, fingers inches away from his balls. Jungkook let out a gasp when Taehyung's nails brushed up against his perineum, slowly massaging the sensitive skin with his thumb.

"T-Taehyung," Jungkook cried out, choking on his voice. Without teasing any further, Taehyung brought a hand up to his hips to pin him down and the other to hold the shaft as he started to bob his head up and down, licking and sucking on Jungkook's cock greedily. His cheeks were hollowed and forehead slick with sweat as he built up a perfect rhythm and Jungkook's thew his head back against the pillow. Arching off the bed beautifully at the same time his dick hit the back of Taehyung's throat, making him choke slightly on Jungkook's cock when he bucked up his hips, breaking trough Taehyung's hold as heat pooled his stomach, making Jungkook breathe heavily as pleasure shot through his body, overwhelming him.

“Fuck.” Jungkook hissed, a loud moan spilling from his lips, unable to hold it in at the sheer intensity
of it all. Taehyung pulled his mouth off with a lewd pop, lips slick with saliva and precum as he peered up at Jungkook. He looked so worn out, cheeks and neck flushed pink, pupils so big the brown of his eyes were barely there, skin sticky with sweat, neck covered with purple marks that Taehyung showered him with before and he knew Jungkook was close but he couldn’t give it to him just yet. “T-Tae,” Jungkook sobbed, “I was so close.” He said pitifully.

* 

“I know babe, I know.” Taehyung said as he crawled on his hands closer to Jungkook's face and captured his lips, caging his body with his. Taehyung took his sweet time kissing Jungkook and swallowed his moans from the back of his throat when he felt the taste of himself on Taehyung’s tongue. Jungkook’s body was itching with the need for Taehyung’s touch, he wanted more.

After Taehyung seemed satisfied with the kiss he pulled back and started to leave wet open-mouthed kisses along Jungkook's jaw, neck and collarbone, then down his chest and finally he moved his mouth to tongue at Jungkook's nipples, laving at the nub with his tongue and sucking eagerly before catching it between his teeth. Jungkook tugged on his hair tightly, he didn't know if to pull back or pull closer to Taehyung's mouth as he was thrashing onto the bed, feeling overstimulated.

Taehyung licked at them one last time, leaving his hardened buds red and swollen, shiny with saliva and shivering when the cold air touched his skin. "Lay on your stomach for me, kitten." Taehyung whispered softly into Jungkook's ears, helping him shift his position as he kissed the corner of Jungkook's mouth, then from the back of his neck to the base of his spine leaving a trail of pretty pink love bites that had Jungkook whimpering for more.

"Lift your ass up for me." Taehyung ordered, but it came out more like a pleading. Jungkook made to lift himself on his knees but his legs wouldn't listen to him so Taehyung helped Jungkook, hooking a hand under his hips and pulled them up so that his ass was perched up high in the air, face down and resting on his crossed forearms. He felt terribly exposed and vulnerable like this, lost with absolutely no idea about what Taehyung was about to do to him but it's Taehyung and he trusts him more than he trusts himself. He knows Taehyung won't ever do anything to hurt him and that's what mattered the most.

He still couldn't help but feel nervous but at the same time thrill was coursing through his blood when he felt Taehyung lean in to nip playfully at Jungkook's butt cheeks and he couldn't help but let out a low whimper at that, he was not expecting it. Taehyung spread his cheeks apart further and then grazed his index finger over the pretty pink hole. Jungkook cried out at that, loudly, he could feel Taehyung's smirk against his skin as he brought his mouth close to his entrance and lapped his tongue over it, slicking it up, and a sinful moan escaped Jungkook's lips at the touch. He pressed his face onto the mattress further, forehead on his forearms as he tried to keep his breathing under control when Taehyung pushed the tip of his tongue inside the tight ring of muscles, working out a rhythm as he loosened Jungkook up.

Taehyung's tongue was obscene. Licking and nibbling on Jungkook's ass as if his life depended on it, making him moan constantly as his eyes watered at the sudden furious elation coursing through his body, he never felt this way before, he never felt so much pleasure at once that it was making it hard to even breathe in properly. He was so close, so so close but Taehyung pulled back, denying him his release, again! Jungkook cursed under his breath and whined at the loss of contact, he felt like was going to go insane is he didn't come soon.

Taehyung pressed a kiss to his tailbone in apology and then leaned down over Jungkook's back to kiss his neck as he sucked another bruise on the flesh. "I'll be right back, babe." Taehyung murmured against the skin as he stood up, fumbling inside the first drawer of his nightstand for the lube and a
condom. When he finally found them, he threw them on the bed at their sides, kissed Jungkook's mouth again and flipped him over so that he was now resting on his back.

And wow did Jungkook miss that face of his, only now it looked more debauched and flushed with arousal, hair ruffled and messy, eyes dark with hunger, pretty lips red with the strain of being used so much, trickles of sweat running down his rippling lean muscles, veins bulging on his forearms as he held himself up, Taehyung looked beautiful and Jungkook was feeling proud that he was the reason Taehyung looked like this.

Taehyung snapped the lube bottle open and poured a generous amount on his fingers, “Babe, it’s going to feel a little uncomfortable so please bear with it for a while.” Taehyung murmured into Jungkook’s ears and pressed a kiss on his lips. He just nodded in response, not having enough energy to think right now, let alone speak.

Jungkook felt Taehyung's finger circling around his rim, loosening the muscle a little bit more and whimpered when Taehyung pressed the tip of his digit inside and pulled it back only to press inside again, this time deeper. The feeling was foreign and Jungkook couldn’t help but feel uneasy, it didn't exactly hurt but it wasn't the most pleasant feeling in the world either. He clutched the bed sheets in his fists as he bit down a groan when Taehyung managed to push the finger all the way in, “Ah, T-Tae it's weird,” Jungkook cried out, he wasn't sure if he liked it or not.

*  
“Shh,-” He said as he started to stoke Jungkook's cock just enough to distract him, but never enough to make him come, "-it’s going to get better kitten, I promise.” Taehyung all but cooed. He built up an easy pace and when he deemed Jungkook was ready to take more, he slowly pushed down another finger into the tight ring of muscles, working Jungkook loose again.

When the slide wasn't as tight anymore he started scissoring his fingers making Jungkook whine at that, eyes closing momentarily. 'Thank God!' Taehyung thought to himself, it meant Jungkook wasn't feeling uncomfortable anymore, so he changed the angle of his fingers to try and find his prostate.

It took a few seconds, but he knew he was close when Jungkook let out the most guttural moan he had heard all night, his fingers brushing over a sensitive bundle of nerves. Taehyung smirked in victory, hitting that spot each time and making Jungkook thrash on to the bed. Now that he had something else to distract Jungkook with, he let go of his cock, brought his hand to the back of Jungkook's knee and bent his leg towards his chest, exposing him a little bit more so he could work in a third finger. Jungkook whimpered at that, face scrunching up in pain and Taehyung leaned over to kiss at Jungkook's cheeks and murmur praises against his lips, slowly opening him up further until all Jungkook could feel was pleasure.

“Tae, p-please, please.” Jungkook was mess as he begged shamelessly and Taehyung couldn't help but graze his fingers over that spot again, riling Jungkook up to the point where he couldn’t take it anymore. Taehyung brought him close to the edge for the third time that night and Jungkook came crashing down from the high when Taehyung stopped and pulled back.

Jungkook looked like he couldn’t take it anymore and knowing he stretched the boy enough, Taehyung finally got rid of those jeans, flushed rock hard cock standing proudly between his legs, and tore the condom wrapper apart with his teeth. He rolled the latex on his shaft, clambered back on the bed and settled himself over Jungkook as he pushed Jungkook's knees to his chest and gestured for him to hold them like that.

*
Jungkook did as he was told in a daze, hooked his hands on the back of his thighs and held himself open for Taehyung, letting him take in the view before he leaned over to give him a wet and sloppy kiss as he guided his cock to Jungkook's rim, sliding in slowly but steadily to the hilt. Jungkook cried out at intrusion, he was feeling so full and was in a hazy mix of pain and pleasure, his body still adjusting to Taehyung's girth. He was holding himself up with one arm on either side of Jungkook's head, breathing harshly and looking like it was taking all of him not to just pound Jungkook then and there as he leaned down to kiss Jungkook sweetly, warmth spreading through his body at the tender affection, God he loved it when Taehyung was putting his needs before his own.

After the sting of pain started to dissipate, he rolled his hips down experimentally and moaned at the friction, Taehyung's fingers felt really good when they were inside him but it did not compare to his cock. Taking that as a go ahead Taehyung raised Jungkook's hips so that he was slightly on his lap and wrapped his legs around Taehyung's waist as he leaned over Jungkook and laced their hands together, holding them in place above Jungkook's head and placed a kiss to his forehead.

Taehyung started off at a slow pace, switching his hips to try out a different angle this time which had Jungkook arching his back, expletives rolling off his mouth, steadily building up a rhythm and the pain that Jungkook felt was long forgotten and replaced with nothing but pure ecstasy as the head of Taehyung's cock hit his prostate with every slide. "Taehyung, ngh," Jungkook panted as the thrusts got deeper, the room filled with sound of skin on skin slapping, rustling of sheets and breathy moans. "T-Tae, p-please." Jungkook begged, as Taehyung's thrusts grew faster, slamming dead on his prostate each time, making Jungkook's body feel like it was on flames, pleasure numbing his entire body as he went limp in Taehyung's arms from the pure bliss of it.

"Are you okay, babe?" Taehyung asked, voice drained with the effort he was putting in fucking Jungkook's brain's out, he looked worried but Jungkook closed his eyes and moaned out a soft yes, he didn't want Taehyung to stop.

All it took were a few more strategically positioned thrusts to bring Jungkook over the edge, coming untouched. Taehyung groaned noisily when Jungkook rode out his orgasm, painting their torsos white as Taehyung kept thrusting, keeping a languid pace and finally exploding inside Jungkook, his own vision turning white after a few seconds. Jungkook's brain was turned into goo, all he could think about was Taehyung and Taehyung alone. He just had his first time and it was the most mind-blowing experience he's ever had.

* 

Taehyung pulled out, making Jungkook whimper softly and rolled on his side as he took off the used condom and threw it in the dustbin that was beside the nightstand. He was feeling elated, that was the best sex he's ever had and he couldn't help but smile softly at the boy beside him, looking absolutely wrecked, his heart swelling with pride knowing he caused it, he's the reason Jungkook is blissed out right now.

Taehyung brushed Jungkook’s hair from his forehead and placed a soft kiss on his brow bone, “Are you okay?” He murmured into Jungkook’s ears and then pecked his cheeks tenderly.

“Y-Yeah,” Jungkook croaked out, sending shivers down Taehyung's spine at Jungkook's strained voice.

Taehyung nuzzled his head in Jungkook’s neck and stayed like that for a few minutes, letting themselves calm down as they basked in each other's scents, it was what they needed for the moment at least.

“Let me clean you up okay?” Taehyung said as he got out of the bed, making Jungkook whine at the
loss of contact. He chuckled softly but went to the bathroom to clean himself and the brought a wet towel to clean Jungkook up as well. He wiped off the come from his torso and then passed the material softly over his abused hole, cleaning up the lube and earning a groan in return from Jungkook, so Taehyung had to kiss him to divert his attention. He loved it when Jungkook would loose himself so easily in his kisses that anything else going on around them didn't matter anymore. Taehyung threw the towel on the floor and pulled Jungkook closer, throwing one of Jungkook's legs over his waist so that they could be cocooned together as Jungkook rested his head on the crook of Taehyung's neck and shoulder. He looked so adorable like this, warm and cosy with that after sex glow going on around him that Taehyung couldn't help but press a kiss on Jungkook’s mouth humming softly.

They stayed like that for what seemed like hours and Taehyung could see Jungkook's eyelids slowly shutting down, but he would keep on fighting the sleepiness, “Babe,” Taehyung cooed, “Go to sleep.” As much as he wanted this moment to last forever, he knew that the sex drained Jungkook up, especially because he went so hard on him considering it was Jungkook's first time.

“I will,” Jungkook answered in a whisper, then pressed his lips on Taehyung's neck and fell asleep in the blink of an eye. Taehyung smiled as he was watching the Jungkook sleep on him, soft breath fanning across Taehyung’s neck. He didn't understand when he got so lucky to have this precious person fall asleep in his arms, he really didn't. Taehyung pulled the duvet over him so that he was warm enough, last thing he wanted was for Jungkook to catch a cold. That night once again a realization hit upon him as he was running his palm through the soft hair at the nape of Jungkoo’s head.

He loved a boy named Jeon Jungkook.

~~
Taehyung fluttered his eyes open, the warm sunlight making it hard for him to keep on sleeping and moaned softly when he felt a flushed body pressed against his back. He shifted his position only to see the most beautiful boy peacefully sleeping with his mouth slightly parted and he smiled, an overwhelming feeling seeping into his bones, warming up his entire body.

Taehyung got out of the mess of limbs without waking Jungkook from his slumber, leaned on one elbow so he was slightly hovering over him and grazed his fingers over Jungkook’s face, softly ruffling his hair as he leaned in to press his mouth against those parted lips, so velvety it almost knocked the breath out of his lungs.

“Ugh, good morning Tae.” Jungkook whispered, slowly opening his eyes.

“Good morning, baby.” Taehyung replied, Jungkook looked so cute in the morning he couldn't help but lean over a peck him on his squishy cheeks, "I'm sorry I woke you up.”

“No, it’s okay.” Jungkook said as a blush was rising on his face, "I could tell you were staring.”

Taehyung’s heart flushed with warmth because Jungkook was his and he couldn’t be happier, “Oh? How about you clean up and I’ll make you something to eat?” Taehyung suggested as he was nuzzling at Jungkook’s cheeks, then pressed a kiss to the corner of his mouth. Jungkook just mouthed an okay while pushing the duvet away and made his way to the bathroom.

Taehyung just went to another bathroom from the house, cleaned up and then made his way to the kitchen. Making breakfast for Jungkook was easy since he didn’t have any particular needs, so Taehyung decided to go with some sunny side up eggs, toast and pancakes with dried fruit.

He's still kind of expecting to wake up and realize that all of this is a dream, that Jungkook isn't his, that they didn't wake up in the same bed together this morning after making love last night. And that's another thing, he, Kim Taehyung, made love last night. He's never done that, ever, he just fucks his partners and that's it, even with she-who-shall-not-be-named it was never as intense as with Jungkook.

He was scooping up the cinnamon flavored pancake mix to put it in a heated pan when Jungkook walked in the kitchen, his eyelids still heavy with sleep and smiled at Taehyung as he made his way over to peck Taehyung on the lips, then snaked his arms around his torso from behind and rested his head on Taehyung's shoulder. The eggs and toast were already on the table, he just needed to finish the pancakes and they were good to go.

"Can I help?" Jungkook asked, voice still rough with sleep, making Taehyung close his eyes and count to three so he could calm down. The things Jungkook was doing to him without even trying were getting ridiculous.

Figuring a little bit of distance from Jungkook would do his libido some good right now, he gestured for him to put the dried fruits in a bowl on the table, some honey and maple syrup. When that was
done Jungkook went ahead and added two tall glasses from the cupboard and the orange juice from the fridge as well. Taehyung smiled at that, seeing Jungkook so familiar with his kitchen made him incredibly happy for some reason.

When the pancakes were finally done, they both sat at the table and dug in, obviously hungry after their long night yesterday. Taehyung grinned at the sight of Jungkook humming down the food happily, watching him eat was becoming one of his favorite things about Jungkook. He always ate so deliciously Taehyung couldn't help but watch in awe, he felt full just by seeing him eat.

After finishing up their meal Jungkook insisted on helping Taehyung do the dishes, just like the other times. He couldn't help but notice how domestic all of this was, but instead of feeling panicked like was expecting to, he felt content, like everything was falling back into their right places. Taehyung didn't know what that meant but he knew he loved him, so he guessed that it couldn't be a bad thing, not with Jungkook.

They were putting the plates back on the shelves when Taehyung thought of asking Jungkook something that's been running on his mind ever since last night, “Jungkook, do you want to go out with me today?”

*  

“Where?” Jungkook asked. He wasn't that surprised by Taehyung’s question, they were dating after all, so dates will happen, it was a given, though he had to admit he was not expecting for one today.

“Remember when I asked you if you wanted to go out on a date with me?” Taehyung asked, and at Jungkook's nod, he continued cheekily, “Let’s say it’s today and a surprise, so, will you?”

Jungkook’s cheeks flushed at the thought of going on a date with Taehyung, heart full with adoration as he leaned in to press his lips against his. Taehyung looked taken aback at Jungkook showing affection so openly but he gladly kissed him back, lips tasting sweet with honey. “Of course, I will silly.” Jungkook replied, as if he would ever refuse to go on a date with him.

Taehyung smiled, looking relived, “Go take a shower and then we’ll leave, okay baby?”

“Okay.” Jungkook said but didn't make any move to go away yet so Taehyung started chuckling, then promptly smacked his ass playfully in a go on then gesture, making Jungkook's sputter indignantly but hurried to the bathroom to get ready anyway.

It took them about half an hour to get ready. Jungkook was wearing one of Taehyung’s T-shirts and boxers since he didn't bring a change of clothes with him, and he loved it, he loved that he was surrounded by Taehyung's scent, it made him feel safe.

“Where are we going?” Jungkook asked for the hundredth time. They were in Taehyung’s car, driving off to somewhere he didn't know about, but he wasn't worried about it, in fact he was rather excited, it felt like an adventure to him.

“Nowhere special.” Taehyung laughed, he said the same answer whenever Jungkook would ask where they are going just to get on his nerves. Jungkook pouted in what he hoped was a cute way, channeling Jimin's deadly puppy eyes, but he knew it was of no use, not when Taehyung wouldn't even look a him, just straight ahead on the road, probably trying to not fall for any of Jungkook’s tricks and give in.

~~

Taehyung pulled out in front of a building that seemed old and closed down. Jungkook quirked his
eyebrows at the place, doubting Taehyung’s intentions for a second. ‘Why are we here?’ He thought to himself, the building looked like the perfect set for a murder to happen and that gave off a creepy vibe. The outside walls were rusted, paint missing from different spots and there were barely one or two people in the vicinity.

