Actions Speak Louder Than Words

by heukhaneul

Summary

Fuck the feelings away, don't let them takeover. (Friends with Benefits AU)

Notes

friendswithbenefitsau: one that's a little sad, a little fucked up with unrequited love, but nonetheless with a happy ending. there's sex, cigarettes and booze, and really minor instance of yoonseok (kind of under the influence, too) but i promise it's not sad in the end. but, beware of metaphors/word vomit!

i found this in my archives on my google drive dated back to over a year ago; remastered it with some more details and decided to post it since it's something different from what i usually post. i think i was sad writing this.

-- also inspired by and wrote to: this when it was released, maybe that's why it's so somber. (please take a listen!)

See the end of the work for more notes

Yoongi moved into this new city four years ago. The comfort of train tracks and a rooftop apartment was the closest thing he could call home, or rather the closest thing he could even afford in this
expensive city. He was made with spare coins in his pockets, a couple ten thousand won in his wallet —the only lavish thing he really owned was his passion to make it big, to seek out music.

Wet asphalts and slippery concretes that he found himself walking on late at night, the rainy autumn skies and cold mornings always brought a nostalgic smile to his face even if he didn’t sleep. People called him a night-owl, but he didn’t agree—because how could someone call themselves a night-owl if they don’t sleep? He treats his body terribly. Caffeinating it on all parts of the day, wiring himself out until his eyes turned bloodshot red but he still smiled that grumpy smirk when a passerby catches a glimpse of his face. After all, isn’t Seoul city just filled with dream-seekers?

But, Jimin was a big part of his life too. The younger male always found ways to turn in on irregular patterns, regardless of being invited over or not. Their relationship wasn’t healthy but to Yoongi, Jimin was the healthiest thing he knew. And he would always turn a blind eye when Jimin was involved because Yoongi was so afraid to let go.

Toxic relationships meant cigarette butts decorating Yoongi’s terrace, sex on couch cushions that danced with dust and radiated the moonlight along the covers. It meant kissing plush lips with the stale stench of beer and cinnamon toothpaste. And how much Yoongi loved to pull strands of hair that smelled so much like coconut milk shampoo and sweat.

Toxicity meant comfort; and in this lonely, big city, that’s all Yoongi knew how to survive in the wasteland of concrete jungles.

It’s raining a heavy storm amongst the murky grey skies, the droplets filled the damp sidewalk in the size of dimes and nickels hitting the surface of anything it could taint within it’s trenches. The street lamps buzz an ugly yellow which casts a dim shadow on Jimin’s face that insinuates his eyelashes. But, in this state Yoongi thinks Jimin is the most beautiful.

Yoongi hears the pitter patter of the rain, a steady drum against the beat of his own heartbeat. They’ve been sitting in silence for a while now, too afraid to move or too afraid to ruin the comfortable atmosphere. Besides, this was the first time they’ve seen each other in three months —Yoongi couldn’t help himself anymore; he needed Jimin, much like how Jimin wanted Yoongi —and the memories flood through the apartment floors like a silent movie overflowing against the walls.

A small flick of eyelids and a soft inhale of a breath was all Yoongi needed to react. His cigarette was still lit inside his ashtray, the ash finding it’s way down to the bottom of the black acrylic since left abandoned by it’s previous owner. Yoongi moves slowly, his hands finding the targeted cheekbones and his lips crash like water against full lush pinks.

He moves steady with Jimin, their lips finding the wet expanse of each other’s mouths and they move in unison for a taste of ash and smoke, for a taste of cinnamon and breath. A hand right above the nape of the neck and a graze of teeth against the bottom of lips—just a little bit longer, just a little bit stronger—and Yoongi finds the right touch against the friction of Jimin’s jeans with practiced movements.

It’s a feeling that Yoongi is used too. The way the zipper sounds when being unraveled and how his tongue feels heavy with Jimin, thrusting his tongue up and down the muscle like a routine he knew all too well.

Nothing compared to the feeling of being high off of Jimin’s sounds, not even the best weed potent with purple and musk could compare to the taste of Jimin’s salt. It was like harps being played, like
an orchestra finding the rhythm to the first movement of Beethoven’s ‘Moonlight Sonata.’ Such beautiful music that resonated sadness and toxicity, but remained so silently beautiful for anyone listening.

But then they untangle their limbs. Yoongi wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, Jimin’s sweat still laced on his tongue in a bittersweet aroma—kind of like the best ambrosia, and Jimin is zipping his pants back up, shaking hands still thrumming in the aftershocks of pleasure and then,

“I’ve got to go,” Jimin says—always says—his wild hair bouncing at the top of his head, almost comically, “It’s getting late and I don’t want to miss the last train.”

“The train station is literally around the block, stay for coffee.” Yoongi replies, his hands now resting behind his head, touching the back of his couch with lazy limbs. He glances up at the clock and wonders why Jimin always wanted to leave when the last train left at 11:59 and it’s currently only 10:40.

But, Jimin always wondered why Yoongi would ask him for coffee when the night sky bellowed with rough rain, the night seeping through the cracks of the apartment. Coffee isn’t meant for late nights—or coffee drinkers weren’t meant for Jimin, he was more of a tea person—it was meant for early mornings.

“It’s raining, there might be some backup at the station.” Jimin finally presses, brushing his hair back like he always did before sucking in his bottom lip in quiet frustration. Yoongi notices, so he doesn’t pry.

“Okay.” He would say, pulling himself up from the couch and thought thrice if he could embrace Jimin’s body with his arms, but before his limbs were able to touch the warm skin, Jimin was already out the door.

Yoongi doesn’t try to think about it, maybe this is what couples are like nowadays. Even if the hurt that shocks his system feels like sharpened knives against his numb emotions.

Jimin has never said anything about them being in a romantic relationship. He was always in it for the fuck and never thought about it as making love.

So, when Yoongi started yelling about ‘couples’ and ‘this isn’t what couples do’, Jimin decides to debunk the idea as soon as it spilled from Yoongi’s mouth because he never thought about it as such.

“We’re not a couple.”

Yoongi stops halfway from his angry tangent, his jaw creaking to a sudden stop and he licks his lips.

“What?” He asks, his mouth going dry and he continuously tries to re-wet them by swallowing down the hurt that started to prickle against his throat. But, it felt like swallowing a golfball. “What do you mean we’re not a couple?”

“I’ve never said anything about us being a ‘thing’,” Jimin presses out slowly, his fingers making quotations in the air before he decides to stare at his feet rather than watching Yoongi’s eyes grow dark with confusion, “I thought this was just a friends with benefits type of relationship, Yoongi. Hell, we meet every so often.”

Silence. It plagues the room with heavy stagnancy, swallowing both bodies whole and caging them in with its wings. Jimin shuffles his feet, thinking about what he got himself into and sighs deeply.
Yoongi closes his jaw, the familiar stiff creaking adjusted to a sharp snap and he shuts his eyes as the golfball double in it’s size.

