On Patrol
by Ragi

Summary

(New summary Nov.2016)

Officer Jeon has his eyes on Mr. Adorable.

Officer Min has a strange neighbor he can't seem to keep out of his life.

Captain Kim finds comfort in his son's homeroom teacher.

Well, cops need some loving too, right?

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"Jeon fucking Jungkook! How many times have I told you to cut the shit and stop doing shit on your own?"

Jungkook looks up from his desk, where he's been subconsciously doodling badass kittens with guns all over the report that he should've actually finished half an hour ago. "Oh shit." he breathes out, realizing that he's been drawing with a pen and not pencil, which means he's going to have to grab himself another copy to get started on it. He quickly crumples the pieces of paper as he sees Namjoon approaching him, the captain's eyes flaring red and his chin jutted out at an almost unnatural angle. Jungkook throws the ball of paper into the bin next to him and does a little fist bump in celebration, but it is short-lived as Namjoon slaps him across the back of his head with a folder.

"Ow! That hurt, captain!"

"Don't lie," Namjoon huffs, crossing his arms in front of him. He looks down at his fellow policeman, and then pulls up the ball of paper out of the bin. Jungkook opens his mouth and stretches his arm out to protest but is immediately shushed by Namjoon, who gives a sharp look that loosely translates to "Don't you fucking dare." Jungkook groans and buries his face into his hands when Namjoon stares at his gunslinger felines before giving him a judgmental look.

"Really? Oh look, this one even has a revolver. Good work, officer Jeon," Namjoon compliments sarcastically. "It's good to see that your artistic creativity procedes actual work," he continues with a fake smile. Jungkook reciprocates it before snatching the evidence out of the chief's hand and tossing it back into the bin.

"I swear I'll have it finished it by the end of the day."

"You're damn right you will. But that's not the point. What the hell did I tell you about going solo?"

"Oh come on, chief, the fucker was right there, and I got him, so what's the big deal?" Jungkook laments with a roll of his eyes, even crossing his arms like a petulant child for emphasis.

"The point is that it's dangerous. Not just for you, but for your partner. Don't be an asshole, Jeon."

"OK. Fine."

"Plus, Min's going to lose his patience with you real soon and probably kill him yourself," Namjoon continues with a scoff, leaning against the desk.

"Are police officers allowed to joke about murder like that?" Jungkook retorts with a snort as he digs for another copy of the blank police report file.

"You think I'm joking?"

"I'm not joking either," a gruff voice says from behind Namjoon.
The two men turn to find Min Yoongi standing with his trademark scowl, wiping something out of his uniform. "Goddamn it, Jeon, that ketchup you spilled on me isn't coming off."

"Oh shit, yeah, remind me to pay for you to get that cleaned," Jungkook calls out from his chair. He had been shoving a hotdog down his throat while they were in the car, despite Yoongi's protest to just wait till they're on break, when Yoongi had to turn a sharp curve to track down an asshole who thought the busy streets of Seoul was his private F1 racetrack. Jungkook had fun arresting that one when he tried to pull out the "do you know who my father is?" bullshit on him.

Jungkook likes being a cop. He likes knowing that he's bringing justice to the world and keeping the streets safe for people, but the best part of his job is tackling an asshole down onto the ground or handcuffing dumbasses who think "I swear I didn't do anything" is a plausible excuse to get them out of trouble. He continues being a cop, despite its dangers, because he absolutely loves the thrill of chasing down bad guys (being able to cut through traffic with the sirens on is an added bonus. He know he's not supposed to, but he can't arrest himself now, can he?).

Min Yoongi and he have been partners since basically day 1 of his career in the department. Yoongi was a senior officer who refused to have a partner until captain Kim decided that Jungkook, the rookie, was going to have to be paired up with the only remaining solo officer (Yoongi), and while Yoongi wasn't exactly a peach to work with, they somehow got along just fine. Jungkook was immune to Yoongi's scathing looks and remarks, and Yoongi learned to accept that Jungkook, while he may be hot-blooded and perhaps a bit too eager to run after suspects, is a more than capable officer.

"I expect that report on my desk, 6pm sharp," Namjoon says with a point of his index finger and Jungkook nods with both his hands up in surrender. Yoongi sighs besides him, mumbling "idiot" under his breath. Jungkook shoots him a pointed look before wiggling his eyebrows at the captain. It's common knowledge around the precinct that Kim Namjoon is in some desperate need to be in some kind of a relationship. The guy was a hopeless romantic, with a divorce under his belt and whose last long-term relationship ended horrendously (the said person ended up being a gang member who had been trying to get information out of him), and everyone wanted the chief to just find the right person and settle down.

Personally, Jungkook wants the chief to date so he'll stop being a hard ass about his solo endeavors.

"No, I have to school Tae," Namjoon answers gruffly, referring to his son who's more trouble than tame. That's not to say that Taehyung is a bad kid. Far from it. A strong sense of justice runs through his blood, just like his father, but the problem was that Taehyung was a lot more impulsive and was prone to punching classmates who bully other kids. That meant Taehyung was sent off to detention quite frequently, which meant he got a phonecall each and every time, and well, Namjoon needs to teach Taehyung that it's not OK to go around hitting other kids.
"Uh oh, did he punch another kid again?" Jungkook asks, crossing his arms. He likes Taehyung. The kid is an excellence balance of eccentric and wise, and it's always entertaining when he comes around to talk about his perspectives on otherwise boring subjects.

Namjoon nods with a sigh.

"You should bring him around more often. I miss the kid," Jungkook says idly, playing with the pen in his hand. "I can take him on our patrols."

"Do that and see what happens," Namjoon warns lowly before walking back to his office.

Jungkook goes back to finishing the report, humming a tune to himself. Yoongi throws a ball of crumpled paper onto his head, hissing "shut the hell up," but Jungkook doesn't let that dampen his mood. It's almost time for him to go home, which means he will finally be able to see him.

"Yo Jeon."

Jungkook looks up to find officer Jackson Wang standing over his desk with a knowing grin on his face.

"Sup Wang."

"You stalking that kid again today?"

Jungkook rolls his eyes. "One, we don't use that word around here. And two, he's hardly a kid. He's in college."

"And how the hell would you know that? Tell me you did a background check and I'm telling cap," Jackson says with an exaggerated look of disgust.

"I just saw him reading through college textbooks. It's called paying attention to details. Something we, as officers of law, should be constantly doing," Jungkook answers with a smug grin and scribbles a few more words onto the piece of paper in front of him. "Now leave me alone so I can finish in time to go see him."

"Yeah, sure. Man you're a sad case," Jackson mumbles before heading back to his desk, greeting Yoongi on his way.

Jungkook finishes the report in record time, basically throws it onto Namjoon's office before changing into his casual wear and bolting towards the door. Yoongi rolls his eyes when Jungkook waves him a hurried good bye, knowing exactly where his partner is going off to.

It takes Jungkook exactly 27 minutes to get to a convenience store located right around the corner of the block that leads to his small apartment. Without a moment's hesitation, Jungkook marches right into the store and is greeted by a chirpy and familiar "Welcome!" Jungkook nods, says a quick hello and then makes his way towards where the riceballs are located before looking through the day's selection. His favorite is nowhere to be seen, and he's perhaps a bit more disappointed than he should be.

"I saved one for you."

He turns towards the counter when he hears the familiar voice speaking to him. The cashier is smiling at him, holding a packaged riceball in his hand. "This one's your favorite, right?"
Jungkook glances at it and finds that it is indeed his favorite, and the notion sends a warm, fuzzy feeling spreading through his entire body. He first stumbled across this establishment when he figured he deserved a can of cold beer after a particularly action-packed day. He entered the place with a bruise on his face (one of the asshole elbowed him in the face during the struggle), picked up a can of beer and then went to pay for it when suddenly, angels began to sing, a harp began playing, lights shone from the heavens and bells began ringing. Jungkook, never in his life, had ever seen a creature so beautiful. The man standing in front of him, scanning his can of beer, was the more perfect being he had ever laid eyes on. It was love at first sight. No question there. And ever since that day, Jungkook came back to the store every day the cute little cashier was on his shift and bought himself a riceball.

"Uh wow, thank you," Jungkook says with a lopsided grin as he takes the riceball into his own hand. "How did you know?"

"Not that hard. You come here everyday to get the same thing," the other man answers with a bright smile. "Is that your dinner?"

"Yeah."

"Is that enough?"

"Usually," Jungkook lies. He ends up eating enough for three people as soon as he goes back home, but Mr. Adorable doesn't need to know that.

"I know I shouldn't be saying this, since I work here, but you should probably be eating stuff other than riceballs everyday. For health reasons."

Then I'd have to come up with another excuse to see you, Jungkook thinks but doesn't voice it. Instead, he goes with "nah, I eat big lunches," hoping it'll be convincing enough. Now, Jungkook doesn't even know the guy's name (so he can't even be doing a background check even if he wanted to), and he needs a clever way to get it (and hopefully his phone number as well). But he doesn't, because while he may be one badass motherfucker on duty, he doesn't know a thing about dating or initiating a date. So instead, he chooses to head over to the counter where he can much his food in piece while oggling the unsuspecting cashier.

Jungkook chews slowly, taking his sweet time watching the cashier put some bags of chips on one of the shelves. Then there's another ding, followed by a hooded figure walking into the store. Now, Jungkook instinctively goes into full blown police mode every time he sees a person with their face concealed. Now, he knows not to stereotype, but it's not his fault that a lot of the thieves, robbers and other criminals walk around like that, and well, it's better to be safe than sorry, right?

Jungkook watches the figure with abated breath, and of course, the giant sack of shit has to pull out a knife and point it right at the cashier, who looks like he's about to pass out. Jungkook can already tell by the way the robber is holding the knife that he's a complete noob and is more prone to hurting himself that getting away with whatever the hell he's trying to pull. Jungkook sighs, finishes his rice ball in a single big bite and even bins the wrapper before clearing his throat.

"Hey asshole," Jungkook starts, rolling his sleeves up. The robber, who had obviously been too stupid to figure out how many people are in the store, jumps at the sound and grabs Jimin to push the blade against the small man's neck. Clearly, the guy's seen too many movies, and Jungkook has zero patience for this turd. Plus, how dare he lay a finger on his Mr. Adorable.

Jungkook pulls out his badge with a scowl, flashing it at the dumb robber. "I'm sure you know what this is. Now you have two options. You drop the knife, go with me to the station, or you
continue this shit and I beat you into a fucking pulp, handcuff your ass and then still drag you to the station and charge you with everything I can come up with. What's it gonna be, tough guy?” the officer continues, lifting his chin and staring down at the criminal.

The criminal fidgets nervously for a long minute before running straight out the store. How typical, Jungkook thinks before he cracks his neck and begins running after the asshole. All he wanted was a nice few minutes where he can watch Mr. Adorable in peace, but the asshole had to ruin it and make him run out of uniform. Goddamn it. He's going to make sure the piece of shit is dragged back to the station.

Jungkook runs, the rush of wind hitting him against his face. The hooded man jumps over fences, and Jungkook follows suit with ease, moving like a panther chasing its prey. "Your ass is mine!" he yells right before jumping at tackling the novice criminal down onto the ground with a familiar thud. Yes, another one for the win. Jungkook pulls out the spare handcuff he carries around everywhere (because surprise, criminal activities occur after his shift as well) and cuffs the bastard before pulling him up.

"Alright asshole, you're coming with me," he grits out, heading towards the station. He's going to have to say hello to all the night shift officers again and maybe steal some of their food while he's at it. The robber makes some excuse about how he didn't steal anything or why he should be let go, which Jungkook ignores with ease. He enters the station and waves at the two officers who greet him as well.

"Hey Jeon. Good to see you're keeping yourself busy off duty," officer Choi Seungcheol calls out with a grin. Jungkook nods and pushes the still talking idiot towards him.

"Armed robbery. Pulled a knife on the cashier while I was still in the building, like a fucking idiot. I expect better quality," Jungkook explains as he watches officer Choi take him off his hands.

"Let me guess. At that convenience store by your apartment?" officer Yoon Jeonghan, who had been watching the entire interaction, teases with a grin.

"Man, does everyone know about this?" Jungkook grumbles, taking a piece of fry off of Seungcheol's desk. "Fucking Jackson Wang."

"Yeah well, if the chief knows, then everyone knows. Plus, we keep ourselves entertained betting when you're going to grow a pair and just ask this mysterious person out on a date," Yoon Jeonghan replies, swatting Jungkook's hand away when he tries to reach for his chicken nuggets. "These are mine. Steal Cheol's."

"You guys need a life."

"I can't hear you over how sad your crush is."

"Ha ha, hilarious. Give me a form so I can fill one out."

Jeonghan gives the other officer a knowing smile before handing him a sheet of paper. "Let me guess. You're going right back to that place to ask for that cute cashier's name, number and address huh?"

"Standard procedure."

"Right. Since when did you volunteer to do the reports on your own? You always made me or Seungcheol do it."
"I'm feeling generous."

"Bullshit. Anyway go, run along," Jeonghan says with a laugh and waves the other man off. Jungkook leaves the station and heads straight back to Mr. Adorable, hoping that the man isn't too traumatized. He knows what it's like to be held at knifepoint (and gunpoint). It's not a pleasant experience, even for a person as well-trained as himself, so it must have been terrorizing for Mr. fluffy kitten back at the store.

"Oh you're here," the cashier says, his voice still trembling, as Jungkook walks in with a ding. "I wasn't sure if I had to call the cops since you're a cop too...I uh..." he continues uncertainly from behind the counter, and Jungkook has to give it to the man. Even despite the traumatic experience, he's doing his work. Kudos.

"I just need to ask you a few questions. Police report," he explains, putting up the piece of paper. "Can I get your name first?"

"Oh, of course. It's Jimin. Park Jimin."

Jimin. Finally a name! Jungkook proceeds to jot down Jimin's number and date of birth, committing it to memory...in case of further investigation (cough).

"I'm so glad you were here, officer..."

"Officer Jeon. Jeon Jungkook."

"Officer Jeon. Thank you for saving my life back then."

"No big deal. Plus, the guy was obviously a novice and wasn't going to actually hurt you."

"Still."

"It's my job. Now, I just need to speak to your manager to sort through a couple of things. Here's my number...just in case something goes wrong or you have any question," he continues after clearing his throat and writes his number down on the top right corner of the paper before ripping it off and handing it to Jimin. He knows he's going to have to rewrite the report all over again for doing that, but it's so worth it.
Chapter 2

Thank you for all the comments/kudos/bookmarks and all the love for the first chapter! :)

"I hear that you finally got a name and number."

Jungkook rolls his eyes to the sound of his partner's drawl. Of course both Jeonghan and Seungcheol wouldn't keep quiet about it. Of course.

"Oh shit, did he really?" officer Lee Hongbin calls out from next to Yoongi, waving his cup of coffee around dangerously.

"Spill that shit on me and you die," Yoongi growls menacingly, effectively calming the other officer down. Hongbin pretends to sulk for a bit before perking up at Jungkook again.

"Congrats," Hongbin says with a huge grin on his face, showcasing his dimples. "About time."

"Does literally everyone in the department know?" Jungkook groans and rolls his eyes again when Hongbin nods with an overly chirpy "yup!" He's about to tell Hongbin to go away when he sees the captain walking in with a small figure next to him.

"Yo, Tae!" Jungkook calls out, putting a hand up for the small boy to come and give him a high five. Their hands meet, and the sound of Taehyung's giggles fills the station. "What brings you here?" the officer asks as he pulls Taehyung onto his laps.

"No school today. Severe water damage, and I couldn't just leave him at home," Namjoon answers with a sigh. He knows he can't leave Taehyung along at home, and he definitely wasn't going to ask his neighbor to watch over him again, when Taehyung almost blew up the poor woman's house the last time around.

"That's cool. You wanna go on a police car ride with hyung?" Jungkook cooes, nuzzling the boy's cheek.

"What did I say about that," Namjoon says sharply as Taehyung claps happily.

"Dad, can I go on a police car ride?"

"Not until you're older."

"But dad-"

"And you're grounded, remember? Now behave and come to dad's office."

"Can I stay here? It's boring in there..." Taehyung whines, giving both his father and Jungkook a
puppy dog look. Jungkook lets out a short aww before pulling the small boy into his arms in a tight hug.

"Yeah captain, let him roam around. It's not like we're bring in serial killers all the time," Jungkook attempts at persuasion, accenting the phrase "all the time" with a playful grin. The captain throws the officer a withering look before ruffling his son's hair.

"...Fine...but Tae, you better behave. Don't do anything Uncle Jeon does."

"'kay dad!" Taehyung says chirpily, even waving his smalls hands around. Once the captain is in his office, Jungkook takes Taehyung's hand to take him to the snack bar (and he uses that terms loosely. It's just where some of the officers pile junk food for others to stress binge on). Jungkook knows that he's in big trouble if the captain finds him giving more sugar to his son, but who else is going to spoil Taehyung then?

"Alright little man, how are things going?"

"Not so great. There's just so much ugly injustice in the world, you know?" Taehyung says thoughtfully as he pulls out a packet of cookies from the pile. Jungkook nods slowly, trying to conceal his surprise. Well that was deep. He's starting to see that Taehyung is indeed Namjoon's biological son afterall.

"Yeah? What kind?" Jungkook asks casually, watching Taehyung struggling with the packet.

"Why can't we all just get along? Why must people fight one another?"

"Just out of curiosity, does your dad talk like that at home?" Jungkook stifles a laughter at the boy's serious expression.

"Sometimes. We like to talk about these things."

"How old are you again? 9? 10?"

"Well, I'll be turning 10 in a couple of months," the small boy answers, finally managing to open the bag. Jungkook does a little celebratory clap.

"10. Wow, you're basically all grown up. So, anyone special you have your eyes on?" Jungkook asks with a soft smile. He's too tired to be talking about heavy stuff like injustice and would rather talk about not-quite teenage yet romance, because why the hell not. (Jungkook knows for a fact that, when Taehyung grows up and finds himself in a serious relationship, he's going to be doing a background check on the said person, because he adores Taehyung to bits.)

"Not yet. What about you?"

"I got someone. Someone real special," Jungkook says proudly, with a silly grin on his face. He wishes time would fly by to 6pm again so he can see Mr. Adorable again. Ah yes, that smile. That voice. And that ass every time Jimin walks out to shelf things. Yes, that ass. No wait, no dirty thoughts. Keep it pure, Jeon Jungkook, you barely know the guy.

"Really? How is she?" Taehyung asks, taking in the faraway look in the older man's eyes.

"He."

"He? Are boys allowed to like another boy."
"Yup. And sometimes, I arrest people who tell me they shouldn't or can't," Jungkook lies, hoping Taehyung doesn't go around relaying this message to his dad. He's in some deep shit if that happens.

"You can do that?"

"Yeah. Trust me. I'm a police officer."

"...I learn something new everyday," Taehyung muses, finishing off the cookie.

"I know. It's pretty cool, huh."

"So this special boy. You like him a lot?"

"Yup."

"What does he look like?"

"He's adorable. I mean, sorry kid, but he's even cuter than you," Jungkook begins, putting a hand over his heart dramatically. "He has light brown hair, and these eyes that disappear when he smiles and it's fu- I mean freakin' beautiful. He's a bit short, with these small hands and-"

"So kind of like that guy over there?" Taehyung interrupts, pointing at the space behind the officer. Jungkook turns around to see who the boy's referring to (because no one in the station is cute. NO ONE), and nearly topples over his own feet when he sees Jimin standing nervously by the entrance, a small box in his hands.

"Holy shit! What the fuck!" Jungkook gasps, frozen still. He ignores how Taehyung is saying "You said a bad word," because who cares, Taehyung's going to learn how to swear like a sailor all in due time anyway.

"Can I help you?" Jackson, who has the desk closest to entrance, asks with a hint of curiosity. They don't get many visitors, and when they do, it's usually very angry people (sometimes not so sober) who scream about their parking tickets, demanding they take it back. Usually, it's Hongbin who has to come out with his fake smile and explain that they can't just "take it back," but this time, it's a seemingly harmless man who's just standing around nervously.

"Oh, hello, hi," Jimin greets with a shy smile, approaching the desk. "I'm looking for Officer Jeon?"

Jackson blinks. There's only one Officer Jeon. Now, he's seen a few young women stop by to get a glimpse of the handsome officer, ever since Jungkook very publicly arrested a man in a crowded subway station by doing one of his trademark tackle. A few people had recorded the epic chase and tackle and posted it online, and well, women couldn't resist a strong, handsome man in a uniform fighting for justice.

"May I ask why?"

"He saved my life last night, and I just wanted to tell him thank you in person."

As soon as the words are out of Jimin's mouth, all officers within hearing range whip their heads up and stare. Now, everyone knows Jungkook's been obsessing over this mystery cashier, and they've been dying to know what he looks like, and well, well, well, here he is. Yoongi, who's heard it as well, ventures a glance as well, quite surprised to find a small man with a bright smile standing in front of Jackson. So that was Jungkook's type? Good lord.
Jungkook watches the interaction with his mouth agape and then turns to face Taehyung, who's watching Jimin with a twinkle in his eyes. "Tae, quick, do I look good?"

"What do you mean?"

"Just say I look good. Right now."

"...you look good?" Taehyung says uncertainly as Jungkook straightens his back, checks his uniform and runs his fingers through his hair a couple of times before picking up a random folder off of the nearest desk, which happens to belong to Hongbin. Hongbin yells out a quick "hey!" but is promptly ignored by Jungkook who opens the file, pretending to be engrossed in it.

"That fucking tool," Hongbin mutters with a shake of his head as he watches Jungkook walking towards the guest.

Yoongi, who's watching the entire situation unfold, rolls his eyes at his partner's bullshit acting, knowing for a fact that the little shit wouldn't as much as glance at a report unless he absolutely has to. Clearly, Jungkook wants to play the part of a hardworking police officer, and Yoongi wants to just smack the younger man upside the head and yell him to stop being a dumbass. Yet, all the officers are bound by their bro codes, so everyone remains quiet.

Jimin spots Jungkook walking towards the desk and perks up.

"Officer Wang, I've looked at the report and-" Jungkook starts with a low register, a small, calculated frown on his feature, his eyes staring at the letters in front of him without actually reading any of it. Jackson turns around and fights the urge to laugh and instead clears his throat.

"Officer Jeon, you have a guest," Jackson chooses to say instead, the corners of his lips twitching as he watches Jungkook looks up from the folder and dares to look surprised. He's going to have so much fun making fun of him as soon as this crush is gone.

"You're...from yesterday, right?" Jungkook asks, looking his best to look all calm and shit, and Jackson has to physically bite his own wrist down to keep himself from bursting out into a fit of hysterical laughter.

"Yes! I just wanted to say thank you for helping me last night. And I brought these," Jimin says, pushing the box he's been folding forward. "It's cupcakes. I'm not sure if you like sweet things, but..."

"Thank you, but no need to thank me. I was only just doing my job," Jungkook says, puffing his chest a little bit. Yoongi narrows his eyes and scowls in disgust.

"Still. I could've been really hurt!"

"How are you though? I know it can be a bit traumatizing to be held at knifepoint. I mean, I've had it happen so much I'm basically immune to it but-" Jackson coughs besides him. Jungkook ignores him. "if you ever feel unsafe or if something happens, you know my number.

"I will. Thank you," Jimin replies with a blinding smile, and Jungkook almost staggers backwards as he hears angels sing again. How can a human being be so insanely adorable and so stunningly beautiful? Why did God create this perfect little human? To kill him, bring him back to life and just repeat the cycle over and over again?

Another cough from Jackson finally snaps him out of his reverie. "Officer Jeon, aren't you scheduled to speak with the captain about now?" Jackson says with a fake smile, and Jungkook
only nods dumbly, because he's still trying to figure out if it would be completely inappropriate of him to make a gif of that smile using security footage.

"Uh...yeah, you're right. Thank you, officer Wang." Jungkook says almost dumbly, his eyes still fixed on the beautiful creature in front of him.

"Will I see you later today?" Jimin asks softly, and Jungkook says "of course" with perhaps a bit more excitement than necessary. If Jimin is taken back by it, he doesn't show it and instead nods before walking out of the station. As soon as the door is closed shut again, a loud clamor breaks out, with Jackson slamming his own desk while barking out a laughter. Hongbin snatches the folder out of Jungkook's hands before smacking his head with it, and Yoongi just shakes his head with an expression that loosely translates to "I can't believe I work with that idiot."

"Real fucking smooth, Jeon Jungkook," Jackson says, wiping tears away from his eyes. "If you ever feel unsafe or if something happens, you know my number," he copies with a teasing low voice, even puffing out his chest exaggeratedly. Hongbin laughs, and takes the box out of Jungkook's hands to check what's inside.

"Shut up. All of you," Jungkook says with a roll of his eyes and then cringes when he feels a small tug on his uniform. He had completely forgotten about Taehyung, and now Taehyung just saw all that bullshit acting, and he's hoping that the same God who had been generous enough to create Park Jimin may be generous enough to stop the little boy from telling his father what just happened.

"Jeon, patrol time," Yoongi says gruffly, patting around to make sure his badge, handcuff, keys and all the goodies are intact. Jungkook nods eagerly and makes his way out the way, pointing a finger at Jackson and telling him to take good care of Taehyung. "You gonna call?" Yoongi asks as they both get up to head to their patrol car. "Cause I don't think you're allowed to unless you have actual police business to take care of," he continues casually as he opens the driver's seat.

"Well, I'm not going to call. I'm just hoping he calls me."

"Just make sure I don't have to deal with him filing a restraining order against you."

"Seriously?" Jungkook questions with what he hopes is a scathing look, forgetting that Yoongi ran out of fucks long before he even became a police officer.

"Yeah, seriously. It's already bad enough that you're stalking him everyday."

"What did I say about now using the s-word around here?" Jungkook groans, slumping into his seat as he puts on his seatbelt.

"And nice acting, Leonardo Dicaprio. Fucking stellar performance back there," the older partner continues in a sarcastic tone, starting the car. Jungkook used to do the driving, before Yoongi decided that he was more likely to die in a Jungkook-induced car accident than in some kind of altercation with a known criminal.

"I wasn't acting."

"Sure you weren't."

"I wasn't."

"Uh huh."
"He's cute though, isn't he," Jungkook says all of a sudden with a silly grin, his eyes basically turned into disgustingly sweet pink hearts. Yoongi vomits a little inside and decides he doesn't have the energy to come up with a response to that (and he doesn't want to entertain the idiot either). Yet, Jungkook continues, oblivious to how the other man's features are darkening with every word.

"Have you seen his smile? Did you see the way his eyes go like this? Even his voice is cute huh! And his hands! He has these tiny-"

"Will you please shut the fuck up?" Yoongi hisses, turning a corner.

"You need some love in your life," Jungkook says with a teasing smile, knowing that all Yoongi does back at home is watch American drama series like a zombie until he falls asleep. Everyone at the station tried to set Yoongi on a date, but Yoongi had refused every single one of the attempts, regardless of the person's gender, looks and background.

"Your love's one sided. It doesn't count," Yoongi counters while on the lookout for any suspicious activity.

"Better than nothing. And plus, it won't be for long."

"Kidnapping and blackmailing doesn't count."

"I have more class than that," Jungkook says, putting a hand over his chest with an exaggerated scandalized look. Yoongi only snorts and continues to look around.

"Yeah, OK, Mr. I pretend to read files to impress."

"OK, he caught me off guard with that one."

"Mmmhmm. We're done with this conversation. That guy over there is getting a parking ticket."

- 

"I expect that report finished early today. Considering how much you just love looking at files."

Jungkook wants to slam his head against the nearest wall as he listens to captain Kim Namjoon speaking to him with a knowing grin on his face. Of course the man was going to find out about what happened with Jimin. Of course.

"Captain, come on."

"What was that? You want to look at more files?"

"....No."

"Excellent."
Jackson cackles besides Jungkook while watching Taehyung playing with a pair of spare handcuffs. Jungkook ruffles the boy's hair as he passes him to his desk. His somewhat sour mood quickly turns for the better once he spots the box of cupcakes Jimin had brought hours earlier. He takes a quick picture of (it's going to be his new wallpaper. He would make it Jimin's face, but he doesn't have that yet. YET) before he opens it with a grin, only to find it empty except for a single cupcake left. He was sure that there were six inside when he got it, which means...

"Who the fuck ate my fucking cupcakes!" Jungkook screams out at the top of his lungs, his eyes burning fiery red and veins popping up on his neck. Yoongi immediately throws the badge he's holding straight at the younger officer's face while telling him to "shut the fuck up," and the captain slaps them both upside the head for using such a language in front of his son.

"We all did," Jackson says, raising a hand as Hongbin nods besides him. Namjoon raises his hand as well, which has Jungkook asking who had the 5th one then. Jackson, without an ounce of hesitation or remorse, answers that he had two because they were amazing. A feral growl rips through Jungkook's throat, but the captain pulls him back and pushes him onto the chair while telling him to calm the hell down.

"But there were from Jimin! I was going to keep them forever!" Jungkook whines, staring at the lone cupcake pitifully.

"It's cupcake. You can't keep them forever anyway," Yoongi mutters, taking his badge back.

"I can freeze them."

"And none of this sounds creepy to you?"

"I prefer the word romantic."

"We all know that to Jungkook, there's only a very, very fine line between the two," Hongbin chirps, twirling around in his chair.

"How did I come to be in charge of you idiots," Namjoon mutters, pressing his fingertips against his temples.

"You love us," Jackson cooes. "Hey, now Tae's here, we should all have dinner together. We can go out and get whatever Tae wants, right big guy?" he continues, ruffling the boy's hair with a fond smile on his face.

"Hey I need to go see Jimin!" Jungkook interrupts, with a completely serious expression, and Yoongi sighs deeply. He can't believe that thing is his crime-fighting partner.

"How about you play hard to get, you clingy piece of-" Hongbin begins to argue but is stopped by Namjoon's sharp "language!"

"Yeah dad! Can we?" Taehyung asks, his big eyes looking up in anticipation. Namjoon sighs and nods, because he's really bad at denying his kid anything (he always grounds him, but everyone knows it doesn't really mean anything). "I want pizza!"

"Yeah we'll get pizza," Namjoon says with a soft smile, hoisting the kid up into his arms. "Alright, you idiots finish up here."

Everyone heads to the nearest pizza place, which happens to be one of best in the area as well.
Jackson and Jungkook start a competition to see who can eat the most the quickest. Hongbin watches in disgust and scrunches his nose before delicately dabbing at the corners of his mouth with a napkin. Namjoon quietly tells his son that such bad table manners is why Jackson and Jungkook are single.

After dinner, they all part their ways. Jungkook sprints towards the convenience store to see if Mr. Adorable is still there, while Namjoon and Taehyung go home. Jackson and Hongbin decide they're going to grab some beer before going home, and Yoongi decides to take a slow walk back to his apartment, even though it's well over half an hour walk there. The weather's not bad though. In fact, there's a cool breeze brushing against his skin that he finds rather pleasant.

He's nearing his apartment when he hears voices coming from one of the alleys, and as a police officer, he can't help but stop and just listen. He knows for a fact that not many good things happen in alleyways after 8pm, and by not good things, he means drug trades (although quite rare in Korea), underaged smoking/drinking and possible "consultation" before paying for sex. Yoongi rolls his eyes and waits around the corner, a hand playing on his handcuff, as he waits for whoever it is to slip up and say the wrong thing.

He hears the sound of struggling, followed by muffled words and the sound of something getting knocked over. Hushed voices are telling someone to stay still, and Yoongi can only think of one thing. Now, he's witness a lot of criminal activities, but there are a few that he despises more than others. Rape, or any type of sexual harassment and abuse, is on top of the list next to murder, so he doesn't waste a second jumping right in. He enters the alley, glad that it's not completely dark yet, and sees a burly man pushing someone down, a hand over the victim's mouth, and the other hand busily trying to tear clothes off.

Now, Yoongi may be small, but he's feared among many, not only because of his general cutthroat attitude, but also because of his physical capabilities. While Jungkook, Jackson and Hongbin look like they live off protein shakes, Yoongi's slim but agile, enabling him to catch just about anyone on feet. Plus, Yoongi's got some mad martial arts skills that comes in handy when dealing with men twice his size. Lastly, he knows no fear. He lost that with all his fucks years back.

Yoongi knows that, as a man of law, he's not supposed to hit another person first, but hey, no one is looking, and this counts as an emergency right? So he sprints deeper into the alley, jumps at least his height in air and proceeds to just drop kick the asshole right in his side. The burly man flies off, crashing into a pile of trash that's been lined up to be taken away, and he lets out a string of colorful words that Yoongi snorts at. The officer approaches the figure still on the ground and scrunches his nose in disgust as the sharp stench of cheap alcohol assaults him. One of those, huh? "You're under arrest for attempted rape," Yoongi drawls out lowly before flipping the man over with his feet and handcuffing him in a single, swift movement. He pulls his phone out and dials Seungcheol's number to have the big sack of turd be taken away to the station.

Figuring the drunk criminal isn't getting up anytime soon, Yoongi goes to the figure still huddled against the alleyway. It's not until he's much closer that he sees that it wasn't a woman. It's actually a man with his knees drawn to his chest and clutching desperately at his torn shirt. Yoongi sighs. Man, he's never dealt with men getting sexually assaulted, and now he's worried that the man's not going to testify against the asshole out of whatever stigma is associated with the crime. He already has a tough time dealing with female victims not wanting to head to the station or to cooperate with him. Shit.

"Hey, you alright?" Yoongi asks, and as soon as the words are out, the man is crying. No, crying is not the right word. He's wailing, letting out high pitched crying sounds slash mumbled words that ring through the entire block and then some. Yoongi takes a step back in shock, because the sheer
decibel of the sound brings actual pain to ears. The man continues to wail, and for a second, Yoongi wonders if the man's a foreigner, because he can't understand a single word out of the guy's mouth.

"Hey, hey, calm down," he tries desperately anyway, because now people are going to think he's a rapist, but the man continues to cry like a baby searching for his mother. Yoongi doesn't know what he's supposed to do, so he settles for a lame "hey, you're OK. I'm a cop."

And magically, that seems to do the trick, because the man's crying dies down to pitiful sniffling. Yoongi can finally get a glimpse of the man's face under the dim lighting, and he's surprised by the puppy-dog look he's receiving.

"You...you're a po-police officer?" the man asks, wiping at his tear-stained face. Yoongi nods and pulls his badge out before flashing it at the person's face. The man stares at it momentarily before jumping onto his feet. Then, to Yoongi's total and utter surprise, the man wraps his arms around him and starts crying again, his high-pitched wailing and violent hiccups ringing right against Yoongi's delicate ears. Yoongi has to physically fight the urge to throw the man onto the ground (because he can't do that to civilians), and instead grits his teeth and tries to "gently" pry the man off of him.

"Hey, can you- hey, stop- hey you need to- hey, hey- can- hey!"

Yoongi, finally deciding that he's had it with this man trying to cut off all circulation, finally pushes the man off of him. It's not that he's a cold-hearted bastard that can't sympathize with a victim. On the contrary. He's well known around the station to be extra careful and observant of victims (especially women and children), but the man is seriously choking oxygen out of him, and right now, his instinct to survive is much stronger than his need to be compassionate.

"Y-you saved m-my life!!" The man wails in between hiccups, and as much as Yoongi appreciates such a sign of gratitude, he really needs the man to calm down. Just then, sirens are heard from a distance, and the officer instinctively knows that it must be Seungcheol or someone else from the station. However, the same sound must've scared shit out of the drunk man, because the asshole tries to get off the ground. Yoongi, without even batting an eye, casually walks over to the struggling figure and pushes him back down, effectively sitting on top of the cursing man.

"Stay still. You're under arrest."

"I didn't do shit! Do you know who I am!"

"I will know who you are in about a minute," he growls and sighs in relief when the crying man also quiets down and stares at the interaction warily. Soon, a police car parks right outside the alleyway, and Seungcheol approaches them with an impressed look on his face.

"Good to see you Min."

"Yeah sure, just take this asshole away for me."

"Will do. And this here must be...?" Seungchol trails off, glancing at the sniffling man. Yoongi nods. "Right. Sir, we're going to have to talk to you back at the station-"

"I don't...I don't want to go with him...." the man says, taking a few steps back. Yoongi gets it. He's dealt with this before. At least the man isn't downright refusing to go to the station.

"You won't be going with him. You'll be going with me," Yoongi says quietly, and Seungcheol raises an amused eyebrow. "You go ahead," he says to Seungcheol, who nods and drags the still
Yoongi asks the man, who nods hesitantly. "Can I get your name?"

"Hoseok...Jung Hoseok."

"Alright, Hoseok, it's about 20? 30 minutes walk to the station from here. Walking will buy us some time so you don't have to see that bastard around by the time you arrive. You OK with that?"

Hoseok nods again and follows Yoongi out the alleyway. However, Yoongi stops once he realizes that Hoseok is still clutching at his torn shirt, and with the whole tear stained face, Jung Hoseok looks like an absolute mess. Yoongi gently pushes the other man back into the alley and then proceeds to take his hoodie off.

"Here, put this on," Yoongi says, handing the other his hoodie. He knows that Hoseok must be feeling extra self-conscious at the moment, and Seoul's not exactly dead at this time. in fact, there's still a shitton of people walking around, both drunk and sober, and Hoseok wouldn't want to walk around with a shirt torn halfway open.

Hoseok takes it with a grateful smile and puts it on, zipping it all the way up to hide everything underneath.

"You good?"

"...Yeah."

The two head towards the station. Yoongi's bad at making smalltalk so he doesn't say anything, and Hoseok seems to be too deep in thought to care. Yoongi isn't surprised though. The man was almost raped, and given the circumstances, the man is doing very well (Sure, the man had a bit of an episode back in the alley, but...) They eventually arrive at the station, and while Jeonghan, the ever smiling, gentle-looking soul, volunteers to do the question, Hoseok shyly asks if Yoongi can do it, because he'd feel more comfortable that way. Yoongi, despite the fact that it's way past his work hours, decides to stick around.

He asks basic things like name, birthday, what happened and more. Realizing that he'd forgotten about address, he asks and is shocked as he listens to the words and numbers spill out of the other man's mouth.

"That's your address?" Yoongi asks, typing in the information with a frown on his face.

"Yeah...why?"

"Because I live two doors down from you."

"What? Really? I just moved into the apartment a couple of days ago," Hoseok says, his eyes wide open. Yoongi wonders how come he's never realized someone had moved in on his floor, but then he figures it must've happened while he's on duty. Yoongi stops typing when he senses the man looking at him with puppy dog eyes again.

"...What?"

"Can you walk me back home today? Please?"
"I'm freaking out OK? And I usually don't get two in a row but-" Hoseok starts almost in a state of panic and then stops immediately once he realizes what he's just said. Yoongi quirks an eyebrow. He definitely didn't miss "I usually don't get two in a row." The man used to word "usually." So this guys just had a strange habit of getting near-raped on a regular basis?

Yoongi waits for the man to continue, but Hoseok remains still in his seat, suddenly looking very nervous. The officer takes this time to finish typing and saving everything, before getting up with a long sigh.

"Let's go."

"Huh?"

"Let's go. I'll walk you home, since we live in the same apartment," Yoongi answers as he walks out the station with a simple wave at everyone else. Seungcheol yells out a quick "good work!" and Yoongi nods back. Today's turning into a very strange day for sure.
"Run, run, run," Jungkook hums a little tune to himself as he arrives at the convenience store. He can already see Jimin working behind the counter through the glass door, and as always, Mr. Adorable does his nickname justice. After making sure he's not sweaty and gross from running, Jungkook walks in casually, straightening his back and wearing his usual "calm and collected" police officer game face. Jimin looks up and smiles brightly with a rather chirpy "good evening Officer Jeon!" and Jungkook has to fight the urge to clutch at his own heart from the sheer cuteness of it all.

"Your manager didn't give you a few days off?" Jungkook asks, pretending to browse through the riceball selection despite the fact that he's probably going to barf if he puts anything more into his body. Why did he think it was a good idea for him to compete against Jackson Wang of all people.

"Oh, he did, but I told him I didn't mind working," Jimin answers. "Sorry, I couldn't save your favorite. I didn't think you were coming. You're usually here by 6:30," he continues, looking every bit apologetic. So God is generous, Jungkook thinks, because he didn't want to puke in front of his crush anyway. Jungkook does his best to look disappointed, because he's loving the look on Jimin's face right now.

"Oh, it's no bother. Actually, I don't think I'm that hungry after the cupcakes. Thank you by the way. They were great," Jungkook says casually, ignoring the hurt he feels inside for the five baked pastries that were the victims of his comrades. He could only have one. Such bullshit.

"I'm glad that you liked them! I actually made them myself," Jimin admits shyly, and for a brief moment, Jungkook wonders if he can possibly fall even more in love with this creature in front of him, because holy shit, Jimin just baked some delicious ass cupcakes for him. Cupcakes. For him. Homemade cupcakes. For none other than him. How is Park Jimin even real?

"Did you really make them?" Jungkook asks, doing his best to be all calm about it, when in reality, he wants to basically pick the smaller man up and take him home (remember Jeon, you're a cop).

"Yeah. I haven't for a while so I was kinda scared it wouldn't be as good," Jimin says with a sigh of relief. Jungkook just wants to pinch his cheeks.

"They were really good. So do you bake other things too?"

"Sometimes. I mean, I usually make cookies and stuff for other people sometimes."

"I like cookies."

"Oh. Would you like me to make some for you?"

"Yes," Jungkook answers loudly as soon as the question's out of the smaller man's mouth, and the police officer cringes, thinking that perhaps he should've at least waited a second or two before answering. Jimin stares at him with raised eyebrows and then breaks into yet another one of those beautiful smiles.

"Any particular ones you like?"

"I like everything you make."
There's a moment of silence, as Jungkook realizes what he's just said. Now, a lot of people have told Jungkook that he has zero brain to mouth filter, and until now, that hadn't been a problem (because apparently cussing at criminals wasn't a crime, and telling someone to go die isn't the same thing as actual murder), but right now, as he takes in Jimin's surprised expression, he wishes that God had given him a filter alongside his stellar athleticism. OK so nevermind, God wasn't as generous as he had initially believed. Well shit, whatever, what's done is done, and it's not like he's lying about it anyway.

"I meant the cupcakes were amazing, so I'm guessing everything else you make is just as good," Jungkook corrects lamely, his eyes now glued to the riceballs he's not even going to purchase.

"Oh...right..."

"I should probably get going," Jungkook says hurriedly. Any longer and he's probably going to say some dumb shit to scare Jimin off.

"Oh. Okay..."

"I'll see you tomorrow."

"Kay. I'll have one saved for you," Jimin says with a soft smile, and somehow, Jungkook's quite certain that the awkwardness has dissipated. So he hums a little tune as he makes his way out the building. Now he has the cookies to look forward to, so that's pretty awesome.

"Heard you made an arrest last night," Jackson says to Yoongi as soon as the grumpy officer heads inside the station. Yoongi rolls his head. He shouldn't be surprised that gossip king Jackson knows about his after hours arrest. He swears that Jackson and Jeonghan are like old ladies who chit chat over import tea. Nothing gets by the two. "Heard you also volunteered to walk the guy back home. That was awfully nice of you."

Yoongi says nothing. He just sits at his desk and makes sure everything's ready before he has to go out on his patrol. He can sense Jungkook watching him, and he ignores it, because he's quite certain that nothing meaningful is going to come out of that mouth.

"Was he cute?" Of course, Jungkook asks anyway, because it's Jeon Jungkook.

"Why does that matter."

"Answer the question. Was he cute?" Jungkook continues with a sly grin, leaning towards Yoongi from where he's sitting.

"Why? You finally decided to find someone other than your hopeless crush?"

"Hell no. I have my eyes on Jimin, and Jimin alone," Jungkook says with narrowed eyes and a hand
over his heart, as if it's the most offensive thing he's heard his entire life. Yoongi snorts not so delicately in response. "So what happened? You just walked him back home?"

"What else is supposed to happen? I'm not like you. I don't prey on victims."

"I don't prey on victims! I had my eyes on him before he was a victim!"

"Do I even want to know what this is about?" Namjoon asks as he walks by the desks shaking his head. Jungkook looks up and gives the captain a thumb's up.

"You don't look too happy, cap," Jungkook chirps, taking in the tired expression on the taller man's face. The older man sighs and nods, scratching the back of his head.

"I have to speak to Tae's teacher next week," Namjoon answers with a soft sigh. Now, while the man would usually get away with not attending all the smaller teacher to parent meetings, since the school understood that he's a busy man responsible for the city's safety, there was no avoiding the annual parent-teacher conference. Last year's didn't go so well and ended up in Namjoon listening to Tae's homeroom teacher literally bitching about his son for 15 minutes. He had wanted to bitch slap her across the face, but he sat there smiling and nodding, because really, what else can he do?

"Oh...have you seen his homeroom teacher this year?"

"No. But I doubt it's going to be worse than last year."

"Personally, I don't see how anyone can not like Tae. He's awesome," Jungkook comments idly with a shrug. And he's not saying this because Tae is the captain's son. Tae is a special human being that should be cherished, not discriminated against. And plus, everything that comes out of the kid's mouth is gold.

"Yeah well..." Namjoon trails off and waves at them with a defeated slump in his shoulders before heading back to his office. Jungkook watches the man go, hoping that the new homeroom teacher won't be such a douche. Namjoon's already under a lot of pressure as is trying to take care of his son as a single dad. Whenever Tae has to stay home because he's sick, he has no choice but to bring his sick son to the station, and everyone knows that it kills him a little every time he has to do it.

"We gotta go," Yoongi says after a moment of silence, getting out of the chair. Jungkook nods solemnly. Namjoon really needs to find someone he can spend the rest of his life with.

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It's 6:30, and Jungkook's back at the convenience store, humming a random tune to himself again. Afterall, how can he stay quiet if he's so happy? Seeing Jimin's face is the highlight of his day and probably the best way to unwind after a long day of crime-fighting. Jimin is busily piling chocolate bars on top of each other when Jungkook walks in with a ding. Jimin looks up with a bright smile and a "hello officer!"

"Good evening," Jungkook greets back with a quick raise of his right hand.

"Oh, I saved a riceball for you, and guess what! I went home last night and I had time to make the cookies, too!" Jimin says excitedly and hops towards the counter, where he pulls out a paper bag along with a familiar riceball. Jungkook's fingers twitch, wanting to grab his phone and take a picture of Jimin's face right now, but he resists and instead takes the bag (forget the riceball for now) and checks the content inside. True to Jimin's words, there are cookies inside, and Jungkook doesn't know what to do with himself anymore.
"You really baked me cookies?" Jungkook asks uncertainly, because if Jimin says yes, he can die knowing he's had a damn good life.

"Yup! I didn't know which ones to make, so I just went with classic chocolate chip."

"Wow...this is...wow...."

"Is that a good wow or a bad wow?" Jimin asks shyly, and Jungkook wants to whip out his phone and take a picture.

"A really good wow. Alright, since you got me homemade cookies, I think it's only fair I treat you to dinner." Jungkook says and gives himself an invisible pat on the back, because that was damn smooth. Yiii boi, get it.

"Dinner? Oh, they're just cookies," Jimin says with eyes wide open, his hands flailing about wildly. "They weren't that much of a hassle."

"Fine then, coffee," Jungkook says almost petulantly, because he really, really wants to spend time outside of this place with Jimin, and he's going to make sure that it happens. He's Jeon Jungkook. And Jeon Jungkook never gives up, whether it's chasing assholes down the street or trying to capture the heart of an adorable cashier.

"You want to have coffee with me...?"

"Yup. Or tea. No wait, cancel that, I still think dinner. No wait, I'll let you choose between lunch and dinner. Coffee is optional," Jungkook continues, basically spewing whatever is currently in his brain. Jimin's going to have to say yes to at least one of the options right?

"Oh wow...You really don't have to."

"Do you work on weekends?"

"I work daytime shifts on weekends."

"What time do you finish?"

"Around 5 ish..."

"Excellent. Saturday. Dinner. You and me. I'll pick you up. Thanks for the cookies!" Jungkook's out the door in a flurry, a light gait in his steps. Jimin watches the man disappear, and it's not until much later that he realizes that officer Jeon didn't even buy or take the riceball. Jimin stares at it for a moment and then puts it back on the shelf with a soft smile. Such a strange police officer, he thinks, but something about officer Jeon leaves a pleasant feeling in his stomach.

Yoongi ends up having a quick dinner with Hongbin before heading back home. He glances at the time displayed on his phone and sees that it's nearly 9 already, which is surprising, because he didn't think he spent that much time listening to Jackson rambling on and on about the most recent gossip at the station. Yoongi's halfway home, when raindrops start coming down and hitting him
on the face. He scowls, hating the wet sensation. Lucky for him, there is a convenience store right
in front of him, so he quickly runs in and buys himself an umbrella before continuing home.
Normally, when it rains, he'd take a cab or the bus or anything that's going to keep him out of the
rain, but he feels like going for a walk instead.

He might hate the actual rain, but he likes the way it smells.

The streets are quite empty by the time he's nearing his neighborhood, which isn't unexpected. It's
a weekday, and it's raining. Most people must be inside somewhere. He's listening to the sound of
raindrops against pavement when he hears hurried footsteps coming from behind him.
Instinctively, Yoongi turns around with his shoulders tense, just in case it's some asshole trying to
mug him. However, he sees a familiar figure running around blindly in the pouring rain with what
seems to be a folded umbrella in his right hand. Yoongi recognizes the hair and the man's features
immediately. Afterall, it's not that hard to forget a man he had to walk back home less than 24
hours ago.

Yoongi watches, wondering why in hell anyone would not use the umbrella that they clearly have
and instead choose to run around like a headless chicken in this rain. Then, as if in a cartoon,
Hoseok slips and falls flat onto the pavement with a clearly audible *thwak*, and even Yoongi winces
at the display. Hoseok doesn't get up. He remains flat on the ground, the umbrella no longer in his
hand. Yoongi rushes over, thinking that perhaps the man's unconscious (which wouldn't be a
surprise considering how hard that fall was), simultaneously digging for his phone to get ready to
call for an ambulance.

"Hey, you OK?" Yoongi asks, nudging Hoseok's side. Hoseok rolls over onto his back with a groan
and makes a face at all the raindrops that's hitting him straight in the face now. Yoongi pushes his
umbrella towards the man so that both of them are shielded from the relentless precipitation.

"If you have an umbrella, why don't you just use it? Are you stupid?" Yoongi says with a scowl,
realizing that while Hoseok had been lucky enough to not have his face completely reconstructed
by the pavement, the man's hands were nowhere near as lucky.

"...It broke."

"...Your umbrella broke?"

Hoseok nods, still lying flat on the pavement.

"Jesus. Alright, here, let me help you up," Yoongi says gruffly, helping Hoseok into a sitting
position. Hoseok groans in pain but eventually manages to stand upright again. "And you really
shouldn't run when it's raining."

"....Yeah..."

"Do you need to go to the hospital?" the officer asks, eyeing the nasty scratches. Hoseok seems to
be standing just fine, but one can never be too careful.

"I'm fine," Hoseok answers rather hoarsely. Yoongi stares at the other man for a brief moment
before nodding and volunteering to walk the man back home again.

Yoongi and Hoseok walk next to each other, and Yoongi does his best to cover as much of Hoseok
as possible with the umbrella, decidely ignoring how his right shoulder is getting drenched wet.
Now, he knows that Hoseok is probably already soaking wet to his underwear, but the man looks
so pitiful that he has no other choice. They eventually arrive at the apartment, and Yoongi spends a
couple of seconds trying to figure out the reason behind the man's utterly dejected look.

"Thank you, again," Hoseok says with a sad smile as Yoongi walks him to his door. Yoongi shrugs and lets out a curt "have a good night" before hading back to his place. He immediately takes his wet shirt off and throws it in the laundry basket. He's going to need a shower first thing, so he takes his sweet time standing under the warm spray of water. After patting himself dry with a fresh towel, he saunters back into the living room, where he hears soft knocking coming from right outside his apartment.

He frowns, wondering who could possibly be wanting to visit him at this time. All his coworkers know they better schedule shit at least a week ahead if they want to ever come to Yoongi's house, and no one would dare knock on his door without at least calling first. He ignores it, but the knocking continues, and once he realizes that this person isn't going to give up, Yoongi heads for the door, ready to cuss the living lights out of this individual if needed.

When he does swing the door open, he sees Hoseok again, dressed in the same drenched outfit, and one hand positioned awkwardly midair.

"....What the hell are you doing here?" Yoongi asks with an impressive scowl. There's a pool of water beneath the man's feet, and Yoongi's quite certain that someone is going to slip on that (it better not be him).

"...My shower's broken..." Hoseok says timidly, enveloping himself with his arms.

"...Your shower's broken."

"Yeah....do you mind if I just...take a quick shower here? Please?"

Yoongi wonders for a brief moment if this is some kind of a clever criminal activity waiting to happen, but as he takes in Hoseok's pitiful form and remembers why he knows Hoseok in the first place, Yoongi eventually steps aside and lets the poor soul in. He cringes at the wet patches left behind as Hoseok is guided to the shower. Yoongi puts out a fresh towel and lets the man be. Yoongi waits in the living room, glancing at the time on his phone every while to make sure the guy isn't taking too long.

In less than five minutes, the door is open again, and Hoseok peeks his head out with a bashful expression asking if there's anyway he can borrow a tee and a pair of shorts. Yoongi sighs, not liking the idea of sharing clothes with anyone, but he agrees to it, because he doesn't need the man walking around naked in his apartment. He goes to into his room and rummages through his closet for a plain white tee and a pair of old black shorts for the other man. Hoseok stretches an arm out to take them, and Yoongi doesn't miss the old and new scars on the particular limb. He doesn't say anything though, because it's not his business, eventhough his officer instinct is yelling at him that something is wrong here.

A couple of minutes later, Hoseok is out in the living room as well, towel draped on his head.

"Thank you so much," Hoseok says with a grateful smile. "I'll return them to you as soon as I have them washed. I promise."

"...Sure."

"Thanks again. I owe you. I'll let you be now. Thanks again!" Hoseok continues with a bright smile before making his way out the door.

"Hey, wait," Yoongi calls out, once he spots the angry red scratches on the man's hands. He had
sort of ignored it the first time around, but he can't seem to do so this time around. Hoseok turns around with eyes wide open, and Yoongi puts a hand up to motion for the man to stay where he is. He returns to his bedroom and digs out his first-aid kit (all officers in the station have one at home) before bringing it back out into the living room.

"Here, let me at least clean that," Yoongi says quietly, motioning for Hoseok to sit on his couch.

"Oh," Hoseok lets out, finally glancing at his own hands. "They'll be fine. Thank you though."

Yoongi only fixes the other man a silent stare, and Hoseok swallows visibly before eventually doing as the officer says. Yoongi opens the white box and takes out an anti-septic spray. After applying it to the man's hands, the officer takes some time to study if there's any particularly nasty scratch that might need actual treatment. Fortunately, there isn't any, so Yoongi lets the man's hands go.

"Thank you. Again," Hoseok says, wiggling his fingers around with a grin on his face. Yoongi only shrugs in response. "I should get going now, I guess. Thank you."

Hoseok gets off the couch and leaves the apartment with a quick wave of his hands. Yoongi stares at the retreating figure, thinking about the attempted rape, broken umbrella and malfunctioning shower. While he would usually not give a rat's ass about someone else's problems (unless it was police work related), he can't help but wonder exactly what the deal is with the man.
Jungkook’s half asleep as he walks towards the station, but despite the fatigue, he has a big, dorky smile on his face, because he has a date with Mr. Adorable scheduled for this weekend. At first, he believed it was the excitement that kept him up all night, but he soon realized that it was something else entirely. The fact is, Jungkook’s got 99 problems and dating is definitely one of them.

Now, while Jeon Jungkook may have been quite an eye-candy ever since he was a toddler, he's had very little dating experience. His friends have a few theories behind why. In elementary school, he was like any other boys his age and thought girls were the equivalent of the bubonic plague. In middle school, he was so obsessed with playing sports that all the energy that would normally go to trying to score with a girl was spent on the field punching, kicking, throwing and tackling. Then high school came along, where he finally figured out that he's more attracted to men than he is to women. The revelation wasn't too pleasant for the confused little Korean boy that was Jeon Jungkook, and his brain decided to just swear off sex and attraction altogether, because fuck you, that's why.

Eventually, Jungkook came to accept his sexuality, and by then he was so busy with trying to become a cop that both men and women simply disappeared from his list of things to do. Then once he did become a police officer, he became the most asexual bisexual man his friends have ever seen. While Jungkook is like any other man in the sense that he can appreciate well-made porn, Jungkook has never quite find someone attractive enough to thirst after. That was, until Jimin came along.

Needless to say, Jungkook’s had very little actual dating experience and therefore knew near nothing about how to go on a proper one. Which sucks, because he really really needs Jimin to like him.

Jungkook enters the station with a sad pouty face, and upon entering the building, sees Jackson speaking animatedly to another member in uniform. He cranes his neck to get a glimpse of the person and then lets out a loud "hey man, you're back!" when he realizes it's Sungjae back from his vacation.

"Sup Jeon," Sungjae greets with a grin, holding a hand up. "I hear that you've made progress with your crush."

"Jackson fucking Wang," Jungkook hisses out, throwing a scathing look at his fellow officer, who doesn't look at all ashamed. In fact, Jackson only looks amused, letting out a loud cackle instead.

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the long wait! Life has been HECTIC but now I'm back! :) Thank you for the lovely comments/kudos and all the love!!
"He was going to find out sooner or later," Jackson says between laughter. Jungkook legit punches his fellow officer in the arm before turning back to Sungjae. Jackson whimpers under the blow and complains about Jungkook being a dickhead muscle pig.

"Hey you go on a lot of dates, right?" Jungkook asks, and Sungjae shrugs. Everyone knows that Sungjae is always in high demand and spends his weekends going on hot dates. Sungjae isn't exactly discreet about it either, sometimes showing up with hickies that can easily be mistaken for a wild animal mauling him or flaunting the scratch marks on his back in the locker room.

Not that that's what Jungkook wants from Jimin (yet).

"Well, that depends on-"

"That was a rhetorical question. Everyone knows you go on a lot of dates," Jungkook interrupts, and Sungjae shrugs. "So I need a place for a dinner date that says, I'm into you, but I'm not desperate so this can be like a casual friendly hangout if you want it to be."

"I see you finally grew a pair and asked the cashier out on a date," Sungjae says with a smirk, and Jungkook rolls his eyes.

"Do you have a spot like that or not?"

"I dunno. Depends," the other officer replies, crossing his arms in front of his chest. "But I can send you the names of a few places later."

"Sounds good."

- 

Jungkook, by default, usually doesn't care much about how he presents himself. He's himself no matter what he's wearing or how his hair is styled, so why is it that he's spent the last half an hour trying to decide between printless white tee A and printless white tee B? To an average man, the two are completely identical, but Jeon Jungkook is anything but average. He's starting to think printless white tee B makes his eyes pop a bit more, so he goes for it instead. He then chooses a black skinny jeans, knowing for a fact that they accentuate his well-sculpted thighs just right.

Wait, but no, that screams too much desperation, right? Not on the first date. Maybe by the third one when he has to display his sexual prowess. So Jungkook instead goes for a pair of ripped jeans that screams "this can be a casual friend thing if you want" and "I may be a serious police officer, but I can be fun too."

"Jeon Jungkook, you got this," he says to his reflection in the mirror, flexing his arms for good measure. Nothing like seeing his guns to get him pumped for a date with Mr. Adorable. He checks the time on his phone and stretches his neck. He has some time, and Sungjae's told him not to arrive too early, so he instead checks blogs about the particular restaurant. Out of the three that his fellow officer has he had chosen, he chose a nice Italian place located by the main road in Itaewon. Apparently Hongbin's been there before and had only good things to say, so Jungkook's hoping that this date will go just as well.

Jungkook checks for time again after doing a few push-up and decides that it's game time. He
leaves his apartment with his spirit high and his pecs feeling nice and pumped up. He makes his way to the convenience store and peeks in to find Jimin ring someone up. It's a teenage girl who's batting her eyelashes at the cashier with a coy smile on her face, and Jungkook wants nothing more than to drag her out the building on a chokehold, but he has to keep his cool. Sungjae's told him that nothing is more of a boner killer than being a jealous little bitch.

So instead, he casually walks inside, straightening his back so that he's standing at full height. Jimin sees him and flashes him a smile before handing the girl her change. The girl perks up at the sign of the handsome officer, wondering what good karma she had accumulated over the past year to warrant seeing such cuties in a single day, but she finds herself quickly running out the building when she notices the warning glare thrown her direction.

"Wow, you actually came," Jimin says from behind the counter once the girl is out the door.

"Of course," Jungkook says, leaning against it. "You ready to go?"

"I just need to wait for my next shift to come, then I'm done," Jimin explains and the officer nods before idly looking around.

"You look so different out of your uniform," the smaller man says, glancing at the other man's attire. Every single time he's seen the man, the man was in his typical cop uniform, but right now, in this casual outfit, Jungkook looks a lot younger and much more approachable.

Just then, another young man walks in, waving happily at Jimin.

"Good evening, Jimin!" The man calls out chirpily, and the cashier greets back with equal enthusiasm.

"Hey Sanghyuk! You all set?"

"Yup. You go on ahead and have a good evening!"

Jimin motions for the cop to follow him out the building, and Jungkook obliges excitedly. Finally, it's time for the actual date, and he's starting to get a little bit nervous again.

They arrive at the restaurant, where a friendly looking lady takes them to their reserved table. Given that it's dinner time on a Saturday in Itaewon, one of the busiest places in Seoul, most of the tables are already occupied. A few women turn and glance at them as they walk by, and some even whisper furiously among themselves as they watch the two be seated.

"This place is so...nice," Jimin says, looking around at the decor, taking in the arches, paintings and fake trees with small lightings wrapped around them.

"Shit, you're right, it's not bad at all," Jungkook says in awe, forgetting for a second that he's on a date at a place that he himself had chosen. Sungjae had been right about the place being a good date spot.

"I'm guessing you haven't been here before?" Jimin asks with a smile, finally reaching for the menu.

"Uhh...yeah, first time," Jungkook eventually admits, because while he wants to impress Jimin, he doesn't want to start the date off with a lie. "I hope you like Italian."

"I've actually been craving something other than Korean food and convenience store food, so this is nice," Jimin answers, glancing at the list of pasta dishes.
"That's good. Do you know what you're getting?"

"I can't decide. There's so many options," the smaller man says gleefully, running his fingers down the list. He's usually so hungry right after his shift that he wants to order everything off the menu at this point.

"We can always order a lot and take some back home," Jungkook begins and then stops when he takes in the other man's raised eyebrows. "I mean, like, to each other's own homes. Separately," Jungkook fumbles and then locks his eyes onto the menu in front of him. Now he's hoping that Jimin doesn't think that he's trying to get in the cashier's pants after date number one.

Jimin laughs, hiding his mouth behind his hand and then shakes his head slowly before going back to the menu. "I guess we can do that. Oh, this mushroom one looks good. I should ask if there's any meat in it."

"...Sorry, what? Why?" Jungkook asks, glancing at the man sitting in front of him.