“Let’s go.” Taehyung said excitedly as he unbuckled his belt and moved around to open the door for Jungkook like the smooth gentlemen he was. Jungkook smiled fondly at how Taehyung, the former campus player, was being all chivalrous, it honestly made Jungkook’s heart swell with pride at how far they’ve come together.

“Why are we here?” Jungkook asked again, the curiosity taking over the eerie feeling he was getting.

“You’ll see.” Taehyung replied and then dragged Jungkook along with him inside. When they entered the building Jungkook couldn’t believe his eyes for a second. It was a lot cleaner than he expected it to be, the place calm and after eyeing the place for another minute, Jungkook noticed a man about 30-35 year old standing in front of the door at the end of the huge empty ball room, that led to somewhere Jungkook didn’t know. Taehyung walked to the man quickly, leaving Jungkook behind, and said something to the stranger in a low voice so he couldn't hear what they were talking about. The man whispered back into his ears and made Taehyung blush for a second, now Jungkook was getting really curious about what was going on here.

“Come on.” Taehyung ordered, linking his arm with Jungkook and guiding him through the mysterious door the man was guarding.

When they both got inside Jungkook’s eyes widened and his jaw dropped because damn if it wasn’t the most beautiful thing he had ever seen. There were maroon cozy couches around the place that held big ass grey pillows and small tables in front of them with delicious foods. At the end of the room was a huge screen, four huge speakers around the corners and the lights were dim but they were illuminating the room in a very beautiful way, it was sort of like a theater but a very private one.

Jungkook never felt this happy in his life, it was the most romantic thing someone could ever do for him and he was speechless, “How--? When-?” He asked, obviously stuttering with the need to speak properly, but couldn’t.

“Well I sort of own this property and my family doesn’t use it anymore, so I thought why not turn it into something like this?” Taehyung explained as he was motioning with his hands around the place, "I've been preparing for this since after I asked you out. Do you like it?” He asked as he was stepping closer to Jungkook, engulfing him with the smell of his amazing cologne.

He was so close now, Jungkook could hear his soft breaths, “I-I love it, so much.” He said as he pressed his lips on Taehyung’s cheeks, giving him a short, sweet kiss.

“I'm glad.” Taehyung smiled as he took a hold of Jungkook's hand, "Now let’s take a seat shall we?” He said as he led them to a couch at the middle of the room so that the screen wouldn’t be too close or far, “I ordered all of your favorite foods so feel free to dig in okay? I chose your favorite movie as well.”

Jungkook blinked. He gets to spend his afternoon with his boyfriend, eat his favorite food and watch his favorite movie, just when in the world did he get so lucky? “How do you know about my favorite movie?” He asked curiously, Jungkook was pretty sure they haven't talked about favorite movies yet.

“I might have asked someone named Park Jimin.” Taehyung said as he stuck his tongue out at Jungkook. Out of all the stuff Taehyung ever did or said, he decided that this was the most adorable
thing ever.

After a few minutes the room went dark and the screen flashed with the movie name "UP". Yes, that animated movie was indeed his favorite and he wasn't ashamed of it. Jungkook smiled knowing this genre wasn’t Taehyung’s type, since he told him before that he likes drama or thriller more, but he was still here for Jungkook’s sake and that made him all the more precious in Jungkook's eyes.

~~

Approximately forty minutes passed and Taehyung was staring at the screen, bored already. The movie was cute and all but it wasn't exactly his cup of tea. He glanced at Jungkook, wanting to see if at least he was enjoying it, and that’s when his eye balls grew wide, choking on his popcorn and grabbed a bottle of water quickly to flush the bits of food that went in the wrong direction when he swallowed.

Jeon Jungkook was crying. He was fucking crying! Like, he literally had tears streaming down his face. Taehyung panicked because holy shit his Jungkook is crying!

Taehyung looked at the screen and he realized he was crying at the part where the old man’s wife dies. What the fuck? He thought to himself as he got closer to Jungkook and pulled him in his arms, "Jungkook, hey hey." Taehyung tried to get Jungkook’s attention but he wouldn't listen, "Look at me." He tried again, "I said look at me.” Taehyung pleaded as he palmed Jungkook’s face, looking at him straight in the eyes but Jungkook wouldn’t look back and those tears kept on falling down his pretty cheeks, “Baby, shh. Stop crying, baby, please?” Taehyung cooed, trying to soothe him, but he was obviously distressed because fuck, he hates seeing Jungkook cry.

Jungkook didn’t stop, instead he started to snivel, lips quivering as more tears were glistening at the corner of his eyes, “Jungkook, I said stop. You’re not a pretty crier.” Taehyung tried to crack a joke and Jungkook looks up at that, laughing a little, making Taehyung feel like he conquered the whole fucking world with his very own bare hands.

“I'm s-sorry.” Jungkook apologized between hiccups, "I get so emotional when this scene comes on.” He shuddered out, "I'm sorry I ruined the mood, I ruined e-everything.” Jungkook sobbed, looking away from Taehyung as if he expected to be scolded or something and no, hell no, Taehyung would die before he would let Jungkook believe that kind of crap.

Taehyung leaned his forehead against Jungkook as started, “Hey hey, who says you ruined everything? Please don’t cry, I hate seeing you cry. Please baby?” He whispered, using his thumb to rub on Jungkook’s tear stained cheeks as he pressed his lips on his forehead, nose, underneath his eyes, on his cheeks and lastly he kissed his lips. He lingered there for a second, just taking in the feel of Jungkook’s plush, warm lips, before opening his mouth and kissing him properly. He could feel Jungkook clutching on his shirt as he pulled him closer and Taehyung took his sweet time simply savoring Jungkook’s taste. He kissed him putting every bit of emotion and fervor in it, hoping it would make Jungkook forget about the movie.

* *

They pulled back when they ran out of air but they were still so close Jungkook could feel Taehyung’s warm breath on his face and smell of that cologne that was going straight down to his groin.

“Do you want to continue watching the movie or do you want to get out?” Taehyung asked as he was quirking his eyebrows.
“Get out.” Jungkook replied without breaking a sweat. The mood was killed anyway by his crying so why not leave. They got up from the couches, grabbed their coats and Taehyung wasted no time in dragging Jungkook out of there, “Where are we going?” Jungkook asked, stumbling while walking.

“You’ll see.” Taehyung replied as evasive as ever.

They were heading towards an elevator at the end of the hall and Jungkook was slightly worried that they were going to die pathetically like those people in TV shows but calmed down immediately when he saw it was new. They got in and rode all the way up to the last floor. “Tae, is this even allowed?” Jungkook asked as he bit on his lips, he was fairly sure that what they were doing wasn’t exactly legal.

“I own this place Jungkook, relax.” Taehyung said as he held Jungkook’s hands and led them to the terrace.

It was beautiful. They could practically view the whole city and Jungkook’s eyes lit up because he has always wanted to see something like this. The late afternoon sun high in the clear blue sky and fluffy looking clouds floating about above the snow covered Seoul. Then Jungkook teared his gaze away from the landscape and looked at Taehyung’s profile. He had his head tilted towards the sun, wind blowing through his hair, eyes closed as he was enjoying the chilly breeze, cheeks red from the cold and warm puffs of steam escaping his soft lips with every exhale. Jungkook’s heart filled with nothing but warmth at the sight of his beautiful Taehyung, knowing he was so damn lucky to have someone who cared for him so much.

“Do you like it? It looks better at night though. Let’s come here at night next time.” Taehyung smiled as he turned his head to the side to look at Jungkook.

“I love it.” Jungkook said truthfully, ”And, yeah let’s do that.” He added, as long as he got to share these kind of moments with Taehyung he didn’t mind, not one bit. Taehyung smiled again, a sweet closed lipped smile with soft features and tender looking eyes, that Jungkook liked to think it was only meant for him to see and nobody else. He loved it.

Taehyung pulled Jungkook in for another kiss, making him stumble and gripped on Taehyung’s arms, but gladly kissed him back. He couldn’t help it, not when Taehyung nipped on Jungkook’s bottom lip, asking for permission and he opened his mouth to let Taehyung have his way as he always did, letting Taehyung dominate him at his will. The kiss was hot and filthy and Jungkook loved it, he wouldn’t have had it any other way. He loved kissing Taehyung so much that Jungkook wanted him to experience what Taehyung always made him feel, so he pulled back first only to dip his mouth and suckle lightly on Taehyung’s chin and down Taehyung’s neck.

Taehyung shivered because Jungkook has never kissed him like this before, but he loved it. It felt so fucking good that Taehyung lost his mind for a second there, then Jungkook pressed his hands at the back of Taehyung’s head to keep him still and pressed feather like kisses on Taehyung’s collarbone, nipping slightly on the skin as he made his way back up Taehyung’s throat. He then moved his face to lick on the spot behind Taehyung’s ear and he groaned loudly because fuck, he was already hard, cock straining in the confines of his jeans. This is what Jungkook does to his body.

Taehyung wrapped his arms possessively over Jungkook’s waist, anchoring himself back to earth, as Jungkook kept littering kisses on his neck, making his way up again so he could bite softly on his earlobe and then whispered against them, “You made me feel so many things last night, I-I want to make you feel the same way.” Jungkook murmured into Taehyung’s ears and he trembled with
excitement because how can someone say these kinds of things while stammering?

“Fuck,” Taehyung cursed, ”Jungkook, baby, if you keep saying things like that then I’m just going
to bend you over and take you right here. Do you want me to?” Taehyung growled as he dragged his
nose on Jungkook's temple, making him blush gorgeously at that.

“N-No, n-not here.” Jungkook stuttered as a violent shiver took over his body and moved away way
too quickly. Taehyung smirked because he was in love with a kitten.

“Then, let’s stop here for today yeah? I don’t want anyone to see you when I’m fucking you.”
Taehyung said, voice rasp with want as he dipped his hands and squeezed Jungkook's ass through
his jeans. Jungkook shudders again and just looks at Taehyung with wide eyes, pupils blown up, red
spit slick lips parted as his cheeks stain into a pretty pink color. “Let’s go home.”

~~

When they reached home Taehyung decided to make dinner for them. He chose to make some soup
because it was a light meal and they were both sort of full from eating lunch at the theater. He was
cutting an onion, eyes squinted with the sting of the vegetable when his phone suddenly buzzed,
making him open his eyes in surprise but immediately regretted it when they started to water steadily
now, anyone would have said he was outright crying. He mentally groaned because now is now the
time for a phone call and went over to his phone. Mother displayed on the screen and he groaned for
real after seeing the ID.

“Mother.” Taehyung answered, he didn't even hear her voice yet and he was already annoyed.

“Is that how you greet your mom who you haven't seen in weeks?” His mom scolded, earning an
eye roll from Taehyung, she was always so dramatic.

“Isn’t that very normal for you? Get to the point. Why are you calling?” Taehyung asked sternly, he
didn't have time for her games, he had dinner to make and a lovely boyfriend to feed.

“Okay, I'll be direct. I want you to meet someone.” His mom stated.

Taehyung sighed, “Depends on who that someone is.”

“Mother.” Taehyung answered, he didn't even hear her voice yet and he was already annoyed.

“Is that how you greet your mom who you haven't seen in weeks?” His mom scolded, earning an
eye roll from Taehyung, she was always so dramatic.

“Isn’t that very normal for you? Get to the point. Why are you calling?” Taehyung asked sternly, he
didn't have time for her games, he had dinner to make and a lovely boyfriend to feed.

“Okay, I'll be direct. I want you to meet someone.” His mom stated.

Taehyung sighed, “Depends on who that someone is.”

“She is probably heading over to our house now.” His mother continued.

“Mom, what the hell? Who is she?” Taehyung’s voice drops because Jungkook is in the room beside
him and he doesn't want to hear him fight with his mother.

“Someone you know very well.” His mother answered but at the same time didn't actually answer.
He hated it when she was being evasive like this. Someone he knows well? Who could that be?
Taehyung paused when a thought hit him like a ton of bricks. It couldn’t be her. No way!...Could it?
“Hello?” He hears his mom’s voice, bringing him out of his internal freakout.

“Who is she, mother?” Taehyung questioned, anger starting to well up in his veins, ”It’s fucking
19pm!” He exploded loudly, ”You can’t just call me from nowhere and tell me someone is coming to
our house right now. I could be out for god’s sake!”

“Watch your language, Kim Taehyung.” His mom chided, voice dead serious.

Taehyung has never been this angry, he wants to fucking kill someone, “I don’t fucking care if she’s
the heir to some industry! I don’t want to see her face! Do you understand? And mom, I'm already
dating someone so please, please let me be happy with him.” Taehyung pleaded but his voice was
icy. He honestly didn't care if his mother disapproved anyway, but it was worth a shot at least.

“Him?”

“Goodbye mother, enjoy your trip.” Taehyung said and then ended the call before she got the chance to reply.

Taehyung puts his phone back on the table and just simply stands there for a few minutes, trying to process all the things his mom said. Some girl is coming here to meet him for what could practically be called a blind date and Jungkook is in the house with him. But it doesn't really matter because he will get rid of her quickly before she even gets the chance to step inside the house. Still, if she's...Taehyung’s prays to the deities above to not let that someone be her.

Maybe he’s thinking too much and he's just paranoiac or something, so he decided to get on with preparing the soup. He still has those damn onions to chop and the potatoes to peel and cut as well, so he goes on to continue making dinner.

When everything is in the pot on the stove, only 2 more minutes until it's ready, Taehyung starts to walk to the living room to call Jungkook for dinner and that’s when the door bell rings. Taehyung stops in his tracks, heart starts beating fast and he hopes, he prays for it not to be her. 'Please anyone but her.' He thinks to himself as he goes to the entrance and freezes on the spot when he sees Jungkook beat him to it and he already opened the door.

The whole world stops when he sees who’s on the other side of the doorstep and Taehyung feels like the ground under him is shifting. He feels suffocated and he wants to hide, he wants to grab onto Jungkook’s hands and run away somewhere far, far away from everything.

“Oh hello. You must be Jungkook.”

It's her.

Irene.

~~

Chapter End Notes

I AM SO SORRY FOR UPDATING AFTER A MONTH. I was so busy I am sorry. I am sorry that this is so short I will try to make the next chapters bigger I promise. I didn’t edit this chapter so please ignore the mistakes I will fix them asap. Also, a heads up THE ANGST STARTS HERE!
"You must be Jungkook."

Jungkook's throat was dry and he felt sleepy all of a sudden, tiredness taking over his body like poison. She was standing in front of him, with a sly grin on her beautiful face, and even though all Jungkook wanted to do right now was hide, he couldn't help but admit that she was pretty. No, she was gorgeous with her long light brown straight hair, perfect makeup, a cute baby pink flowy mini dress, high heels and a purse perched on her shoulder. He felt a sting of jealousy stab hot though his heart, of course Taehyung would date someone as beautiful. There's no way he could compete with her and on top of all of that, he's a guy.

"Hello, Jungkook." She said in a low, even voice, that grin never leaving her face.

Jungkook stares at her like he's just seen a ghost, "H-How do you know my name?" He stutters, of course he stutters. It wouldn't be him if he wouldn't have made an ass of himself in front of the ex.

"Well, I have my sources." She stated, her voice heavy.

Jungkook was going in fight-or-flight mode, and right now he didn't feel much like fighting, but then he felt Taehyung move beside him and Jungkook let out a deep breath. Taehyung is here. He is safe. There's nothing to worry about anymore.

"Irene." Taehyung gritted out, venom present in his voice as if he just said Satan's name or something.

"Taehyung." Irene nods in acknowledgment, "Long time no see." She slurred, raising her eyebrows when she saw Taehyung get closer to him protectively.

"Why are you here?" Taehyung clenched his teeth, fingers burying into the flesh of his hands.

"This isn't the kind of welcome I was expecting." Irene laughed, slightly pushing Jungkook out of the way to get inside the treshold.

"Shut up and get to the point." Taehyung snapped irritated, "Why are you here?" He repeated again.

"Well, first because your mom asked me to talk to you," Irene said as he brought her hand up to count on her fingers, "-and second because we should get back together. You miss me don't you?" She asked, a knowing look on her face, as if she knew something Taehyung didn't, as if she knew Taehyung better than he knew himself.

Jungkook drunk in her words and something inside him flipped like a switch. His eyes widened and for a second he couldn't believe his ears, 'She wanted them to get back together?! Why?' Jungkook thought to himself, he couldn't fathom why she would think Taehyung would accept that, unless...What if after all this time Taehyung still wanted her? What if he agrees to get back with her? Jungkook felt like a whole fucking truck of iced water poured down on him, he couldn't breathe and
much to Jungkook’s horror, Taehyung’s eyes looked hesitant there for a second. It could have been because of the sudden turn of events but Taehyung hesitated. He felt like his whole world was crumbling to the ground around him. He knew it, he knew all good things never last, not in his life anyway.

“Why, why would I want that?” Taehyung asked evenly, face neutral.

"Because, at some point in your life you loved me." Irene stated as if Jungkook wasn't standing right there beside them, "I made you happy, didn't I?” Her grin was gone and her voice was dead serious now.

"It's all in the past now, Irene." Taehyung gritted his teeth in annoyance and looked this close to breaking something.

Jungkook wanted to go back to his room and sleep for like a week. He felt so out of the place now, he couldn't bear to be in the same room as them. It was suffocating him, it felt as if someone was continuously cutting the air out from his lungs, making him want to choke on his own breaths.

"You know what they say, you can never forget your first love. You bury them deep down with a new love, but you can never forget them." Irene stated, but it was more like a whisper. She was right though, or at least Jungkook felt like she was. Well if it's true then...Does that mean somewhere in the back of Taehyung's mind he still has feelings for Irene?

"Shut up and leave, please." Taehyung said, but his voice was shaking and Jungkook could tell he was almost begging.

"Okay,-" Irene amended, "-but you know I'll be back." She smiled as he walked past Jungkook and out the door.

Once she was gone they were both standing there at the entrance, motionless, the air heavy around them, or maybe it was just Jungkook that felt that way.