“I’m sorry if I made you think of it as something further.” Jimin finally says, walking up towards Yoongi with careful steps, before digging in his pocket for something.

Yoongi already knows what it is and he hears the clang of metal dancing around the pocket of Jimin’s jeans. He watches with solemn eyes as Jimin puts the keys on the living room table and sits down on the couch, almost as if he was waiting for Yoongi to follow suit.

And, Yoongi does.

What follows next was predictable but also unpredictable because this time Yoongi doesn’t think of it as making love.

He holds Jimin’s body in his arms with the sweat tasting less sweet, the air above his head that was usually filled with beautiful images of Jimin’s face turns into something like yearning—if only he could have Jimin like this always. The sounds that Jimin makes don’t sound as addicting anymore but instead sounds like something Yoongi could only listen to as a listener but not the maker, or creator. His fingertips play the keys, shuffle the tracks, press the buttons of play, repeat, pause and stop but he was never able to change out the broken cd.

“You fuck me so good,” Jimin whispers, breath hotly mingling with Yoongi’s own, “god, you fuck me so good.”

And it’s then that Yoongi realizes that that was all he provided for the younger. Good sex; good enough to have him keep coming onto the terrace filled with cigarette butts and moonlight laced couch cushions. Good enough to have him breathe in Yoongi’s stench of broken and sad, but not good enough to stay permanent. Not good enough to change together, to change the sadness into happiness, to change the broken into perfect.

He wasn’t good enough for Jimin and that rang loud and clear.

“Yeah,” Yoongi replies, a groan that sounded real as shit, sounded like he really meant it, “yeah I know.” he concedes with closed eyes and a push of his cock sliding in deeper into Jimin. “But that’s because you let me.”

Jimin breaks, the sound rushing into Yoongi’s bones like tidal waves crashing on rocks. A harmony of honey and velvet, legs hitched high against his waist and Yoongi follows soon after, chasing the feeling with numb limbs. Breaths turning into pants and then flattening out to the sound of the faint murmur of the coffee pot turning off since left untouched by two bodies fucking, but not like Yoongi had previously assumed as making love.

“I’m sad that we have to end it like this,” the younger says, taking a deep breath before sitting on Yoongi’s lap with sweaty thighs, “I don’t want to have to say goodbye like this.”

Then don’t and stay with me, Yoongi wants to say but instead he lights up a cigarette with one palm gripping over Jimin’s bare ass, nodding his head with a, “Yeah. It sucks but I understand.”

He watches the boy perched in his lap grind down against him, still turned on—and Yoongi only mildly wonders if it’s really just the sex or something more—with eyes questioning whether or not Yoongi really did understand the situation but Yoongi doesn’t say anything, only offers the cigarette to Jimin from his own lips, shotgunning the smoke into the plush and thick skin with a sigh escaping his mouth. Jimin drinks it up, inhales and exhales the stench of tobacco and cum still hanging heavy
on his tongue.

“I-If you want,” the boy suggests, Yoongi rolling his eyes up to stare at him through his lashes, “we don’t have to stop.”

“We do,” no we don’t, if you say you really do want me, “I don’t think it’s healthy if we continue this or else one of us will start catching feelings, Jimin.”

“You already did,” Jimin says, sliding his hardening cock up onto the expanse of Yoongi’s soft stomach, which Yoongi takes into his palm, lazily pumping down and up until Jimin is back at gasping, “y—you—ah, already thought this was something more than just sex.”

Yoongi ignores how much that hurt, “I was just confused,” he flicks his wrist, taking another inhale of the cigarette and blowing out the smoke before exterminating it into the ash tray, “but I understand now.” he finishes, dipping a thumb into the slit of Jimin’s cock before putting the digit into his mouth and licking the remnants of cum.

“Then why should we stop?—Fuck, you look so good doing that.”

‘Because if we don’t stop, I don’t know how I’ll ever be able to let you go.’

Yoongi doesn’t say anything as a response. Instead he fucks Jimin once more before opening the door to his apartment and watches the back of boy’s shirt rustle against the wind.

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“What happened?” Namjoon asks, cigarette dangling from his lips as he looks at Yoongi, “I thought you guys were doing well?”

Yoongi is positioned with his arms resting on the cemented ledge of his terrace, looking out to Namsan tower as the lights flashed blue before turning red, leading into a light show filled with all the colors of the rainbow. It was usually Jimin and him that watched the flashing lights from up on his rooftop apartment but since the whole incident happened, he hasn’t seen Jimin in over three weeks.

It was for the better, he guesses, but the winter wind escaping through the hole in his chest told him otherwise.

“I don’t know,” Yoongi replies with a mutter, voice slapping against the wind and he tucks his body closer to the ledge when goosebumps start to rise on the back of his neck, propping his chin onto the back of his hands as he flicks his vision to Namjoon sitting on the couch—one that he found on the side of the train tracks months ago, “he told me it was nothing more than just a fuck relationship, not anything that involved emotions or some shit.”

Namjoon lights his cigarette, tucking one foot underneath the cracked dining table and propping one on the couch where he balances his elbow on his kneecap, “How do you feel about that?”

Yoongi thinks it’s a stupid question but he replies anyway, “Like shit, to be brief. But I also understand where he’s coming from,” Yoongi sighs, turning his body around so his back was placed on the ledge and he had a better view of Namjoon’s face, “we never established what we were. And it was stupid of me to think that we were actually in a relationship that didn’t involve just sex.”

“So it’s alright for me to tell you that I saw him the other day,” the taller responds, flicking ash into a large coffee can filled with sand, “with someone. Presumably someone he was going on a date with.”
“Do we know him?” Yoongi asks too quickly, bones jumping at the thought of seeing Jimin on another man’s arm—but it’s not like they did that in the first place anyway. They usually just met inside Yoongi’s apartment.

Namjoon stays silent for a little while, eyes perusing Yoongi’s facial expressions before he shakes his head, “No, I don’t think so. He’s never been around our crew before so I think he’s just someone Jimin might’ve met in school or work. He’s handsome though—tall.”

“Just because he’s tall and handsome doesn’t mean that he’s good for Jimin.”

“And, you are?”

Yoongi stills his movements, fingers that were reaching into his pocket for his pack of cigarettes twitched at the sudden question, the offending question that he wished no-one would ask him, but leave it to his best friend to call him out on it. His throat suddenly starts to ache, a ghost of tears already running down the breadth of his esophagus before burning like acid inside his chest—a wild bolt of electricity holding his limbs like a marionette doll as he thinks of an answer.

Namjoon doesn’t even blink when he sees that Yoongi stumbled at the words, instead he just humorously takes another drag of his cigarette, eyebrows perched up in curiosity as he waits patiently for an answer.