"Oh. I'm vegetarian. Well, I eat seafood sometimes, so I think the word is pescetarian."

"Pes-what?"

"Pescetarian. It means I eat seafood, but not meat," Jimin explains, and Jungkook needs to literally just stop everything to just process what he's heard. He, as a man who believes that God created lamb skewers to make up for all that is wrong with the world, can not fathom why anyone would voluntarily give up meat.

"You don't...you don't eat meat?" Jungkook asks hoarsely, and Jimin tilts his head back with a high-pitched laughter.

"I get that a lot, but yes, and I've been a pescetarian for a few years now."

"Wow...uh...that's cool, I guess," the officer says dumbly, scratching his chin. He's trying to picture life without lamb skewers, and he can't do it. "I should probably order something without meat too--"

"No, no need to do that. Just because I don't eat meat doesn't mean I'm forcing other people into the lifestyle," Jimin interrupts, waving his hands around. "Please order whatever you want."

"Nah, I don't have to eat meat all day. I should be taking care of my health anyway," Jungkook says with a grin. He's not lying. While he would normally order a juicy steak, he can do this date without all that.

The two end up ordering for three (two pasta and a pizza), and as they wait, Jungkook tries to remember the list of questions he is supposed to refer to when he runs out of shit to say.

"So uh...are you a student?" Jungkook asks before taking a sip of the water in front of him.

"Yeah. College."

"What are you majoring in? If you don't mind me asking."

"You have three guesses," Jimin replies with a playful grin as their waiter brings in their basket of bread. Jungkook tries to remember which textbook the other man had been reading that one day, but he can't quite recall, because he was too busy staring at the cashier's face anyway.
"...Photography?" Jungkook tries, because Jimin seems like the artsy type (whatever that means). Maybe it's because he can't imagine the small man all dressed up in a suit or a lab coat.

"Mmm, no, but it is a hobby of mine."

"Really? OK....something to do with....design?"

"Nope. I can't draw," Jimin replies chirpily, his grin growing bigger. "Final guess left."

"...dance?"

At this, Jimin stills and stares at Jungkook, his eyes thoughtful and his teeth subconsciously nibbling at his own bottom lip. Jungkook wonders for a moment if he's said something wrong (he wouldn't be too surprised if he managed to somehow fuck it all up in less than half an hour).

"Dance, huh?" Jimin asks slowly, the corners of his lips tugged slightly upwards. "Nah, I'm actually a business major, but dance is something I'm actually really into."

"Oh. Seriously? Then why aren't you going to school for it?"

"My parents aren't on board with the idea. It's fine, though. Business is fun too," Jimin replies with a soft smile, his eyes downcast. "So how long have you been a police officer for?"

"Three years ish."

"Do you like it? I'm guessing it's not an easy job."

"It's tough sometimes, but I like it."

"What made you decide to become a cop?"

"Not sure. I guess I've always liked the idea of arresting criminals and keeping the streets safe," Jungkook answers, leaving out the part about how he loves being able to legally tackle assholes down in broad daylight. A man's gotta relieve his stress somehow right?

"That's really nice. I have to admit...everytime I saw you in uniform, I was kinda intimidated," Jimin admits, taking a bite of his bread.

"Well, if you spend a day at the station, I think you'll see that none of us are at all intimidating. Unless you give us a reason to be," the officer replies with a grin, images of Jackson being a total idiot and captain Kim being a mopey single dad popping up in his head.

"So do you have your badge right now?" Jimin asks, leaning forward with his eyes curious.

"Yup. And an extra set of handcuffs for just in case."

"That is so cool...do you make a lot of arrests when you're not on duty?"

"You'd be surprised at how much shit goes down in the 30 minutes walk I take from the station back to my apartment."

"That bad?"

"Yup. So we just make a habit of carrying handcuffs and badge around."

Jimin then asks about what it's like being a cop, and Jungkook answers, omitting the part about
how he spends a considerable amount of time in the station being an idiot alongside everyone else. The smaller man looks captivated by the stories, and the particular subject is dropped only when their food arrive. Jungkook proceeds to stuff his face full of pasta and pizza, unable to control himself although he's supposed to be impressing the man sitting across from him. But food. Goddamn it. The food is fucking excellent and he can't stop.

They talk while they eat and get to know each other little by little. Jungkook learns that Jimin owns a blog for the photos he takes, he can't watch scary movies to save his life, loves to dance and has been dancing since he was a little boy and is from Busan. Jungkook, also from Busan, gets perhaps a bit too excited and they spend about half an hour talking about which neighborhood they lived in and all the little shops only the locals would know. At this point, Jungkook's fairly sure that they're meant to be.

The two ends up finishing everything on the table, even going for desserts, and Jungkook takes note of how much Jimin seems to love sweet things (for future reference of course). Jungkook takes his wallet out to pay, and Jimin stops him, saying they should split the bill. The officer stops the smaller man and asks that he pays, since he owns him for the cookies.

"I can't have you pay this much just for cookies!" Jimin whispers furiously under his breath, not wanting Jungkook to pay but also not wanting the cause a scene.

"But I want to. Since I was the one to ask you out on this dinner."

Jimin stops and stares with another contemplative look, and Jungkook takes this time to pay with his card. The two leave the restaurant, and as soon as they're out, Jimin grabs hold of the taller man's sleeve.

"That was too much," Jimin protests again, biting his lower lip. He had baked those cupcakes and cookies to thank the officer for saving him that day, but the man was going ahead and buying him expensive dinner too.

"Hey. I wanted to."

Jimin scratches his head nervously before opening his mouth again. "Next time, please let me buy."

"Next time? So there's going to be a next time?" Jungkook asks, perking up at the idea. He had been quite nervous that he had somehow managed to scare the cashier off, but dayumn Jimin wants to hang out again?

"Of course! I had fun, and I think it's cool to have a cop friend."

Jungkook stops and stares at the other man. OK, so clearly, Jimin thinks this is a friendly hang out. Damnit, he should've worn tight black jeans. His thighs would have done all the talking. At first, Jungkook had been willing to let this be a friendly hangout. Afterall, it's not too common for a man to ask out another man in Korea, and the cookie excuse probably made things a bit more difficult for Jimin to figure out.

Jungkook was ready too accept having Jimin as a friend. But not anymore. Not after the dinner where he found Jimin absolutely charming, adorable and downright such a boyfriend material, because goddamn, he was the whole package. Jimin had the looks, the smile, the personality and the right sense of humor that had Jungkook relax into the date.

"I think you should know that I asked you out on this dinner as a date. As in I'm really into you."
OK, thanks, bye," Jungkook finishes in a hurry and literally bolts, running blindly into a random direction. He doesn't even turn around to check what Jimin is doing. Nope, he just runs, because that just came out of his mouth and he's not entire ready to face what the other man has to say.

"How was the date?"

Yoongi rolls his eyes as Jackson yells that question from right behind him at Jungkook, who is just walking through the station's main door. Everyone's already been quite excited about trying to figure out if the date ended up being a complete flop or not, and officers were already betting lunch over it. Jackson and Hongbin both bet that Jungkook must've scared the cashier off and even looked up other convenience stores around Jeon's apartment that the man can go to instead. Sungjae bet that the date went just fine, because he had given Jungkook a comprehensive list of shit not to do and things he can say when things start going south, and he has a lot of pride in his techniques. Captain Kim couldn't bring himself to give a shit (just like Yoongi). The nighttime officers were in on it too and were just waiting for Jackson to deliver the news later.

"Went well," Jungkook says with a shrug, and both Jackson and Hongbin narrow their eyes in disbelief and yell out "bullshit" simultaneously.

"That's ma boy!" Sungjae yells out with a grin and pats Jungkook on the back as the officer is heading towards his desk.

"You believe this guy?" Jackson asks, his tone at least an octave higher than his usual one.

"Thanks a lot dickhead," Jungkook says with a fake smile and a delicate flick of his middle finger.

"Oh come on, you going on a successful date? What?"

"He does have a point," Yoongi interjects, crossing his arms with a smirk on his face. His partner throws him a look, which he ignores with ease.

"Seriously," Hongbin adds, dragging his chair all the way to where Jungkook is sitting. "Did you roofie your date? 'Cause that shit don't count man."

"Way to sound like a police officer, you piece of shit," Jungkook hisses, kicking the other man right in the shin. "Plus I'd never roofie Jimin."

"Does that mean you're going to roofie other people?" Yoongi asks, eliciting a cackle of laughter from everyone else.

"Bitch, do I look like I need roofie? Look at me," Jungkook says, flexing his arms for good measure. Everyone, including his partner, deadpans and throws him a look of disgust. "Plus, I don't like Jimin that way."

"...In a sexual way?" Sungjae asks curiously.

"Eventually I will, but not now. Now, I just want to date him and get to know him."

"How's your vagina doing?" Jackson asks, scrunching his nose, and Sungjae smacks him in the head hard.
"Wang, stop being so insensitive. It's the 21st century. We men need to embrace our inner romantic and sensitive side too," Sungjae explains, putting a hand over his heart for emphasis. Jackson makes a face and mutters something under his breath.

"See," Jungkook defends as well, pointing at Sungjae. "This is why Sungjae goes out on dates all the time and why you-" he continues, pointing at Jackson. "-never go on dates."

"You're all dumbfucks," Yoongi concludes, shaking his head.

"OK, we're digressing," Hongbin interrupts. "Did the date really go well? Guys, you sure there's no restraining order filed against the dipshit?"

"Here, let me check," Jackson says, even going far as to type in Jungkook's name into the database. Jungkook takes the pen next to him and throws it straight at the other officer's head, managing to hit him squarely in the back of his head.

"Ow! That hurt!"

"That was meant to hurt. Fuckin' hell, the date went well and he even said he's buying next time, so you guys can all suck it."

"That's all nice, but shouldn't you be out on patrol?"

Everyone turns around at the deep husky voice to find their captain standing behind them with his arms crossed in front of his chest.

"Oh hey cap. You're seeing Tae' teacher tonight, right?" Jungkook asks, twirling in his seat, not at all looking ashamed at being caught chatting instead of working.

"Yes. Now go work."

"Aye aye, captain," Jungkook says lazily, motioning for his partner to follow. Yoongi rolls his eyes and follows the other man out the door, leaving a few other officers still debating whether Jungkook is telling the truth or lying to save face.

"So the date actually went well? He's gay too?" Yoongi asks once they are in their car. He only got a quick glimpse of Jimin, and he couldn't quite tell if the man was straight or not. He didn't talk or act gay, but then again, Jungkook, the manliest of them all, likes men too so he can't really be the judge now can he.

"Does that matter?" Jungkook counters flippantly, tapping his fingers against the car's interior.

"What the fuck? What do you mean does that matter?"

"I read somewhere that everyone's somewhat bisexual. It was some theory by Dr. Kinky."

"Kinsey, you dumbass," Yoongi corrects and sighs, wondering how the man next to him even managed to pass all the tests to become a law enforcement officer to begin with.

"Whatever. Same difference. He said he had fun hanging out with me. Now I just need to charm him somehow."

"So you don't even know if he likes men?"

"Like I said, why does that matter. Everyone's bisexual."
"OK, first of all, that's not what the Kinsey scale says, you moron, and second, yes it matters."

"You think too much. Anyway, yeah he thought it was a friendly hangout so I told him it was a date."

"And?"

"And what?"

"And what did he say to that?"

"Um I didn't get to hear his answer right after, but he did text me saying that he had fun and that he'll see me again so..."

"...."

"...."

"...."

"So yeah, how was your weekend?" Jungkook says to break the awkward silence stretching on.

"Same as always."

"Drama series and sleeping?"

"Yup."

"That's cool. Oh yeah, Yook was talking about setting you on a-"

"No," Yoongi interrupts firmly, turning a smooth corner with a frown on his face.

"What? I didn't even-"

"I said no. I'm not going on a blind date."

"How did you-"

"I know everything," Yoongi finalizes, looking around for any illegal parking job, because he's in the mood to ticket the fuck out of someone (it's Monday).

"You're so boring," Jungkook mutters under his breath, remembering that one time all the officers went to a club together to unwind. Plenty of women had hit on the seemingly mysterious man that was Min Yoongi, but the officer rejected all their advances, and an hour later, the man went off home on his own when everyone else were dancing drunk on the dancefloor.

But Jungkook's not too worried. He found Jimin, so Yoongi will find someone too, right?
Namjoon stares at his reflection in the mirror. He's dressed in a plain white shirt and a pair of black slacks, his hair styled to give him a more calm, parent-like atmosphere. His usual police officer intensity is gone from his eyes, replaced with nervousness. He hears his son singing to some song playing from the TV in the living room, and he knows that he should get going. He can't risk a bad first impression when this new homeroom teacher probably already hates his son.

"Tae, I'm going to go now. Be good with uncle Jeon," he yells as he's making his way out the bedroom. When he enters the living room, he sees Jungkook standing right besides his son, trying to learn the choreography of a song from a cartoon playing on the screen in front of them. Namjoon doesn't remember so many hip-thrusts being a part of the choreo and doesn't appreciate such a sexual rendition of a kid's tune, but he lets the man be, because hey, Jungkook's babysitting his son for free.

"Don't worry about it, cap, I got this," Jungkook says while doing a dramatic body roll.

"I'm more worried about you than my 9 year old son," Namjoon retorts with a snort, and Jungkook ignores it completely as he does a stripper drop to the beat. Taehyung giggles besides the tall officer before waving his dad bye bye.

Namjoon leaves the apartment and gets into his car. He doesn't understand why he's so nervous. It's not like it's the first time he'll be speaking to one of Tae's teachers, and frankly, he doubts anything is going to be more horrendous and blood pressure spiking than last year's parent-teacher conference. Yet, he hates talking to them and listening to their complaints about his son, because he can't ignore the strong sense of failure that comes with the criticisms. He does his best, but it's clearly not enough, and he's starting to regret his decision to not keep the marriage going.

His wife and he married early. They were quite stupid and young and jumped into the marriage against their parents' disapproval. Things were great for the first few years. They had Taehyung, which Namjoon undoubtedly believes is the greatest gift he's ever received, and they had a family. Namjoon was dedicated to his family as he was to work. However, it all came crashing down when he found out that his wife was cheating on him for over a year. He had been so angry, but he forgave her the first time around, because he believed Taehyung needed his mother. However, the cheating never stopped, and she spent more time away from home than taking care of her son, and one day, she asked for divorce, crying that she had finally found the love of his life.

Namjoon wasn't surprised. He knew she no longer loved him, but it didn't mean that it didn't hurt. It hurt a lot, but he begged her to stay for Taehyung's sake. She never listened, and in less than a month, they were divorced and she was out of the house. Namjoon wonders if he should've made more effort to keep his family together. Sometimes, he stays up all night, trying to figure out what he could've done to change things. Did the divorce make his son so angry and troubled that he's going around hitting other kids? Should he have tried harder to persuade her to stay?

He knows it's too late, but he can't help thinking about it.

Namjoon arrives at the school parking lot. With a final sigh, he enters the building and follows the signs to Taehyung's classroom. He sits by the bench besides the door, waiting for his time to come. A couple of minutes pass by, and the door clicks open. A couple walks out with huge smiles on their faces, telling the teacher inside to take good care of their daughter for them.

"Mr. Kim? You must be Taehyung's father."

Namjoon looks up, and to his surprise, he finds a tall, young man with broad shoulders flashing him a welcoming smile. The officer gets up from the bench uncertainly and takes the hand that's stretched out for him. The grip is firm and warm, just like the man's smile, and Namjoon already
feels better about the meeting.

They walk into the classroom, and Namjoon takes in all the drawings and paper crafts hung around the room. There are so many colors and shapes, he's almost reeling from it all. He doesn't remember the last classroom he's visited being so vibrant.

"Please, take a seat. The chairs are a bit small, but it works," the teacher says with a chuckle, motioning towards the two chairs located across from his. "It's great to finally meet you," the man continues as Namjoon sits down hesitantly. "Taehyung's told me so much about how much his dad's a hero."

"Oh...it's nothing, really. I'm sorry, I should know this, but I never got your name."

"Oh, that's fine. I know you couldn't make it to our first day meetup. My name's Kim Seokjin, This is actually my first year here."

"I see..."

"Now. Since we're here to talk about Taehyung..." Seokjin begins, pulling out a piece of paper and grabbing a pen for himself. "He's such a wonderful kid. He listens so well, asks these amazing questions and always brings in something special to talk about in class."

Namjoon raises his eyebrows. Compliments? What?

"I know he's gotten into trouble for hitting other kids, but did you also know that he's the only student I've ever had who's actually stood up for other kids getting bullied?" Seokjin continues, his expression a bit more serious. "As a teacher, I'm obligated to give him detention for any sign of violence, but just between you and me, Taehyung has a good heart. I think we both need to work just a bit harder teaching him to solve things verbally rather than physically," he ends with a gentle smile, and Namjoon only realizes he's been holding his breath once the teacher is finished speaking.

"Uh...wow, yeah, I will definitely continue to talk to him about it."

"Great! As for his studies, I really wanted to talk to you about considering advanced math classes for Taehyung. He's clearly way ahead of the rest of the class."

"...Really?" Namjoon asked in surprise, remembering how the previous teacher accused his son of cheating during math tests.

"Yeah, I had him do some harder questions to solve after school, and not only does he absorb information incredibly quickly, he definitely has the right brain for maths."

"Wow...I didn't know."

"Maybe you can think about it. Talk to him about it. And if you have any more questions, I can give you more information."

"Thank you. That sounds good."

"I'm not sure if Taehyung's told you this already, but we are going to have a career day next week, and hearing that you're a police officer, I was wondering if you would be interested in perhaps taking some time to drop by in uniform and talk to the students about your career? I mean, most of the dads are businessmen, and let's face it, kids are a lot more interested in everyday heroes like police officers and firefighters, you know?" Seokjin asks, leaning forward while twirling the pen
with his fingers.

"Oh."

"I know you're super busy, and I understand that-

"I'll do it. I don't know what I'm going to tell the kids, but I'll drop by," Namjoon answers, figuring a few minutes away from the station isn't going to kill anyone. The station might burst up into flames with Wang and Jeon present, but he can trust Min to put them in their places.

"Great! Thank you!" Seokjin says, perking up. Namjoon scratches his head with a sheepish smile. Finally, he's going to be able to do something special for his son, and while he's scared that he might make a complete fool of himself, he doesn't want to let this chance slip through his fingers. Plus, Seokjin looks so excited about it, he doesn't think he can refuse anyway.

"Anything I should prepare...?"

"Show up in uniform, bring in your badge and a couple of handcuffs, and kids will be asking you a million and one questions," Seokjin jokes with a grin. "Just talk about your typical day at work and maybe explain how you became a police officer?"

"I can do that."

"Great! Thank you so much. So, do you have any questions?"

"I don't think so..."

"Then I guess I'll see you in a few days in uniform, Officer Kim."
Yoongi knows that he was bound to see Hoseok sooner or later, considering they live on the same floor. However, he was not expecting the said man to literally crash into him on his way back home after doing some shopping that needed to be done after work. It was already quite dark out, so Yoongi immediately got ready to tackle whoever just violently "pushed" him. However, he was lucky enough to see that it's his neighbor before things got physical, and before he could say something, he was stopped by Jung Hoseok's frantic voice.

"O-Officer Min? Th-thank God," Hoseok says in panic, his fingers shaking as they hold onto the cop's sleeves. "So-someone's chasing me, h-help," the man manages to continue as soon as he regains some semblance of control. Yoongi immediately tenses at the words and look at the direction Hoseok had come from and saw a man standing still in the middle of the street watching them.

"Is that the guy?" Yoongi asks gruffly, pointing at the stranger with his chin. Hoseok dares a glance and then nods furiously, hiding behind the cop. "Wait here," he says and begins making his way towards the suspect, but the man bolts. Yoongi's about to chase after him but is stopped by Hoseok's strong grip on his shirt.

"D-don't leave me!" Hoseok whisper screams, and Yoongi scowls.

"I need to catch that guy," Yoongi grits through his teeth. He can't have a weirdo like that running around free in the city.

"C-can you wa-walk me home..." Hoseok says pitifully, his shoulders tense and his eyes darting around nervously. Yoongi sighs and nods his head yes, despite how every fiber of his being wants to catch the asshole and drag him back to the station. He gets it. Being chased by a stranger isn't exactly something people can brush off easily.

The two walk in silence, Hoseok still holding onto the fabric of Yoongi's shirt. The officer wants to tell the grown ass man to let go, but he leaves him be for the time being. The two arrive at the apartment, and Yoongi stands impatiently in front of Hoseok's apartment door, waiting for his neighbor to go inside. Hoseok smiles sheepishly and thanks the officer again as he opens the door. Yoongi's about to turn on his heel and go to his beloved couch when Hoseok shrieks (yes actually shrieks), raising all of the hair on Yoongi's back.

"What the fuck?" Yoongi hisses out scathingly, not appreciating the piercing noise. He peeks into the apartment and sees Hoseok standing in the doorway, staring at the apartment that is clearly in a state of mess. Yoongi's not sure what the deal is, but then he notices the broken lamp and shattered TV, and he immediately knows what this is.

Yoongi pulls out his phone and dials Seungcheol's number to report a case of robbery, as Hoseok slumps onto the floor besides him. The night-shift officer states that he will be right over, and
Yoogi shoves his phone back into his pocket.

"Hey, you alright?" Yoongi asks, even though he knows it's a bit of a dumb question. After all, not many people are on board with the idea of their houses being robbed.

"Not again..." Hoseok breathes out, and Yoongi frowns at the words. He remembers hearing something similar with the attempted rape, and now he's trying to piece everything together with not much success.

"Hey, snap out of," Yoongi says, noticing the faraway look in the other man's eyes. Hoseok turns his head slowly and looks at the cop, the corners of his lips drawn downward and his shoulders dropped in defeat. "The cops will be here any minute. In the meanwhile, don't touch anything."

Hoseok only nods and stares at his ruined apartment. He had just finished unpacking everything and arranging his belongings nicely, and now it was in ruins on the floor. He continues to mope silently (or he's stunned into silence, Yoongi's not sure), until Seungcheol and Jeonghan appear.

"Damn, at first I thought you were robbed 'cause of the address," Seungcheol says, glancing at the crime scene. "Aren't you...?" he continues as he takes in Hoseok's face. Yoongi gives the other man a pointed look, which has the taller officer nodding in understanding and pulling out his notepad. Seungcheol asks Hoseok a few questions as Jeonghan takes pictures and looks around the apartment.

"Right, we'll get back to you as soon as we can," Seungcheol says once he's done asking all the questions. "Do you have a place to stay in the meanwhile?"

"Umm...not really...I just moved here...but I guess I can find a motel or a hotel to crash in..." Hoseok answers sadly, staring at his own feet.

"Why don't you just stay with Yoongi right here?" Jeonghan interrupts gleefully, his pretty lips curved upwards in a mischievous grin. Yoongi's eyes narrow and his middle finger is already out pointed right at the other officer's face, but Officer Yoon only laughs. "Oh come on, Yoongi, a poor civilian slash your neighbor just got robbed. Show a little compassion and hospitality, will you?"

"Yeah, Min," Seungcheol echoes from besides the pretty officer, and Yoongi has to physically hold himself back from punching both of their noses in. He doesn't do well with having people over at his house, but he knows for a fact that the two are bent on being little shits for the night (and probably as a payback for Yoongi accidentally spilling coffee on their reports one time. ONE TIME). Yoongi glances at Hoseok's sad form and nods with a sigh. Well, he can't exactly say no now can he?

"Fine. You can stay at my place. Just grab whatever you need for the night."

"Oh, no it's fine. There's no need. I can find a place-" Hoseok starts, waving his hands around in panic.

"Staying alone after something like this probably isn't going to be a good idea," Jeonghan adds, a fake sweet smile on his face as his eyes meet Yoongi's. Yoongi wonders if he can throttle the asshole and get away with it.

"Yeah. Not a good idea." It's Seungcheol again, being an oversized parrot, and Yoongi just motions for Hoseok to grab his things, because he can't look at the two anymore.
"You're fucking assholes," Yoongi spits vehemently as soon as Hoseok's in his bedroom to grab basic commodities.

"That's what you get for spilling coffee on our report," Jeonghan answers smugly, playing with his long hair.

"I fucking knew it. After this, no more bullshit."

"Truce."

"Fuck you guys."

In a few minutes, Yoongi finds Hoseok standing awkwardly in the living room, a bag full of his stuff slung across his right shoulder. Hoseok still looks a bit shellshocked by the event, but the officer thinks that the man is doing a lot better than most victims of robbery (he's seen a few middle aged women on the verge of heart attacks before).

"I don't have an extra bed so...you can choose between the couch or my bed," Yoongi says gruffly while scratching the back of his head. He's not keen on letting someone else use his bed, but he's trying to play nice, since Hoseok is a victim. Which brings up the question...

"This isn't the first time you've been robbed, is it," Yoongi starts, needing to get to the bottom of this. The police officer in him needs to know, just in case the other man is connected to some crime ring or other gang activities. What is Hoseok was hiding drugs or other contraband in his apartment and gang members had raided the place to get them back? He's not about to willingly hide an ex-con in his apartment, no thank you.

Hoseok looks up at the question with sad eyes, and Yoongi can tell that the man is contemplating between telling the truth and lying about it (Min Yoongi is basically a human lie detector). Yoongi fixes the other man a hard stare, as if daring him to lie to his face. He may tolerate having someone else over at his apartment, but he will not tolerate a liar. Hoseok must've read the look in Yoongi's eyes, because he sighs and answers "No...it's not the first time."

"Sit," Yoongi says, motioning at the couch next to him. He decides to play host and retreats to the kitchen to grab the two of them some hot tea. He returns to the living room with two mugs in his hands and he places one in front of the quiet man. "So what's your deal? Are you an ex-gang member?"

"Huh?" Hoseok's eyes widen. "Me? God no! I just...it's hard to explain."

"Well, you're crashing at my place. I think I deserve at least some kind of an explanation," Yoongi says, crossing his legs in front of him after slumping onto the couch besides the other man.

"...You're not going to believe me even if I tell you."

"Try me."

Hoseok pauses, playing with his own fingers before finally opening his mouth again.

"I have really bad luck."

"...What?"

"I was born with this...I don't want to say a curse, but...it's a thing that sort of has haunted me since birth. It happens to the first son of my family tree. We're born into bad luck, whether it be accidents
or getting involved in crimes or...something as simple as a broken umbrella and a broken shower."

Yoongi remains still, slowly processing the information. He maintains his pokerface, waiting for the man to say "just kidding!". Hoseok throws the officer a wary look before continuing.

"I had to move out of the previous apartment because I was robbed twice and had a stalker who tried to kidnap me in my sleep. I mean, strangers follow me all the time, so I usually carry my pepper spray, but the first time we met, I had accidentally left it at home."

"....Are you being serious right now?" Yoongi asks after a stretch of silence. He's not in the mood for joking around, and he's not above kicking the man out of his apartment (victim or not) if his neighbor thinks this is supposed to be entertaining.

"I told you you wouldn't believe me..." Hoseok mutters under his breath. He's used to this kind of reaction, which is why he stopped explaining himself to other people or reporting everything to the cops. Yoongi watches the other man in silence, studying his features one by one. He tries to pick up any signs of lying, but he can't find any. There's only sadness, a hint of anger and a sprinkle of frustration that can only be genuine.

"Fine. I believe you. So what, you have to just live with this for the rest of your life?"

"Not...entirely. The curse stops when I find the love of my life apparently, and please don't laugh about that."

"I wasn't going to," Yoongi says, his expression unfaftling. Sure, he thinks the entire idea is a bit too Disney-esque for his liking, but it's hard to ignore hard evidence of everything the man has said so far. It's difficult to be involved in an attempted rape, broken things, stranger following and actual robbery all in the span of less than a week...and he also remembers the old scars that were on the lanky man's arm that day.

"My dad almost died in a car accident the one time he had to ride a cab because he was running late," Hoseok starts quietly, staring at his own hands which are folded on his knees. "He luckily made it out alive, and when he woke up, he was in a hospital. There, he met a nurse who he ended up marrying. He says it was love at first sight. After that, he's been fine. He can even drive and go on plane rides."

"...So you can't drive?"

"Nope. I mean, that's basically a death wish right there. I don't even ride bicycles. I walk as much as I can, and sometimes I ride the subway when I absolutely have to."

"That sounds...hard."

"I mean..I'm used to it, I guess..."

"So what, you just have to meet your supposed soulmate and your curse is broken?"

"Not exactly. Ugh, I hate saying this but...it all ends with a kiss."

"A kiss."

"Yeah....no one knows why this curse even exists in this family, and to be honest, it's impossible to date people with my kind of luck. I tried, but it's difficult to persuade people to stay when you put their lives in danger too..."
"Well, your dad found someone. I'm sure you can find someone too."

"Thanks...I'm counting on it," Hoseok answers with a weak smile.

"So do you want the bed or the couch?"

"The couch is fine. Thank you. For letting me stay and I guess...for listening to my story."

"...Sure. I'll just get you a spare blanket."

-

Jungkook has a mission. A goal he needs to work towards.

He needs to win the heart of one Mr. Adorable, and while the date might have gone well, he knows that this is just the beginning.

He strolls into the convenience store like always, making sure his uniform in on point, because he's read somewhere that no one can resist hot men in uniform. Hot man, check. Uniform, check and check. Jimin is putting packets of gummy bears away when the officer enters, and the cashier turns around with a smile of recognition.

"Hello officer," he greets in his normal gentle tone. "Oh, I should've texted you or something earlier, but our shipment for the riceballs didn't come in today and-"

"That's fine. I came to see you anyway," Jungkook says, remembering that confidence is key and you just gotta let them know you're interested. Jeon Jungkook is above all that beating around the bush. He's a real man's man and the days of "stalking" the cashier is behind him.

"Umm..." Jimin falters and stares, his eyes wide open and a packet of gummy worms hanging mid-air. "Were you....were you serious about that being an actual date?"

"Yup."

"...You know I'm a guy, right?"

"Yup."

"Okay...umm..."

"So next date?"

"I'm sorry I'm not gay...?"

"Hey, don't sweat over the details. Don't worry about it," Jungkook says almost flippantly as he stands next to Jimin and helps the smaller man put the bag away. Jimin watches with his mouth open, as Jungkook hums a little tune to himself in the process.

"I can't tell if you're being serious or not," Jimin says timidly, finally managing to snap out of it and start putting things away as well.
"Dead serious. Serious as a...what was it?"

"...heartattack?" Jimin supplies hopefully, grabbing another bag from the box besides him.

"Yeah. Serious as a heartattack."

"That's...pretty serious."

"Exactly. Well if you can't pick what to do for our next date, I think we should go watch a movie together," Jungkook continues, going through the list of typical dating activities he got from Sungjae. "I know you can't watch scary ones, so I'll pick something else."

"Umm..."

"This weekend sounds good right? Excellent. I'll see which ones are playing and send you a list."

"I uh-"

"I think my work is done here," Jungkook says with a salute as he eyes the empty box. "So I'll text you later!"

Jimin watches the man walk out the convenience store with a light hop in his steps. Jimin picks up the empty box with a sigh. This is just so unreal to him, he's not sure what to do with the situation. OK, so he lied about not being gay, but he'd rather die than admit it to a near stranger (sure they've been on a "date," but they were basically strangers). He was bullied so badly in high school for being gay that he had shut that idea down in his head a long time ago. He initially thought things were going to get better when he entered university, but that was hardly the case. There was a lot of peer pressure for him to date girls, and when he refused all of the politely, the guessing game began. People oftentimes joked about him being gay, but he laughed it all off, ignoring the pain in his chest.

Then this insanely hot officer comes around asking him out on a date, and he's not sure if this is some cruel prank or not. Afterall, that was how his classmates in high school had found out. A fake love letter and one of the bullies pretending to like him was all it took for the entire student body bursting in gossip.

Jimin shudders at the memory and proceeds to put the empty box away.

-

Namjoon swallows hard. It's been a while since he's wandered around in his uniform (he's usually stuck in his office during the day). He checks to make sure he has two handcuffs for showing, his badge as well as a bag full of candies to give out to the kids to encourage them to stay away from drugs and all those bad things (he's not sure if he's allowed to talk to little kids about illegal narcotics, so he's going to have to ask Seokjin later).

He arrives on campus, and he manages to arrive just during break time, which means kids are all staring at him in awe. Namjoon smiles fondly, remembering how much he used to idolize police officer when he was their age. He meanders through the hallways and eventually finds Seokjin's
"Oh! Officer Kim! Thank you so much for coming!" Seokjin grins brightly as soon as he sees the other man entering the classroom. Taehyung and a few other kids are seated, furiously scribbling on a blank piece of paper, and as soon as Taehyung sees his dad walking in, the boy starts screaming while running towards the officer.

"Hey little man," Namjoon says with a grin as he picks up his son into his arms. Taehyung wraps his small arms around his dad and nudges the man's cheek with his nose.

"Dad you really came!"

"I told you I will, didn't I?" Namjoon says, putting his son down.

"Woa, is your dad a police officer?" One of the boys who were also in the class asks with a twinkle in his eyes. Taehyung nods with pride, his nostrils flaring in excitement. The girl sitting next to the boy also stares in awe, her mouth agape.

"Thanks for having me," Namjoon says finally as he turns to face Seokjin. The two briefly discuss some of the things that the officer can talk about and a few things he should avoid when dealing with little children. If Namjoon's not mistaken, Seokjin seems just as excited about the career day as the students he's teaching.

Break time comes to an end, and Namjoon is now standing nervously in front of the classroom, watching little boys and girls run in and fill up all the empty seats. Now, Namjoon can face literal murderers, rapists and robbers straight in the eye without flinching, but trying to talk in front of a bunch of kids was on a whole 'nother level. He's quite certain that his palms must be sweaty, and he just hopes he doesn't mess up for his son's sake.

"Alright everyone! We have a very special guest today! It's officer Kim Namjoon, who's also our Taehyung's father! Now I know you're all excited, but remember classroom rules and let's give him a warm round of applause!"

The little kids all begin clapping wildly, leaning forward. The boys especially are buzzing in their seats, eyeing the uniform in awe.

"Hey guys, thank you for the warm welcome. I'm here to talk to you about what it's like to be a police officer," he begins and talks about his day to day duty, placing emphasis on catching bad guys and putting them behind bars for good. He can see his son beaming from where he's sitting, a boxy smile on his face. He finishes calmly and as soon as "any questions?" come out of his mouth, kids are raising their hands up.

He picks a random boy sitting in the first row, and the boy asks "Do you have a badge? Can we see it?" Namjoon chuckles and takes it out, and as soon as he flashes it towards the rest of the class, a simultaneous oohs and aahs break out. Some kids make a comment about how they've seen them only in movies, and Namjoon finds it all so damn adorable.

Another girl asks how many bad guys he's caught, and he jokes that he's lost count after his first 100. The class erupts in excitement, because 100 is obviously a huge number for children that age.

A few questions later, one of the boys ask if Namjoon has a handcuff, and Namjoon takes two off of his belt.

"Alright, you can pass this one around, just be careful with it," he says as he hands one of the handcuffs to one of the students in the first row. They all eagerly study it, tracing their small
fingers across the metal, making jokes about how they are going to arrest each other.

"Can we put one on Mr. Kim?" One of the boy with a clearly mischievous smile asks, and the entire class starts shouting "please!". Namjoon glances at Seokjin who shakes his head with a roll of his eyes and a "guys!" that hold zero malice.

"Please! Like in the movies!" one of the girls says with a toothy smile.

Namjoon shrugs as he catches Seokjin's eyes again, and the teacher laughs before nodding. "Alright, one of you can come and try handcuffing me," he says with a good-natured smile, and everyone's hands go up simultaneously. Eventually a boy sitting in the third row is chosen, and he walks towards the front of the classroom with his mouth open in an excited smile. Namjoon opens the cuff for the boy, who takes it as if it's the most treasured item on the planet, and the boy manages to cuff one of Seokjin's hands with the help of Namjoon. Namjoon opens the other one too, and leans forward to help the kid, but is stopped when the boy decides it would be more entertaining to cuff the two adults together.

Namjoon lets the boy do as he wants, deciding he might as humor everyone while he's here. Plus, it's not the first time he's been cuffed to another person (although it's usually very ill-advised). The two adults glance at each other once they're handcuffed to each other and grin. Seokjin tugs at the device a little bit, marveling at how sturdy it is, and the rest of the class laugh gleefully.

"Alright you little rascals, let's give Officer Kim another round of applause for taking the time to come talk to us!" Seokjin says and the class lets out a "aww," saddened that it's already over. Namjoon waves at the class with the uncuffed hand and reaches for the key to uncuff himself.

Except the key's not there.

His eyes go wide in panic as he pats around, checking every pocket.

Holy shit. This can't be happening. Where the fuck are his keys?

He hadn't used an actual handcuff for so long, he's completely forgotten about bringing it with him. He had been so focused on getting his career day speech right, he had completely looked over the fact that he should always carry keys around if he's going to be toting handcuffs around too. He can't call anyone right now, because how is he going to explain this to anyone. Oh God, he's so screwed.

"Officer Kim?" the teacher asks uncertainly, noticing that the other man's frozen still. He gently tugs at the handcuff. "If you can just-"

"I forgot to bring the key," Namjoon whispers, glad that the kids are still busy playing with the other handcuff.

"...You what?" Seokjin whispers back furiously, looking around the classroom before leaning closer towards the officer. "You can't uncuff us!?"

"Umm...yeah...pretty much. Shit."

"Oh my god..." Seokjin laments, dropping his head, their hands still awkwardly tied together.

"I can't really call one of my officers to help us out with something like this."
"Well, what do we do then?" They're definitely whisper screaming at this point, and Namjoon is a bit amused at this point, because he's never seen a teacher look so aggressive.

"When does school get out?"

"In about 30 minutes. Why?"

"Umm...I guess I can stick around and then we can maybe go to the station together...?"

"Are you kidding me right now?"

"I wish I was."

"...."

"I'm sorry. I swear I didn't mean to."

"Oh God...we have another parent coming in!"

"Is he a locksmith by any chance?"

"Are you kidding me right now."

"Or an ex con. That works too."

"....You're so done. OK fine, I guess we don't have a choice," Seokjin huffs out and then turns to the class with a smile on his face. Namjoon stares in shock at the sudden transition. "Alright class! We have one more parent coming in! Officer Kim here decided to stick around to teach me and everyone what it's like to be handcuffed for a prolonged period of time! Isn't that great guys?"

All the kids nod and yell "yes," and Namjoon wants to give the man a standing ovation for the bullshit. Another dad does come in, who happens to be a vet. Namjoon and Seokjin sit side by side, ignoring the questioning look thrown their way by the parent. Namjoon decides he might as well educate himself while he's stuck here and listens to the vet's words, nodding here and there. Plus, it got amusing when one of the girls started crying, accusing the vet of hurting animals (apparently cutting fluffy animals up for surgery or any other medical procedure didn't go down too well with children their age).

The classroom eventually empties out, leaving Tae staring at his dad with a giant question mark above his head.

"Dad?"

"Uh, yeah big guy?"

"Aren't you going to leave?"

"I am. Don't you have after school activities to go to?" Namjoon asks with a forced smile. He can hear Seokjin sighing besides him.

"I do..."

"You go ahead big guy. I'll see you later, Tae!"

"Kay dad. Bye!" Namjoon watches as his son runs out the class to move to another class where they hold afterschool activities for parents who can't pick their children up until after 6.
"I can't believe I'm basically being arrested," Seokjin mumbles under his breath as they make their way out the building. Namjoon smiles sheepishly. "Shit, I need to pee too," the teacher lets out, noticing his bladder's violent protest. He hates his body. Why can't his body just wait till the cuffs are off?

"Oh, we can stop by and then go."

"Yeah, sounds like a good idea."

The two head to the nearest bathroom, and Seokjin waves at the other teachers and some of the children who walk by with curiosity obvious in their stares. The two stand side by side as Seokjin takes care of business. Namjoon grimaces at how his hand is probably located way too close to this near-stranger's junk, and he waits as Seokjin washes his hands with violent frustration.

"Well, at least we're both guys, right?" Namjoon attempts lamely and shuts up when the teacher throws him a withering look.

The two eventually hail a cab, because walking to the station is just out of the question when they're handcuffed under broad daylight. The cab driver throws them an amused look and asks Namjoon what the man's arrested for and where his police car is. Namjoon politely answers that it's not like that at all. Seokjin buries his face in his free hand out of embarrassment.

They enter the station, and Seokjin soon finds a bit too many pairs of eyes on him.

"Wow, one day you're out of the office and you make an arrest? Good work, cap!" Jungkook says with a thumbs up, and Namjoon motions for the man to shut the hell up. Jungkook, however, stays oblivious to the hint and procedes to ask about what the other man did wrong.

"Jeon, shut the hell up and just uncuff us," he grits through his teeth, leaving Jungkook staring at the two in confusion. It's Yoongi who comes around with the keys and eventually uncuffs the two.

"What happened?" Yoongi asks lowly, eyeing the teacher as he pulls the cuff off.

"Long story," Namjoon answers and motions for everyone to go back to what they're doing. "Hey look, I'm really sorry. I should've been more careful," he continues turning to the teacher who's now rubbing at his sore wrist.

"Well, it was an experience," Seokjin says with a shrug and a small grin. He hadn't meant to make Namjoon feel so uncomfortable. It was just that he was afraid of the principal spotting him handcuffed to a police officer. Things got around weird around school campus, and he doesn't need things spiraling out of control and having parents think he's actually been arrested.

"You're not...mad?"

"I was freaking out because of the other teachers but...well, like I said, it's not everyday you get to be handcuffed."

"And I'm hoping this is the last time ever you get handcuffed," Namjoon jokes back weakly. Seokjin only nods with a playful "maybe." "Do you need a ride back to school?"

"If you're planning on taking me back to school on a police car, no thanks."

"I have my own car," Namjoon replies with a low chuckle.

"Nah, I'm good. Let's just hope I stay out of trouble on my way back. Don't want to end up in
handcuffs again," Seokjin says with a grin. "And thank you again, for coming in and talking to everyone. It was nice. Anyway, have a great rest of the day, officer," he finishes before walking out the station. Namjoon scratches his chin. Something's different about this particular teacher. During their first meeting, Seokjin had been a typical elementary school teacher. Soft-spoken, warm smiles and gentle demeanor. However, he's starting to see a much more playful and rougher side to the other man.

"Who's that?" Jungkook asks curiously as soon as the broad shouldered man is out the door.

"Tae'e teacher."

"Wait, what? Seriously? Dang, I've never seen a teacher look that good," the younger officer muses, recalling the man's standard pretty boy features.

"Aren't you supposed to be obsessed with that cashier?"

"That doesn't mean I'm blind. So what's the deal cap? Why were you handcuffed to him?"

"Go work."

"Why won't you tell him? Wouldn't it be funny if you accidentally handcuffed yourself to him and didn't have a key?" Hongbin interjects out of nowhere, his eyes crinkled in amusement.

"......"

"......"

"......"

"Are you serious?" Yoongi says after a stretch of silence, and Namjoon quickly heads straight to his office. Jungkook and Hongbin takes this as a cue to start laughing their asses off, and a minute later, Jungkook has to literally fight to make his lungs breathe properly again as Hongbin finishes his own laughing session with a slow clap.

"I'm actually impressed," Jungkook says, leaning back against his chair lazily.

"I'm not even surprised," Yoongi mumbles under his breath.

Just another day at the station, they all think in unison.

Chapter End Notes

Come say hello ragific@tumblr!
"Butterfly~ Butterflah-ah-ay~"

"What the hell are you singing?" Yoongi asks his partner with a scowl. Jungkook's been singing the same song over and over again the whole day, and it was seriously getting on his nerves.

"It's apparently some song by that one singer and the three rappers who got caught up in that huge scandal. Remember that one?"

"Oh shit, I heard about that," Jackson interrupts from behind them. "Big kudos to that guy for coming out though."

"I know right?" Jungkook says with a sense of pride. It's not everyday such a hotshot celebrity comes out of the closet, making Korea a better place for a Jiminsexual individual like himself.

"Come to think of it, he kinda looks like you," Jackson muses, staring at the other officer's face.

"I clearly look better."

"I was actually going to say that you look like the Craigslist version of that guy, but sure. Whatever makes you happy, man. Anyway, you got some hot date coming up? You seem to be in a good mood."

"I do, actually," Jungkook says and lets out a lopsided grin, remembering Jimin's adorable face. After some texting, they settled on an action film scheduled for Saturday evening. They were going to grab dinner and go watch a movie while binging on popcorn. It's going to be glorious. It's going to be wonderful.

"Wait, so you were serious about things going well with the cashier?" Jackson asks with narrowed eyes, still skeptical that Jeon Jungkook of all people were capable of not scaring the other party off. "Or is this with someone else?"

"Excuse me. How dare you."

"Your little obsession with the cashier is a bit alarming."

"Don't worry. He'll scare him off this time around," Yoongi says nonchalantly, glancing at the reports on his desk.

"The brotherhood is dead here," Jungkook laments, staring off into empty space.

"No, but seriously, what are you guys doing?" Jackson asks. "Any sexy time ahead?"

"We've already been through this. It's not like that with him. Plus, we're just going to grab dinner and watch a movie."
"No netflix and chill?"

"Who the fuck still says that?" Yoongi says with a scowl, giving Jackson a quick look of disgust before going back to his reports.

"I'm surprised you even know what that is."

"Whatever. Jeon, it's time for our patrol, let's go," Yoongi effectively puts a stop the the pointless conversation as he stands up.

Jungkook makes his way out the station with Yoongi ahead of him. While officer Jeon usually doesn't give a shit about his surroundings, he does give a shit about the welfare of his partner, and he can tell that something is going on with Yoongi. His usual scowl is haggard, his brows furrowed perhaps a bit more than what Jungkook's used to.

"Alright. What's going on?" Jungkook asks as soon as they're inside the car. Yoongi seemingly ignores the question as he tries to put the key in the car, but the bigger man snatches it out of the other man's hand. "Hey, seriously. What's going on?"

"Nothing."

"Come on. We've been working together for like three years. I can tell when something's up."

Yoongi doesn't even bother to make a grab at the set of keys, knowing that there's no winning Jeon Jungkook at brute force. So instead, he leans back against his seat with a defeated slump. The truth is, he wasn't able to get much sleep starting the very moment Hoseok ended up staying at his apartment. His head continued to buzz, trying to figure out if whatever came out of the other man's mouth is at all plausible or not.

Now, Min Yoongi has very low threshold when it comes to bullshit. He never believed in fairy tales, and when his parents tried to pretend Santa Clause exists, he made a mini presentation to prove that it's illogical to drop toys off to all the children around the world in such a short span of time. He was 7 at the time. That's the kind of man Min Yoongi is, so clearly, his brain was screaming "bull-fucking-shit" as soon as Hoseok mentioned his "curse."

Yet, it's hard to ignore evidence. He did some background check (he knows he's not supposed to but he's not going to function properly if he loses any more sleep over it), and Hoseok's statements all check out. Years back were documents related to robbery, stalking, sexual harassment, attempted rape and even attempted murder when Hoseok was only in high school. The list went on and on until on say, they came to a halt. Then nothing for a few years. Then a new report only recently when Yoongi had saved Hoseok from a rapist a few days back.

Yoongi knows that no one can bullshit police reports like that. So Hoseok had been telling him the truth all along about getting into a bunch of really shitty situations, which means that the probability of Hoseok being honest about needing a kiss to undo the deed is quite high as well.

"...Do you believe in fairy tales?" Yoongi asks quietly and turns his face away so he doesn't need to see the cocktail of disgust and disbelief on the other man's face.

"...What the fuck? What?" Jungkook begins after a solid minute of silence. "I don't think I heard you correctly the first time around. What did you say?"

"You heard me."

"...Are you on something? Did you take something out of the evidence room?"
"Fuck off, Jeon."

The two sit in silence, their patrol sort of forgotten as Yoongi tries not to appear too embarrassed and Jungkook mulls over his partner's words. It was definitely not something he had been expecting, but it's better than nothing. Time to go into serious officer Jeon mode.

"Why do you ask?"

"This is going to sound crazy."

"We're cops. I'm used to crazy shit. Remember that one time when-

"What if I told you that a person can be cursed into bad luck until it's broken with a kiss from their soulmate?" Yoongi interrupts, figuring he might as well get this done and over with. Even as he says the words, he's seeing how lame it's sounding.

"Is this like the premise to some new disney movie? Not that I watch disney movies. Obviously."

"Seriously?"

"Fine. I mean, damn, anything's possible right? But why are you asking me this?"

"....No reason."

"I think we both know that's bullshit. Why, did you come across someone like that?"

"Not sure."

"Can you please say more than three words at a time and actually explain things?"

"....I came across this guy in the middle of a...crime scene. Actually multiple crime scenes. When I asked him about it, he told me it's some curse in his family the be plagued with and luck until they share a kiss with their one true love or whatever the hell it's called."

"I wasn't aware you were capable of talking for so long. Holy shit."

"Fuck this, give me the keys."

"No, come on, I'm kidding. No, but why are you asking though? To get my input? That can't be right because you never give a shit about what I have to say."

"I don't know whether I should believe him or not."

"What's the harm in believing him? It's not like he's asking you to kiss him right?"

Sometimes, Yoongi forgets that Jungkook is a genius in his own little ways. Yeah, why is he even that concerned? Why should he care? Sure, Hoseok seems to get into a lot of trouble (especially when he's around), but as a police officer, it's his job to protect citizens anyway right? What difference does it make then, a random civilian or someone cursed?

So Hoseok was robbed. They caught the guy (good thing there's decent quality security cameras around the apartment), Hoseok is back at his own apartment (although he has a lot of cleaning up to do). End of story. Nothing more, nothing less.

"You're right," Yoongi says with a huff and stretches his hand out. Jungkook grins and hands him the car key.
It's Friday night, and Jackson being Jackson proposes that they all go clubbing together. At first, Jungkook refuses, saying that he has to go see Jimin, but he's immediately handcuffed to his chair and tickle tortured until he agrees. Yoongi tells them all to fuck off, and no one says a thing. However, Yoongi is instead given the duty of babysitting the son of an equally reluctant Namjoon. Clearly the captain just wants to go home and spend time with his boy, but everyone else at the station argue that he needs to live a little if he's ever going to find future Mrs. Kim (Namjoon doesn't think a club is the best place for that sort or arrangement, but he obliges because Jackson won't stop talking).

"Alright, we're going to put unhealthy, shitty junk food into our bodies," Jackson starts, acting as if he's already had his pre-drinking done. "Then we're going to that new club in Itaewon and getting shit-faced!"

"How...responsible," Yoongi grumbles before taking Namjoon's house key.

"Tae's bedtime is 9. But make sure he's in his bed at around 8:30 ish," Namjoon says with a worried frown. He trusts Yoongi the most out of all of them, but he'd rather be home to take care of his son.

"Not the first time. Stop worrying so much and have fun, will you?" Yoongi says with a smirk before he leaves the building. Namjoon sighs and lets Hongbin and Sungjae drag him outside as well. He's going to regret this so much. In fact, he's going to have to find a way to sneak out when everyone else is drunk off their asses.

They all end up grabbing pizza (how original) before heading off to the club. While most men have to wait in line to get in, Sungjae of course knows the bouncers, and they're in in no time. Bass hits them hard and fast, and Jungkook almost falls down when Jackson pushes him out of excitement. The terrible trio (Jackson, Hongbin and Sungjae) drag the other two towards the bar, where they take shots like water. Lucky for them, none of them are lightweights, but unfortunately, they had a tendency to go a little overboard when under the influence.

In no time, Sungjae is dancing while sandwiched between two voluptuous women, and Jackson and Hongbin are clearly having the time of their lives on the dancefloor. Jungkook is getting there, slowly moving to the beat, and a group of women are already surrounding him, watching the man body-roll to the sensual beat. However, every time a woman approaches him, he puts on the "No bitch. Is your name Park Jimin? Didn't think so" face. Namjoon watches the entire display with a sigh, wondering if he can leave now without being noticed. A couple of women glance at him flirtatiously, and one even comes and grabs him in the arm with a teasing smile, but he's not feeling any of them.

He moves away from the grabby hands and meanders towards the bar, figuring another drink might help his boredom. He's about to call out to the bartender when a figure bumps right into him. He yells out a quick "sorry" and turns around to see the person when he finds himself face to face with none other than his son's homeroom teacher.

"Mr. Kim?"
"...Officer Kim?"

Namjoon knows that teachers are human beings too, which means they probably enjoy unwinding after a long week. However, he's never expected elementary school teachers to come drinking and dancing at a club, and from the looks of it, Seokjin's blood alcohol level was much higher than his.

"You alright?" Namjoon asks, holding Seokjin stable so the man doesn't crash into anything or anyone else again.

"Fancy seeing you here, officer," Seokjin purrs with a grin, and Namjoon's not sure if it's meant to be seductive or if the man's just drunk. "Here to arrest me again?" the teacher continues, leaning forward towards the other man.

"Not quite," Namjoon answers sheepishly, still embarrassed by the incident. "And I'm hoping I don't have to put you in handcuffs again."

"Mmm, and what would I have to do to have you arrest me?" Seokjin questions with a sly smirk, placing a hand on the officer's arm.

"Uhh..." Namjoon says dumbly, staring with his mouth agape. He's been out of the game for a while, but something tells me that this entire interaction isn't as innocent as he thinks he is. But he doesn't want to jump to conclusions. There's no way his son's teacher is hitting on him, is there? Because if it is, it would mean that Seokjin's gay (not that that matters, because Jungkook's already a part of his life), and that Seokjin finds him attractive, and just what the hell? What the fuck is going on? Where is goddamn Yook Sungjae when you need him??

"I think you owe me a drink," the lanky teacher continues, and as much as Namjoon agrees (Seokjin had to pee handcuffed afterall), he doesn't think the other man should be putting more alcohol into his system.

"Maybe next time. Hey, how about I take you home. You're kinda drunk."

"Mmm, not at all. I was just getting started," Seokjin answers with a coy smile, and Namjoon has to lean for better hearing. The man's slurring quite a bit now, and if the officer's calculations are correct, the teacher better get home now if he doesn't want to end up sleeping oon the dirty ass club floor.

"Mr.Kim-"

"Officer, won't you buy me a drink?" the teacher continues to purr with hooded eyes, and Namjoon can pick up the familiar undertone of alcohol mingled with a distinct sweet scent that must belong to Seokjin.

"I really think you should go home."

Seokjin stops and pulls back with a soft smile on his face. "You're nice. I like you," he says and then giggles (yes, literally giggles), covering his mouth with his hand. By this point, Namjoon's quite sure that the other man might be drunk enough to not remember anything come the morn.

"Mr.Kim-"

"Alright Officer. Have a great night," Seokjin says suddenly with a wave and saunters off. Namjoon sighs in relief, because the whatever the hell was going on was way too confusing and complicated for a Friday night, but the sense of relief is quickly replaced with something else. Something akin to...paranoia? Namjoon wants to ignore the fact that his son's teacher is soon going
Namjoon quickly realizes that it's actually quite difficult to spot a single human being out of a sea of drunk, dancing people under strobe lighting. Fuck, do they not have any consideration for epileptic patients? The officer uses his height to his advantage and look around, trying to find the other man who's just as tall as he is. It takes him a good 10 minutes, but his eyes eventually lands on a familiar figure being dragged away towards the bathroom. Namjoon stops and studies the scene unfolding before him. A man who is maybe a couple of inches shorter than Seokjin is dragging the teacher, who's suddenly looking a lot more drunk than he was only a few minutes ago. Namjoon doesn't want to jump to conclusion. That stranger may very well be a friend or a colleague who's trying to take care of the teacher.

But his gut feeling is apparently not on board with the idea. Now, everyone at the station has their own strengths that make them capable officers. Yoongi has his intelligence and agility. Jungkook has his strength and speed. He himself got this far into his career as a police officer because of his gut instinct. He's smart. He's strong, but he could always sense trouble when it was around. And right now, every cell in his body is tingling in the most unpleasant way.

He pushes past the crowd, moving closer towards the two figures. He studies the way Seokjin is walking, his body language and any sign of forced behavior. Then he sees it. The posture, the way Seokjin is dragging his feet across the floor, and the way the other man's hand is lingering perhaps too long on the teacher's ass. Everything screams one thing. Roofie. That's definitely roofie walk. And Namjoon has zero tolerance for that shit.

Namjoon rushes over and places his right arm between the two. He wraps a protective arm around the teacher before pushing the other man away not so gently. A part of him still wants to believe that he's wrong, because damn, no one deserves to get roofied, so he does the one thing that lets him differentiate between law-abiding citizens and criminals. He flashes his badge (yes he takes his badges around to clubs too. Don't judge), and it takes less than a second for the man to bolt. Well damn. He would run after him, but he has a heavily drugged up man draped over his arm so that's out of the question.

"Hey, Mr.Kim? Hey," Namjoon tries, hoisting the man up so that he can get a better view of the teacher's face. Seokjin frowns and moves his lips a little bit but doesn't open his eyes. "Hey, can you hear me?" Another frown. Well shit, he's going to have to get this man to safety.

The officer begins dragging the man towards the exit, quickly realizing how heavy the man is despite his slender figure (he figures that half the man's weight must come from his shoulders). He knows Yoongi and Taehyung are going to have a lot of questions, but luckily for him, he can tell his son that his teacher came for a sleepover and Yoongi's neither going to ask too many questions nor talk about it to everyone else in the station.

"I wasn't aware you liked men too" are the words out of Yoongi mouth as Namjoon walks into the
house. His son is nowhere to be seen, so the officer assumes Taehyung must be sleeping in his room. Which makes sense, because it's past midnight.

"I dont. He's roofied."

"....."

"OK, that kinda came out wrong. I mean, this is Tae's teacher and I saw him at the club and he was roofied so I decided to bring him here. For safety."

"...Right."

"Do you maybe want to help me?"

Yoongi shrugs and walks away, leaving Namjoon to let out a long sigh before continuing to drag the tall man across his living room so he can dump the man on his couch. He'd never admit it out loud, but his arms are trembling now in fatigue. God, he's out of shape.

"Alright, since you're here, I'm gonna go," Yoongi says as he comes back into the living room with an apple in his hand. Namjoon figures Yoongi's been raiding his kitchen again.

"Thanks for taking care of Tae."

"No problem," Yoongi replies and then takes a small bite of it before turning on his heels and making his way out the door. Namjoon positions Seokjin's limbs so that they are more comfortable and retrieves an extra blanket from his closet to drape over the sleep unconscious man. Namjoon knows about the potential effects of mixing Rohypnol with alcohol, and he's definitely got a whiff of strong liquor on the teacher's breath in the club. He quickly checks to make sure the man's still breathing properly and then sneaks into his son's room, just to make sure Taehyung is sound asleep. He kisses his son's forehead and tucks him in before retreating to the living room.

He gets a glass of water ready and sets it on the coffeetable before sitting by the sleeping figure. He's going to stick around just a bit longer to make sure the man's OK before he goes to the bedroom. He sits and sits, staring at the man's face. Up close and not being flustered, Namjoon is finally starting to see what Kim Seokjin looks like.

Kim Seokjin is beautiful. He doesn't necessarily have to be gay to see it. His milky smooth complexion serves as the perfect foundation for his dainty nose, long lashes, classically beautiful almond shaped eyes and ridiculously pouty, full lips that somehow remain so pink without any makeup. Or is there? Namjoon stares at the the set of lips curiously before daring to swipe a finger across it. He checks his fingertip to see that there is indeed nothing on it. Wow, so the man was just given those lips? That doesn't seem fair...

Namjoon turns around and sits with his back against the couch. It feels strange having someone other than himself and his son sleeping in the house. People have come in to babysit Taehyung, but they always left before sleep time. It had been just the two of them. He would tuck Tae in, kiss him good night and then wake up the next day to have shitty breakfast together, because even after years of being a single dad, he hadn't mastered cooking even the simplest of meals.

What should he make for breakfast tomorrow? Cereal is always on the table (he's got boxes of different ones in the cabinet). He's pretty sure there's both milk and orange juice in the fridge. What else...OK, so he can cook up some eggs. He should be able to manage that without burning the pan again. What else. Toast. There should be some bread left. That's good. Oh and fruits....apples...what else....
Namjoon is jolted awake by a loud noise that he later finds out is actually from a living human being. He looks around frantically, his shoulders ready and his hands getting ready to arrest somebody, but he only ends up to find Seokjin staring at him in horror with only a blanket covering his otherwise naked body.

"What the fuck!" Seokjin screeches out, backing away from the officer, while his right hand is frantically searching for his clothes. Namjoon finally snaps out of his initial shock and looks for Seokjin's clothes with him. He quickly fishes out the shirt which has somehow crawled halfway into under the couch and throws it at the teacher, who catches it. Seokjin's managed to find his black skinny jeans in the meanwhile, so that's good.

Namjoon turns around to give the man some privacy (and because he needs some time to figure out what's happening). He fell asleep thinking about breakfast, and the next thing he knows, Seokjin's naked in his living room. How did this happen?

"Shit," Seokjin hisses out loudly as he puts on his jeans and then fumbles to button his shirt. "Shit. How did I...oh God," Seokjin continues, slowly coming to his full sense. He looks around the living room, and then at Namjoon. "Oh god, oh shit," he whispers, remembering bits and pieces from the previous night. He had gone clubbing with some of his friends. He had taken a few shots, talked to a few friendly strangers, and he sort of vaguely remembers strumbling across the officer...and then nothing.

Kim Seokjin had a reputation to uphold. He was an elementary school teacher, which meant that, while he's allowed to have fun every once in a while, he should never ever drunk fuck the parent of a child he teaches during the day. He's so screwed. The school's principal is going to find out about it, and he's going to get fired quicker than he can say "wait, I can explain."

"Are you done getting dressed?" Seokjin jumps at the other man's voice and squeaks out a quick yes. Namjoon turns around slowly, looking almost afraid of the entire situation.

"Did we have sex?" Seokjin blurts out, because he needs to know. He doesn't care about the strong sense of mortification behind everything. He needs to know right now so that he can get started on that letter of resignation (or leave Seoul, whichever is faster).

"What!? Of course not! I swear I didn't touch you! OK, I only checked to see if you were wearing lipstick and that's it. I swear."

"....What?"

"I know, I shouldn't have, but I was kinda drunk and curious and-"

"Wait, so we didn't sleep together?"

"What? God no, of course not! You were roofied and I just brought you here just in case," Namjoon explains quickly, flustered at the words out of the teacher's mouth.

"I was what!?"

"Uh, roofied?"

"Roofied!?"

"Yup. Sorry, it happened..."

"Thank fuck! Oh my God, I'm so glad we didn't sleep together drunk," Seokjin lets out, lulling his
head back and letting his shoulders finally slump. Being drugged is horrible, but right now, he's so relieved by the fact that he hadn't had drunk sex with Taehyung's father that he can't bring himself to care about that (minute) detail.

"Uhh..."

"OK, whew. Wait, why was I naked then?"

"I...have no idea. I fell asleep on the floor and the next thing I know, you're screaming without any clothes on."

Seokjin pats his own butt and moves around a little. There's no discomfort anywhere, and judging by the way Namjoon is, the man isn't experiencing any pain either. So nothing's really happened then, minus apparently ingesting date rape drug and waking up with a headache.