"Jungkook I-" Taehyung started only to get cut off by Jungkook's words.

"I want to go back to my dorm for tonight." Jungkook said as fast as he could and took a deep breath after getting the words out. He can't do this, not tonight, he needed to be alone.

"Jungkook, please-" Taehyung pleaded.

"No. Don't. It's not your fault, I know that, still, I can't help but feel...bad about this." Jungkook said as a grimace was taking over his features, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry you like someone like me, I'm sorry for feeling like this, I'm sorry. I just need some time to clear my head maybe figure some things out.” He finished, he didn't know how long he had until he would fall apart but he knew it wasn't long, and he needed to get out of there as soon as possible. He didn't want Taehyung to see him like that, it was enough that he was already weak as he was, there was no need for further proof of that fact.

He looked up at Taehyung after he got the words out and he felt like his heart was torn out from his chest. He’s never seen Taehyung like this and he cursed himself internally for putting him through something like this. Taehyung looked like he was going to break into pieces, like he could feel his world crumbling down and Jungkook hated himself for being the reason to bring such and ugly expression on that beautiful face. "I understand." Was all Taehyung said as he bit his lip a little too hard.

The next few minutes where a whirlwind for both of them. Jungkook stomped off to Taehyung’s room to take his things and before they knew he slammed the front door shut, leaving Taehyung
alone in the big, cold house.

Jungkook hated it...no, he hated himself for being like this, for feeling something so ugly, for tainting Taehyung with his own bitterness. 'But is it wrong? Is it wrong to feel this way? Is it not normal?' He thought to himself, but deep down he knows, he knows him and Taehyung are different. He knows their status difference, their thinking, the way they were both brought up in different worlds, he knows, yet he still chose to be with Taehyung, he still chose to like Taehyung. 'Was it not enough?' He thought as he bit his lips hard enough to draw out blood.

Jungkook stopped when the elevator pinged as he reached floor number two and looked around himself confused. He doesn't even know how he got here, he can't remember anything from the ride back home. Jungkook just sighed and closed his eyes as tears were collecting at the corners, he was so tired and memory loss was never a good sign. He first started to get them after his family died and then they happened sporadically whenever something really bad would happen at the foster homes. It was his coping mechanism, though he wasn't sure how well it worked because at the end of the day he still felt shitty, it's just that he didn't remember why.

He walked inside his room once he unlocked the door, the place where he confessed to Taehyung, where they promised to be together for a long time. Even though the heater was on, he was feeling so cold, like his body didn't know how to function without Taehyung's warmth and just gave up, like he himself did.

He fell on his bed without changing his clothes or even bothering to pull the duvet over himself and closed his eyes. He tried to sleep because his body was tired but his mind kept wandering to Taehyung, all he could see was Taehyung and Taehyung only.

*

"Hyung! Namjoon hyung. Hyuuung." Taehyung whined pitifully, "Why does this happen to me? Hyungie, don't I deserve any love in this world?" He asked as he gulped down another shot, throat burning but he didn't want to stop and go back to reality, this was better, oblivion was so much better. He was at a bar somewhere, with a Jack and a shot glass in front of him. After asking for a drink so many times, he just decided to buy the whole bottle and drown himself in alcohol.

"Taehyung? What? What are you talking about?" Namjoon's worried voice came out through the phone speakers but Taehyung was silent, suddenly remembering exactly what happened, "Taehyung, hey!" Namjoon called, "Talk to me, tell me what's wrong, Taehyung?"

"I hate it sooo much hyung. Everyone leaves me." Taehyung managed to get out angrily as he took another shot, "Will you too? You will, won't you?" He asked and stated at the same, feeling sad all of a sudden at the thought of his friends leaving him as well. One more shot went down his throat at that, voice cracking each time he drank one.

"Tell me what's wrong, damn it!" Namjoon cursed, "Where are you Taehyung? Please tell me what happened!" He yelled loudly through the phone, loud enough to make the bartender glance at Taehyung for a fraction of a second before he going back to serve the other clients.

"I don't know where I am hyung." Taehyung said truthfully, all he could remember was driving aimlessly until he found this place and decided to fuck it and get drunk, "My hyungie. Maybe t-this is a b-bar. It has pretty l-lights. Really pretty. So pretty. Like Jungkook. He's so pretty hyung why is he so pretty. The most beautiful boy ever. Hyung, I love him. I love him sooo much. But he left. He left me too. Hyung, help me. I love him so much my heart is hurting. Hyung, my Namjoon hyung you love Seokjin too right. You do. I know. I know. Does he love you back? I know he does. Doesn't he? Then why hyung, why won't Jungkook love me back. Why did he leave hyung? Answer me!"
Taehyung all but sobbed. Thinking of Jungkook made his heart ache and even this fucking alcohol couldn't numb that, nothing could make it go away except the one who caused it, Jungkook.

"Taehyung..." Namjoon said carefully because he could tell his friend was on the verge of having a mental meltdown, "What the fuck happened?" He asked for the umpteenth time.

"She's back, hyungie. That fucking bitch, that whore is back." Taehyung spat, feeling disgusted at thought her. "She's back. I hate her hyung. Namjoon hyungg, I hate her so much but I used to love her. Why did I ever love her hyung, she ruined my life!" He shrieked and let his head fall on top of the counter, suddenly feeling to dizzy to hold himself upright.

"Irene." Namjoon stated as he cursed under his breath, "Is it her? It is, isn't it?" He said and waited for Taehyung's answer, but sighed when he didn't say anything, "I'm sorry Taehyung, I'm sorry, but we'll figure it out, we will. Yoongi is coming back tomorrow and we'll figure it out together." Namjoon promised and the thought of his friends helping him through this almost made Taehyung smile, almost, "Please go home, please! Or tell me where you are." He asked, concern evident in his voice.

“I don’t know where I am. I don’t know. I don’t.” It hurt everywhere and Taehyung wanted nothing more than drink away the pain but it only made it worse. Alcohol was supposed to make him forget yet all he could remember is Jungkook, nothing but Jungkook, only Jungkook, his beautiful Jungkookie.

“Taehyung, go home buddy, go home.” Were the last words Taehyung heard before cutting off the call.

'I miss him, I miss Jungkook. I miss him so much please bring him back! Please, please, please! I love him, I love him a lot. I only love him! Please, please, please!' Taehyung prayed to whoever would listen to him, but he knew, he just knew they wouldn't, not him, never him.

~~

"Jungkook are you sleeping? Hey, wake up!" A voice said as his shoulder was shaken, "You have class today don’t you? I can’t believe the great Jeon Jungkook slept in.” It was Jimin, laughing softly and sitting on the edge of the bed.

Jungkook groaned and pushed the duvet over his head so Jimin wouldn’t notice his face. Even though he hadn't seen himself in the mirror, he could tell he looked like a boiled rat. He cried all night, of course he would look like that. The last 12 hours were the most excruciating hours of his life. He cried, he was heartbroken and he left like shit. All he wanted to do was be with Taehyung, he still wants to be with Taehyung!

“Jungkook, hey!” Jimin shrieked when Jungkook didn't answer and yanked off the duvet, exposing Jungkook's head to the light of the day. He didn't know what else to do so he covered his face with his hands, a useless stance but he still wanted to try. “Jungkook?” Jimin called out, "Kookie? Hey hey, what's wrong? I come back and my best friend looks like he cried all night, why?" He was worried, Jungkook could tell he was but he didn’t want to talk right now.

“I don’t want to talk about it.” He said quietly, voice raspy and dry with the strain of crying for an entire night.

But Jimin was having none of it, “Did Taehyung do something?” He insisted again.

“No.” Jungkook grumbled as he looked away from Jimin, not wanting to see his friend's hurt
expression, he couldn't deal with that too on top of the shit-storm with Irene.

“If you don’t tell me I’m going to have to ask Taehyung. Do you want that?” Jimin threatened good-naturedly. Jungkook could tell Jimin wanted to hear it from Jungkook himself, but he was willing to ask for information from other people too if it meant he could help Jungkook somehow, no matter how small that was.

Jungkook sighed and gave in, “Do you know Irene?” He asked, the name still bringing a bitter taste in his mouth.

“Yes, I do.” Jimin said as a deep frown was wrinkling his forehead, "How do you know her? Did Taehyung tell you?” He asked with a stern voice.

Jungkook shook his head. Taehyung still hasn't told Jungkook anything about the relationship he had with Irene. Everything he knew was from what he had heard around, “She came to Taehyung’s house yesterday.” He said as he was thumbing at the hem of his shirt, "Asked him if he wanted to get back and stuff.” Jungkook said evenly, he felt as if he cried all his feelings last night and now a void was taking over. It was all to familiar to him, he was used to it and he didn't like the fact that it was coming back in his life. He thought he was passed this a long time ago, but apparently the universe had other plans for him, as always.

“What?” Jimin yelled incredulous, "After all this time she came back and asked if Taehyung wants to get back with her? What sort of craziness is this?” He was pacing around the bed now, hands in his hair like some sort of mad-man, "Jungkook please don’t tell me you are upset because some crazy ex came back and asked if your boyfriend wants to get back with her.” Jimin said as he stopped and looked straight at him, "Taehyung likes you Jungkook. You need,-"

“Jimin,” Jungkook cut him off sternly, “What would you do if Yoongi’s ex came back, asked him to get back together and he looked hesitant.” He said and silence fell over the room, "Tell me, would you not feel jealous or insecure at all? Especially if you knew that ex is a thousand times better looking than you'll ever be and could physically offer him more on the long run than you ever could, like biological children and a normal life for example?” Jungkook’s voice wavered and he knew if he kept talking about this he would end up a crying mess again. He didn't like feeling like this, he didn't want to, but he couldn't help it.

“Jungkook, you know it's not like that. I've seen the way Taehyung looks at you.” Jimin said gently as he sat on the bed again, "He looks at you like forever is not enough." He continued as he pat on Jungkook's shoulder, "I get that you feel bad, but all I'm trying to say is, don’t jeopardize your relationship with Taehyung because of someone who returned from the past.”

Jungkook looked at Jimin and distantly wondered when did his friend get so wise? He knew he was right though, everything he said made sense, yet he still couldn't help but be like this, “I'm just upset Jimin, you would be too. There are too many differences between us and I still chose to be with him.” He smiled sadly at that, they were happy together but trouble follows him wherever he goes, that’s why it never lasts too much, "It just falls back at times and I feel like I'm not enough, I don’t think I'll ever be.”

“You idiot.” Jimin said fondly, "That's what's so special about love, because love doesn’t take in consideration all these differences you're talking about. If you both think that you like each other enough, then you will fight for it.” He said as a reassuring smile spread over his face, conviction evident in his voice.

“Thank you.” Jungkook said and smiled, he couldn't help it when his friend looked so sure Taehyung and him could work it out. So he leaned in to hug Jimin, needing the comfort more than
anything, and felt better after letting all his pent up frustration go, but somewhere at the back of his mind he still felt bitter.

“You have another class now right? Let’s get you ready.” Jimin said as he ruffled Jungkook’s hair, earning a groan from him but he got up and went to get ready anyway. He could wallow in his misery later.

*

“Is he okay?”

“No. But he will be.” Namjoon said tiredly.

Yoongi sighed, he knew it might actually take a while for Taehyung to be okay. He came back this morning and found 10 missed calls on his phone from Namjoon. Apparently Taehyung was at a bar last night and Namjoon got a call from the staff to come pick him up because he was too drunk to even move. So Namjoon rushed over and brought Taehyung to his house. He probably threw up more than ten times and murmured only one name over and over again, Jungkook.

“Thanks for coming.” Namjoon said as he was handing over a water bottle to Yoongi and got on with making something simple to eat.

“It’s the least I could do. I honestly had no idea that everything would turn out like this.” When Taehyung told Yoongi, Jungkook and him were dating he would have never guessed it would end up like this so soon.

“I know, I know, I was so shocked.” Namjoon said as he was gesturing widely with his arms, "Taehyung sounded really miserable over the phone. I hope Jungkook is doing okay at least.”

“I called Jimin,” Yoongi replied.

That caught Namjoon's attention and stopped for a second before going back to take the slices of bread out of the package. He was genuinely curious about how the other was doing, “Oh? What did he say?”

“Jungkook was a mess too but not like Taehyung.” Yoongi stated, "You know what I think? If they are really meant to be then they will work it out together.” He said as he chewed on his lips.

“Yes, I feel the same.” Namjoon nodded sagely as he put the bread inside the toaster, "But I wonder why Irene came back after all these years?” It didn't make any sense to him.

“If you ask me then it’s pretty obvious,” Yoongi answered as he bit on the toast Namjoon managed not to burn, “Tae’s parents always liked Irene because, you know,-” He said as he made a vague gesture for what he wanted to convey, "-they are from a rich background and all, plus she’s the heir to some big ass industry from what I've heard.”

Namjoon just looked at Yoongi, this was all new to him, “So wait, what you're trying to say is that his parents are the ones who want Irene and Taehyung to date again?” He frowned as he pursed his lips. He knew that kind of stuff happened all the time, but it was hard to believe such crap when it was happening to one of your closest friends.

Yoongi shrugged, “It’s just a guess, but yes.”

“But, how?” Namjoon exploded, "They know what Irene did, then why-"
“They are the type of people who would sacrifice their own son’s life if it meant their business would prosper from it.” Yoongi interrupted as he finished his toast, "I'm not surprised.”

Namjoon sighed defeated, “Well, I suppose you are right.” He knew Taehyung's parents wouldn't win parent's of the year any time soon, “Let’s go wake him up, it’s already too late.” He said as he stood up from his chair.

“Yeah, okay.” Yoongi agreed and followed Namjoon upstairs to Taehyung's room.

~~

“Jungkook!” He heard a voice yell in the background and Jungkook turned around to see Jackson grinning at him. He sighed.

He definitely wasn’t in the mood to deal with him today, or ever really, “What do you want?” Jungkook asked coldly.

“You are always so mean.” Jackson said as he fake pouted exaggeratedly, "I wanted to ask if you want to hang out.”

“I don’t.” Jungkook deadpanned, he was not in the mood for people right now, "Thanks for the invitation though.”

“Aw, why not?” Jackson whined but sobered up immediately at Jungkook's unimpressed expression, "Do you not want to meet the girl Taehyung used to love?” He quirked his eyebrows, a sly smirk on his face.

Jungkook had a bad feeling about this, “What?” He asked, dread pooling in his stomach.

“You have met Irene haven’t you?” Jackson asked nonchalantly, as if knowing that Irene showed up at Taehyung's house yesterday night was public knowledge or something.

Jungkook could feel that his lips were trembling, and now everything became crystal clear to him. Things that were bothering him yesterday made sense now, it was Jackson who told Irene about him and that's how she knew who he was. It’s because they had some sort of history with each other. This is why Taehyung always insisted that he stay away from Jackson. “You lowlife,” Jungkook hissed, “You're heartless aren’t you? Passing around information from one person to another, that’s basically all you can do right? God, I hate people like you.” He was seething, how the fuck could someone do something like this and still sleep well at night was beyond Jungkook.

“Hey, I'm offended.” Jackson mocked, "I'm more like a tweeting bird.” He chuckled as if he was the funniest person ever and Jungkook grimaced in return at his sheer stupidity.

“Listen,” Jungkook started steely, "-do whatever the fuck you want but keep me away from your games, I don’t have the time for this.” He finished in a low voice, each word smoothly rolling out of his tongue, making Jackson falter for a second, but before he could reply Jungkook decided to walk away.

Jungkook was fuming with anger, how could he be so stupid to believe Jackson was a good guy. Yes, he was Hoseok’s brother but that didn't really mean anything after all, kindness has nothing to do with genes. He needed to calm down so he padded to the library, after all that chaos he just wanted some peace and quiet where he could think in silence.

He was making his was to his favorite table in the corner by the window when he heard his name being called, “Jungkook, I knew you would be here.” Now this was a voice Jungkook could
recognize no matter where he was.

Taehyung.

“Why? I...what are you doing here?” Jungkook asked and stumbled when he turned around too quickly, but Taehyung gripped on his arms to save him from falling.

* 

“I wanted to talk.” Taehyung said, hands still holding him in place but Jungkook flinched, slapping his hands away as if he were poison. Taehyung felt like his heart was shattering into a million pieces when Jungkook rejected his touch.

“There’s nothing to talk about Taehyung.” Jungkook’s voice was cold and Taehyung felt stones falling into the pits of his stomach with each word he said.

“Jungkook please, just let me explain.” Taehyung begged, his voice wavering. He didn’t know what to do anymore. Jungkook wouldn’t listen and he was freaking out because he needed them to be ok, he needed Jungkook back or he’ll go insane.

“Listen, it’s not like I don’t want to hear you, I just...Please try to understand. I just need some time to figure things out.” Jungkook said evenly, eyes dead serious and Taehyung was having a hard time believing that this is the Jungkook he knew, the person he fell in love with.

“But just-“

“You hesitated Taehyung.” Jungkook cut him off, "When she asked you to get back together, your eyes Taehyung...they were hesitant.” He sighed as if defeated and Taehyung immediately knew what he was talking about, but Jungkook was wrong, so wrong.

“I know but it’s not because I still-“ He tried but was was interrupted again, it seemed Jungkook was having none of it today.

“I don’t want to hear you now.” Jungkook said as he glared at Taehyung, "I’ll just misinterpret things, so I don’t want to do this now.” He then brought a hand to his face and started to rub circles at his temples as if he was getting a headache from all of this already.

Taehyung wanted to cry, his throat felt dry and he wanted to stop Jungkook from thinking like that, he really wanted to, but no words were coming out from his mouth. He couldn’t, not when Jungkook didn’t want to listen.

“I love you.” Taehyung said shakily, voice wavering with unshed tears. He didn’t want to say that out loud but fuck everything. He just did and he wanted to let Jungkook know at least that.

“Okay.”