And this is how Yoongi’s thoughts go—

He reaches into his pocket, fumbling his pale fingers against a stick before he balances it in-between his lips, the sudden urge to smoke the entire pack in the moments it takes for him to finally answer is hanging so severely high inside his mind but instead he smokes slow, dragging the burn of smoke into his lungs. And he drifts his gaze from Namjoon’s face to the floor of the terrace—cracked cement with hilariously fucked up cheap carpet filled with booze stains and ash.

—He’s good at fucking Jimin, like the younger had said that night. He’s good at knowing all the spots that Jimin liked—the spot behind his ear, blow a breath and Jimin keens. Or the spot right on the lower portion of his belly, right on the spot against his transparent trail of hair. He knows how to drag out Jimin’s moans, enough to have the boy begging for Yoongi to continue, enough to have him ask for Yoongi to drag it out, slow down, speed up, go harder, faster, everything and anything that seems important during the time it takes for them to take off their clothes and pant through their orgasms. But not at all important now that Yoongi wasn’t actually doing it.

He’s good at trying to convince Jimin to stay for coffee (needless did he know that Jimin only drank tea) and great at trying to hold back his hurt when Jimin always tells him ‘no, hyung, i don’t want to miss the last train.’ Yoongi is damned good at opening the door to his apartment, lips begging for a small kiss from the younger as he takes his leave but the disappointment that follows soon after makes him realize he only did that so Jimin wouldn’t be upset.

He’s good at watching Jimin turning his back on him, to put it short, so good that it doesn’t feel quite like the first, second or third time. But he doesn’t know if that’s a good thing because now it just feels numb every single fucking time that Jimin does it.

He takes another inhale of smoke, throwing his head back against the wind, lolling it against his shoulders and wishes he could see the stars from here but the city lights of Seoul were too bright, overbearing, and the romantic idea of tearing open his heart to look for an answer of ‘is he good for Jimin?’ and ‘i’m the fucking best for Jimin, the best man around,’ gets brushed away.

Seoul city doesn’t adhere to the broken hearted, just the ones who were brave enough to sign their
So, Yoongi closes his eyes and gives a small chuckle. One that sounded much like a bitter respite to his thoughts, clutching against the wind as it thrashes the real truth behind the sound into Namjoon’s ears—*I’m fucking heartbroken, I’m terrified of this feeling*. And he flicks the butt of his cigarette off to the side, where the orange cherry waves a little in the wind before burning out against the cheap carpet of his terrace.

He looks up with a galling smile, one that didn’t look pleasant against his gums and teeth, and he directs his gaze into Namjoon’s eyes,

“No, I guess I’m not. I’m the shittiest fucking person for him, Namjoon.”

It’s six weeks after the whole incident when Yoongi sees Jimin again.

But this time not inside his apartment, nor fucking Jimin until he’s begging. It’s when Jimin is on a date with the previously mentioned tall man who’s potentially good for Jimin—just like Namjoon said. And Yoongi finds it almost funny how Namjoon was right because the stranger was fucking handsome and looked so good next to Jimin.

Yoongi has tried his hardest to not meddle in his thoughts about the seemingly ruined ‘relationship’ he’s had with Jimin for a couple weeks now, but he’d be lying if he said he didn’t think about the boy almost every single time he has a free moment to do so. But now Jimin looks as beautiful as ever with the new haircut complimenting his round cherub cheeks, the faint blush of cold against them making his olive skin a light pink. And it hurts even more when Yoongi sees that Jimin is wearing the outfit that Yoongi loved the most on him.

A hoodie that matched the one Yoongi had inside his own closet—one that Yoongi had bought him.

It’s fucking rich, to see the boy that he might’ve ‘loved’ wear the clothes that he’s given him, only to wear it for another man that wasn’t Yoongi and he takes a big gulp of coffee into his mouth when the thought leaves a sour taste in his mouth. Wincing a little when the hot liquid sears against his tongue.

He doesn’t mean to continue to sit down at the cafe tables for longer than the time it takes for him to finish his coffee, but now he made an excuse because why the fuck would Jimin go on a date so close to his home? Was it really because he didn’t meant that much to the younger? Yoongi doesn’t even try to hide his hurt, the frown that decorates his face is heavy, plastered onto his lips.

It’s then that Jimin turns around. Fluffy brown locks swaying from the momentum of his head turning around to look at the tables for an empty seat. Yoongi watches as the boy doesn’t see him at first, eyes prowling over each table until he smiles and sees an empty one right next to Yoongi’s and then Jimin does a double take, surprised eyes turning into a flicker of worry and panic. They made eye contact and the frown on Yoongi’s lips is still present.

Yoongi holds up his cup of coffee, dipping it into a greeting as a wave of ache starts bubbling in his chest. Jimin ignores the greeting and instead turns his head back around before nudging his date on the shoulders. Yoongi watches as Jimin whispers something into the other man’s ears—something probably along the lines of leaving.

But Yoongi won’t fucking watch Jimin turn his back on him again. So instead, he gets up from his seat and finishes the last droplets of bitter coffee that tasted bland against his tongue and walks up to the counter. Right past Jimin, elbows just barely grazing against the younger’s own and he doesn’t
miss the small intake of breath that comes from Jimin’s lips.

“Thank you,” Yoongi says to the cafe shop employee, handing the cup over to female and bowing low, “I’ll take my leave now.”

He turns around, eyes briefly making contact with Jimin and he drifts his eyes to the taller man—a typical pretty boy. He moves his eyes back towards Jimin, a smirk against his lips that turns sour when Jimin suddenly holds the date’s hand, clutching onto the fingers and intwining them just in time for Yoongi’s eyes to catch the movement.

“Cute,” Yoongi mutters before walking out the door.

He almost loses his mind when Jimin’s laughter rings loudly behind him soon after, that high pitched giggle that Yoongi wished was meant for him and only him alone. He brings both his hands up, fingers threading through his hair before he downright clutches and pulls until his scalp burns because the feeling of Jimin’s laugh against his skin has a weird sensation prickling against the back of his eyes.

He punches the brick wall of the cafe shop with force that almost feels like his knuckles were cracking against the surface, just in time for Jimin to see. But this time Yoongi turns his back around with stinging fingers, blood pooling down against his skin and dripping onto the cement.

He doesn’t get to see Jimin’s reaction.

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“Dude, I’m telling you,” Hoseok pipes, crashing his beer bottle against Yoongi’s where the older grimaces from the liquid that spills from the impact, “send in your fucking demo tape into the company I’m working at.”

“You’re a part of a dance company, Hoseok.”

Hoseok shakes his head, drunk Gwangju dialect heavy on his tongue when he blows a breath closer to Yoongi’s face, “No, no. We need producers, and you’re fit for that job!”

Namjoon nods his head in agreement before taking a swig from his own beer, throwing more wood into the fire pit they’ve made on the terrace, “You should, man. Isn’t that the reason you came to Seoul?”