"I'm never going clubbing again," Seokjin mumbles under his breath. This had all been a traumatic experience, but at least he hasn't had drunk sex. Sure, he's managed to embarass himself in front of his student's dad, but that's still a lot better than dealing with the aftermath of doing the actual deed (don't even get him started on what trying to figure out a condom's been used or not) or actually getting raped in one of the stanky ass bathrooms at a club on a Friday night.

"Oh. Here, you should drink this," Namjoon says, handing the teacher the glass of water that's been resting on the coffee table overnight. "The headache should go away in a bit."

"...How did you-" Seokjin begins as he takes the glass from the officer.

"Standard side-effect of rohypnol. You should stay here for a bit longer, just to make sure," Namjoon answers and then checks for time. Taehyung should be up soon to watch his Saturday morning cartoon, which means he needs to start cooking up breakfast. What was the plan? Oh yeah, cereal and attempted eggs.

"I should...I should get going," Seokjin says hurriedly, getting ready to bolt out of here.

"Stay for breakfast. It'll help you get over the side effects more quickly."

"...Maybe some other time. I should...yeah, I should really get going," the teacher says as he starts heading out the living room. Namjoon nods and leads the man out the door. The two bid each other awkeward byes.

It's not until the door's closed again that Namjoon realizes Seokjin had been on board with the idea of drunk gay sex.

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Jungkook doesn't think he's ever been so excited to be in a movie theater. Jimin's standing besides him as they wait in line to get some popcorn, and Jungkook has a million and one images of them accidentally brushing fingers against one another as they share a tub of popcorn or draping an arm around the smaller man's shoulders. Yes, the beauty of watching a movie together, no doubt.
Jungkook doesn't realize that he's sort of drooling while staring off into space until Jimin tugs at his arm to let him know they're next in line. Jungkook clears his throat and orders a large popcorn and two drinks. Emphasis on one popcorn, because he's getting that hands touching accidentally thing down tonight.

They take their seats and watch the ads and trailers as Jimin makes random comments about how much he wants to watch some of them. Jungkook makes a mental note, making sure to take Jimin to see all of them.

Images flash across the screen, but all Jungkook can focus on is trying to find the right time to initiate some physical contact with the smaller man. However, he finds Jimin's look of concentration to be super distracting, and the way Jimin flinches when there's explosion or faces popping up on the screen suddenly is too cute for words. Seriously, what even is he?

Jungkook swallows hard. Alright, so the whole accidentally brushing hands is apparently very difficult to do inorganically, so he does the next best thing. He tells his testosterone to buckle up and takes hold of Jimin's hand (like a man, damn it). He fixes his eyes on the screen, but he can make out the look of surprise on the other man's face in his peripherals. He ignores it though. He has Jimin's hand in his own. That's all that matters right now.

He can feel Jimin squirm his fingers a little bit coming to a stop. They remain that way, their eyes taking the movie, but their brains not processing any of the imageries. Jimin's tiny hand feels perfect in his big one. He can feel Jimin's warmth and softness against his cooler and rougher one, and it sends a pleasant tingling sensation through his stomach.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the long wait! There will be more on Jikook date coming up in the next chapter!
And check out my tumblr (ragific) for my comic version of this fic! :)
Once the movie's finished, the theater starts emptying out as dim lights go back on, but the two remains seated. Jungkook takes this time to blatantly stare at the smaller man's face, because the darkness of the theater made it kinda difficult to study Jimin's perfect, God-given heavenly features in detail for the last couple of hours. Jimin swallows hard at the attention and pulls at his hand in fear of other people seeing them, but Jungkook keeps a tight hold, because Officer Jeon doesn't care what other people think of them. Jimin's hand feels perfect in his, and it feels amazing, so he's going to keep doing it until Jimin tells straight up to let go.

Jimin blushes furiously when a group of girls walk by whispering furiously as soon as they catch a glimpse of the two. A couple also walks by and glances at them curiously.

"Officer, I think people are staring..." Jimin starts timidly, dropping his head.

"That's 'cause we're so good looking," Jungkook answers nonchalantly, making the smaller man blush even harder.

Eventually, it's just the two of them in the vicinity, and when one of the employees come and tell them to leave as well so they can clean the place, Jungkook nearly growls at the man. Eventually, the two walk out, with a tinge of pink still dusting Jimin's cheeks.

"Did you really mean it?" Jimin asks quietly as they're leaving the building.

"Did I mean what?"

"Are you really serious about...liking me that way?"

"Yup," Jungkook answers without a moment's hesitation, a confident smile on his face.

"Why though?"

"Why not? What's not to like about you?" the cop shrugs as if it's the silliest question in the world, and frankly, Jimin hadn't been prepared for that.

"You barely know me."

"My gut instinct is never wrong."

Jimin stops and stares at the taller man. Of all the things he expected to come out of the cop's mouth, his faith in his own gut instinct wasn't one of them. He opens his mouth to protest but stops when he gets a glimpse of the utter conviction in Jungkook's eyes. The officer is seriously about what he's saying, and Jimin's not quite sure what to think anymore.

"Have you dated men before?" Jimin asks, hoping the answer is yes, because he can't deal with a bi-curious case or someone trying out a guy for the hell of it. He's heard of such horror stories before, and he's definitely not about to let himself become a case study.

"Nope," Jungkook answers, popping his "p" and Jimin sighs. "But I haven't dated women either, so whatever."
"You've never dated?" Jimin asks, his eyes narrowed in suspicion. There's no way that someone as ridiculously good looking (and frankly kinda fun to be with) has stayed single the entire time. Is Jungkook one of those heartbreakers his friends had warned him about? The wham bam thank you mam of his generation? The ones who disappear as soon as you climb onto bed with him? He can't deal with that right now. His first actual potential gay relationship after the fiasco back in high school can not be with a man who's going to leave him feeling like shit the morning after.

"Yeah, it's a super long story."

"I think we have time," Jimin pushes, because this is important to him. He can't waste his time with a heartbreaker. He might be new to the whole dating scene, but he certainly knows what to avoid.

"OK. Well, it's kind of boring," Jungkook answers as they begin walking again side by side. "When I was really young, I didn't like girls. Then I sort of found out I might be more interested in boys than girls, and at that point, I sort of shut it all down," he continues, remembering the confusion and underlying sense of self-loathing. He's so over that now, but back then, he was quite devastated that he wasn't like all his friends.

Jimin listens, sympathetic. He knows what it like to realize that you're a homosexual boy in a sea of heterosexual boys and girls who can already be cruel without giving them a particular reason to be. Jimin had always been self-conscious about his height and small figure to begin with, so the revelation wasn't at all welcomed. And when they found out...

"Then I got busy trying to become a cop, and well, here I am."

"And now you want to date me?" Jimin asks carefully, gauging for reaction. Jungkook nods with what Jimin surprisingly finds to be a shy smile. "Since when?"

"Since I first saw you working at that convenience store."

Jimin blushes at the words and tries to remember their first encounter. He had been working for a little over a week when a man had walked in with a black eye. A few thoughts had run through his head. First was, good heavens, that man was gorgeous, with just the right amount of young, boyish charm and dangerous sensuality, topped with broad shoulders and long muscular legs. Secondly, Jimin had been quite cautious of the man, who seemed physically intimidating to begin with, walking around with a black eye. Black eye meant trouble. It usually meant some kind of a fight. So Jimin had remained quiet and then forced himself to smile politely (because he doesn't want to get punched in the face, no thank you). The man had stared at him for a good 10 seconds before taking his beer and basically running out the building. Since then, the man returned every single day.

"First time?"

"Yeah...I mean, I thought you were adorable. I still do."

"Adorable?" Jimin asks with narrowed eyes, trying to figure out if he should be flustered or offended.

"You're literally the most adorable person I've ever seen. Well, now I'm starting to see that there are other sides to you too. You're gorgeous. You have a beautiful smile. You're really nice and-"

"Stop. Stop," Jimin says, blushing bright red. He's not used to anyone being so open and forward about things like this. Most people would never admit those words out loud, but Jungkook seems at
complete ease about it. Jimin is starting to see that this officer is a giant ball of pleasant surprises.

"Why?"

"Because it's embarrassing!"

"Since when are compliments embarrassing?"

"Since always!" Jimin protests, looking away. He can hear Jungkook's soft laughter besides him.

"Alright fine, I'll try to keep it to myself. Or text it to you in private," Jungkook says, a twinkle of mirth still in his voice. Jimin pretends to not have heard anything as he continues to move forward with his head down.

"Are you usually that forward?" Jimin asks after a moment of silence. Jungkook glances at the man before shrugging.

"I guess. I just kinda say what's on my mind. It's easier that way."

Jimin nods, mulling over the words. He himself is the polar opposite of that. He'd rather keep things to himself if possible to avoid confrontations and generally to keep himself out of embarrassing situations.

"Aren't you worried that I may not be gay?"

"Like I said. Don't worry about it. I believe any dream can come true if you work hard enough for it."

"Seriously?" Jimin asks, lulling his head back in soft laughter. He wasn't aware that the phrase was applicable to sexuality as well.

"Yup. I think we should hold hands."

"....What? No!"

"Why not? We held hands in the theater!" Jungkook protests like a petulant child with a frown marring his handsome features.

"We're in public!" Jimin hisses, hiding his face behind his hands.

"So?"

"Are you from America or something? Maybe Europe? Because that's not how things are in Korea!"

"I'm pretty sure it's not illegal. I'm a cop. I would know."

"But still!"

"Fine, fine. A gentleman shouldn't push," Jungkook says with a sigh and then shoves his hands into his pockets. "But just to make sure, you'd hold my hand, but just not in public, right?"

"Do I really need to answer that..."

"Yes. Nod once for yes."
Jimin gives the other man a withering look before nodding once. This is all getting a bit too embarrassing, but he answers anyway because of the look of determination in the taller man's eyes. Jimin watches as Jungkook's face breaks into a giant smile that Jimin finds almost mesmerizing.

"So, I think we should get to know each other. That's what people do on dates, right?" Jungkook says once they fall into comfortable silence again. Jimin blushes at the word dates, not used to being a part of one.

"I guess?"

"Right."

"...."

"....."

"......"

"...Should I ask first or?" Jungkook asks after clearing his throat nervously. He can jump into a knife fight no problem, but he's being a complete wuss when it comes to just getting to know the object of his affection. What's a good question anyway? What's your favorite color seems way too cliche. Something more unique...something that's memorable. Something that's going to let Jimin know that he's interesting and manly. Something like-

"Have you ever been stabbed?"

"...What?"

Jungkook hates his brain. He hates his brain so much right now. He hates his brain more than how much he hates the way Jackson would burp right next to his ears after lunch. He had not meant that question to be voiced out loud, and now Jimin is going to think he's a psychopath. Goddamn it.

"Uh...." Jungkook falters, wondering if bolting is an option. However, fortunately for him, Jimin starts laughing, a high-pitched twinkle of a giggle ringing through the night air.

"Did you really ask me if I've ever been stabbed before?" Jimin says in between giggles, his eyes disappearing into crescents. "Have you?"

"...Yeah. Work hazard."

"Wait, seriously? You've been stabbed before?" Jimin asks, suddenly paling at the notion. He has very little tolerance for pain to begin with.

"A lot of criminals show up with with knives, and sometimes they're either too drunk to think or get desperate."

"How many times?"

"One here," Jungkook says pointing to his right shoulder. "Once here," he says pointing at the small wound on his right lower back. "And one here," he finishes, putting a hand over the particularly big scar located right below his left ribcage. That one had been a close one. He could've been stabbed right in a vital organ if it wasn't for Yoongi pushing the perpetrator at the same time. He was immediately taken to the hospital, bleeding out pretty badly, but he managed to survive after a week of being stuck on a hospital bed.
"That's...a lot," Jimin breathes out, looking every bit concerned. "Does it hurt? I mean, I know it must. It's just that in movies, people walk around as if it's nothing and I guess the question is...how much does it hurt in real life?"

"It hurts like a bitch. Not gonna lie," Jungkook answers truthfully, grimacing at the horrible memories. "It doesn't hit you at first, because your survival instinct kicks in. It kinda comes slowly. And then it hurts so much you can hardly move or breathe. Movies are total bullshit when it comes to stabbing."

"That sounds...horrendous. Aren't you scared? Of being a cop?"

Jungkook mulls over the words for a bit before shrugging. "Sometimes. But somebody's gotta get the job done, right?" he says with a grin. Jimin watches him silently and then nods slowly.

"That's very admirable," Jimin says quietly as he shyly takes Jungkook's hand. It's dark. No one else is around them. It's just their hands entwined, and Jungkook's lips twitch trying to break into a smile that Jungkook lamely attempts to hide.

"Hey Min, your partner is making that weird face again."

"Ignore him," Yoongi says to Hongbin, who takes his phone out to snap a picture of the dumb, open-mouthed expression on Jungkook's face.

"Money shot, right here," Hongbin muses as he stares at the photo. He then forwards it to everyone else at the station. He can hear Jackson's snickering coming from across the station. "Hey Jeon, you on something?" the officer calls out, getting Jungkook's attention.

"What? No."

"Then what's with the face? What are you high off of?"

"High off love, my friend," Jungkook answers with a grin, leaning back against the chair with a lazy smile on his face.

"That's disgusting," Hongbin says wrinkling his nose. "I'm guessing the movie date went well?"

"Yup."

"Got some action?"

"Oh yeah," Jungkook answers with a grin, and Hongbin leans forward, finally interested in the conversation.

"Oh shit, not bad, Jeon, not bad at all. So what did you guys do?"

"We held hands."
"...And?"

"And what?"

"That's it? You guys held hands? That's what you call getting some action?"

"Hey, fuck you too, holding hands means a lot."

"What are you, 12?"

"Both of you, shut the fuck up," Yoongi growls from his office, having had it with the pointless conversation. He glances at his partner, who looks scandalized that Hongbin would belittle his holding hands with Jimin in such a way, and Hongbin looks utterly disgusted at the other officer. God, why was he assigned to this particular station?

Just then Namjoon walks in through the door, looking to be dealing with a huge headache. They were notified of an emergency meeting the man was dragged to at the Seoul police HQ in Jongro, and Officer Min was in charge of making sure that the station doesn't go up in flames.

"Hey cap, you alright? What was the meeting about?" Jungkook asks, studying the other man's features.

"Same old increased gang activity briefing. We need to be on a better lookout, and they're suspecting that we will be dealing with more crimes soon," Namjoon replies, wondering why they even bother holding those meetings when it always ends up with the higher ups saying the same shit over and over again without coming up with any solutions.

"Cap," Hongbin begins after a moment of silence. "If I told you I got some action over the weekend, what do you expect?"

"Why are you asking me this."

"Can you please just answer?"

"I dunno, sex?"

"Right?" Hongbin says, perking up while pointing vaguely towards Jungkook. Jungkook makes a face. "See?"

"I...don't want to know what this is about," Namjoon says gruffly before pinching the bridge of his nose and heading towards his office. He's had a long day. In fact, he's had a long weekend, and he just wants this Monday to be over ASAP.

"Hey, what happened to the fairy tale man?" Jungkook asks Yoongi once Namjoon is safely back in his office and Hongbin is off to bother his own partner.

"The what?"

"You know, the bad luck man."

Yoongi sighs, wondering why in hell he thought it was a good idea to tell Jungkook anything about Hoseok in the first place. Now the nosy bastard will be asking for updates constantly.

"What about him?"

"Why do I always have to pry so much to get information out of you. God, you're a pain.
Nevermind, so did he get into any other unfortunate situations or not?"

Yoongi contemplates lying, because maybe that'll put a stop to Jungkook, but he decides against it. That's not going to stop Jeon Jungkook. It's only going to get Jungkook more curious.

"He did. He lost his wallet and his stove broke, so he had to use my kitchen to cook."

"Wait what? You guys are that close!? How come I've never heard about him till now?" Jungkook asks with narrowed eyes, looking every bit offended that he wouldn't know about this particular aspect of his partner's life, and Yoongi finds the entire situation ironically hilarious, because no one knows anything about his life other than his occupation.

"One, we're not that close, he's just my neighbor, and two, even if I was, you wouldn't have known about it."

"Ouch, so prickly. Like a cactus secretly needing a hug. But it's good to know that you have a warm heart afterall. Helping your neighbor and all. Is he cute?"

"Really? Are we back to this again?"

"Oh come on, that's the whole fun of having neighbors. Plus, you've never denied it."

"He's a normal looking 20 some year old man. Who cares?"

"Why are you so boring."

"Why are you so fucking weird," Yoongi mumbles before turning back to his reports, signalling that this conversation is officially over. Hoseok did come over to his apartment a little past 9 pm on a Saturday, complete with a shy knock and an equally timid expression. Yoongi had opened the door, worried that Hoseok may have blown up something, but Hoseok explained his situation and asked that he uses the stove to cook up something because he had nothing to eat the whole day (thanks to the wallet going missing). Yoongi reluctantly let the man in and semi-watched his neighbor cook up the raw ingredients he had brought from his apartment. Hoseok even offered Yoongi a plate, and at first he refused, but he ended up taking a few bites as well.

And Hoseok sucks at cooking.

Yoongi is starting to think that the man's lack of culinary skills is the most unfortunate part of him.

"Can I go over to your place? I'm curious." Jungkook asks with a grin, leaning towards his partner.

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because you're not invited."

"Why don't you invite me then?"

"Because I don't want to."

"Why not?"

"Because it's you."

"What's wrong with me?"
"Everything."

"You suck."

"Duly noted."

--

6:27 sharp, Jungkook is back at the convenience store. He peers inside to get a glimpse of Jimin but scowls when he sees someone else standing behind the counter. Instead of an adorable small figure, he sees a tall, broad-shouldered man, and he isn't at all happy about it. So he marches in and demands to know who it is with a low "who the hell are you and where is Jimin?"

"Uhh...welcome?" the figure says blinking owlishly. "If you're looking for Park Jimin, he called in sick."

"He's sick?!" Jungkook nearly shouts in horror, unable to believe that his Mr. Adorable is probably dying somewhere all alone without medication.

"Umm...yeah," the man says with a slight frown, wondering if he's made a mistake about relaying that bit of information, because the man in front of him doesn't look all that stable. He opens his mouth to ask who this half-crazed stranger looking for Jimin is but instead only gets to watch the man run out the store.

Jungkook whips his phone out and dials Jimin's number. At first, Jimin doesn't pick up, which has the officer imagining all the possible scenarios that can go wrong. What if Jimin collapsed in public and some pervert took him away? What if Jimin needs to be hauled off to the hospital but can't reach his phone? Luckily though, Jimin does pick up the second time around, his voice hoarse and cracked.

[Hello?]

"I heard you're sick. Are you home?"

[...How did you-]

"I'm going to your place with meds and food," Jungkook says quickly into his phone before hanging up looking up the closest porridge place near the area. He calls the place up and places an order, saying he'll be there to pick it up in 10 minutes. He then quickly searches for a pharmacy and bolts towards it. Halfway there, he realizes he doesn't even know what Jimin's sick with, but that doesn't matter, because he ends up buying one for every general illness he can think of. Fever, throat pain, muscle ache, menstrual cramps you name it. He's got it.

After picking up the porridge, Jungkook takes a cab to Jimin's one-room, which he remembers from dropping him off after the movie date. It's not that far from the store or where he lives, which he's finding to be quite convenient in a situation like this. He arrives in front of the place and stands in front of the door. Normally, it'd make sense for him to knock or whatever, go inside and help Jimin take his meds and eat, but he's suddenly feeling self-conscious, a little bit shy and frankly a little bit like he's intruding. Afterall, that was a pretty abrupt phonecall, and Jimin didn't exactly say "go ahead."
So Jungkook does the next best thing. He places the food and the meds next to the door and walks away, texting Jimin to notify him of the delivery. As much as he wants to see his Mr. Adorable, he'll have to be patient for now.

Jimin peeks from under his cover when his phone vibrates, notifying him of a message. He reaches for the small device and sees that it's a text from Officer Jeon.

[I left porridge and meds outside of ur place. Read the labels before u take them bc I bought a bunch. Get well soon.]

Jimin reads the text over and over again a few times, until he can no longer tell if the heat in his cheeks are from the fever or the text. He's never had someone take care of him before, especially since leaving home, and he's realizing how much he's missed that kind of attention. Jimin makes a noise as he peels himself off the bed. He doesn't even know how long he's been sleeping for. He does remember the bizarrely short conversation he had with Jungkook on the phone, and then he sort of fell back asleep after that.

Jimin drags his body towards the door and opens it to indeed see a couple of bags placed neatly side by side. He picks them up and brings them inside. Jungkook had not been lying about getting "a bunch." One plastic bag is filled with boxes of different colors. Jimin rummages through them and pulls out a box of standard cold medication and places it on the counter. He opens the other bag and finds a plastic container with still hot porridge inside.

He smiles to himself. How can he not? He's picturing the muscular cop running around town getting meds and porridge, and it's strangely endearing. Jimin picks up a spoon from the kitchen and takes a bite. He doesn't have much of an appetite, but he eats for the officer's sake.

Jungkook, in the meanwhile, is rolling around aimlessly in bed, wondering how Jimin's doing when he gets a text from the man in question. He sits upright as he checks the text.

[Thank you for the porridge and meds. Im feeling better already :)]

Jungkook squeals internally and tries to think about what would be an appropriate response to that. He has a million and one questions regarding the smaller man's current state of health, but he decides to play it cool (it's hard work maintaining his level of player status). So he chooses a simple [That's good. Get some rest].

Jimin sends him another smiling emoji. Two in a row. YES. Jungkook's month has been made.

Yoongi's about to get started on his binge TV series watching session when he hears a soft knock on his door. He knows for a fact now that the only visitor he gets is from Hoseok, and he won't admit it to anyone else, but he's a little scared each and every time. He hasn't heard any explosions prior to the knocking, so that's a good sign, but now he's wondering what had gone wrong at his neighbor's place.
He opens the door to reveal, of course, Hoseok standing nervously with a shy smile (complete with a dimple and all) on his face. Yoongi waits expectantly for the man to explain what's wrong this time, but Hoseok only hands him a small box.

"What's this?" Yoongi asks with a quirk of an eyebrow, not yet taking the box. He stares at it almost suspiciously, wondering for a fleeting moment if it's a bomb that needs to be detonated (he wouldn't be surprised at this point).

"Take it, please?" Hoseok says with a roll of his eyes, catching onto the look of suspicion.

Yoongi takes it rather reluctantly and throws a questioning look at his neighbor. Hoseok motions for the officer to open it, so he does. Inside is a...cactus?

"It's a cactus."

"Yeah...umm I remember you telling me that you don't like sweet things, and I wasn't sure what to get you as a sort of a thank you gift."

"So you got me a cactus."

"I don't know why, but I just had to."

Yoongi stares at the other man, not sure whether to be offended that he's being associated with the particular plant again or thankful for the gesture.

"But!" Hoseok says with a finger up as he takes in the mixture of emotion on the cop's face. "I did ask for the one with the prettiest and the rarest flower, and plus, you barely have to water this thing."

"Thanks," Yoongi says after studying the small pot in his hand. He can't remember the last time he's gotten anything from anyone as a token of gratitude, and he definitely hadn't expected to receive a cactus as a gift in his lifetime.

"Thank you for...everything. I know it's a pain in the ass to be my neighbor."

"Not really a problem," Yoongi says with a shrug, not liking the sudden look of sadness in the other man's face. Hoseok smiles weakly and nods before taking his leave. Yoongi watches the lanky man enter his own apartment before retreating to his couch. He stares at the small plant in his head and snorts with a lazy grin on his face before putting it by the only window in the living room.

A prickly cactus huh?
"Jimin's sick," Jungkook basically announces out loudly as he walks into the station the next morning. Jackson and Hongbin, who had been speaking to each other look up with matching puzzled frowns.

"And why do we need to know this?" Jackson questions with a scowl.

"He's sick, you heartless bastard," Jungkook fires back, a hand over his chest.

"Again, why do we need to know this?"

"Oh, stop being so mean," Sungjae interrupts with his trademark lazy smile. He has a cup of coffee in his hand, his hair slightly messier than usual.

"Ay man, you got some last night didn't you?" Jackson says with a grin and gives the other officer a quick high-five.

"A gentleman never kisses and tells," Sungjae answers with a wink, and Jungkook makes a face.

"Yeah, you just show up with obvious hickies and fucking scratch marks," Hongbin counters and earns himself a playful smack from his fellow officer.

"Guys, Jimin's sick. I gave him meds and stuff but what if he's still sick? Should I take him to the hospital?" Jungkook asks, slowly growing agitated at the shift in topic. He doesn't give a rat's ass that Sungjae's got it going on. That doesn't deserve a high-five. Why the fuck would anyone celebrate something that happens on a weekly basis?

"You got him meds?" Sungjae looks mildly impressed by the statement as he takes another sip of his still piping hot coffee.

"Yeah."

"And you tucked him into bed and everything?" There's a wiggle in Sungjae's eyebrows Jungkook's not appreciating.

"No, I just left it in front of his door."

There's silence for about three seconds before a collective awwww (minus Yoongi) breaks out. Jackson is the loudest of them all, completely exaggerated with both hands over his heart and the stupid face he makes everytime someone turns on a video of small baby animals tripping on their
"Why did that warrant a fucking aww?" Jungkook demands to know with a scowl fitting of an angry child at a supermarket not getting his favorite box of cookies.

"Because you're adorable, Jeon," Sungjae cooes, ruffling the officer's hair. "So what, now you're worried that he might still be sick?"

"Yeah," Jungkook answers, swatting the other man's hand away and deciding to ignore the way everyone's watching him with weird twinkling in their eyes. And fuck Yook Sungjae. He's not adorable. He's dashing. Charming. A man's man. He's everything, but he ain't adorable.

"What's he down with?"

"I dunno."

"...But you just told me you got him meds..."

"I just got him something for everything."

"...What even are you," Jackson breathes from behind Sungjae, and Jungkook just shoots him a pointed look in response.

"Well," Sungjae continues, looking thoughtful. "The chances are it's just common cold, and there is a fool-proof way of curing someone with it." His lips curve into a subtly devious smirk that Jungkook somehow misses, because he's too busy focused on trying to hear this cure for Jimin.

"Well?" Jungkook pushes when the other man only takes a sip of his coffee.

"Kiss him."

"...What?"

"I'm serious. Kiss him. That will transfer all his germs to you," he continues to explain. "Imagine. You take his sickness, you'll be a little hero, and Jimin will forever be grateful. How did you not know about this? Guys, you all knew about this right?" Sungjae turns to the rest of the station, and everyone, even including Yoongi this time, all nod in unity.

"...That works?" Jungkook asks dumbly, his voice treading between suspicion and revelation.

"Of course," Sungjae answers, flashing the same smile he flashes when he has to persuade someone that yes, you deserved that parking ticket.

That afternoon, Jungkook sees Jimin again. The smaller man is dealing with the last remaining bit of his sickness, sniffling every once in a while and sometimes hiding behind the counter to blow his nose. Jungkook watches with a small frown as he munches on his riceball, and Jimin would catch the staring and smile sheepishly.
"Thank you again for the meds and porridge," Jimin says, his voice slightly nasally. Jungkook shrugs and tells the smaller man to stop thanking him. "You should be careful too. I heard this cold is kinda going around to everyone," the cashier continues, leaning forward against the counter.

"I'm immune to all illnesses," Jungkook says, taking another bite and reaching for his bottle of water.

"No one is immune to all illnesses," Jimin says with a roll of his eyes and a grin. Somehow he'd gotten comfortable with spending "dinnertime" with the officer in the convenience store and just talking about silly things. Jungkook is clearly taking his time with the small riceball in his hand, but Jimin doesn't mind it.

"I've never gotten sick."

"Don't lie."

"Serious. I've gotten punched, kicked and stabbed, but I've actually never gotten sick," Jungkook answers thoughtfully. He's not trying to be all manly about it. He's being honest. Ever since he can remember, he's never gotten sick even after eating dirt off the playground on a daily basis (or maybe that's how he managed to jack his immune system up to the point of invincibility). When he didn't go to school, it's because he deliberately skipped class, not because he ever got sick.

"Even as a child?"

"Nope. Never."

Jimin narrows his eyes playfully at the taller man and then lets out a twinkle of laughter. "Fine, but maybe I'll be the first person to get you sick," he continues with a cheeky grin and proceeds to blow his nose.

"What, like by kissing me? I mean, I don't mind if you don't mind. Should we just do this now? Here?" Jungkook asks dumbly, his jaws going slack. So Sungjae hadn't been wrong about this secret that he's been missing out on. There really is a fool-proof method of transferring the particular illness. Holy shit, does this mean Jimin is going to kiss him? Like right now? Holy fuck. Is he ready for this? He would rather have his first kiss be a bit more romantic but he can't really complain now can he? Not even their third date and he's going to-

And then he realizes the expression on the other man's face. It's a fine mixture of confusion, shock, uncertainty with a sprinkle of disbelief.

Jungkook is going to fucking kill every single one of them.

"That...was a joke? Hahaha," the officer lets out awkwardly, suddenly finding the half-eaten riceball in his hands very interesting. Jimin, on the other hand, looks away, suddenly feeling heat rising in his cheeks. Now he's thinking about the insanely attractive man kissing him against the counter, and good God, that's not helping his current state of health. He bets Jungkook is an excellent kisser. Now there are images of Jungkook's strong arms around his waist, his rugged hands effectively pinning him down, and the officer's sensual lips hot against his lips, demanding enough to turn Jimin into a helpless, willing mess, in his head, and he can't seem to get them out.

Jimin forces himself to laugh weakly as Jungkook clears his throat. A stretch of awkward silence leaves the two to focus on their own hands for the time being.

Well, things just got interesting...
"Fuck you, you and you. In fact, fuck all of you, minus you cap," Jungkook bellows as he enters the station while pointing at everyone. Kim Namjoon raises an amused eyebrow, looking up from the folder in his hands.

"And why do you want to fuck everyone in the station?" Namjoon asks almost delicately, flipping through the next page with a steady expression.

"They know why," Jungkook answers with a snort, and everyone else cackle like hyenas in the Lion King.

"I would ask again, but I don't care enough," Namjoon says with a bored tone and then finally closes the folder. "Alright, today's going to be rough. There is going to be a huge demonstration near city hall today, and they're expecting shortage of men, so they've asked for our help. You guys know what to do."

"Aww man, we're gonna end up working overtime, aren't we," Jackson whines, slinging an arm around Hongbin.

"Pretty much," Namjoon answers with a shrug. "Just hope no shit breaks out and maybe you guys will be able to leave on time. At least you guys don't have a son to pick up, shit."

"Oh yeah. What are you gonna do about Tae?" Hongbin asks, his expression suddenly serious. He knows how much Namjoon hates not being able to pick his son up on time, and the last homeroom teacher had been a straight up bitch about Namjoon picking his son up late because he had to be at the crime scene fending off armed gang members.

"I dunno...Goddamn it..."

"Can't you ask that teacher you got handcuffed to to maybe look after him for a while?" Hongbin suggests. The man seemed nice enough.

"I don't want to-wait. Shit. That's actually a pretty good idea. Plus he kinda owes me," Namjoon mumbles the last part more to himself than anyone else. Sungjae picks up on it but doesn't say anything as their chief retreats to his office to make the appropriate phonecall.

Namjoon shifts around the room awkwardly as he waits for the teacher to pick and then dumbly realizes that he must be in the middle of teaching a class. He quickly sends a text explaining his situation and asking that the man gets back to him as soon as he can. Less than an hour later, he gets a call from the teacher.

"Hi. Hello, thank you for getting back to me," Namjoon answers into his phone, scratching the back of his head.

[It's no problem. So you want me to stay with Tae until you come pick him up?]

"Yeah, if you can do that, that would be great, but if you can't, I understand."
[That's not really an issue, but I can't stay in the building after 7, which means, I might have to take Tae to my place and babysit him there if you come any later.]

"Oh. Sure. I mean, that's fine...if that's fine with you."

[Well, it's the least I can do for the man saving Seoul.]

"I'm not exactly-"

[I'm kidding! Don't worry about him. I'll have him call you after his extracurricular activities, OK, Officer Kim?]

"Thank you. Thank you so much."

[Plus, I'm glad I get to do something for you after waking up nake- oh hey kids! Recess is over already? Alright, I better go.]

"Alright. Thank you again."

5 pm rolls around. Namjoon wonders why the protest is starting at just before dinner time, because it seems like a dumb idea to get all passionate on an empty stomach, but he's not going to delve into it. Normally, he would get into the whole what the people are protesting against, but the week's been hectic, people have been on his ass about rising gang activities, and frankly, he can't seem to give a shit. It's going to be something political. It's going to include a lot of conspiracy theories, especially with regards to North Korean spies. And it's definitely going to include overzealous young citizens with their phones ready to upload every photo and video of anything remotely "interesting" happening.

He's on a standby, ready to head to the scene if his help is needed. People have always respected him for his quick thinking and leadership, and when angry citizens get involved, they're going to need all the help they can get.

He does get a phonecall from his son as promised at 6, and they talk briefly before Seokjin promises to take good care of the boy. He gets another phonecall at around 7, with Taehyung being perhaps a bit too excited to be going to his favorite teacher's apartment. Namjoon just hopes that Seokjin isn't secretly some child molester or something, because God, that would suck so hard.

It's well past 7 when he is called to city hall. A riot is breaking out, with tension rising among all those present, and Namjoon is assigned to help command a handful of policemen in case things become too violent.

And it does.

It starts with one man throwing an empty bottle of beer at one of the officers. It misses the man's
head but gets him in the shoulder with a sickening thwak, and that was all it took for the
intimidating number of people gathered to start shouting and pushing. Namjoon tenses
immediately at the commotion and starts hollering orders around. It is very rare for Koreans to
become violent during a demonstration, but when it does, it becomes nuclear.

In less than a minute, everyone’ pushing each other, cursing angrily while letting their animalistic
instincts take over what was supposed to be their reasonable distaste towards the current political
atmosphere. Namjoon can vaguely make out Jungkook and Jackson to his side helping the people
remain contained, their expressions strained and veins in their necks popping from the sheer
amount of force they have to exert against the crowd.

Yoongi is doing the exact same thing next to Hongbin, and it's when Namjoon spots a man
throwing another glass bottle towards his men (where's all these empty beer bottles coming from
anyway? Who the fuck drinks during protests?). It's aimed straight for Yoongi's head, and
Namjoon knows that it's not like in the movies where bottles just shatter, the person goes down on
one knee, gets back up while slowly and dramatically wiping at the trickle of blood running down
his head. No, in real life, people die. It will crush Yoongi's skull, pieces will go into his eyes, and
Yoongi might never wake up from it.

So Namjoon runs and pulls Yoongi out of the way. The bottle shatters into jagged pieces against
the concrete beneath them, and Yoongi looks up wide-eyed at the captain.

"Be careful. They're throwing things," Namjoon growls through his teeth. Yoongi nods solemnly
and goes back to pushing the protesters back. Just then, the crowd breaks through the line of cops,
sending tens of people, including Namjoon, crashing onto the ground. All hell breaks loose, and as
Namjoon quickly tries to get back on his feet, he feels a heavy blow to his shoulder. He knows it
couldn't have come from a punch. Perhaps a bat? Something sturdy and long, because the force of
it sends him skidding against the rough pavement. He barely manages to protect his face and
eventually is pulled up by an equally frantic Jungkook, with a nasty scratch to the right side of his
forehead. Fuck, he hates it when his face gets all bloody, because it becomes impossible to hide it
from his son.

He messily dabs at the blood trickling down his face. He doesn't have time to dwell on it.
Adrenaline is rushing through his bloodstream, and all he can focus on now is to keep himself and
his men out of harm's way. They hear a familiar signal and move out just in time for the water
canons to come in and push the angry citizens back. There is a sea of people now shouting angrily
at the jet streams of water as the officers manage to finally catch their breath.

Namjoon looks around in panic, because Jungkook and Jackson are right next to him, but he can't
find Yoongi or Hongbin. He calls for their names, and he sees Hongbin emerging from the crowd,
partly wet and his hands scratched up.

"Where's Yoongi!" Namjoon demands. He knows that Yoongi's the smallest of all of them. He
may be intelligent and quick, but when it comes to sheer brute force such as the current protest,
Yoongi may be easily overpowered. He pushed behind Hongbin in search of the officer and only
stops when he finds a familiar figure being dragged out of the crowd by a couple of other men in
uniform.

"Min!" he calls out frantically as he runs towards the three. Yoongi is clearly unconscious, his head
bobbing freely to the other officers' movements. His feet are dragging, his uniform soaked and
dirty, and Namjoon prays and prays that Yoongi isn't dead.

"Min! Min!"
"Kim, stay back!" A booming voice pierces through the commotion, and Namjoon feels a strong hand pushing him back. He looks up angrily to find captain Im from the Shinchon station holding him back with a hard glare. "Don't aggravate him. Wait till the paramedics take him," the other captain continues in a leveled voice, and Kim Namjoon does as he's told, because he knows that's what he's supposed to do. He can't go around shaking Yoongi around when the man might be suffering from head trauma.

Fortunately, the paramedics have already been stationed, and he sees a couple of men in familiar bright neon uniforms run towards Yoongi's still figure. Namjoon watches grimly as they check for his pulse and then take him away on an ambulance in a rush. That's never a good sign, and Namjoon doesn't know what to make of it.

By the time Jackson puts a hand on his shoulder, Namjoon is almost vibrating in anger. He knows he's not supposed to let it get to him this badly, but he feels like a giant failure, letting one of his own get hurt so badly, and frankly, he's infuriated at the protesters for their inconsiderate and reckless behavior.

Jungkook almost looks small as he watches the vehicle exit. Everyone at the station knows how attached Jungkook is to his partner, even though they're just bickering most of the time. Jackson and Hongbin look around to check that the violence has died down before burying their faces in their hands.

How did the day go south so quickly?

- 

Namjoon makes a quick call to Seokjin to explain the situation, and Seokjin offers to keep Tae around for as long as needed be done. He himself had watched the events unfold from this TV screen so he understood how serious it was.

All the officers head over to the hospital where Yoongi is as soon as the situation is under control. Jungkook remains antsy during the entire travel, nervously gnawing at his fingernails and shaking his legs. None of the other officers says anything about it and lets the young man be.

"Fuck, if he's not OK, I'm not going to be able to live with myself," Hongbin breathes out, dropping his head between his hands. Everyone, excluding Namjoon, who's driving, snap up and look at the speaker in confusion. "Yoongi pushed me out of the way of something and the next thing I know, he's on the ground. I don't even know what hit him...shit...if he's not OK-"

"He's going to be OK," Namjoon says with a determined flare evident in his voice, his eyes fixed on the road before him. "So stop talking like that. And even if he's badly hurt, it's not your fault."

"Still-"

"That's final," Namjoon finalizes with one of his rare moments of authority. Hongbin purses his lips and nods slowly as Jackson pats him on the back.

They quickly discuss the situation with the doctor in charge as soon as they are in the hospital and
learn that a hard blow must have been dealt to Yoongi's head with a blunt object. Jungkook is livid with anger and demands they find whoever did this and arrest him immediately, and Hongbin is standing with blood completely drained from his face.

"Will he be OK?" Namjoon asks grimly when the doctor finishes explaining that the effects of head trauma may be both unpredictable and long-lasting. Even after being discharged, Yoongi should be monitored for any possible signs of head injury, and everyone nods, knowing that they will be keep a close watch on the man.

They are allowed to see him, since he's already conscious, and as they walk into the room, Jackson makes a weak joke about how Yoongi must be immortal. Yoongi, with his head still bandaged up, and dry specks of blood still on his face, scowls at the lame comment.

"You scared the shit out of me," Jungkook says as he takes in Yoongi's condition. His partner shrugs and tells him to stop being a baby. The bigger officer rolls his eyes and deliberately pokes at a particularly nasty bruise on Yoongi's arm.

"You piece of shit," Yoongi hisses, swatting the hand away.

"Well, good to know you seem to be the same," Namjoon drawls with an amused grin. "I would've been worried if you started being nice after getting hit in the head."

Yoongi throws the other man a pointed look before asking if anyone else got hurt. Jungkook puts his hands up to show his nasty scratches, while Jackson shows off his arm to display an impressive bruise. Namjoon remains still, trying not to draw attention to the bandage on his head or his fucked up hands or his messed up shoulder. He's lucky to have made out of that chaos with just that much damage.

Namjoon catches Yoongi watching him, and the chief shoots the other officer a warning look to tell him not to say anything. Yoongi looks away in understanding. Years of working together had basically enabled them to communicate telepathically.

"So when can I go home?" Yoongi asks, glancing at the IV needle embedded into his hand with distaste. He's come to absolutely hate being in hospitals ever since the time his own partner had to be hospitalized for a serious injury. He'd rather not be reminded of that very incident.

"Not today, that's for sure," Namjoon answers, putting his hands into his pockets.

"I feel fine."

"Standard procedure to keep you here for at least overnight with head trauma. Plus, I'd rather have you here than back at your apartment alone."

"Let me guess. I don't have a say in this?"

"Nope. And if you start whining about it, I'm making Jungkook or Jackson stay here overnight."

"You wouldn't do that to an injured person," Yoongi says with narrowed eyes.

"I would and I will."

"I'm finding this a little offensive," Jackson says, raising a hand up.

"I don't know what you guys are talking about, but I make great company," Jungkook mumbles under his breath, eliciting a chuckle of laughter from Hongbin, who's standing right besides him.
"How about you all leave me alone so I can rest in peace," Yoongi says with a roll of his eyes. There is a bit of a lingering headache he's currently dealing with, and he wants to sleep it off before it gets worse.

"Right. I'll tell the nurses to let us know if anything happens," Namjoon says with a nod as he ushers everyone out the room.

"Thanks cap."

"You just focus on getting better."

-

Namjoon checks for time and realizes that it's almost 11. Damn. He had not meant for things to drag out for so long, leaving his son at his teacher's apartment nearing midnight. He feels like a complete asshole regardless of the circumstances, and he's hoping that Mr. Kim isn't in too much of a foul mood.

The officer quickly makes his way to the address sent to him via text and arrives in front of a pale grey door. He knocks instead of ringing the doorbell as instructed, and in a moment, he is greeted by Seokjin, who's dressed down in a plain cream colored tee and a pair of jeans.

"I'm so sorry for being so late-"

"Are you alright? It looked pretty nasty on TV, and oh god, you're hurt," Seokjin says worriedly as he takes note of the bandage on the officer's forehead.

"Not a big deal, minor scratch. Here, I'll take Tae off your hand. I really appreciate you taking care of him-"

"Hey. Hey. What's the hurry. Relax. Why don't you come in, sit down for a little and then you can take Tae home, alright? You look horrible. Tae's going to be scared seeing you like this."

"...That bad?"

"Yeah," Seokjin replies with a raised eyebrow. "I'm guessing you didn't get a chance to really clean up after the demonstration," he continues, motioning for the man to come in. Namjoon walks in with a sheepish smile and looks around to find a cozy apartment with photos and small children's paintings adorning the pale ivory colored walls.

"The bathroom's that way. Go ahead and maybe...I dunno, wash your face or something cause you still have blood and whatever on it. Have you eaten?"

Namjoon instinctively reaches for his stomach once the realization hits that he hadn't eaten anything since half a sandwich for lunch. He had been so high-strung on adrenaline and worrying over Yoongi that he had completely forgotten about it. Now that the other man's mentioned it, man, he's famished.
"I'm guessing the answer is a no," Seokjin says with a soft smile. "We have some leftovers I can warm up. I'll get it ready while you clean up."

"No, there's no need to-"

"Please. After the shit I saw go down on TV, you deserve some food. Go on, and tell me if you need anything."

"Kay...but Where's Tae?"

"He's sleeping on my bed. He tried to stay up to wait for you, but by 10, he was barely conscious so I tucked him in," the teacher answers fondly, remembering how the little boy struggled to keep his eyes open. The excitement of spending time with his favorite teacher wasn't enough though.

"Can I...can I see him really quickly?" After this long day, he just wants to see his son.

"Of course. That's the bedroom door," Seokjin replies, pointing at the door adjacent to the bathroom. Namjoon flashes the other man a grateful smile before eagerly heading towards the room to see his son. He has to narrow his eyes to adjust to the darkness as he makes his way inside towards the bed. There's surprisingly very little decoration in the bedroom. Only a few articles of clothing thrown haphazardly across a single chair next to the bed, which is now providing space for a small figure tucked safely under a navy blue duvet.

Namjoon kneels down besides the bed and watches his son's sleeping face. He smiles softly to himself before patting the boy's head. The marriage may not have worked. He may have suffered through a heartbreak no one should've gone through. He feels like shit, he's starving and he's so tired he can barely function, but none of those things matter anymore as he listens to the soft sound of his son sleeping.

A few minutes later, he gets back up and enters the bathroom. He glances at the mirror and grimaces when he realizes that Seokjin had been right. He can't believe he had been walking around with specks of dried blood and dirt over his face. The paramedics clearly were in a hurry to just stop the bleeding and not much else.

He takes the bandage off slowly, wincing at the stinging sensation and then makes a face at the mess underneath it. He washes his face carefully with lukewarm water, making sure to not get too much water into the angry would on the right side of his forehead. God, his hands look pretty gross too. Namjoon gingerly takes his shirt off to check for his shoulder, ignoring the particular limb's protest.

He turns his back towards the mirror and rolls his eyes at the angry purplish bruise on his shoulder. Of course. He figures he should just be glad that nothing's broken, but he also knows that it's going to hurt like a bitch when he wakes up tomorrow morning.

There is a soft knock on the bathroom door. Figuring it's Seokjin, he says "come in" and as expected, Seokjin peeks in with a small bottle in his hand.

"Oh. Were you about to take a shower...?" Seokjin asks, noticing the lack of the other man's shirt.

"Nah. Just wanted to check if my shoulder was OK," the officer answers, trying to get a better look at the bruise.

"God, that looks nasty. What happened?"

"I'm still not sure."
"Wait, I think I have some salve for that. Hold on." Seokjin disappears and then comes back about a minute later with a small round tin in his hand. "These are pretty good. Tried and tested by me. Here, let me give you a hand."

"What?" Namjoon says in mild panic as he watches Seokjin open the container. "No, I'm good. I can-"

"Will you please relax," Seokjin interrupts with a twinkle of laughter. "Come on, I promise to be gentle," he continues with a teasing grin. Namjoon throws the other man a wary look before turning his back towards him. Seokjin dabs a little bit of the salve onto the bruised area and gentle rubs it in. Namjoon remains quite tense throughout the entire administration and only lets his shoulders slump when he hears Seokjin close the container again.

"I actually came here to give you this," Seokjin begins, handing the officer the small bottle he had been holding. "Antiseptic for that...head wound. Just in case."

"Thank you."

"I'll check to see if I have any fresh bandages lying around."

"You surprisingly have a lot of things for injury."

"That's what happens when you have to deal with tens of excited little kids on a daily basis. You sort of expect someone to get hurt sooner or later," the teacher answers and then leaves the bathroom again. Namjoon takes this time to put his shirt back on and exit the vicinity as well. As soon as he steps outside, he can get a whiff of food, and his stomach immediately reacts by bellowing out a loud growl.

"Wow, I heard that," Seokjin says, emerging from the kitchen. "I'm impressed. Come on, eat some and then we can put something on that...thing," the man continues, pointing at Namjoon's forehead. The cop nods eagerly as he sit at the small dining table, his eyes fixed on a bowl of hot noodles.

"This looks amazing."

"Thanks. I like to cook."

"Tae must've been thrilled. I can't cook to save my life, which is ironic since I'm a single dad..."

"Not all single parent needs to know how to cook," Seokjin counters sagely, setting a few side dishes down as well.

"I should though...I always feel bad for Tae that our dinners are usually ready made meals," Namjoon admits sadly. Tae hadn't complained yet, being the good kid that he is. But he knows that a growing boy his son's age should be getting healthy meals with nice snacks in between. He hates knowing he's feeding his son basically garbage for the most part.

"Hey," Seokjin grabs the other man's attention. Namjoon looks up from his bowl, his eyes sad and almost pathetic. "Between you and me, you, being the only single parent of all the students in my class, managed to raise the best one. I wouldn't be so harsh on myself if I were you."

"You don't need to do that."

"What, tell you the truth? Do you know how spoiled and annoying a lot of the kids are these days? God, you should see the way these parents raise their children. It's atrocious. But Tae. He's so polite. He never takes anything for granted. So what if you aren't the best cook? You just gotta
"What, like you?" Namjoon says in a feeble attempt at humor to hide the tingly feeling in his stomach.

"Maybe. I wouldn't mind looking after Tae and feeding him when you're too busy. I mean, he's so much fun to be around, and he even offered to help with the dishes!"

"Thank you for the offer, but I really shouldn't."

"Look, Officer Kim. We all need a little help from time to time, and sometimes you just need to take it when it's offered, alright?" Seokjin says in a serious tone, leaning forward against the table. "So stop beating yourself over it and eat."
Chapter 9

Jungkook heads over to the convenience store, because after all the shit that went down, he needs to get his eyes on Mr. Adorable to cleanse his body of all the negativity. He glances at the time on his phone and grimaces. He's never figured out what time Jimin gets off his shift, so he's not at all sure if Jimin's still working, but whatever, it's on his way back to his apartment anyway.

He rushes into the building, welcomed by a familiar ding and a chirpy "welcome!" Jimin quickly turns around from stocking up on orange juice bottles, wearing his usual warm smile. The smile falters just as rapidly once he catches a sight of the officer, walking in looking utterly worn. Jungkook's hair is a mess, with dust and dirt on his usually flawless face, and Jimin immediately picks up on the fatigue and distress in the other man's eyes.

"What happened? Are you alright?" Jimin gasps in horror, rushing towards Jungkook.

"Oh. Demonstration. Standard riot. All that good stuff," Jungkook answers with a forced grin. He probably should've at least glanced at a mirror before coming in, because he hates the look of panic and concern on Mr. Adorable's face.

"Oh God, I read about it, but I didn't know you were a part of it..." Jimin breathes out, remembering scrolling through the latest news on his phone when the business was slow. There's no TV, so he didn't get a chance to watch the actual footage, but the photos posted were enough to tell him exactly how violent the protest was. He should've figured that Jungkook would be involved, consider how it looked as if every police officer in Seoul was present. His eyes dart all over Jungkook to check for any visible injuries and finally land on the man's hands. "What happened to your hands?"

"This?" Jungkook glances at his hands and shrugs. "Fell down. No big deal."

"Are you hurt anywhere else?"

"Nope. I was lucky," Jungkook says, lying about the dull, throbbing pain in his lower back, knees and shoulder. People had been way too rough. "My partner got hit on the head though...he's in the hospital," he continues, grimacing at the memory of Yoongi being dragged out of the crowd unconscious. He had been scared shitless, but hey, Yoongi's made it out alive and okay, and that's what counts.

"Is he OK?" Jimin asks, his eyes wide and his hands hovering around aimlessly in panic.

"He's awake and everything. They're keeping him over night just in case."

"Shouldn't you be resting at home?"

"I had to see you." Jungkook watches in satisfaction as Jimin's cheeks turn bright pink under the fluorescent lighting of the convenience store. "Plus, I'm starving."

"You haven't eaten anything?"

"Nope. Let me guess...they're out of my favorite."
"Yeah, and I really don't think you should be eating riceballs after having such a rough day."

"Trust me, if I cook, I might poison myself to death." Which is true, because he's a shitty cook. He barely goes near the stove unless he's risking death by starvation, and the most extravagant he gets is making himself a sandwich that doesn't involve actual application of heat (and with his current shitty hands, he doesn't think he can do even that).

"That bad?" Jimin questions with a cringe.

"Yup. No wait, I'm probably, realistically one of the top 3 ramyeon cooks in Seoul, but that's about it."

"How are you alive?"

"I'm basically invincible."

"You're impossible," Jimin quips with a quick chuckle. "Look, my shift ends at midnight...which is actually a few minutes. So if you wait, maybe we can grab a late meal?" he suggests, glancing at the clock on the wall.

"Are you asking me out on a date?" Jungkook asks dumbly, blinking owlishly at the cashier in front of him. It sounds like Jimin is asking him out to have dinner with him, but wait....is Jimin really asking him to spend time with him? Is this...like a date? This counts as a date right?

"Can you not?" Jimin counters with a roll of his eyes before swatting at the air between them.

"I've had a rough day. Please?" Jungkook pleads, putting a puppy-dog look as he leans towards the smaller man.

"Fine, I'm asking you out on a date," Jimin relents with a sheepish smile before turning back towards the shelf he's been stocking.

"Sweet. Need any help?"

"No, you just sit over there and rest. You probably shouldn't even be touching things with those hands."

Jungkook grins as he takes one of the plastic chairs in the store. He taps his fingers to the beat of the music playing in the background as he watches Jimin walk back and forth between different shelves. He likes the way Jimin walks. Jimin makes virtually no sound when he glides across the floor. There is lightness in his steps like that of a dancer. A hint of grace that Jungkook finds a stark contrast to his own way of walking.

"Can you stop staring?" Jimin growls without any actual malice as he catches the officer oggling with zero shame.

"Come on. I had a near death experience today. Let me have this."

"I thought you were invincible," Jimin counters playfully as he shifts his weight to one foot.

"I am."

"So how- nevermind."

Jungkook grins victoriously as he wiggles his eyebrows. Jimin shakes his head as he disappears behind one of the shelves.
"So what do you want to eat?" Jimin hollers from across the store, his body completely hidden behind the shelves holding chips and instant noodles.

"Not sure what our options are at this time."

"You're in Seoul."

"That's true. Actually, there's something I've been meaning to try."

"Yeah? What is it?"

"You know those little...food tent things? Where they sell soju and like a bunch of stuff?"

"Of course. What about them?"

"I've always wanted to go on a date to one of them," Jungkook muses, remember walking past them multiple times but never venturing inside.

"Really?"

"Yeah, it seems nice. Small plastic tables. Cheap drinks. Unsanitary food. If that's not romantic, I don't know what is," Jungkook jokes playfully and revels in the other man's laughter.

"How romantic indeed," Jimin muses as he finally emerges into the officer's line of vision. "Well, I guess I'm taking you out to a pojang-macha then."

"Yes you are. Sorry I didn't get time to get all...dolled up."

"Did you just say dolled up?"

"I had a rough day."

"You know that excuse is no longer valid after midnight, right?"

"I still have a few minutes then. Better use it as much as I can," Jungkook hums with a teasing smile.

Jimin asks questions about the demonstration, and Jungkook answers them to the best of his abilities. The cashier is in awe at just how much effort and dedication the other man puts forth when it comes to his work and honestly is a bit too attracted to it. Jungkook may be sitting in a bright plastic chair with his hair a mess and face filthy, but he still manages to look gorgeous, and Jimin doesn't know whether to be amazed or infuriated.

It's two minutes before midnight, and a young man walks in waving at Jimin. Jungkook watches the interaction between the two men like a hawk, because, as much as he doesn't want to admit it, the stranger is damn good looking. Like really, really damn good looking. And the thought is quite unsettling for Jungkook, because he really doesn't want to deal with a rival, and let's face it. Jimin's fucking adorable. He can't be the only one wanting to score a date with the man.

"Hey Jinyoung!" Jimin is all smiles as he greets the other, and Jungkook purses his lips into a thin line.

"Hey Jimin. Oh, did you read about the protest at city hall today? Apparently, shit went crazy. They had the water cannons out and man, I saw the videos, and it was insane."

"Oh...uh," Jimin begins nervously, side-glancing at the officer sitting only a short distance away.
Jinyoung catches this and turns to glance at Jungkook as well.

"Is that a homeless person? Is he causing trouble? Do I need to call the police?" Jinyoung whispers perhaps a bit too loudly, and Jungkook scowls. He knows he must look like a complete mess but damn, he clearly looks way too hot to be a bum, so how dare this brat make that sort of accusation.

"I am the police, you-"

"Hey, uh, Jinyoung, meet Officer Jeon. Officer, meet Jinyoung, he works here. After my shift," Jimin interrupts awkwardly. "Officer Jeon here is actually coming back from the protest."

"Oh shit," Jinyoung says, and the suspicion in his eyes are quickly replaced with awe and admiration. "Wow, sorry about earlier. So you're a police officer. That's cool."

"You all set?" Jimin asks and Jinyoung nods before retreating to behind the counter. "Have a good one, Jinyoung."

"Yeah you too!"

"Let's go," Jimin says softly to Jungkook, and the two exit the building. The two have to walk around a bit to find the right food stand, but they eventually find one that seems relatively void of staph infection. The two sit across from each other around a small plastic red table that's probably seen better days. Jungkook quickly orders a bottle of soju and some dishes that meet Jimin's dietary preference. The place is cozy. There's just enough noise around them to keep things interesting, and well, with Jimin smiling so softly in front of him, Jungkook finds it difficult to complain about anything.

"I probably should've asked before sitting down," Jimin starts carefully, handing the other man a pair of chopsticks. "But should you be drinking? Are you on any meds?"

"Nope. I'm really not that badly hurt. Promise."

"Fine, I'll take your word for it...and after what you've been through, you probably deserve a drink."

"Definitely."

A middle-aged woman sets down a familiar green bottle and two small glasses, which is quickly followed by their first dish. They both know it's mainly stir-fried clams and vegetables, but all the main ingredients are hidden under a ridiculous amount of red sauce that's promising regret once it's passed through the digestive tract.

"Oh shit, I probably should've asked if it's spicy or not," Jungkook muses, poking at a squid leg with his chopsticks.

"Can't handle spicy?" Jimin taunts playfully, his eyes disappearing into crescents. Jungkook puffs out his chest and juts his chin out dramatically.

"Of course not. I was saying that for your sake."

"I love spicy stuff, so this is right up my alley," Jimin says gleefully, clapping for a little bit before picking his chopsticks up. Jungkook swallows nervously and watches as Jimin takes a big bite without a moment of hesitation. "Oh, wow, I've never had food here, but this stuff is amazing! Try!" the smaller man urges, pointing excitedly at the plate in front of him.
"Uhh, I like to drink on an empty stomach," Jungkook replies lamely, reaching for his glass filled to the brim with soju. Jimin gasps and stops the taller man just in time before Jungkook lets the alcohol into his system.

"Don't do that! That's bad for you!"

"It's fine-"

"Wait. Wait," Jimin begins slowly, his eyes narrowed. "Don't tell me. You can't have spicy food," he continues, a hint of a smile playing on his delicate features.

"What? Of course I can."

"We can order soup. Something brothy for you," Jimin cooes, as if talking to a baby, and as much as Jungkook is infuriated by the dilemma, he can't deny the fact that the other man looks absolutely adorable like that.

"No need," Jungkook counters with a hand up, straightening his back. He takes a deep breath and takes a big mouthful before Jimin can stop him. Jimin watches in horror as the officer's face starts flaring up little by little. Even from where he's sitting, he can see water rising in the other man's eyes as Jungkook's brows start furrowing together.

Jimin opens his mouth to ask if the man needs water when Jungkook stands up abruptly from the table. The flimsy plastic chair he's been sitting on goes flying down, creating a loud click-clack as it bounces across the concrete beneath it. Jimin gasps in horror when Jungkook grabs a cup of water from the next table (which is currently occupied with a half-drunk couple), and chugs it before taking the second cup as well. Jungkook bellows out a noise that must belong to a wild animal (probably carnivorous).

"Holy. Fucking. Shit!" Jungkook screams out, paying absolutely no attention to all the eyes on him. The couple besides them are looking in a cocktail of shock, fear, disbelief and a little sprinkle of amusement, while the group of businessmen behind them all stare with the glasses of soju in their hands forgotten. The middle-aged woman who had served them only a moment ago is standing with her hands on her hips, her face clearly stating "not this shit again."

"Fuck! Why does that exist!" the officer continues to roar out, now doing a tour around the tent taking people's water, juice and basically anything that doesn't include alcohol. None of the occupants try to stop the bulldozing man on fire and instead all watch in mild fascination. Jimin, on one hand, gets up in a state of panic and asks the owner for a pitcher of water, which she pulls out with a roll of her eyes. He rushes over to the officer and frantically taps the man on the shoulder to get his attention.

Jungkook turns around after downing a poor woman's water and quickly takes the pitcher out of the smaller man's hands before chugging it until water's dribbling down his chin. At this point in time, he doesn't give a shit that he's in the presence of the man of his dream, because his mouth feels like Satan's asshole and his lips have clearly been roasting on Hell's fire (like the kind found in the deeper part of Hell).

The truth is, Jungkook is complete shit with spicy food. The one time his fellow officers made him do the spicy noodle challenge, he broke a station monitor while running around like a headless chicken demanding liquid. Jackson had been a complete asshole and denied the poor soul anything until Jungkook literally began rolling on the floor with tears in his eyes. Hongbin, of course, has the whole thing on his phone. Since that day on, Jungkook's stayed clear of anything level of capsaicin that exceeds that of standard kimchi.
Yet, he couldn't stop himself from taking that bite because Jimin. That's why. He didn't want to be that guy who can't even handle heat from food off the streets. He's supposed to be strong and manly, but right now, it's extremely difficult to keep his rationality in tact right now when he's probably burned off all his taste buds.

"Are you...OK?" Jimin asks carefully when he sees that Jungkook's managed to somewhat calm down. Now he's feeling extremely guilty that he's egged the other man on. He had sort of expected the officer to be bad with spicy food, but he hadn't anticipated such an explosion.

"Oh shit...oh shit..." Jungkook says, bending over with his hands pressed against knees. Yeah, he can finally breathe properly again and be aware of his surroundings. And as he looks around slowly, he's seeing the mess he's made and wow, his life is ruined.

"We uh...we should get going," the smaller man begins slowly, realizing that everyone's eyes are on the two of them. Sure, they are nowhere near finishing their late-night dinner, but they can't stick around after putting on that show. Jimin pulls out his wallet, but is stopped by Jungkook, who's still twitching a little from the attack.

"Let me pay," Jungkook spits out rapidly before making a strangled noise. He whips his wallet out and basically rips some bills out of it before placing it on their table. "I'm sorry!" he manages to basically yell out before dragging Jimin out the tent. Jimin doesn't put up a fight.

They manage to walk in silence for a few minutes before Jimin stops and tugs on Jungkook's sleeves. "Hey, you alright?" he asks softly, biting his lower lip, and Jungkook dies a little inside at how adorable the man looks.

"Yeah....sorry about the...mess," Jungkook mutters, feeling extremely self-conscious. Man, he thought the day couldn't get any worse after the riot, but now he's managed to embarrass himself in front of his date in probably one of the worst ways possible.

"No, I'm sorry," Jimin blurts out, and Jungkook peers at the other man curiously.

'Why would you be sorry?"

"I'm sorry for...egging you on. I shouldn't have done that..."

"Don't apologize for that, I was being an idiot," Jungkook replies, hanging his head low. This is awkward now, and Jimin's never going to like him back now and-

"Why did you do it?" Jimin asks quietly after a brief moment of silence. Jungkook sighs lowly. Well, the cat's basically out of the bag already, and he doesn't think he has a shot at salvaging this date anyway, so...