Despite it being so characteristically Jungkook, it wasn’t the reply Taehyung was expecting either, not at all, and man did it sting! Realistically he knew Jungkook was a though nut to crack and he shouldn’t expect anything grand in return any time soon, but it still hurt like a bitch to hear that, “Jungkook-“

“Don’t make it any harder for Christ’s sake,” Jungkook's voice boomed over his words and for the first time ever since he's met Jungkook, Taehyung felt scared, “I hate you.” He started, making Taehyung's heart jump to his throat, but then he shook his head and continued, "No, I hate the way you make me feel! I was okay Taehyung, I was okay with the way everything was! I was okay with
being a loner, I was okay with not having any friends. I did okay without knowing about how it felt
to like someone, I did okay without knowing about how it felt to be liked back. I was okay!"
Jungkook all but shouted the words at Taehyung's face, chest heaving in rage and then he just
stopped abruptly like a switch was flipped, anger dissipating away as he sighed heavily, "But then-
But then Kim Taehyung happened." He said as he was pointing his open palms at Taehyung, "You
made me feel all sorts of things, starting with the feeling of liking someone, all the way to being so
extremely jealous to the point where I wanted to either kill myself or kill somebody." Jungkook spat
out each word with venom, "You made my heart flutter, made me feel butterflies in my stomach, but
I can’t do this anymore. I don’t want to feel this way, I don’t want to feel so insecure about myself, I
don’t want to be jealous of anyone, I don’t want to live every second of my life with the fear of
someone stealing you away from me.” Jungkook finished, and wow did that break Taehyung’s heart.

He had no idea Jungkook felt like this, that he made Jungkook feel like this, though in his opinion,
some of the things he said weren’t bad at all, so he couldn't figure out why Jungkook would despise
them so much. “I'm sorry,” Taehyung started as he looked at Jungkook, voice tired and worn out,
“I'm sorry, I'm sorry for making you feel like this, I'm sorry. I'm really sorry." He apologized
continuously, but he couldn’t help it, that's how he really felt, "I never meant for this to happen, I just
wanted to make you happy. I wanted to do that but I fucked up, I always do. I'm sorry Jungkook, I'm
so sorry for liking you.” Taehyung finished, lump in his throat and heart beating like crazy. This is it,
it's over. Jungkook doesn't want him anymore and the least he could do was to let him go. No one
deserved to feel trapped in a relationship and he wouldn't do that to Jungkook, not now, not ever.

Jungkook stood there silent as he was processing the words Taehyung told him, hot tears prickling at
the corner of his eyes, bottom lip trembling and hands shaking, but gave up in the end. He started
crying so loud that possibly everyone in the library could hear him as he sobbed until he ran out
breath, until his eyes were red, until his head was pounding. He held the edge of the table so tight
that his knuckles turned white as he was holding himself upright.

Taehyung watched all of this happen in horror, wanting nothing more than to hold Jungkook in his
arms and soothe him, but he knew he wasn't allowed to do that anymore, so he tore his feet away
from the ground and forced himself to exit the library. Each step felt like a decade and all he could
think about was Jungkook crying and bawling his heart out because of him.

He hurt Jungkook.

And, it was the last thing on earth he wanted to do.

~~

Chapter End Notes

Hello, I finally updated! I am sorry as always. I am so busy with studies my A levels are
coming up this May so it’s honestly a pain. But, I promise I am going to finish this story
whatever it takes. Now, I really hope you liked the chapter even though it was all angst.
Please don’t forget to comment. It would mean a lot. :)
Chapter 17:

Taehyung doesn't call.
He doesn't text either.
And Jeon Jungkook is more or less miserable.
"You look awful." Jimin huffed out as he sat on Jungkook's bed and crossed his arms over his chest in disapproval.
"Gee, thanks." Jungkook grumbled as he hid his face further into the duvet.
It's been two weeks since he last talked with Taehyung and March was here, announcing that spring is about to come, along with warm weather and new life. Yet all Jungkook could do was mope around in his room like the bundle of gloom he became. To be honest, he's never been this depressed about not being around someone since his family died. It was like a part of him is missing and no matter what he's doing he can't seem to fill the void Taehyung left. He was absolutely heartbroken, still, he couldn't blame anyone. He did this to himself, he was the one who pushed Taehyung away and a part of him heavily regretted his decision, but he would never admit it, of course. His own stubbornness was surprising him at times.
"Just talk to him, Kook." Jimin said as if it was that simple, "I know you want to, even if you won't admit it." At Jungkook's incredulous look he continued, "Don't even bother lying, I can see it in your eyes how much you miss him." Jimin breathed out. He sounded like he was genuinely worried for Jungkook's well being and that warmed his void heart a little.
"I don't know, Jimin." Jungkook confessed, "I'm still so lost and I don't know what to do anymore." He sighed and then furrowed his eyebrows, "Even if I want to get back what about Irene-?"
"Kook,-" Jimin cut his off, "-that girl was Taehyung's past and you,-" He poked Jungkook in the chest with his index finger, "-you are his present and future. Don't let her ruin this Jungkookie. Besides, you didn't even give him a chance to explain." Jimin finished and Jungkook gaped at him like a gold fish.
He spent all these days wallowing in his own angst so much, that he didn't even think about the fact that Taehyung never got to explain himself, he just assumed that Taehyung's silence at his accusations meant that he agreed with Jungkook. Guilt seeped into his bones when this realization hit him like a ton of bricks. Jimin was right. He didn't give Taehyung a chance to explain and not only that, but he said some things to him which might have ruined everything they had, "Jimin," Jungkook's voice was shaky, "What do I do?"
"Talk to him?" Jimin responded, his eyebrows furrowing as if it was something obvious for him and it should have been for Jungkook too.
'Alright then.' Jungkook thought to himself and before Jimin could say anything else, he jumped off
his bed, shoved his feet into his Timberland's and ran out the door. He needed to talk to Taehyung, he needed to see Taehyung, he needed to know how he was doing, if he was alright even though he might not want to have anything to do with him after everything he said that day.

'But I have to try. I can't give up on us already. I love him.'

He thought to himself as he got onto the bus and payed for the ticket, then sat on a chair, his leg bouncing up and down with adrenaline as he was chewing on his lips furiously. All he could think about was how Taehyung told him he loved him and Jungkook just brushed it off with an okay. God he was an asshole!

He was so caught in his own thoughts that he almost missed his bus stop, but he got out on time and walked over to Taehyung's. He wasn't picking up his phone and he was already in front of Taehyung's house so Jungkook, being too desperate to wait, pressed the door bell as he was chewing on his bottom lip.

As expected, their butler greeted him by opening the door, "I, um, wanted to see Taehyung, is he home?" Jungkook asked nervously.

"No, I'm sorry. Master went out." The butler replied politely. Disappointment flushed through Jungkook's body, he really wanted to talk to Taehyung like right now, "But," The butler continued, "You can stay and wait if it's too important. I'm sure he wouldn't mind." Hope ignited in his eyes at that and of course he agreed to stay. As he walked inside the butler spoke again, "Jungkook-shii,"

Jungkook just looked at him curiously and couldn't help but ask, "How do you know my name?"

"Master talks about you a lot, I could tell it's you." The butler smiled, "My master has been really sad the last few days. I have never seen him like this and I don't know what happened but if you can, please fix him." With that he left, leaving a stunned Jungkook in the foyer.

"Please fix him." The words echoed through his head and all Jungkook could think about was how was he supposed to fix someone that he himself broke? He doesn't even know where to start and it's not like these things come with and instruction manual. He doesn't think he's fit for something like this but he had to try. If he won't then who will?

~~

It was almost 23:00pm and Taehyung still wasn't home. Jungkook was getting quite worried at this point. He wanted to ask the butler if he knew anything about Taehyung's whereabouts but he decided against it, he didn't want to disturb him any further than he already had.

23:15pm and the bell finally rang. The butler appeared out of nowhere all of a sudden and hurried over to open the door with Jungkook quick on his tail but froze at the sight in front of him. He was surprised to see a very drunk Taehyung being carried by a boy he didn't recognize. "Taehyung!" Jungkook called as he scooted over to him and looked at the boy, whose hands were currently wrapped over Taehyung's shoulders, for an explanation.

"He is not that drunk, don't worry. He just needs to sleep." The boy said. Jungkook nodded, "Where was he?" He asked but the answer was pretty obvious since Taehyung smelt like cigarette smoke, foreign perfume and alcohol.

"Night club." The boy answered and yup, Jungkook was right, "He drank two or three shots then started to blabber nonsense about some guy leaving him and shit. The bartenders were getting annoyed so I decided to drop him off." He rambled and a part of Jungkook was happy that someone
responsible helped Taehyung get home safely.

"Thank you so much." Jungkook said truthfully as he bowed at 90 degree to show how grateful he was to the other boy.

"Don't thank me." The boy chuckled, "He was a pain anyway."

Jungkook laughed at that, he really could imagine it. Taehyung was a pain even when he was sober, "What's your name?"

"Sungjae."

"Well, thank you Sungjae." Jungkook smiled and took Taehyung from Sungjae's hold.

"Take care of him, he seemed pretty miserable." Sungjae said as he pressed his lips into a thin line.

"I will." Jungkook promised and with that Sungjae left.

Jungkook took a strong hold on Taehyung's waist and held onto the hand thrown over his shoulder tightly as he carried Taehyung to his bedroom, "I leave for two weeks and look how you've turned out." Jungkook gritted out angrily as they were climbing the last steps on the stairs.

"Shut up!" Taehyung shrieked as he tried to slap away Jungkook's hands but failed. 'This is going to be a long night.' He thought to himself, and Taehyung was in dire need of a bath to get that nightclub stink off his skin. "You left me in the first place!" Taehyung continued, "And you dare come back to say these things to me?" His eyes were red with fatigue and Jungkook could see how hurt Taehyung was just by looking at his face.

"I'm sorry." Jungkook said as they entered the bathroom from Taehyung's room and sat him down on the closed toilet seat gently. He then went back into the room, but came back immediately and handed him a water bottle he found on the nightstand.

Taehyung gulped it all down eagerly, "Fuck off." He cursed after he finished the water. Jungkook couldn't blame him, not after everything that happened. So he busied himself with opening the faucet to the perfect temperature and then plugged the tub so the steamy water could fill it in.

"I can't." Jungkook said after what felt like an eternity and went over to Taehyung, knelt down and started to unlace his boots so he could take them off.

"You are not real, are you?" Taehyung asked as Jungkook got rid of the shoes and his socks, then stood up and got rid of the stinky hoodie he was wearing, "You are some kind of illusion my mind made up, aren't you?" Taehyung speculated again, but still obeyed when Jungkook told him to raise his arms up so he could take the T-shirt off, "Buzz off!" He whined when Jungkook knelt down again, unbuckled his belt and jeans buttons, then helped Taehyung stand up so he could take them off along with his boxers, "I've had enough!" Taehyung cried out, covering his face with his hands as he held on Jungkook's shoulder.

Jungkook has never seen him this miserable and it hurt him to see Taehyung like this, but he wanted to take care of Taehyung, so that's what he is going to do for now. He took a hold of Taehyung's waist and gently guided him into the bathtub, holding onto him until he was safely seated in the warm water, and closed the faucet off since the tub was already full.

"I'm real," Jungkook said as he knelt beside the tub and started to run his hand on Taehyung's shoulders, massaging the stiff muscle until he felt him relax a little bit, "I'm right here, Tae," He said softly as he rubbed Taehyung's cheek with his thumb for a few moments, then squeezed some
shower gel onto a loofah and started to scrub the product gently on his skin in circular motions, starting from Taehyung's palm, careful to get each finger clean, then up his forearm and to his biceps.

"Shut up." Taehyung mumbled as Jungkook moved to his other arm to repeat the process, "You are not! You can't be!" He kept on denying, but Jungkook just went on to rub the product on his chest and back as Taehyung continued, "All these days I have wanted you here and every time I tried to hold you, you fucking disappeared and now you tell me you are real?"

"I am," Jungkook whispered and pressed a kiss on Taehyung's cheek, "I'm right here, baby." He murmured as he was kneading on the flesh of his shoulders, "I'm not leaving." Jungkook reassured as he squeezed more product of the loofah and moved on to wash Taehyung's feet and legs as carefully as before, making sure to massage the muscles every now and then.

"Stop lying!" Taehyung said when Jungkook was almost done with his thighs, "You say this every night and when I wake up you're always fucking gone!" He spat and Jungkook's heart broke even further, but he wouldn't be deterred, he was on a mission, he's going to take care of Taehyung and they could talk about all of this in the morning. So he went on to finish with his thighs, then took the shower head and told Taehyung to lean his head back. Taehyung obeyed, he still looked angry but at least he wasn't fighting Jungkook's affections, so he held onto the back of his neck gently to ease the strain and carefully passed water through his hair until it was evenly wet.

"I'm sorry, but this is real and I'm not going anywhere." Jungkook said as he started to rub shampoo onto his hair and then gently massaging the scalp, causing Taehyung to close his eyes in content, "Not until we've talked this out properly." Jungkook said seriously, they will talk when Taehyung is sober.

"Stop," Taehyung begged, "I hate you." He said but there was not heat behind the words.

Jungkook rolled his eyes, "No, you don't." He said as he started to rinse his hair off and then unplugged the tub to let it drain, before he helped Taehyung step out from it on the fluffy bathroom rug. He then dried him off, wrapped him in a huge towel like a burrito so he won't be cold, guided him back to the bedroom and sat him at the edge of the bed as he was riffling though the drawers for a pair of comfy pajama pants and a soft large T-shirt. He took the clothes when he found them and went back to Taehyung to dress him up.

"Tae," Jungkook said softly when the pajama bottoms were on and then started to tug the T-shirt over Taehyung's head, "I'm sorry for not giving you a chance to explain." He said as he helped Taehyung guide his hands through the sleeves, "I'm sorry for saying those hurtful things I said to you." Jungkook apologized again and took the towel to start drying off Taehyung's hair, ruffling it gently, "I didn't mean them, you need to know that." Jungkook pleaded, then he threw the towel in the hamper from the corner of the room and turned around to look Taehyung in the eye. He could still smell alcohol on Taehyung's breath but it's nothing as bad as before, besides he looked adorable like this, hair wet and messy, cheeks flushed with the heat of the bath, eyes glistening with unshed tears and pretty plump red lips parted, "If anything, I love you." Jungkook murmured as he was fondly grazing Taehyung's cheeks with his index finger.

"Y-You can't." Taehyung stuttered as his bottom lip was trembling, "You can't just come back and say these to me n-not after I hurt you." He all but sobbed and Jungkook felt like he was going to explode if he didn't touch Taehyung right now, so Jungkook hugged him until he calmed down a little bit.

"Hey, shh it's okay." Jungkook cooed, but he was internally cursing himself for doing this to Taehyung. How the fuck could he hurt the most important person in his life like this!? "We'll talk about it tomorrow." He said as he helped Taehyung get into the bed and Jungkook pulled the duvet
over to tuck him in, "You should sleep." He said and then kissed Taehyung's forehead softly.

"Will you, um, be here when I wake up?" Taehyung asked as he pouted and Jungkook decided that it was the cutest thing he has ever seen. He sweared Taehyung was going to be the death of him one day,

"Of course." Jungkook smiled and he meant it. He wasn’t going anywhere until they have talked this out and he wasn't going to leave Taehyung alone unless he asked for it.

"Stay? I...stay with me." Taehyung pleaded as he was looking at Jungkook through his lashes, acting bashful all of a sudden.

"I am, Tae." Jungkook said confused as he quirked one eyebrow up.

"No," Taehyung sighed, "I mean beside me, sleep beside me.

Jungkook laughed, so that's what he wanted, but got into the bed to lie beside Taehyung anyway after he got rid of his clothes, only letting his boxers on. It was a chilly night but Jungkook could feel the warmth leaking from Taehyung's body and he never felt safer. He was so stupid to have let this warmth go. All those nights he spent alone, cold seeping through his bones and feeling like he was drifting aimlessly, could have been avoided if he would have just sucked it up and talked it out.

"I, I love you." He heard Taehyung whisper. It was faint but Jungkook heard it anyway and for him it was enough, it was enough that he could lie in Taehyung's arms and just be.

~~

Taehyung woke up with a pounding headache and groaned loudly as he slid further into a familiar warmth, burrowing himself in it from the cold air. But then his brain kicked in and he jolted up from the bed as came back to his senses. 'Fuck. I must still be drunk because Jeon-fucking-Jungkook is sleeping beside me and peacefully at that.' God, he is having another one of those stupid dreams of his where he wakes up to the walking beauty that's called Jungkook.

"Taehyung?" The imaginary Jungkook says as he got up to lean on one elbow and look at him. Taehyung just sighed, 'Damn, his imaginary Jungkook can even speak. What a joke.' He thought to himself. "Tae, what's wrong?" The imaginary Jungkook asked worriedly and Taehyung groaned again, 'Wow he is even concerned. This is almost real.' He thought sarcastically because he knew it wasn't real, it couldn't be.

Then the imaginary Jungkook sits up completely and is facing him now, "Taehyung!" He shrieks and fuck he's loud, "God Tae, don't tell me you still think this is a dream." Jungkook says as he rolls his eyes at Taehyung.

"It isn't?" Taehyung blurted out. It made no sense, Why would Jungkook be here right now? Besides, if he really is real then that means that Jungkook really did take care of him last night. He even gave him a bath for God's sake! No one has ever done something so nice and caring for him, no one! And the way Jungkook treated him like he was something precious, massaging him and scrubbing at his skin so tenderly, it made Taehyung's heart ache just thinking about it because Jungkook wasn't a man of many words, but he did show his feelings through his actions, and last night...well, let's just say that last night he was shown a lot.

"I thought we talked about this last night." Jungkook pouts cutely and Taehyung melts under that gaze of him, "even though you were drunk." He finished with a sigh.

"W-What are you doing here?" Taehyung stammers, "If this is another prank then I swear to god-"
He starts but Jungkook cuts him off by kissing him full on the mouth. Taehyung shakes for a moment, totally taken off balance, his breath still smells of alcohol but he guesses that’s okay since it seems like Jungkook missed this as much as Taehyung did. So when Taehyung kisses back it feels like everything has fallen back into their right place. His stomach is filled with butterflies and his heart flutters for a moment, making Taehyung try to clutch onto Jungkook and oh my God he’s shirtless. They both pull back at the same time, their breaths heavy and ragged as they rest their foreheads together.