“Yeah but I have no experience inside a company. Like, at all,” Yoongi replies, “I’ve just been doing shit alone.”

“Doesn’t matter, hyung. You make some good tracks.” Hoseok bargains, resting his head on Yoongi’s shoulders, “Make your dream come true, it doesn’t hurt to at least try.”

It’s Jeongguk that replies next, mouth full of savory sesame chicken, grease falling off his lips when he gives Yoongi a mouthful of, “Y-yeah, hyung. You could make it big from the shit that you’ve showed us.”

“Watch your tongue,” Yoongi says, “and wipe your mouth. You’re drooling Chinese all over my terrace.”

What follows after is the loud sound of Hoseok and Jeongguk’s drunk laughter, the crackling of wood inside the fire and Namjoon’s playlist blaring from the speakers on the radio. It drowns out the noise of a door opening—since left unlocked—and the footsteps of someone coming in through the
living room and into the door that led onto the rooftop terrace. Yoongi doesn’t even hear anything else but Hoseok’s breaths on his collarbones, thoughts lulling over to taking the boy’s advice about sending in his demo tracks but it’s Jeongguk that draws attention to the new body standing awkwardly behind them.

“Uh, hyung,” the youngest starts, using his chin to nudge their attention to Jimin, “we have a visitor.”

They all knew about Yoongi and Jimin’s situation—aside from the fact that Yoongi’s bandages were from him punching a brick wall because he saw Jimin on his date. But who was he kidding, they all probably knew. Especially now that the air grew tense and the way Jimin awkwardly shuffled his feet waiting for a response.

“Why are you here?” Yoongi finally says, nudging his cheek closer to the tops of Hoseok’s hair before taking a drink of his beer, “How did you even get in?”

Jimin’s eyes land on the bandages around Yoongi’s fingers, “I-I wanted to talk,” he says, “and the door was unlocked.”

“Leave.” Yoongi spits out, not even giving a chance for Jimin to breathe.

Hoseok whistles at this making Jeongguk choke on his food before a smile billows against his lips. But Namjoon uses his foot to kick the both of their shins before getting up from his seat and unplugging his phone, “Let’s go.” he says, yanking Jeongguk by the hood of his sweater when the younger protests against the words, “I said let’s go.”

“Fine, fine, I’m going!”

Yoongi watches them gather their things, the protests almost falling from his lips about them not having to go but when Jimin suddenly moves from his spot and onto the couch cushions, Yoongi finds himself stalling the words on his tongue.

“See you later, hyung!” Hoseok says loudly, sliding the back door shut, leaving Yoongi and Jimin alone.

Aside from the fire still crackling against the wood, silence falls over their bodies. Yoongi finds that his heart started racing soon after his friends left, the sudden urge to run his lips over Jimin’s skin was explosive but he reminded himself that Jimin has never felt the same way.

“Why are you here?” Yoongi finally asks again, eyes never reaching Jimin’s own.

“Why did you punch that wall?”

Yoongi laughs, setting his beer down on the table and shakes his head, “I’m not here to be interrogated,” he says, “you came here for a reason and I want to know what the reason is.”

“I just missed you,” Jimin replies, “and I wanted to see how you were doing.”

Anger flares up on Yoongi’s skin, burning hotter than the fire in front of their bodies, “That’s fucking stupid,” he spits, “you missed me? Why? Because your little date couldn’t fuck you like how I do?” he finally turns his head, catching the downwards drift of Jimin’s eyes. The words weren’t meant to sound that mean—because if anything, Jimin has never been that kind of person to Yoongi but the anger was heavy and he couldn’t hold his tongue.

“His name is Jaebum,” Jimin gives, opening and closing his palms when Yoongi bores his eyes onto the side of the younger’s cheeks, “and he’s a nice guy.”
But, he’s not me, Yoongi wants to say, “Did you just come here to tell me how your date went?”

“I thought we were friends.”

“You should’ve thought about that idea twice over when you decided to break my fucking heart.”

Jimin snaps his head up at this, eyes pooling with surprise when Yoongi’s voice suddenly cracks, “W-What?”

“Right,” Yoongi growls, “you broke my heart, Jimin.” he continues, “You made me believe we were in a relationship for over a fucking year and you find these words surprising when you told me we were nothing but fucking fuck buddies?” he kicks the table, the sound of beer bottles and glass smashing together made a terrible cacophony and he ignores how Jimin winces, ignores how the liquid spills from the table coating the floor into a bubbly mess, “You know how that felt, Jimin?”

The younger doesn’t say anything, eyes still focused on his hands rather than Yoongi’s face and somehow this made Yoongi even more angry.

“It felt like my world was falling apart, Jimin,” Yoongi says more quietly, silent anger bubbling into exhaustion, “it felt like time stopped. Like, I couldn’t breathe anymore. It felt terrible when you said that shit,” he stands up, scrunching his eyes into exasperation before he uses his palm to knock against his chest while making eye contact with the younger, “it felt like you just fucking punched me right in the heart before you told me that everything we had was a fucking lie. A fabrication of a relationship.”

Yoongi takes a breath, closing his eyes when they suddenly started to sting. He won’t cry, he’ll never fucking cry for someone who didn’t care half as much as he did for them—“You broke me,” he whispers, opening his eyes again slowly when he nods his head, the words spoke stifling rhythms into his heart, “You fucking broke me.”

Everything feels wrong now, the walls that Yoongi had held high against his armor finally fell down, his bridges burned, everything that he’s built up as protection has now crumbled to the floor underneath his feet when Jimin’s eyes change—there’s no reason for the younger to start crying, no fucking reason because he was the one that started this in the first place. But the unmistakable sight of salt water crashing against Jimin’s beautiful cheeks is real and it takes Yoongi all his might to not walk up and console the younger, it takes all he has to say the next words,

“Get the fuck out of my face.”

“I’m done with him,” Yoongi says into the phone, rolling his eyes up to the ceiling as he tries his hardest to keep his voice steady, “I told him to leave. We didn’t do anything.”

Namjoon’s voice comes in like a crack of static, the cell service was always bad where Yoongi lived but when the younger finally talks through the phone, the words are clear, “I don’t believe you.”

“No, we seriously didn’t do—”

“That’s not what I meant,” Namjoon cuts off, making Yoongi sigh in frustration, “I was talking about the part where you said you were so called ‘done with him’,” he explains, “I know you so well hyung and if. And if Jimin just showed up to the apartment right now, you would let him in—you’d let him in because you’re highly incapable of letting him go.”

“What the fuck do you know?” Yoongi hisses out, throwing an arm over his eyes as the angry truth
bombards his system, “You don’t know shit about the relationship we have, Namjoon.”