"I didn't want to look like a wuss...but I guess just made things worse," Jungkook admits pitifully, shoving his hands into his pockets.

"You? A wuss? Are you kidding me?" Jimin asks, his eyes wide open. Jungkook jerks his head up and stares at the smaller man. "You fight crime, you have four stab wounds and you just came back from a riot, and you think I'd ever consider you a wuss?" Disbelief is evident in his voice, and the officer swallows nervously at the tone. "I'm not going to think any less because you can't eat spicy food. Do you think less of me because I can't watch scary movies?"

"What? Of course not!"

"Exactly."
"Oh..."

"So...are you still hungry?"

"After all that water, no not really...but I guess you must be hungry."

"No, I'm good. Plus, it's getting late, I should walk you home," Jimin says with a soft smile. Jungkook opens his mouth to argue that he should be the one taking the smaller man home but decides against it. It feels nice to be sort of taken care of, so he lets Jimin walk him back to his apartment.

"I had a nice time," Jimin starts once they are standing in front of Jungkook's apartment. Jungkook flashes the other man a lopsided grin before nodding slowly.

"Can I...can I hold your hand? For a minute? Before you go?" the officer asks, resting his back against door behind him. Jimin lets out a small twinkle of laughter before he leans forward towards the taller man. Then with a coy smile, he tugs at the other man's collars, bringing his face down a few inches.

"After what happened today, I think you deserve a bit more," Jimin breathes out shyly before placing his lips tenderly against Jungkook's cheek. The officer stares with his jaws slack and his eyes wide open as Jimin pulls back with a shy smile on his face. "Good night, officer," the smaller man says before taking his leave.

Jungkook doesn't think he's had a better day in his life.

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After his super late night meal, Namjoon find himself nursing a cup of tea in his hands as he watches Seokjin put the plates away. Namjoon knows that he should be heading home soon, but he's enjoying the serene and warm atmosphere of the apartment too much. Perhaps this was what he needed after the hectic day. Some sense of normalcy. Interaction with someone outside of the station who isn't a criminal, knowing his son is safe and sound.

"Does...Tae remember his mother? If you don't mind me asking," Seokjin asks carefully as he sits back down. "It's just that...he never draws her or talks about her."

"Tae was...really little when we got a divorce. He used to ask why he doesn't have a mother when all his friends do..." Namjoon begins after a moment of silence. He's not used to talking about this part of his life, but he figures perhaps letting the bottle open might help the pain and guilt that's constantly with him.

"Oh...I'm sorry..."

"No, it's fine...He's gotten used to the idea of it just being between me and him. At least I think that's the case. I mean, the divorce was kinda nasty, so I can't really talk to him about it. Not yet
anyway."

"I see..."

"Well enough of this depressing talk. What about you? Are you...single? Married?"

"Oh, definitely not married. And definitely single," Seokjin answers with a toothy grin.

"Too busy?" Namjoon asks and takes the mug towards his lips. He slowly takes a sip of the hot liquid, enjoying the warmth it provides.

"Nah, finding a suitable man is apparently very difficult," the teacher answers nonchalantly, and Namjoon chokes on his tea. He sets the mug down just in time for his uncontrollable coughing, and oh god, he's sure he just burned his entire digestive tract.

"Goodness, are you OK?"

"W-wait...what? A....man?" Namjoon asks in between coughs, trying to keep his muscles from spasming so badly.

"Yeah...oh shit, I thought you figured that all out from that morning after clubbing. My bad. I hope I'm not freaking you out..."

"No, no, it's fine. Just...caught me off guard, I guess. I'm cool with that kind of stuff. Wait, was that offensive? I hope it isn't. I mean-"

"Relax. No offense taken. But thank you for being understanding."

"Nothing really to understand. I mean...you're who you are, right?" Namjoon ventures carefully.

"You're different," Seokjin says after a moment of silence. "I wish more men were like you."

"Oh...bad experience?"

"Too many to count," the teacher admits grimly. "You know how people say that all good men are gay? Not true," he continues with a lopsided grin that isn't without a hint of sadness.

"If it's any consolation, straight relationships can be pretty shit too," Namjoon attempts at humor, because he doesn't like the look on the other man's face and because he knows all too well that heterosexual people never have it easy either.

"At least you have a wider pool to work with. It's impossible to find a gay guy in Seoul outside the internet, and even then, it's not that great."

"It's about quality, not quantity, right?"

"I guess we're both a bit out of luck in the romance department, huh?"

"I guess so."

"To better dating," Seokjin says putting his mug up. Namjoon lulls his head back in soft laughter before raising his as well. A clear sound rings through the apartment as the mugs meet halfway.

"Alright, I should get going." Namjoon makes his way to the bedroom, where he sees that his son had somehow managed to kick off the blanket. "Tae, let's go home," he says softly as he picks the boy carefully off the bed. Taehyung makes a garbled noise of protest before wrapping his small
arms around his dad's neck.

"Thank you for....everything," the officer shows his gratitude as he walks out the door.

"Don't worry about it. You take care, alright?"

"You too."

Taehyung remains asleep during the entire ride back home, and Namjoon is grateful, because he doesn't think he has enough energy to answer the boy's questions in relation to his injuries or why he was late to pick him up. The streets are quiet. Not surprising given that it's well past midnight.

And Namjoon revels in the sense of peace that's settled inside him.

- 

The next day, the station is filled with officers looking a little worse for wear. They don't vocalized Yoongi's absence, but they all sort of miss his grumpy presence. Jungkook takes it especially hard, sulking around the building looking like a lost puppy who got his favorite chewtoy taken away. Namjoon takes pity on the boy and lets him stay in the station to "do paperwork" for the day (also because he doesn't trust Jungkook to patrol alone without Yoongi’s supervision).

Jungkook sits at his desk, switching between drawing badass warrior kittens and daydreaming about Jimin to take his mind off his hospitalized partner, as Namjoon tries to figure out if he should be giving a small gift to show his gratitude to Seokjin or not.

The day goes by slowly, but the day eventually comes to an end, and when it does, everyone's gathered around the station to visit Yoongi. The doctor's basically given him permission to be discharged from the hospital, but the rowdy bunch basically threatened hospital staff to keep him there until they pick him up. Namjoon isn't about to let Yoongi walk or take public transportation back home, and everyone else just wants to make sure the other officer is indeed A-Okay.

Upon arrival, they see that Yoongi isn't in his best mood, considering his hospital stay had been extended thanks to his comrades being total moms. Jackson runs and hug Yoongi until he's physically pulled off of the smaller man by both Namjoon and Hongbin, and Jungkook pokes at his partner's bruise again.

"Alright Yoongi, let's head on back home," Namjoon says, dangling his car key in front of the other man.

"If you think I'm going to get in your car with all these idiots, I'd rather risk passing out in the middle of a random street in Seoul," Yoongi hisses, narrowing his eyes at the chief.

"Just you and me. You guys can all find your way back home."

"Aww man," Jackson whines, throwing his arms out.
"You all set to go?" Namjoon asks, ignoring the small noise of protest from everyone else.

"Yeah. The food here sucks."

"You barely eat anyway."

"Yeah, so when I do, it better be damn good."

Namjoon drops the younger officer off after making him promise to call if he feels dizzy or sick in any shape or form. Yoongi gets into the elevator and presses the correct button for his floor before leaning against one of the walls. The dull headache is still there, and he's hoping that it disappears soon, because it's starting to really get on his nerves.

The riot had been chaotic. He had been so focused on keeping his fellow officers safe that he missed whatever was heading straight towards his head. He remembers a strong impact, then his vision getting cloudy. He remembers losing control of his limbs as his vision became a blur of movement and colors. The next thing he knows, he's waking up in a hospital bed, staring at the dim light above him with a raging throbbing pain in his head.

That was a close call. He knows he was extremely lucky to have made out of it alive and without any lasting damage.

The doors open again, and Yoongi steps out, wincing at the automated light that goes on as soon as he's standing in the hallway. He curses under his breath and then continues to make his way down the hallway to his apartment. However, he stops again when he sees a figure huddled in front of his door. He squints to get a better look and notices the familiar silhouette of no one other than-

"Hoseok?"

The figure stirs awake, and Hoseok raises his head slowly to face Yoongi.

"Yoongi...?"

Yoongi shifts his weight to one foot and crosses his arms in front of him. What in the world is his neighbor doing sitting in front of his apartment at ass o'clock in the middle of the night? He can't handle another mishap. He needs to go inside, climb into his bed and just sleep through the week.

"Yoongi...You're...you're alive," Hoseok lets out hoarsely, forcing his limbs to move and pull him up. He puts his hand against the cold wall besides him to help him up, and Yoongi watches the entire display with narrowed eyes.

"Yeah, I'm alive...why?"

"I...I just...I thought you were..." Hoseok falters, remembering the footage he had sort of stumbled across while looking through vlogs on the protest. Most people might have missed it, but he couldn't miss the sight of his neighbor being dragged out of the angry crowd. He had replayed the footage over and over again, hoping he was wrong, but it was the officer, no question.

And Hoseok thought that perhaps Yoongi died from it. He looked up articles after articles, looking to see if any popped up about casualties related to the demonstration. None came up, which had Hoseok knocking on Yoongi's door anxiously every change he got and even waiting in front of the neighbor's apartment.

He knows it's borderline stalkerish behavior, but he had acted on guilt. Guilt that perhaps he'd gotten Yoongi into this situation. He had been nothing but trouble for the man, when all the officer
has done for him was be kind and generous. He should've known this was going to happen. It's not enough that he gets into life-threatening situations. No, he had to be an idiot and befriend this kind man and try to ruin his life to. God, why had he been such a goddamn selfish idiot?

"Your head..." Hoseok continues in a hoarse whisper once he takes the oversized bandage on the other man's forehead.

"Got hit on the head. I mean, that's what everyone's telling me. It's a bit of a blur."

"You remember who I am though, right?"

Yoongi contemplates pretending to not remember his neighbor for the hell of it but decides against it, because he needs whatever this is to be finished.

"Of course I do. Why are you sitting in front of my apartment anyway? Did you need something?" Yoongi asks, his tone a bit softer as he takes in the other man's haggard expression. Hoseok looks pitiful and sad standing in front of him, his shoulders slumped and his teeth nibbling almost furiously at his lower lip. Yoongi has no idea why, but he's guessing maybe the man accidentally blew up his apartment and needs a place to crash. Again.

"No...I just...I should go," Hoseok replies hoarsely before briskly walking past the officer. Yoongi watches as his neighbor disappears into his own apartment. Normally, he might play with the idea of stopping the man and ask him what the hell is going on, but right now, he doesn't have the energy for it.

Tomorrow, maybe tomorrow if he runs into Hoseok he'll ask him about it. But for now, he's still struggling with his pain meds, there's still throbbing pain in his head, and he's been away from his bed for too long.

Except Yoongi finds out that Hoseok doesn't want to speak to him anymore.
Yoongi knows he has the week off. He's supposed to get well-rested and be prepared to fight crimes come Monday, but he can't bring himself to feel at complete ease, because he's run into Hoseok twice since coming back, and each and every time, his neighbor bolted the other way as if he's seen a ghost.

Yoongi even checked the mirror a few times to check if something's gone wrong with his face, but nope, nothing. Nothing other than the huge bandage that he's supposed to redress but has chosen not to, because he's feeling lazy as hell.

The third time Yoongi sees Hoseok, Hoseok isn't able to run away, because he's in the hallway with a badly sprained ankle and groceries scattered all over the floor. Trust Hoseok to trip over his own feet and ruin a limb. Of course. Yoongi quirks an eyebrow as if daring the other man to try to make a run for it again. He then slowly walks towards the pitiful figure clutching at his own ankle. Yoongi crouches down in front of his neighbor, and Hoseok shirks away from the officer with a panicked expression.

Yoongi is getting tired to this shit.

"Here, let me take a look," Yoongi offers anyway, reaching for his neighbor's leg.

"I'm fine!" Hoseok yells out sharply, forcing Yoongi to come to a halt and stare at the man with narrowed eyes. Hoseok sort of flinches at the menacing look. He instinctively knows not to mess with Yoongi too much, considering how he's witnessed the small man drop kick a man. "I mean...I'll be fine..."

The truth is, Yoongi has a tendency to ignore people. No, scratch that, he doesn't exactly flat out ignore people, because that would be rude, but he does have a tendency to not make any effort to engage with others, because he barely has enough energy for his own shit. He, however, doesn't like it when other people blatantly tries to dismiss him, and Hoseok is doing exactly that. No one's done that to him, and he's not about to let it become a thing.

He's going to get to the bottom of it before this week's over, so why not do it now.

"Look, what the hell is your deal with me?" Yoongi asks annoyed. He can't remember doing anything that might be remotely offensive (considering it's not like he was a peach to begin with), and honestly, seeing Hoseok on the floor like this inexplicably bothers him.

"Nothing..." Hoseok replies lamely, pulling his legs towards his chest and kicking a bottle of
ketchup in the process. "I'm fine."

"Then get up," Yoongi challenges, standing up straight and looking down at the lanky man. Hoseok throws him a pointed look before biting down and forcing his legs to pull him upright. He makes a strangled noise as his sprained ankle protests the sudden weight. Hoseok grits his teeth and bends down to pick up the loose fruits around him when his ankle buckles and he goes tumbling down again. Yoongi catches him just in time before he hits the floor with his teeth, and Hoseok sucks in his breath loudly in shock.

"Just....stand still," Yoongi mutters, helping Hoseok stand up straight again. He picks the paper bag from the floor and starts putting all the groceries back in. Luckily, there were no eggs inside, so nothing looks broken or badly damaged (and even if it is, he doesn't actually care). Once he's gathered everything, he holds it in one arm while he hooks the other arm around Hoseok's waist.

"W-what are you doing?" Hoseok gasps loudly once he feels Yoongi's arm around him.

"Helping you get back into your apartment. Unless you're planning on sticking around the hallway and bothering everyone on the floor."

"I-"

"Stop squirming," Yoongi growls when Hoseok begins struggling like an oversized dog.

"Your arm is around me!"

"Yeah, I'm aware of that. It's not like I'm groping you, so calm down."

Yoongi halfway carries his neighbor back to his apartment and waits patiently for Hoseok to open the door. They walk in, and Yoongi sees that Hoseok's managed to clean the place up perfectly after the burglary. He sets the groceries onto the counter and takes out a bag of frozen peas to put into the fridge.

"Just sit down," Yoongi hisses when he sees Hoseok hovering around the kitchen nervously. Hoseok throws him a wary glance before sitting on his couch, only to stare at the officer from where he is. Yoongi notices it but doesn't comment on it.

"Now that I'm here," Yoongi starts approaching the couch with an uncharacteristic look of determination. "I'm going to ask you again what your deal is with me."

"Nothing!" Hoseok yells out almost too quickly and flinches at the pointed look thrown his way. How is Yoongi managing to look so menacing at his size?

"Bullshit."

Hoseok looks helpless as glances nervously at the other man before staring his own feet.

"Look, just...you shouldn't be here," Hoseok starts, the forced determination in his voice not doing much to hide the anxiety in his tone. Yoongi isn't stupid. He knows there is some big secret Hoseok is hiding, and the only reason he's prying this much is because he can't ignore the possibility that the man got himself into some illegal shit, like becoming a drug mule. Please, let it not be that, Yoongi thinks, because Hoseok would make a very shitty drug mule, and he doesn't want to have to turn the man in or find him dead in a ditch somewhere.

"If you're doing anything illegal, you need to tell me. Right now," Yoongi demands, using his cop voice. He doesn't have his handcuffs with him, but he's quite certain he's not going to have any
issue dragging the man to the station if required.

"I'm not doing anything illegal!" Hoseok retorts, looking offended that Yoongi would even come up with that idea.

"Then what is it."

"Get out of my house," Hoseok lashes out almost defiantly, and Yoongi almost reels back from the sudden burst. He had forgotten how loud the other man can be.

"Or what, you're going to call the cops?"

"Just...please leave."

Yoongi walks out, because he's so done with this shit. He doesn't have time for this shit. One moment, Hoseok is all help me with this, help me with that, save my life and here let me give you a fucking cactus, and then all of a sudden, it's get out of my life. Who even does that?

Yoongi shouldn't be bothered by it. If Hoseok wants to be an ass about it, then so be it. That's how things are in the real world, and he shouldn't be wasting his problem understanding all their problems.

So why is it that he's so bothered by the sudden shift in tone? The way Hoseok looked so sad and pitiful standing in front of his door? The way Hoseok seemed to helpless on the floor with his groceries scattered around everywhere? Not to mention that with that man's brilliant track record, he's going to get himself into some kind of life-threatening situation, and God, he doesn't want that on his conscience. That's it. That's it right?

If there's one thing Yoongi hates more than annoying criminals who won't stop talking bullshit, it's abandoning responsibilities. He's a police officer. His job is to keep everyone safe, including Jung Ungrateful Hoseok. So he turns on his heels and goes straight back to Hoseok's apartment. He bangs on the door forcefully. Neighbors can complain about the noise all they want. None of it matters as long as it's going to get Hoseok to-

"Are you insane?" Hoseok hisses out as he swings the door open. Yoongi scowls right back at the man.

"Oh, I'm insane? Why don't we talk about you first?"

"Why do you care so much anyway?"

"Because your safety is my responsibility as a police officer," Yoongi states matter-of-factly as if daring the other man to come up with an argument against the logic. Hoseok stares at him long and hard, his expression contemplative.

"You're-Ugh, just come in. I can't do this in the hallway," Hoseok says with a defeated sigh and lets the other man come back into his apartment. Yoongi marches in and stands in the middle of the living room with his arms crossed in front of chest.

"Explain."

"Explain what?"

"I think you know."
"I'm certain I didn't do anything wrong, cause I was busy getting my head bashed in miles away from here. So what's the deal?"

"Nothing!"

"Bull. Shit."

"It's nothing!" Hoseok tries again, taking a step back and wincing at the pain in his ankle. How did he even manage to sprain it so badly?

"Bull-fucking-shit. Just say it."

"Because I don't want to hurt you!"

There is a moment of silence as Yoongi and Hoseok just stare at each other. Hoseok suddenly looks horrified that the words just came out of his mouth, as Yoongi watches the change with a raised eyebrow.

"And how were you hurting me?"

"That! Your head!" Hoseok yells out, pointing at the other man's bandage. The cat's out of the bag, right? There's no backtracking at this point, so Hoseok decides to let it all out. Maybe it will be enough to scare the man away and save him having to run away from him all the time.

Yoongi makes a face at the man in front of him. What the hell?

"You're the one that hit me on the head? You were at the fucking protest?" Yoongi growls, taking a step forward. He didn't get to identify everyone's faces at the protest, but if Hoseok is indeed the one to club him in the head, he's definitely dragging the man back to the station.

"What? No! Of course not!"

"Then what, did you telepathically order someone to do it?" Yoongi asks sarcastically, finally realizing what the other man is on about. It's the stupid curse again, and he can't believe he's about to persuade his neighbor against this hocus pocus bullshit.

"Are you serious?"

"Then what is it? How did you do this?" Yoongi demands, pointing at his forehead.

"I already told you! This stupid curse! You spend time with me and look what happened!"

There is a solid minute of silence as Yoongi stands there without a change of expression. Hoseok gnaws at his lower lip nervously, slumping onto the couch because his ankle is killing him. Yoongi is going to never want to see his face again, and well that's for the better anyway, right? This time, Yoongi got lucky, but what if he's not so unfortunate the second time around?

"Let me get this straight," Yoongi begins, holding a finger up. "You think this magical curse has somehow hurt me?"

"Yes! Why else!"
"OK, then how do you explain this?" Yoongi asks and rolls up the left sleeve of his tee. Just below his shoulder is a long scar perhaps a good five inches long.

"What...what is that?"

"Knife. Two years ago. During my patrol," Yoongi explains and then raises his right hand. "Broken wrist. Five years ago. Skiing accident." He then raises his right foot up a few inches off the floor. "Broken fourth toe. High school. Basketball practice."

"...."

"So what. Now you're going to tell me that you're responsible for all of these too?"

"I-"

"Get over yourself, Jung Hoseok. Sure you might be born into bad luck, but that doesn't mean everyone else lives without getting into some shit too," Yoongi continues, his expression stoic and his voice eerie calm.

"But-"

"I'm a cop. Cops get hurt."

"But-" Hoseok tries again but is effectively shut down again by the officer.

"So calm down and let me look at your ankle."

"...My ankle?"

"Yeah, you can't even stand on it. And we police officers know basic first aid kind of shit," Yoongi answers gruffly, motioning for Hoseok's ankle.

"Oh I'm fine."

"Will you please stop with the I'm fine bullshit. You didn't have any problem expressing your issues since the day we met so don't bother starting now."

"I-"

"Stop talking and sit still," Yoongi commands a bit more forcefully, effectively shutting the other man up. He kneels in front of his neighbor and gently lifts his leg up. He presses around the ankle, gauging for a response. He nods slowly when Hoseok jerks at a particular area.

"It's going to be sore for a few hours," Yoongi informs after a brief moment of scrutiny. "The best thing to do is to just leave it and not put any weight on it." Just as he's finished speaking, Hoseok's stomach lets out a might roar that has even Yoongi reeling back in surprise.

"I'm guessing you're hungry," Yoongi mutters under his breath as he gets up off the floor.

"Yeah uh...I should eat," Hoseok mumbles, making a motion to get off the couch, but Yoongi pushes him back down with a quick tap on his shoulder.

"You're going to cook with that ankle?" Yoongi scoffs with a not-so-elegant snort as he makes his way towards the other man's kitchen. He wordlessly pulls out all the items out of the paper bag still lying on the counter.
"What are you doing?" Hoseok asks from the couch, his eyes wide. The officer doesn't say anything as he begins washing his hands.

"Where's your rice?" Yoongi asks instead, glancing around the small kitchen.

"What are you doing?" The other man asks again, a bit louder this time. The cop rolls his eyes before opening cabinets at random and eventually pulling out a bag of rice. He opens the rice cooker and quickly washes some of the grain before starting up the machine as if it's his. Yoongi works quickly and swiftly, chopping up vegetables like a pro chef, and soon, only the sound of knife hitting the chopping board rings through the cozy apartment.

It's not that Hoseok knows his neighbor all that well, but the amount of time he had spent with the aloof officer was enough to tell him that Min Yoongi is probably not the cook-for-your-neighbor type. But then again...he's talking about the same man who saved him a number of times and even helped him pick his groceries off the floor. It's the same man who let him use his kitchen so graciously. Oh and the shower. Damn, come to think of it, Yoongi is a lot more giving than he seems.

"Are you cooking?" Hoseok questions dumbly, blinking owlishly at the scene unfolding before him.

"No, I'm cooking up meth, what do you think?"

Hoseok shoots the other man a scathing look that Yoongi doesn't even acknowledge. So he just sits and watches, reveling in this surreal experience of witnessing his stoic officer neighbor cooking in his kitchen. Yoongi's brows are slightly furrowed in concentration, his pale white fingers hovering over the appliances and ingredients with ease. A few minutes later, promising smell of food wafts through the living room, which has Hoseok's stomach growling even louder.

Hoseok continues to watch as Yoongi looks through the cabinets for plates. Swiftly, the food is prepare and set on the table for two. Yoongi gives Hoseok a look that loosely translates to "Why are you not sitting here already?", which has Hoseok grunting as he limps towards dinner. They sit across from each other, and Hoseok can't believe how perfect everything looks. He had sort of expected french fries and grilled sausages, but...there's legit Korean homecooking, and Hoseok has no idea how the other man even managed it.

"This is..incredible."

"It's food."

Hoseok takes a bite and lets out a pleasant moan. Christ, the food tastes amazing as it looks. How? They finish the meal in relative peace, mostly because Hoseok (not surprisingly) finds Yoongi to be not very good company in terms of small talk. But it's OK, because he's loving how the food tastes on his tongue. Once they're finished, Yoongi makes Hoseok sit still as he takes the plates back to the sink.

Hoseok takes this time to create a mental list in his head of all the things he's figured out about Yoongi so far, because why not? The man's like a puzzle waiting to be solved, and Hoseok's bored.

1. Yoongi is a police officer, and from the looks of it, a pretty badass one too. He can deliver a mean dropkick. Mental note: Don't get on his bad/aggressive side.

2. He doesn't like to talk much, but he seems to be a good-listener. Oh, and he swears a lot, but it kinda works for him.
3. Yoongi is a lot nicer than he looks. But that doesn't mean he's a pushover in any shape or form. Again, don't get on his bad side.

4. Yoongi is not afraid of his bad luck curse. Is it because he has balls of steel or because he doesn't even believe in his curse in the first place? That, he'll have to keep an eye on.

5. Yoongi is a good cook. What else is he good at?

"I'll cook next time!" Hoseok calls out, tapping his tummy with a lazy grin as Yoongi comes back to the table.

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because your cooking's complete shit."

"What! No it isn't!"

"It is."

"......."

6. Yoongi is brutally honest.

"Can we go one day without you putting on that stupid face," Hongbin says out loud as he catches a glimpse of Jungkook, who's staring off into space with a dopey open-mouthed grin on his face.

"Fuck off Lee."

"Right back at you Jeon. What is it this time? Tell me it's at least a solid ass grab," Hongbin continues, making grabbing motion with both his hands.

"What are you, an animal?"

"Are we back to another episode of kiddie romance with Jeon Jungkook?" Jackson asks as he approaches them with a cup of coffee in his hand. "I mean shit, the whole hand holding thing? That was some intense stuff."

"Suck a dick, Wang."
"No, no, that's your thing, not mine."

Jungkook smiles fakely and puts his middle finger out.

"But seriously," Hongbin says, leaning forward. "What's it this time? I mean, it's nice to hear cute things like this after all the shit Sungjae does."

"He kissed me," Jungkook says quite triumphanty, his nostrils flaring up.

"Oh shit, really?" Jackson says, wiggling his eyebrows. "Wait, you know what kissing means though, right?"

"Really?"

"Just checking. I mean, I'm talking to the same guy who thought getting some action is holding hands, so I gotta make sure. So how was it? Is he good? Did you push your tongue down his throat or was it the other way around?"

"What? What tongue?"

"...See!" Jackson yells out, pointing at the other officer. "This guy doesn't even know what kissing it!"

"Goddamnit, Jeon," Hongbin sighs with a shake of his head.

"No you idiots, he kissed me on the cheek."

"Oh shit, kiss on the cheek? What! No way!" Jackson hollers out sarcastically with mock excitement, and Hongbin joins in by clapping and batting his eyelashes. "Like an actual kiss on the cheek? That's insane! That's like third base stuff right there, good work Jeon!"

"I know right?" Jungkook says with a proud smile on his face, even puffing his chest out.

"Good work, Jeon," Hongbin says, maintaining a straight face while Jackson is basically heaving in his attempt to not laugh out loud. "Next thing you'll know, you guys will be kissing on the lips."

"Yeah, I'm hoping for it," Jungkook says with a shy grin before walking away from there.

"....I worry about him sometimes," Hongbin whispers when it's just him and Jackson left.

"Me too pal, me too."

"What bullshit are you guys up to now?"

Both of them turn around to find Namjoon standing behind them with a tired expression on his face.

"Hey cap," Jackson greets, putting a hand up. "Everythin' alright?"

"No, everything's not alright. We're gonna have a late night, boys."

"Aww shit, why? And please don't tell me it's another demonstration," Jackson whines, shuddering at the memory of the violent protest. They almost lost Yoongi, and he's not looking forward to getting a solid reminder of that any time soon.

"No. But you're going to wish it's another protest," the captain answers with a low sigh. "Everyone,
in the room," he calls out, drawing everyone's attention. They all glance at each other nervously before getting off their seats. Namjoon rarely calls for an actual meeting, considering them useless for the most part. Their chief likes to keep things short and sweet, making quick announcements to get his message across for the most part.

"Alright, listen up. There was intel that there will be a large-scale drug trade happening in Incheon tonight, and the HQ has asked that we help in bringing them down. We all know that the particular gang's been on the rise, and intel also tells us they've been bringing in illegal guns through Hong Kong. So read your files," Namjoon explains, pointing at the documents handed to each and every one of them.

"Guns?" Jackson asks with a frown.

"Yeah, guns, which means we can't be fuckin' around. They were already armed and dangerous before, but things got a lot worse. You'll all be given bulletproof jackets on site. Just make sure you wear it, and I'm talking to you Jeon."

"What? Why me?"

"You know why."

"Will you be commanding us?" Hongbin asks, glancing at the file before him.

"Me and Jung. We'll be joining teams for this."

"Captain Jung Taekwoon from Mapo?"

"Yeah. I'm sure you guys remember him and his team from a couple years back."

"I like that guy," Hongbin comments, leaning back against his chair. "He doesn't talk much but man, he sure can beat someone into a pulp given the opportunity."

"Stop condoning violence inside a police station," Namjoon scolds with a roll of his eyes, but everyone knows the captain doesn't really mean it.

"Cap, isn't this the same gang you..." Hongbin falters, pointing at the name on the paper in front of him.

"Yeah, it is," Namjoon answers solemnly, gritting his teeth.

"Wait, what's this about?" Jackson asks curiously, noticing the sudden tension in the room, just as Jungkook asks "what gang?"

"A couple of years after I became an officer," Namjoon begins slowly, figuring everyone might as well know. "I was a part of a drug raid involving the same gang. I saved a fellow officer by shooting the district leader down."

"Oh. Isn't that a good thing?" Jungkook asks quietly, not understanding the taller man's grim expression.

"No. It's never a good thing to have to kill someone. Anyway, I'm giving you guys 30 minutes to read through. Then we'll reconvene here," the man finalizes before leaving the room briskly.

"Looks serious," Jungkook muses, flipping through the documents. They were notified of the
increasing gang activity, but he can't help but be a bit scared about the gun part. They've been called out to raids, but none of them involved risking getting pierced by a bullet. Shit, he's not looking forward to this, especially when he can't even remember the last time he had to aim his gun at anyone.

"The ones that panic die the quickest," Jackson says matter of factly from besides Jungkook, earning him a disproving look from everyone else.

"That's what you have to say about this situation?" Hongbin lets out with an exaggerated roll of his eyes.

"Look, the captain always knows what he's doing. So does captain Jung. We stick together as always and nothing's going to happen," Jackson replies with a shrug, his eyes still fixed on the letters before him. None of them have a comeback for that particular statement, because it's true.

Namjoon, on the other hand, is back in his office texting Seokjin to ask for yet another favor. He feels horrible for doing this, but he doesn't have any other option now, does he?

[Yeah, hello?] Seokjin picks up chirpily, and Namjoon is sort of glad that the man seems to be in somewhat of a good mood.

"Hello, Mr. Kim."

[I think after that late night dinner and tea toast, we can drop the formalities.]

"OK...Seokjin-"

[Better.]

"Yeah anyway, I uh...I was wondering if you could look after Tae. Again. I understand if you're-"

[Calm down. Relax. I'm an elementary school teacher and it's a weekday. I'm not doing anything important.]

"Oh...right..." Namjoon lets out dumbly, not sure what he's supposed to say to that. He figures clubbing and getting roofied is reserved for Fridays only.

[Another protest? I didn't hear about any on the news.]

"I can't really tell you what it is, but...it's serious police business."

[Oh...well, just be careful and don't worry about Tae. We'll even leave you some leftover for...you know, just in case.]

"Thank you, thank you. You're a lifesaver."

[Like I said, not a problem. Alright, you go and save Seoul while I babysit your sidekick.]

"Will do," Namjoon smiles into the phone. How did he get so lucky to find someone so kind and generous?
"Alright, everyone check to make sure all your equipment are working," Namjoon commands to the rest of his team and watches as all of them check their gears for the very last time. Jung Taekwoon from the Mapo station is standing right next to him, his cat-like eyes scrutinizing the area around them. It's already dark and almost eerily quiet as they huddle behind a container located only a few feet away from the warehouse where the trade is supposed to go down.

Everyone's tense. Even Jungkook can see it. Hell, even he has a tough time keeping his legs still as he puts a careful hand over his gun. He's never liked the feeling of gun's cold metal against his skin. All police officers are required to train with it, but god, he hates the way it feels. He hates the loud piercing sound it makes, how heavy it feels and knowing that a single flick of a finger is all it takes to take someone's life. Fortunately, he's never gotten into a situation that required him shooting on site, and he's sincerely hoping things stay that way.

Normally, Jungkook would be excited about the prospect of being part of an action-packed, ass-kicking drug bust, but this is real life. One wrong move and these faces may be the last ones he sees.

Which can't happen, because he really, really needs to see his Mr. Adorable.

The KSWAT is already on standby, ready to go in any minute, as the officers wait as backup. Jungkook waits warily for a sign. This continues for a solid half an hour before they hear cars pull up nearby. Jungkook, alongside a few other officers, peek from behind the counter to see armed men in suits getting out of black vans.

Namjoon makes a hand motion for them to standby as their targets walk into the warehouse. A few minutes later, a row of more black vans pull up, and more men enter the building. Namjoon and Taekwoon exchange nervous glances as two groups of KSWAT begin approaching the building in the dark of the night. There is nothing for about 10 minutes. Just the earpieces buzzing with quiet commends and background noise.

Then it happens. They all know the sound. There's no denying it. Gunshots are being fired.

More KSWAT members run towards the building, while Namjoon tells the officers to hold their position. The gunshots are loud and piercing, ringing through the night air alongside frantic screams. Jungkook flinches but quickly regains his composure. He's a police officer. He can't be scared by something like this. He can't panic, because that would mean he's risking not just his life, but everyone else's.

"To position D! Move, move, move!" Namjoon yells, and all the officers begin simultaneously running towards the parked vans. Just then, men start pouring out from the warehouse, with KSWAT chasing after them.

"Shit," Jungkook curses once he sees the sheer number of them. He doesn't remember that many people going inside so how? But he doesn't have time to dwell on the question, because now the gang members are coming towards them, blood on their shirts, faces and hands. Some are holding baseball bats, some are still wielding knives, and if he's not wrong, he's also catching a glimpse of cold metal that can only be guns.

Jungkook jumps and kicks the first person to run towards him, straight in the chest. The man flies back, bumping into another gang member. He sees Jackson tackling another one onto the ground while Hongbin ducks a baseball bat. Namjoon is a few feet away, fighting a crazy-eyed man with a knife. This isn't their normal novice criminals. Jungkook can already tell that they are way too familiar with the weapons they're holding.
Jungkook grunts as he tackles another gang member onto the ground. He's quick to get on his feet to dodge a knife heading straight for his heart. He takes a second to collect himself before lunging forward and twisting the man's wrist hard enough to make him scream. The knife drops to the ground, and Jungkook kicks it away as far as he can considering he still has the asshole's wrist in his hands.

"Jungkook!"

The officer whirls around to find a bat flying towards his head. For a brief second, he think this is how he's going to go down, but Namjoon comes flying out of nowhere and dropkicks the man down.

"Fuckin' pay attention, Jeon," Namjoon spits out before darting off to punch another gangbanger. Well shit, so the captain's got it too, huh? Jungkook grits his teeth and quickly scans the area. He needs to locate the boss before he gets away. Then a small distance away, he sees a man holding a briefcase quickly scurrying away from the chaos, and Jungkook immediately knows he must be the leader.

Jungkook sprint towards him, pulling out his gun just in case. Jungkook's forces his limbs to move faster and eventually catches up to him. He jumps and pummels his body into the man, knocking him down effectively. Unfortunately, he drops his gun in the process, and he knows that he's going to have very little time to retrieve it before the other man gets back on his feet.

Jungkook lunges for his gun, and just as his hand touches the piece of metal, he hears a familiar click right next to him. He freezes and looks up slowly to find a middle-aged man looking down at him with a gun now pressed against the officer's head. The man smirks, and Jungkook shuts his eyes, because he knows this is it. This is how he's going to die. Unless he comes up with a goddamn escape plan. Come on, Jeon Jungkook. Think.

"Put the gun down."

Jungkook's eyes snap open at the familiar voice of none other than captain Kim Namjoon, and he ventures a glance to see the man standing right behind the boss with a gun held up to his head.

"I give you three seconds. Don't give me a reason to blow your fucking brains out," Namjoon growls menacingly, digging the gun in deeper. The gang member clicks his tongue and drops the gun slowly, still wearing a creepy smirk on his face. He turns his head around slowly with his hands up to stare right into Namjoon's eyes.

"Well, well, well. Good to see you again," he says lowly, his voice sickly sweet and sending shivers down Jungkook's spine. "The newbie officer all grown up and I hear that you're a captain now."

Namjoon narrows his eyes but doesn't make a response. He only holds his gun more tightly. He knows who the man is, but the question is, how does this man know who he is?

This buys enough time for a couple of KSWATs to join, and in less than a minute, the man's on the ground handcuffed like all other members of his gang. They are certain that they must've lost a few of them, but they got the boss and that's enough for the time being. Jungkook drops and sits on his ass, not caring how dirty his uniform is going to get, because he's fairly certain that he's cheated death, and after something like that, everything seems to insignificant and irrelevant.

Namjoon is standing besides him, holstering his gun, and Jungkook just notices that the man's right hand is bleeding pretty badly.
"Cap, what happened?" Jungkook asks, frowning at the droplets of blood falling onto the ground.

"Grabbed a knife," Namjoon answers matter of factly as he moves his fingers around a bit and then cringes at the pain. "Good work, Jeon," he continues and pretends as if he didn't see the way Jungkook beamed at the compliment.

Jungkook looks around to locate his fellow officers and sees Hongbin looking pretty beaten up but functioning alright. Jackson is behind him, clutching at his right shoulder. The two men walk towards Jungkook and Namjoon, looking eager to just go home, take a shower and sleep through the rest of the week.

"What happened?" Namjoon asks with a frown, eyeing the blood running down Jackson's arm.

"Bullet graze," Jackson mutters, daring to take his hand off the wound and making a face at the blood that oozes out. "I swear it's not as bad as it looks.

"Well, at least you didn't get shot," Hongbin muses, finally letting his shoulders relax.

"This is the product of me getting shot, you moron."

"The bullet grazed you. Doesn't count."

"Both of you, shut up, I had a gun pointed at my head," Jungkook interrupts with a roll of his eyes.

"Say what?" Jackson asks, looking intrigued.

"The boss. I ran after him and he pointed a gun at my head. But then our captain here came to the rescue and was all like, put the gun down, don't give me a reason to blow your fucking brains out. It was pretty badass."

"Oh shit, boss man, damn!"

"Both of you, shut up," Namjoon says gruffly. "And that wasn't the head of their gang. He does control most of what happens in the Incheon area though. I told you guys to look at the brief carefully."

"Well, it's still something."

Just then they see captain Jung walking towards them with a serious (more serious than usual) expression etched onto his handsome features.

"It's not here," he begins in his shockingly high tone (none of the officers can seem to get used to it).

"What?" Namjoon asks, having a bad feeling about whatever is about to come out of the man's mouth next.

"The drug's not here. Not in the warehouse, not in the car."

"Shit..." Namjoon says, shutting his eyes and jutting his chin out. "You think this was a setup?"

"No one knows for sure."

"We can at least arrest them for illegal weapons, right?"
"...Hopefully. You know how things are."

"God, this is bullshit," Namjoon growls as Jungkook watches the interaction in silence. All this for nothing? Plus, now that there's been a raid, the gangs are going to be extra cautious, and that's never a good thing. He can't fight off the feeling that things are heading south too suddenly and too quickly.

-S-

"Seriously? A drug bust?" Seokjin asks from the kitchen as he heats up the leftovers from his dinner with Taehyung. "I didn't know that was a thing in Korea."

"Not sure if I can even call it that, 'cause there were no actual drugs," Namjoon laments, staring at his bandaged hand. The painkillers are wearing off and now the pain is starting to bother him.

"What do you mean?"

"We thought it was a drug trade. But we couldn't find any."

"Oh shit. That's not good."

"Yeah. Exactly," Namjoon answers lowly as he watches Seokjin set a plate full of food in front of him.

"How bad is the hand?"

"Just a scratch."

"So it's really bad."

"I didn't-"

"Kids in my class lie better than you, officer. You're right-handed right?"

"Yeah," Namjoon answers, still a bit surprised that the other man could see right through him so well. The knife wound had been quite deep (not surprising because he had stopped a knife from plunging into his stomach by grabbing onto it).

"That's going to be inconvenient."

"It's going to be spoons and forks for me for a while."

"Taking a shower is going to be a blast for you," Seokjin says with a dry laugh, remembering the time he had accidentally cut his hand open while cooking drunk.

"Not looking forward to that either."

"I can help if you want," Seokjin says, leaning forward with a wiggle of his eyebrows.

"Uh-what-I uh-"
"Relax, officer, I'm totally kidding. Sorry, I had to. Teasing a straight guy has always been on my list, and now I can check that one off," Seokjin explains, scrunching his nose as he continues to laugh.

"...Hilarious."

"Oh come on, you'd do it too. But all that aside, are you OK?"

"This?" Namjoon asks, holding his right hand up. "Should be fine in a couple of-"

"No. Not your hand. I'm asking, are you fine. You just came back from knife fights and...gang members and guns and drugs."

"Oh...Yeah, I mean, I'm an officer," Namjoon responds, hoping it's adaquate.

"Doesn't mean you have to be Ok with everything."

Namjoon blinks owlishly and looks down to stare at his food instead. There a funny sensation in his tummy. He knows how childish the particular phrase sounds, but he can't find any other way to describe what he's feeling. He doesn't remember ever being asked that question, even when he was married. He had sort of assumed that he was supposed to suck it up and be a man in the face of danger. That's what officers and soldiers are trained to do, right?

"Well, I think it's my job to be though," Namjoon replies, the uncertainty in his voice not missed by the teacher.

"Your job is to fight crime. Not to stop feeling things."

"Well, I haven't quit my job yet, so I guess I'm doin' alright."

Seokjin watches the other man for a brief moment before breaking into a soft smile.

"You know, the beauty of having a gay friend is that you can talk about your feelings without being judged." Namjoon looks up briefly just as Seokjin winks at him playfully. "Just throwing that out for future reference."

Namjoon can't fight the smile that creeps up despite the unsettling feeling in his stomach that's been lingering ever since leaving for Incheon.
Jimin glances at the big clock on the wall adjacent to the counter and frowns. It's well past 630. In fact, it's almost time for his shift to be over, yet there's no sign of officer Jeon anywhere. Jimin checks his phone one more time to see if he's received any message, but nope. Jungkook hadn't returned any of his calls or messages, and Jimin's quickly growing panicked. He respects that Jungkook is a police officer, but ever since the demonstration, he's grown quite wary of the particular profession.

A part of him wonders if Jungkook's just grown tired of him and is ignoring him, but he's seen enough of the officer to know that Jungkook wouldn't be that much of a coward. Perhaps it's his wishful thinking that's making him believe that Jungkook is in fact seriously about what is going on between the two, but his gut feeling is telling him that Jungkook isn't decidedly avoiding his texts or calls. Jungkook can't get to his phone, and the thought scares him.

It's nearing midnight, and he hears a familiar ding as Jinyoung walks into the store.

"Hey, Jimin," the man greets with his usual good-natured smile and takes Jimin's place behind the counter. Jimin greets back weakly, not able to conceal his disappointment that it's not Jungkook. So he lingers around a little bit, restacking a few chocolate bars that need zero reorganization, and this definitely gets Jinyoung's attention.

"You alright?" Jinyoung asks, leaning against the counter. "Are you waiting for something? Or someone?" he says the last two words with a sly grin on his face and laughs when Jimin blushes.

"Maybe."

"Girlfriend?"

"No, nothing like that. Just a friend," Jimin lies as he glances outside. No sign of Jungkook anywhere.

"Were you guys supposed to meet here?"

"Kind of..."

"Well, feel free to linger around I guess," Jinyoung finishes with a chuckle and Jimin nods before taking one of the plastic chairs. The smaller man pulls his phone out again and tries calling, only to go immediately to voicemail.

"Jinyoung?"
"Yeah?"

"Were there any...demonstrations or anything like that today?" he asks, knowing that the other cashier is quite up-to-date about current events.

"....Mm, no. None that I can think of. Why?"

"Nothing." Jimin replies with a sigh and slumps against the small table in front of him. Man, this sucks, he thinks as he burrows further into his oversized hoodie. He's about to give up and just go home when another ding rings through the store, followed by hurried footsteps and a rather loud "Did Jimin go home already?"

Jimin immediately perks up at the familiar voice and makes his way towards the counter, where he sees officer Jungkook.

"Officer! Are you OK? Did you get my messages?"

Instead of an answer, all Jimin receives is Jungkook's strong arms wrapped around him. In a blink of an eye, Jimin's face is buried in the crook of the taller man's neck, inhaling the subtle musky scent that is distinctively Jungkook.

"...Officer?" Jimin questions softly, his hands hovering uncertainly by his sides. Jungkook only pulls him in closer, and Jimin lets the man be for the time being, not caring that Jinyoung is watching the entire display with wide eyes.

"My battery ran out," Jungkook begins softly as he slowly pulls himself away from the smaller man. Jimin looks up curiously, trying to read the older man's expression. There's no obvious bruises or cuts on the officer's face, so that's a good sign, but there's something in the man's eyes that let Jimin know that something isn't right.

"Where were you? Are you hurt anywhere?"

"I'm alright. I almost got shot, but I'm alright."

"You almost got wha!?" Jimin asks in horror, trying to gauge if the man is being serious or not. There's no trace of humor in the officer's eyes, and Jimin tenses at the notion. "Should you even be here?"

"I just really had to come and see you," Jungkook replies softly, and Jimin blushes deep red before dragging the man out the building. Jinyoung had been watching the interaction quite up close, and Jimin doesn't want to make things more obvious than they are already.

"Why were you almost shot?" Jimin asks once they're outside.

"Drug bust."

"A drug bust...? Like the ones in movies?"

"Yeah. I tackled a guy down and it ended up with his gun against my head. But then captain came and put a gun to his head all badass motherfucker style and saved the day."

"Oh God," Jimin breathes in horror, imagining the scene. There is a chill down his spine as he thinks about what would've happened if the captain hadn't made it on time. As much as he appreciates the cop's work, he's starting to get a sense of the particular career option's occupational hazard, and he's not sure how to take it. "But you're OK, right?"
"Yup, and I'm glad I got to see you too."

"Do you want to come to my place for a bit?" Jimin offers uncertainly, still trying to process the fact that Jungkook was almost killed. "If you want, that is. I'm guessing you haven't eaten yet and I can cook something up really quickly if you'd like."

"YES," Jungkook all but screams out as he starts nodding eagerly. He can't believe Jimin is inviting him to his apartment. Basically, this makes up for almost getting shot, and Jungkook is more than excited about the prospect of becoming more close and personal with Mr. Adorable, his near-death experience quickly forgotten.

"It's a bit of a mess, just a heads up," Jimin mutters sheepishly before leading Jungkook towards his apartment. Jungkook knows for a fact that he's not going to care if the place is a complete pig sty, because who cares, he's going to finally be inside Jimin's apartment. Jimin, on the other hand, is still a bit shook as the two walk side by side. Is this his life now? Having to worry about Jungkook getting killed?

They eventually arrive at Jimin's apartment, which is clearly smaller than Jungkook's, but considerably cleaner. Other than a few articles of clothing and a couple of textbooks scattered across the floor, the place seems quite tidy, and Jungkook starts to fear the day Jimin comes to his apartment to see what a mess it is. His place smells nice though, that he can personally vouch for.

"So...you can sit there for a bit while I cook up something I guess. Fried rice OK with you?" Jimin asks as he takes his hoodie off and flings it across the couch.

"Anything's fine."

"Great! Sorry, I don't have a TV."

"I don't watch TV anyway. Anything I can help you with?" Jungkook asks out of politeness more than anything else. He doesn't trust himself around actual culinary process (unless it's ready-made or instand noodles), and he's sure that he will be the death of whatever dish Jimin is planning on cooking for him, so he's sincerely hoping that Jimin says no.

"Don't worry about it. You just make yourself at home." Jungkook slumps his shoulders in relief.

Jungkook pretends to look at the pictures of Jimin and his friends and families peppered around the apartment when he's actually busy glancing at the smaller man cooking. Jimin is humming a tune to himself, shaking his hips slightly to the beat in his head, and the officer has a difficult time taking his eyes off of the other man. His brain starts going off on its own, thinking about what it would be like to wake up to Jimin cooking breakfast for the two of them every morning. Hot damn.

One day, Jeon Jungkook. One day.

"It's almost ready!" Jimin calls out suddenly, tapping the edge of his pen with the spatula he's holding. "Sorry, the table is tiny," he apologizes before taking two plates out of his cabinet. Jungkook shakes his head and then sits down where he's told to. Jimin sets two plates down between the two of them, and Jungkook takes an eager bite. First the cupcakes. The the cookies. Now homecooked fried rice. They're basically married at this point and no one can tell him otherwise.

"This is really good," Jackson says after his first bite. Is there anything Jimin can't make?

"It's just fried rice," Jimin replies with a laugh. "So...are you sure you're alright?"
"Yup. Look, no harm done," Jungkook says as he waves his hand over his own body. Jimin looks skeptical but the officer only shrugs and continues to feed himself.

"...Is this how people normally react to near-death experiences? Because I would be freaking out if I were you," the smaller begins again honestly with a soft sigh. He's not a wuss by any means, but he can't even imagine what it would be like to be held at gunpoint. He had freaked out about the attempted robbery that brought the two together, and sometimes, he still shudders at the feeling of the cold metal against his neck.

"It's something I need to be ready for as a police officer, you know?"

"That's both admirable and concerning. You should really be careful."

"...Are you worried about me?" Jungkook asks with a sly grin, leaning across the table and twirling the spoon in his hand.

"What? Of course I'm worried about you!"

"As a friend or something more?" the taller man pushes, his grin only growing wilder as Jimin begins to squirm in his seat.

"Why are you asking me this?"

"Because it's important!"

"...You're impossible."

"And your answer is....?"

"As more than a friend. Happy?" Jimin lets out with his face burning red and looks away like a petulant child.

"Yup. I think that more than makes up for almost getting shot."

"Please don't get almost shot again."

"Trust me, I'm not planning on it. So, now that we're officially more than just friends, we should go on another date this Saturday," Jungkook suggests smoothly and has to physically fight the urge to give himself a high five for the smooth transition. Damn, he's really getting the hang of this dating thing. He won't be needing Sungjae's advice anymore, thank you very much.

"Yeah? Anything you want to do?" Jimin asks with an amused smile, quite impressed with what the officer just pulled.

"Tell you what," Jungkook begins thoughtfully after a moment of silence. "This time, I cook for you. I'll have a dinner for two ready by 7pm sharp. How about it?"

"You sure?"

"Of course I'm sure."
It's not until much later that Jimin remembers Jungkook telling him that he can't cook anything other than ramyeon.

"Please? Pleaaaase?"

"No."

"Please??"

"No, now fuck off," Yoongi scowls and throws a pen at his partner, hoping that the projectile will be enough to deter the loud officer from badgering him. However, he isn't so lucky, since Jungkook is right by his side, using his oversized hands to basically manhandle him out of his chair. "Fucking get off!" Yoongi hisses, doing his best to pull out of the other man's death grips but failing miserably.

"What's he on about?" Jackson asks as he approaches the two men. He has a cup of cold coffee in his hand that he sips anyway because he can't be bothered to fix himself a piping hot one.

"Nothing. Just get him off of me," Yoongi replies lowly while simultaneously wondering why in hell the other man is so damn strong.

"Nah, this is much more amusing," Jackson counters with a grin, taking Yoongi's chair instead. "So what's going on?"

"I'm asking him to teach me how to cook," Jungkook answers for the other officer and starts shaking the smaller officer with a high-pitched "help meeeeee" that has Yoongi looking for any sharp object he can get his hands on.

"Right. Forgot you can't cook for shit."

"What are you talking about. I cooked the best ramyeon you've ever had."

"You know what? I'll give you that," Jackson says thoughtfully, tapping his chin with his index finger. There was one time when Jungkook volunteered to cook for everyone following a drunk night of partying, which just ended up being instant noodles, but damn, it was the best Jackson's ever had. He had worked very hard to recreate the flavor, all with little success. "So what's this for? Why do you need to learn how to cook?"

"I need to cook for Jimin."

"Why the fuck would you volunteer to cook for him if you can't cook?" Jackson asks with a small frown, ignoring Yoongi struggling against Jungkook's hold on him.

"I didn't think it through, alright? But it's happening. Yoongi! Come on, please?"

"Fine! Let me go, you fucking muscle pig," Yoongi relents and then straightens his back with a
huff once the other man finally decides to let him go. Jungkook grins triumphantly as Yoongi motions for Jackson to get off his chair.

"Jackson here, is my witness. You're going to teach me how to cook. Tonight. After work."

"Fuck off"

"I'll take that as a yes. Thanks, bro!" With that, Jungkook disappears to his own desk, leaving a very unhappy Min Yoongi and a very amused Jackson. But the man returns a few seconds later with a serious expression on his face. "Wait, we need to make sure it's pescetarian."

"It's what?" Jackson asks with narrowed eyes. He's personally a bit offended that Jungkook knows a word that he doesn't. Yoongi only glares at his partner in silence, daring him to make any more request.

"Pescetarian. Jimin doesn't eat meat."

"Who the fuck doesn't eat meat?" Jackson questions, looking almost horrified.

"Vegans. Vegetarians. Pescetarians. Just to name a few," Jungkook replies with his nose held up high. "Educate yourself."

"Ew."

"Don't ew. It's a noble decision. Eco-friendly, not to mention that meat is murder. Have some respect."

"Uhh, this is coming from that same douchebag who's goal in life is to own a lamb skewer place?"

"Not anymore. Jimin allowed me to see the light."

"Please fuck right off."

"Anyway. No meat. I'll leave the rest up to you," Jungkook finished with a dramatic bow before really bouncing back to his seat. Jackson and Yoongi exchange glances and sigh simultaneously.

"That boy is in so deep," Jackson mumbles with a roll of his eyes.

"He's an idiot."

After work, Yoongi tries to sneak out of the station undetected but is stopped by Jungkook who had been keeping a close eye on his partner (Actually, he paid everyone in the station 10,000 won each to make sure Yoongi doesn't escape without his knowing). Yoongi cusses out loudly during their entire session of shopping for ingredients and their trip back to Yoongi's apartment.

"Alright, cut these up," Yoongi commands as he throw an onion at Jungkook. The taller man stares at it warily before placing it on the cutting board and taking a deep breath. Yoongi watches with narrowed eyes as his partner fumbles with it, nearly slicing two of his fingers off, and he wonders how anyone who is so insanely athletic can be so uncoordinated in the kitchen. "I said cut em, not crush them," Yoongi hisses once he sees that Jungkook is basically pulverizing the poor onion.

"Shit, shit, shit my eyes are burning," Jungkook whines, putting the blade and stupidly wiping at his teary eyes with onion-juiced covered fingers. He goes on his knees howling once he starts really feeling the burn, and Yoongi sighs lowly. He doesn't have the time or the patience for this shit.

"Idiot," Yoongi mutters before pulling Jungkook off the floor by his collar and dragging him
towards the sink. He pushes the other man's head lower and sprays his eyes with water, because really, he can't listen to Jungkook howling anymore.

"My eyes!"

"Yeah, well that's what you get for being a complete idiot. Congrats."

"Shit, this burns."

"Do you really want to be doing this in front of Jimin?"

"I wouldn't be doing it in front of Jimin, cause the food will be ready by the time Jimin -oh wait a minute! Maybe you can-"

"No."

"But-'

"No."

"Fine..."

"Finish with the onions and we'll move on the next step."

Just then, both men hear a soft knock on the door, and while Jungkook glances at the general direction curiously, Yoongi knows exactly who it is.

"Wait here," Yoongi says gruffly before opening the door to reveal none other than his neighbor Hoseok standing with a bright smile on his face.

"Hi!" the man greets, a dimple appearing on his face. Yoongi nods in response and stares, waiting for the other to continue. What's broken now?

"My wi-fi isn't working for some reason and I really, really need to send this, so do you mind if I...?" Hoseok asks sheepishly, holding his laptop up. Yoongi rolls his eyes and then lets the man in, eventhough the more rational part of him is screaming at him to not put Hoseok and Jungkook in the same room.

"Thank you, thank you. Lifesaver!"

"Just...go ahead," Yoongi says in response and then tells him his password. He winces when he hears Jungkook's booming voice asking who Hoseok is.

"Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't know you had a guest over," Hoseok apologizes sheepishly before introducing himself. "I'm Jung Hoseok. Yoongi's neighbor."

"Oh," Jungkook begins with a slight frown and then his eyes enlarge at the sudden realization. "Oh! I know you! You're the cute neighbor!"

"Um...I am?" Hoseok asks with a tilt of his head and Yoongi wishes that some higher power would just smite his partner. However, knowing that the wishing is futile, Yoongi just kicks the other man's shin hard enough to have Jungkook go down onto the floor in pain.

"Don't listen to him. He has problems."

"Cute neighbor, huh?" Hoseok teases with a grin before opening his laptop.
"I never said that."

"You didn't deny it when I asked if he's cute!" Jungkook hollers from the floor where he's still rolling in pain, and Yoongi wonders if he can get away with murder if he uses all his police-training and crime-knowledge to good use.

"Shut up and finish your onion," Yoongi growls instead. He is rarely mortified, but he's definitely feeling it now as he listens to Hoseok laughing from the living room. However, he maintains his pokerface as he continues to coach Jungkook (although he'd rather throw him out of his apartment), until Hoseok lets him know that he's finished.

"Thank you so much. Again," Hoseok says as he closes his laptop.

"No problem."

"Hey, are you leaving?" Jungkook asks, his eyes wide open as he watches the lanky neighbor make his way towards the front door.

"Umm. Yup. I guess so. I'm finished here so-"

"You should stay! I'm almost done with this," Jungkook says casually, pointing at the pan he's been grilling on.

"This isn't your apartment, dipshit," Yoongi hisses lowly so only Jungkook can hear him, but this doesn't faze the bulkier man at all.

"Sit down! Try this out and tell me if it's good or bad."

"Umm..." Hoseok falters, glancing at Yoongi for permission. Yoongi shrugs and nods, because well, he can't be an asshole and kick the man out now can he? Jeon fucking Jungkook. So Hoseok ends up making his way back to the living room, where he sets the device down before venturing into the kitchen.

"I'm sorry, I don't think I got your name," Hoseok asks Jungkook with a smile.

"Oh, right. Jeon Jungkook. I'm Yoongi's partner."

"Oh. Partner, right," Hoseok replies in surprise with a small nod, taking in Jungkook with his eyes. Jungkook is well built, devilishly handsome even with his big nose and bunny teeth, and Hoseok is surprised that the man would be so open about his relationship with Yoongi. He had no idea that Yoongi's gay, solely because Yoongi had never made any indication to let that be known, but now he's seeing that Yoongi's in quite a domestic relationship with the bigger man, complete with cooking together and everything.

"Uhh...something wrong?" Jungkook asks curiously once he realizes that the man is staring at him with a blank look on his face.

"No, no. Not at all. Sorry. I just didn't know Yoongi had a partner," Hoseok answers sheepishly and then glances at his neighbor before diverting his gaze elsewhere.

"Oh shit, this isn't bad at all," Jungkook muses after tasting his creation, quite happy that now he will have something to make for Jimin when the man comes over.

"Guess you didn't manage to fuck it up completely," Yoongi grumbles after taking a cautious taste. Well, his recipe is basically fool-proof, but with Jeon Jungkook, he can never be too sure.
"So how long have you guys been...partners?" Hoseok asks curiously once the food is done and they all sit down.

"Umm...three years?" Jungkook answers slowly, rolling his eyes around in his attempt to get the dates right. "Right?" he asks Yoongi for confirmation, who shrugs and picks at his food.

"Wow, that's a really long time," Hoseok muses, surprised that Yoongi is the long-term commitment type. He had seemed quite aloof and stoic, but he must be a dedicated sweetheart of a boyfriend in real life. "You guys must know everything about each other."

"Pretty much," Jungkook answers and then takes another bite. "He acts a mysterious and stuff, but he's kinda easy to read."

"Shut up."

"It's really admirable that you guys are so open about being partners and spending time like this," Hoseok continues softly before taking a sip of water.

"Nothing to hide, really," Jungkook answers with a small confused frown and is further puzzled when Hoseok flashes him a quick thumbs up. "And I'd like to spend more time together, but I'm sure you know how he is."

Yoongi rolls his eyes and shoves another chopstick-full into his mouth as Hoseok watches the two in awe. How refreshing, he thinks, that there is someone who is willing to be so open about being in a gay relationship. Hoseok himself has never judged, considering himself pansexual (he sort of has to be if he's going to depend on a surprise soulmate to break this curse), and he figures it's good that Yoongi has someone like Jungkook by his side.

Once dinner is over, Yoongi is collecting his laptop from the coffee table in the living room. He doesn't want to be any more bother and figures Yoongi can use some nice quality time with his man.

"Oh, you got a cactus!" Jungkook calls out once he finally spots the small pot sitting by the window.

"Hoseok gave it to me," Yoongi mutters, clearing the table and making a face at how disgusting his kitchen looks now.

"Really? It's funny 'cause I call him a cactus sometimes," Jungkook continues, approaching the pot to get a better look, and Hoseok gasps in surprise and horror. Hoseok had given that gift without knowing that Yoongi was in a relationship and now Jungkook's going to think that he's hitting on his boyfriend and o god no.

"I swear I didn't know about you and Yoongi when I gave him that!" Hoseok squeaks out nervously before bolting out the door. Jungkook's clearly pure muscle, and given his bad luck, he's sure he doesn't want to get on the man's bad side.

"...What the hell was that about?" Jungkook questions with a frown once he hears the door slam shut.

"He's usually like that."

"He's cute though," the taller man muses, his eyes back on the cactus. "Not Jimin level cute obviously, but not bad."
"Fuck off."

"So what's the deal between you two? He comes in here to use your wifi and stuff. That's real deep commitment right there," Jungkook muses, placing a finger against the cactus and yelping at the stinging sensation. Yoongi shoots him a look that loosely translates to "why are you such a goddamn moron," but Jungkook, as always, ignores it with complete ease.

"It's called being a decent human being," Yoongi replies with a huff instead. He was just being nice to Hoseok, but of course Jeon Jungkook has to be all dramatic about it.

"And where's that attitude around the station, mm?"

"Are you done?"

"No, this is fun. I finally get to see his neighbor you've been raving about-"

"I never raved about him."

"-and then I see that he's actually quite cute! Again, not Jimin-level cute, but cute enough."

"If you say Jimin-level cute one more time, I will murder you with the same knife you've been using tonight."

"Ohh, I see what this is," Jungkook comments gleefully, even clapping his hands like a child waiting to open his Christmas gifts. "You're mad because I said my man is cuter than your man."

"Get the fuck out. And just because you're gay doesn't mean everyone else is."

"What did I tell you about Dr. Kinsey? But your obsession aside-"

"Not obsessed."

"-that's the bad luck guy right?"

"Yes. Now can you please leave?" Yoongi grits through his teeth, losing his patience real quickly.

"Fine, fine, you're no fun."