"This is not a prank," Jungkook spoke softly, "I'm right here okay? And I'm not leaving unless you want me to. I just came back last night to talk but you were drunk and sad and you asked me to stay, so I stayed." He said as he looked straight into Taehyung's eyes.

He could feel his heart swell with warmth at Jungkook's words, but there's still a lot that he has on his mind, "Jungkook, I-"

"I'm sorry for not giving you a chance to explain and I'm sorry for all the hurtful things I said to you back then." Jungkook apologized as he was rubbing circles at the base of Taehyung’s back under the shirt, "I understand if you still don’t want to talk to me-"

"You know I can never do that." Taehyung interrupted, "I hurt you Jungkook and I take full responsibility for it." He said sadly, even just thinking about Jungkook crying his eyes out in the library made him want to punch himself, "I'm going to tell you everything there is about my past and then you can choose whether you want to stay or not.”

"Okay," Jungkook nods smiles, “But go freshen up first and I’ll make you breakfast,” He says but then takes a look at Taehyung's face and adds, "I'll give you some Advil as well.”

"Jungkook, you can’t cook." Taehyung states seriously and Jungkook pouts at that, making his soul melt into a pile of goo.

"I can still make something edible!” Jungkook protested fervently, but Taehyung just laughed as he leaned in to kiss Jungkook’s cheeks and his heart swells because Jungkook still blushes whenever he does something as innocent and intimate as a peck on the cheek.

His Jungkook is back.

*  

After they freshen up they both went down to kitchen to have breakfast together. It’s barely edible because the omelet is undercooked and the toast is slightly burned, but Taehyung doesn’t complain and Jungkook is particularly embarrassed about it. After bragging about knowing how to make something edible he went a did the exact opposite. 'Ugh.' He groaned internally.

“I missed you,” Taehyung starts and Jungkook pauses for a moment as he was trying to put the dishes in the dishwasher, “I missed you so much.”

Jungkook’s heart breaks at that. They were both idiots to be honest, both so caught up in their own head, but him in particular was the bigger idiot of the two for letting Taehyung go, “I missed you more Tae.” He said truthfully. He’s never missed someone so much besides his family.

“Why did you leave me?” Taehyung asked as he looked at the table and started fumbling with his thumbs. Jungkook swears he can see the weakness and vulnerability in his eyes, and he hates himself for causing this. He has to fix this as soon as possible.

“I-I am sorry." Jungkook apologized, his own voice breaking, "I was hurt and upset and I wanted to
get away for a while.” He explained, it really was what he needed in that moment.

“How’d that turn out?” Taehyung asked fondly as he cocked his head to one side and looked at Jungkook’s face.

“Very bad.” Jungkook laughs as he shakes his head and Taehyung chuckles at that as well. The hilarity of their stupidity was getting the best of them.

"So," Taehyung starts, "what do you want to do today?" He said cheerfully, somber mood gone as the the Advil was probably kicking in.

"Go to class." Jungkook says matter-of-factly and Taehyung's face falls, a look of horror taking over his features.

"Well, shit!" Taehyung curses, "I have a history test today!" He almost yells and Jungkook eyes widen at that.

"What?" He squeaks out, "And you were out last night drinking?" Jungkook scolds as he throws his hands into the air, "Jesus Christ Tae! Get the hell out of here now! It's already 10am." He says and stands up to walk quickly into Taehyung's room, only to bring him his backpack and kick him out the door. "Give me your keys. I'll lock the house up and come meet you in school. Now go!" Jungkook says as he literally shoves Taehyung to the door. 'God, this guy.'

* 

Taehyung is running through the hallway to make it in time for the history test, or well he tries to, until he bumps into small figure He's scrambles to apologize but stops when he hears a familiar voice, "Taehyung." Her tone is soft, almost like a whisper and it doesn't even take a second for Taehyung to recognize the voice.

FUCK, now she's in his school, "What the fuck are you doing here?" Taehyung hisses, he can't believe she would go as far as stalking him on school grounds.

"Oh, I joined the school." She states nonchalantly, as if transferring into your ex's school is no big deal whatsoever.

Taehyung feels like ripping his hair out in frustration, he can't deal with her crap, not now not ever, "What the fuck, why?" He asks angrily.

"To win you over of course." Irene grins and Taehyung grimaces in disgust, he doesn't know what he ever saw in her that made him fall in love. Yes, she's beautiful but that's about how far it goes.

"God, this isn't going anywhere." Taehyung says exasperated, he already told her to leave him alone and yet here she is, "Look, I have an exam now, I don't have time for this." He moves around her and walks away without sparing her another glance.

"Let's sit together at lunch then!" Irene shouts just when he thought he was safe. 'Like hell.' Taehyung thinks, she's delusional is she thinks he wants anything to do with her.

He barely makes it in time for history, but the teacher forgives him and hands him a sheet of papers. The test goes surprisingly well as far as Taehyung's concerned. Well, it's not because he studied, of course. He could only answer them because Jungkook's suggestions were truly handy, almost all the questions were common and he got by because of that.

~~
"How was your test?" Jungkook asks when Taehyung walks into the library to pick him up, knowing he would be in there like he always was.

"Good, thanks to you." Taehyung smiles cheekily and then leans in, grabs Jungkook's chin and kisses his cheek noisily.

"Not here Tae!" Jungkook squeaks and bats at Taehyung's hand as he blushes furiously like the kitten he was.

"Oops." Taehyung says innocently as he clicks his tongue and Jungkook just looks at him annoyingly, eyebrows furrowed in an attempt to look threatening but he just looked adorable to Taehyung. "Shall we get lunch? I'm starving! Our squad might already be there." Taehyung suggested as Jungkook finished packing his backpack.

"Okay." Jungkook said simply and then followed Taehyung out of the library to the canteen. Taehyung wasn't lying when he said their friends would be there, they were and it was chaos. As always, Yoongi and Jimin were being all grossly adorable together, making Taehyung quirk his eyebrows when Yoongi placed a sweet kiss on the top of Jimin's forehead, such an unlike Yoongi behavior. But that wasn't the only thing that surprised him, Namjoon and Seokjin were cutely giggling about something, seeming to finally give their relationship a shot and then there was Hoseok, looking thoroughly disgusted by everything as he was sitting by himself, stabbing the meat on his tray like it was the sole reason for his current misery. Taehyung smiled, knowing that these people were a part of his life right now, first place going to Jungkook of course, and it made him happy to see them getting along.

"Well, well! If it isn't our power couple!" Namjoon shouted as Taehyung and Jungkook took a seat.

"Hyung!" Jungkook gushes as he looked around in horror at the people who turned their heads to look at them, but then they both started laughing at the ridiculousness of the situation, "You don't get to see this every day, we're all together!" Jungkook said with a beaming smile.

Jimin looks like he's contemplating it for a second but then he nods eagerly, an equally beaming smile plastered on his face. "Well, that's true."

"I should get myself a girlfriend." Hoseok grumbles as he was munching on a raw veggie, "I'm the forever alone one in this group."

"Well, the last girl you tried to hook up with said you have stinky breath and you've been scared of relationships ever since so..." Jimin trails off as he rolls his eyes and Hoseok looks painstakingly mortified at the sudden accusation, then he looks at Seokjin and Namjoon who won't stop laughing, even Yoongi chuckles at Jimin's words and Hoseok groans loudly, looking like was done with everyone's crap for today.

"Hyung, don't worry. I'll find you a girlfriend." It's Jungkook who decides to take Hoseok's side, but he can't help but laugh as well.

"Me too!" Taehyung says enthusiastically as he raises his hand in the air like a kindergartner, and ends up laughing as well as he sticks his tongue out at Hoseok.

Hoseok scowls, knowing he's been made fun of, but lets it go after a minute or two, not being able to be mad at this bunch of adorable idiots for too long anyway and Taehyung couldn't blame him, he'd be the same if he was in his situation. "Y'all!" Hoseok screeches, "There's a Big Bang concert here next week, who wants to go?!" He asks excitedly as he took a sip from his drink. Jungkook chokes violently at that and Taehyung passes him a water bottle as Jimin pats him on the back. "Whoa, there
kid, take it easy!” Hoseok says as he was looking at Jungkook wide eyed.

"Hyung,-" Jimin starts as he looked Hoseok in the eye, ",he's the biggest G-Dragon fanboy you'll meet, so I guess it shouldn't be a surprise that he reacted like this." He explains but then starts laughing at Hoseok's silly awed face. Taehyung had to admit, it was pretty funny and he couldn't help but let out a chuckle at that too.

"What? Really? You must come with me then!" Hoseok chirps.

"Um, but the tickets are expensive," Jungkook looks like he hates saying that, but Taehyung knows he doesn't have enough saved up money to buy a Big Bang concert ticket by himself.

"Relax, kid," Hoseok chuckles, "I'm getting some free tickets and I'm sure I can get you in."

"Really?" Jungkook's eyes light up like Christmas came early or something. Taehyung liked seeing Jungkook happy, it was his goal after all, to make sure Jungkook was having fun.

"Of course!" Hoseok says and nods solemnly, looking like a man on his mission.

"So our fanboy Jungkookie finally gets to meet his idol?!" Jimin teases as he pokes Jungkook in the ribs, but all he does in return is mouth a shut up as his cheeks started to redden, making Taehyung want to bite them because of how cute he was.

"Looks like it." Hoseok answers as he gives a thumbs-up.

All of them jump right back into conversation after that, discussing about the upcoming school team games and whatnot. Taehyung, for a moment, forgets that he saw Irene this morning and to be honest, everything seems fine for now, so he couldn't be happier than he is. Jungkook gave him a chance to talk and their squad was all together, happy and cheerful. He couldn’t ask for more even if he wanted to.

'Whatever happens we’ll fight it through together.'

~~

Chapter End Notes

A/N : well here's a light chapter for all of you after all the angst! Sorry, this is so short. I am gonna get super busy from next week so I just wanted to update whatever I wrote. Also, a light chapter doesn't mean the angst is gone! There's more to come. Please leave a comment! Let me know what you think of this. :)
"Taehyung,-" Jungkook breathes out, "-n-not here, aah," He yelped when Taehyung mouthed at his neck and grazed his teeth along the smooth skin. They were studying for their finals together in the library when Taehyung decided that he was bored and needed a break. Jungkook suggested getting food, but Taehyung clearly had other plans. He initiated the kiss and when things got a little heated he pressed Jungkook against the bookshelf and promptly kissed him senseless.

Jungkook was on the edge because they were making out in the library where anyone could walk in on them at any moment and he didn't want to have that kind of mortifying experience. He was worried, but he couldn't help but feel a little thrilled since Taehyung had no intention to stop. So he kept on kissing Jungkook then moved his mouth to kiss the skin where his neck met his shoulder and sucked on the milky flesh until a purple bruise was blooming across it.

"Baby," Taehyung groaned when he slipped his hands under Jungkook's thighs to guide his legs around his waist so that he could wrap them around Taehyung's torso. Jungkook was shoved up against the bookshelves, his arms taking all of his weight as he was keeping Jungkook up. He loved feeling Jungkook this way, it felt so close and intimate, like they were in their own world, just the two of them.

"S-Someone might walk in," Jungkook's breath stuttered and clutched on Taehyung's shirt tighter when Taehyung rolled his hips languidly against Jungkook.

"Let them see." Taehyung growled into his ear, running his hands underneath the hem of Jungkook's shirt all the way up so he could rub softly around his nipple, making Jungkook shudder and then let out a drawn out moan when Taehyung pinched the hardened bud.

"Taehyung!" Jungkook all but hissed when the sensation ran up his entire body.

"Yes baby, be loud for me." Taehyung cooed against Jungkook's cheek, the air heavy around them and he could see sweat pooling on Jungkook's forehead.

"Please," Jungkook begged as he pressed the tip of his nose against Taehyung's temple, his voice almost on the verge of cracking.

"Please what?" Taehyung smirked, clearly enjoying Jungkook's current state. What, could they blame him? Jungkook's pupils were blown wide, hair messy and sticking out in different directions, swollen lips pink and spit slick, he looked absolutely unraveled and Taehyung loved it, of course he would try and rile Jungkook up some more if it meant he could see this all the time.

"W-We need to s-stop,-" Jungkook stuttered weakly, "-Ah!" He moaned when Taehyung licked the skin behind his ears and damn if he wasn't sensitive there. If Taehyung could have his way he would be doing this to Jungkook all day long but he pulled back, knowing it was better for them to stop. No matter how much he was enjoying it he doesn't want anyone to see his Jungkook like this, so perfect
and fucked out. A rush of possessiveness shot through his body, making him tighten the hold he had on Jungkook's thighs, this was a sight that only he was allowed to see.

"Let's get something to eat, yeah?" Taehyung asked as he lowered Jungkook down to the ground and pecked him on the cheek. His face was still flushed and his breath still came out a bit too fast, but it's not like Taehyung was any better.

"Yeah." Jungkook answered, a smile playing at his lips. It took them a minute to catch their breath but then they started to pack their things, exited the library and since their canteen was closed at this time of the day, they decided to try some street foods.

"What do you want to eat, baby?" Taehyung asked unnecessarily. He knew what Jungkook wanted anyway and it didn't even take a second for Jungkook to answer pork belly, like a child in a toy store, making Taehyung smile fondly at his lovable boyfriend. He knew it was his favorite food and he would never deny it to Jungkook, no matter how many times they ate that meal already.

They were getting out of the restaurant after they finished their dinner and Taehyung insisted to drop Jungkook off at his dorm.

"I can go alone, you know." Jungkook pouted. He could take care of himself just fine, besides it wasn't that late, he doubted that anything bad would happen to him.

"Don't even try, I'm not letting you do that." Taehyung said and he looked like he was dead serious about this. Jungkook just rolled his eyes and didn't bother to talk back, instead he held on Taehyung's hand all the way back to his dorm. It always calmed him, he found it soothing and Taehyung's hands were always so warm, Jungkook couldn't help but loved it. He felt safe, protected and loved. The three things that were missing in his life eight months ago when he first arrived in Seoul and now...well now he could say he had them all and he wouldn't even be lying about it. But the funny thing was, all three of them came whenever Taehyung was around. Take him away and...yeah, Jungkook didn't want to think about it. He had his friends he was grateful about as well, like Hoseok for example who managed to get tickets for all seven of them and they had the greatest time ever at the Big Bang concert two weeks ago. But in the end it all came back to Taehyung, it was always about Taehyung.

"Here's you," Taehyung smiled when they were in front of his dorm room and brought Jungkook out of his head.

"Thank you," Jungkook whispered and leaned in to press a kiss on Taehyung's lips. He was still shy when it came to stealing kisses in public, but Taehyung adored it so much when he did it all of a sudden, that he couldn't help but do it once in a while. As long as it made Taehyung happy, he would do it.

"Goodnight, angel." Taehyung murmured as he kissed Jungkook's forehead short and sweet.

"Why are you two making out in front of my room?" A voice startled the both them, causing Jungkook to slightly push Taehyung away without meaning to. It wasn't his fault, it was instinct, nobody could control instinct.

"I-we're n-not." Jungkook stammered, trying to think of something, but came up with anything. They weren't exactly making out but they weren't that innocent either.

"Well," Taehyung started, making Jungkook sigh in relief because Taehyung's got this, he didn't
need to worry about it anymore, "-at least we are better than you and Yoongi, who happen to make out at our meeting place by the way. I think I even saw some white stain on our sofa that day." He winked at an obviously flustered Jimin who looked like a deer caught in the headlights.

"What the fuck?! We didn't do anything like t-that!" Jimin grumbled as his face was progressively getting redder and redder by the second.

"Its okay Jim, we understand." Taehyung said with fake concern. Jungkook took one look at Jimin's particularly red face at the accusation, then looked at Taehyung and he saw that he did the same thing and then they both started cackling and Jimin.

"Okay, enough." Jimin said as he walked past them and opened the door, "Get inside now, Kook." He said as he kept the door open for him. Jungkook was still giggling but got inside after kissing Taehyung's cheeks one last time. "You two are so cute, it's almost disgusting." Jimin said as he draped himself on his grey themed bed.

"Thank you?" Jungkook wasn't sure if that was a compliment or an insult, but being called cute couldn't meant that they looked bad together so he guesses that's a good thing. As long as they don't become those type of couples that feed each other and coo while doing it. 'Aw hell no!' Jungkook thought to himself, he was shuddering just thinking about it.

"Are you happy?" Jimin asked quietly, tone a little serious now which meant play time was over.

"I am," And it was true. The weight of those words where still heavy on him but it was true. Taehyung made him the happiest man ever, he was so happy it was almost scary. Jungkook has never felt this way for someone, because of someone before and he knew they still had a long way to go but he was willing to go all the way to end if it meant Taehyung would be beside him for a long time. It was weird how Taehyung just barged into his life like a bulldozer and changed everything in such a short time.

"I'm happy for you but...just don't get too invested." Jimin said as he bit the inside of his cheeks.

Jungkook furrowed his eyebrows at that, "What do you mean?" He asked, it's kind of useless at this point anyway since Jungkook was already invested, but he won't tell that to Jimin, or anyone really.

"I don't know, Kook." Jimin confessed and he sighed, looking tired all of a sudden, "Just don't do anything rash that's gonna hurt you at the end of the day."

"I won't." Jungkook smiled because he knew Jimin was worried and he didn't want his best friend to feel that way. He's not so sure that he won't do anything rash like Jimin said, but he won't know until he crossed that bridge right? All he could do for now was hold on tight and enjoy the ride.

That night when Jungkook was in bed, ready to sleep, he had a slight smile tucked on his lips as he thought of Taehyung.

* 

"Where have you been?" Taehyung was tired and not in the mood to answer questions right now, he really just wanted to sleep. "I asked, where have you been Taehyung?" His mother asked again, her voice stern, meaning Taehyung wasn't going to get out of this conversation as soon as he thought he would.

"I don't get how it's any of your business to be honest." Taehyung gritted out. He hated it when his mother would just come home all of a sudden and act like she was his boss or something.
"As your mother I think I have the right to know this much." She said as he quirked one eyebrow up and crossed her arms around her chest.