Namjoon laughs, a sound that only irritates Yoongi that much more, “I know and I’ve seen enough to analyze that you’re both just playing dumb. More so on Jimin’s part,” he sighs, bed creaking in the background—Seokjin was probably over and the sound of a soft moan definitely confirmed that it was, “but he’ll come around eventually, hyung. I believe it. The way he looks at you can’t just be some kind of fucked up love for your dick.”

“Well, I’m not going to wait for him to come around,” Yoongi says, pulling his ear away from the phone when Seokjin starts moaning louder, “are you seriously having sex with hyung right now while I’m talking to you about my fucking love life?”

Namjoon chuckles, “Hey, I’ve had to deal with your shit too,” he retorts, “but you won’t have to wait for him to come around. It’ll just happen. And I know you’ll accept him back because of what I said earlier.”

“Alright kiddo, I’m done talking to you,” Yoongi snaps, pressing the end call of the conversation before he could hear the younger’s response—or Seokjin’s moans that were progressively getting louder with each second.

But most definitely, ending the call so he didn’t have to listen to the truth of Namjoon’s words.

Here is how right Namjoon was, how well he knew:

It’s a week later where Jimin shows up unannounced again, on the same irregular pattern like he always did.

And it’s stupid for Yoongi to let him in thinking that maybe tonight would be different but it’s probably also because Yoongi’s bones had ached so much for just a taste of Jimin back on his tongue. It’s so easy for Yoongi to look sideways at the younger, the strong emotion of craving exploding against his fingertips when he holds the door open and watches as Jimin walks through like he belonged here. Like the comfort of Yoongi’s home was as much his as it was Yoongi’s.

They don’t even spare any words, their eyes already telling the signs of what’s to come. They fall into the familiar routine. One where Yoongi bandages his heart, holding it away from Jimin’s reach as he unfolds his limbs from his side of the couch and sprawl them over Jimin’s legs. They don’t need words when Jimin’s pants fill the air, rushed breaths that sound so melodic against Yoongi’s eardrums and reminding him of how fucking much he had missed this. This semblance of a messed up relationship, a relationship that only carves deeper holes in his chest every single time he lays his hands on Jimin’s body, but it’s still not able to fill the empty void flooding through his ribcage and up against his spine. Because this wasn’t real, this artificial love he gets from Jimin when they fuck is not real—it’s all just pent up sexual frustration, their hormones going wild because they fuck each other so well.

It’s not real.

But, holy fuck does it feel real when Yoongi unzips Jimin’s jeans.

It feels so goddamn real when Yoongi runs his palm over Jimin’s briefs, the hardening of the younger’s cock already blowing a thirst inside his mouth that was insatiable. The smell of sweet musk, sweat, with the moonlight flooding in through the cracks of the window makes his heart speed up as he licks against Jimin’s inner thigh, watching the muscle clench at every swirl of wet. It knocks
him into a frenzy, where he groans against Jimin’s olive skin because the younger looks absolutely gorgeous beneath him like this, breath-taking, cherub-like. Like the aching sorrow that was already brimming inside his veins didn’t matter because Jimin was finally here. Presented to him like the best gift in the world that he could ever ask for, like his reason for coming to Seoul was to spend time with Jimin like this.

“Oh,” Jimin moans, a high pitched breath that puts Yoongi on overdrive, “p-please Yoongi,” the younger uses his fingers to pull against Yoongi’s hair, begging for him to stop teasing, “fuck me good.”

And Yoongi is so vulnerable when it comes to Jimin because when the words leave the younger’s lips, Yoongi is sent spiraling out of control, unable to stop his motions before he even has time to think about his actions. To think about the fact that this was all a lie, this will only last for a few moments before Jimin is back at saying goodbye, back at turning his back on Yoongi.

“Say it again,” Yoongi mutters, hips grinding down onto the breadth of Jimin’s legs, a curling heat already in the pit of his stomach when Jimin presses his legs up against him, “say it again.”

“I said fuck me good, hyung. Like you always do.”

Right, Yoongi thinks, because I should be the only one allowed to.

He moves his fingers up, latching the pads of his fingertips against the hem of Jimin’s boxers before pulling down the fabric and watching as the younger’s cock bounces up and hits him on the soft curves of his abs. He licks his lips, wetting the dry skin because it feels so wrong falling back into this momentum but he doesn’t care because the only goal on his mind, the only thought on his mind, was to get Jimin pinned beneath him—to chase that high of pleasure that he receives when Jimin moves his hips along with his thrusts.

The condom slides on, they’re completely naked in the expanse of the apartment. Everything is raw, emotions are unbarred and it’s completely worth it when Yoongi slides in, bucking his hips up with a force that has Jimin moaning so loud against his collarbones that it almost sends him over the edge.

He thrusts deep, slow, dragging out the pleasure until Jimin’s whining, “F-Faster, hyung,” he clutches onto Jimin’s hips, nails digging as he quickens his pace, brutally smacking his skin against the back of Jimin’s thighs, “l-like that, oh my god.”

“Touch yourself,” he growls into Jimin’s ear, “touch yourself, babe.”

Jimin loses his sights when the pet name rolls off Yoongi’s tongue and Yoongi watches as the younger’s fingers grip around his cock before doing a harsh pump down as Yoongi hits Jimin’s prostate. It takes a few more, quick, fast, brute thrusts inside before they’re both unravelling. But the sound that Jimin makes cracks a rhythm that’s so filthy, a shudder of pleasure that curls his toes over Yoongi’s ankles makes Yoongi wonder why he didn’t just succumb to this all the time—regardless of how much it hurts.

Jimin screams through his orgasm, the sound of cracked satisfaction flattens out into a hushed pant, a bitten off curse word that shouldn’t even be in Jimin’s mouth but the sound is so addicting to Yoongi’s ears.

“Fuck, fuck,” the younger whines, hips twitching up when Yoongi continues to move through his high.

And then they fall apart, once again untangling, sweat glistening against their foreheads when
Yoongi tosses out the tied up condom into the trash and he wonders if he’s fucked up once again. He probably has. But, please don’t say it.

Jimin looks up through his lashes, lips swollen and red as Yoongi pulls up the younger’s underwear, zips up his jeans for him and flattens out the creases of the younger’s shirt before he does the same to himself.

*Please don’t fucking say it*, Yoongi begs quietly in his thoughts, *let it be different.*

“I’ve got to go,” and the familiar pang of a wound opening right back up follows through again, “don’t want to miss the last train.”

“Of course.” Yoongi nods his head, a stupid laugh on his lips when he opens the door. But this time he doesn’t ask Jimin to stay for coffee. He doesn’t even wait to watch the turn of the younger’s back, the rustle of the shirt that usually hurt.

He just slams the door shut right in Jimin’s face.

Yoonji should’ve known he wouldn’t be able to stay far from Jimin for long and especially after Namjoon proving his point of Yoongi being ‘highly incapable of letting Jimin go,’—Yoongi had wanted to try his hardest to disprove the misfortune. But this time it wasn’t his fault.