---

It's Friday evening, and Jungkook is saddled with the task of babysitting Taehyung while Namjoon is in some intense post-drug bust meeting that just had to be scheduled on a Friday night. Taehyung is more than excited to see Uncle Jeon, and Jungkook, despite being disappointed that he won't be able to see Jimin, happily dances with the boy until he's sure he's going to puke.

The two eventually settle for lazing around the couch over a bag of chips Jungkook managed to
find where Taehyung can't reach. The TV screen in front of them is playing a random episode of some drama series Jungkook can't bring himself to pay attention to.

"What happened to the boy you like?" Taehyung asks randomly as he reaches for another chip.

"Hmm? Oh, Jimin?"

"Is that his name?"

"Yeah. It's a cute name huh."

"I think my name is better."

"Sorry kid, it's not," Jungkook replies and cackles when the boy narrows his eyes at him. "Well, we're dating now."

"Dating? Does that mean you hold hands?"

"Yup."

"Ewwww," Taehyung lets out with a crinkle of his nose, and Jungkook throws a chip at him. The small boy complains about how they're not allowed to throw food around or that his dad will get angry.

"I'm actually going to cook for him tomorrow, so I'm nervous."

"Do you have to cook for someone when you date?"

"Well...not always, but you probably should at one point, because it's nice."

"I'm not old enough to cook..."

"Yeah, that means you're not old enough to date," Jungkook teases and then barks out another laughter when Taehyung crosses his arms in front of him petulantly.

"Do you like him a lot?"

"Yup."

"How much? This much?" Taehyung asks as he makes a big O with his tiny arms.

"Nah, much bigger than that," Jungkook answers with a dreamy look in his eyes.

"This much?" the boy tries again, drawing the biggest circle he can with his arms.

"Nope, a lot more than that."

"That's a lot. Are you going to marry him?"

"That, I'm not sure about. But if I do, you're invited to the wedding."

"Is it nice to have a boyfriend?"

"Yup. Kinda one of the best things to happen to me."

Taehyung seems pleased with the answer as he shoves another chip into his mouth.
Jungkook thinks he's ready. The food had somehow turned acceptable (he makes a mental note to thank Yoongi again come Monday) and his apartment is a lot tidier, thanks to Hongbin who helped him declutter the place (Hongbin did it because he's expecting Jungkook to get some action and no one deserves to get laid in some stanky ass pig sty). He checks the table again to make sure that the candles are in place (because he's classy as fuck, that's why) and that everything smells nice and fresh.

"OK, I got this," Jungkook mumbles to himself. He's never had to properly play host, because when someone is over at his place, it's usually after heavy drinking and people eating away their bad decisions with top-class instant noodles.

Jimin arrives basically right on time, and Jungkook flings the door open in excitement to find the smaller man standing with a bouquet of flowers in his hand.

"Hi," Jimin greets. "These are for you," he continues shyly as he hands the taller man the bouquet of white tulips.

"You got me...flowers?"

"I know, it's super cheesy and you probably shouldn't give a guy flowers but-"

"No. This is nice," Jungkook interrupts, a lopsided grin forming on his face. He's never gotten flowers before, and the notion is sending some butterflies in his stomach. Usually he'd be completely against this mushy "girly" things, but damn, Jimin got him flowers and ain't that the most precious thing he's witnessed.

"If you can just sit down, the food is ready."

"Thank you. Your apartment is very nice," Jimin comments as he does a quick scan of the place before sitting down. "Oh wow, candles."

"Shoot, let me light them."

"Wow, officer, I didn't quite peg you as the type."

"Well, it's a special occasion," Jungkook replies casually, not mentioning that he's only read about these things online yesterday, which had him shopping for candles at the nearest store after lunch.

The officer sets the food down and grins proudly when Jimin comments on how wonderful it looks and smells.

"I though you told me you don't know how to cook?" Jimin says after his first bite.

"I don't. I learned from my partner."

"Oh. Well, he must be very talented."

"I guess. I actually never tried his food. I just heard that he knows how to cook, and frankly, he's
"That bad, huh?" Jimin laughs with a twinkle in his eyes. "But, thank you for taking the time to learn. I know you're usually quite busy."

"Anything for you," Jungkook replies nonchalantly and honestly, and Jimin has to pretend to be engrossed in his food to hide how flustered he is. It's strange, no matter how much time he spends with the officer. The man is so blatantly honest with his feelings, Jimin still has a tough time dealing with it, but he figures it's a lot better than being in a relationship someone who's going to keep him guessing all the time.
"Since you're a police officer, you must know some martial arts, right?" Jimin asks once they are finished with dinner. Jungkook puffs up his chest and replies "of course." 1st in class during police academy. Probably the 1st in the station. Definitely in the top 10 of all police officers in Seoul. Damn right.

"That's so cool," Jimin says with a twinkle of laughter. "I did a little taekwondo when I was a kid. Before I switched to dancing. So what do you know?"

"I did taekwondo too, then jiu jitsu, kickboxing, a bit of muay thai..."

"That's impressive."

"Well, I gotta be ready for all sorts of criminals, you know?" Jungkook omits the information about how he resorted to sparring to deal with his sexual crisis (and pent up sexual frustration).

"Can you teach me something? In case I get mugged or something?" Jimin asks, his eyes twinkling in excitement as they both enter the living room. Ever since being almost stabbed in the convenience store, he's wanted to take up a self-defense class but couldn't find the time to do it in between his part-time job and schoolwork.

"Yeah, I can do that. I can show you some of the basics we learn at the academy," Jungkook answers with a grin, excited that he can teach Jimin something (and get into physical contact that isn't awkward or forced), all the while being able to show off his manliness.

"This is awesome. I've always wanted to learn the stuff they do in movies."

"OK, so come at me, with an imaginary knife," Jungkook says, squaring his shoulders and motioning for the other man to "attack" him. Jimin looks uncertain for a brief moment before his eyes turn mischievous and determined. Jimin lunges forward, aiming for the officer's chest with an imaginery weapon. Jungkook swiftly moves to the side while placing a quick hand on Jimin's wrist, and in a blink of an eye, Jimin finds himself kneeling on the floor with a thud, blinking owlishly at the coffee table in front of him.

"What the hell just happened?" Jimin asks with a gasp as Jungkook helps him get back Jimin was quite sure that he would be able to catch the officer off guard, but Jungkook was as fast as he was strong.

"Kinda the police go-to method for taking down people with knives. Here, I'll teach it to you
slowly," the cop offers, trying his best to not enjoy the physical contact so much. Keep it professional, Jeon Jungkook. Don't be a creep. "Now, slowly come at me like you just did."

Jimin nods and lunges again, stretching his arm out slowly. Jungkook repeats all the motions, but explains everything step by step. "See, if you pull like this and use their own momentum against them, it's easy to make them lose balance. Now, this is the tricky part. As their weight shifts forward, pull the arm back like this and they always go down. I didn't pull too hard with you because it actually really hurts when you do it right, but you get the idea."

"This looks...a bit more complicated than I thought."

"It's all about timing, and if you get used to it, you don't even need to put too much of your strength into it."

"OK, can I try?"

"Of course," Jungkook says, letting Jimin go. The smaller man grins and shakes his hands besides him. "OK, come at me."

"We'll start slowly, Ok?"

"Kay, I'm ready," Jimin says with a look of concentration evident on his features, and Jungkook wants to just take a picture, because damn Jimin looks even more adorable than usual (who even thought that would be possible?).

Jungkook makes a motion to go for Jimin's chest. Jimin sidesteps as he's told and follows through the motion, and Jungkook's quite impressed that the man is such a quick learner.

"Not bad. So a bit faster?"

"Sounds good."

They practice a few times, Jimin eventually getting the hang of it. Jungkook doesn't forget to explain that the best way to deal with someone with a knife is to just run, because real life situation is much more unpredictable. He forces the smaller man to promise him to avoid engaging with violent criminals to the best of his abilities.

"So uh...do you want some coffee? Or tea?" Jungkook asks somewhat awkwardly once they fall back into silence. Jimin nods and asks for some coffee, which has Jungkook running back into the kitchen to prepare some for the smaller man. He's not big on drinking coffee, but he has some that he kept around after Sungjae gave it to him as a housewarming gift. What a good man that cop is, Jungkook thinks as he starts his kettle.

"Want anything in your coffee?"

"Um. Just a bit of sugar is fine!"

Jungkook stands besides the kettle, waiting for the water to boil, as he thinks about his next course of action. He had been so focused on getting the dinner part right that he forgot to look up what he's supposed to do once it's over. He bought some time with coffee, but what else is he supposed to do? So he does the only thing he can come up with, which is to ask on group kataka. Surely Sungjae and Hongbin will know what to do...maybe even the captain.
Wang [Yes u do]

Hongbin [ha]

[f off]

[im with jimin rn]

[and i dont know what to do]

Wang [your penis goes in the anus]

Hongbin [ur penis is the thing that your peepee comes out of]

[fuck u guys]

[we had dinner and then coffee]

[whats next]

Min [wtf]

-Min left the room-

-Captain left the room-

Wang [LOL]

Hongbin [LOL]

Hongbin [wheres SJ?]

Wang [Probably busy having actual sex]

[....]

[fuck all of u]
Jungkook rolls his eyes and puts the phone back into his pocket. So that got nowhere. Why did he think that any of them was going to be of any use to him? Goddamn it.

He takes the coffee back out to the living room, nursing a cup himself even though he knows he's probably not going to drink much of it. Jimin takes it with a smile, which has Jungkook smiling stupidly back at the smaller man. They start talking about all the weird customers Jimin comes across when he works the night shift at the convenience store. The smaller man talks about all the drunk people that do the dumbest things, and Jungkook finds out that Jimin could be reciting the entire digits of pi and he'd still listen, because he just loves listening to Jimin's voice and the way the man's eyes disappear into crescents every so often.

"If you weren't a police officer," Jimin begins once they're done talking about idiotic customers. "What would you want to do?"

Jungkook rolls his eyes around a bit, giving the question some time. "Not sure. But probably something to do with art."

"Yeah?" Jimin asks, looking surprised as he sits up straighter. "You never talked to me about liking art."

"I mean, it's not like I'm that good," the officer replies with a shrug.

"Can you draw me?"

"Not without messing up. Trust me, I can't draw anything pretty," Jungkook answers with a low chuckle and revels in the way Jimin's cheeks slowly turn pink.

"Are you calling me pretty?"

"Yeah."

"I'm not pretty."

"You are. That and a bunch of other things," Jungkook answers honestly, and Jimin swings his arm around to hit the man in the arm. However, he ends up pouring what is remaining of his coffee onto his shirt.

"Ah crap!" Jimin hisses out, pulling the fabric away from his skin. Good thing the coffee's basically cold already, but it doesn't change the fact that he's managed to stain one of his favorite shirt.

"Oh, here, let me get you something to wear," Jungkook says frantically, jumping off the couch immediately. He rushes towards his bedroom to find something nice and comfortable for Jimin to wear and ends up sniffing through half his wardrobe to make sure that he picks the freshest smelling one.

He re-enters the living room with a tee and a hoodie hooked around his arm...only to find Jimin standing without a shirt on. Park Jimin is standing without a shirt on, holding the soiled shirt in his hands instead. Jimin is half naked. Mr. Adorable is standing in his apartment without a shirt on. Did he mention that Park Jimin is not wearing a shirt? Because Jimin isn't.

"Uh..." Jungkook lets out stupidly, staring at the other man with his jaws slack. He would be lying if he said that he hadn't imagined Jimin naked before. He's done it a few times, both while on duty and off duty, and he's not even ashamed of it. Yet, nothing's prepared him to see the real deal.
Jimin's not ripped, but he's by no means soft and squishy. Jungkook can make out stretches of lean muscles surrounding the smaller man's body, and while Jimin doesn't have abs like him, he's still toned enough, and Jungkook has to physically fight the urge to let out a moan as his eyes take in all the curves and edges. There is something distinctively manly about Jimin's body that is a stark contrast to his usually soft features and plump lips, and it's driving him insane.

"Thank you and sorry about all this," Jimin says apologetically as he stretches his arm out to take the pieces of clothing from the other man. Jungkook hands them to him, slightly disappointed that the smaller man is so eager to cover himself up again. He watches as the smaller man hurriedly puts on his tee and hoodie, and now he's just dying because his clothes look too big on Jimin, and it looks so insanely adorable, his heart hurts.

"I should be going, since it's getting late," Jimin continues. "You mind if I wear this home?"

"Go ahead. Here, let me walk you home."

"No need. I don't even live that far away and you taught me how to defend myself against a knife, so I should be alright," Jimin answers with a playful smile as they walk towards the front door.

"You sure?"

"Yup. Thank you again for the wonderful dinner."

Jungkook is about to say "no problem" when Jimin tiptoes and places his lips gently onto his own in a quick peck before taking a shy step back. Jungkook finds himself frozen in spot, as he watches the smaller man bid him good night and walk away. It's about a full minute later when he's able to move again, and he gently presses his fingertips against his lower lip, still reveling in the sensation of Jimin's lips on his.

With the shirtless Jimin and this kiss, he doubts he'll be getting any sleep tonight.

- 

"Dad."

"Yeah Tae?" Namjoon looks up from the files on his desk to find his son standing a few feet away from him, holding an oversized bunny doll that Jungkook had gotten him a couple of years ago.

"I'm hungry..."

"Oh," Namjoon breathes out and checks for time to see that it's already past dinner time. God, he's such a shitty parent. He can't believe he worked hours straight while abandoning his son. Sometimes, Tae is such a quiet kid who plays so well on his own that he forgets that he should pay more attention to his son. "I'm sorry big guy," he apologizes, finally getting out of his chair. The
station's been overflooding with work and higher ups have been on his ass so much lately, he's been spending a considerable amount of time working at home as well.

"It's okay dad...but can we eat?"

"Of course, come here," Namjoon motions for his son to come to him as he kneels down on the ground. He picks the small boy up and begins walking out the room. "I'm sorry, Tae. You must be hungry."

"S'kay..."

"Should we order pizza today?"

"Dad...can we invite Mr. Kim? I miss his food," Tae says shyly, wrapping his small arms around the man.

"...Mr.Kim?"

"Please?"

"Tae, I'm sure Mr. Kim is busy."

"Please dad? Can you at least ask him?" Taehyung pleads, staring at his father with puppy-eyes that Namjoon knows he can't say no to. His son knows this and takes advantage of it perhaps too often, but he doesn't complain.

"Alright, we call Mr.Kim," Namjoon relents, putting the boy on the couch. He pulls his phone out with a sigh. He can't believe he's going to be asking for another favor when that's basically all he's done. He dials and waits, listening to the ringing until it comes to a stop and a familiar voice picks up.

[Hello officer.]

"I thought we were going to drop the formalities."

[Not a formality. I just like saying officer. So what can I help you with?]

"I know this is going to sound strange but-"

"Mr. Kim! Can you make us dinner!"

Namjoon cringes when his son starts yelling loudly enough for Seokjin to hear. He can hear a twinkle of laughter coming from the other line.

[Is Taehyung being serious?]

"Umm...yeah. He was wondering if we can invite you, because he misses your cooking."

[That's adorable. Well, actually, I was just about to cook, so why don't you two come on over?]

"You really don't have to-

[Nah, I want to. I'd rather eat with my favorite officer and favorite student than by myself.]

"Are you sure?"
[Of course. Now, you bring your sidekick while I cook.]

Namjoon helps his son get dressed, which ends up being quite a task because Taehyung can't keep still. Taehyung spends the entire ride to Seokjin's apartment praising how amazing his teacher's cooking is and how it would be amazing to eat something so nice every day. Namjoon smiles fondly at his son's excitement and then smiles a bit sadly at the words. Yeah, it would be nice to give his son homecooked meal on a daily basis, but it just sucks that he can't seem to cook up anything edible no matter how much he tries.

When they enter the apartment, they are greeted by the smell of good food and Seokjin's welcoming smile. Taehyung kicks off his shoes and runs towards the teacher, and Namjoon watches as the other man picks his son up and swing him around.

"Welcome, officer. The food's almost done," Seokjin greets, setting the boy back down. "Tae, would you like to help me set the table?" Taehyung nods eagerly. "Now, what do we have to do before we do that?"

"Wash our hands!"

"Good boy. I'll see you in the kitchen, tough guy!"

"That was...amazing," Namjoon muses as he watches his son darting towards the bathroom. He usually has so much trouble getting his son to maintain an acceptable level of hygiene, but Seokjin seems to be doing it effortlessly.

"Mmm?"

"Nothing...Is there anything I can help you with?"

"Nah, I'm basically done."

"I'm sorry, I should've brought something, but Taehyung was just too eager."

"Look, I was going to stuff my face with food while watching trash TV anyway, so you're actually doing me a favor," Seokjin says with a small smile and a wink that has Namjoon looking away with a tinge of pink on his cheeks.

"I'm ready!" Taehyung hollers as he runs into the kitchen, and Namjoon tells his son to not run around like that.

"Alright Tae, can you set up these spoons and chopsticks for me?"

"Okay, Mr. Kim!" Taehyung chirps out happily as he takes the utensils from the tall man.

The food is excellent as always, and Taehyung shoves food into his mouth as if he hadn't eaten in days, and Namjoon sighs sadly at the display. Seokjin catches onto this rather quickly but doesn't comment on it, and instead tries his best to distract the officer by asking him questions about current events.

"Mr. Kim, does this mean you're dating my dad?" Taehyung asks randomly as Seokjin clears the table after dinner, and both men freeze immediately.

"Taehyung-" Namjoon begins embarrassed.

"'Cause Uncle Jeon said when you date someone, you cook for them. So does it make you
"I'm going to kill him," Namjoon mutters under his breath as Seokjin starts laughing as if it's the funniest thing he's heard in forever. He shouldn't have asked Jungkook to babysit his son, but at the same time, he really doesn't have many choices now does he? Sungjae is always out getting shitfaced and seeing how many women he can sleep with in 48 hours, while Hongbin is probably going to get Taehyung addicted to computer games. And well, Jackson is Jackson. He wouldn't trust Jackson with his imaginary pet dog.

Yoongi is always a good option, except Yoongi has a tendency to flat out refuse, and frankly, he's a bit nervous that Yoongi will be drinking around his son while watching Game of Thrones, so no thanks.

"No, we're not dating," Seokjin explains with a huge grin, ruffling Taehyung's hair. "People cook for each other all the time without dating."

"Oh..." Taehyung lets out and looks disappointed, which has Namjoon confused. "So you're not getting married to dad?"

Seokjin barks out a laughter again, his hands flailing around uncontrollably before he slaps his own thighs repeatedly. Namjoon scratches his head, not seeing the humor in this.

"Tae, you're so adorable! Do you want us to get married?"

"Yeah..."

"Why?"

"Cause you're nice, Mr. Kim and you can cook well..."

Seokjin laughs again and pinches Taehyung's cheek.

"Well, Taehyung, I think that your dad will find a beautiful lady who's just as nice and can cook maybe even better than me."

"Why can't it be you?"

"Umm...well," Seokjin starts and pauses, not sure how to explain sexuality to a child. "Because...."

"Uncle Jeon has a boyfriend, so why can't you or dad?"

Namjoon chokes on his own saliva at that. Why did he think that Jungkook would keep his mouth shut about his budding relationship when that's basically all the man ever talks about at the station?Regardless, now his son thinks that gender doesn't matter, and as much as he supports homosexuality, he doesn't want Taehyung going around asking everyone why they aren't in a gay relationship.

"Well, Taehyung, you see, some people date people of the same gender."

"Gender?"

"Yes, some boys like boys. Some girls like girls. Some people like both. Now, your father likes women," Seokjin does his best to explain gauging for Namjoon's reaction just in case he's overstepping his boundaries. He however sees that the officer seems relieved that he himself doesn't have to do the actual explaining.
"Dad, is this true?" Taehyung asks with a small frown, the corners of his lips downturned, and Namjoon can't believe that his own son is disappointed in his sexuality.

"Umm, yeah," Namjoon replies, clearing his throat.

"Okay..." Taehyung mutters under his breath and stares at his own hands. Both men turn to look at each other, and Namjoon makes vague motions with his hands in silent plea for advice on how to handle the situation, while Seokjin flails his hands around equally helplessly.

Namjoon makes a mental note to murder officer Jeon.

Taehyung refuses to go home, saying that he's too sad, so the two men let the boy sulk around Seokjin's living room with a tub of icecream in his hands. The two adults remain at the dinner table, each nursing a hot cup of tea, and it's not much later that they find Taehyung sleeping soundly on the couch, melted icecream smeared across his little face.

"Well, that was interesting," Seokjin says with a giggle, hiding his mouth behind his hand. Namjoon gives the man a withering look.

"I can't believe he asked that..." Namjoon lets out with a sigh as he takes a sip of the hot drink and winces at how scalding it feels against his tongue. Bad idea. "Do you think he misses his mom a lot?" he asks quietly, the familiar pang of guilt gnawing at his heart again.

"I don't know. But I think the more important question is...are you planning on ever getting remarried?"

"I would like that. I mean...I think Taehyung deserves a lot more love and attention than I give him, but I don't know if I'll ever find someone. It's not like women are exactly lining up to date a single dad."

"Yeah, but you're hot, and Taehyung is adorable," Seokjin argues with a playful grin, and Namjoon feels heat rising in his cheeks again.

"You think I'm hot?"

"Absolutely. Anyone would have to insane to think otherwise. In fact, you don't look like a dad at all."

"That is...strangely nice to hear."

"So what's your type? 'Cause I know a few single ladies that you might be interested in," Seokjin asks, leaning forward and then makes a face. "That kinda made me sound like a pimp."

"It did."

"Well?"

"Just someone who can take care of Tae and understand my work. Someone I can be comfortable and be myself around. Someone I can come home to knowing everything is alright."

"That's awfully vague."

"Maybe that's why I'm single. What about you? What kind of men are you into?"

"Never had a straight guy ask me that question," Seokjin says with an amused twinkle in his eyes. "Tall, broad shouldered men, who's both athletic and smart. A good-listener. Someone a bit dorky."
"Wow, that's...a lot."

"Maybe that's why I'm single. Only if you can find a clone of yourself who also likes men, it'd be greatly appreciated," Seokjin continues with a flirty wink and laughs when Namjoon looks away with a blush. "Man, you're really making it easy for me. You get flustered so easily!"

"Well-"

"Look, but all kidding aside, you're incredible attractive both physically and mentally, so remember that."

"Thanks. And well, I know this is going to sound weird, but...you're an amazing person too."

"Why, thank you!"

Namjoon goes back home that night, wondering what it would be like to be with someone like Seokjin.

- 

Monday rolls around, and Jungkook is physically buzzing with excitement as he enters the station. A lot has happened over the weekend, and before he can get into the whole thing about how he's in an actual relationship right now (plus the kiss), he needs to first discuss Yoongi's neighbor.

"Guys, I saw Yoongi's boyfriend," Jungkook announces as he walks towards his desk, his voice booming and full of mirth. Yoongi sighs loudly immediately, having half-expected his partner to pull some bullshit like this. He should've trust his instinct. Why, oh why, did he agree to letting Jungkook and Hoseok be in the same room?

Both Hongbin and Jackson glance at each other in shock and rush towards the other officer, just as Sungjae rolls towards them in his chair.

"Yoongi's gay!?!" Jackson nearly screams out, disbelief evident in his voice. Hongbin is staring at the man in question in shock, his jaws slack and his eyes narrowed. "How did we not know about this?" Jackson continues, throwing his arms out.

"Fuck off, all of you, I'm not gay," Yoongi says with a roll of his eyes, not having the time or the patience for this bullshit. He doesn't have anything against gay people (he really can't given that he's partner with Jeon Jungkook), but it's just that he himself isn't. If anything, he would call himself asexual. He dated a girl back in high school, but that didn't go too well, when the girl lost her shit over how he was paying no attention to her.

"Jeon, what is this boyfriend you're talking about?" Sungjae asks, his eyes twinkling in curiosity. It's about time they talk about something other than Jungkook's kiddie romance that does very little to pique his interest in the first place.
"I don't have a boyfriend," Yoongi protests, all to deaf ears.

"So, Yoongi is seeing his neighbor, who's cute, not Jimin-level cute, obviously, but he was teaching me how to cook and then this guy comes asking to use his wifi, and Min Yoongi lets him in, gives him the password and everything."

"Oh shit. Wifi password. That's a big deal," Jackson says seriously, his fingers on his chin as he leans forward. Hongbin nods in agreement besides him.

"I'm not dating him," Yoongi tries again, his voice more menacing.

"Wait, is this the same neighbor that you rescued that one time?" Hongbin asks, and the other officer shoots him a nasty look that loosely translates to "do not fucking dare."

"Holy shit! He is, isn't he!" Jackson yells out, clapping his hands like a maniac. He can't wait till he relays this information to the night shift officers, because Seungcheol and Jeonghan are going to love this juicy piece of gossip.

"I said, I'm not dating anyone."

"I didn't know Yoongi's gay," Sungjae muses, leaning back against his chair.

"I'm not."

"I didn't either," Hongbin agrees while nodding slowly as Yoongi sits with his hands balled into fists. Yoongi is feeling homicidal. He can't believe these idiots.

"OK, what's all this?" Namjoon asks, walking towards the cluster of officers with a bored look on his face.

"We were just talking about Yoongi's boyfriend," Jungkook says with a hand up.

"I don't have a boyfriend," Yoongi grits out through his teeth, earning himself a raised eyebrow from Namjoon.

"You're gay?" Namjoon asks point-blank and watches as Yoongi press against his own eyes with his palms.

"I'm. Not. Gay."

"Guys, leave Yoongi alone," Sungjae says sagely, putting a hand up. "Respect his privacy, alright? Maybe he's not ready to come out like that unlike Jungkook here who literally cant shut the fuck up about his man."

"For fuck's sake, I'm not gay and I'm not seeing anyone, definitely not my neighbor," Yoongi growls out ferally but is promptly ignored by the rest, who are too busy complaining about how Jungkook really needs to tone his gay down.

"Alright, all of you, calm down and get back to work and leave Min alone," Namjoon finalizes before walking off, and Yoongi spends about 10 seconds staring at the files in front of him before slamming his head against the desk. Why is he surrounded by so many idiots?
Yoongi is just about to fall asleep after his binge TV watching session when he hears his phone buzzing by the lamp besides his bed. He contemplates ignoring it, because what the fuck, who would be calling him at around 2 in the morning? No one sane or sober, that's for sure, and he's definitely going to lose his shit if it's a prank call. He grabs it anyway, ready to cuss out whoever is on the other line but stills when he reads Hoseok's name on the screen (Actually it just says "neighbor" and not even Hoseok's name, because that's how he saved it the first time around).

Now he's worried, because a phonecall in the middle of the night rarely plays out well, and given the other man's history, he can't imagine any positive news at 2am. He picks up, already sitting up and getting ready to leave the apartment and then stops when he hears a soft, shaky voice calling out his name.

"Yoo-Yoongi...?"

"Where are you," the officer asks, slowly getting up on his feet. He looks around to find a hoodie to throw on, hoping that Hoseok isn't hurt and deserted somewhere too far away.

"...You're calling me from home at...2:19 in the morning from your apartment."

[I...I know this is silly but...I had a really bad dream and I..I guess I freaked out and had to call somebody...I'm sorry, I didn't really think you'd pick up.]

"A bad dream."

[Nevermind. I'm sorry, I'll-]

"I'll be there in a minute," Yoongi says into his phone before hanging up and picking up a comfortable hoodie to pull over his old, PJ tee. He's tired, but he's not going to the station tomorrow, so he allows it. Normally, he would ignore a call like that. If Jungkook ever called him about a nightmare, he'd be very quick to tell him to fuck off and stop being a baby, but why is it that he can't seem to ignore Hoseok's plea for help? Has it already gotten to the point that he's been conditioned to help his neighbor at every sign of crisis?

It doesn't take him long before he's knocking on Hoseok's door and for Hoseok to open the door with a sheepish look on his face. Yoongi notices the cold sweat on the other man's face. The way his hair is clung to his forehead and his skin seems to be paler than usual, but he doesn't make a comment on it. He walks in instead with both hands in his pockets, warily doing a quick scan around the apartment to see that nothing's visible broken or messed up.

"I'm sorry," Hoseok apologizes with a strained smile and makes a vague motion with his hands before sitting on the couch.

"It's fine. I wasn't asleep."

"I really needed someone to just talk to..."

"What was it about?" Yoongi asks, trying to keep his voice as nonchalant as possible. He gets the
feeling that Hoseok's nightmares are probably worse than the ones most other people suffer from, because...it's Hoseok. He'll say it. He's a bit curious, and he also needs some kind of justification for his ass being in this apartment and not in his own bed.

"Oh...Sometimes I dream about... things that's happened," Hoseok begins quietly, subconsciously pulling his knees towards his chest.

"Things that's happened to you?"

"Oh you know, like...almost getting kidnapped in my own apartment....," Hoseok answers, forcing another smile on his face, and Yoongi hates the fact that the other man is trying so hard to make it all seem like nothing. Yoongi's faced danger, but he's never been kidnapped. Yet he can imagine how utterly frightening it must be, so he just nods from next to his neighbor on the couch.

"I woke up," Hoseok continues. "And I wasn't entirely sure if I was getting kidnapped again or not. I panicked and called."

"I see..."

"Usually, it's not so bad...because most things happen outside and when I wake up, I immediately know it was a dream, but this..."

"Do you have these dreams a lot?"

"Only about once a week. A bit more if I'm tired."

"Hn," Yoongi lets out, taking some time to think about it. He knows it is a sign of PTSD and also knows that it's probably going to take the other man a long time to completely get over it. It must be hard, reliving traumatic experiences over and over again, and the thought makes him no longer annoyed at having had to come to Hoseok's apartment in the middle of the night. He himself isn't much of a dreamer, but even he's had a nightmare or two that left him staying up until morning.

"If it helps, I can do a sweep of your apartment," Yoongi offers, wondering if that's going to do anything to put the other man's mind at ease. The apartment is so small, he doubts that there's anyone else hiding out of their sight, but whatever.

"No, it's fine. I know it was only a dream...I just hate knowing things like that's going to happen again," Hoseok replies, hugging his legs tighter. Yoongi isn't sure what to say to that, so he remains still, hoping that his presence is enough to alleviate the other man's stress.

"You should go back to sleep," the officer suggests after a while and watches as Hoseok swallows visibly.

"I know this is going to sound crazy...and I know it's inappropriate given the circumstances, but..." Hoseok starts hesitantly, nervously chewing at his lower lip for a moment. "Do you mind if you stay until I fall asleep? I'm just...still a bit...jittery," he finishes, knowing that he's make a ridiculous request. He's sure Jungkook is not at all going to be happy about the arrangement, but he knows he won't be getting any sleep if he's alone in the apartment.

Yoongi rubs at his own mouth with his right hand, trying to figure out what his next course of action should be. He's not entirely on board with the idea of waiting around for someone to fall asleep, because A, that's kinda weird, and B, he's never done shit like this before. However, as he looks at the poor man still looking completely shaken, he can't help but agree to it.

"Sure," Yoongi lets out, trying to stop himself from sighing out loud.
"Thank you...and I'm so sorry."

The two enter Hoseok's bedroom, and Yoongi stands around a bit awkwardly as Hoseok crawls into his bed and pulls the blanket up to his chin. Yoongi turns the room's light off but keeps the small lamp besides the bed on per his neighbor's request.

"You'll find your soulmate," Yoong says softly and watches Hoseok's lips curling into a hint of a smile.

"You think the nightmares will stop then?"

"Probably. Maybe not immediately, but eventually," the officer answers sagely, shifting in the chair that he's sitting on. Hoseok's bedroom smells fresh, with a hint of something fruity that his nose barely manages to pick up, and he's not sure how Hoseok keeps the room smelling so nice. The only other house he knows that smells nice is Jungkook, and that's only because the man's a bit obsessed with perfumed products.

"I was an accident," Hoseok starts again after a short stretch of silence.

"What?"

"My parents weren't planning on having a child," he continues, curling himself into a fetal position. "They were worried that they were going to give birth to a son who was going to accidentally get himself hurt all the time or...even killed."

Yoongi says nothing.

"And then mom found out she was pregnant...and they even considered abortion." Hoseok's voice is a bit shaky, and Yoongi doesn't like it. "But she couldn't bring himself to do it...and then months later, I was born. Ever since I was a little boy, they tried to teach me self defense. To somehow help me cope with all the events that were going to happen to me...But it didn't work out. I did try. Took classes. Ended up hurting myself so much that they had to stop me," Hoseok lets out a bitter chuckle.

"So you carry pepper-spray?"

"It's the best I could come up with. Sometimes, if ends up being broken and I even sprayed myself by accident once, but it's better than nothing right?"

"I guess."

"Finding my soulmate would be the best option but...how do you even find one, you know? It's not like I can create a dating website profile and do a search..."

"If my understanding of a soulmate is correct, you'll eventually find the person and the person will find a way to come into your life."

"I hope I don't have to wait till I'm 60...or dead."

"Doubt it."

"...Thank you. You know," Hoseok's tone is suddenly a lot light. "I was sort of scared of you at first...but now I see I've been wrong. Jungkook is a very lucky man," he continues, his eyes droopy
with sleep.

"...Jungkook?"

"Yeah...so very lucky..." Hoseok lets out before falling into slumber, not giving the officer any chance to ask questions.

Yoongi stares at the sleeping figure. He doesn't get up immediately. Instead, he just sits, ignoring the ache in his lower back as he listens to the sound of Hoseok's even breathing. A part of him is a bit scared that getting up will wake Hoseok up, so he remains still. He figures he can wait around for another hour or so to make sure that his neighbor doesn't have another nightmare.

The officer pulls his phone out and opens the same game that Jungkook had been playing at the station for the past week when he's not talking about his Mr. Adorable. Yoongi taps at the screen, not daring to turn any sound or music on. About half an hour into the game, he hears ruffling noise besides him. He pauses the game and glances to his side to find Hoseok twitching, his features contorted as if to be in pain.

Must be a nightmare, Yoongi thinks. He hovers over the still sleeping figure, not sure what to do. So he does the only thing he can think of, which is to take the other man's hand into his. He's seen Jackson and Hongbin do the same to victims and it seemed to calm them down quite effectively. Hoseok jerks at the touch and then slowly comes to a stop, until his expression is peaceful again. Hoseok's fingers are curled around his hand, and Yoongi tries not to pay too much attention to how cold they feel against his skin.

Yoongi lets Hoseok hold his hand through the night and eventually falls asleep as well.
Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

This chapter somehow ended up being a bit Namjin-centric...hehe

Hoseok opens his eyes and blinks slowly, trying to adjust his vision to the small rays of sunlight peaking through his curtains. He rolls over slowly, remnants of the sweet dream from the previous night putting a hint of a smile on his face. He can't remember the last time he had such a pleasant dream. He was standing by the sea, a soft, unfamiliar piano playing from a distance tickling his ears. The sand was soft beneath his bare feet, the smell of the sea strong yet not overpowering. Someone was sitting next to him. He had no idea who, because in the dream, he couldn't take his eyes off of the waves softly crashing against the shore. Yet, he felt protected. He had felt safe. And now Hoseok can't help but wonder if that's what having his soulmate by his side feels like.

The blissful moment is shattered when he suddenly remembers that he had basically forced Yoongi into watching him fall asleep. Hoseok jerks up from the bed into a sitting position, horrified. Shit, he probably scared Yoongi away for good. Hoseok grimaces and looks around the empty room to locate his phone. He's going to have to at least text the other man an apology if he's going to continue living on the same floor as the officer. God, he had been such a baby, and now he's regretting it.

He finds his phone and is about to start a new text when he sees that he already has one from Yoongi. Hoping that it's nothing along the line of "don't ever call me again," Hoseok opens it with nervous hands and stills at the unexpected messages flashing on the screen.

[Come over when you're awake]

Hoseok checks the sender to make sure it is indeed from his neighbor before quickly putting on a hoodie, haphazardly attempting to fix his messy bed hair and rushing out the apartment. As much as Yoongi has proven himself to be nothing but a kind-hearted, good man, Hoseok can't help but still be a little bit intimidated, and he's not entirely sure what to expect by marching to Yoongi's apartment. But he does it anyway, figuring he might as well apologize in person if not anything else.

He knocks a few times and waits impatiently for the other man to open, and when he does, Hoseok is immediately taken back by the smell of cooking.

"About time," Yoongi grumbles before pushing the door wider to give room for the lanky man to enter. Hoseok throws the man a questioning look and only receives a small huff in response. He enters uncertainly and sits at the dining table when Yoongi motions for him to sit. He then watches carefully as the officer begins hauling bowls and plates from the kitchen to the table, and it's not until a set of spoon and chopsticks are placed before him that Hoseok realizes that he's been invited for breakfast.
"Uhh..." Hoseok begins rather not-so-eloquently, "So uh..."

"Eat," Yoongi grunts out before taking a spoonful of rice into his mouth, leaving his neighbor to stare dumbly.

"I should be the one to make breakfast for you, considering what happened last night," Hoseok manages to let out lamely, lifting his chopsticks up as well.

"No. I can't eat your cooking. It's terrible."

"It's not that bad!"

"It is."

"Well..." Hoseok opens his mouth to make a retort but falters, because Yoongi is a damn much better cook than he is. So he shuts up and begins shoveling food into his mouth, trying to not read too much into why Yoongi's cooking for him. Right now, he's going to have to consider himself lucky that the officer hasn't decided to sever all ties with him and just accept this good turn of fortune.

They eat in relative peace, and while Hoseok would normally need some kind of noise to keep him company when eating, the silence doesn't bother him as much as it should. Halfway through the meal, Hoseok can't help but feel a bit down as his brain continues to tell him that Yoongi's probably cooking for him out of pity. He hadn't meant to pour his life-story out the previous night, and he himself is fully aware of how pity-inducing it is. Goodness, he can't believe he almost talked about his near-abortion too. He's never told that to anyone before.

"I can hear you thinking from here. Stop."

Hoseok looks up in surprise, tearing his eyes away from the bowl of rice in front of him. He hadn't said any of that out loud, had he?

"And no, you didn't say anything out loud," Yoongi continues, as if he can read Hoseok's mind. "You just had that self-deprecating look on your face. The same one you put on every time you talk about your curse."

Hoseok holds his chopsticks midair and stares at the smaller man before him. However, Yoongi only goes back to eating, as if nothing's happened. Hoseok's not sure what to make of it or what's more shocking; the fact that Yoongi is basically a mind-reader or the fact that the man caught onto the lingering sense of self-depreciation he's been harboring since as long as he can remember. A part of him always believed that he was broken. A sort of a damaged good that would not be as fortunate as his father.

Hoseok thought he had done a good job of hiding it. Yet here Yoongi is, stating it as if it's the most obvious thing in the world.

"Now eat. I don't have all day," Yoongi finishes gruffly, motioning towards Hoseok's bowl with his chopsticks. Hoseok nods silently and resumes eating, not trusting his voice at the moment. Once breakfast is finished, Hoseok remains still in his chair, fidgeting nervously as he watches Yoongi wordlessly move plates back into the kitchen (Hoseok offered to help but was ignored).

"Where do you work?" Yoongi asks returning to the dining area. Hoseok blinks owlishly at the question before answering slowly. The cop has never made an effort to know much about his personal life, other than when it came to the curse.
"Um...like...10 minutes walk from here...why?"

"I'll pick you up starting tomorrow."

"...What?" Hoseok croaks out stupidly once the words register. Is Yoongi volunteering to walk him back home everyday? But that doesn't make any sense.

"It's better than carrying around a pepperspray hoping that it works every time."

"If this is about what I said-"

"Text me the address later."

"Wait, Yoongi-"

"What, you don't want me around?"

"I'm not saying that-"

"It's settled then."

Needless to say, Hoseok's never been so confused in his life.

"What's wrong, big guy?" Namjoon asks gently as he walks towards his son, who is sitting in the corner, staring at the wall in front of him. The last time he's seen that was when he lost his favorite toy on an overnight trip a couple years back, and it had taken Namjoon taking the boy shopping to three different stores find something that would make up for the loss.

"I'm sad," Taehyung answers, his voice efficiently relaying the particular sentiment. Namjoon sits on the floor besides his son, bumping his forehead against the wall in front of him during the process.

"Why are you sad?"

"'Cause you won't marry Mr. Kim," Taehyung says quietly, scooting closer to the wall with a petulant pout on his little face. Namjoon sighs, having somewhat expected this. His son had been sulking ever since coming back from his teacher's apartment, and the officer is not sure how to deal with the situation. Clearly, the principles of sexuality were of zero importance to his son, as he was hell-bent on making sure his father is married to his teacher.

"Well, kiddo, people are only supposed to get married when they are in love with each other."

"You don't like Mr. Kim?"

"I like him, but not in that way."

"What do you mean?"
"Umm...I like Mr. Kim, like I like....pizza."

"But you love pizza. I love pizza," Taehyung replies with a small frown, as if daring his father to continue to argue against his point. Namjoon lets out a sigh.

"Yes, but you wouldn't marry pizza."

"I would if pizza is a person."

"...." Namjoon's not gonna lie. He probably would too.

"So can you marry Mr. Kim?"

"Tae...why do you want me to marry Mr. Kim so badly?" Namjoon asks, feeling tired all of a sudden.

"Because he's nice. And he makes you happy."

"Makes me happy? What do you mean?"

"You smile a lot when you see him. And you trust him with me. You never let me go to anyone else's home."

Namjoon has nothing to say to that, because it's true. He can't remember ever letting Taehyung be babysat anywhere outside their home ever since his divorce. He's not going to lie. He's gotten a bit more protective when he parted ways with his ex-wife, mostly because he was afraid of Taehyung going astray from growing up without his mother around.

"Can we invite Mr. Kim?" Taehyung asks, finally looking up at his father, his eyes wide and almost teary, and Namjoon knows that he's going to end up saying yes. His son is really sending him on a guilt trip here.

"Tae, you know we can't invite him every weekend right?"

Taehyung nods, jutting his lower lip out further.

"Just for today, we invite Mr.Kim over, alright? Now what do you have to do when a guest comes over?"

"Clean my room!" Taehyung squeals and runs towards out the living room towards his own room. Namjoon lets out a withering sigh before pulling his phone out. So far, Seokjin had been nothing but kind and generous when it came to him and his son, and he's a bit scared that he might ruin this by imposing so often. But he has to do it for Tae. He just hopes that Tae's heart isn't broken when Mr. Kim decides he's had it with his family.

[Well hello officer. Calling back so early? Miss me already?] Seokjin answers rather chirpily, a hint of laughter in his voice.

"I-what-"

[I've told you this already, but you really make it too easy to me. What can I help you with?]"Before I ask, you have to promise me to say no if you're busy or tired or-"

[Is that how you normally start an invitation?]
"How did you-" Namjoon sputters, quite flabbergasted.

[It's kinda obvious. Well?]

"Well what?"

[Aren't you going to invite me formally?] Seokjin's voice is light again, and there is a small giggle at the end of the sentence. Namjoon can clearly picture the way Seokjin crinkles his nose when he does it.

"I....of course. Um, would you like to come over?" Namjoon asks rather nervously.

[I'll be there in a bit] the teacher answers easily, and Namjoon hands up after a quick "OK. Thanks."

"Is Mr. Kim coming?" Taehyung asks, running out of his room towards his father. Namjoon quickly scolds his young son for running around the house before answering "yes, are you finished cleaning?" Taehyung nods eagerly and even drags Namjoon into his room to show him just how clean it is. Namjoon sighs, staring at the pile of clothes and toys Taehyung had managed to simply push off to one corner and decides against making a comment on it. His son's way too excited to listen to him anyway.

"Tae, stop running!" Namjoon yells again when his son starts darting out the room, waving his hands around in the air and making strange sounds. "If you don't behave, no Mr. Kim!" That seems to effectively calm the boy down, because Taehyung slows down and begins whisper screaming into his own hands instead.

"Ah shit," Namjoon mutters quietly under his breath, suddenly realizing that he's going to have to play host and cook up something. The only problem being that one, he has nothing but ready-made meals and some eggs and rice, and two, he doesn't know how to cook anyway. He would order pizza, but it seems like such a rude thing to do considering it's the first time Seokjin's coming over. Ah shit, what is he going to do?

Namjoon pulls his phone out and starts browsing through recipes, ignoring anything that requires a long cooking time or those which require any culinary techniques other than "put all the shit in the pan, let fire do the work, and hope that you're not stupid enough to let it all burn." Namjoon scrolls through the pages furiously, even debating calling Yoongi up to ask for help. However, through the mess, he completely overlooks the fact that Seokjin doesn't even live that far away from where he is, and halfway through reading a somewhat promising recipe, the doorbell rings. Shit, shit, shit! He hears his son bolting towards the door, followed by the sound of the door opening and his son's high-pitched dolphin-like scream that rings through the house. Rolling his head, Namjoon rushes to greet Seokjin as well and smiles sheepishly when he finds Taehyung clung to his homeroom teacher like a baby koala.

"Tae, let Mr. Kim go," Namjoon says with a sigh, physically peeling his son off of the broad-shouldered man. Seokjin only laughs, lulling his head back as he watches Taehyung pout. "Hey, thank you for coming. I think my own son likes you more than me."

"Well, I can be quite charming," Seokjin replies with a playful grin as he walks into the living room. "Nice place you got here," the teacher continues, looking around the apartment. It's slightly bigger than his, with Taehyung's pictures and crafts hung all around the walls. He can easily tell
how much Namjoon loves his son, and he finds it sort of sweet.

"I know this is going to sound stupid, considering we've invited you but...I sort of don't have anything to eat around the house. I'm sorry. Should we...order something?"

"Nonsense! Why don't we all go shopping for ingredients, come back and cooking something together? How does that sound, Tae?" Seokjing cooes, picking Taehyung off the ground again, much to the excitement of the small boy. Tae squeals a long, drawn-out "yes!" before wrapping his arms around the man and basically smashing his face against the teacher's.

"Can we go dad? Can we?" Taehyung asks excitedly, kicking his feet around and making Seokjin wobble as well.

"Only if you promise to behave. No kicking like that."

"Okay!"

"Are you sure about this?" Namjoon asks worriedly, biting his lower lip. It feels like he's always burdening the other man every time they meet, and he hates it.

"Why not? I think it'll be fun. Right, Tae?"

"Yeah!"

So the three get ready to leave the apartment, which consists of Namjoon struggling to dress his hyperactive son. The drive is short, and Namjoon can't help but smile as he listens to his son and Seokjin talking animatedly among themselves. Seokjin sounds genuinely interested in what Taehyung has to say, and the notion sends a ticklish sensation through his heart.

Fortunately the place isn't too crowded, which means Namjoon has less chance of losing his son. Given the option, he would put a child leash on his son (for safety reasons), but he also doesn't want his face plastered all over the Korean web. So he settles for holding the boy's hand tightly in his as the three of them meander through the aisles.

Seokjin seems to be an expert when it comes to shopping for ingredients. He's quick to pick out the freshest vegetables and to calculate which options are better deals. Namjoon listens and nods a bit stupidly everytime Seokjin begins talking about the different between two brands (he doesn't understand half the things coming out of the other man's mouth), while Taehyung tries to put everything in the cart.

"Dad, dad! Can we buy cookies? Please?" Taehyung pleads, jumping up and down.

"Fine. But only after we're done picking everything else."

"Okay!"

"I think this is it for the day," Seokjin muses, looking through the small pile that had gathered inside the metal cart. "Shall we go look at snacks, Tae?"

Taehyung nods eagerly and begins dragging Namjoon to the appropriate aisle. Namjoon then watches as his son and the teach stand side by side, observing each packet with utmost concentration before discussing which is the best choice. Sometimes the two would argue against each other on which flavor is better, and at times, they would compliment each other's taste, and Namjoon remains glued to where he's standing, the ticklish sensation back in his body. He subconsciously scratches his chest in a lame attempt to make the feeling go away, but it only grows
stronger as his eyes take in the way Taehyung is smiling so widely at the man in front of him.

"I think we're ready to go home!" Seokjin announces as Taehyung claps besides him. Namjoon only then realizes that he's been holding his breath. The teacher is watching him curiously, his head tilted slightly to the side. The officer shakes his head and then puts his hands on the cart.

When the return home, Seokjin easily persuades Taehyung to go wash his hands before helping him with dinner. Namjoon stands around awkwardly, asking if there is anything he can help with, so the teacher laughs and hands him an onion to chop. The officer knows that nothing good can come from him using a knife but obliges, because he's not in any position to be picky considering the circumstances. So he takes a spare cutting board Seokjin isn't using and tries to saw the onion in half, drawing curious look from his son, who is mixing eggs as if his life depends on it.

"Dad, I don't think-"

"Shh."

Namjoon quickly shushes his son before pressing the blade harder into the onion. Nevermind the stinging eyes, shit, since when were onions so damn hard?

"What in the he-ck are you doing!?!" Seokjin shouts from behind the cop, and Namjoon jerks, almost cutting a finger off in the process. "You're going to hurt yourself if you saw like that!"

"You scared the shi-vers out of me."

"Shivers? Nice save, officer."

Namjoon rolls his eyes as Seokjin chuckles and gently pushes him off to the side.

"It's much easier when you apply pressure here, this way," Seokjin explains as Namjoon watches and nods his head seriously. "Now, you try cutting the rest."

Namjoon takes the blade and is stopped as soon as the knife touches the onion.

"No, no! Not like that! The flat surface goes on the bottom. Like this," Seokjin turns the onion over and Namjoon blushes slightly at his own stupidity. He's usually not this bad, but damn, he's really messing up today. "Here, let me help you," the teacher continues, standing behind the officer and snaking his arms around so that his hands are on the officer's. Namjoon swallows hard as Seokjin guides his hands to help him chop the onion into small pieces. He's a fairly big man himself, but Seokjin has no trouble basically enveloping him, and the sensation is strangely both unsettling and comforting.

"See? All done. Now you try the other half," Seokjin says with a smile before telling Taehyung to make sure Namjoon doesn't mess up.

"See, Mr. Kim? We need you," Taehyung says, looking up at his teacher in awe, his eyes practically twinkling under the lighting in the kitchen. Seokjin laughs and pinches the boy's nose before returning to making the sauce. Namjoon only blushes deeper and continues to cut up the onion, suddenly feeling cold as the warmth of Seokjin's body leaves him.

"I'm done Mr. Kim!" Taehyung announces proudly, showing off his bowl of nicely mixed eggs to Seokjin. The teacher claps and cooes before taking the bowl, thanking Taehyung for his hard work, which has the boy jumping up and down excitedly.

"Now Tae, can you help me set the table?"
"Okay!"

"You're really good at this," Namjoon mumbles once Taehyung is busy putting spoons and chopsticks on the dining table.

"Comes from years of working with kids, I suppose."

"You'll make a great dad."

"I doubt I ever will be one though," Seokjin replies rather sadly, his hands stopping for a split second before stirring in the garlic.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, for one thing, I'm never going to be married, so I wouldn't be able to adopt a kid even if I wanted to."

Namjoon purses his lips, not knowing what to say to that. Sometimes he forgets that Seokjin's gay and that things are simply not the same for him.

"Do you...want kids?"

"I love kids. Well, at least I got to be an elementary school teacher, right?"

Namjoon doesn't like the sad smile on the other man's face and hates that there's no word of consolation he can offer. Seokjin is a wonderful man, that much he's certain of. Taehyung, while young, had always been quite observant of the people around him. It's as if he instinctively knew who was good and who was bad and acted on it. It got him into trouble with some of the other kids and teachers at his school, but there was nothing Namjoon could do to stop his son from behaving that way. Then Seokjin comes along, and the officer has never seen his son be so open and happy around a person. Not even around Jungkook.

"Alright!" Seokjin says with a clap, his expression quickly changing to his usual hint of a smile. "We let this simmer for a bit longer and we're done!"

The dinner goes by smoothly. Taehyung is a messy eater, but Seokjin is quick to wipe the sauce and food off of the boy's face every chance he gets. Namjoon watches in awe. He can't help but wonder if his ex-wife would have ever treated Taehyung like this if they never separated. Would she have been a loving mother? Would she have made their son laugh like that?

"Officer?"

"...Huh?" Namjoon jerks, Seokjin's worried voice snapping him out of his reverie.

"Are you alright? You sort of froze..."

"Yeah dad."

"Sorry. Just thinking about police business."

Seokjin throws him a quick look of disbelief before nodding and urging Taehyung to eat some vegetables too. Taehyung, who would normally physically run away from vegetables, nods like a good boy and takes a piece of spinach into his mouth.
After dinner, Taehyung eagerly drags his teacher into his room to show off his toys, and Namjoon tags along to make sure that Taehyung doesn't say anything embarrassing again. He sits on the bed, listening to Taehyung talking about each of his toy, explaining who gave it to him, when he got it and why it's special. If Seokjin is bored by it, he doesn't show it. In fact, he goes into a deep conversation about which of the two robot toys would win if the two ever fought, and Seokjin brings up a solid argument about aerodynamics and agility to drive his point across that the toy he's holding would win.

Namjoon scratches at his chest again. The ticklish sensation is back as he watches the back of his son and the teacher from where he's sitting. Taehyung looks so tiny sitting next to the other man's broad shoulders. Usually, it would be just Taehyung sitting there by himself, rummaging through his box of toys while Namjoon's in his office looking through files. But right now, Seokjin is right besides him. Smiling. Talking. Laughing....

"Officer?"

Namjoon snaps his eyes open and jerks up awkwardly. He looks around frantically and only calms down when he sees that he's in his son's room, with the said son sleeping besides him.

"What...what just..?" The officer stammers, turning to look at Seokjin, who's watching him with a hint of mild amusement etched onto his handsome features.

"You fell asleep. Sorry Tae and I had cookies without you. We figured you were really tired and needed some shut eye."

"Oh shit...I fell asleep...what time is it?"

"Only...9 something. Taehyung must've been really excited today. He was out like a log as soon as it turned 9."

"I'm so sorry. Shit...I didn't mean to fall asleep like that..." Namjoon mutters and buries his face in his hands. How had he even fallen asleep in the first place? He's never just fallen asleep like that, let alone in the presence of anyone other than his son. Not even his ex-wife.

"Understandable. Tae's told me that you've been working a lot. I was going to just leave but...you were sleeping sitting down and I figure you'd regret it in the morning."

"Oh..."

"Are you alright? You seem to be in a quite a...contemplative mood today," Seokjin ventures carefully, sitting down besides the officer. "Look, you don't have to tell me anything, but I just want you to know that you can, if you think it'll help."

"Do you...do you mind grabbing a drink out in the living room?" Namjoon blurts out and then immediately purses his lips when he realizes what words came out of his mouth in his still hazy state of mind. Seokjin looks to be thoughtful before smiling and nodding yes. Namjoon tucks his son in properly before turning the lights off and making his way towards the living room.

"Wow. Whiskey?" Seokjin muses, watching the officer taking a bottle out of one of the cabinets.

"Got it as a gift last year. Never had a chance to open it."

"Ooh, I feel a bit special now," Seokjin teases, taking a seat on the couch. Namjoon pours a glass each, ice not forgotten. The teacher takes a slow swig and lets out an appreciative moan. "I haven't had whiskey in such a long time. This is good."
"You like to drink?"

"Mmm, depends. I think only about a couple times a month. What about you?"

"Don't get much time to drink...and I don't like drinking out of the apartment."

"That's fair. Well, ever since you saved me from being roofied, I've stayed away from drinking outside too."

"Right," Namjoon replies, suddenly remembering the incident. That was quite an experience. Especially when Seokjin thought they had drunk sex in the same living room they're in right now.

"Oh God, remember how I thought we had sex? That was crazy," Seokjin comments, giggling into his glass. "You know what's funny though?"

"What."

"A part of me actually though, damn, at least I had drunk sex with a hot guy, and trust me, that never happens," the teacher continues, slapping his own thighs while laughing. Namjoon, despite the embarrassment, also cracks up laughing. Perhaps it's the alcohol already circulating in his system. Perhaps it's the fact that Namjoon's gotten comfortable with the other man, but he's glad that he can laugh about it.

"Have you...you know?" Namjoon asks instead before taking another swig of his whiskey. He doesn't want to pry, but two guys can talk about these things, right?

"Yeah. Once. To be honest, that ruined one-night stand for me so badly that I've never done it again."

"Oh. Why, what happened?"

"Well, actually, I'm not even sure if that counts, 'cause...we were going at it and then being drunk as hell, I threw up all over the floor and then he rolled off all grossed out and ended up falling off the bed and breaking a finger. It was a huge mess."

"That's...unusual."

"Ugh I know. That was like...a year ago too."

"A whole year?"

"Crazy, right? And then I woke up naked with you around, so imagine my shock. Probably wouldn't have freaked out so much if you weren't Tae's father but, you know how things are."

"You really think I'm...attractive?"

"Of course. But don't worry, I have zero intention of making a move and making you uncomfortable. I don't go for straight guys. Not that masochistic," Seokjin says with a grin. "I know I say things to you sometimes, but I swear it's for fun. You're just so fun to tease, you know? Tell me if I'm overstepping my boundaries."

"No, I don't mind...But um...have you always been into men?"

"Pretty much. I think I found out early on. Not gonna lie, wasn't easy, but I'm OK now. But enough
about me. You sir, need to stop bottling things up. What's gotten you so contemplative?"

"It's nothing."

"Would if help if I tell you I won't remember this conversation because I'm too drunk?"

"But you're not."

"I know, but sometimes a little lie does more good than harm."

"Well...watching you and Tae today...I kept thinking if she would've cared for Tae as much as...you did," Namjoon admits almost shyly. Normally, he'd never share something so private, but his brain is too hazy with alcohol to stop him.

"Your ex-wife?"

"Yeah. I leave Tae alone too much. I have so much work and...I would quit, but I need to make money, you know?"

"Yeah..." Seokjin says and then scoots closer to Namjoon on the couch. "Do you mind telling me about her?"

"...We met while I was still in police academy. She was a lot different from me. She was always the center of attention. She was straight-forward. Laughed a lot. Confident...we fell in love too quickly, and only a few months later, we were married...then we drifted apart because of work, and one day she told me she found the love of her life."

"You don't blame yourself for that, do you?"

"...Sometimes. I feel like I should've paid more attention to her. Should've worked harder to keep the family together."

"She cheated, not you. You can't blame yourself for something like that."

"...Maybe you're right..."

"And like I said. You'll find someone. You're a good-looking, heterosexual man with a stable job. What are you worried about?" Seokjin says playfully in his attempt to lighten up the mood. "You know what? I think I have the right person for you. There is this teacher. She's cute and really nice. I should totally set you two up!"

"I don't-"

"Oh come, will you at least grab dinner with her or something? I'll even look after Tae while you're out."

"Ummm..."

"Trust me. I think you two will be great together."

Namjoon, despite the unsettling feeling in his stomach, nods his head yes, because Seokjin looks too excited...and he just can't say no to the way the man's smiling so brightly.
"We should go dancing."

Jimin looks up from his bowl of noodles at Jungkook, who's already finished and decided to spend the last five minutes just staring at the other man instead.

"Dancing?" Jimin asks with a small furrow of his brows. Well, that was random.

"Yeah. You said you like dancing. I like dancing. We should go dancing together. It's Saturday night, we should live a little," the officer explains, leaning forward towards the smaller man.

"What do you have in mind?"

"We should go clubbing."

"...Are you being serious?" Jimin asks and finishes the last of his noodles. He's been clubbing before. A few times when he first entered college, because it was all part of the "college experience." He loved dancing, but he wasn't a big fan of being hit on by women and being expected to hit on women.

"Yup."

Jimin thinks about it for a minute. While he may not have enjoyed his previous clubbing experiences, he's a bit curious to know what kind of a dancer the officer must be. Plus, the idea of them dancing and grinding against each other is...well, he can't really complain about that now can he?

"Alright. We go, but we're going to a gay club."

"A gay club? There's a gay club in Korea?" Jungkook asks curiously, leaning back against the chair he's sitting in. His clubbing experience included getting shitfaced with the rest of the officers from the station, dancing on all flat surfaces available and watching Sungjae work his magic with the ladies, and now he's dying to know what kind of a dancer Jimin must be.

"Of course there is. Well, there is this place called Bulletproof. It's technically a gay bar, but it functions as a club on weekends," Jimin explains, reiterating information he read up on a blog months back when he came very close to visiting a gay bar in hopes of getting himself a guy. He was drunk and lonely and wasn't thinking straight. Lucky for him, he ended up falling asleep in front of his laptop instead of actually taking the time to visit the place.

So they decide to go back to their respective apartments to get ready so they can meet again in a couple of hours. Jungkook opens his closet with a triumphant smile and pulls out his favorite pair of tight black jeans. Yes, nothing accentuates his thighs like these babies, and he's so glad that he saved them until now. This is it. They are going to go dancing, and Jungkook's going to show off all the right body rolls and hip thrusts. It's going to be hot. It's going to be sexy. *Fuck yeah.*

Jungkook takes a quick shower, puts on the pair of black jeans and a simple white shirt before spritzing one of his fancier colognes and styling his hair to give it just the hint of wildness that says "you can wake up to this in the morning if you want." He's so ready for this. Jimin's not going to be able to resist him.
Jungkook goes straight to Jimin's apartment and knocks. He's a bit too excited to show off his new sexed-up look and to see the look on Jimin's face. He has a number of scenarios in his head regarding how this is all going to pan out. Perhaps Jimin will stare in shock once he realizes how incredibly sexy his boyfriend is. Jimin might even jump him on the spot. No, but that's not good, because Jungkook hadn't quite studied up on gay sex (he only knows the porn-version of things, and Sungjae's taught him porn is not a guideline for actual sex). If he's hoping to get that far with Jimin, he's going to make sure it's damn perfect. God, he's getting sidetracked again. So, Jimin.

Jimin's going to be speechless when he sees him. Jimin won't be able to keep his hands off of him-

He hears footsteps, followed by the door swinging open, and the smug look on his face is immediately wiped away when his eyes take in the smaller man standing in front of him.

Jimin's dressed in a simple white tee and a pair of black jeans. But his face. God, his face. Jimin is wearing a hint of eyeliner and shadow, a mixture of black and wine color hues accentuating his usually innocent, adorable eyes. Jimin's lips are set in his usual pout, but they seem redder than usual, and definitely much more inviting. His hair is styled in a way that reveals bits of his forehead, and Jungkook has to physically remind his own lungs to take in air.

Jimin looks mind-blowingly sexy, and Jungkook can't help but think he dug his own grave with this one.
Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

I managed to update more quickly! :D
It's all thanks to you lovely people who's shown me so much love and support!

And let's face it. This fic has no longer become a jikook fic. It's a Jikook-Yoonseok-Namjin fic. I couldn't help myself. ehheheh

The bar is packed. There are gay men everywhere, and Jungkook wonders if it's the entire gay population of Seoul present in this sizable establishment. Bulletproof is located in Itaewon, and while the exterior of the building may seem a bit old, the interior is just the opposite. The business plays on the idea of minimalism without coming off as dull, and Jungkook appreciates its contrast to the busy crowd of people inside.

The second thing the officer notices is how incredibly attractive all the staff members are. The two bartenders working their magic are insanely handsome in the classic sense of the word, one with boyish charm and the other with pouty lips that probably draws a lot of both wanted and unwanted attention. Jungkook may be taken, but he can still appreciate beauty, and damn, the owner of this place really took his time picking his employees.