"Oh please," Taehyung rolled his eyes, "you are only my mother when you need something from me, or when you are worried my actions might taint your prestige." Taehyung stressed out the last word as if it was Satan himself, words laced with so much venom it could poison an entire fucking city and Taehyung couldn't care one bit. He loved his mother because she was his mother, but that didn't mean he liked her, at all to be honest.

"You are not wrong." She said as she nodded, "Have you met up with Irene? She told me you aren't willing to talk to her. Why is that?" His mother asked, impatience showing when she started tapping her perfectly manicured nails on the forearm.

"Mom," Taehyung said as he clenched his fists, nails biting into his palm, "I'm not going to talk to her and I'm not going to meet her. I don't want anything to do with her." He wanted nothing to do with that whore. She ruined his life once, he wasn't going to let her do it again.

"I'm sorry, but you have to." His mother said, face neutral, "You know what she means to our business Taehyung." She said as if that would change his fucking mind about any of this. Well, news check mom, it won't!

"I don't care what the fuck she is to us." Taehyung hissed furiously, "You know what she did to me." He said as he pointed his finger at her, "You know, then why? Is your business so important to you that you're willing to sacrifice your own son for it?" Taehyung spat, rage fire dancing in his eyes. He hated his god damn family, they were useless to him. Besides the financial support he never got anything else from them. Just boring business dinners, cocktail parties and a check call every now and then to make sure he was alive and staying out of any trouble that might ruin their public image.

"I'm sorry." Was his mother's simple reply.

Taehyung scoffed, what else did he expect anyway, this was the kind of woman his mother was, "I'm 18 now, you can't force me into these kind of things."

"I can and I will." His mother said as she tensed all of a sudden and sat up straighter, taking her business stance, "You are my son, so don't forget I am your mother."

That's it, Taehyung's had enough, he wasn't going to just stand there and be treated like a fucking asset, a fucking pawn, by his own mother at that, "Do whatever the fuck you want!" He cursed and before his mother could reply, Taehyung stomped off to his room and slammed the door shut behind him. He was fucking furious. He couldn’t believe that his own mother was on to destroy his life at this point. He's never wished for anything in all of his life, even though he had the liberty to request whatever he wanted, everything money could buy, he could have had it, but he didn't ask for any of it. Yet now, when all he wanted was nothing but his happiness, his own mother was denying it. And to think his happiness was laying in a person named Jeon Jungkook made his heart ache, because he was denied being with the person he loved and forced to be with another. Even the thought of getting back together with Irene sickened him.

Taehyung couldn't sleep no matter how much he tried to. His mind was racing a mile a minute when his phone vibrated, showing a message notification pop-up.

Jungkook
Goodnight
Dream of me! <3
Taehyung read that text over and over again until he couldn't help but doze off with a smile on his face.

~~

Jungkook started this morning in the library with a huge number of books stacked on his table and bucket load of stress. It was almost at the end of April and finals were starting from mid May, so he was cramming in as much as he could. He knows he's been preparing for this all semester already, but old habits die hard.

"Take a little chill pill, babe." Jungkook felt someone whisper in his ears and then a lingering kiss on his neck. Creeps were starting to sliver down his spine but then he recognized the voice and they were immediately replaced with relief, and then annoyance.

"Taehyung," Jungkook hissed, "I told you not to do that!" He whisper shouted because they were still in the library after all.

"Sorry babe,-" Taehyung apologized, yet his face said he was anything but sorry, "-did I startle you?"

"No." Jungkook rolled his eyes. He didn't lie, he wasn't startled, he was creeped out, there's a difference!

"Good." Taehyung nodded sagely, bangs flopping on his forehead with the move, "What are you studying?"

"Calculus." Jungkook deadpanned. He knew Taehyung detested it, that's why he wasn't surprised by his reaction, not one bit.

"Ew!" Taehyung exclaimed and grimaced in disgust as if he saw a pile of poop or something equally as gross.

Jungkook rolled his eyes at him, "You have to too, you know." He can't believe he even has to remind Taehyung that he has an exam for Calculus.

"I do?" Taehyung asked as he cocked his head to one side innocently.

"Taehyung!" Jungkook screeched in horror, this cannot be happening, no way.

"Just kidding," Taehyung said as he stuck his tongue out at Jungkook and then laughed, "I got a C last time." He shrugged nonchalantly.

"That's so bad." Jungkook sighed, he felt so bad for Taehyung's GPA that he wanted to cry and mourn it because it was already dead.

"Yes, that's why you should tutor me." Taehyung said as if it was something that was supposed to happen anyway.

"I can't." Jungkook said sternly, "I'm already helping you with Chemistry and I have my own grades to worry about." He loved Taehyung, he really did, but he won't let love get between his grades. Education and love were two completely separate things.

"That's sad." Taehyung sighed exaggeratedly, "And here I thought we could make love after you'd tutor me."
"Tae!" Jungkook yelped mortified and Taehyung burst into laughter. Great, now he's going to think about Taehyung fucking him all day, just great.

"Anyway, I gotta go now." Taehyung said he hoisted his backpack on his shoulder, "See you at lunch babe." He winked obnoxiously then leaned in to kiss Jungkook's cheeks and left.

~~

A few hours passed since Jungkook has been in the library and he could feel the hunger bubbling up in him. He had to go for lunch and meet the others anyway so he decided to take a break for now.

"We finally meet again," A voice startled Jungkook when he finished closing the zipper of his backpack and a tendril of terror ran up his spine. He thought he buried it a while ago but oh was he wrong, he knew logically that she was in their school for weeks now, but he never actually saw her.

Irene.

Oh no, this won't end up well for him matter how much he thought about, "W-What do you want?" Jungkook stuttered. 'Dammit!' He cursed internally, why did he have to go and look weak in front of this witch! 'Get your shit together Jungkook!' He gave himself a pep talk.

"Nothing in particular,-" She said as she shrugged and leaned with her back against the edge of the table, "-I just wanted to talk."

"About what?" Jungkook said evenly, voice was calm now. 'Yes!' He thought as he did an imaginary fist pump.

"Taehyung." She said and that tendril of terror was back.

Jungkook didn't know what she was about to tell him but it couldn't be anything good, not when Irene looked at him like she already won this battle and it hasn't even started yet, "What about him?"

"You do know why he's dating you right?" She said as she raised one eyebrow and leaned back with her hand on the table.

"He loves me." Jungkook said without hesitation, the confidence in his voice surprised even himself, but he had enough trust in their relationship to say that it was true. Taehyung loves him and he loves Taehyung, it's as simple as that.

"He was never the type to date boys like you,-" Irene spat, features contorting into something ugly, but then she regained her composure and grinned darkly, "-he's probably doing it out of sympathy," She said as she cocked her head to one side, evil grin never leaving her face, "-maybe it's because you are an orphan and all."

Jungkook just blinked, his brain not comprehending what she was playing at for a second, but then dread started pooling at the pit of his stomach when he got what she was trying to say. He widened his eyes in disbelief, clearly not expecting to hear something like this from her, or anyone really, "How the hell do you-"

"I know everything there is to know about you Jungkook." Irene's voice started over his and Jungkook felt a bit creeped out at her words, it was weird to hear that a stranger knows everything about yourself, "I'm gonna take Taehyung away from you soon." Irene stated and gave him a coy look, conviction present in every move of her body.

Jungkook didn't like it, he didn't like how this person could come up to him and outright tell him that
she was going to steal his boyfriend away from him just because she wanted to, "We'll see."
Jungkook said smoothly when he recovered from the sudden shock faster than he thought he would.
He loved Taehyung and he knew he did too so it didn't matter if she threatened him, it wouldn't
change anything. At the end of the day Taehyung was still his and he was Taehyung's.

“You will, plus his parents would never approve you,” Irene said with a scoff, voice ice cold and
Jungkook felt a chill run down his spine. He clearly hadn’t thought about Taehyung’s parents being
a major factor in their relationship, “Imagine Kim Taehyung, the heir to Kim Industries, getting
married with an orphan and a boy at that.” She said with a chuckle, as if the thought of that actually
happening was so absurd it amused her.

Irene’s each word felt like a stab to his chest and Jungkook felt like he couldn’t breathe properly
anymore. He never, not even once, thought about that and he could feel himself falling into the pits
of darkness because everything she just said was true. Jungkook wanted to hide away from the world
right now, his feelings, even his damn thoughts felt like they were being crushed mercilessly. Why
couldn't he have nice things? Why did stuff like this always happen to him? Why?

His eyes stung with unshed tears and he thought he was going to faint there for a second, “Cat got
your tongue?” Irene asked jauntily and then she laughed, “I actually pity you, you know. Think
about what I said before it’s too late.” She finished before she stood up properly on her stilettos and
sauntered off.

Irene leaves him there completely speechless, she just stormed in his life for five damn minutes and
she already managed to ruin everything. Yes, he has thought about their status difference, but the fact
that Taehyung's parents wouldn’t approve of him never crossed his mind...No, it's more like he never
wanted to think about it. Of course Kim Taehyung, the heir to Kim Industries, wouldn't look good
with someone like Jungkook. He was basically a nobody with no value whatsoever in their eyes. He
doesn't even have the courage to show up his face in front of Taehyung’s parents, that's how
humiliated he is right now. 'But I love Taehyung, isn't that enough?' He thought miserably and then
sighed. It was in moments like this when his missed his mother's wisdom, she would have known
what to do, she always did.

With a heavy heart Jungkook dragged his feet to the canteen where he was supposed to meet
Taehyung and the others, but he didn't want to face everyone right now, he wanted some time alone.
Without thinking about it any further, he changed his direction and headed for the roof terrace where
he could catch a breath of fresh air and think.

* 

"Hey, Jimin did you see Jungkook?” Taehyung asked hurriedly.

"Nah man, I've been looking for him myself. He always comes to the canteen when it's lunch time.”
Jimin answered as he was biting on the inside of his cheek.

Taehyung was getting worried, Jungkook promised to meet him at lunch time but the break is almost
over and he was still nowhere to be seen. Under normal circumstances he wouldn't have been scared,
but then he saw Irene and Jackson, both eyeing him now and his worry increased from ten to a
hundred already. 'What if Irene said something to him? What if he is upset again? I should have
never left him alone, damn it!' He thought to himself as he saw Irene walking towards him, swaying
her hips seductively as her curls were bouncing against her ample breasts and yet, all Taehyung
wanted to do to her was push her in a lions den and leave them to it.

"Are you looking for your boyfriend?” Irene asked innocently as she tucked a strand of her hair
behind her ear.
"That's none of your business." Taehyung spat, he didn't like seeing her face, it made him want to throw up in disgust.

"If it concerns you then of course it's my business." Irene said and curled her lips into a sweet smile, acting as if she actually cared about his well being.

"We're looking for Jungkook, have you seen him?" Jimin asked instead, cutting Taehyung's response to her words, knowing it would get very ugly, very soon.

"Well about that," Irene started as she tapped her index finger on her bottom lip and Taehyung knew immediately that she had done something to Jungkook, "I might have said something to him." She continued ambiguously as if this was all a big fucking game to her and she was just enjoying the show.

Taehyung knew Jimin could tell he was boiling with anger, his hands were fisted, eyes red with fury and he felt like he was about to explode and throw punches left and right at any second now. "What the fuck did you say to him?" He gritted out through his clenched jaw.

"I-"

"I asked,-" Taehyung spoke over her, not even giving her a chance to talk as he stepped closer to Irene, towering over her small frame threateningly, "-what the fuck did you say to him!??" He growled angrily, drawing out everyone's attention from the hall.

Irene took a step back, looking doubtful for a second, "Just how he's not worthy of you." She stated as he recovered her stance and hissed at Taehyung as she threw her hand in the air, "You can't possibly think your parents would ever accept him for who he is."

"Fuck...fuck." Taehyung could feel stones dripping in his stomach, "Oh my God, Jimin. I need to find him. I need to find him fast." Panic filled Taehyung's voice and he dismissed Irene's presence. He didn't know what to do, his hands were shaking, his heart was going crazy and he just needed to find Jungkook right fucking now or else he'll go mad!

"Tae relax, we'll find him." Jimin said soothingly but Taehyung could tell he was really worried as well, "Did you check the fields and library?" He asked as he placed a hand over Taehyung's shoulders and squeezed lightly in solidarity.

"Yes I did, he wasn't there." Taehyung said as he bit his lips harshly and started running his hands through his hair in frustration.

Jimin was silent for a few seconds as if he was thinking really hard where his best friend could be and then he widened his eyes, "Check the terrace."

Taehyung just looked at him dumbly, "What?"

"Check the terrace, quick!" Jimin squeaked out, "I'm sure he's there!"

Taehyung didn't even think about it, he just turned around and sprinted for the stairs. He's never ran so fast in his life, ever. He was bumping into people and stumbling over the steps a few times, but he made it up to the last floor in one piece and when he threw the doors to the terrace open, relief washed over his entire body because Jungkook was here, sitting on the floor, he was safe. "Kook!" Taehyung yelled and Jungkook looked up at him, surprised to see him there.

"Taehyung." Jungkook breathed out fondly as Taehyung walked towards him and crouched in front of him.


"Baby," Taehyung whispered, "why were you not there at lunch?" He asked and touched Jungkook's cheek with his palm, rubbing the soft skin with his thumb, making Jungkook close his eyes and let out a shuddering breath.

"I was not feeling too well and I wanted to get some air." Jungkook explained as a painful half smile broke on his lips and then nuzzled his cheek against Taehyung's palm, making his heart ache for Jungkook, his sweet Jungkookie.

"I want to tell you something." Taehyung said nervously. He didn't know if this was the right thing to do but he needed to make sure Jungkook knew where his heart was standing.

"What?" Jungkook asked as he peered up at him through his eyelashes, eyes glossy and pretty pink lips parted, looking as beautiful as ever. How could his parents want to take this gorgeous, perfect creature away from his life was beyond Taehyung.

He took a deep breath and then just went for it, "I love you," He said in a shaky voice, putting his heart out there like this would never be easy, "You don't have to say it back, just know that I love you." Taehyung said and looked at Jungkook straight in the eye as he brought his other hand up to cup both of Jungkook cheeks and holding him in place, "And don't you let anyone or anything make you feel otherwise because, Jeon Jungkook,-" He said his name with a small adoring smile playing at his lips, "-to me you are the sun that brightens my entire life, you are the star that I look up to every night, you are my moon...-" Taehyung trailed off, then took in a deep breath and continued, "-and my entire existence revolves around you. I love you Jungkook." He said, looking totally enchanted with the person sitting in front of him, "I've loved you ever since the day I bumped into you at that diner."

Jungkook remained quiet, tears were prickling at the corner of his eyes as he brought a hand up to hold Taehyung's hand into his and press a delicate kiss to the inside of his wrist, "I love you too." He murmured softly, so softly that Taehyung almost missed it.

Warmth filled his entire soul, he wasn't expecting him to say it back but now that he did, it was enough for Taehyung to hold on tight and never let go.

~~

Chapter End Notes

leave a kudos if you liked it! :D
Jungkook forgets everything relevant to his life besides his studies for at least two weeks. May is here and finals are in one week, he's not even sure if he even has the time to breathe. A heavy sign draws out of his lips as he opens his notes for Calculus, he can't remember the last time he had a proper conversation with anyone. Yes, even Taehyung. After their little stunt in the terrace that day, things have been particularly cold between them. Jungkook just assumed that it's nothing too serious and even if it was, he couldn't care enough to bother about it, not when his finals are looming over him like a Reaper dangling an axe above his head.

"Jeon, take a break will you?" Jimin hollers when he enters the room with a towel wrapped around his hips, another on his shoulders and holding a water bottle at his lips as he gulped down the whole thing.

Jungkook sighed, he couldn't understand how students were so chill about their GPA dropping, "Not when I have finals to worry about."

"Chill." Jimin said as he rolled his eyes at Jungkook and started to get dressed, "You'll do great besides, you should learn to loosen up a little." He said as he buckled his belt.

"You know how important this is to me, Jimin." Jungkook said for what it felt like the millionth time already, "I haven't learned how to loosen up when it comes to my grades and I never wanted to."

"Forget grades." Jimin huffed as he pulled a T-shirt over his shoulders, "How long has it been since you talked with Taehyung?"

Jungkook stopped and thought about it real hard, the last time they saw each other face to face was on the day Irene cornered him in library, but they did text each other every now and then, "Three days ago." He replied when he remembered Taehyung sending him a text, but he can't tell if he answered back or not, "I don't feel like I need to check up on him every day." Jungkook scowls. He went kind of numb since that conversation he had with Irene. Taehyung loved him, he made sure Jungkook understood that, but it didn't really make a difference, not when the problem was with him being...well, him.

"That's your problem Jungkook." Jimin said as he threw his hand in the air, "You think the whole world revolves around you." He hissed harshly and Jungkook had to take a double take, 'Is Jimin angry at me?' He thought bewildered.
"What the fuck-" Jungkook started, anger edging at the periphery, but he got cut off.

"Why does it always have to be him chasing your god damn ass?" Jimin shouted as he pointed at Jungkook with his palm, "Why can't you check up on him for once?" He said as he started to pace around the room in frustration, "It's like he's the only one trying so damn hard to hold onto this relationship."

"Listen,-" Jungkook started calmly, completely apathetic to everything, he didn't want to do this, any of it, "-I don't want a lecture from you right now, in fact I don't want to hear anything that involves him." He finished evenly, face neutral.

"Stop running Jungkook, stop before you hit a wall." Jimin bursted out angrily.

Jungkook just sighed, making Jimin get even more furious if that was even possible, "Shut up and let me live." He said as he turned back to his book, effectively dismissing Jimin from the conversation. He knew he messed up, real bad, but he didn't do anything about it, not even when Jimin stormed off and slammed the door with brutal force.

Jungkook knew he had a problem, but his problem wasn't that he thought the world revolved around him, no, his problem was that he didn't fit in this world, not since his entire fucking family died. He tried real hard to find his place, lord knows he did, but Jimin didn't know about any of this, he never told him so it was useless to stay angry at his best friend.