Taehyung’s twenty first birthday is tonight, tonight being a Friday night in a club located in the heart of Gangnam. Where the bass of music rattled against his skull in an undesirable tempo, making him feel suffocated in the line of bodies on the dance floor. He was already down four shots, two of whiskey, two of vodka, and even the slight tingle of liquid courage beneath his eyes didn’t make him feel courageous enough to face Jimin. And it’s not like he could blame Taehyung for it, considering the younger’s best friend was the same boy that Yoongi had fucked and ended up catching feelings for. Regardless of how much he thought he was mentally prepared for it, he wasn’t. Not with Jimin stalking towards them from the entrance with a beaming smile across his lips.

“You made it!” he watches Taehyung yell, embracing Jimin with wide arms and a bounce in his step, “Where’s Jaebum?”

Jimin flicks his eyes towards Yoongi when the name was spoken, a shared glance that still made Yoongi feel light-headed, still made his heart thump against his chest even after everything that happened, “We’re not a thing anymore,” Jimin replies, moving his eyes off of him and towards the birthday boy, “told him I wasn’t down with what he was providing me.”

It’s fucking laughable how much Yoongi’s attention snapped towards the younger when the words fell from his lips, how much a glimmer of hope burned inside his chest when Jimin had said that but then Yoongi reminded himself that Jimin had told him the exact same thing. But it was worse because they never were anything to begin with—an unrequited love that Yoongi still wanted to hold onto with a fragile string tied around his wrist, a string he desperately held in-between his fingers. Who knows how long the string would stay attached, it was only mere moments before Jimin would cut it off, anyway.

“So we’re all single here,” Taehyung laughs, Hoseok yelling behind him in a slur of words that didn’t make a lick of sense, “well aside from Namjoon and Seokjin, but from the looks of it,” he juts his thumb towards the couple at the bar exchanging heated stares mingled in with arms touching arms, “I think they’re going to leave in a little bit.”
“Yeah, we are.” Jimin agrees, and Yoongi ignores how the boy’s eyes are suddenly against his face.

_Stop pulling me around like this_, Yoongi bites his lips and walks towards Hoseok in an effort to stay clear of Jimin’s eyes, _I can’t do this anymore, Jimin._

But then the sudden urge to make the other boy jealous struck a powerful chord.

“Hey,” Yoongi whispers into Hoseok’s ear, making sure that Jimin’s eyes were still following his movements, “wanna go get some more drinks at the bar?”

Hoseok turns his head and follows the side-eye glance that Yoongi was making towards Jimin and laughs softly, “Are you using me as rebound?”

“I’m not using you as rebound. I’m legit asking if you want to get some more drinks at the bar.”

“Right,” Hoseok licks his lips, sarcastic response not at all hurt by Yoongi’s real intentions, “you’re lucky that I think you’re hot enough to play this game with you,” he says, “we’ve known each other long enough to not catch any feelings so. So, lead the way.”

It didn’t start out as a game at first but it somehow led exactly to it.

Yoongi has never liked Hoseok in that sense and Hoseok had told him the feeling was mutual—but when the downpour of more liquor hit their systems, there was suddenly an exchange of fiery gazes that only entailed something more.

Yoongi is single, Hoseok is single. And Hoseok was more than happy to help Yoongi forget about Jimin for one night, even if the boy was undoubtedly present during these events that transpired and watching closely to the pair the entire time. So after the sixth shot of something that tasted more like water instead of gasoline, Yoongi was pulling Hoseok close to his arms, breaths mingling into soft conversation about how _good_ Hoseok looked underneath the lights of the club, how _hot_ Hoseok’s thighs looked inside the leather pants and Hoseok laughed, knowing all well what Yoongi was trying to suggest.

“Let’s go to the dance floor,” Hoseok says back, using his hand to grip onto the curve of Yoongi’s neck, “let him watch how perfectly fine you are without him.”

It was probably a terrible idea that would eventually lead to Yoongi regretting this decision but the thought was better than him being stupidly stuck over a boy he couldn’t have, and so he lets Hoseok pull him into the floor, right in the front of the crowd where it was easy for eyes to stare if they wanted too. Now, Yoongi only has mild rhythm when it came to dancing but Hoseok was fucking made for it—he led the moves, pushed Yoongi’s chest into his back as he rutted his hips onto Yoongi’s crotch.

Yoongi felt Hoseok’s hands on his ass, pushing him closer to the other’s body until they were pressed together in an embrace that was downright sensual—enough to have him groaning slightly into the curve of Hoseok’s neck as the music turns into tenfolds against his skin. He’s aware of the pair of eyes surrounding him and Hoseok—Jimin’s eyes—and hides a smirk into the strands of Hoseok’s hair when the other grinds particularly too close into his lap.

“You were made for you this, you know.” he says to Hoseok, snaking his hands onto the other’s hips before swaying against them, “you were really made for this.”

Hoseok turns around then, both palms pressed and hooked over the back of Yoongi’s neck and he
side glances into the area of the bar where Jimin was paying close attention, “I know,” he replies, “but look at how fucking jealous Jimin looks right now.”

“I don’t wanna look,” Yoongi says, moving his mouth over Hoseok’s jaw before biting the skin softly, “let him look all he wants. I’m sick of him thinking that he has the right to continue hurting me like this.”

“Oh okay,” the younger moans softly, moving his head up so Yoongi can kiss along the column of his neck, “it won’t be weird if we did stuff, right?”

It’s the liquid courage, Yoongi thinks, but the steadfast beat of his heart telling him to indulge was louder than the rational part of his brain, “No, it won’t be,” he replies, moving his mouth over Hoseok’s bottom lip as the other clutches onto the strands of Yoongi’s hair—eyes still watching Jimin, “what’s on your mind?”

“Blowjob in the bathroom?” Hoseok suggests, letting Yoongi moan into his mouth when the question gets posed.

“Fuck, don’t just say shit like that.”

“So is it a yes?” Hoseok laughs, “You have three seconds to reply before I move off of you.”

Yoongi pulls Hoseok in closer, “It’s a yes.”

The bathroom stalls were pretty clean, that’s the good part about clubs in Gangnam. The worst part being that Yoongi was here in the first place.

He lets Hoseok guide him into the very back stall, the biggest one with graffiti-tied walls, beautiful colors that looked outstandingly stark in the haze of Yoongi’s drunken vision but Hoseok suddenly looks more inviting sitting down against the toilet as his fingers aim to find Yoongi’s zipper. It’s not like how Jimin does it—with clumsy, stumbling hands, tanned flesh stuttering just the slightest when Yoongi bites against his earlobes as the younger does it.

Hoseok does it with precision, expert movements that show he’s done this plenty of times, enough times that it takes only a few moments before Hoseok has Yoongi’s cock in his warm palms and his lips spread evenly around his dick that it knocks the breath right out of Yoongi’s chest.