The DJ, who strangely looks a bit like his partner but with eye-catching pink hair, is doing his job quite well, and Jungkook can barely keep himself still as the heavy bass hits him hard. Jungkook glances at the smaller man besides him and see that Jimin looks both intimidated and excited by the sea of people, loud music and the lights that are clearly meant to put people in a sensual mood. There are people already dancing in the center of the building, grinding up against one another not-so-innocently.

Jungkook doesn't miss the way some of the other men eyeing Jimin like he's a fresh piece of meat, and his protective (possessive) side starts boiling in anger. He probably should've thought about this before agreeing to go to a gay bar. Of course people are going to want Jimin too. Jimin looks damn gorgeous from head to toe, so he doesn't blame the others, but that doesn't mean he has to like it.

The officer fixes a hard, warning glare at a man who's making zero efforts to conceal his thirst for Jimin. The man swallows visibly at the threatening look and scurries off into the sea of people, away from the menacing cop. Jungkook snorts victoriously as he wraps a protective arm around the smaller man and lifts his chin up high, effectively relaying the message of "this one's mine, bitches." Some of the men look away with a disgruntled groan, while others look to be fascinated by the challenge. Jimin looks up curiously at the officer when he feels the strong arm around him and blushed slightly at the proximity.

"Should we get a drink first?" Jimin suggests, pointing at the bartenders.
"Sounds good," Jungkook replies with a nod and heads towards the bar. He figures they are going to need some alcohol in their system if dancing is ever going to happen, and he really needs the dancing to happen. He can't miss this opportunity to grind up against the smaller man and show off what kind of a dancer he is. He's the best dancer in the station (Jackson claims otherwise, but he can fuck off), and Jimin needs to see it.

"What can I get you boys?" the tall, pouty and handsome bartender asks as he watches the two men approaching the bar counter.

"Anything you want?" Jungkook asks Jimin, who thinks for a second before answering "tequila, I guess? I've never had it."

"Sounds good. Two shots of tequila please," Jungkook requests, putting two fingers up. The bartender nods and swiftly pulls two shot glasses out before pouring tequila into it. He brings up some salt and two lime slices as well, placing them on the counter with a friendly smile.

"Feel free to lick the salt off each other," the bartender says with a wink, and Jimin blushing before taking the shot glass into his hand. As much as Jungkook wants to lick his salt off of Jimin's neck, he decides against asking it, because he doesn't want to risk fucking anything up. They do their shot, and Jimin makes a face at the strong taste.

"Ohh, so this is what tequila tastes like," the smaller man comments and exhales slowly. "Wow, that's strong."

"You want something sweet?" Jungkook asks, getting ready to order a cocktail or something for the man.

"No, I think I'm good. Oooh, I should probably take it slowly," Jimin answers with a smile that makes his eyes disappear into crescents (Jungkook's favorite). "Hi, can I get a glass of water?" he asks, turning to the bartender again. The bartender nods and hands him a glass, complete with a pink straw.

Just then, another man starts oggling Jimin quite blatantly, his eyes doing a slow and deliberate scan of Jimin's ass. OK, so Jungkook gets it. Jimin has an ass that's a solid 10 and then some, and it almost wouldn't make sense for anyone to not appreciate it. But again, that doesn't mean he has to be happy about it. Jungkook literally bares his teeth at the man, daring him to fight him. The man reels back in shock at the feral expression and then rushes off.

"Let me guess, first time at a gay bar?" The other bartender asks, drawing Jungkook's attention. The officer looks at the handsome man and then nods, glancing again at Jimin to make sure that no one is daring to make a move on his boyfriend.

"Most of them just like to get a peek. Trust me, no one's crazy enough to go for someone taken...unless it's past 2, when everyone's drunk," the man explains, shooting the poor cop a sympathetic look.

"Yeah?"

"And if anyone starts trouble, our bouncer will take care of it. You should probably try to enjoy yourself more and dance with him."

Jungkook nods again and swallows visibly. Alright, so this is it. This is where he's going to have to ask Jimin to dance with him. Is he ready for this? His body is so ready for this, but for some reason, his brain isn't. He settles for watching Jimin laughing at something the pouty bartender's
said before finally putting a hand on Jimin's lower back.

Jimin turns to look at him, a hint of mirth still on his face.

"Let's dance," Jungkook says with what he hopes is a sultry smile. Jimin replies back with a smile, and the two are finally making their way towards the dancefloor, which is already quite occupied. A few people eye them curiously, anxious to see what the hot couple has to offer. While Jungkook may have been too focused on all the eyes on his boyfriend to see it, Jimin himself has been slightly bothered by all the blatant stares thrown at the officer. Especially the twinks. They definitely are fantasizing about getting fucked long and hard into the mattress by the bigger man, and Jimin doesn't know what to make of it.

It starts off slowly. Jungkook and Jimin are standing in front of each other, a few inches of space diving them. Jungkook begins to move to the beat, letting his hips do the talking as he lets the music take control of his body. Kudos to the DJ for his sensual playlist. He can vaguely make out the people around them watching him in fascination, but his eyes are glued onto the way Jimin is watching him.

Jimin bites his lower lip shyly as he watches the officer dance and then begins moving as well. The song changes into something slightly slower and significantly sexier. The beat is mesmerizing, and Jimin begins to let go of his inhibitions as alcohol slowly takes over. He sways his hips to the song, his pouty lips parted slightly as he gazes at the officer in front of him. He then places tentative hands on the officer's hips and pulls the bigger man towards him, closing the space between them. Jungkook lets out a small gasp at the contact but quickly recovers, pressing his forehead against the other man's as they move to the music in sync.

Jimin is sensual in the way he dances. Nothing is hard-edged or strong about the way he moves, but every one of his movements are powerful in a way that makes Jungkook's breath hitch. Jimin finally looks up into his eyes, the eyeshadow slightly smudged by the heat and sweat of the bar, and Jungkook licks his lips hungrily at the sight of it all. Jimin's eyes are both begging and commanding, with a hint of danger that makes Jungkook want to play with fire.

Jungkook lets out a growl before grinding against Jimin, using his strong arms to pull the man closer towards him. Jimin gasps audibly, arching his back slightly at the friction. Jimin now has a hand at the back of Jungkook's neck, his fingers slowly creeping up to clutch at the man's hair. Jimin's always known that the officer was insanely hot, but the way he moved was promising him things he wasn't sure if he could ever handle. Jungkook was all about controlled power, and Jimin can't help but wonder what it'd be like to see the man lose control.

Jimin knew his breathing was getting faster. Perhaps it was from the dancing. Maybe it's the lack of oxygen in the packed bar. But a part of him knows that it's because of the way Jungkook is looking at him. The way Jungkook's body is creating such a delicious friction against his own. He will later blame it on the alcohol, but he stops fighting the urge and just pulls the other man by the neck. He crashes his lips hungrily against the other man's and isn't even ashamed by the small moan that leaves his mouth.

Jungkook seems hesitant at first, but Jimin tightens his grip on the other man's hair, urging him to just kiss back already. Jungkook quickly comes to his senses and hungrily kisses back, his grip on the smaller man's hips becoming even more possessive. Jimin moans again at the tight grip. It's going to bruise, but he doesn't care, because his chest feels as if it's going to explode.

"Fuck," Jungkook breathes out as soon as Jimin's lips leave his. The kiss had been more intense than anything he's experienced or imagined. It left him with a feral kind of hunger that he knows can only be satiated by the man in front of him. Jimin's eyes are hooded, his lips swollen from the
kiss, and Jungkook grits his teeth to regain some semblance of control over his hormones. He can't lose control. Not now. Not here.

All this time, Jungkook had been quite sure that a knife or a gun would end his life while on duty, but he's starting to see that he's been wrong all along.

Jimin is going to be the death of him. And he doesn't even mind one bit.

"Is Jeon fucking high?" Jackson asks with a scowl as he walks by Jungkook's desk. Officer Jeon is staring at the ceiling with his mouth open, his eyes unfocused. Yoongi throws his partner a quickly glance before sighing and returning to his report. Jungkook had been a completely useless heap of incoherent mess since entering the office this morning, and judging from the way he keeps touching his lips once in a while, Yoongi has a vague idea regarding what may have gone down the previous weekend.

"You know he's been doing that a lot more since dating that cashier," Hongbin answers, taking another picture to add to his collection. Hopefully he will have enough by the end of the year to make a giant collage they can hang up in the station. Nothing to get them in the festive mood like the many dumb faces of Jeon Jungkook.

"He's freaking me out, man," Jackson says, making a face.

"Personally, I prefer him like that than not shutting the fuck up about his Mr. Adorable."

"Amen to that. Hey Min, how was your weekend? Go on a date with your boyfriend?" Jackson asks, finally turning his attention to the smaller cop. The rest of the station are not entirely convinced that Min Yoongi is capable of being in a relationship, but this doesn't stop them from making fun of him. A chance to tease Yoongi comes once in a blue moon, and no one is silly enough to let the opportunity fly by.

"I don't have a boyfriend, dumbass," Yoongi counters, his eyes still fixed on the paper in front of him.

"So what did you guys do? Hey, are you top or bottom?"

"I'm not gay, you fuckwit."

"That's actually a really difficult question," Sungjae muses, popping out of nowhere. "Yoongi may be tough, but I get the feeling he likes to be dominated in bed," he continues thoughtfully, studying Yoongi's face.

"Oh shit, I think I know what you mean!" Jackson practically shouts out excitedly, slapping Hongbin's arm repeatedly until the other officer pushes him off his chair.

"Oh come on guys, Yoongi would never bottom," Hongbin counters with a huff, leaning against his chair. "He probably has whips and chains in his bedroom."

"Fuck you guys," Yoongi hisses out, just as Namjoon walks out of his office. The captain quirks an
eyebrow but doesn't comment on it, knowing that the rest of the station probably deserved that bit of insult.

"Min, are you almost done with the report?" the captain asks instead, walking towards the rest of the team.

"Yeah, I'm just finishing up."

"Good."

"Hey cap, you going somewhere after work today?" Sungjae asks, noticing how Namjoon's been rushing them to finish their reports quickly. The captain's only done that when Taehyung needs to be picked up, and while Sungjae would normally brush it off, he can sense something's different about the other man. He looks to be much more on edge. And that rarely happens during work hours for the captain.

"No."

"Is Tae in Trouble?" Sungjae tries, studying the captain's face carefully.

"No."

"Do you have a date?"

"No."

"Oh shit, you have a date today!" Sungjae says perking up, picking up on the subtle twitch in the corner of captain's mouth. Namjoon may be a good cop, but he's a terrible liar around the station (and it helps that Sungjae is basically a human lie detector). The rest of the officers all let out a collective "oooh" at the piece of information, and it's enough to even jerk Jungkook out of his reverie.

"Captain is finally going on a date?" Jungkook asks loudly, his eyes wide.

"No," Namjoon tries again lamely but is promptly ignored as as Hongbin and Jackson make exaggerated baby noises in celebration of the event. They had all been anticipating this moment. The man really needs some love in his life.

"Congrats, cap!" Jackson yells out loud, clapping the other man on the shoulder. "Finally, our captain got himself a date! Guys, mark the station calendar!"

Hongbin puts both thumbs up before drawing a small heart around the date with a red marker.

Namjoon wordlessly retreats to his office, figuring the longer he stays, the worse things are going to get. He closes the door behind him and lets out a sigh. Jin had been quite adamant about setting up this blind date and planned a dinner for the two of them, even going as far as taking Taehyung home with him so that Namjoon can "enjoy" his date in peace. At first, Seokjin wanted to make it a Friday or Saturday dinner thing, but Namjoon argued against it, saying that weekend dinner seems a bit much.

Namjoon should be happy. He really should be, considering how wonderful his date sounds. The teacher even sent him a photo of her, and Namjoon would be lying if he said she's "meh," because she's quite pretty. She's what most guys would go for. Flawless skin, big, expressive eyes, dainty nose and a set of cute, red lips. He should be excited about the date, so why does it feel like a weight has been added to his chest instead?
He chalks it up to pre-date jitters, because it's been so damn long since he's been on an actual date. Yeah, that must it. It has nothing to do with the fact that he'd rather join Seokjin and Tae for a nice homecooked meal. He should stop being lazy if he's ever hoping to find the right person for Tae.

When the clock hits 6, Namjoon is out of his office, already dressed out of his uniform. He's dressed simply. He's not looking to make a statement or to seduce a girl. The captain ignores all the "go get her cap!" and "good luck!"s thrown his way, choosing to just leave the building as quickly as possible.

"I can't believe it. It's like everyone dating, except me," Jackson whines as soon as the captain's out the door. Yoongi throws the man a dirty look before finishing up getting ready to leave as well. He's due to pick Hoseok up and the man must be waiting. "We should all go grab a drink," Jackson suggests, eliciting a nod from everyone except Yoongi.

"Min, you need to be somewhere?"

"Yeah. I'll see you guys tomorrow," Yoongi answers gruffly before exiting the building just as swiftly as Namjoon had done.

"Well that wasn't suspicious at all," Sungjae says with an amused grin. "Where do you think he's headed?"

"We need to follow him," Jungkook says with a determined look in his eyes. As much as he's dying to see Jimin, he can tell some juicy piece of gossip is waiting for him at the end of the rainbow that is Yoongi's sudden departure. If there is any chance of him picking some dirt on his partner, he's definitely going for it.

"Oh shit, you think he's going on a date with his boyfriend?" Hongbin asks in a hushed voice which is completely pointless, considering it's just the four of them left in the station.

"He must be!" Jackson whisper screams back, suddenly looking a lot more excited. "Fuck beer. Let's stalk Yoongi."

"Guys come on, give the guy some privacy," Sungjae chides as he puts away his report.

"Are you coming or not, Yook?"

"Of course I'm going," Sungjae answers with a smirk. He's known Yoongi enough to know that the smaller officer's stayed asexual during his time as a cop, and he's dying to see who's managed to capture the heart of Min Yoongi. Plus, he can't deny himself any potential material for teasing the other officer.

The four of them rush out the building, managing to catch a glimpse of the small officer before he turns a corner. They all begin running simultaneously after the man and does a silent high five when they see their target walking off along the sea of people. This is going to make it easier for them to just blend right in.

Yoongi would pull his phone out every once in a while and type a message for someone before putting it back into his pocket. "Must be his man," Jackson muses, and everyone else nods in agreement. They walk for perhaps a little over 15 minutes when they see Yoongi approaching a man Jungkook immediately recognizes as the neighbor.

"That's him! The neighbor slash boyfriend!" Jungkook announces in his whisper screaming, slapping Hongbin in the arm.
"Holy shit, so it's true!" Jackson lets out with a dramatic gasp, narrowing his eyes to get a better look.

"I fucking told you!"

"Not bad, not bad at all, Min Yoongi," Sungjae muses with a lopsided grin. "Weird. I pegged him as the type to go for someone more like himself...or someone much bigger, but I guess I'm wrong."

"Opposites attract," Jungkook says with a roll of his eyes. "It's basic science of romance."

"Don't fucking try to lecture anyone on relationships," Hongbin counters sharply. "You're a fucking fetus when it comes to these things."

"How dare you. I'll have you know that Jimin and I kissed with tongue and everything."

"Shh, this isn't about you. Today is all about Min over there. Wow, look at the smile on that guy," Jackson comments, taking in the dimpled smile on the other man's face. "Now I really have no idea if Yoongi's top or bottom."

"Alright, we should go back and let Min enjoy his date," Sungjae says sagely, pulling Jackson and Hongbin back by the collar. He ignores the two men's protest to let them just watch for a bit longer. "Come on guys, let's go get that beer."

"Well in that case, I better go see my boyfriend," Jungkook singsongs, earning a look of disgust from the rest.

"Yeah we get it, you're in mucho gay love," Jackson says with a roll of his eyes. And Jungkook proudly shows off his middle finger with a fake smile.

"Hey, you know what? Why don't you invite your boyfriend to join us?" Sungjae suggests with a smile.

"He's working."

"Well then, we better all go and say hello. They sell beer there too right?"

"Yeah...wait, what!?"

"Lead the way, Jeon."


"Hope you didn't have to wait too long," Yoongi begins as he walks up to Hoseok, who flashes one of his usual bright smiles.

"Nah, I just got out too. I...I wasn't sure if you were actually coming or not but you texted me..."
"I said I was going to, didn't I?"

"I know. It's just...nevermind. Thank you for coming all the way here. I really appreciate it," the lithe man replies with a dimpled smile, and Yoongi only shrugs before they begin walking back towards the apartment building.

"So, now that we'll be walking back home together 5 days a week," Hoseok begins lightly, about 5 minutes into their otherwise silent walk. He's amazed by how much Yoongi doesn't seem to mind not talking in the presence of others. "We should get to know each other."

Yoongi says nothing and shrugs, which Hoseok now knows is the officer's way of saying "yes."

"What's your favorite color?" Hoseok asks, fully aware of how lame the question is, but he's still a little bit scared of the other man and doesn't want to ask anything that may be too "personal."

"...Black."

"You know...I sort of expected that. Mine's white. I know white is technically the absence of any color, but it's nice. Oh, I forgot to ask, how was your day?"

"Same as always."

"I don't know if that's a good thing or a bad thing."

"Neither," Yoongi answers honestly. Work is work. Jungkook will always be a lovestruck idiot. Jackson, Sungjae and Hongbin will continue to be nosy. Captain....surprisingly has a date, but he's not going to talk about that with Hoseok (or anyone else for that matter). There weren't any demonstrations or dangerous criminals to deal with, so it was all in all quite eventless. He can't complain.

"So what do you usually do when you're done with work?"

"Watch TV."

"Yeah? What kind?"

"American drama series."

"Ohh, there are some really good ones. I've always wanted to ask this but...do officers watch crime series? I feel like they wouldn't, because it'd like..an extension of their actual work, you know?"

"I watch it sometimes. Usually, I'm laughing at all the bullshit in it."

"Right? I sort of thought so. There's no way all of that can be realistic."

"Exactly."

Just then, Hoseok's stomach lets out a might roar. The man smiles sheepishly as he puts a hand over his belly. His day had been so hectic that he wasn't able to grab any lunch, and now his organs were protesting against the skipped meal.

"Are you hungry?" Yoongi asks the obvious, quirkling an eyebrow.

"Yeah, a little. I'll just order something or grab some gimbap on the way."

"Why bother. Just eat at my place. I cook anyway. Not a big deal to make enough for two."
"What? No way. You're already walking me home, and plus, I don't think Jungkook will be too happy about it."

"Why is Jungkook any part of this?" Yoongi questions with a deep frown. He remembers his neighbor mentioning the officer's name during the nightmare incident and hadn't gotten around to asking about it.

"Because...well...he doesn't mind?"

"Why would he?" the cop retorts, giving the other man a strange look. Hoseok settles for scratching his neck and nodding awkwardly. He figures there is a strong bond of trust between the two men. Something that's not going to waver just because Yoongi cooks for him. How admirable, he thinks. So that's what a couple of 3 years look like. He wonders if his soulmate would be like that too.

So Hoseok lets himself inside Yoongi's apartment again, taking in the familiar scent that is low-key musk with a hint of mint. Yoongi is quick to enter his own kitchen to cook up dinner, and Hoseok watches the man at work in awe once again. Everything about Yoongi is so flawless. Yoongi never knocks anything down or spills anything. His hands move around methodically, multitasking with ease, and Hoseok wishes he would be able to cook like that one day.

"You want beer?" Yoongi offers as he opens the fridge once the dish is finished. He's not that big of a drinker, but a can of beer here and there can never hurt.

"I....actually have never had alcohol before," Hoseok answers with a sheepish smile. He gets into enough trouble as is. He's not about to up the ante by getting himself intoxicated, no thank you. His father had warned him about the dangers of drinking as well, so he had managed to stay away from it until now. It's not to say that he's not curious about it. Hell, everyone he knows drinks, so it kind of sucks that he's going to have to wait till he finds his soulmate to try it out.

"You've never had a drink," Yoongi lets out with a snort. He shouldn't be too surprised, but he is. "Why don't you have one now."

"Oh, I really shouldn't..."

"I'm not going to pressure you or anything, but...it's just beer, and I'll be on the lookout to see if you get into any kind of trouble. Your call."

"Well...then one beer."

Yoongi pulls two cans out and throws one to Hoseok, who manages to catch it instead of embarrassing himself by dropping and popping the can open.

"We're watching TV while we eat."

"Oh. OK."

Yoongi sets two plates in front of them, and Hoseok is quick to dig right in. Yoongi's cooking is as delicious as always. Halfway through his meal, Hoseok opens his can of beer with child-like excitement. It's like opening up a box of gift on Christmas. He's finally going to know what alcohol tastes like!

"Don't take it all in one go," Yoongi warns before taking a long swig of his own.

Hoseok nods and takes a tentative sip and immediately makes a face at the bitter taste it leaves in
"People pay to drink this stuff?"

"You'll get used to it," Yoongi says with a shrug, his eyes still fixed on the TV screen in front of him. Hoseok makes another face but takes another sip anyway. Well, he might as well be an adult about this, and judging from the way Yoongi's drinking his without so much as a single twitch of an eyebrow, maybe it'll really taste better over time.

By the time the can is almost empty, Hoseok is giggling besides Yoongi, and the officer throws him a pointed look. He's a bit of a lightweight himself but, damn he's not that bad. Yoongi waits to see what kind of a drunk Hoseok is. He's half expecting the man to take his shirt off and dance on his coffee table while singing a horrible, out-of-tune rendition of a girl group song, but instead, he finds himself listening to Hoseok just giggling on and on, endlessly.

"Yoongi, I'm so glad we met," Hoseok begins randomly, leaning against the other man. Yoongi stiffens at the sudden contact but doesn't make a move to push the neighbor off. "I can't even imagine what it'd be like without you, you know?" he continues, oblivious to what he's doing or saying. "You're my lifesaver, yes you are. You saved my life."

"You're drunk."

"Have I ever told you, you're my lifesaver? Because you are...and I really appreciate it. Like...a lot. I know I'm really difficult to be around but...but you're awesome. You stayed by me. And you even walk me home. And you even cook for me. Gosh, you're awesome. I wish I was as awesome as you. I wish my soulmate is awesome as you. I'd be the happiest person alive," Hoseok rambles on and then giggles into his own hands. Hoseok reaches for his can but is stopped by Yoongi's firm hand on his wrist.

"I think you've had enough for today."

"Mmm? Nah, just a teeny bit moreee," Hoseok whines, trying to go for the can with his other hand. Yoongi clicks his tongue and takes it instead before drinking the last of it. Hoseok pouts and crosses his arms in front of his chest like a petulant baby, but Yoongi doesn't even act like he notices it.

"That's enough. You're going to sleep."

"Nooo, but I like beer..."

"You hated it 20 minutes ago," Yoongi argues before getting off the couch. "Just lie down here. I'll get you a pillow and a blanket," the officer informs before retreating to his bedroom. While he would consider offering the other man his bed, he doesn't want to have to carry the clearly drunk man all the way.

He picks up a spare pillow and blanket before heading back to the living room. Hoseok is still giggling, this time while playing with his chopsticks, and is basically having the time of his life. Yoongi places the pillow and blanket besides the couch and reaches over to Hoseok to help him lie down.

"Yoongi!" Hoseok screeches instead, his eyes disappearing with his broad smile.

"It's time for you to sleep."

"But I want to play with youuuu Yoongiiii!"
"Sleep. Take the couch."

"Nooo," Hoseok wails dramatically before draping his arms around the other man's neck and pulling him down. The officer loses balance and crashes into Hoseok, who makes a soft sound of protest before pulling the other man into a tight hug. Damn Hoseok is strong.

"What the fuck. Hoseok, let go," Yoongi growls, but it all falls to deaf ears as Hoseok only clings onto the other man more tightly.

"Can we sleep on the bed togetherrr," Hoseok slurs, pressing his face against the other man's and nuzzling the disgruntled officer. "You smell so goooood. So nice and warmmmm...."

Yoongi tries again to push the bigger man off of him but fails miserably. Hoseok's hellbent on making sure the two are stuck together, and Yoongi can't bother with this anymore. So he just slumps onto the bigger man, waiting for Hoseok to fall asleep. About five more minutes of giggling and pointless rambling, Hoseok quiets down into soft snoring. Yoongi is only then able to pull out of the other man's death grip.

He helps Hoseok lie down on the couch comfortably before sitting next to the sleeping figure with a huff. Yoongi sighs and glances at Hoseok. The night had not gone the way he had planned, and now he has someone sleeping over at his house. No one sleeps over at his place.

Yoongi lifts his neighbor's head up slightly to put a pillow underneath it. He drapes the blanket over the figure and watches the look of peace on Hoseok's face. The officer is about to retreat to his own bedroom when he hears his name slip out of his neighbor's lips. Yoongi turns around, thinking that perhaps Hoseok's woken up, and waits, but nothing else happens. He heads to his bedroom and then stops, thinking that perhaps Hoseok will need a glass of water after his "heavy drinking," so he makes his way to the kitchen to pour a glass. He sets it on the coffeetable by the couch and gives Hoseok one last glance before entering his own bedroom.

He should be annoyed that someone else is sleeping in his apartment, but he finds the man's presence strangely...calming.

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Namjoon hopes his smile is convincing enough. The woman sitting in front of him is even cuter in real life, but Namjoon can't bring himself to enjoy the date for some reason. He has no rational reason not to be happy about the arrangement. She's pretty. She's funny. She's nice enough to overlook his awkward expressions and truncated sentences. So why can't he stop thinking about Seokjin and Taehyung?

The rest of the dinner goes by relatively smoothly, and by the end of it, the woman talks about how she's glad that Seokjin talked her into this blind date. When the woman asks for his number, he gives it to her out of politeness more than anything else. He doesn't want to put Seokjin in any weird situation by flat out refusing on date one, and plus, maybe she'll grow on him. Yeah, maybe. Once he gets back into the dating scene and stop being such a weirdo about it.

After dropping his date off, he heads straight to the teacher's apartment. He glances at his clock. It's almost 9, which means there is a slight chance that his son is still awake. A quick knock is all it
takes for the door to swing open to reveal Seokjin's beaming smile.

"Well? How did it go?" the man asks as the officer walks inside.

"She's nice...and pretty."

"I know right? So...will you be seeing her again?"

"Maybe...We exchanged numbers."

"That's good!"

"Hi dad!" Taehyung waves sleepily from Seokjin's couch, crumbs of what he guesses are cookies all over his face. He should've figured that the teacher would spoil his son while he's away. Normally he'd be annoyed, but he can't bring himself to get angry. Not even a little bit.

"Hey big guy, you ready to go home?"

"Dad, can we have a sleepover at Mr. Kim's house?"

"A sleepover?"

"Yeahh. Can we build a tent and all sleep in it?" Taehyung pleads, walking towards his dad and wrapping his tiny arms around the man's legs.

"He saw it in a movie we just watched together," Seokjin explains with a somewhat apologetic smile. "I swear the movie was strictly G-rated."

"Dad, can we? I want a blanket tent!"

Namjoon picks his son off the floor and holds him against his side.

"A blanket tent, huh? But I don't know how to make one, Tae."

"Mr. Kim can help you. Mr. Kim can make anything," Taehyung exclaims with a hint of pride in his voice. Namjoon rolls his eyes at his son. All this time, the boy had been proud of his dad being basically superman, but now he's basically infatuated with the teacher instead. He ends up laughing about it instead of being offended by it though.

Seokjin laughs and pinches the boy's cheek.

"Umm..." Namjoon begins nervously once his brain goes back to focusing on the question. He glances at the other man for some kind of confirmation. Seokjin only shrugs with a smile, relaying the message that he's cool with it if the other man is. "Sure, buddy, but not today, alright? Let's wait till the weekend."

"Mmkay..."

"Thank you," Namjoon mouths and Seokjin only smiles softly back at him.

"You have a good night's sleep, Tae," Seokjin says, fondly ruffling the boy's hair. Taehyung beams at the man and giggles into his father's neck. "You too, officer."

Namjoon goes back home that night and looks up how to make blanket tents, the date completely forgotten.
Chapter 15

Chapter Notes

This chapter was originally a lot more drawn out...but I thought...why torture myself and my readers with this insane slowburn (especially when I still have so much to write)...so I've moved the plot "considerably" forward. hohoho

Thank you all those who have commented and left kudos! They really do help me stay motivated to push forward with the story...Have I ever told you guys how amazing you are? Because you are!!

"I fucking hate you guys," Jungkook hisses through his teeth as all four of them head towards the convenience store Jimin works at.

"We just want to catch a quick glimpse. We promise not to do anything embarrassing," Sungjae cooes, draping an arm around the disgruntled officer besides him. Jackson and Hongbin nod along, but Sungjae can clearly read the mischievous glint in the other two's eyes. He's just going in to grab a beer and some peanuts. As for the other two, well...that's not up to him now, is it.

"I will kill all of you if you pull some weird shit, I swear to God." Jungkook warns lowly, his tone menacing. He's got a good (and sexy) thing going on with his boyfriend. He refuses to let anything or anyone come between the two of them. Especially Jackson fucking Wang.

"You have no faith in us," Jackson says with a roll of his eyes, and Jungkook stops just to deliver a proper punch to the other cop's arm. Officer Wang howls in pain and swings back, only to miss and have Hongbin laugh at him.

"Why the hell would anyone have any faith in you."

"Just for that I'm going to ask your boyfriend if you guys have had sex yet," Jackson quips, pointing at the other man with a devious smirk on his face.

"I will fucking murder you. And I'm a police officer. I know how to get away with murder."

"Oh please, you don't have the brainpower to pull off something so elaborate."

"Guys, guys, come on," Sungjae mediates, putting an arm between the arguing officers. "That's the one, right?" he asks, pointing at the convenience store Jimin's currently working in. Jungkook lets out a long, suffering sigh before pinching the bridge of his nose. Damn it. This sucks so hard. For the first time, he's regretting ever talking to any of the other officers about his love life.

They enter the store together, Jungkook leading the way. Jimin looks up from the counter with a chirpy "welcome!" and then stills as he takes in the four men walking in. He immediately
recognizes his own boyfriend, but he can't focus on him right now.

"Officer...?" Jimin begins uncertainly. One of them looks vaguely familiar, but he can't put a finger on in.

"Hey, sorry. Umm...I work with these guys at the station and they all wanted to grab a quick beer..." Jungkook explains slowly, trying to figure out how to not make this weird.

"...Here?" Jimin asks hesitantly as he tries to calm himself down. It's not just Jungkook here to see him anymore. It's Jungkook and his co-workers. He has no idea why any of them are here at the store with his boyfriend, but he knows that he needs to be careful if he's going to make sure he doesn't out his boyfriend against his will. So Jimin puts on a professional face and remains still behind the counter, waiting for the four men to buy what they need and hopefully leave before he messes something up.

"Hi, I'm Yook Sungjae. I've heard so many wonderful things about you," the particular officer begins with his trademark smile, smoothly taking hold of the situation. "I know this is abrupt, but we were all curious to see who captured the heart of our station's very best," he continues, and Jungkook buries his face into his right hand. He should've expected something like this from Sungjae. Jimin, on the other hand, gasps softly. Did he hear that right?

"He...talks about me?" Jimin asks rather uncertainly, taking the hand offered to him into a firm handshake.

"All the time. It's like he can never stop talking about you."

"No, Of course I don't. What? Why would I?" Jungkook sputters out, feeling his cheeks heating up, which rarely happens. Hongbin sniggers from besides him, completely relishing the flustered look on the other man's face.

"Oh..." Jimin lets out, his shoulders slumped and his eyes drooping. Jungkook's chest tightens at the sudden sad look in his boyfriend's eyes.

"Nice going, dumbass," Jackson whispers from behind Jungkook, earning himself a firm elbow in his stomach.

"You have no idea how much he's into you," Jackson supplies rather unhelpfully, clapping Jungkook in the back hard enough for the officer to wobble. "You should've seen when you were sick. He couldn't even function properly," he exaggerates in a baby voice, squeezing Jungkook's shoulder tightly. Jungkook wants to throttle the other cop but only smiles awkwardly instead. No violence in front of Jimin. No violence in front of Jimin. No violence in front of-

"He was...?" Jimin asks, hint of red dusting his cheeks. He remembers the day quite clearly, even though he was high off fever. The porridge and meds. They were such sweet gestures and what really showed Jimin that Jungkook was more than his tough exterior.

"Yup. We had to listen to him whine about it the whole day."


"You were whining. A lot," Hongbin interrupts. "I'm Hongbin, and this is Jackson. It's a pleasure to
finally meet you officially."

"Pleasure to meet you as well," Jimin greets back "Oh...which one of you is his partner?"

"He couldn't make it, but you'll see him. Eventually," Jackson answers, trying to imagine introducing the man in front of them to Mr. Grumpy Cat.

"It's a shame that he's not here to see you," Sungjae interrupts, a calculated smile on his face. "Jungkook's told us about how stunning you are, and his words clearly did not do justice," he continues, leaning towards the smaller man who only swallows visibly in response before blushing even harder.

Jungkook glares daggers at the other cop, but it's completely missed as Sungjae fixes his eyes on Jimin.

"In fact," Sungjae continues, his voice light. "Had I known, it wouldn't have taken this long for me to say hello."

"Oh..."

"If you don't mind, we'd like to grab a quick drink over there," Sungjae continues, pointing at the small plastic table on the other side of the store. Jimin nods, his cheeks still flushed red. Jungkook opens his mouth to protest but is stopped by Hongbin and Jackson, who put their hands over his mouth and forcefully drag him away.

"I will fucking kill all of you," Jungkook growls, finally breaking free. "And Yook Sungjae, if you lay a hand on-"

"Calm down, dumbass. I don't swing that way," Sungjae interrupts the other officer, waving his hand absentmindedly. He can appreciate that Jimin is adorable in a puppy dog sort of way, but he's definitely not into the D.

"Then what the hell was that?"

"Shut up and pick your beer."

Jimin watches the four men return to the counter with a can of beer each and rings them up. He continues to stare at the crowd who's now occupying the small plastic table. and Jimin can't help but wonder how it is possible that everyone looks so handsome. Jungkook seems to be surrounded by ridiculously good-looking men, and he can't help but feel a tiny bit insecure as he lays his eyes on his own body that is so much smaller than all the four men sitting down.

Now he really doesn't understand why Jungkook spends so much time being with him. Or why they're dating in the first place. Had Jungkook settled for him because they're both gay...? If that's the case...

Sungjae smirks to himself. While the other three are busy bickering, he had been watching the smaller man. This is getting interesting, he thinks as he takes in the changes in the cashier's expression. Jimin is clearly lost in his own thought, and Sungjae's experiencing very little difficulty figuring out what the small frowns and downturned lips all must mean.

"He's cute," Sungjae comments idly before taking a sip of his beer. Jungkook shoots the man a dirty look.

"Don't you fucking dare."
"I said he's cute, not I want to fuck him, jeez, calm down," the officer counters with a dramatic roll of his eyes. "He's just not what I imagined."

"What do you mean?"

Sungjae only shrugs in response.

"Guys, just finish your beer and leave. I want to spend time with my boyfriend. Just the two of us."

"...In a convenient store?" Hongbin asks while wrinkling his nose. "How romantic..."

"Every moment I spend with Jimin is romantic."

"Fucking kill me already...." Hongbin laments, burying his face into his hands.

"Hey, they have those spicy fire noodles here, right?" Jackson asks suddenly, looking around the store.

"Yeah, over there, third row of that aisle," Jungkook answers, pointing at an aisle without even looking at it.

"Jesus, how often have you been here?"

"I help stock sometimes."

"Gross," Jackson breathes out before getting off the chair. "Alright bitches, we gotta do the fire noodle challenge since we're here."

"Wait, what?" Jungkook asks, suddenly alarmed.

"Remember? We all had a bet. We never got around to it because you kept pussying out. First to clear 3 bowls wins."

"No, not here," Jungkook breathes out in horror. He can't be doing shit like that in front of Jimin. He's embarrassed himself before. Not again. Oh god no. He can't be crying and drooling in front of his boyfriend (maybe 10 years into their relationship, but not now).

"Yes here," Jackson sing-songs before disappearing towards the aisle and clearing the section. Jimin rings them all with a look on panic evident on his features. He has a feeling that all the spicy noodles are not going to put to good use, especially when he knows that Jungkook can't handle any kind of heat in his food.

Jackson comes back and sets three bowls each in front of all of them.

"Alright, now lets get these prepared before we start. No backing out."

Jungkook groans. This is such a bad idea. This entire situation is a bad idea. Nothing good could have come from bringing these idiots into the store where Jimin is. He wants to bail, but he can't. Jackson fucking Wang is challenging him, and he can't back down...especially when Jimin is probably watching the whole thing. Jeon Jungkook doesn't back out of bets or fights. Jeon Jungkook is not weak.

So he chooses to unwrap his noodles one by one, dreading every moment of it. Sungjae glances at the counter and sees Jimin watching them while gnawing at his lower lip. He has a feeling that this challenge is going to take an interesting turn.
Once all the bowls have been prepared, they sit back down. They all standby with chopsticks in their hands, waiting for Jackson to signal for the challenge to begin. Jungkook grits his teeth, ready to go. Perhaps he can finish all three bowls in less than 10 seconds flat and then run out the store to save himself the embarrassment.

"Alright, on your mark, get set-"

"Wait!"

All four men stop and turn to face Jimin, who's rushing towards them with a determined look on his face. Sungjae does his best to conceal his grin. So that's what's going to happen, he thinks, twirling the chopsticks between his fingers.

"I'll take Officer Jeon's place," Jimin volunteers, fidgeting rather nervously, but his expression unwavering. "What's the bet?"

"Losers buy lunch for winner, one week each," Hongbin answers with an amused smile on his face.

"It's on. So can I take his place?"

"Sure," Hongbin answers, roughly pushing Jungkook out of his chair. "Take a seat."

"Hey, Jimin, you don't-" Jungkook begins to protest but is stopped by Jimin, who puts a hand on his shoulder with a firm "I got this."

"Well, then, on your mark, get set, go!" Jackson announces as soon as Jimin is seated and ready, and they all delve right in. Jungkook watches with his mouth open as Jimin takes the noodles in like a pro. By the second bowl, Jimin is clearly wincing at the burning sensation in his mouth, but he doesn't give up.

"Done!" Jimin announces as he sets the third empty bowl down. His already plump lips are even more swollen, his brows furrowed in mild pain. The other three at the table look up in shock, only halfway through their third bowl. Jackson especially can't believe it. Jimin is damn tiny. How the hell...?

"You guys all owe Jungkook lunch for a week each," Jimin finishes and then gets off the chair. He makes his way towards the counter, where his bottle of water is and chugs it down before doing a super manly swipe of his mouth with the back of his hand.

The four officers all stare with their mouths open.

Jungkook feels weak at the knees.

"Fuck. I'm in love," Jungkook breathes out.

"Shit, man, me too," Jackson mumbles from besides him, earning himself a smack in the arm from the other officer.

Hoseok jerks and quickly sits up on the couch. It takes him a while to figure out exactly where he
is, because none of the furniture and decors around him are his own. He only manages to relax when he remembers drinking at Yoongi's apartment. Right. He remembers now. This is Yoongi's apartment.

Hoseok buries his face into his hands and sighs slowly. Why is it that he somehow ends up embarrassing himself every time his neighbor is involved? It's a miracle that the other man hasn't chosen to ignore his presence altogether. However, he doesn't spend much time lingering on the particular issues, because he had the same dream again, and now he can't help but wonder what it all means.

He was back at the beach, the waves crashing against the shore as gently as before. This time, he was lying down against the cool sand, someone's arms wrapped around him from behind. The piano was playing again, the same tune now familiar against his ears. The ray of sunshine enveloped them both in gold, creating an almost surreal atmosphere. Hoseok had never felt so much warmth in his life. He wanted the moment to last forever. He had been afraid to breathe too loudly in fear of shattering the perfect moment.

Then he woke up, and now he has the song playing softly in his head. He doesn't think he's ever heard the particular song outside of his dreams, but there is also no way that his brain had come up with a tune so elaborate and beautiful. Perhaps he's heard it as a child? Perhaps he's heard it while passing by one of the hundreds of stores he's walked by in Seoul.

But nevermind that, goodness, what time is it? Hoseok pats around for his phone and finds the small device still in his back pocket. He pulls it out and squints at the bright light when he turns the screen on. It's almost 7, and he's damn glad that he hadn't slept in. He really doesn't need getting fired (again), and he had done his best to be early to work every day. He moves his neck around slowly and rolls his shoulders and winces at the stiffness. He figures this is what he gets for falling asleep on the couch.

His eyes land on the pillow besides him and the blanket draped over him. Yoongi must've somehow tucked him in when he was unconscious, and the thought puts a small smile on his face. Hoseok doesn't think he will ever truly understand Min Yoongi. The man's a grumpy old man most of the time, but he's not afraid to show his gentle, caring side when he feels the need to be. He appears to be extremely lazy, but somehow manages to rescue him, help him and even walk him back home from work. He seems to not give a damn, but he makes him breakfast and tucks him in. What even is Min Yoongi?

He wonders how the man is around Jungkook. Is Yoongi the sweet, lovey-dovey boyfriend who takes care of the bigger man? Or perhaps Jungkook takes good care of the small, grumpy man. Hoseok sighs and leans back against the couch as the image of the two men embracing one another enters his head. There is a pang of unpleasant feeling in his chest as he visualizes the two men together so happy, and it takes Hoseok a whole minute to accept that it must be jealousy. If Yoongi takes this good care of him when they're nothing but neighbors, he can't even begin to imagine what the officer might be like with an actual boyfriend.

Just then, he hears a door click open. Hoseok peers from the living room to see Yoongi walking out of his bedroom, his usually perfectly combed hair a messy mop on his head.

"You're up," Yoongi states gruffly, his voice still groggy from sleep.

"Oh, hey," Hoseok greets rather stupidly, still trying to get used to the idea of Yoongi as anything but perfectly maintained. "Sorry for falling asleep. I probably shouldn't drink anymore."

"It's fine," Yoongi answers with a shrug before combing his hair with his fingers and letting out a
yawn. "Just don't drink alone," he finished nonchalantly before heading straight to the bathroom. Hoseok stares at the closed door for a bit before looking away once he hears the shower run. He sits around rather dumbly, not knowing what to do. Is he supposed to stay? Go? Sometimes, he really wishes Yoongi would talk more.

So Hoseok settles for folding the blanket neatly and putting the pillow on top of it. He sets the pile to one corner of the couch before sitting back on the furniture and drumming his knees. He can still hear the shower run. He checks for time and then sits around a bit more. A couple of minutes later, the shower stops and out comes Yoongi dressed in nothing but a pair of sweatpants and a towel on his head.

Hoseok swallows hard as his eyes take in Yoongi's lithe form. He doesn't know why, but he's suddenly feeling quite nervous. He'd always imagined Yoongi to be a plain, skinny man, considering how small he looked in clothes, but he's never guessed that the officer's body would consists of lean, sinewy muscles that promise both agility and power. Yoongi almost looks like a panther ready to spring if given the right stimulant, and the sense of danger sends a small shiver down Hoseok's spine.

"Should I...get going?" Hoseok asks nervously when he catches Yoongi glancing at him.

Yoongi shrugs before answering, "You can stay for breakfast if you want." Hoseok watches the other man disappear into the bedroom and gnaws at his lower lip. Breakfast again? Is Yoongi only being polite? But then again, when has Yoongi ever made efforts to "be polite?" It's not to say that Yoongi is perpetually rude, but the man also doesn't put up a facade for anyone else's sake either.

Hoseok sits around for a bit more and looks up when he hears the door click open. Yoongi is making his way towards the kitchen, dressed in a pair of jeans and a simple black hoodie. Once Hoseok hears something sizzling on a pan, he finally gets off the couch to venture into the kitchen. He sees the officer scrambling egg, adding a pinch of salt to the mix with a flick of his wrist.

"Go set the table," Yoongi commands, his eyes still fixed on the pan in front of him. "Forks there, cups there," he continues, pointing at cabinets and drawers scattered around the kitchen. Hoseok nods dumbly and fumbles to take out two of everything to place neatly on the table. He even pulls a half empty bottle of orange juice out to place in the center.

Hoseok stares at the two sets of tableware before him and blinks slowly. He should be feeling out of place. He really should. But why is it that he feels like he belongs here. At this table for two?

It's Friday, and like the rest of the week, Hoseok finds himself walking besides Yoongi on their way back home. Yoongi still doesn't talk much, but the other man has come to become comfortable with the lack of conversation.

"Yoongi," Hoseok begins, about halfway into their walk. "Do you play any instrument?" he asks, running out of questions to ask in his quest to get to know his neighbor better. He's found out a
number of things from the other man. For instance, now he knows that Yoongi wants to go to New York one day, that he's learned how to cook since living alone because he couldn't be bothered to eat out all the time and that he is surprisingly a dog person but doesn't want to have one in fear of accidentally killing it.

"Piano."

"You really play the piano?" Hoseok asks, suddenly remembering the instrument playing in the background of his recent dreams. He had been spending the entire week listening to different piano pieces on youtube all day, trying to find the song. The piece had been so beautiful, and he strangely recalls the melody with a certain degree of clarity, so he's certain that he would recognize it immediately if he ever hears it again.

"Yeah."

"How long?"

"Not sure. Since I was little."

"Wow lucky you. I tried learning the violin, except the string kept snapping and the bow breaking so I gave up trying to learn anything for the sake of the instruments...Do you still play?"

"Sometimes."

"Oh...I don't remember seeing a piano at your apartment."

"It's in the bedroom. Keyboards."

"I see...you must know a lot of songs then," Hoseok asks hopefully. Perhaps Yoongi will know the mystery song playing in his dream. Afterall, he doesn't think he's own brain is capable of coming up with a tune that elaborate and beautiful. He must've heard it somewhere.

"I guess."

"Well, there's thing song that's stuck in my head, but I have no idea where it came from."

"...Sing it then."

"Oh god, I'm such a terrible singer though. You probably wouldn't recognize it even if it's a song you already know," Hoseok says with a laugh. He knows he's basically tone-deaf, not that it stops him from having the time of his life at noraebangs.

"I'm sure it's fine."

"Alright, you asked for it. Here goes nothing. " Hoseok clears his throat a couple times and begins humming. Doing his best to remember each and every note. He knows that he's missing a few, but he gets the general melody across better than he had initially expected. Perhaps his singing is getting better afterall. He's about to hum a bit louder when Yoongi stops dead in his tracks and whips his head to stare at him.

Hoseok purses his lips and blinks. Yoongi doesn't look at all happy. Was his voice that bad?

"How do you know that song?" Yoongi questions, his voice dangerously low. Hoseok instinctively takes a step back, wondering what he could've possibly done wrong.

"You...know this song?" Hoseok asks, once the other man's words finally register.
"I said, how do you know that song?" The officer looks quite agitated, his eyes narrowed accusingly at the other man.

"I don't know. I heard it in my dream. Do you know the song?"

Hoseok watches as Yoongi grits his teeth and looks away for a few seconds before turning back to stare into his eyes. He can't seem to read the storm of emotions in his neighbor's eyes. It's as if Yoongi's only capable of two modes. One being a blank canvas, and the other being too much of everything all at once.

"It's a song I wrote. Years back. No one's heard of it but myself," Yoongi finally answers, still looking a bit furious as he growls the words out.

"...What?"

"So how do you know about it?" The cop takes a step forward, his shoulders tense. Hoseok swallows visibly at the display, not used having Yoongi look at him that way.

"I told you...It was in a dream."

Yoongi looks away, seemingly contemplative this time. Needless to say, the officer is confused beyond comprehension. It was a song he wrote the same year he moved to Seoul on his own. He had turned to music to help him adapt to the stresses of being in a police academy as one of the smallest men there and created the piece in a sort of a lullaby to calm his nerves. It held a sentimental value that he refused to show anyone else, because Min Yoongi knew better than to show his vulnerable side to anyone else.

Hoseok may have been off tune here and there, but there's no way he wouldn't recognize the song. How is it that his neighbor is humming it in front of him?

"Hey, I swear I heard it in a dream," Hoseok tries again, feeling uncomfortable by the silence. They're only a small distance away from the apartment, and Hoseok wonders if he should just make a run for it. Yoongi looks a bit homicidal now, and he's not sure if he should stick around, given his track record.

Yoongi bites his lower lip. He needs to pull himself together. It must be pure coincidence. Maybe Hoseok was singing something completely different but his brain had taken it the wrong way. It doesn't make sense that anyone would've heard it. Hoseok was living no where near him at the time. He needs to stop taking this out on his neighbor. Come on Min Yoongi, what's wrong with you?

"Sorry," Yoongi apologizes, brushing his hair back with his fingers. "I overreacted."

Hoseok swallows hard and then only nods, not knowing what else to do. They stand around in silence until Hoseok opens his mouth again. He knows what he's about to ask is stupid, but he does it anyway, because he's curious and dying to know.

"Can you...do you mind playing it for me?"

The cop throws him a wary look, and Hoseok waits patiently for some kind of an answer. Yoongi's never played for anyone. Playing the piano had always been something he did by himself. Something personal. And while he would normally not hesitate for a second before saying "no," a part of him needs to know if the song Hoseok hummed is indeed the same as the one he wrote.
"Fine," he answers curtly before walking again, and the rest of the walk to the apartment is done in silence. They both enter Yoongi's apartment, and Hoseok quietly follows the other man into his bedroom. And there it is. Hoseok swallows visibly as he eyes the instrument in front of him and then does a quick scan of the room. The room is insanely tidy as expected, with pale grey blanket covering a very simple bed and a small desk to one corner of the room. There's not much else other than a few books piled towards the edge of the desk.

Hoseok fidgets nervously as he watches Yoongi sit in front of his keyboards.

Yoongi exhales slowly before placing his fingers delicately on the instrument. He begins playing, the music starting off slowly and gently. It's been a while since he's played the piece, but he has no trouble recreating the melody. Hoseok listens intently, and it doesn't take him long to recognize the piece immediately. It's the exact same song. It's just as beautiful, putting him in a dream-like trance. He can almost hear the waves crashing against the shore again. He can almost feel the ray of sunshine and gentle breeze against his skin.

Hoseok realizes that there's tears running down his face only when the song comes to an end. He wipes it away furiously. He's not sad. He's not overly ecstatic, so why is he crying? Yet the tears keep flowing out uncontrollably, and Hoseok has no choice but to run out the room. His heart is pounding heavily against his chest now. It feels as if he's running out of time as he stumbles into his own apartment, clutching his chest.

There's no way that he's heard the song before. There's no way he would've known about the song if it truly was Yoongi's creation. So how...

-Dad, dad, dad! Can I share this with Mr. Kim?"

Namjoon looks up to find his son bouncing up and down with a bag of chips in his arms. Taehyung had been buzzing with excitement since the morning, knowing that his favorite teacher will be coming over for a tent-sleepover, and the officer has long given up trying to calm the boy down.

"Of course. But only if you promise to share."

"Of course I'm going to share, dad. I wouldn't be a model ci...ci..."

"Model citizen?"

"Yeah. I wouldn't be a model citizen if I didn't share, dad."

"That's my boy," Namjoon says with a proud smile as he ruffles his son's hair. He then goes back to the blankets in front of him, trying to figure out which ones would be the best for making a tent. He tried making one when Taehyung was sound asleep, but failed miserably, so now it's up to Mr. Kim to make sure that his son doesn't die of a broken heart because his dad can't even make a blanket fort.

The doorbell rings, which has Taehyung sprinting full-speed towards the door. Namjoon exhales
slowly before following his son as well. It's strange. He's feeling both nervous and comforted by the notion of the other man coming to his apartment.

"Mr. Kim!" Taehyung squeals before latching onto the teacher's legs. The man laughs and picks the small boy up before pressing his nose against Tae's.

"How are you, Tae?"

"Good, Mr. Kim! Dad told me we can have pizza because today's special!" Taehyung answers and whines when Namjoon pulls him off the teacher.

"Thanks for coming," the officer greets as he steps out of the way to give room for the other man to walk in.

"My pleasure, officer," Seokjin answers with a grin and puts up a box of cookies he's picked up for the small boy. Taehyung takes it with a high-pitched giggle and then pouts when his father takes the box out of his hands.

"Not until later," Namjoon chides gently before placing the box carefully on the kitchen counter.

"Is pizza OK with you?"

"When is pizza not OK?" the teacher replies and then plops onto the couch. Taehyung rushes towards the furniture and drapes himself over the teacher.

"Any specific one you prefer?" Namjoon asks, pulling his phone out of his pocket.

"I'm good with anything really, so let's get what Tae wants."

The officer nods and begins dialling, knowing all too well what his son likes. He watches from the corners of his eyes the way Taehyung is talking animatedly with the teacher. Seokjin looks genuinely interested in what the boy has to say, and Namjoon doesn't think he'd ever grow tired of watching the two together.

"What's in the bag, Mr. Kim?" Taehyung asks, pointing at the black duffel bag the teacher had carried into the apartment. Namjoon glances at it too as he enters the living after finishing placing his order.

"My PJs," Seokjin answers with a smile.

"Can I seem 'em?"

"Of course," the teacher says before reaching for his bag. He opens it and pulls out a bunny, one-piece pajama, complete with long ears and even a small tail. Namjoon almost chokes on his own saliva as he stares at the pale pink costume (the officer doesn't think it qualifies as pajamas at this point). He glances at the teacher to see if the man's joking but has to stifle a laugh when he sees how serious Seokjin is. That's really his PJs, good god.

"That's so cool! Dad, can I get bunny PJs too?" Taehyung pleads, his big eyes twinkling in admiration.

"No need," Seokjin stops with a hand up before pulling out something else from the bag. Namjoon narrows his eyes to get a better look and then inhales sharply when he realizes what it is. "I got one for you too, Tae! Sorry I couldn't get the bunny one in your size, but you get a dinosaur."

Taehyung all but shatters windows with his high-pitched scream as he takes the costume-slash-PJs
into his own arms. "Dinosaur!" he bellows out and then proceeds to put it on immediately.

"Taehyung, where are your manners. What do we say when we receive a gift?" Namjoon chides and watches as his son thank the teacher before giving him a big hug.

"Dad! This is so cool! I'm a dinosaur! Rawr!" Taehyung continues stomping around the house, his fingers curled into little claws and his mouth open menacingly. He claws at his dad's legs before letting out an adorable roar and running around the apartment.

"Just a head's up, I don't usually dress like this," Seokjin informs quietly once Taehyung is out of earshot. "I swear," he adds almost as an afterthought with a playful grin on his face.

"Thank you for getting Tae his. You're already doing so much for us..."

"Hey, no need for that. Plus, you're getting me pizza. I've been meaning to ask though, how's the dating going? I'm probably not supposed to tell you this, but she seems super excited about your next date," Seokjin continues with a soft smile. Namjoon scratches the back of his neck, suddenly remembering that the two of them are scheduled to go for a movie some time next week.

"Umm...yeah, I mean, we've only seen each other once so-" Namjoon answers and is stopped when he hears his son running back into the living room. "Tae, what did I say about running around the apartment."

"But I'm a dinosaur, dad."

"Well, dinosaurs don't eat pizza."

"..."

"Well?"

"OK...no running..." Taehyung answers with a pout and then climbs onto the couch to sit next to his favorite teacher. "Mr. Kim, do you like pizza?"

"Of course I do."

"Me too. Dad likes pizza too. Dad says he likes you too. As much as pizza," Taehyung continues idly, playing with his fake dinosaur tail.

"Oh my god," Namjoon whispers, fighting the urge to slap himself. "Kim Taehyung!" Taehyung looks up with wide eyes at the sudden outburst and blinks owlishly. Seokjin begins howling out in laughter as if it's the most hilarious thing he's heard all year.

"Like pizza huh?" Seokjin gasps out in between laughter.

"I swear that's not what it sounds like," Namjoon attempts lamely to defend himself, feeling his cheeks heating up.

"Yeah?" the teacher asks with a twinkle in his eyes, and Namjoon clears his throat awkwardly. "Well, nonetheless, I'm flattered to be on the same level as pizza," he continues, giggling into his hand now. Namjoon's only saved when his son decides that talking about his day is a lot more important.

When the pizza arrives, Seokjin and Taehyung engage in a small battle to see which one can finish a slice quicker. Seokjin lets the boy win, and Taehyung talks about how a dinosaur would never
lose an eating contest.

Once the pizza is finished, Taehyung doesn't waste any time demanding that a blanket fort big enough for three is made. Namjoon pulls out all the blankets available (including a spare curtain he had shoved into the closet more than a year back) and places them in the living room.

"Just thought you should know...I'm not really good at making these things," Namjoon says quietly to the man next to him. Seokjin replies with a quick "don't worry about it. I got this."

"Alright Tae, you go ahead and get ready for bed," Namjoon tells his son and watches as the boy scampers towards the bathroom to brush his teeth.

"Right...so what do we do?" Namjoon asks, scratching his head.

"Alright, we're going to need all the chairs from the dining room," Seokjin informs, looking through the pile of fabric while cracking his knuckles. The officer nods and retrieves them, almost knocking himself over in the process. They place the chairs across the living room before Seokjin drapes some blankets and curtain over them, creating just enough space for the three of them. Namjoon knows that Seokjin and his feet are probably going to stick out of the tent, but it's good enough for the time being.

"You're good at this," Namjoon murmurs, watching the final result. It's not perfect, but it's cozy and colorful, with enough warmth to make his heart tingle again.

"I do what I can," Seokjin answers with a triumphant expression, his hands on his hips.

Taehyung is an uncontrollable ball of excitement once he takes in the tent.

"Dad! Mr. Kim! This is the best thing ever! This is better than the one in the movie! Thank you dad! Thank you Mr. Kim! This is so cool!" Taehyung yells as he crawls into the blanket fort, his dinosaur tail bobbing in the process. "Wow! Dad! Mr. Kim! Come in!"

"We will as soon as we get ready," Seokjin replies before asking Namjoon where he can get changed.

"Oh, you can use the bathroom or Tae's room. I put a spare toothbrush in the bathroom in case you didn't bring any."

"Thank you, officer."

"I'll...see you in the living room, I guess?"

"Yup!"

Namjoon stares at his reflection in the mirror as he brushes his teeth. He's finally starting to realize how surreal the current situation is. He's about to sleep in a blanket fort with his son and someone else. Everything about the sentence sounds impossible to him. How had this all happened? One moment he's meeting Mr. Kim in the classroom filled with drawings and crafts, and the next thing he knows, they're having a sleepover.

He enters the living room again to find Seokjin already in his ridiculously pink bunny PJs, lying next to Taehyung. They look up simultaneously when they hear the officer's footsteps.

"Dad! Come in!" Taehyung waves at his father, his face peeking from the dinosaur head hoodie on his head. Namjoon smiles and crawls into the tent. There's hardly enough space, so all of them are
squished against one another with Taehyung in the middle. He should feel uncomfortable, but it's surprisingly nice in the tight space.

"This is so cool," Taehyung says once all three of them are settled in nicely.

"It's nice," Seokjin comments softly as well, and Namjoon turns his head to face the other man. Seokjin is wearing a gentle smile on his face, and the officer finds himself scratching his chest again as the ticklish sensation returns.

"Yeah..." Namjoon lets out quietly.

Taehyung falls asleep sooner than expected, and Namjoon figures it's because his son didn't get much sleep the previous night. His son had been so excited about the idea of the sleepover that he was late to bed and early to rise.

"Look at the little dinosaur sleep," Seokjin comments, stifling a laughter as he glances at the sleeping figure. Taehyung is softly snoring how, his mouth wide open. Namjoon smiles softly and brushes his son's hair back.

"He was really excited about you sleeping over."

"Yeah? Not gonna lie. I was a bit excited about it all week," Seokjin replies with a grin.

"Excited enough for you to buy that bunny PJs?" Namjin teases, turning to look at the other man.

"Oh come on, you know you want one too."

"Not gonna lie, it does look super comfortable."

"It is. Maybe I'll let you borrow it if you ask nicely," Seokjin says with a soft giggle. "You know...this right here is like the stuff I've only dreamed of..."

"Wearing pink bunny PJs?"

"No, officer." Seokjin rolls his eyes with a chuckle. "I meant...this. Blanket fort. Family of three. I mean, technically, you're not my husband and Taehyung isn't my son, but you know what I mean. I've always wanted something like this..."

"...Yeah?"

"Yeah...I used to be so mad at myself for being gay."

Namjoon looks at Seokjin. He can't imagine the man being anything other than completely comfortable with his own sexuality.

"I just wanted all the things normal couples take for granted," the teacher continues, staring at the colorful array of blankets above him. "A small wedding. A child to call my own. Romantic dinner for two on Valentine's day. A family trip to amusement parks..."

"Those aren't...impossible."

"I know. But I've learned to give them up over the years. So thank you for this," Seokjin finishes, turning to face the other man as well. When their eyes meet, Namjoon feels something lurch in his stomach.

"Amusement park. We can do that," Namjoon says after a moment of silence. Seokjin raises his
eyebrows in question. "I know we're not exactly...family but...we can all go to an amusement park together."

"...Together..."

"Sorry, that was dumb. I don't know why I-"

"No. It sounds nice."

Seokjin eventually falls asleep, a protective arm wrapped around Taehyung. Namjoon watches the two sleeping figures and eventually falls into slumber as well, a smile playing on his lips.

- 

It's Friday night again, and Namjoon finds himself walking next to his date. She's talking about her day at work and an especially frustrating child she had to work with, but he can't bring himself to focus on the words coming out her lips. He forces him to nod and smile every once in a while to show her that he's "listening," and she continues to chatter away, her lips colored in pink moving animatedly as they approach the coffeshop they're headed to.

Namjoon thinks about Seokjin's soft, pink, pouty lips before pushing the thought aside.

They were supposed to watch a movie, but she decided against in last minute, saying that she wants to just talk and get to know him more. Namjoon, although not quite on board with the idea of having to keep up a conversation for over an hour (he finds it strangely difficult to speak to her or answer her questions properly), agrees to it anyway.

They are eventually sitting across from each other, a cup of coffee each. She's now talking about her plan to go visit Vietnam over the holiday season with her best friend, and Namjoon really wants to seem excited, but his brain keeps drifting off to wondering what his son and Seokjin must be doing.

He wonders if they've had dinner. He's certain the teacher would've cooked up something great, but he wonders what. The two of them had a fancy Italian dinner, and it was good, but he prefers the homemade dishes by Seokjin.

"-you OK?"

Namjoon jumps when he suddenly realizes that she's speaking to him. Her big eyes accentuated by her dark lashes are fixed on him, filled with concern and confusion.

"Sorry," Namjoon apologizes bashfully and clears his throat. Where are your manners, Kim Namjoon? the officer chides himself before taking a sip of his still hot coffee.

"Okay...well, anyway, so we were thinking about-" she continues, taking about her plans for the final night in Vietnam. Talking about trips, Namjoon is supposed to go to an amusement park with Taehyung and Seokjin. Taehyung had been over the moon the whole week when he found out, which sent Namjoon on another guilt trip because he couldn't find the time to take his own son to
an amusement park for the past...well, since the divorce, really. And then Seokjin volunteered to
tag along, even going far as to promising homemade lunch box to make the trip more "family-
like."