Now thinking about Taehyung hurt, it hurt so much that he just stopped thinking and focused on other things, like studying until he passed out, wake up and did it all over again. He knows it's not the healthiest way to cope with things, in fact it was damn right suicidal, but it worked. As long as it kept his thoughts and pain away he would keep on doing it until he couldn't anymore. He was angry at the universe for giving him Taehyung, for giving him a taste of what he could have and then taking it away, just like that. Reminding him that he wasn't worthy of nice things, that he would ruin the love of his life if they stayed together. He doubted that Taehyung's parents would still talk to their son and not disown him if he fought them. He didn't want Taehyung to be on bad terms with them, he knows how it is to not have your parents there when you needed them and he would never do something like that to Taehyung, never.

*  

"How's school going?"

"Why do you care?" Taehyung said as he rolled his eyes at his mother.

"Taehyung." She chided.

"Yes mother?" He answered sarcastically, he will never understand why his mother was like this.

"I'm just trying to look out for you." His mother sighs, looking like she was giving up on trying to have a proper talk with him.

"Don't then?" Taehyung shrugged easily, "I don't want you looking out for me, I can handle myself." He retorted, after all he did it for so many years, why would he need any help now?

"Okay." She said as she purses her lips and turns around to leave.

Taehyung hasn't been in a good mood lately and everything ticks him off. He doesn't even know why he gets so annoyed these days. Well, he pretends that he doesn't know why, but at the back of his mind he knows it's because Jungkook has been ignoring him again. He tries not to let it get to
him, he really tries but he knows he isn't doing a good job. How could he when the most important person in his life just stopped caring altogether and gave up. Taehyung sighs and looks up, 'I need a drink.' He thought to himself.

~~

Jungkook groans, his body stiff and head pounding after studying for six hours straight. He finally decides to take a break and eat something, but it's 22pm and he knows the canteen won't be open at these ungodly hours just for him. So he thinks of taking a walk outside, maybe breathing fresh air might make him feel better, less suffocated, and goes to the nearest ramen shop he knows. He loves the black bean noodles they have there so he orders one portion and sits there at the counter, thinking about anything and everything for what seems like ages.

"Fancy seeing you here kid." A voice startles him, but he quickly calms down when he realizes it's Yoongi.

"Hey, hyung." Jungkook smiles, but he knows Yoongi can tell there's nothing real about that smile.

"Hey, here to have dinner?" He asks as he looks around the place.

"Yes," Jungkook answers, "You?" To be honest, Jungkook doesn't really care what he's doing here, but asks out of politeness anyway.

"Actually I came here to buy ramen for Jimin." Yoongi says as he took a seat beside Jungkook at the counter.

"Oh," Jungkook whispers, he wondered where Jimin went when he stormed out like that and now he's glad he's at Yoongi's. That meant he was somewhere safe and not roaming the streets at night like Jungkook is.

"He seemed a little upset today," Yoongi said as he was watching the cooks prepare their meals.

"I see." Is all Jungkook could muster out as he bit his lips. Of course he was upset, who wouldn't after a fight like that.

"Kid," Yoongi starts softly, "-if you want to talk about anything just hit me up any time okay? You don't have to worry, even if I'm Jimin's boyfriend I won't be biased with any advice I give you." He said truthfully and Jungkook could feel warmth spreading through his body at his friend's concern.

"Thank you." Jungkook smiles, a real smile this time and is thankful for having such supportive people in his life, he knows he can count on them if he ever decides to accept their help.

"You're welcome." Yoongi nods and gives him one of those rare gummy smiles of his, "I don't know what happened between you two but just sort it out." He says as he takes out his wallet from his jacket, but then stops when a thought dawned on him, "If the reason you two fought was Taehyung then I'm sorry, it wasn't Jimin's place to talk." Yoongi's tone is serious and Jungkook feels guilty about all of this.

It's not that it wasn't Jimin's place to talk about him and Taehyung, it's just that he didn't want to, he can't handle it, "Hyung, it's okay. Just tell him I'm sorry."

"How about you tell him yourself yeah? He'd love that." Yoongi laughs and Jungkook feels more at ease at that.

If Yoongi asked him to say it himself then that meant Jimin wasn't actually angry with him and that
he still wanted to talk to him, "Yeah, I'll do that."

They are both silent after that and Jungkook eats his noodles while Yoongi waits for his order. He felt comfortable, even though they never said anything to each other, so he enjoyed his meal and after he was done and Yoongi's order was ready, he asks Jungkook if he should walk him back to the dorm. Jungkook politely refuses of course, he didn't want to impose any further and besides, the noodles would get cold by the time Yoongi made it home if he accepted.

Jungkook thinks a lot on his way back to his room. He thinks about Taehyung a lot, he always is and it's entirely his fault that he can never vocalize his words. He loses all coherence when it comes to Taehyung. Then he thinks about what Jimin said in the morning and he regrets everything he has done. Damn, if only he could turn back time, his friend didn't deserve to be treated like that, not when he didn't know the whole picture, but Jungkook wasn't sure he was going to come clean any time soon about his past.

"Jeon Jungkook?" He hears a voice call him when he was about to get inside the dorm building and he turns around to face a fairly pretty middle-aged lady, elegantly dressed and sharp makeup adorning her features.

"Uh, yeah?" Jungkook answers, unsure if he should address her or just keep on walking and ignore her.

"Can we talk?" She asks as he bit the inside of her cheeks.

"I'm sorry but I don't really want to talk to someone who I don't even know to begin with." Jungkook said sternly, he didn't like her attitude, it reminded him of a certain Irene and it brought his nerves on edge.

"I am Kim Yura,-" She introduces herself and Jungkook thinks he might have an idea about who she is now, "-Taehyung's mother."

"Of course.' He thought to himself, Jungkook knew he had to face the music sometime soon, he just wasn't sure how soon yet, "Okay." He agrees, then they both walked inside the building and sit in the small, but tasteful, lounge the dorms had. Jungkook was tense in his seat, probably looking like he's ready to bolt at any time and the air felt thick around the room, making it harder to breathe properly. So he decides to just go for it and get it over with already, "So, what do you want to talk about?" Jungkook asks.

"I need you to leave my son." The words cut through him like a knife but he can't say he's surprised, not even one bit. He knew she would never let her son be with someone like him, "You sure are blunt for a lady your age, Mrs. Kim." Jungkook fakes a laugh as he shook his head in disbelief.

"I don't beat around the bushes Jungkook-sshi." She replies simply.

'Fair enough,' He thinks to himself as he give her a nod, "Have you been stalking your son?" Jungkook asks as he looked at her and raised an eyebrow, "Have you been stalking me, Mrs Kim?" He asks sternly, voice cold, only serving to thicken the tension between them.

Taehyung's mother was definitely not expecting something like this, he's sure she thought Jungkook would be weak and vulnerable, easy to manipulate, but never this forward, icy person standing in front of her, "Well, in my defense, I wouldn't call it stalking, I was just looking out for my son." She says as she raises her hands in a what can you do gesture.
"The son that you speak of Mrs. Kim is 18 and old enough to make his own decisions. You do realize you can't force him to do something he doesn't want to right?" Jungkook stated harshly and didn't stutter once, he felt really proud of himself for that, he'd rather die than let Taehyung's mother think he was that easy to fool.

"I do, but I also know that if I can't make my son listen to my words then I can make you listen to me instead." She smirks and Jungkook knows a part of what she just said is right, he just wasn't sure which.

"What do you want me to do? I love Taehyung and he loves me." Jungkook says as he looks her straight in the eyes, daring her to say otherwise.

"Jungkook-sshi,-" She started calmly, "-the world is a complicated place. I can't let my son, the heir to Kim Industries, marry someone like you. I'm sorry son but I can't let him marry-"

Jungkook cuts her off, "To an orphan." He continues, he knows all this already, Irene made sure of it, and now that Jungkook thinks about it, Mrs. Kim and Irene are not that different from each other after all, "I get your point, really. You want me to prove myself worthy of your son?"

"Well I actually want him to get married to Irene." At Jungkook's disgusted expression she adds, "It's for business." She says, as if that is any better than forcing her son to marry someone he hates, "You know how it works don't you? I hear you are a smart boy." She changes the subject smoothly.

Jungkook just looks as her and grits his teeth, "I can't say you heard wrong."

"I want you to leave Seoul for a few years." And wow did that hurt to hear, "If you leave, my son will eventually forget about you and move on to someone else." She explains as if she already had it all planned out, but the sad thing is that she probably did, probably complete with a god damn PowerPoint presentation to top it off, "I can arrange everything for your college plans, you could go anywhere you like, just name the place and I'll get it done."

Jungkook just gave a fake laugh again, he couldn't believe his ears. Mrs. Kim was offering him what...money?...Just so he would leave Taehyung, as if he was some sort of cheap whore, "I appreciate your sympathy really." He said sarcastically. "But Mrs Kim I am capable enough to get myself into a university with my own grades. In fact, I already got accepted into some."

"Oh?" Taehyung's mother said as she furrows her eyebrows at that, looking quite surprised that Jungkook managed to get accepted into a university one year early, well it's not exactly like that, but he won't explain the situation to her, she doesn't deserve it.

"Aah, yes, you didn't really have to come all this way to ask me to leave because I was going to leave anyway." He shrugs nonchalantly, though he felt like he was going to die on the inside, "I don't know for how long but I can assure you by the time I'll come back to Seoul your son will forget about me." Even just saying those words almost made Jungkook have a panic attack, but he held it in for now. He could crash however much he wanted to later, in the safety of his room, alone.

"I'm sorry son, I know it's going to hurt Taehyung, he probably loves you more than he ever loved me and I understand that, but I have no other choice." She said warmly, or at least she tried to, but Jungkook was having none of it.

He won't let her think that by doing this she's right, because she isn't. Taehyung isn't and will never be a thing for her to use in her plans, "I understand Mrs. Kim." He says evenly, "I hope you have a happy life knowing you abandoned your son's happiness for an industry that could crumble at any time." Jungkook bites out angrily.
Mrs. Kim's face falls at that and Jungkook preens because he knows he hit a nerve, he feels pleased at himself for it. She stands up abruptly and makes to leave but turns around to speak for one last time, "I'll never forget you Jungkook-sshi." And with that, she's gone.

Jungkook too, turns around and leaves, doing it all on autopilot. He steps into the elevator, gets out at the second floor, walks to his room, gets inside, locks the door and then leans heavily against it, legs failing to keep him upright. He didn't tell her that he had actually never planned to leave. He did apply to some universities he has always dreamed of going to on a whim, but he never wanted to leave Taehyung. It would be a blatant lie if he said that he isn't hurting. It hurts, it hurts so fucking much that the facade he built in front of Mrs. Kim breaks and he crashes on the ground heavily as tears were falling down his face. He cries, he cries so much that his eyes are sticky and swollen, nose red and cheeks wet with tears. He feels suffocated all of a sudden, vision starting to blur at the edges and he realized he was hyperventilating. Dread rushed through him because he knew he was about to have a panic attack, so he did the first thing he could think of, he called his foster brother, Chanyeol.

"Hyung, can I come over?" He asks as he tries to calm down and count his breaths, he desperately hopes that he is Seoul because he doesn't know what else to do.

"Jungkook?" Chanyeol's voice sounds worried, probably because he could hear his voice was shaky and his breathing was a bit too forced, "How are you? No, wait don’t answer that, just come over and we'll talk when you'll get here."

"Okay hyung, I'm on my way. Thank you." Jungkook ends the call before Chanyeol could reply as he stood up, but his knees gave up immediately and he quickly grasped the door handle before falling. He then grabbed an empty backpack, shoved some clothes in, got out of the dorm and started making his way to Chanyeol's house. He remembered the address correctly so it wasn't much of a hassle going there, he just had to take the right bus and get out at one of the last stations. So he did just that, he got into the bus and rode all the way to Chanyeol's district, all the while trying to get his breathing back on track, earning a few weird looks from the other passengers but he didn't care.

He got out of the bus when he needed to and walked to his brothers apartment complex. It was a chilly night, the streets deserted of any people, giving it a peaceful vibe and making Jungkook believe that he was the only one left on earth right now. He took his phone out to check what time it was and saw it almost midnight. He groaned when he realized how tired he was going to be tomorrow, but then he reached his brother's apartment floor and he saw that he was already waiting by his door, jumping from foot to foot to keep the cold away.

"Jungkook!" Chanyeol yells when he saw him, probably waking up all of his neighbors as he practically threw his arms around Jungkook's shoulders.

"Hyung," Jungkook smiles, the most genuine smile he managed in weeks, "How are you?" He asked as he hugged his brother back just as tightly.

"Good, I'm doing good kid." He said as he pulled back from the embrace and looked Jungkook straight in the eyes, "How are you? Is everything okay?" Chanyeol asked, his voice shaky and Jungkook realized that his brother was probably going out of his mind with worry after calling at such a late hour.

"Yeah hyung, everything is fine." He started to say confidently but he failed, and realized he didn't need to act strong here, not in front of Chanyeol, "But there's just something going on with my life right now and I don't know what to do." Jungkook confessed as he looked at the ground between his feet.
"Hmm," Chanyeol hummed as he guided Jungkook inside the house, "-mind elaborating?"

"It's a long story though." Jungkook said as he chewed on his lips, it really was a long story, so long he didn't even know where to begin.

"I have time." Chanyeol smiles softly as he gestures for Jungkook to sit on the couch and then goes to the kitchen for a few minutes, but comes back armed with hot chocolate.

Jungkook takes his mug gratefully and then he starts speaking. He tells his brother about the first day at the Academy, how he met Taehyung, how he hated his guts in beginning but then he fell in love with him after, how they confessed to each other, he tells him about Irene and Mrs. Kim, he tells Chanyeol every single detail about how great of a person Kim Taehyung is and how he made him feel safe and protected. It felt good letting it off his chest and knowing that there's someone still willing to listen what he had to say.

"Whoa," Chanyeol breathed out, "so many things happened in your life and you didn't even bother to tell me." He scowls, but Jungkook knows he'll come around eventually, it's just going to take some time for Chanyeol to recover from the sudden burst of information.

"I'm sorry hyung." Jungkook apologizes, he felt guilty for making his brother feel like he didn't deserve to know about what was happening in his life, but he wasn't ready to tell him at that time.

"It's okay Kook, I understand, but wait, you fell for a guy?" Chanyeol asks, mischief playing in his eyes.

"Hyung, I-"

"You finally know about the beauty of a dick." Chanyeol nods sagely as if he approves of the path Jungkook took.

"Hyung!" Jungkook squeaks, cheeks flushed with embarrassment. He can't believe he had to hear something like that from his brother, God it was mortifying.

"I'm kidding." Chanyeol chuckles, clearly amused by Jungkook's embarrassment, "I wasn't going to judge you. Tell you what, I like dicks too." He finishes with a wink.

Jungkook is so lost at this point, "Wha-"

"Okay okay,-" His brother cuts him off again, "-so basically you told, Taejyung was it?"

"Taehyung!" He corrects as he rolled his eyes at his brother's antics.

"Right, so you told his mom you are going to leave?" He looks at Jungkook and at his nod he continues, "And you actually applied to some universities?"

"Yes." He didn't tell anyone about it beside his brother. It's sort of like and exchange student program but not exactly. The university he wants to go to is MIT, all the way in Massachusetts, but he needs more credits if he wants to get in on a scholarship. So he has to transfer for senior year at one of their partner institutions and beside the normal AP curriculum, he has to attend another special course that helps students like him gain all the credits the university requires to get in. If he meets all their expectations he will basically have a free pass in and get his Mechanical Engineering degree like he has always wanted to. He knows it's going to be hard but he also knows he could do it. When he leaves he won't have time for fun and it's not like he will be looking for it either, so yes, he's sure of it.
"Hmm," Chanyeol hums, "-tell your boyfriend about it."

Jungkook blinks and then stares at his brother in pure terror, "Hyung, I can't! I know Taehyung, he's going to lose his shit if he finds out his mom came to me." He sighed tiredly, "I love him but I also don't want to jeopardize their relationship any further."

"But Kook, you can't just leave, it would break him." Chanyeol looked dejected when he said that, but Jungkook knew he was right.

The words stab at his heart, 'I am breaking myself.' He thought to himself, it's not just Taehyung that's going to hurt in this, but it's the best for both of them if he left now, "I know, but I'm just going to say I'm leaving to pursue my dreams, I'm sure he'll understand."

"You could," Chanyeol started but then he stopped to give it a second thought, "Yeah, you can do that." He sighed profoundly, "God, parents like this are the worst, I'm sorry Kook." Chanyeol said as he brought Jungkook into a tight hug.

"It's okay hyung, we were never meant to be anyway." Jungkook said as he leaned his head on Chanyeol's shoulder.

"Don't say it like that." Chanyeol scolded, "If this love is real, then even if you show up after ten years, he'd still come back to you Jungkookie. He'd come back even after ten years. Believe me."

Chanyeol's words were giving him hope he didn't want to have. He was a realist, not a dreamer. He knew Taehyung would move on and probably have a family in ten years, but the thought of giving up on them completely was tearing his soul apart. "I hope so hyung." He said as he detangled himself from his brothers arms, "I'm gonna wait for the right time to tell him."

Chanyeol just looked at him and smiled, "Do that."

He stayed over at his brother house that night and Jungkook was in the guestroom, but he couldn't seem to be able to fall asleep without letting Taehyung know he still cared, so he picked up his phone and slid it open to send him a text.

Jungkook
Goodnight and sweet dreams babe.
I love you, forever and always.

It felt good to know he was the one to make the first move. It didn't hurt to let Taehyung know that he loved him and will make sure he knew that in the little time they had left to spend with each other.

*

Taehyung's phone buzzes loudly on the nightstand and he groans as he picks it up only to see a message notification. He almost drops the phone when he sees he got a text from Jungkook, notification flashing on the screen.

Jungkook
Goodnight and sweet dreams babe.
I love you, forever and always.

Taehyung's face lights up with a 100 watt grin. It felt so good knowing it was Jungkook who approached him first with an I love you, it felt good knowing he wasn't the only one that actually cared about them and he fell asleep that night feeling elated, mood lifted with just a simple text.
The next morning he wakes up with a smile on his face and he blames Jungkook for it. He even showers properly and actually sits to have breakfast with his mother. They don't talk to each other though, but it feels good to pretend they are an actual family for a while. After that, he grabs his backpack and car keys and drives to the academy.