And the blowjob is mind-blowing, all tongue and no teeth, heart shaped lips that blow him with a wet and hot mouth. It causes him to shove his fingers into Hoseok’s hair, pulling at the strands—but he doesn’t miss the disappointment in his fingers when he realizes it’s not coconut milk scented hair and didn’t belong to someone he would much rather prefer doing this.

But Hoseok is amazing, beautiful too, full of sunshine smiles and loud laughter. Complemented Yoongi, always has and always will. Their friendship was stronger than Yoongi and Namjoon’s, strong enough for them to do this without it being awkward at the end of it all—at least he hoped.

But the major detail of everything right now was the fact that it wasn’t Jimin.

He stifles his moans when Hoseok swallows him deep, deep enough for his cock to hit the back of his friend’s throat, choking on the shape as well as the thick. Yoongi is so fucking close, orgasm already settling underneath his skin and when Hoseok fucking swallows around his cock, he yanks the other’s mouth away just to be considerate but Hoseok shakes his head and puts Yoongi back in his mouth, voice softly whispering for Yoongi to cum down his throat.
A curse word flies out of his mouth as he hits orgasm, limbs falling into tingle, Hoseok only choking lightly when the cum hits his throat and he licks his lips, swallowing every ounce that he could. Yoongi bends down after he zips up his pants and fists a couple sheets of toilet paper into his fingers before dabbing away at the excess liquid against Hoseok’s chin, smiling softly at his friend when Hoseok downright fucking *purrs*.

“You’re such a gentleman, Yoongi,” Hoseok laughs, standing up and blowing a raspberry on Yoongi’s neck, “Jimin really doesn’t know what he’s missing out on. And that’s honest to god, the truth.”

Yoongi tries to hide his frown, but it doesn’t go amiss, “It’s alright,” he says, “I’d rather him miss out on everything than ruin me.”

Hoseok uses a finger to tap against the dip in Yoongi’s mouth, the curled ends, “He won’t ruin you if you don’t let him.”

*I already have.*

“Enough talking. Let’s go back before Taehyung complains about where we’ve been.”

They open the stall doors, Hoseok in front of Yoongi, pulling at the older’s wrist when they walk towards the sink where Hoseok wanted to stop and rinse out his mouth. Yoongi made a joke about Taehyung, loud laughter echoing inside the bathroom walls but the sound suddenly gets cut off when Yoongi sees Jimin sitting on the counter of the sinks, legs swinging forward and back, with his eyes heavy against Yoongi’s face.

“Had fun?” the youngest asks, lips twitching.

And Jimin looks so broken, sad, but Yoongi decides to ignore that image, “It’s none of your business.”

“I see.”

Hoseok maneuvers his way next to Jimin’s position, running the tap for a few seconds before he rinses his mouth, but not before Jimin says, “How did it taste, Hoseok?” and this catches Yoongi off-guard because Jimin’s jealousy is clearly evident, especially with his eyes still plastered on Yoongi’s own, “Did it taste sweet? Bitter? Did he let you swallow it down until he was *begging* for you to let off?” he adds, “Or did he fuck your mouth until your voice box felt like it was going to break?”

“Uh,” Hoseok says after spitting out the water, eyeing Yoongi’s spot next to the wall and Jimin’s spot on the sink, but it’s Yoongi who makes the first move.

“You don’t fucking,” Yoongi spits, swift steps moving forward before he grabs a fistful of Jimin’s shirt into his fingers and hauls the younger forward so their faces were inches apart, “get to do this, Jimin.”

“Why? Because you’re feelings will get hurt?”

Yoongi’s blood runs cold, almost like ice was shot into his veins when the words spill. He’s taken aback, eyes pooling hurt as he switches his gaze into the both of Jimin’s eyes asking for a quiet answer of why the younger was doing this to him. He lets go of the fabric of Jimin’s shirt, noticing how Jimin’s eyes suddenly fell into guilt but he doesn’t give Jimin the time to apologize.

“That was a low blow, Jimin,” he says, taking steps back and shaking his head, “that was really low.”
Jimin jumps off from the counter, “H-Hyung, I-I didn’t—”

Yoongi leaves as soon as Jimin starts talking, opening the bathroom door with a fierce pull before he walks out of the club with tears stinging his eyes—ignoring the sound of Taehyung’s voice calling his name and asking him where he was going.

As much as Yoongi had told himself he wouldn’t cry, wouldn’t spill tears for Jimin, it all came flooding down.

He’s back at his apartment, pack of cigarettes already halfway empty from his chain smoking, eyes blown over into a dry red as it swells up underneath his dark circles. He’s texted Taehyung an hour ago, apologizing that he had to leave early, told the birthday boy that unforeseen circumstances had gotten in the way.

Yoongi’s undressed besides his loose sweatpants adorning his frame, pale stomach and chest looking like a sore thumb underneath the light of the moon shining down against his skin. He’s out on his terrace, body shivering from the cold as the lights of Namsan tower flare up, lighting up so marvelously in the midst of all the sorrow that was hanging heavy over his head.

He hears the door open, too exhausted to even make a protest because there could only be one person walking through those doors right now—cursing himself that he has foolishly left it unlocked again. It’s not by reason, it’s by habit, a habit like his addiction to cigarettes, to Jimin. A fucking disgusting habit that he couldn’t kick to the curb no matter how detrimental it was to him.

“Why are you here?” and the question sounds too familiar, overused and overdone, asked too many times to even have meaning. His voice is eerily calm, too calm, unwavering and firm as he directs the words at Jimin.

“I didn’t meant what I said back at the club,” Jimin’s voice is wrecked, by what Yoongi doesn’t want to know because he doesn’t want to fall back into this stupid routine of master and puppet, “I, I was just really jealous. I wasn’t thinking straight and I was angry.”

Yoongi’s back is still turned, fingers pressed tightly over his cigarette as the wind knocks the cherry from a dull orange to a deepening red, “I don’t know how many times I have to hear these bullshit excuses from you,” he says, flicking the ash onto the ledge before taking a drag through his lips, “it’s all just starting to sound the same.”

“Yoongi, I really am sorry.”

“Sorry for breaking my heart or sorry for what you said?”

“Both,” Jimin exasperates and Yoongi could hear his footsteps come closer, feel Jimin’s breath on his bare back, “I’m sorry for leading you on. For making you think all these things about us—for hurting you. It was never my intentions to do so,” his voice breaks, “Yoongi I’m so fucking sorry and now I’m finally realizing how much I want to be with you.”

Yoongi feels Jimin’s warm arms wrap around his torso, something that doesn’t feel right against his skin but does all at the same time, a hot and damp cheek against his spine but he doesn’t react. Tries not too because what if this is only temporary like all the other times?

“You’re only saying this because you feel bad,” Yoongi replies, flicking his cigarette onto the street below, “you’re saying this because you have a guilty conscious.”
“No, I’m saying this because it’s the truth.”