"Are you sure you're OK?"

Namjoon grimaces inwardly when he sees the look on her face. He really needs to stop thinking
about Seokjin...

So why is it that he sees the man's face overlapping her's? Her lips are a shade of bright red, but
they pale in comparison to Seokjin's. Her eyes are beautiful, but they don't hold the same warmth
as Seokjin's. Her smile is pretty, but it doesn't radiate like Seokjin's.

The ticklish sensation is back in his chest, and Namjoon finally realizes what it all means. All this
time, he's needed someone to make his son happy. Someone who makes him feel comfortable.
Someone who will make him laugh after a long day at work and understand his responsibilities as
a police officer. All this time, Seokjin had been everything and more, but he's been too blinded by
his need to find a woman to replace his ex-wife.

But Seokjin's more than that. Seokjin calms him down. Makes him feel protected in a way no one
else has managed to. He was able to talk about his worst fears and regrets without thinking for a
moment that he might be judged.

The ticklish sensation.

It's something like love, isn't it?
The funny thing about realizing you're in love, Namjoon thinks, is that you start seeing the other person in a completely different light. Seokjin is sitting in front of him, talking about the dinner he and Taehyung made, but the officer can't seem to quite register every word coming out of the man's mouth. Seokjin's pink, pouty lips are moving animatedly, its corners turning upwards every once in a while or stretching wide into a laughter when he remembers a particularly funny detail about his time babysitting Taehyung.

There is so much warmth and light in the man's eyes, Namjoon's not entirely sure how he's managed to miss it until now. There is a level of depth in them that comes from more than leading a simple life. Seokjin's been through emotional pain. The man's been through rejections, failures and denials, and they all show in plain sight once Namjoon really takes the time to look into them. Yet, these vestige of what had probably made the man cry are what makes Namjoon think that Seokjin can understand his own guilt and pain as well.

Seokjin is now talking about how Taehyung struggled to stay up to see his dad but couldn't, especially after Seokjin and Taehyung took a small trip to a nearby park to play tag with each other. Seokjin's eyes fold as he laughs at how Taehyung managed to scare off one of the girls with his dinosaur impression, and as he takes in the man's genuine affection for his son, Namjoon knows that there is absolutely no point in denying his feelings for the man.

Love.

What a strange sentiment, he thinks.

"Sorry about the mbling," Seokjin says once he's managed to calm down from laughing. "I got carried away. What about you? How was the date?" the teacher asks, playing with the empty glass in his hand.

"It..." Namjoon begins and falters. He had gone through with the date despite his sudden epiphany, knowing that there's no need to be rude and bail just because he's been a blind idiot the whole time. He's going to have to apologize to her properly eventually, but not now. Not when Seokjin's in front of him watching him with his beautiful eyes, his expression doing little to hide the concern he's evidently feeling.

"Oh...something wrong?" Seokjin ventures carefully, biting his lower lip. Namjoon shakes his head slowly, trying to find the right words.
"I guess...I guess you can say that," the officer begins carefully, averting his gaze so that he's staring at his own glass of water. "I don't think it's going to work out."

"...Really? What a shame...I thought you two would his it off well," Seokjin comments, scratching his chin with his index finger. "Well, I do know someone else who might-"

"I'm good. I mean, I'm fine for now. Thank you, though," Namjoon cuts off and Seokjin looks genuinely surprised by the sudden outburst. The man opens his mouth to perhaps try to persuade the cop otherwise but decides against it and settles for nodding instead.

"Your call. Well, if you change your mind, feel free to let me know."

"What about you? Are you seeing anyone?" Namjoon asks carefully. He's suddenly feeling nervous and hyper-aware of the beating of his own heart as he watches Seokjin raises his eyebrows. Please say no, Namjoon pleads internally. His sudden epiphany has taken its toll. He doesn't need to know that he doesn't even stand a chance.

"Why do you ask?" Seokjin questions with his trademark grin, wiggling his eyebrows for emphasis. Namjoon knows that the other man is just playing around, yet his lips twitch with the need to answer the question honestly.

"Just curious."

"Mmm, no, not at the moment. Why, have you managed to find a gay version of yourself somewhere?" the teacher continues in a teasing tone, leaning forward and batting his eyelashes like some cartoon character. The giggle that escapes the man's lips makes Namjoon's palms sweat.

"Why can't it be me?" Namjoon ventures cautiously, forcing his body to maintain the gaze they're sharing. He watches with abated breath, gauging for some kind of reaction from the man in front of him. Seokjin blinks a few times as if slowly processing the words and then leans back with a bark of laughter.

"Oh, I see what this is," Seokjin clicks his tongue and points at the officer with both his index fingers. "You almost got me. Aww, it's no fun when you're not flustered anymore, you know." he laments, sticking his lower lip out like a petulant child. Namjoon only swallows nervously.

"Alright, since you're here, I better get going. There's some leftover in the fridge if you want to grab some breakfast tomorrow," he continues as he gets off the chair, the furniture making a small scraping noise as it's pushed across the floor.

"Wait," Namjoon calls out almost desperately, standing up as well. Seokjin stops and peers over his shoulders with a curious look.

"Did you need something?"

"What if I'm not joking around," Namjoon forces himself to say. Normally, he'd think twice, three times, a million times before making his feelings be known. He's learned to be careful following his first failed marriage, but he owed it to Seokjin to be honest. Seokjin may reject him altogether, but he can't spend time around the man on some false pretense. Seokjin deserves better than that. The man deserves another honest, good man.

"Not joking about what?" Seokjin asks, this time a small, confused frown marring his features.

"About me being an option."

"An option for...?"
"For you."

Seokjin seems contemplative. Namjoon can almost hear the wheels and gears turning in the teacher's brain. That is, before Seokjin rolls his eyes with a snort.

"Oh stop," he says while waving a hand flippantly. "Very funny. Alright, good night, officer," he continues with a grin before continuing on his way towards the front door. Namjoon grits his teeth and reaches out, wrapping his fingers around the teacher's wrist to effectively stop him in his place.

"...Officer?"

"I'm not kidding," Namjoon tries again, taking a step towards the other man, his hand still on his wrist. "I want you to give me a chance."

Namjoon's not entirely prepared for the sudden angry look on the teacher's face. The officer's never seen the other's features contort in such a way, and he can't help but think that he's made a huge mistake.

"...Stop joking around, it's not funny," Seokjin grits out before roughly pulling his arm out of the officer's grasp. "Look, I get it. After what happened, perhaps you want to try what it's like to be with a guy, but I'm not that person-"

"I would never experiment with people's feelings. Especially not yours," Namjoon counters defiantly, suddenly feeling quite angry himself that Seokjin would ever accuse him of wanting to just try Seokjin out. He wasn't like that. He would never do something like that. And he's frustrated that the other man would ever think that he's capable to being so horrible even after spending all those hours together talking about their vulnerabilities.

"Then what is it? You're suddenly figuring out you're into men too?"

"I'm not into men, I'm into you."

"What? that doesn't even make sense."

"I'm not going to stand here pretending I know everything there is to know about the human sexuality, but I'm not stupid enough to think that what I feel for you is...nothing. There is definitely something and I want you to give me a chance to show you I'm being serious."

There is a moment of near-deafening silence as the two men stare at each other. Namjoon wishes that he could read into the storm of expressions in the other man's eyes, but Seokjin wouldn't let him.

"I...I need some time to think about this...I'm sorry," Seokjin finally lets out before turning on his heels and rushing out the door. Namjoon doesn't go after him. Namjoon doesn't bother trying to stop him this time.
"Does anyone have any idea what's wrong with Min over there?" Jackson asks quietly to the rest of the station, pointing at Yoongi with his thumb. "He's been out of it for like over a week, and at this point, I'm afraid to ask."

Jungkook peers over at his partner and lets out a long sigh. "He wouldn't say a word about it during our patrols. Something's clearly on his mind, but I have no idea what and you know it's not like you can ever pry answers out of him.," Jungkook laments, referring to his failed attempt to get the man to open up about what's bothering him. For the most part, Yoongi behaved the same, but there were moments when the man would simply stare off into space with an expression that was neither sad nor angry, and it was frankly starting to bother Jungkook.

"What did you do, Jeon?" Jackson asks, narrowing his eyes at the other officer. Jungkook makes a face.

"I didn't do shit!"

"You must've done some shit."

"Why the fuck do you think it's me?"

"Because it's always you."

"Guys, calm down," Sungjae mediates after studying Yoongi's expression for a bit. The man's clearly in his own little world, and he would be lying if he said he wasn't a bit curious. "Maybe he's having relationship problems." He's still not entirely convinced that the man they saw the other day is indeed Yoongi's boyfriend, but it sure is a lot more amusing to believe so.

"Then maybe I can help," Jungkook says with a determined look on his face, and the rest of the station roll their eyes simultaneously.

"You? Giving relationship advice? Stand down, fetus," Hongbin counters with a snort while Jackson cackles besides him.

"Man, fuck you guys."

"Oh, and did you guys see captain today? He's super out of it too," Jackson muses, suddenly remembering the way captain Kim had spilled coffee three times today (twice more than usual) and walked into his own door after lunch. Jackson asked about it and the captain had answer "tired," but the man's not buying any of it.

"I saw him tripping over one of the chairs this morning," Hongbin comments. The worst part was that the man continued to walk forward without even wincing in pain. It was like watching a robot bulldozing through the station.

"First Min, now cap? Something's going on, guys," Jackson says, rubbing his chin with his fingers.

Yoongi sighs lowly as he sets his pen down onto desk. It's been a whole week since Hoseok bolted out of his apartment as if he's seen a ghost. He couldn't stop the other man from running off. His voice had somehow got caught in his throat once he realized that there were tears running down the man's face. No matter how much he thought about it, he could not figure out for the life of him why the man must've run out crying. He hadn't done anything. Hoseok asked him to play the piece so he played it, that was it, and now his neighbor wasn't returning any of his calls or texts.

He even tried knocking on the man's door all to no avail. Hoseok was actively avoiding him again, and as much as he wants to say fuck it, because normally, he wouldn't stand for being ignore once,
let alone twice, but why is it that he can't seem to do that with Hoseok. The man's already plagued his mind and then some, and he can't seem to stop himself from being annoyed and frustrated by the sudden change in the man's demeanor (not to mention the goddamn mystery of it all).

He's still trying to understand how Hoseok knows a song that he's kept so hidden and private. The walls of the apartment building aren't exactly soundproof, and it would sort of making sense for Hoseok to hear it in passing or through multiple walls somehow...if Yoongi ever played the song since moving into his current apartment. He hadn't played it for years, and none of the records he's snooped around on Hoseok ever showed that they lived even remotely near each other. They had lived in different provinces all their lives, and even in Seoul, they lived quite far away from each other. None of it makes sense, and Yoongi hates it when something doesn't make sense.

But what bothers him the most was the fact that Hoseok was crying. The first time they met, Hoseok had cried too, but it was purely out of panic. It was the kind of wailing crying that threatened to split Yoongi's head into two, and he's heard that multiple times while on duty as a police officer. But this...this was different. Hoseok had sat there, listening to his music, tears silently rolling down his face, and something in Yoongi sort of...sort of...he's not sure what, but something changed inside him. He has yet to figure out if it's a positive change or a negative change, or what exactly happened or how it's going to affect him in the long run, but something happened and now there is this need inside him to speak to Hoseok again to get some answers.

Yoongi grits his teeth and gets off his chair, sending it flying back. The rest of the station all turn towards the commotion and watches as the small officer marches towards the captain's office. Jungkook looks especially alarmed by the sudden outburst, while Sungjae is watching him with raised eyebrows. He doesn't blame them. He's usually so quiet around the station, not even making a sound when he walked around the place, which scared a lot of people sometimes. He ignores all the stares as he knocks and listens to the captain's quiet "come in" before walking in.

"Min," Namjoon acknowledges, barely tearing his eyes away from the reports in front of him. His head had been buzzing incessantly since the revelation, and the only coping mechanism he could come up with in his current pathetic state of mind was to work, work and then work some more until his brain would give up trying to think so much about his situation with Seokjin.

"May I be relieved from duty early today?"

Namjoon looks up from the papers he's signing and puts his pen down. Yoongi has never made a request like this ever in the past many years he's worked at the station. The only time he didn't come in was when he was hospitalized (and even then he argued that he could do his job just fine), so Namjoon's beginning to think that a family member's dying or something equally horrible.

"What time?" Namjoon asks instead of asking why. He's learned to not bother asking Yoongi anything about his personal life. And frankly, he just doesn't have the mental capacity to deal with anything other than his internal crisis unless someone explicitly asks for his help.

"5:30."

Namjoon glances at the clock. It's a little past 5. Yoongi's already finished his patrolling duty and no emergency is on the horizon, so the captain just nods his head and motions for the smaller man to do as he pleases. Yoongi nods and walks back down, trying to spend the rest of his time coming up with some kind of a plan. Yoongi had walked over to their normal meeting spot after work, only to find the place empty. He had waited and waited, thinking that perhaps the man was running late, but nope. Hoseok never showed up, and this continued for a whole week, and Yoongi just knew that the man must be leaving work early or taking another route out.
So what can he do? The only thing he can do, really. Which is to wait in front of the man's apartment.

Yoongi waits impatiently rushes out the building as soon as the clock his 5:30. He forgets to change into his normal attire and only realizes once he's out the station, but he doesn't want to risk going back and having the other officers ask why he's leaving early. His phone is already vibrating insanely in his pocket, mostly likely from texts from the terrible trio asking where he's going off to before 6. He ignores them all. They'll live.

Yoongi speed-walks to his apartment complex and eventually finds himself standing in front of Hoseok's apartment. He tries knocking a couple of times and leaning against the door to see if he hears anything, but from the sounds of it, no one is home. So Yoongi takes this time to just stand around idly, his brain still asking questions that clearly cannot be answered on his own. For a brief moment, he wonders if Hoseok's gotten into some kind of trouble but pushes that thought aside. He really doesn't need that on top of everything else.

Little less than an hour of waiting later, he hears the elevator ding open, revealing Hoseok, who walks towards him with his eyes downcast, seemingly oblivious to his presence. Yoongi watches quietly as Hoseok nears him, wondering when his neighbor will realize he's not alone in the hallway. He doesn't have to wait long, because Hoseok looks up and spots him, his eyes widening in surprise.

And as expected, Hoseok begins bolting again, hastily making his way towards the emergency exit's staircase since the elevator doors have already closed on him.

"Jung Hoseok!" Yoongi yells after him, but Hoseok makes no sign of stopping. Yoongi really doesn't like running, especially down several flights of stairs, but the other man is not giving him a choice here. Hoseok yanks the door open in panic before running through it, and Yoongi makes it just in time before the heavy doors slam shut.

Then everything happens in slow motion.

One moment, Hoseok is running towards the staircase, pushing himself to move faster and faster. The next moment, his foot slips, and his entire body is sent plummeting down the set of stairs.

"Jung Hoseok!" Yoongi yells before pushing his body forward and stretching an arm out to get a hold of the other man. He's too far away. He knows he's too far away. There's no catching him like this. So Yoongi jumps, not caring that he won't be landing on a flat surface to balance himself on. Because if he doesn't do something now-

Then everything happens all at once.

Hoseok feels something latching onto his body, something strong and stable tightening around his midriff and a hand on the back of his head. His nose picks up on the distinct musky scent that he'd familiarized with himself over the weeks before his vision is blocked by the dark fabric of Yoongi's police uniform. The world around him circles. Everything spins out of control, and the feels a strong impact as his body gives into gravity. He can't even yell or scream. He shuts his eyes because his eyes can't focus on anything in the momentum they're in.

When everything stops, it takes Yoongi a while to move properly. And then it takes him some time to figure out what's happening.

And when he does, he feels his heart stop.
Hoseok is next to him, dark red liquid pooling around his head.

"Hey, Ho-Hoseok," Yoongi breathes out shakily, hoping for the man to stir awake, but nothing. "Hoseok! Jung Hoseok!" He yells, yet not a single twitch of a muscle or a groan. Yoongi takes a deep breath before pushing his ear against the other man's chest. Luckily, he can hear the heart beating just fine, which means that the man must just be unconscious. What's next. What's the protocol...Hoseok's breathing...So what's next...

"Shit," Yoongi grits through his teeth when he finally realizes that he hadn't called for an ambulance yet. He doesn't remember much about what the operator asked or what he's told the person, but he finds himself helplessly sitting next to lifeless Hoseok, his fingers now trembling uncontrollably. He's seen so much blood before, but the way Hoseok's hair is soaking in the thick scarlet liquid makes him want to vomit. Every bone in his body hurts, but he can't focus on any of it, because Hoseok is bleeding out, and he feels his own blood drain as seconds tick by.

Yoongi rubs his face with his own bare hands, trying to calm his nerves. The doctor's told him that while they are going to have to wait and see, the damage doesn't seem to be too bad compared to the amount he bled out. Hoseok is lying besides him, his eyes still closed, and Yoongi grimaces at the cast on his wrist.

He hadn't even realized that his left wrist was broken until the paramedics pointed it out on the drive to the hospital. It was badly swollen and lying limp at an unnatural angle and a doctor had to set it straight. He also had a pretty bad gaping cut on the back of his head, which he failed to see until later when another medical personnel told him it needs to be dressed, and his back hurt pretty badly. As for lasting damage, he's going to have to see. The doctor told him that he's lucky to have gotten away with only a broken wrist and a "cut" on his head. It could've been a lot worse, apparently. Frankly, he doesn't know what the fuck the doctor is talking about, since Hoseok is lying unconscious on the bed next to him.

Damn Jung Hoseok and his running. Damn him and his stupid curse that gets him hurt like this. Yoongi lets out a frustrate sigh as he tries to brush his hair back with his fingers and then realizes that his head is bandaged. The collar of his uniform has long been stained thanks to the wound bleeding out, and he can't believe he's going to have to explain all of this to the captain. What the hell is he supposed to say? Hey cap, surprise, I rolled down a flight of stairs trying to save my neighbor and here I am? Fuck, that's not going to work.

Yoongi throws the still figure a wary glance. He hates seeing Hoseok so lifeless. Frankly, it's freaking him out a little bit, and while he had been hellbent on giving the other man an earful about not running around like an idiot given his curse, now he just wants Hoseok to open his eyes again. He's now truly seeing how life-threatening this curse may be. A part of him had remained skeptical about this hocus pocus bullshit, but now he's starting to understand the gravity of the situation...and he can't begin to imagine what it'd be like to live with so much danger bearing their teeth at you.

A couple of hours later, Hoseok does wake up, all with a splitting headache that wishes he had never opened his eyes. Yoongi is sitting besides him, watching him struggling to come back to the real world. The officer doesn't say anything. He doesn't ask if his neighbor can hear him. He just sits patiently to give time for Hoseok to adjust.
"...Yoon..gi?"

"Yeah, I'm here."

"...Am I...Am I alive?" Hoseok forces out, his throat feeling dry and itchy. It feels as if someone had made it their mission in life to beat him into a pulp. How can everything hurt so badly simultaneously?

"...Yeah."

"....What happened?"

"You rolled down a flight of stairs."

Hoseok blinks slowly and then closes his eyes again. Right. He remembers seeing Yoongi and running off in the opposite direction, towards the emergency exit. He remembers opening the heavy metal doors and then...the tight arm around him, the hand on his head...Yoongi had gone down with him to protect him.

Hoseok opens his eyes again and turns his head around slowly to get a good look at the other man. The throbbing pain in his head is made worse and his vision is a bit hazy, but he can make out bandage around the other man's head and the cast on his wrist.

"What...are you OK?" Hoseok asks in a sudden state of panic. Yoongi's hurt. He hurt Yoongi. He had stupid put Yoongi in danger. He-

"Stop. You didn't do any of this," Yoongi says, interrupting Hoseok's voice of guilt.

"If I hadn't run of like that-"

"Let me just get the doctor. He wanted to speak to you when you're awake."

Hoseok watches the officer leave the room and bites his lower lip hard. He hates this. He's know that he himself was prone to all the dangers in the world, but he didn't want to put Yoongi through it either. The man's acting as if nothing's happened, but it's not true. It could've ended up a lot worse for the both of them. One of them...or the both of them, could've been killed. All because of this stupid curse and his own stupidity for thinking that running would ever be a good idea for someone like him.

Hoseok manages to keep his emotional breakdown at bay as the doctor asks him a few questions and he answers them as honestly as he can. Once the doctor is out of the room, it's just Yoongi and him again, and Hoseok's not sure what he's supposed to say.

"You should get some sleep," Yoongi begins softly, sitting next to Hoseok's bed again. "The doctor says getting plenty of rest is important when it comes to head trauma."

Hoseok looks up. His vision's cleared up significantly, and if it wasn't for the throbbing pain, he'd ask to go home already.

"Yoongi...why were you waiting in front of my apartment?" he ventures carefully, not being able to bear the silence anymore. He doesn't get it. Yoongi has had more than plenty of reasons to never talk to him again. If anything, Yoongi should be the one to run when they come across each other, but Yoongi is always there whenever he needs him. Yoongi doesn't move. He stands his ground, always within Hoseok's arm's reach, and Hoseok is afraid of growing dependent on him. What if Yoongi disappears from him his life when he least expects it? What then?
"Why did you run away from my apartment that day?" Yoongi counters with another question, fixing a hard gaze at his neighbor.

"...I don't know," Hoseok answers honestly. He just felt the need to get away from it all.

Yoongi opens his mouth to ask bring up the piano piece but decides against it. Clearly, Hoseok is just as confused as he is, so the conversation is clearly going to go nowhere.

"How are you feeling?" the officer asks instead, his tone turning softer.

"...It hurts."

"Expected. You almost cracked your skull in half."

Hoseok winces at the image.

"What about you...?"

"Just a small cut here," Yoongi says pointing vaguely towards the back of his head. "And a broken wrist."

Hoseok sighs. He's expected the response, but it doesn't make him feel any better to have it be confirmed. He almost wishes that Yoongi would get mad at him and yell at him or something instead of sitting around as if he's perfectly fine. Hoseok makes an attempt to sit up and then regrets it immediately when it feels as if the bed is spinning beneath him and the throbbing becomes worse. God, how badly had he hit his head?

"Hey, stop. If you need something, just say it," Yoongi says rather firmly, resting a hand against the other man's chest to effectively keep him lying down.

"...I just want some water."

"Hold on, let me go ask."

Hoseok watches as Yoongi leaves the room again, and this time, he definitely doesn't miss the way the officer is clearly struggling to keep his back straight. There is an almost undetectable limp in the man's walk, and it makes Hoseok's chest tighten in pain. A few minutes later the cop is back in the room, holding a plastic cup of water with a straw already inside.

"Here," Yoongi says as he places the straw near the other man's mouth. "Just make sure you drink slowly. If you eat or drink too fast, it might make you vomit."

Hoseok takes the tip of the straw into his mouth and sucks slowly. He lets out a soft hum when the liquid runs through his parched throat. He doesn't think water has ever tasted so good. Yoongi eventually pulls it away and sets it on a small table located besides the bed.

"...What time is it?" Hoseok asks once Yoongi is sitting back down. The officer pulls his phone out (it's a miracle that his phone hadn't cracked into two while Hoseok's screen was completely wrecked) and glances at the screen before answering "almost 11."

"11? Have I been out for that long..?"

Yoongi shrugs as he puts his phone away.

"Shouldn't you be heading home?"
Yoongi shrugs again before stretching his legs out in front of him. Hoseok eyes the man warily until the officer tells him to just go back to sleep.

"I just woke up."

"Still. It doesn't hurt to sleep more with that kind of head trauma."

"Shouldn't you be lying down somewhere with your back like that?" Hoseok asks and watches as Yoongi stops for a split second before acting as if he has no idea what his neighbor is talking about. "Yoongi...you need to get some rest too."

"I'm fine. I'll just sleep here. Can't be bothered to go all the way home anyway."

"What? Where will you sleep?"

"I'll ask a nurse for one of those makeshift beds," Yoongi answers nonchalantly, letting out a yawn before wincing at the sudden pang of pain coming from the back of his head. The nurse had given him a painkiller for it, but it must be wearing off.

"But those are super uncomfortable!"

"I'll live. I'll be right back." Yoongi disappears again to return a few minutes later. A few more minutes later, a male nurse walks in with a makeshift bed, and the officer thanks the man curtly before taking it into his own hands. Yoongi winces in pain in his lower back as he prepares the bed and Hoseok pretends to not see it. He knows Yoongi well enough to know that there is no point in starting the "you're hurt" conversation again.

"I'm going to get some sleep. You should too," the officer says gruffly before lying on his side so that the back of his head isn't touching anything. Hoseok had been right about the bed being shitty, but right now, he really wants some shut eye. "And if you need anything, let me know. I'm a light sleeper," he doesn't forget to add before closing his eyes.

Hoseok blinks owlishly into the ceiling until he hears soft snoring coming from besides him. Despite his body's protest, he inches towards the edge of his bed and looks down at Yoongi's sleeping figure. The officer looks almost...baby-like while in slumber, Hoseok doesn't realize that he's been holding his breath until his lungs force him to. Yoongi's lips, which are usually drawn into a thin line in silent judgement or mild scorn are now relaxed and slightly agape. His hard eyes that prove to be both piercing and menacing most of the time are now closed and peaceful. It's difficult for Hoseok to accept that the man is the same crime-fighting officer who had so oftentimes saved him from trouble.

Hoseok continues to watch silent, sleep gone from him. Yoongi moves his legs around and then winces in pain, eyebrows furrowed tightly until they relax again. A small groan escapes the man's lips before it's silent in the room again.

Hoseok used to ask himself what it would be like to have someone like Yoongi as his soulmate. Today, he finds himself asking what it would be like to have Yoongi as his soulmate, and the thought sends him on a guilt trip he's clearly not ready for. Jung Hoseok, you shouldn't be thinking like that, he chides himself. Yoongi has Jungkook, and he can't believe he just thought about being with a man who's been in a relationship for three years. And plus, Jungkook didn't seem like the type of person to get into trouble like he does. He looked strong, confident...someone more suitable for someone like Yoongi.

Hoseok bites his lower lip at the sudden pang of pain that shoots through his chest. Don't be stupid,
he tells himself, you have a soulmate waiting for you somewhere. You've endured it this far. Don't be stupid now.

He just wishes that Yoongi would stop being nice to him for the sake of being kind. It's not Yoongi's fault, he knows that. It's not at all the officer's fault that he's being generous to the point of making Hoseok fall for him, little by little. The piano song had made him think for a agonizing week that perhaps there is a sliver of hope that Yoongi may indeed be his soulmate...but he's starting to see that it was his own brain being a helpless idiot.

He needed to distance himself from Yoongi, because he was starting to feel too attached to the man, but why was it that the officer continued to enter his life over and over again. Why had fate brought the two together than fateful night and made them live on the same floor of the same building? Why had fate introduced someone so damn perfect to Hoseok?

Hoseok shuts his eyes, willing himself to stop thinking and stop torturing himself. He should be grateful to just have a friend like Yoongi by his side. He needs to stop being so greedy.

- 

"What the fuck happened to you!?!"

Yoongi narrows his eyes at Jungkook's booming voice that greets him the moment he enters the station.

"Small accident."

"A small accident with a truck maybe? Goddamn, what happened to your head? And did you break your wrist too?"

"Stop yelling," Yoongi grits through his teeth, hoping his partner would shut up already before he draws everyone's atten-

"What the hell happened to you, Min?" Hongbin is already by Jungkook's side, watching him intently. Jackson is quick to join as well, his eyes widening dramatically to the point where it now just looks exaggerated.

"I fell," Yoongi answers, and well technically, he's not lying.

"...Into a sinkhole?" Jackson says slowly with narrowed eyes, looking clearly to be in disbelief.

"Whatever, I'm just going to talk to cap. Get out of the way," Yoongi growls before walking past the three men to head straight to captain Kim. He knows that he's probably going to get an earful for not taking care of himself...not to mention that he knows that none of his bullshit excuses he came up with last night are going to work on the man. He knocks on the door and waits for a small "come in" before entering.
"...What happened to you?" Namjoon asks with furrowed brows, his expression clearly indicating that he is not at all amused with the damage.

"Do you want the real version or the bullshit version?"

"The real one."

"I tried to help someone from rolling down a flight of stairs and I went down with him."

"And that's the real version?" Namjoon asks with raised eyebrows. He knows Yoongi well enough to know that he's a man who takes calculated risks. He's not like Jungkook, who jumps in head-first into a situation expecting things to work out somehow. Yoongi wouldn't do something so reckless, but here the man is, shrugging in response to his question. "And how many bones did you break?"

"Just a cut on the back of my head. Broken wrist. And a shitty back."

"What the hell are you doing here then?" Namjoon questions, crossing his arms in front of him. Yoongi could've just called in. Why is the man so damn stubborn?

"I can do patrols just fine."

"And what if you run into a dangerous situation? What are you going to do, whack the perp with your cast and hope they don't smack you in the head?" Namjoon scoffs, leaning back against his chair. "Don't be stupid and go get some rest. You're not coming back into the station unless you have a sign off from a doctor."

"Cap-"

"That's final. Now go home before I make one of the guys do it."

"...Fine." Yoongi relents before exiting the room. He figures he should've sort of expected it. As soon as he's back out, the rest of the station are on him, their eyes questioning.

"Min, seriously what happened? Do we need to beat a fucker up?" Jackson asks, cracking his knuckles, and Jungkook nods besides him before lifting up his police baton up to show him that he means business.

"Guys, I know this alleyway-" Jungkook begins with determination but is stopped by Yoongi who smacks him over the head with his cast.

"No one beat me up. I fell. That's it. The cap's sending me home so I'm going. Jungkook, you're on your own."

"That's fine...but...are you sure you're OK?"

"I'm fine. The cap's just overreacting."

"....If you say so..."

All three men watch the officer exit the station and simultaneously exchange glances. Something is definitely up. Will they find it? They're not sure, but something is definitely up.
Namjoon throws the last of the reports onto the "finished" pile and proceeds to bury his face into his hands with a loud, almost animal-like, groan. It's been a long day trying to get work done while trying to come up with a way to fix whatever this thing is between him and Seokjin. His son, completely oblivious to what is happening, continues to tell him about the amazing things his favorite teacher in class did or to ask him when Mr. Kim is coming over again. Each and everything, Namjoon answers "we'll see" and winces inwardly when he sees the expectant look on the small boy's face.

Namjoon used to know how to romance. Dating and winning people's hearts used to be something he did, almost naturally, so how is it that he's out of ideas when it comes to who it probably the most important person in his life next to his own son? Is he overthinking everything because he keeps trying to get over the fact that Seokjin is a man? That's not to say that he's intimidated or taken by the fact that he finds himself wanting to pursue a gay relationship. Far from it, actually. He knows deep inside that Seokjin is perfect for him, but all he's learned how to do is court women, and his brain somehow can't seem to process that letting Seokjin know how he truly feels isn't going to require magic or a miracle. He needs to be real and honest. That's it. But how?

Namjoon lets out a long, suffering sigh once he realizes that his train of thought just did a full circle and came right back where it began. How do you persuade a gay man that you're serious about wanting to jump from a heterosexual one into a homosexual one? Fuck, only if he had a gay friend to- oh, wait a minute...

He does know one gay person. He wishes he knew more gay people, because the only gay person he knows happens to be Jeon Jungkook. God, his life sucks.

But does he have a choice? Seokjin hasn't called or texted yet, and Namjoon had left the man alone for the time being, figuring that the teacher needs some alone time (and he needs some time to come up with a game plan as well). Namjoon nibbles at his lower lip. Is he going to go through with this? Will he regret it? Probably. But does he have any other choice? Not really. Plus, he doesn't have much time until his son probably goes around asking the teacher himself why he's not coming over anymore, and God forbid Seokjin thinks that he's using his son to guilt trip him into spending time with him.

Thankfully, he knows Jungkook well enough to know that while the officer can be a bit of an idiot, he's not an asshole. Jungkook wouldn't take personal information and use it against him. He might tease him when it's just the two of them, but shit, he can overlook that in this current time of emergency.

So he calls Jungkook into the office, and Jungkook walks in with a confused frown and a "I swear I turned in my report."

"It's not about your reports. They're fine...I just needed to ask you for some...advice."

"...You want advice...from me?" the younger cop asks, pointing at himself for emphasis. Namjoon is already starting to see that this is all probably a horrible idea.

"You're gay, right?"
"...I like Jimin."

"...Right. Anyway...hypothetically, if a straight man suddenly confessed his feelings for you, how would you react?"

"...Cap, I'm sorry, like you're probably a catch and all, but I'm already dating Jimin and I don't-"

"No you idiot, I'm not asking you out, Jesus," Namjoon interrupts, closing his eyes and pressing both his temples with his fingertips. How dare Jeon Jungkook. How dare he. Gross. "It's a hypothetical question."

"Umm...I dunno, I guess I'd be confused...but if that person has feelings for me, doesn't that automatically make him gay for me...?"

"No, but he's straight." 

"...But he's not. If he has feelings for me."

"Just...for the sake of the argument, let's say that he's told you he's straight and that you've always considered him straight. What would he have to do to make you believe that he has genuine feelings for you?"

"Is this a trick question?"

"God...just answer."

"Is this bro talk? Can we be real here?"

"Will you just fucking answer?"

"I dunno, if he sucked my d-"

"Something more realistic and less sexual. Jesus, does your boyfriend know you're like this?"

".....Yes?"

"So any other ideas?"

"Well...personally, I don't think that there's that big of a different between gay and straight people when it comes to relationships. For Jimin, I was honest to him from the get go. I told him I liked him and showed it. Took him on dates. Gave him flowers. Helped him with things. Took care of him when he's sick...you know, typical romantic stuff."

"...You gave him flowers?"

"Yeah. Why not?"

Namjoon scratches his chin, deep in thought. Flowers, that's something he can do. So maybe Jungkook has a point afterall. He will have to take things slow and win over Seokjin somehow.

"Alright, you may go," Namjoon says with a wave of his hand, now preoccupied with the question of what flowers he should get the man.

"Wait, that's it? Who's this about? No way, are you-"

"Out."
"You're not even going to tell me-"

"Out. Make sure you close the door on your way out."

Namjoon doesn't even watch as Jungkook rolls his eyes and leaves the office. As for the rest of the station, they're ready to ask questions as soon as Jungkook is back out.

"Did you get in trouble?" Jackson asks, a mischievously grin on his face.

"No..." Jungkook answers with a frown and then stares off into space as soon as he takes his seat by the desk.

"What did he say?" Hongbin asks carefully, noticing the confused look on the other man. Jungkook's frown deepens as he opens his mouth again slowly.

"I think...I think captain has feelings for me...?"

The entire office falls silent before Hongbin lets out a long sigh and.yells "who keeps giving drugs to Jeon? Wang, I told you to keep the evidence room locked!"

"Man, I'm so done with this guy," Jackson mutters before returning to his desk.
Chapter 17

Chapter Notes

Tis the season to be jolly!
We'll just see how long it lasts...;)

Besides that. I just want to say...I'm OVERWHELMED by all the responses I've been getting on this story. Absolutely blown away by the. So now take mine. Take em all!
You guys are da real MVP!
And I am SO sorry for not being able to reply to all the comments (only because I'm constantly being moved around places, spending time with other people...it being the season and all) but please know that I do read every single one of them and it really puts a smile on my face! I appreciate every single one of them!! :)

It's a weekday, yet Jungkook finds himself on a date with his boyfriend. It was a day off for Jimin, and the officer wasn't about to let that go to waste, so they have decided to go shopping together. Jungkook is not keen on walking around to find his next best outfit, because he doesn't deviate very far from his usual style of white tee, jeans and hoodies in various shades of black, but Jimin's told him he's been trying to find the time to go shopping so who he is to argue?

So here they are, in one of the many shops in a nearby shopping mall. Jungkook has to fight the urge to take pictures as he watches Jimin looking through different sweaters, trying to pick the best one with a small frown on concentration on his face. God, how is it even possible that Jimin makes shopping so cute. Fuck online shopping. From now on, all his shopping shall be done outside with Park Jimin in tow.

"Which one do you think looks better?" Jimin asks, breaking Jungkook out of his reverie. Jungkook clears his throat and glances back and forth between the wine colored one Jimin's holding in his left hand and the cream colored one in the other. Frankly, the officer thinks Jimin would look good in a garbage bag, so he's probably not the best person to be asked.

"Why don't you try them on?" Jungkook suggests instead, because lets face it, a small part of him is hoping for the two to end up in one of the dressing rooms together where Jimin will inevitable undress in front of him, and because they are so close, they they will bump into each other and then Jimin will-

"Yeah, that's actually a good idea," Jimin answers, quickly bringing Jungkook back to his senses. He really needs to stop daydreaming in the middle of conversations before his boyfriend gets suspicious. "Do you mind waiting for a bit?"

"No problem. I'll be waiting just outside the dressing room...unless you want me to go in for help or secondary opinion maybe?" Jungkook asks rather hopefully but is immediately disappointed when his boyfriend answers "I think I'm good, thank you though!"
So Jungkook waits, spending the time to fantasize about Jimin, because why not. Plus, how can anyone blame him, considering Jimin's getting undressed only a few feet away? A minute later, the curtain is pushed aside, revealing Jimin standing in the first sweater, the wine hue working perfectly with Jimin's fair complexion and warm chocolate hair. God, Jimin looks amazing and strangely sexy, which doesn't make sense because it's just a damn sweater. A sweater. Not a pair of spandex shorts or a tailored suit. A fucking sweater.

"That looks amazing," the officer answers honestly, his eyes scanning the small man in front of him.

"Yeah? You think so? Hold on, let me try on the other one."

When Jimin comes back out dressed in a soft cream-colored sweater with sleeves perhaps a bit too long for him, Jungkook lets out a groan. Good god, now Jimin looks like an angel from above and he can almost hear celestial harps playing. Oh his beating heart.

"That looks...amazing too. You look good in everything," Jungkook comments rather stupidly, his arms hanging loosely by his sides.

"Stop it," Jimin replies with a blush, swatting his hand through the air in front of his boyfriend. Sometimes it's difficult to tell when Jungkook is serious and when he's not, but he's starting to see that the officer is, most of the time, quite genuine about all the compliments he throws out. He has only recently gotten used to Jungkook being so direct with his words, and once he's gotten over his initial stage of embarrassment, he's come to enjoy that about his boyfriend.

"But you really do look good in everything."

"Well, which one should I get?" Jimin asks, doing a little twirl and facing the other man with a grin on his face.

"I can't choose..." Jungkook answers truthfully, because how does one choose between Jimin in red and Jimin in cream? If he could, he'd buy out the entire mall so he can see what Jimin looks like in every color available on the planet.

"Alright let me change back and think about it. Hold on."

Jungkook nods and watches his boyfriend disappear behind the curtain again before leaning against one of the walls and waiting. He hums a little tune to himself, digging the heels of his shoes into the floor while swaying his head side to side. He's only stopped when he feels someone staring at him. Call it sixth sense or intuition. He always knows when he's being watched, especially when it's by someone who's doing it so blatantly, like the girl standing only a few feet away from him. They make eye contact, but she doesn't break it. Instead, she continues to stare, the corners of her lips turned upwards and her eyes almost scrutinizing. Is something on his face?

Jungkook shrugs and goes back to humming, not giving it much thought. Perhaps the girl recognizes him from the semi-viral video of him tackling the asshole down at the subway station. What is important now is that he has to figure out which sweater looked better, because Jimin's going to ask for his opinion and he can't let his boyfriend down.

"Hi, excuse me."

Jungkook is once again interrupted, and when he looks to the side he sees the same girls looking up at him through her lashes, suddenly a lot closer than she was before.

"I was wondering if I can get your phone number?" She asks, a coy smile playing on her lips. She's
pretty, Jungkook thinks. He doesn't necessarily find her attractive, but he can acknowledge the fact that most men would be over the moon to have a girl so cute ask for their number. But not Jeon Jungkook. Not when he already has the world's most adorable person as his boyfriend.

"No," Jungkook answers curtly before looking back towards the dressing room to make sure Jimin hasn't walked out yet. Think Jeon Jungkook. Which color would be better? Wait, why not both? Maybe Jimin can buy one of them and he can buy the other one. Then Jimin will be all like-

"Do you have a girlfriend or something?" she pries, unwavering. Jungkook has to give it to her. Most women would've stormed out angrily, but not this one. But now he's annoyed. He's playing with very limited time here, and he can't afford to waste time on some stranger who's hitting on him (and totally barking up the wrong tree).

"No, but-

"Then we can at least get to know each other."

"Look, I'm not-" Jungkook tries again, already annoyed that she dare cut him off, but this time, he's interrupted by the sound of curtains being pushed back. He turns to face his boyfriend standing awkwardly in front of the dressing room, staring at the girl in front of him. Jungkook opens his mouth to say "I swear I'm not cheating on you, I don't even know this girl" but the piercing sound of the girl stops him before any of the words can leave his mouth.

"Park Jimin?"

Jungkook narrows his eyes at the girl this time, in full protective mode. Judging from the expression on his boyfriend's face, Jimin and she are clearly not on friendly terms, and Jungkook just prays it's not some girl that had broken Jimin's heart somehow, because that means he might have to reconsider his policy on hitting women (frankly, he knows better than that but...if Jimin's involved, who knows).

"How..." Jimin begins hoarsely, his knuckles turning white as he clutches onto the sweaters in his hands.

"Do you know her?" Jungkook asks, doing his best to keep his voice leveled. He can read all the signs of distress on his boyfriend, and as much as he wants to tell her girl to fuck off, he maintains some semblance of control for the sake of Jimin. He's going to give this entire situation perhaps a minute more before he decides to just drag Jimin out the store.

"You know him?" It's the girl again, her voice at least an octave higher as she points between Jimin and Jungkook. He is not liking the mild look of disgust on her face. The officer narrows his eyes at her. He doesn't know who she is. He doesn't know where she came from. But one thing he knows for a fact is that he already hates her entire existence.

Jimin, instead of answering, swallows visibly before taking a step back. Jungkook instinctively takes a step towards him but is stopped when Jimin takes another step back, averting his gaze from him. Now Jungkook's both confused and angry. This random girl who came out of nowhere has not only needlessly hit on him but has now clearly upset his boyfriend to this extent. How dare she.

"You know he's a fag, right?"

Jungkook freezes. There's no way that he could've heard that right. There is no way in hell that those exact words came out of the girl's mouth. Because God help him, if that really is the case and the bitch did indeed say those words, he's not above slapping her in this store full of adults and
"Excuse me?" Jungkook grits through his teeth, tapping into his remaining reserve of politeness as he turns to face the woman again, because he refuses to believe that he just heard all that.

"Don't tell me you didn't know he's a fag. Be careful with this one, he's going to-

"Going to what," Jungkook snarls, squaring his shoulders and taking a warning step forward. He's probably wearing the same look he wears around when dealing with murderers and rapists and is most likely scaring Jimin as well, but he doesn't care. He's about to burst at the seams with anger, and at this point, he's almost hoping that she starts shit so he has a good excuse to throw her onto the ground and arrest her, just for the satisfaction of being allowed to drag her to the station. She, on the other hand, seems startled by the sudden display of anger, even taking a few steps back with fear clear in her eyes.

"L-look, I'm just trying to warn-"

"Warn me of what," the officer presses, his hands balled up into fists besides him. A few of the customers nearby step away as well, even though they have no idea what is going on. They don't need to be geniuses to know that the man looks dangerous, like a wild feral animal that escaped and is seeking blood.

"He's going to-"

"He's going to what."

"I-I-" she stammers, a hand slowly creeping up to her mouth. Her legs are shaking now, her knees growing weak as she takes in the man before her. Jungkook all but bears teeth at her as he continues to speak.

"This is what you're going to do. You're going to walk away and think long and hard about how the man you want but will never have, me, is head over heels with Park Jimin and for the record, whatever you tried to warn me about, I probably want those things done to me. So now walk."

She turns on her heels and runs off as if her life depends on it (which isn't baseless), and Jungkook is left to inhale and exhale slowly, trying to get the residual anger out of his system. He has this sudden urge to break something, but he has to suppress it for Jimin, who's been watching the entire interaction with eyes ready to spill tears.

"Jimin, are you OK?" Jungkook tries, ignoring the curious (and fearful) glances thrown their ways from other customers. They can talk all they want. Right now, he needs to make sure that Jimin is not about to have some kind of a mental breakdown. He has so many questions, but he knows better than to ask them now. His boyfriend looks so...sad and small as he stands in front of the dressing room, Jungkook is overcome with the urge to embrace him in a tight hug.

Yet, he resists...because it's probably not what Jimin wants from him right now.

"....Yeah...I think...I need to sit..." Jimin lets out, his voice barely above a whisper as he drops his gaze. Jungkook nods solemnly and leads the smaller man out of the store, the sweaters left forgotten on one of the shelves. They manage to meander through the mall until they find a bench located in a corner in one of the less crowded sectors of the shopping center. Jungkook gently guides his boyfriend down onto the bench before sitting next to him.

"I'm sorry about that," Jimin begins after a few minutes of silence, playing nervously with his own fingers.
"Why are you apologizing?" Jungkook asks, genuinely confused. Jimin had done nothing wrong.

"I should've been the one to tell her off," he answers quietly, finally looking up back at his boyfriend. Jungkook can clearly read the pain and hurt and a hint of self-deprecation in the smaller man's eyes, but he doesn't immediately comment on it. He instead takes Jimin's hand and holds it tightly, encouraging him to just let it out.

"I was...bullied in high school for being gay," Jimin admits, remembering the painful details of his high school years. He had wanted so badly to just graduate and leave everything behind. He refused to tell his parents, because he couldn't stand the idea of disappointing them, so he had endured everything alone without a true friend to call his own.

Jungkook only listens silently.

"They didn't beat me up everyday or anything. It was more like...everyone stayed away from me as if I was some kind of a disease and made fun of me...I didn't know what to do, so I just let them do all those things. Then I moved to Seoul thinking I'd get away from it all, because Seoul is so far away from Busan, you know? I should've known that I wouldn't be the only one to move to Seoul...She...she used to date the guy I had a crush on," he continues lowly as a small part of him begins wondering if Jungkook would ever see him in a different light because of this.

"I wish I would've been in high school with you," Jungkook finally answers after a long moment of silence, and Jimin is taken back by the response and the soft smile on the officer's lips. "Then we would've made a damn good couple and I would've had fun kicking everyone's ass."

Jimin, despite all the pain in his chest, can't help but let out a laughter. *What a Jungkook thing to say*, he thinks. How does his boyfriend manage to do this? This thing where he wipes away Jimin's worries and fears so effortlessly and makes him smile instead?

"You think we would've dated in high school?" Jimin asks, tightening his hold on the other man's hand.

"I wouldn't have left you alone. Now, why don't we go get something to eat. I'm starving," Jungkook answers with his trademark grin, tapping his stomach for emphasis.

Jimin doesn't voice the small thank you in the back of his head as he lets Jungkook pull him off the bench.

- - -

"Hey, is there any way to maybe arrest someone for being an asshole?"

Hongbin groans before turning to look at Jungkook, who's watching him expectantly.

"Define being an asshole," Hongbin asks, deciding to humor the other officer now that he's done with all his reports anyway.

"Let's say...bullying someone for someone's sexuality?"

"...Probably. Depends. Why?"
"Oh, nothing."

"...Please don't do anything weird."

"Don't worry about it."

Hoseok pretends to be engrossed in the book in front of him as he sideglances at Yoongi, who looks to be struggling to beat a particular stage on a game he's playing with only one functioning wrist. It's been a few days since the accident, and he was sent home after the doctor's stern warning that he should be kept under careful watch. Yoongi volunteers to stay at Hoseok's apartment throughout the day to help him out, and Hoseok continues to grow nervous around the other man once he begins to come more in terms with his feelings for the officer.

"You know...you don't have to be here all the time," Hoseok tries, fixing his eyes onto the pages in front of him. He has no idea what the storyline is even though he's halfway through the book. In fact, he doesn't even know the name of the characters in the novel, because he's spent the last hour mechanically flipping through the pages just so that Yoongi wouldn't know what sort of internal turmoil he's experiencing.

"I'm fine," Yoongi answers curtly before throwing his phone onto the couch in frustration. He won't be beating that stage until the cast is off.

Hoseok glances at the man and sighs to himself.

It's as if life decided to see how much it can push Hoseok before Hoseok finally snaps and loses his shit. First, Life decides to give birth to him with a damn curse, which has continued to mock his existence till this point. Then after countless incidences involving vehicular and machine-related accidents, near-rapes and attempted murder/kidnapping, paired with his own limbs being a jackass as well, Life decides to put him next to Min Yoongi. But of course, the exact same Life decides to make Hoseok grow dependent on a goddamn police officer who saves his ass and cooks for him, before making the two of them roll down a flight of stairs and nearly killing both of them. Now, to top it off, as the proverbial cheery on top, Life decides to make his brain suddenly see Yoongi in a light where the officer is quite physically attractive as well.

As if he needed more reason to force himself to get away from the man. *Because fuck him, that's why.*

Ever since the accident (perhaps he hit his head too hard), he's been noticing details about Min Yoongi that makes him swallow hard, thanks to the lump that keeps forming in his throat. He doesn't know how, but he's now noticing Yoongi's milky, flawless skin that serves as the perfect canvas for his unique set of eyes that can be described by all synonyms of the words "adorable" and "sexy." Yoongi has features that are rather dainty on their own but are by no means feminine when put together. The officer is a ball of contradictions that make him that much tantalizing, and Hoseok wants to die.

*Stop.*
"Is the painkiller wearing off?"

Hoseok looks up at the voice to find Yoongi watching him with a slight frown on his face. He's been staring again, hasn't he.

"Huh?"

"You looked like you were in pain."

"Um...no, just a quick headache. No big deal. I'm fine now," Hoseok lies hurriedly, laughing awkwardly before focusing on the book in front of him again. Yoongi doesn't seem too happy with the response but doesn't comment on it, and for the first time, Hoseok is grateful that the other man isn't at all talkative.

Excellent. Now he's flustered and his armpits are getting sweaty. Nice. Yes, Life, why not make things more awkward and difficult.

Hoseok swallows visibly when he hears Yoongi approaching him. The man blinks and waits with abated breath, wondering what the officer is doing up and has to physically restrain himself from letting out an embarrassing squeak when Yoongi reaches out and puts a hand on his forehead. Yoongi's skin feels cool against his, and he can't help but wonder what it'd be like to have that hand all over his body.

Oh, god, what did he just think?? What. The. Fuck.

"Your face is red. Do you have a fever?" the cop asks matter-of-factly as he keeps the hand on the other man. "It doesn't seem too bad, but if it gets worse, we should go back to see a doctor. Just in case," he finishes with a frown while pulling back. The doctor had told him to keep a close eye for any physical changes, because one can never know with head trauma, and he's been doing his job properly. He's been giving painkillers every 8 hours, checking to make sure all Hoseok's limbs are working properly and making sure food is being delivered to the apartment so that Hoseok is kept fed (he's not about to venture into the kitchen with one functioning wrist).

"I-I'm sure it's nothing," Hoseok stutters out nervously, his fingers curling around the book at the tingling sensation left by where Yoongi's hand had been.

"Are you sure? You look a bit..." Yoongi begins and then falters, unable to pinpoint exactly what's off about his neighbor. Hoseok smiles nervously, hoping it'll make the other man go back to where he was, because they're way too close to each other right now, and he really can't handle Yoongi's scent around him in the state that he's in.

"How long are you off police duty?" Hoseok asks instead, trying to change the subject. It works.

"Just for this week. The captain says I'm useless with this wrist, but I said I'll help with filework," Yoongi explains, remembering the captain's text. He appreciates the man's gesture, but he also know what it's like to be one man short at the station. The rest of the boys had told him not to worry about it, and Hongbin gave him his words to keep Jungkook out of trouble, so he has been trying his best to relax during this time given off.

"I've been meaning to ask, how's the wrist? Is it getting any better?"

"It's just a broken wrist. I leave it like this and it'll heal on its own," Yoongi answers with a shrug, lifting the wrist up for emphasis. Frankly, he's more annoyed that there is something so rigid and
heavy restricting his movement than anything else. And taking a shower is a bitch when he has to do it with one hand up.

"And the back of your head?"

"It's fine. It wasn't even that bad."

"...Can I see?" Hoseok ventures carefully. He's hadn't been able to see the extent of the damage caused by the fall, only because the officer had been so adamant about it being nothing, but now he wants to judge for himself.

"What for?"

"Please?"

Yoongi stares for a bit before shrugging and sitting besides the other man. The officer turns so that his back is facing Hoseok, and Hoseok carefully reaches towards Yoongi's head. Slowly, he brushes away locks of hair to reveal a stitched area that is a few good inches long. He should've expected this. Of course Yoongi would considering a long, gaping wound "nothing."

"You call this not even that bad?" Hoseok asks incredulously. He's surprised that Yoongi hadn't bled out next to him judging from the sheer length of it and quickly shudders at the image.

"It wasn't that deep."

"Still...you could've really been hurt."

"I'm alive, aren't I?"

Hoseok doesn't have quite a response to that. So he continues to pretend to be studying the wound instead, flipping through Yoongi's hair and marveling at how soft it feels under his fingers. He almost lets out a high-pitched shriek when Yoongi's phone starts vibrating right next to him.

Yoongi reaches for it with a groan, not wanting to be disturbed but knowing he has to get it just in case it's some serious police business. He's just hoping that it's not Jackson fucking Wang again to wail into his phone and give him a (useless) lecture about taking good care of his body. He glances at the screen and sees it's his partner. He really doesn't want to pick up, but knowing Jungkook, he's probably going to be on his ass about him and sent him inappropriate texts just to get on his nerves.

Yoongi picks up, and before he can even let out a hello, Jungkook begins speaking.

[Where are you?]

"Home. Why."

[Bullshit. I'm in front of your apartment.]

"Why."

[The station made me bring over this...care package. It's got like food and shit and...I dunno, Jackson and Hongbin added some stuff into it too so there's probably going to be a nice surprise] Jungkook answers with a cackle. The officers, knowing Yoongi is most likely going to try to go without food for the week and hope that he survives, has made a bit of a care package to keep the boy ingesting some calories until he's back at the station. Jungkook, being Yoongi's partner, was
forced to do the dropoff, against the man's complaint that he's supposed to go see Jimin.

"Fine. I'll be there in a minute."

[Where there hell are you any-]

Yoongi hangs up and shoves his phone into his pocket before getting off the couch. Hoseok blinks owlishly as he watches the other man before asking where he's going. He feels his heart drop just a little bit when Yoongi simply answers "Jungkook's here to drop a few things off" before exiting the apartment.

Hoseok stares at his own hands, not knowing what to do with the ache in his chest. Of course Jungkook would come to take care of his own boyfriend. Of course. He should've expected it and it was completely normal, but the notion doesn't help him feel any better. Again, life sucks and everything is totally unfair. If Yoongi wasn't in a relationship of three years, maybe perhaps he would try to make a move just to see where it goes...but nope. He's not a homewrecker. His parents have taught him better...and plus he remembers his father telling him that his soulmate is supposed to be single when they first meet...and well, clearly Yoongi doesn't fit the bill.

A few minutes later, Yoongi is entering the apartment again, holding a bag in one hand.

"What's that...?"

"Care package, apparently. Some food and stuff since I can't use this wrist," Yoongi answers, hoping that Jackson or Hongbin hadn't been stupid enough to put a porn mag or a giant dildo as a gag gift, because let's face it, the assholes totally would. He sets it on the kitchen table and opens it, revealing a few microwaveable meals, a few bag of chips and sweets here and there. There is also a bundle of bananas and a couple apples inside (must be from Sungjae, the only sensible one in the group).

"Shouldn't you spend more time with Jungkook?" Hoseok asks carefully. He doesn't even know why he asks these questions, because a "yes" would only make him feel shittier, but why not be a masochist on top of everything else?

"I see him like everyday," Yoongi answers with a shrug. Hoseok's been talking a lot about Jungkook, and he's starting to wonder if his neighbor is attracted to his partner. Which would be a shame, because one, Jungkook is taken and completely infatuated by his Mr. Adorable, and two, he really thinks Hoseok deserves better than the big, muscle-pig idiot.

"Oh...he must be worried."

"I see him like everyday," Yoongi answers with a shrug. Hoseok's been talking a lot about Jungkook, and he's starting to wonder if his neighbor is attracted to his partner. Which would be a shame, because one, Jungkook is taken and completely infatuated by his Mr. Adorable, and two, he really thinks Hoseok deserves better than the big, muscle-pig idiot.

"Oh...he must be worried."

"I guess. You want anything?" Yoongi asks, pouring the content of the bag onto the table. Hoseok walks over (wobbles over) and looks through the array of colorful packaging.

"This is nice. And super thoughtful...You sure I can have some?"

"Why not?"

"It's just that...nevermind," Hoseok bites his tongue and picks up a random bag of chips off the table. Does Jungkook know about the fact that they are here together? Would the man be upset? Is this considered cheating? So many questions, yet he doesn't voice them out loud in fear of breaking the time they are spending together.
Jimin looks up from one of the shelves, where he's been busily arranging all the bag of gummy bears to a near OCD level, to find his boyfriend walking into the store with a small boy trailing right besides him.

"Oh, who's this?" Jimin asks, watching the small boy wave at him with a boxy smile on his adorable face. Jungkook's never mentioned a younger sibling, and Jimin's sincerely hoping that it's not Jungkook's son, because this is not how his boyfriend should be introducing his own son to him for the first time.

"This is the cap's son. I'm babysitting him today and I wanted to see you too so..." Jungkook explains, grabbing the boy by his hoodie when he attempts to bolt towards the candy section. Taehyung whines a little, struggling to break himself free, but Jungkook would have none of it.

"Oh, hello, I'm Jimin. What's your name?" the younger man asks, leaning down so that he and the boy are eye-levelled.

"I'm Kim Taehyung! You're uncle Jeon's boyfriend," Taehyung replies back gleefully, and Jimin jerks up to stare at his boyfriend with his mouth open.

"You told him I'm your boyfriend?" Jimin whisper-screams, despite the fact that Taehyung is clearly within hearing range.

"...But you are," Jungkook answers dumbly, not sure of where the sudden aggressive whispering is coming from.

"You can't tell those things to kids!"

"Why not? He already knew about you." In fact, Taehyung knew about Jimin before they were even a thing.

"Isn't his dad going to be angry?" Jimin asks out of concern, nervously nibbling at his lower lip. He doesn't know who this captain is, but he's almost certain that no parent in Korea wants their kids to know about homosexuality at an early age. It's just how things are in Korea, isn't it?

"Please, no one at the station cares. You've seen how they are," Jungkook answers flippantly with a wave of his hand. Only if Jimin could spend a day at the station...

"Still..."

"Well, if you don't mind, Tae and I are going to crash here for a bit, isn't that right Tae?"

Taehyung nods excitedly, looking around the store in awe. There's colorfully packaged candies, chips and cookies everywhere, and he doesn't think he's been to any place more beautiful.

"Uncle Jeon, can I have a cookie?"

"You can have anything. As long as you don't tell your dad," Jungkook answers with a grin and Jimin shoots him a pointed look, but there's no actual malice there. The small boy lets out an
excited squeak before looking through all the different snacks, and Jimin watches fondly.

"He's adorable," Jimin says, standing behind the counter and getting ready to ring whatever the boy brings.

"Isn't he?"

"Are his parents out on a date or something?" the smaller man asks, his eyes still glued on the small boy who is making noises while looking through all the different flavors.

"Umm...no. His parents divorced and he lives with his dad, the cap. He didn't really say where he's off too," Jungkook answers honestly, quietly enough so that only the two of them can hear.

"Oh...I see."

"Uncle Jeon! I can't decide which one to get!" Taehyung yells from behind one of the shelves, and Jungkook replies "just get both" without even looking towards the boy's direction.

"You guys must be pretty close," Jimin comments with a soft smile and Jungkook's nods in agreement. Taehyung eventually runs towards them, a box of cookies in his small hands.

"That's all you're getting, big guy?"

"Can I get ice cream later?"

"Of course you can," Jungkook cooes before ruffling the boy's hair and setting the box on the counter. Once it's paid for, Taehyung rushes off to the plastic table on the other side of the store and begins shoving the cookies into his mouth as if it's the last thing he's ever going to have before going on some mythical quest.

"You're pretty good with kids," Jimin comments once he gets over trying to figure out how a boy so small can eat so quickly. He's pleasantly surprised to find his boyfriend getting along so well with the boy.

"I wouldn't say kids. I've only been around him."

"I think you'd make a good dad nonetheless."

"So how many kids are we having?" Jungkook asks with a wiggle of his eyebrows, sending Jimin shaking in laughter. The smaller man playfully smacks the officer in the arm with a "stop it." Jungkook thinks this is nice. Sure it's nice to see Jimin blushing and acting shy, but he likes this Jimin better. He loves listening to Jimin laugh and play around with him. It makes him feel more at...home.

"Uncle Jeon, are you going to marry your boyfriend?"

The two men stop and turn to stare at Taehyung, who's watching them with an empty box of cookies lying abandoned on the table.

"Oh...uh," Jimin fumbles and glances at Jungkook, who scratches his chin instead of answering.

"Because dad won't marry Mr. Kim..." Taehyung continues, suddenly sad, and Jungkook's eyebrows shoot up at him sudden piece of information.

"Who's Mr. Kim?"
"My teacher. I love Mr. Kim. He comes over all the time and cooks for us. Dad is always happy around Mr. Kim, and he even said he likes Mr. Kim as much as he likes pizza, but he won't marry Mr. Kim."

"Wait, hold up. This Mr. Kim comes over and cooks for you?"

"Yeah...and sometimes when daddy's busy, Mr. Kim plays with me...and we all slept in a blanket fort together too. Can you make dad marry Mr. Kim?"

"Hold on. Hold on a second. A blanket fort? Like with all three of you inside?"

"Yeah..."

"And this is Mr. Kim and not Ms. Kim, right?"

"Yeah...and Mr. Kim told me sometimes a boy likes a boy and a girl likes a girl, but dad is gonna meet a nice lady...but I don't want a nice lady. I want Mr. Kim."

Jungkook stares long and hard. Thinks long and hard. Click. Click. His head is flooded with the conversation he had with his captain in his office. The whole hypothetical if a straight person confessed to a gay guy bullshit! That was about the captain afterall! Jack. Pot.

"Tell me more," Jungkook continues with an exaggerated smile, taking a seat next to the boy. Taehyung looks up sadly from his empty box of cookies, looking utterly heartbroken by the fact that dad won't marry Mr. Kim.

"Are you seriously going to interrogate a child?" Jimin asks with a huff, trying his best to not sound interested when he actually is. He has no idea who this captain is and who this Mr. Kim is, but who care, this sounds like a beginning of a nice gay movie he'd watch on a lazy Sunday afternoon over junk food. Working as a cashier can get super boring, so why not.

"I know that word!" Taehyung perks up. "But dad said it's for criminals...am I a criminal?" he asks, his eyes wide in fear. He didn't do anything wrong except for eating cookies when his dad said no sweets.

"No, no you're not. Don't listen to uncle Jimin over there-"

"Hey!"