The first person he sees in school is Yoongi, "Hey, kid."

"Hey, hyung." Taehyung beams at Yoongi, smiling like a lunatic and he couldn't care less about it even if he wanted to.

"You seem happy." Yoongi chuckles as he shakes his head at Taehyung's silliness.

"I am." Taehyung smiles even wider if that was possible.

"Jungkook is at the lockers." Yoongi says as he tilts his head towards the lockers.

Great, did Yoongi read his mind or something, "I-...okay." He stammers and Yoongi grins at his not-so-hidden desperation to see Jungkook.

Taehyung pads to the lockers quickly, wanting to catch his boyfriend before he heads to class and finds Jungkook stuffing his books inside the metal compartment and replacing them with the ones he needed for today. "Hey." Taehyung greets when he's close to him.

Jungkook turns to look at him and gives Taehyung a small smile, "Hey."

"I missed you." Taehyung blurts out as he leaned closer to him and Jungkook's eyes widen at that.

"I missed you too." Jungkook sighs and then leans with his shoulder on the closed door of his locker.

"I-" Taehyung starts but Jungkook cuts him off.

"Tae, I love you." Taehyung opens his mouth to reply but Jungkook doesn't intend on letting him to that, "I'm sorry that up until now I never once properly told you that I love you. I love you so much that sometimes I get scared of how someone can mean this much to me." Jungkook plows on, "I do feel insecure about us at times but it's okay, because I know you love me and it's enough for now." He confesses and Taehyung drinks in his words as Jungkook continues, "So, yeah, I love you. I love you a lot and I guess I always will." He finishes and looks at Taehyung now, as if to make sure he understood what he was trying to convey.

And oh did Taehyung understand, he was so happy right now that he felt like he was going to spurt out wings and fly to heaven with Jungkook in arms. "I love you too." Taehyung replies and in that moment, it's enough for both of them.

~~

Surprisingly everything falls into place after that. They go out on dates, hold each other's hands, tell I love you's a lot, they make love and they kiss. They kiss so much that Jungkook is left breathless, hair ruffled out messily and his shirt falling off his shoulders, making all the bruises Taehyung sucked prominent and screaming for attention, but he likes it. Jungkook is so happy that he forgets he has to leave in two weeks exactly and didn't tell Taehyung about it yet.

Seokjin, Hoseok, Namjoon and Yoongi's graduation ceremony passes in a blur of manly tears and party streamers. To he honest, Jungkook doesn't remember much from the graduates after-party they went to, but apparently he had a lot of fun, especially with Taehyung by his side throughout the evening.
Yoongi wants to go back to Daegu to start his career there and Jimin tries to talk to Jungkook about how he feels about it, but he doesn't say anything instead he cries. And Jungkook feels like someone is ripping his heart out. They don't break up though and they promise to see each other every holiday. It's sad, so sad but he knows they'll always be together and that they'll make it through.

Namjoon and Seokjin move in together like the old married couple they are and even go to the same university together. It was a shock for all of them initially, but at the back of their minds everyone saw it coming. Those two were so perfect for each other it wasn't even funny anymore.

Lastly but not leastly, Hoseok decides to start a dance group with some of his friends and have their minds set on auditioning for some big companies.

He thinks about the moment he's going to have to tell Taehyung he's leaving and even imagining it makes his heart ache to the point where he can't seem to breathe.

~~

It happens on a Sunday. Both of them were on Jungkook's bed cuddling together after a long night of naked skin sliding against each other and breathy moans, when Taehyung stood up and went to Jungkook's desk to get something. Jungkook just wrapped himself further into the sheets, intending to go back to sleep, but what Jungkook didn't expect was for Taehyung to find the one-way airplane ticket Chanyeol bought for him to Massachusetts, on his desk.

"Jungkook.." Taehyung starts as tries to keep his legs steady, "What is this?"

Jungkook slides off the bed immediately when he sees the envelope in Taehyung's hands and for a second, he feels like the world is crumbling in front of him. His heart thumps in his chest maniacally and he knows this is it, he can't drag it any further, "Tae, it's-"

"You are leaving?" Taehyung grits out through his clenched jaw.

Jungkook gulps, fuck he's going to do it, he's actually going to hurt Taehyung, "Tae, I got a really good scholarship to study Mechanical Engineering in Massachusetts. I wasn't supposed to go but I-" He stops to takes in a shuddering breath, he's gonna need it for the all the bullshit he's about to spew, "I thought it'd be better to try it out. It's a five year program and I'll come back for holidays."

Lies.

"What?" Taehyung's body was shuddering as he chokes on his voice, "And when were you going to tell me Jungkook?" He asks agrily, "A day before you leave? Hey Tae, I got a really good scholarship and I can't decline the offer so I'm leaving! Just up and leave? Just like that." If looks could kill, Jungkook would be a dead man right now, but even so he opens his mouth to say something, but he doesn't get to, "Fuck you." Taehyung growls, his voice icy and then starts to get dressed.

No, he can't let Taehyung go like this, "Tae, please-"

"I don't want to talk to you right now, I don't even want to see your face. I'm going." Taehyung spits out and then turns to leave but Jungkook grabs his arms immediately. He knows, he knows that if Taehyung leaves now then it's over, really over, he's going to lose him forever. "Let me go."

Taehyung demands, fire dancing in his eyes and it's so intense Jungkook almost loses the grasp he has on Taehyung's wrists, "You are going to leave for five years and you didn't even think to tell me you're leaving in less than two weeks. Just two weeks." Taehyung finishes furiously but his voice cracks on the last sentence and Jungkook feels the ground shifting underneath him.
He knows Taehyung is doing his best not to break down right now, and it hurts, it hurts so much to
know he's the reason for it, “I'm sorry, I'm so fucking sorry, Tae. I was about to tell you—"

“But, what?” Taehyung cuts off sternly.

Jungkook stops, he didn't know how to answer to that. He didn't tell Taehyung because he himself
didn't want to think about it, he didn't tell Taehyung because he was trying to avoid hurting him as
long as he could help it, he didn't tell Taehyung because he knew it would be over if he did and all
he always wanted was one more moment together with him, just one more moment, one more...But
he didn't say any of that, “I'm sorry.” Was all Jungkook could muster.

“Do you expect me to wait? Do you expect me to wait and dwell over you for five fucking years?”
Taehyung shouted in Jungkook's face.

'Yes.' Jungkook thought to himself, but “No.” Came out of his mouth. He won't ask anything of
Taehyung, he's already hurt him enough as it is.

“Okay,” Taehyung replies and Jungkook lets go of his arms, just like that, “Just know that this really
mattered to me Jungkook. I'd give up a lot more than a fucking scholarship for this, for us. But I
guess we are on different pages.”

Jungkook went lightheaded, his body went cold and his heart was beating so fast he thought he was
going to faint. ‘It hurts.’ He thought to himself, it hurts so fucking bad but what other choice did he
have? It was either go, become a better man and come back home, or stay and lose Taehyung in an
ugly fight they had no chance of winning, that would end up with Taehyung being disowned and on
stranger basis with his parents. He didn't want that, he didn't want any of that, but he will do
whatever he needs to. Even if it's killing him.

“I'm going.”

'Please don’t, if I could I would drop my entire world just to be with you.'

“I'm sorry everything ended this way.”

'Please no.'

“Before you leave I want you to know that everything I said these last 7 months were all real. I
meant each and every word. It would be a lie if I said I don’t love you anymore because I do, I love
you. I love you so much,” Something inside Taehyung breaks at that and when he finally lets those
tears fall, everything comes crashing down, everything, “But you hurt me.” He shudders through his
sobs and clutches at his chest, "I feel like you ripped my heart out.”

'Stop,'

“I don’t think I can ever love again.”

'Please stop,'

“But I don’t wish that for you. I hope you find someone out there and fall in love all over again. I
wish you a happy life Jungkook.”

'Please don’t go, you are the only thing in my life that makes sense to me. I can’t ever imagine loving
anyone else but you.’

And with that, Taehyung leaves. He stomps off, door slamming behind him and Jungkook just
stands there, in the middle of the room, thinking. He thinks about nothing and everything, he thinks about how cruel the world is, he thinks about how harsh "love" is and he thinks about Taehyung. His Taehyung, about that boxy smile of his that always made his heart warm up, about the way he would tease him just to get Jungkook to blush, about how good his lips felt on his, about how warm his arms were whenever he would hold him, about...about how he broke Taehyung's heart, about how he made him cry, about how he broke him. Jungkook crashes to the ground and shouts out a sorrowful cry as tears fall down his face. He hates everything but most importantly he hates himself.

'I'm sorry. I love you. Forgive me.'
“Did you pack everything else?” Jimin asked as he was tossing Jungkook his last piece of clothing to stuff in his suitcase.

“Yes, I did.” He huffs out after he manages to close the luggage and stands upright as he wipes the sweat on his forehead with his forearm.

“That’s good.” Jimin nods, but then panic takes over his face, "Are your tickets and passport ready?” He asks hurriedly.

Jungkook just chuckles at his best friend, “Yes Jimin, you asked me this for the hundredth time already.”

“Hey,” Jungkook said as he went over to Jimin and squeezed his shoulder, "I know you are but don’t worry, I'm fine Jimin, I'm fine.” He has been lying to everyone for so long about being fine that even he started to believe it was the truth now. Jungkook didn't even hesitate once before lying. It turned into a habit and he honestly hated himself for it, for saying to everyone that he's fine when in fact he's anything but fine. Jungkook hasn’t been fine ever since the most important person in his life left him to rot in hell. But he can't really blame anyone either now, can he? He did this to himself. He deserves it. 'I let Taehyung leave.’ He thought, he still had trouble believing it was over between them.

“Jungkook,” Jimin started cautiously and Jungkook knew immediately what he was going to talk about, he could feel dread pooling in his stomach already, “Are you sure you don’t want to see Taehyung before you leave?”

Jungkook closed his eyes for a second and breathed in. He did, oh God he did, he wanted to go to Taehyung and hold him in his arms forever, but that's not what he says, he lies instead since it's become the norm lately, “Yes I'm sure.” Jimin just looks at him like he was a moron, so he sighed and continued since his friend didn't believe what he said in the first place, "I've hurt him enough, I don’t want to upset him anymore.” And that at least, was true. The last thing he wanted in this entire universe was hurt the love of his life more than he already had.

Jimin's face fell at that, “I don’t know why you won’t tell anyone the reason why you're leaving, Kook. I wish you would at least tell me.” He said pitifully.
Jungkook could see Jimin was genuinely bothered by him keeping secrets, but there's nothing he could do about it. He had a mission to accomplish, and it will take him five years to complete. “I want to Jimin, I really do, but I can’t. Someday in the future tough, I will tell you.” Jungkook promised, honestly couldn't wait for the moment when he could speak with his best friend freely and explain everything he wanted to know.

Jimin sighed but gave up on trying to get Jungkook to talk about it. “Alright, I'll wait for it.” He said as he started to move Jungkook’s luggage closer to the door, "And listen, call me every day from there okay?”

“Ugh, no!” Jungkook groaned dramatically, "I don’t want to listen to your nagging voice every day.” He tried to lighten the mood since he didn't like where this was going.

Jimin grumbled at that, “Why you piece of shit, I'm SO glad you're leaving, like you have no idea.”

“Lies.” Jungkook laughed as he shook his head and checked under the bed to see if there was anything he forgot to take.

Jimin looked at Jungkook now, "I'll miss you Kook." And he didn't look like he was lying, he really was going to miss Jungkook and that made his chest fill with warmth, knowing that when he comes back home he'll have a best friend that will wait for him with his arms open and a "Welcome back Jungkookie!".

Jungkook gave a small, genuine smile after hearing the truth in his friends words, and went over to him gave him a tight hug, “I'll miss you too.”

Jimin sighed contently in the embrace but then he pulled back and looked him straight in the eyes, “Jungkook,” He started and looked determined for some reason, "-I know it’s none of my business to say this but please meet Taehyung, just once. Namjoon said he’s been so miserable he barely eats, he barely talks and he barely gets out of his room.” Then Jimin said softly, as if afraid how his next words will affect Jungkook, "It’s like you're taking a part of him along with you.” The words stung, they stung so much his heart hurts. It's like it's that day all over again, he's hurting his love and he's not even there to soothe him, not that he has the right to anymore but still, Taehyung is suffering and it’s all because of him. Then Jimin continued in his soft tone, “Jungkook, I wasn’t going to say anything about it because it's not my place to, but do you know why Taehyung hates Irene so much?”

Now that Jimin mentioned it, Jungkook realized they never actually talked about it in the end, “He wanted to tell me but I guess I never gave him the chance.”

“She-”Jimin stopped, as if reconsidering it but then he breathed in sharply and continued, "-cheated on him with Jackson. They were really happy together, even planned to get married, you know? But then one day Taehyung caught them both sleeping with each other on his bed. Apparently, Irene acted like she loved him because of some business deal their parents made.” He gave a humorless chuckle at that, "Taehyung was really miserable after and everything went downhill from there. He started drinking, almost failing all of his classes, partying every day and sleeping with people he didn’t even know." Jimin paused for a while as he was deep in thought and Jungkook felt like was going to explode if Jimin didn't go on, "But then you happened." He smiled sweetly, "I have never seen him this cheerful and happy Kook, not even when he was Irene, you changed him.”

Jungkook felt like someone poured ice cold water all over him. It was like a punch in the gut and he felt like he couldn't even breathe knowing that Taehyung has already been hurt by someone he loved in the past and it broke him. Now it was Jungkook hurting him, breaking him from the inside once again after struggling to bring all of his pieces back together. Jungkook gulped, throat dry with guilt
and misery, “I don’t know what to say Jimin.”

“You don’t have to say anything Kook.” Jimin said truthfully as he chewed on his bottom lip, “I just thought you should know, okay?”

“Yeah,” Jungkook mumbled, “I know...” He trailed off but really, he didn’t, he didn't know what to do with this information. It felt even more wrong to leave now than it did before and it was tearing Jungkook’s soul apart.

“Anyway, I think it's time we should leave, your flight is in two hours.” Jimin announced and Jungkook just nodded. He checked his room for the last time to see if there was anything he forgot, but a part of him didn’t care because he knew what he was really leaving here. Just the most important person in his life, Taehyung.

Jungkook sighed, he didn’t want to go like this, he couldn't just leave, he had to do something, anything, so he decided to write him a letter. There's a chance that Taehyung will never read it anyway but still, he had to do something. At the very least it wouldn’t feel like such a one sided goodbye, so he grabbed a pen and a notepad and started writing.

~~

|| My Dearest Taehyung,

I know that by the time you will receive this I’ll already be in Massachusetts and I’m not even sure if you will actually want to open it but, well, I guess here goes nothing. Fair warning, it's going to be long so you might want to take a sit and make yourself comfortable.

First of all I want to say that I'm sorry babe, I'm so sorry that we had to end this way when we were both hurting and angry. Secondly, I'm sorry for not telling you before that I was planning on leaving, please believe me. I really wanted to tell you but I just, I just couldn’t! I wanted to wait for the right moment but damn did I fuck up and made it worse. I guess there really wasn’t a right time, I'm so sorry my love.

Hey Taehyung, do you remember when I first confessed how I felt for you and you said "Let’s be together for a long time." Baby, I can't say I expected the "long" time to be this short. I would beg all the deities known to man to grant me a forever with you if I knew they would listen, I would ask for a thousand forever's.

I'm going away yet it still doesn't change anything you know? You're still my world, my universe, the sun to my moon thus without you I can't shine as bright, my whole life revolves around you my love. You know I'm usually not this cheesy, but look at what you're doing to me!

Taehyung, these nine months have been the best time of my entire life just because I could spend them with you, the actual love of my life. Baby, I'm sad and upset, but I feel like I owe you an explanation. I'm leaving because I have to...no, I need to prove myself worthy of you and Tae, my angel, I promise I'll come back, tell the whole world you are mine and steal you away from whoever dares touching you. I'll come back worthy of you, I promise. Honestly I don’t expect you to wait for me, I really don’t, but I hope you’ll find your happiness soon Tae. That's all I ask for, that's all I ever wanted, for you to be happy.

I might not contact you from there because I know it would make it harder for both of us and I don’t want that. I'm going to cry every time I'll think of your beautiful face and I'm gonna miss every second that we've ever spent together. I'm the one that's going away but I feel like I'm leaving my heart here, with you. I'm leaving it to you.
I don’t want to promise you anything and I don’t know if I want you to wait for me or move on, but please, just do whatever makes you happy. I hurt you so much I don’t think I deserve being loved by you anymore. Just please be happy. Please, I swear I just want you happy, nothing else really matters. I'm so sorry for hurting you baby, I never intended to.

Please take care of yourself sweetheart, eat properly, rest well and study well! Please pass all your subjects, specially Calculus. Find another tutor if you have to and no more watching Haikyuu till late night, okay?

I love you. I miss you.

Yours forever,
∥ Jeon Jungkook xx

~~

Jungkook tore the page from the notepad and handed it to Jimin. “Give it to him after I leave, okay?” His body felt like it was rejecting his soul or something. Writing all of that for Taehyung just opened the floodage of feelings he tried so hard to block out.

“Yeah okay.” Jimin just nodded sadly, “The taxi is waiting outside. Have you bade your goodbyes to everyone?”

“I did, I texted everyone.” He nodded numbly, “Namjoon, Seokjin, Yoongi and Hoseok hyung already visited me this morning so there’s no one left.”

Jimin smiled, “That’s good. You ready for Massachusetts?”

’No.’

“Yes, I am.” Jungkook smiled faintly.

~~

Chapter End Notes

So, with this I am marking the end of this story. Till then, I hope you enjoyed reading this as much as I liked writing it. Even if you are a silent reader thank you for sticking with this story till the end. Also, this is now a part of a series so this means I'll be writing a sequel soon. 

Also if you want to reach me hit up my twitter any time! I would love to talk.

Ps: Constructive criticism is always appreciated. If you see any error then don't hesitate to point it out. 

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