“Why change your mind now, all of a sudden?”

“Before I never thought about how it would feel to see you with someone else,” Jimin explains, “but seeing you at the club with Hoseok, hearing you in the bathroom with Hoseok—that fucking hurt. I thought about his hands touching you, him being even close to you like that... and it just felt so wrong, it felt like I was supposed to be in there with you, not him. I’m the only one that’s allowed to do that shit, I’m the only one allowed to make you feel like that.”

Yoongi’s so angry, so angry that the first thing that comes out of the younger’s mouth is all leading back to sex, “That’s all I am to you?” Yoongi laughs, “I’m only a fucking boy toy that you can fuck around with all the time?”

And he’s about to pry Jimin’s arms off his body when Jimin clutches tighter, “No, that’s not all you are,” Jimin says into his skin, breath wet and hot, “but that’s all I know of you right now.” he takes a deep breath, a sigh that tickles Yoongi’s spine as it escapes his mouth, “But. But I’m willing to see where this can go, I want to see all sides of you, Yoongi. I don’t want this to just be about sex anymore. I was lying to myself when I said that that’s all we were. Because we’re not.”

Yoongi turns around in Jimin’s embrace, face stoic as he looks down into the younger’s eyes, “I thought that’s what you wanted. Just a friends with benefits type of relationship.”

“Aren’t you listening to what I’m saying?!” Jimin yells, unwrapping his arms from Yoongi’s waist before taking a step back, “I’m telling you that I don’t want it anymore! I want you. All of you. I want a relationship, Yoongi. I’ve changed, I’ve fucking changed and I’m telling you that I want this... Us. I want us.” he downcasts his eyes before he continues, “As long as you’ll have me.”

And maybe Yoongi’s a fool, maybe he’s a vulnerable fool that would always turn a blind eye when it came to Jimin. He’s a fool that loves every aspect of Jimin, faults, insecurities, every single goddamn thing about Jimin made him weak. But he’s always great at giving people the benefit of the doubt, a second, third, fourth chance if they begged him for it, asked him for it.

So he nods his head, heart flooding with a warmth that he hasn’t felt in so long, cold weather suddenly not even bothering him as the wind picks up speed and he says, he fucking says,

“I want us, too.”

Undressing Jimin doesn’t hurt this time because this time it’s not just fucking.

It’s beautiful, absolutely beautiful this time. With every moment blossoming into something that’s now foreign between the both of their bodies—but something that has always been present. It was always there in the back of their minds, always there as they struggled to find the right words, and now it’s finally presented in the most perfect way for Yoongi to understand.

The moonlight cascades on their skin like usual, dancing stardust, silver hues against the contrast of their complexions lighting a fire amongst the sprawl of bedsheets between, under and over their limbs. Yoongi is gripping onto Jimin’s hips afraid that the other would somehow disappear between his fingers because this all just feels like a wonderful dream, but the wet slide of Jimin on top of him plants Yoongi into reality.

This is Yoongi’s reality.
“I’ve missed this,” Jimin moans, knocking his head back as a loud keen rises from his throat, “I’ve fucking missed this.”

Yoongi wants to reply ‘me too,’ but the thought of the previous times they’ve done this doesn’t seem fitting. This is brand new, something that they haven’t delved into yet but now the doors are opening into their relationship. So instead he bucks his hips up, digging his fingernails into the curve of Jimin’s ass as the feeling intensifies even more when Jimin slides his hips up as soon as he shifts, hot breath fanning over the expanse of Jimin’s chest as the younger rides him, fucks him, loves him into a heat that feels overwhelmingly right.

“Fuck,” Yoongi breathes, “fuck, Jimin.”

Jimin giggles, something that was meant for Yoongi and Yoongi alone and the thought itself brings a smile onto his lips, a wide gummy smile that looks so fucking happy and content that it has Jimin planting his knees into the bedsheets before sliding his ass up and slamming back down with a momentum that has him screaming Yoongi’s name at the top of his lungs.

And Yoongi wants to laugh at how ridiculous this was looking, how ridiculous this was turning out to be—but Jimin makes everything feel so right this time that he brushes off the thought and allows Jimin to continue bouncing in his lap, wild hair bobbing with the impact of him moving so brutally against Yoongi’s cock.

“Cum for me,” Yoongi whispers, pants escaping his lips as Jimin’s moans only gets louder, “c-cum for me.”

He moves his hands around Jimin’s cock, pulling an upstroke that dribbles out precum onto his fingers and a downstroke that has Jimin wilting a little from the pleasure that spikes in his belly. And Yoongi is there too—chest heaving with breaths, his lungs suffocating from how good this feels, to finally be doing this the right way.

“I-I’m going to cum,” Jimin whines, hips slamming down harder, “fuck!”

Jimin paints Yoongi’s fingers and his stomach in a trail of hot white, fireworks dancing beneath his eyelids as the overwhelming pleasure hits his system like he was set on fire, and Yoongi follows soon after, a loud groan and stutter of his hips when his orgasm takes over his senses into a whirlpool.

“Fuck,” Yoongi laughs airily, “fuck that was—”

Jimin cuts him off with a crash of his lips. They’re kissing, for the first fucking time. And it makes Yoongi stop breathing. His heart is pounding in his ears when he realizes exactly what they’re doing and Jimin only begs for Yoongi to slack his jaw enough for him to enter, the passion doesn’t die down even when they break apart because Yoongi only blankly stares up before he reunites their lips back together in place. Like a found missing puzzle piece.

And when they do finally stop to catch their breaths, Jimin smiles down at Yoongi with half moons of eyes and a cherub-cheeked smile that brings out the best of his facial features and Yoongi realizes that that was the sight that he found the most beautiful on Jimin.

The most beautiful sight on Jimin was Jimin being happy that he was with Yoongi.

They untangle themselves from each other, Jimin shuffling around the bed for his underwear and Yoongi sliding his up over his lap before he watches Jimin bounce around on the bed to get comfortable. There’s that awaiting statement that Yoongi thinks he’s about to hear—the one that he
fucking hates the most but it never comes, so he asks it himself.

“Don’t you want to go?” he asks, eyes questioning why Jimin was still secured in his spot next to Yoongi, “You don’t want to miss the last train, right?”

Jimin looks up at the clock, eyes only there for a moment and Yoongi believes that the younger might actually say that he needed to go. But then, Jimin scoots himself closer, snuggles himself into Yoongi’s chest with sticky limbs and a warm embrace and then he,

“No. I think I’ll stay here tonight.”

And Yoongi believes that actions speaks louder than words because Jimin really does stay the night, stays even when Yoongi wakes from his slumber, stays when the sun creeps back into it’s bed to sleep.

Jimin stays even when Yoongi thinks that he won’t anymore.

End Notes

stalk me on tumblr, requests, be friends, whatever.

i want to fall in love to one of oh hyuk's songs too.

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