"-and tell me more about this...Mr. Kim. Is he almost tall as your dad, with lips like this? Dark brown hair?" Jungkook asks, trying to remember details from his encounter with the teacher that had come to the station handcuffed to the captain. He's said it before and he'll say it again (eventhough he's taken), but the man was damn gorgeous.

"You know Mr. Kim?"

"So that's Mr. Kim huh..."

"He got me dinosaur PJs."

"Did he now...."

"He cooks dinner for us, and he always makes more so dad and I can eat it in the morning!"

"Well shit, if that's not domestic I don't know what is..." Jungkook mutters under his breath, loudly enough for only himself to hear. All this time, captain has been hiding this...thing with another man..."
and the rest of the station thought that he's been staying sadly single. He can trust no one in this world (except Jimin).

"And you seem to like this Mr. Kim."

"He's the best! Uncle Jeon, can you help me make my dad marry Mr. Kim?"

"Yeah sure, just give me a bottle of vodka and a lockable room and-"

"Jeon Jungkook!" Jimin shouts from behind him and Jungkook smiles sheepishly at his boyfriend before turning back to the boy.

"What's a vodka?"

"It's a type of...water only adults drink."

"Can I try it?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Because I'd have to arrest myself, Tae. And please don't tell you dad I said any of this."

"Okay..."

"Well buddy, I'm going to help you and talk to your dad about this...in the meanwhile, you make sure you keep bugging your dad about it too."

"Okay!"

"Alright, I gotta pee. Hey, you think you can look after him for a bit?" Jungkook asks, turning to his boyfriend who nods and smiles at the small boy. Taehyung seems to have taken an instant liking towards the smaller man, and the officer is strangely touched by it.

When it's just the two of them, Taehyung hops off of his chair and beelines towards Jimin, who's standing behind the counter watching the boy.

"Did you need something?" Jimin asks fondly, placing a gentle hand on Taehyung's mop of dark hair. Instead of answering, Taehyung continues to stare long and hard at the other man, his big eyes contemplative and almost scrutinizing. Jimin waits patiently, his smile unfaltering.

"Please take good care of Uncle Jeon," Tae finally says and pulls out a wrapped candy from his pocket. He hands it to the man with his small hand and Jimin has to physically make an effort to not squeal out at how adorable the boy is.

"For this, I will take the best care of Jungkook," Jimin answers with a smile, taking the candy.

"He says he likes you a lot. He talks about you all the time."

"Does he now?"

"He says he makes you happy. Does he make you happy?"

"All the time."
Namjoon sighs for the umpteenth time in the last hour or so. He's standing in front of Seokjin's apartment, a single rose in his hand. He's looked through perhaps hundreds of different bouquets to find the perfect one, but he couldn't get himself to feel comfortable holding a giant bouquet filled with colorful petals and luscious leaves. So he settled for a single rose with a white ribbon tied around it.

"Pull yourself together, Kim Namjoon," he says quietly to himself, wiping the sweat off his palms on his pants. He's honestly freaking out and none of the breathing exercises seems to be calming his nerves. "You can do this," he finishes his internal prep talk before finally knocking against the door in front of him. He waits impatiently for it to open, and when it does, he's taken back by the sight of a complete stranger.

"...Who...I'm sorry, isn't this Kim Seokjin's apartment?" Namjoon asks with forced calmness, trying to peer behind the man. The man is watching his now, his ridiculously high nose held high and his big eyes studying every inch of his face.

"It is...but who are you?"

"Is Seokjin here?" Namjoon asks instead of answering the man, slowly growing agitated by the tone of the stranger's voice. Who is this man and why is this man inside Seokjin's apartment? Is this perhaps Seokjin's...fling? New boyfriend? A date? God, it could be anything, and he's starting to panic now.

"Depends," the man answers, looking to be challenging him. Namjoon grits his teeth, wondering if he should just push past the man. He has no idea who he is, but he's not enjoying the rather authoritative (dickish) behavior, especially when it feels like the rest of his life's happiness is at stake.

"Who's at the door?"

Namjoon cranes his neck when he hears Seokjin's voice coming from inside the apartment.

"Seokjin!" he calls out and watches as the door opens wider to reveal Seokjin standing besides the stranger.

"Oh...hi," Seokjin says softly as he takes a small step back, and it hurts Namjoon to see that expression on the other man.

"I know you said you needed time. But I wanted to just give you this to let you know I meant everything I said," Namjoon begins calmly, handing the teacher the rose he had been holding. Seokjin takes it tentatively, his lashes fluttering as he holds onto the flower. The officer had originally planned on having a long talk with the man to persuade him of his feelings, but he's seeing that this isn't the right time, considering the stranger present. He has a lot of questions, but he's not about to push it. Not now. For today, he's just going to have to hope that he gets his message across to Seokjin.
Seokjin bites his lower lip and looks down, unsure of what to say, and Namjoon doesn't stand around waiting for a response either. He nods curtly and turns on heels to leave, and Seokjin lets the man walk away. Seokjin watches Namjoon disappear into the hallway and holds the rose closer to his chest. He hadn't expected the man to actually come all the way to his apartment, with a flower no less, and now his chest just...hurts.

"Is that him? He's cute," his friend Jaehwan comments as they walk back into the apartment. Seokjin rolls his eyes before staring at the rose in his hands. How...Namjoon-like, he thinks. So simple yet...not without a sense of grace and depth. A flower so bold in color yet understated...

"You know," Jaehwan continues, sprawling across the couch. "I wasn't all that convinced before but...I think he really likes you."

"....Maybe...I dunno..."

Seokjin bites his lower lip before sitting on the couch as well. Jaehwan and he had been friends since they were basically toddlers, and Jaehwan had also been one of the very few people who had accepted him for who he is. Jaehwan never tried to set him up with girls or cringed whenever Seokjin talked about his potential budding romance with another man. Jaehwan was just Jaehwan. It just sucks that Jaehwan is working abroad most of the time and rarely stops by Seoul.

Jaehwan and flown in the night before and had asked to crash at Seokjin's place for a couple of nights before flying back. He immediately knew something was wrong with his friend, and after some alcohol and prying, Seokjin was talking on and on about this (hot) officer who was supposedly straight and even had a (adorable) son telling him that he has feelings for him. Seokjin was beyond confused, because all this time, he was very convinced that Namjoon was straight...he had been fine with enjoying the warmth Namjoon and Taehyung provided. And then out of nowhere, Namjoon is telling him to give him a chance and it's just...

"what the hell."

"I mean, what's the harm in giving this guy a shot anyway?" Jaehwan asks with a suffering sigh. He loves his friend to bits, but Seokjin can be a little too cautious sometimes. He doesn't blame Seokjin, but it doesn't mean he has to sit around and watch the man let potential boyfriends walk on by.

"I don't want to be some kind of...an experimentation," Seokjin says honestly, basically repeating what he had already told his friend the previous night. He had been drunk enough to let all his fears and worries be known, and as much as he regrets doing so, a part of him is glad that he's let it all out.

"Look, I'm not saying I understand everything about gay relationships, but I'm a guy, and I think we both know that a guy doesn't come with a rose in hand just to experiment. If he wanted to try a guy out, he would've just gone to a gay bar or go on I dunno whatever is the new app for gay men."

Seokjin narrows his eyes at his friend.

"You can look at me like that all you want, but you know I'm not wrong."

"Fuck, I hate you."

"Please. You're this close to making me say 'stop being so gay' so just do what you want to do. Or whatever your heart wants to do. You get what I mean."

"You dick."

"That's why you love me. Now go. You can probably stop him before he goes on some k-ballad
music video montage."

"Fine."

"And don't come back home, if you know what I mean," Jaehwan teases with a wiggle of his eyebrows, and Seokjin rolls his eyes before grabbing his phone and wallet. Maybe his friend has a point after all. And he knows Namjoon. Namjoon wouldn't toy with someone's feeling like that, so why had he been so scared? Because Namjoon is literally the best man he has ever seen in his lifetime? Because he's afraid of ruining what he has with the officer and his son?

Because he's never believed that a fairy tale ending is possible for a gay man in Korea?

Seokjin pulls his phone out and dials Namjoon's number. The man doesn't pick up at first, but on the second one, he does.

[Seokjin...?]

"I need to talk to you," Seokjin says almost desperately into the phone as he rushes towards the elevator. He's hoping that the man isn't too far away already. "Where are you?"

[I'm just about to get in my car...]

"I'll see you in the parking lot." With that, the teacher hangs up and waits impatiently for the elevator to arrive. It doesn't take long for him to enter the parking lot, where he spots Namjoon immediately. The man is standing leaning against his car, his eyes downcast and his hands shoved into his pockets.

"Officer."

Namjoon looks up and forces a weak smile onto his face as he watches the other man walk towards him. The truth is that he's scared. He's scared that Seokjin has come down to reject him in person. His ego can take rejections, but he doesn't think his heart can take not being able to spend time with Seokjin again. How has he fallen so deep anyway?

"I...I'm sorry for running out on you like that," Seokjin begins with an apology. Namjoon shakes his head slowly to let the other know he's not hurt by it. "And...I did some thinking and...I have no idea if any of this is going to work out, but I want to give us a chance too," he finishes almost shyly, his voice barely above a whisper. Namjoon blinks slowly, letting the words soak through his skin. Seokjin isn't rejecting him. Seokjin wants to give them a shot too.

"You...Are you being serious?"

"Yeah. I think so. I mean, I'm serious."

Seokjin's heart skips a beat at the way Namjoon's lips curl into one of the most genuine smiles he's ever seen on the man, complete with dimples and his eyes disappearing into crescents. Namjoon reaches out and takes hold of Seokjin's wrist before pulling the other man into a tight hug. All his life, Namjoon's held people considerably smaller than him in his arms. Women were tiny, soft little things compared to Seokjin, who's made up of broad shoulders and hard muscles, yet nothing's ever felt so perfect as he wraps his arms around him.

"Thank you," Namjoon breathes out, closing his eyes and reveling in the warmth that is Seokjin. "I promise I won't mess it up."

And like that, Namjoon starts believing in love again.
Chapter 18

Again, apologies for not being able reply to everyone on chapter 16! Man, xmas eve and xmas have been quite hectic! I hope everyone had a wonderful xmas season!! :) I will NOT be replying to comments for chapter 18 and 19 (this one and the next one) ONLY because I need help resisting the urge to reply with spoilers! However, because I'm going to be a complete ass for the next couple of chapters, I promise they will be updated more frequently! But I do read every single comment and they really do help me stay motivated! :) Just don't kill me...

"Hey Jimin!"

Jimin waves at Jinyoung, who had come in time for his shift. The other boy is all smiles as always, his handsome features practically sparkling under the fluorescent lighting of the shop. Jinyoung always has his shift after Jimin, so they see each other on a nearly daily basis, but Jimin doesn't know much else other than the fact that Jinyoung is a college student like himself. Jinyoung is nice. He always give off a gentle, friendly vibe that somehow, strangely manages to make Jimin feel at ease.

"I've finished stocking the coolers, but I think there are some boxes of beer that needs to be opened in the back," Jimin informs as he steps out of the way to give room for the other cashier to come in.

"Oh, that's cool, thanks!" Jinyoung replies back chirpily as he enters the area behind the counter. "Hey, I've been meaning to ask..." he continues rather hesitantly, stopping Jimin before he can leave the shop. "And I totally understand if you don't want to answer, and tell me if I'm wrong but...that officer that came in a couple of times...are you maybe...you know?" Jinyoung asks, making vague motions with his hands.

Jimin shuffles around nervously, unsure of how to answer the question. Normally, he wouldn't give it an ounce of thought before flat out denying it, because he knows better than to let his sexuality be know. However, this time, he takes the time to study the other man's face for a bit. He tries to search for any sign of disgust or apprehension, but there's none. However, he does read signs of curiosity and a hint of amusement that would normally come from any sort of gossip.

"...Yeah..." Jimin answers slowly. His palms are already getting sweaty. "Is that a...problem?" he counters, channeling some of the strong, confident energy his boyfriend wears around everywhere. What if Jinyoung goes around telling their boss? He's clearly going to be fired and is going to have to look for another job...not to mention what else the other man can do with the information. But as he thinks about the good thing he has with Jungkook and the way Jungkook's never afraid of declaring his love for him no matter where he is, he feels braver. So what if people don't like the fact that he's with Jungkook? He's happy. They're happy, so other people can-
"Oh, God no, and I already sort of figured, considering that's not how two bros hug," Jinyoung replies loudly, interrupting Jimin's train of thought, and Jimin remembers how Jungkook had locked him into a bear hug in front of the other cashier. "And if it helps, I'm sort of seeing a guy too."

"...You...are?" Jimin asks hesitantly. He's never spoken to another gay man (other than his boyfriend, of course), and there is suddenly a sense of excitement in his gut once the realization sets in. Jinyoung's given zero indication that he's gay (but then again, neither did Jungkook), so it comes as a bit of a surprise, but it's the kind that's welcomed, in Jimin's opinion.

"Yeah. And he's older too. I mean...we're just getting to know each other and stuff, but...it's something," Jinyoung informs with a sheepish grin, playing with the hems of his sleeves. Jimin perks up with a fond smile. He wonders if he looks like that when he thinks or talks about his boyfriend.

"Wow, that sounds nice."

"How long have you guys been together?"

"Oh, not that long either."

"Still. It's nice to talk to someone who understands," Jinyoung muses, leaning against the counter with a toothy grin.

"Yeah, me too."

"Hey, if you don't mind, can we hang out sometime so I can ask you questions about the whole dating another guy deal? I mean, I know all the logistics and stuff, but...just what kind of dates we can go on without being too...obvious, if you know what I mean."

"Sure. I'm not exactly that pro at it either though," Jimin admits shyly. It's not as if Jungkook and he had been dating for years, and frankly, he doesn't think he has any solid tips for the other man, but he doesn't want to pass up a chance to make a friend he can be open about his own relationship with.

"Doesn't matter. Plus, I think it'd be nice to talk about our boyfriends. Well, hopefully boyfriend on my part."

"That sounds nice," Jimin answers eagerly. All this time, he had been very secretive about his sexuality, never once truly opening up to a friend. Even when people in his major talked about their budding relationships or the "hot girl or guy" in one of their classes, Jimin had remained silent for the most part, which had made him feel like a loner half the time. They quickly exchange numbers, Jimin smiling at the addition to his address book.

"Man, I'm glad I asked, because I've been nervous about asking just in case I was wrong and was seeing things," Jinyoung says once he's finished putting Jimin's name into his phone.

"Well, I'm glad you asked. Well, I should get going now."

"Alright, you go on then. Are you seeing him tonight?"

"Yeah." Jimin answers with a soft, shy smile. He and Jungkook are scheduled to go shopping, grab dinner together and hopefully crash at Jungkook's apartment to binge on junk food while watching a movie they can both make fun of.
"Lucky you. Have fun then!"

Jimin waves the other man bye before exiting the shop. He checks his phone for time and heads over to the mall they were at only a few days ago to get his shopping done. The last attempt didn't go too well, thanks to the ghost from his past coming back to haunt him, and as much as he had tried to actively avoid shopping at the exact same shopping center, his boyfriend had been quite adamant about overcoming his fears and rising as a badass.

He finds his boyfriend standing in front of the big building, looking to be listening to music. Jimin grins and silently sneaks up behind him before covering the man's eyes with his hands...because he's gross and has this need to reenact scenes from sappy romcoms. It's cute right? To cover your boyfriend's eyes and say "guess who?" right? It would be cute if it wasn't for the fact that Jungkook is a police officer.

Which is why Jimin finds himself being flung onto the ground before he can even yell out "wait!"

Jimin doesn't think he can breathe properly anymore as he wheezes on the ground, his entire back and chest feeling as if there is a car running over it. He doesn't see stars. He only sees white as he blinks furiously to get his vision back, and when it does clear, and when he can finally see colors and shapes again, he sees Jungkook hovering over his with utter panic in his eyes.

"Jimin! Holy shit, fuck! Jimin! Are you OK!? Talk to me! Jimin!"

"...mfine..." Jimin manages to squeeze out once his lungs decides that inhaling is an option again. He sounds like a dying squirrel, but that's all he can manage right now. The impact must've taken all the oxygen out of his system.

"Shit, I'm so sorry, it was completely out of reflex, I swear. Shit..."

"It's OK....wow.." Jimin reassures his boyfriend as Jungkook slowly helps him up. Who would've thought that he'd ever experience being thrown onto the ground...Well now he knows what it's like and exactly how much it hurts. Never again, Jimin thinks. Never again.

"I'm so sorry, should I call 119? Do you need to see a doctor?" Jungkook continues to ask frantically, his hands hovering around Jimin, his already big eyes stretching even wider in panic.

"I'm fine. Really," Jimin answers, forcing a smile onto his face as he's finally on his feet again. He makes a mental note to never, ever sneak up on his boyfriend ever again. He looks around and then blushes bright red once he realizes the small crowd of people gathered around them. Some of the people are whispering furiously among themselves, and Jimin is starting to think that he might be forced to permanently steer clear of this particular shopping mall sometime in the near future.

"If you ever feel the need to go see a doctor, you need to let me know," Jungkook continues to fuss over his boyfriend, looking so guilty that Jimin can't help but reach out and give the other man's hand a quick squeeze.

"I'm OK. I just needed some time to...recover. Well, now I know that the streets of Seoul are definitely being kept safe," Jimin attempts at humor, and as for Jungkook, the officer is now sulking besides Jimin, his shoulders droopy and his eyes sad like a puppy that's being told there's no walk for him because it's raining.

"I'm really OK. I'm not made out of glass," Jimin tries again with a smile, putting a hand on Jungkook's back. The officer turns to look at him and blinks owlishly.

"I can't believe I tackled you down...I did try to soften the fall though when I realize it was you..."
"And I'm glad you did." Jimin doesn't want to imagine what would've happened if Jungkook hadn't realized in time. "Are you hungry? Should we eat first and then shop?"

"Yeah, that sounds like a good idea. You want to hit the food court or go for something nicer?"

"Food court is fine."

"So anything interesting? New?" Jungkook asks as they make their way towards the food court.

"Oh. I found someone else who's gay," Jimin answers, perking up at the memory of the conversation with Jinyoung. Jungkook, on the other hand narrows his eyes at the thought of another gay man who might also be wanting a piece of his boyfriend.

"Who?" Jungkook ventures carefully, doing his best to keep his jealousy in check.

"Just someone," Jimin mumbles, not wanting to give any information about Jinyoung away. He doesn't want to out anyone, even if it's to his own boyfriend. "He has a guy he's seeing as well, and I think we're going to hang out to just...talk about our boyfriends," he finishes shyly. Despite all the touches, kissing and spending time, he hasn't completely gotten used to referring to jungkook as his boyfriend. Weird, he knows.

"Oh. So he has a guy."

"Yup. And I think it's nice to have someone to talk about...you know," Jimin continues with a smile and Jungkook nods besides him. Well, as long as this mystery person doesn't make a move on Jimin, he's happy that his boyfriend is happy.

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Hoseok sighs, staring at the two hoodies in front of him. He's been walking around the damn shopping mall for the past couple of hours, trying to pick the perfect one for Yoongi. Yoongi had finally returned to the station, and Hoseok had taken the opportunity to get a gift for the man to thank him for taking care of him (and also as an apology for dragging him down a flight of stairs).

Normally, he wouldn't spend more than half an hour buying a gift for someone, but nothing was good enough today. He knows that Yoongi's only hobby was playing the piano and the man didn't deviate too much from wearing plain tees and hoodies, all in some shade of white or black, so his options were already limited to begin with. To make things worse, he's starting to realize that it's even more difficult to get a gift for someone you actually like.

Yeah, there. He's said it. He likes Min Yoongi, a little (lot) more than he should, given the circumstances, but the past few days he's spent with the man was more than enough to teach him that he is in fact a little in love with the stoic officer. And it really didn't help that Yoongi looked like a damn angel when he slept on Hoseok's couch.

Hoseok eventually walks out of the store, unable to decide between the two. God, why does everything have to be so difficult. He chooses to walk around a bit more, hoping to come across a
store that will offer him something he can take home. He's just passing through the food court when he sees a familiar figure standing, looking to be considering the menu on the wall in front of him.

He immediately recognizes him as Jungkook, Yoongi's boyfriend. He swallows hard as a lump builds in his throat. Seeing the man again reminds him of how devilishly handsome Yoongi's man is, and Hoseok looks down at his own body with a grimace. He feels so small compared to the tall man with broad shoulders and defined set of jaws.

Hoseok is about to approach him and say hello (out of politeness than anything else) when he sees another figure approaching Yoongi's boyfriend. Hoseok watches curiously and then frowns when Jungkook smiles so fondly at the smaller man before putting a hand on his lower back for a fleeting moment. The two are now talking animatedly between themselves, and as much as Hoseok wants to deny it, he can't ignore the loving glances they are throwing at each other.

Hoseok scurries to a spot behind one of the pillars and narrows his eyes to get a better look. Maybe it's not Jungkook? No, but that has to be. Exact same build, exact same face and even the exact same hair as the last time they met. He even looks around to check if Yoongi is around, but the officer is nowhere in sight. Is this...? Could this be...?

Hoseok slaps a hand over his mouth. Jungkook is cheating on his boyfriend of three years. Yoongi is being cheated on and he probably has no idea. Hoseok's stomach drops, once the notion truly set in. Yoongi's going to be heartbroken. Yoongi is going to find out about his boyfriend of three years cheating on him, and it's going to destroy him. Hoseok can't believe this. Not only has he just witnessed this in person, but he's also a shitty liar, which means it's going to be a struggle to keep this from Yoongi.

But should he? Should he be keeping it a secret? Is there any guarantee that Yoongi will never find out though? Or does he owe it to Yoongi to let him know that his boyfriend isn't faithful?

And now Hoseok is angry, because here he is, basically in love with the grumpy neighbor but unable to do anything about it instead of moping around pathetically, and here Jungkook is, cheating on someone as good as Min Yoongi. How dare he. Yoongi deserves so much better than that. So. Much. Better.

Hoseok's about to flee the scene, unable to take it any longer, when he ends up (of course) tumbling straight into a burly man carrying a load of shopping bags for his wife. Hoseok bounces right off and goes tumbling onto the hard floor beneath him with an embarrassingly loud "thwak." Hoseok doesn't have much time to roll around in pain, because he can see Jungkook running towards him from the corner of his eyes. Goddamn it.

"What's going on here?"

Hoseok can hear Jungkook demanding, and he tries curling himself into a ball, hoping that his arms can effectively hide his face.

"This guy just bumped into me," the burly man answers, and before Hoseok can inconspicuously roll out of the other man's vision, he feels Jungkook's hand on his shoulder.

"Are you OK?" Jungkook asks, shaking the other man. Hoseok wonders if he can get away with playing dead but ends up getting up, because one, he doesn't want to cause a scene, and two, he's not a complete idiot.

"Oh," Jungkook lets out once he finally takes in the other man's face. "Hey, you're Yoongi's
neighbor, right?"

"...Yeah and you're Yoongi's partner," Hoseok spits the last work out with venom, hoping Jungkook gets the message. "You know, Yoongi deserves so much better than you. If you don't tell him and make things right, I'm going to tell him myself," Hoseok blurts out and then bolts, not wanting to stick around for the rest of what might turn into a giant confrontation that's inevitable going to involve Jungkook punching him in the face (or worse).

Hopefully, Jungkook will man up and tell Yoongi what's been happening. Hoseok only stops when he's outside the mall. He stares at the sky for a brief moment before getting ready to head on home. He's wishing that he did the right thing. It might hurt Yoongi, but at least the man will know the truth...

"...What was that about?" Jimin asks at his still baffled boyfriend, who's been staring at the direction Hoseok had run off for the past full minute.

"...I don't know. What the hell did I do wrong? I even delivered Yoongi his care package..."

"Who was that?"

"My partner's sort-of boyfriend. No, but seriously, what the hell could I have done wrong...?"

"I have no idea but...you should probably talk to your partner about it," Jimin suggests sagely, tugging at his boyfriend's arm.

"Yeah...maybe...the fuck?" Jungkook mumbles as he finally returns to studying the menu with his boyfriend. He's quite certain that he'd been a pretty badass partner for someone like Yoongi. Hell, he puts up with the grumpy man's biting remarks and generally asshole-y attitude, even functioning as a physical shield for him when things get rough, and then the bad luck neighbor pops out of nowhere to tell him that Yoongi deserves better.

*Ouch.*

Namjoon and Seokjin agree to take things slowly. Namjoon wants to do this the right way from the beginning instead of rushing into it just because they've known each other for some time. Call him a helpless romantic, if you will. Kim Namjoon wants to do this the old-fashioned way, with surprise flowers, candle-lit dinners and gentle gestures that lets Seokjin believe, without an ounce of doubt, that what he feels for the other man is real.

This weekend, however, they have decided to spend time taking Taehyung to an amusement park instead of doing something between the two of them. Seokjin had been the one to suggest the idea, saying that it'll probably help with the two easing into what might become a stable relationship. Namjoon knows that it's difficult to define what it exactly is between the two of them. They're not exactly official, that much he's certain of. It'd be more accurate to say that they are getting to know each better, not as Officer Kim and Mr. Kim, but as Kim Namjoon and Kim Seokjin.
Namjoon struggles to dress Taehyung that morning, primarily because Taehyung refuses to stay still, the excitement in his system too much for his small body to handle. Namjoon picks Seokjin up on their way to the amusement park, and the two share a rather shy glance before all settling in the car comfortably.

"Mr. Kim! Mr. Kim! We're going to an amusement park!" Taehyung shouts from besides Seokjin in the back seat. "We're going to have cotton candy and go on all the rides! Dad said I can go on all the rides if I'm tall enough! He also said we can have ice cream! This is so cool!"

"Yes, it really is," Seokjin says fondly, patting the boy on his head.

"Are you excited, Mr. Kim? Because I'm super excited!"

"I'm very excited, Tae," Seokjin answers with a gentle smile. As much as he wants to spend quality time with just Namjoon, he's come to adore Taehyung just as much, and every moment spent with all three of them meant something special to him.

"Tae, leave Mr. Kim alone," Namjoon chides softly as he does a quick turn.

"Oh, he's fine," Seokjin cooes, leaning towards the boy to nuzzle him on his cheek. "We're just so excited, aren't we, Tae?"

"Yeah!" Taehyung answers clapping. "Dad, are we there yet?"

"We just left."

"...So are we?"

"No, big guy. We have an hour to go."

"A whole hour? That's forever!" Taehyung whines, burying his face in his hands.

"Alright Tae, why don't we take a quick nap?" Seokjin suggests, taking in the look of disappointment on the small boy. "That way, we'll have more energy for the rides!"

Taehyung puts up a fight but eventually falls asleep on Seokjin, his mouth hung open and a small snore escaping him as the car continues to roll forward. Namjoon smiles softly at the noise and then glances at the mirror to see Seokjin watching his son fondly. Namjoon grips the handle a bit tighter, the smile on his face growing bigger.

The three eventually arrive at the amusement park, and Namjoon catches his son just in time before he runs off like a beagle puppy that managed to break free. Namjoon hoists Taehyung up, not trusting him on land, and Seokjin walks besides him laughing about how excited the little boy is. As soon as they buy their tickets and walk inside, Taehyung is uncontrollable, kicking and pushing his dad to let him down.

"Tae, I can't let you down unless you promise to stay right next to us. We can't lose you, buddy," Namjoon tries to reason with his son. He knows how hyper his son can be (he's not entirely sure which side Taehyung got it from) and refuses to risk losing him in the sea of people.

"Dadddd," Taehyung whines, kicking his little legs again.

"Here, Tae, why don't you hold my hand and make sure you don't lose me?" Seokjin tries instead, and Taehyung nods with a newfound look of determination in his eyes. Namjoon rolls his eyes and lets his son down, and Taehyung immediately wraps his tiny fingers around his teacher.
"OK, Mr.Kim. Make sure you hold on and not lose me," Taehyung says proudly, puffing his chest out a little. Seokjin stifles a giggle as he nods and lets the boy lead the way.

"Thank you," Namjoon mouths, to which Seokjin replies with a wink.

The three of them end up going on every ride available for someone of Taehyung's height. Namjoon takes all kinds of photos of his son on kiddie rides, alongside a few of his son and Seokjin together. Taehyung is as excited about the cotton candy and ice cream as he is about the rides, and Seokjin doesn't waste any time spoiling the adorable child. One whole cotton candy and three ice creams in, Taehyung is rolling on the floor with a tummy ache, which has the two adults calling it a day.

Namjoon offers to drop Seokjin off first, but Seokjin answers that he wants to spend a bit more time together at the officer's apartment. Namjoon doesn't argue with that. The entire drive is the two adults listening to Taehyung whine about his tummy ache and trying to decide which ride is the best. By the time they are back at the apartment, Taehyung is sound asleep against the teacher again, and the boy doesn't wake up even when Namjoon carries him all the way to his bed and tucks him in.

"That was quite a day," Seokjin comments once Namjoon's back in the living room. "It was nice."

"Yeah? Thank you for taking care of Tae. I know he can get a bit-"

"When are you going to stop thanking me for spending time with you or Tae?" Seokjin asks curiously, making his way towards the other man and hesitantly taking a hold of the officer's wrist. Namjoon swallows hard and looks up to meet the teacher's gaze.

"I..." Namjoon starts and then closes his mouth. Seokjin's hand feels hot against his skin, which doesn't make any sense because it's not like it's the first time they've touched each other.

"I'm going to kiss you right now," Seokjin begins, taking a bold step forward. "Tell me now if you don't want it."

Namjoon doesn't say anything. He doesn't move a muscle in fear of shattering whatever is going on. He's never thought of kissing another man. Never questioned what it must feel like. Yet, Seokjin is leaning towards him, and all he can do is close his eyes tightly when the sight of the man's long lashes and pouty, pink lips become too much for his vision to handle.

Seokjin's lips are soft. They are careful, calculated and not without a hint of hesitation that clearly gives room for Namjoon to back out if he needs to. But Namjoon doesn't back out, especially once he realizes that the moment is not him about kissing another man. It's about him kissing Seokjin, and everything starts making sense.

Namjoon raises both his hands and takes Seokjin's face into his hands. He pushes forward, pressing their lips against each other until there's not an ounce of space between them left. Namjoon is quickly engulfed by the heat of the moment, and when Seokjin lets out a small whimper, something in him snaps.

Seokjin is pushed back, his feet struggling to keep up with the way Namjoon is pushing his body flush against him. The struggle continues until Seokjin's back touches a wall. Yet Namjoon doesn't stop. Seokjin's body is setting his skin on fire, every nerve in his body tingling with something that had laid dormant for years. It was as if his entire body was whirring back to life, and all he can do is to stay on Seokjin's lips as if it's the only thing keeping him sane.
Seokjin is taken back by the sudden display of passion, but he doesn't put up a fight. He lets himself lose control as well, kissing back hungry, almost aggressively, because Namjoon's taut body feels so good against his own. He wraps his arms around the man's back and pulls him closer, his nails digging into the fabric of the man's shirt.

"Fuck," Namjoon lets out breathlessly once he finally manages to regain some semblance of control. Seokjin is watching him through his lashes, his eyes hooded and his lips swollen, and Namjoon growls at the way the image is making him feel. Something animalistic has woken up inside him, something he never knew he had.

"We...We were supposed to take things slow," Namjoon breathes out, his knuckles turning white as he presses his hands against the wall to keep them from grabbing onto Seokjin again. As much as he wants to continue, he doesn't want their relationship starting off with sex. What if it's just years of pent up sexual frustration clouding their judgements? What if Seokjin is simply going with all of this because Namjoon has made himself an option? He doesn't want to think that, but what if?

"M-maybe, shit, maybe you're right," Seokjin whispers back, his chest still heaving. Now that the dam's been broken, it's going to be difficult keeping his hands off of Namjoon, but the man does have a point. Namjoon's the type of man who's in it for the long haul, and that's what he wants too. The sex can come later. *Lots, and lots of it*, but for now, he owes it to himself to see what the man has to offer and what he himself can give to Namjoon. He can wait. He can do that.

"But maybe we can still kiss," Namjoon suggests, already leaning towards the other man. Seokjin nods eagerly, pushing his body forward to meet the officer's lips hungrily. He isn't at all ashamed by the moans that escape his mouth, his hands roaming across Namjoon's taut chest. Namjoon arches slightly at the touch and lets out an almost feral growl, slamming the teacher against the wall again.

Just then, Namjoon's phone begins ringing, and at this point, Namjoon's almost thankful for the distraction. He pulls his phone out and answers immediately only once he checks that it's from his superior. Seokjin watches with raised eyebrows as Namjoon throws him an apologetic glance and takes into the device.

"...Yes, sir. I understand."

"...What's that about?" Seokjin asks only Namjoon hangs up, the heat of the moment completely forgotten as he takes in the look on the other man's face.

"They want to hold another meeting on Monday," Namjoon answers, frowning at the thought of having to stay back for another meeting. "Jin, I'm sorry but, do you mind if you take care of Tae until the meeting finishes?"

"Of course. That's not a problem. Is everything OK?"

"I'm sure it's nothing. Hey um...if you don't mind...do you want to sleep over? I promise I won't do anything."

"Oh, officer, I think you should be the one who's worried," Seokjin counters with a flirty grin, running a finger down Namjoon's stomach.

"You're not making this easy for me."

"I know. I can't help myself. But of course, I'll sleepover. Maybe we can all grab pancakes in the morning."
"Sounds great."

Monday rolls around, and the station is busier than usual with Jackson calling in sick. None of them remember the last time the particular officer had gotten sick, so they're worried, but they don't have time to dwell on it between both cop-related affairs and trying to organize their annual end of the year (slash Christmas) party for everyone. All the festive mood aside, Namjoon quickly realizes what the meeting is going to be about once captains from different stations start telling him about the recent increase in gang-related activities in their sectors, and he just hopes that he can finish the year without going on another drug-raid. Sure it's their job and everything, but he's not sure if they are going to be as lucky as last time. He almost lost Jungkook, and he doesn't need to deal with a fellow officer's death right before Christmas.

It's nearing 6, and Namjoon gets a phonecall from Seokjin tell him not to worry because Taehyung is safe and sound with him. They talk briefly about how well Taehyung did on his presentation on his hobbies, and Seokjin sends him a video he recorded of Taehyung singing during a practice for the upcoming school concert.

"Hey cap, you bringing anyone special to the party?" Hongbin asks once he sees the captain walking out of his office. It's become sort of a widely accepted knowledge around the office that the captain isn't as single as he tries to make himself appear to be, and while everyone's curious, none of them has dared to ask directly.

Namjoon stares at the other cop for a moment. Up till now, he's always brought his son to the party, and everyone else at the station had a fun time dressing the boy as a little reindeer, complete with a fake red nose and everything. This year....yes, he definitely has someone special he wants to accompany him...but does he trust the rest of this team? Knowing the terrible trio, they're not going to get off his ass about his budding relationship with Seokjin....and God forbid they do some stupid shit that scares the teacher off forever.

"Cap, that silence is kinda answering the question for you. So who is she?" Hongbin asks with a sly grin, and both Sungjae and Jungkook are behind him, their eyes practically twinkling in excitement. He contemplates lying about it but gives up. They're going to find out sooner or later, especially when Taehyung joins the party, so why not. He might as well tell them to not say dumb shit when Seokjin does come around.

"He," Namjoon corrects, pretending to browse through something important on his phone.

"He?" Sungjae repeats with raised eyebrows.

"Yeah. Is that a problem?"

"You too, cap?" Hongbin asks with wide eyes. "First Jeon, then Min, and now you too? Is being gay contagious? Am I next?" Hongbin asks, looking around the station.

"Don't be an idiot," Yoongi mutters from besides the group, putting a couple of files away.
"Wow, cap, I didn't know. Shit, I assumed you're straight the whole time because...well, Tae, but wow, that's cool. How did you meet him?" Hongbin continues to ask, looking genuinely flabbergasted by the piece of information.

"...He's Tae's teacher."

"Wait a minute..." Hongbin says slowly, narrowing his eyes. "The teacher that you were handcuffed to that one time?" he asks and then snaps his fingers with Namjoon does nothing. "Oh shit! I'm right, aren't I! I can't believe Jackson isn't here to hear this. Jeon, why are you so quiet?"

"I already knew. Tae told me," Jungkook answers, finally relieved that he can talk about Namjoon's relationship status without risking getting his ass beat. Namjoon may be calm and collected and doing filework now, but everyone knows not to get on the man's bad side.

"You knew? And you didn't tell any of us? Who are you?" Sungjae teases with a grin.

"The man has a gun," Jungkook replies with a shrug.

"So we get to see this guy at the party?" Sungjae asks rather hopefully. At least a good 20% of the reason why he works at the station is because he loves the gossip and teasing people about their love lives. He doesn't think any other station will be nearly as fun. Afterall, it's hard to beat a lovesick fetus, a grumpy man in denial and a captain who's switching teams.

Namjoon only shrugs in response. He's going to have to ask Seokjin about it tonight.

"...Are you seriously googling if homosexuality is contagious?" Sungjae asks once he sees Hongbin typing furiously at his computer.

"I gotta be ready when it happens to me, alright?"

"Enough. you guys should start heading out."

"What about you, cap?" Jungkook asks, putting the last of his files away.

"Meeting."

"Another one? Damn. Alright, I'm off to see Jimin!" he lets out chirpily before bouncing out of the station. Ah yes, he had forgotten about the Christmas party. Tis the season to put up a fake tree decorated with embarrassing photos of the officers at the station. This year, he will win the candy cane sword fighting tournament and definitely kiss Jimin under the mistletoe that will be put up around the station. Perfect.

Jungkook makes his way to the convenience store as always and walks right in, a familiar ding welcoming him. He's about to share the news of their Christmas party when he realizes that it's not Jimin standing at the counter. It's a girl standing in place of Jimin, her hair fixed into a neat ponytail and her eyes looking quite bored as she takes Jungkook in.

"Welcome," she says almost mechanically, and Jungkook has to walk back out the store just to make sure that he's in the right one. There's no mistaking it. Jimin should be right there...

"Where' Jimin?" Jungkook asks, not having the patience for any politeness.

"Who?"

"Park Jimin. He usually works here at this time."
"Oh. I don't know his name, but apparently he called in sick. I'm just filling in for him."

Jungkook stares at her long and hard, trying to decide if she's lying or not. He did get a text in the morning from Jimin telling him that he might not be able to text back often because he has some catching up on studying to do...but they did exchange a few texts throughout the day, and at no point had Jimin mentioned that he was sick.

"Are you sure? He called in sick?"

"That's what my manager told me."

Jungkook runs out of the store, dialling his boyfriend's number in the process. It continues to ring and ring, but no one picks up, and needless to say, Jungkook is starting to panic. He walks around the building, pacing nervously as he continues to call Jimin and leave texts behind. When Jimin still doesn't pick up, the officer grabs a cab and heads straight to Jimin's apartment. Perhaps the man is too sick to check his phone, in which case Jungkook is probably going to have to take him to the hospital.

He tells the cab driver to step on it, even flashing his badge for emphasis.

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Namjoon rubs his temples as he exits the meeting room. It had been another one of those pointless meetings, touching up on some changes in the administration that could've easily been emailed to him. What a way to waste time, he thinks. He glances at his watch and sighs in relief once he realizes that the meeting only took about an hour, putting him at 7:12 to be exact. Seokjin must be home with Taehyung by now. He pulls his phone out to give Seokjin a text and then stills once he registers the sheer number of missed calls left on his phone.

32 missed calls from Mr. Kim.

Panicking, Namjoon quickly makes his way out the building, pushing past all the other officers. What could've possibly warranted the man calling him 32 times? Shit, he shouldn't have kept the phone on silent.

Seokjin picks up on the first ring, and Namjoon's taken back by the heavy breathing coming from the other line.

[W-where are you! Why didn't you pick your phone up!] Seokjin's voice is frantic and broken, and Namjoon suddenly feels the blood in his body escaping through his feet.

"Wh-"

[Tae's gone...Oh God...They took Tae...]
Chapter 19

Chapter Notes

WARNING: graphic depiction of violence. Frankly, it's not horrible, but just a head's up to anyone who's sensitive to violence/kidnapping/gang activities etc.

I must say, as horrible as I feel, I had a laugh over some of the comments for the last chapters haha you guys are the BEST. I LOVE YOU ALL. (And I'm pretty sure that chapter set the record for the highest numbers of FUCKs in the comment section hahah why are you guys so awesome like seriously)
Again, I will not be replying to comments for this chapter in fear of spoilers but I did try to update as quickly as I can! Let's not kill me for this chapter too XD

By the time Seokjin arrives at the station, Namjoon is sitting completely still in the middle of the station, without a hint of detectable expression on his face. A couple of people in police uniform stop the teacher from approaching the captain, and Seokjin physically struggles against the tight hold on his arms, unable to form any coherent words in his current state. Yoongi spots the commotion and glances at the man currently struggling to push past the barricade of officer. He knows that face. He's seen it before but where....? Right, the teacher. Yoongi motions for the other officers to back away and let the man in.

Seokjin had waited till 7 as always at the school, waiting for Namjoon to call him. When the man didn't, the teacher had taken Taehyung outside to walk back to his apartment together to wait for the officer there. He was nearing his apartment when someone grabbed him from behind, putting a piece of cloth tightly against his nose and mouth, effectively rendering him unable to make a sound as he watched Taehyung be ripped away from him. He had reached out, kicked and bucked, but he quickly felt his vision blurring and his limbs giving up, and the last thing he remembers is Taehyung being shoved into a black van by two men with their faces hidden behind masks.

When he had woken up, he was lying in an unfamiliar alley. He had run around the area, searching for any signs of Taehyung or the van, calling Namjoon frantically as he did so. He also called the cops, knowing that every minute wasted was going to put the boy's life in jeopardy. A police car had just arrived to where he was when Namjoon decided to call him back.

Seokjin was a trembling mess by the time he was guided to the station inside the police car. His fingers were shaking uncontrollably as his mind kept playing the image of Taehyung being taken away from him over and over again. The fear on the small boy's eyes...the way Taehyung kicked his little feet to break free....The way the two men threw Taehyung into the van as if he was some kind of a doll they weren't concerned about accidentally breaking...

And when he finally sees Namjoon, he can't say a word. Namjoon's eyes are glazed over, unblinking as they continue to stare at the floor in front of him. His hands are lying loose on his own knees, his shoulders looking as if the entire weight of the world is on them.
Seokjin is jolted out of his frozen state of panic and anguish when he hears a loud booming voice coming from behind him. He turns around and sees a vaguely familiar face running towards them.

"What is this?" Jungkook practically yells out as he nears them. "Is this true?" he continues wildly, taking in the state the captain's in. He had arrived at Jimin's apartment, only to find the man not there, and was just about to maybe take a visit to Jimin's university campus when he got a call from Officer Yoon, who explained that Taehyung's been kidnapped and they are all required at the station.

Namjoon looks up, and the way his features remains expressionless is haunting enough to make even Jungkook take a step back. Yoongi is right besides him, looking absolutely livid despite his efforts to remain calm for the sake of the captain, while both Hongbin and Sungjae are helping officers from different stations come in and get settled so they can do their best to find Taehyung. Everyone is yelling directions at each other, rushing one another, because they all know that they are quickly running out of time. And it's not just anyone they are searching for. It's Taehyung. Captain Kim Namjoon's son.

"Does anyone know what happened?" Jungkook asks, his voice cold. Seokjin steps forward and begins explaining everything, doing his best to not leave any detail out. His voice is quivering, and his words are stuttered and truncated quite badly as he tries to keep his panic under control, but none of the officers listening act like they notice.

Just then, Namjoon's phone begins to ring, and Yoongi quickly motions for a couple of cops to get ready to triangulate the call. They give a thumbs up, and Namjoon picks up the unknown number, his expression still frozen in place.

[Ah, rookie Kim Namjoon all grown up and the captain of his own station] The voice is low. While its tone is playful, there is an underlying sense of malice and cynicism even Jungkook can pick up from simply standing next to the captain.

"...Who is this," Namjoon answers, suppressing all the emotions in his system for the sake of his son. Years of training has taught him one thing about kidnapping, and it is to never aggrevate kidnappers unnecessarily. There is a lump in his throat. His hands are now shaking, making it difficult for him to keep the small device in his hand. He had been trying so hard for the past minutes to stop himself from thinking so much, because his brain continued to flash images of his son hurt, and he can't do that to himself right now. His son needs him. How is he going to get his son back if he can't even think straight?

[Sad you don't remember me.]

[...]

[You put me behind bars for two years and I find you still meddling in my affairs.]

Namjoon's grip tightens on his phone. The voice. He remembers it now. He remembers the dangerous glint in the man's eyes as the man looked straight into his eyes that cold night many years ago. He distinctively remembers the way one corner of the man's lips had turned upwards as he was being arrested, as if he was entertained by the idea. He remembers it all so clearly now.

[What did you think was going to happen, captain Kim Namjoon?]

"If you lay a single finger on my son, I swear to God, I will-"

[Ah, ah, ah. I wouldn't be so haste. Afterall, it wouldn't take too much effort for me to break this
"You son of a-" Namjoon snarls, ignoring the looks from the rest of the station. Yoongi puts a hand on his shoulder in an attempt to calm him down, but Namjoon only brushes it aside roughly.

[Captain Kim Namjoon. Do you know how much each of the human organs go for? I hear that children's ones are quite in high demand.]

"Don't you dare. Don't you fucking dare. You hurt my son and I will make sure I destroy everything you have and kill you myself," Namjoon hisses into the phone, unable to maintain composure anymore. It feels as if his entire body is going to combust as images of his own son covered in blood begins creeping into his mind.

[Such fire. I love it. I just wonder...if your men have heard the others news as well?]

"....what?"

The line goes dead, leaving the rest of the station in deafening silence. Yoongi glances at the two men who have been trying to triangulate the call, but they shake their heads slowly. Namjoon slowly puts his phone away, and before anyone has a chance to react, he's kicking one of the chairs, sending it flying towards a nearby wall. One of the wheels break off and bounce against the floor with a loud click, clack before come to a standstill.

Seokjin covers his mouth with his hand as Jungkook purses his lips into a thin line. Everyone at the station knows that the captain is doing his best to not break apart and destroy everything on site, so no one makes a comment about the sudden display of aggression. They only watch with abated breath as he kicks a desk over, sending a laptop flying against the floor, the cords attached to it snapping off in the process.

"We need to talk to you again to see if we can get any more detail," Hongbin begins quietly, putting a gentle hand on Seokjin's arm. The teacher nods and follows the man into a nearby room, where Hongbin hopes Seokjin will have a better time trying to recollect information from what had happened.

"Cap-" Jungkook opens his mouth but is stopped when his phone vibrates in his pocket. He pulls it out and frowns at a message from an unknown number. He opens it and feels his blood run cold when he's met with the image of Jimin lying unconscious on a chair, all his limbs tied with what seems to be blood on his face.

The entire station falls into silence again once a group of cops manage to drag Jungkook into an interrogation room in hopes of containing him. Jungkook was a ball of fury, kicking down desks, throwing anything he can get his hands on, screaming murder and threatening to kill anyone that dares to harm Jimin or Taehyung. Yoongi, on the other hand, remains completely still, his usually stoic features fixed into a cold mask that stops anyone from approaching him. Namjoon is just as
quiet besides him, and the silence is only broken by the sound of furious typing and sighs that break out throughout the building.

Less than 10 minutes later, Namjoon is texted an address, with a warning that sending a task force will result in both of the hostages being killed. Jungkook is only allowed back where the other officers are once he's managed to calm himself down, only to go into another fit of rampage when he hears about the text.

It doesn't take long for Namjoon to figure out what this is. It's their past somehow coming to haunt him. Namjoon, by aiding in the arrest of one of the leaders of the gang, had put his son's life in jeopardy, and Jungkook had helped in arresting another member of the gang during the raid in Incheon, which resulted in Jimin being kidnapped as well. He knows all too well where this is coming from but he refuses to accept it on the basis of how cruel fate has become. He had done nothing wrong but do what he had to do to keep the people safe...and this is how he's going to be rewarded?

"We need to go get them, right now," Jungkook grits through his teeth once he's let enough anger out of his system to be able to think somewhat clearly. He doesn't even realize that his knuckles are bleeding from punching a wall in a fit of blind rage and no one bothers mentioning it.

"Jeon Jungkook," Yoongi says lowly, effectively catching the other officer's attention. "You marching right in isn't helping anyone. You'll just be putting you and captain's lives in danger on top of everything else's," he continues matter-of-factly. He knows it's up to him now to be the voice of reason, although he himself wants nothing more than to shoot every single one of them in the head.

"So what are you suggesting we do, huh? Just stand around here doing nothing?" Jungkook spits back angrily, squaring his shoulders at his partner.

"No, and watch what you're saying," Yoongi counters, his eyes gleaming dangerously.

"Don't tell me what to do. Jimin and Tae's lives are in danger. I'm not going to wait around wasting time," Jungkook grits out, resisting the urge to take a swing at his partner. Everyone knows that it's a setup. The gang isn't planning on letting anyone go unhurt, and frankly, Jungkook is quite certain that walking into that trap is going to result in everyone getting killed, including Jimin and Taehyung. But how can he not do anything? Knowing that Jimin and Taehyung need him?

"...We'll go," Namjoon declares quietly, getting out of his chair.

"Cap, you can't-" Hongbin begins to protest, but Namjoon shoots him a stern look.

"My son's waiting for me. I need to go."

"Cap, the address is literally in the middle of nowhere. Once they take you to a new location, we'll not be able to find you in time," Hongbin tries to reason, his voice pleading. As much as he adores Taehyung, he can't stand the idea of his captain and co-officer walking straight into a trap, only to have their dead bodies found in the bottom of the Han River days later. The men they are dealing with are dangerous. Notorious for their violence and merciless torture of anyone who crosses them. They won't be giving the captain and Jungkook a clean cut death. No. Even Hongbin knows better than that.

"I know," Namjoon replies, glancing at Seokjin, who's huddled in one of the rooms, still talking to another officer. The man is a complete wreck as he's recounting the experience, and Namjoon's knuckles turn white as he thinks about how utterly frightened and scared his son must be. If they
dare lay a hand on him, God have mercy on his soul, because he's going to kill every last one of them.

"Cap, at least wait till we assemble a team-" Sungjae tries again, grabbing onto the other man's arm desperately. There has to be a better way than walking in blind.

"We're dealing with a mole. And probably not just one of them."

"...What?" Sungjae breathes out, his grip turning loose.

"What the hell do you mean?" Hongbin asks from besides him, instinctively lowering his voice.

"Someone knew exactly what was going on between Jungkook and Jimin. And today's meeting...there was absolutely nothing important or urgent about it. It was stuff they usually email to us, and the timing of it...there's no question. There are people working in the police force for the gang."

"...Fuck."

"Which means we won't be able to set up a task force without it being notified...and putting any kind of tracking device is out of the question."

"Shit, what are we supposed to do then?" Hongbin asks, raking his fingers through his hair. The captain has a point, and now that he's hearing about it, there is absolutely no doubt in his mind that there must be at least a dozen crooked cops in Seoul.

"...The only thing we can do," Namjoon answers quietly, his fingers curling into fists besides him. There is no other choice, and he's certain that everyone else agrees with him.

"I'm ready," Jungkook says, taking a step forward. "I'm not leaving Jimin or Tae alone in there, cap."

"...Me too."

- 

The rest of the station watches solemnly as Jungkook and Namjoon get ready to leave the station and head towards the location on their own. Captain Jung Taekwoon, who had come to the station to help with whatever he can tries to persuade the two men from going until they come up with a better plan, but it all falls to deaf ears. And when Namjoon brings up that it's his own son's life at stake, captain Jung has no choice but to let the man go.

"You two better come back alive," Yoongi says almost angrily once the two men are finished preparing. As per Namjoon's request, they weren't given a tracking device and were only armed with guns and knives, which are undoubtedly going to be taken away from them the moment they set their feet at the location.

"Cap, Jeon, don't do anything stupid. Just come back alive..please," Hongbin pleads, still hating the
entire idea. Sungjae is besides him, unable to even look at the two men as they wave everyone good bye and leave the building.

"They're OK, right?" Jungkook asks quietly once Namjoon starts the engine of his car.

"...I'm sure they are."

They arrive on site, and Jungkook involuntarily swallows hard at how it's pitch dark around them. They are quite a distance away from civilization, with barely any street light to let Jungkook make out their surroundings. He knows that the area is near a cluster of factories which had shut down years ago, but other than that, other officers at the station weren't able to find any other useful information about the site.

As instructed, they turn the engine off and get out of the car. They wait in silence, with Jungkook keeping his hand on his gun just in case. Minutes stretch on forever, until a bright light shines from right across them, temporarily blinding the two officers, Jungkook backs away, covering his eyes, as Namjoon stumbles over his car, trying to shield his own eyes from the offending light as well. Jungkook grits his teeth when he hears footsteps rushing towards him, and before he can even focus his vision again, he's pushed roughly onto the ground, a heavy weight pressed against his back as his hands are yanked behind him. He doesn't give them the satisfaction of letting them hear him whimper or groan on pain as someone kicks him in the stomach. A bag is promptly pulled over his face, and as he's pulled upright, he can feel dirt in his mouth.

Even as he's shoved into a van roughly, all he can think of is how scared Jimin and Taehyung must be. And the last thing on his mind is the image of Jimin smiling at him before a blunt impact pulls him out of consciousness.

When Jungkook wakes up again, he finds himself tied to a chair, and a small, cynical part of him is laughing at how cliche it all is. It's just like in the movies, he thinks, smiling bitterly to himself as he looks around him. They seem to be in some kind of an old, worn out factory, judging by the heavy machines lined against one of the walls. There are spiderwebs everywhere, old, dirty fabric strewn across the dusty floor. God, is this where he's going to die? In a complete shithole where no one is going to find his body for the longest time? If he's lucky, someone will find his bones years down the road when the land is bought out to be renovated.

"Cap, you alright?" he asks, once he sees Namjoon besides him, also tied to a chair. The man is looking a little bit more worse for wear.

"Yeah...shit..." Namjoon breathes out, shaking his head to clear his vision. Whoever hit him in the head hit him hard, and one of his eyes is now caked in dried blood.

"We need to find a way to get out of these ropes," Jungkook says as he struggles against the ropes and gives up once he realizes that no amount of brute force is going to get him out of it. "Fuck, this is on tight."

"Don't waste your energy. I already tried."

"What are we going to do?"

Namjoon doesn't answer. He instead looks around the place, trying to find anything that might help him with untying himself. Anything sharp. Any fragment of some sort...broken class, a hook, anything...Namjoon knows he's running out of time and that the bastards left them alone solely for the sake of playing a mind-game. He knows how gang members work all too well, thanks to years of studying them. Unfortunately, this also means that he's perfectly aware of how cruel and violent
they can be, and he's hoping to God that they will have the heart to spare his son, a small child who has done nothing wrong.

Jungkook nearly jumps out of his skin when one of the doors slam open, the sound of metal door hitting a wall sending a loud noise to reverberate through the confined space. A group of men walk in, all dressed in black suits and black shirts, and Jungkook instinctively knows who these people must be. Yet, before he can let out an insult or demand to know where Jimin and Taehyung are, he sees a face that stands out from the rest.

He'd recognize that face anywhere.

"...Wang?" Jungkook breathes out, taking in the familiar face dressed in black suit and shirt like everyone else. Jackson is no longer watching him with a hint of mischief and playfulness in his eyes. They are sharper. Colder. And it doesn't take long for everything to click.

"You bastard! How could you! How could you fucking do this to us!" Jungkook screams at the top of his lungs, struggling violently against the ropes, his chair hitting the floor beneath him with loud thuds. He can't believe it. Jackson had been a part of this kidnapping. The same Jackson Wang that he used to fight over food with, the same one who used to make fun of him for his infatuation with Jimin was standing in front of him as part of the very gang that kidnapped his boyfriend and the captain's son.

His entire body trembles as the suffocating sense of betrayal begins to hit him. This can't be real. There's no way that Jackson would betray them like this. It's Jackson Wang. He wishes that Jackson would say something. Anything. Even a shitty excuse to explain his betrayal, may it be money, or promise of something else. Anything. Yet Jackson remains silent, his eyes fixed on nothing in particular as he stares straight ahead.

"Ah, welcome, officers, it's good to see you again, captain Kim Namjoon" one of them says smoothly, and Namjoon immediately recognizes the face.

"You-

"Surprised to see me? Of course you would be. Afterall, you probably thought you had me in jail forever," the man says with a sickly sweet smile, sending goosebumps down the officer's body. He had been such an idiot to think that that law was going to actually keep that man off the streets. Of course. There was nothing money couldn't buy. "Oh where are my manners. Why don't we bring them in?" he says and then snaps a finger, sending a member of the group back out the door they came in through.

Jungkook doesn't get any time to demand to know what's going on, because the door slams open again, and this time, a new group of men are walking. However, what immediately grabs his attention is Jimin and Taehyung being dragged into the room, their hands and feet tied, with duct tape covering their mouths.

"Get your hands off of them," Namjoon growls lowly, his knuckles turning white and veins popping up on his neck at the sight of his son crying pitifully, his small legs barely able to keep up with being dragged across the dusty floor.

"As you wish," the man says with a shrug, snapping his fingers again. Jungkook watches in horror as Jimin and Taehyung are basically thrown onto the ground. Taehyung is full blown crying now, his little face turning red as the sobbing shakes his entire body, the duct tape on his mouth keeping him from getting enough air.
"I will kill you. I will kill every single one of you," Namjoon lets out, tugging violently at the ropes. He's sure that his wrists are going to snap soon, but if that's going to break him free, so be it.

"Ah, ah, not so fast," the man says, pulling a hunting knife out from behind and slowly making his way towards the boy. Namjoon lurched forward but is stopped by two men holding him back. Both Jungkook and Namjoon watch in horror as the man presses the knife against the boy's neck, the blade gleaming dangerously in the dim light.

"No...don't...please," Namjoon begs frantically, no longer struggling against the ropes. He can't lose Taehyung. His son is his life. He can't lose him. "Please don't hurt him...I'll do anything, just don't hurt him," he continues, and Jungkook grits his teeth from besides the man.

"I thought about this, you know," the man continues, pulling the knife away and playing with it. "What would be the best way to make you regret ever interfering with my...business."

"...."

"I can kill your son. Right here, right now, right in front of you," says lowly, pressing the knife against the boy again, and this time Taehyung, tries to wiggle away, kicking frantically, and the blade comes too close to accidentally cutting him.

"Tae, Tae," Namjoon calls out, forcing a smile on his face. "Tae, be a good boy and stay still, alright?" he tries, doing his best to calm his son down before he hurts himself.

Taehyung looks up, his tear-stained faced breaking Namjoon's heart in countless pieces. The small boy nods, staring at his father in the eyes, his small shoulders shaking as fear begins to engulf his tiny body.

"But," the man continues, seeming to not care about the short exchange. "I thought, what would be the fun in that? But what if I kill you," he points his knife directly at the captain. "Slowly and painfully as your son watches and then sell him off to whoever needs his tiny little organs?"

"Don't..please don't...you can kill me. You can torture me all you want, but please let my son go. He did nothing wrong."

The man only laughs, lulling his head back and putting a hand over his own stomach, and Jungkook wants to drive the knife straight into the man's neck.

"But that's where you're wrong, officer. This is what he gets for having you as his father."

"Please...don't do this..."

"Oh, and let's not forget about officer Jeon Jungkook over here. Bold move, arresting one of our finest. Thanks to you, our business in Incheon took quite a hit," the man sing-songs the last part, and Jungkook feels sick just listening to the man's voice. "I must say, you made it too easy for me. Your little boyfriend is perhaps a bit trusting of his...co-workers, isn't that right, Junior," the man continues, and Jungkook's eyes immediately fly to a man who steps forward. He knows that face. "Ah, my bad. You may know him better as Jinyoung."

Jungkook feels sick.

The man leans down and runs his fingers slowly through Jimin's hair, and Jungkook wants nothing more than to rip the hand off the man's arm.

"Don't touch him."
"Faces like these go for a hefty price," the man continues, completely ignoring the officer in front of him. Jimin squirms and moves his head away from the man's touch, his eyes narrowed defiantly. However, the man only raises his hand and slaps Jimin hard enough for the sound to ring through the empty factory.

"Jimin!" Jungkook yells, trying to lunge forward, but is also stopped by a burly arm wrapped tightly around his neck from behind.

"I will kill you slowly," the man hisses, pointing the knife at Jungkook. "as you watch us taking turns with this pretty little face."

"Fuck you, don't you dare lay a finger on him! I will-" 

"Jeon!" Namjoon shouts, effectively shutting the other officer up. "Tell us what you want us to do. We'll do anything."

"What makes you think there's anything I want from you?"

"If you want us to be your intel at the station, we will," Namjoon offers, and Jungkook throws the captain a shocked look.

"And you think I'd actually trust you to do that."

"Look, now I know what you're capable of, alright? I'd never want anything done to my son. You can understand that, can't you?"

The man looks to be thoughtful for a few seconds before his breaking out into a grin. "And what would be the fun in that? Don't you see, officer, I already have my eyes and ears at the station. This here is all about payback for you messing with my business. However, I am a generous man," he goes on as he walks towards Taehyung again. "So I will let all of you at least say your final goodbyes," he finishes then rips the duct tape off Taehyung's mouth, and Namjoon grits his teeth once again when he hears his son whimper in pain before wailing out loudly.

"Dad, dad! Daddy!" Taehyung continues to cry out, struggling to break free and get back on his feet again.

"I'm right here, big guy," Namjoon says, doing his best to not break down as he watches his son crying on the filthy floor, dust and tear covering his face. "Dad's not going to let anything happen to you." 

"Dad! I don't want to be here! I want to go home!" Taehyung sobes out pitifully, and Namjoon himself has to keep the tears from flowing out. This isn't what he wanted for Taehyung. His son deserved all the happiness and love in the world. He was meant to be protected against all harm. To grow into a handsome, respectable young man who will hopefully do better in life and love than he did. All the time he spent being disappointed in himself for not giving Taehyung a complete, loving family was nothing compared to this moment. His son is terrified, and he can't even go and give him a hug to make him feel safe again.

"Tae, listen to me. We're going home, OK? Mr. Kim is waiting for us. We're going home, buddy, so you hang on tight, alright?" he forces the words out of his mouth, silently begging for his son to stop crying, because he can't bear it anymore. They can stab him all they want. They can draw blood, cut him into little pieces and burn him alive, but he can't bear the thought of his baby boy being hurt.

Jungkook looks away, unable to watch it anymore. Is this really the end? He thinks. Of all the
possible ways...he can't believe he's going to die at the hands of gang members, losing three of the people he loves as well. And now he's scared. He's scared shitless. There is no more of that officer bravado left in his system, and as he watches the duct tape come off of Jimin's mouth. He's scared. He's frightened. There's nothing else in him left but utter fear.

"Jungkook!" Jimin is the first to yell out, his voice already hoarse.

"Ji-Jimin..."

"We're going to be OK, right?" Jimin asks and then bites down on his lips hard, doing his best not to cry. He can't feel his hands anymore and his entire system seems to be paralyzed in fear, but he takes this time to take in as much of Jungkook as he possible can with his eyes, knowing that the man's face will be the last thing he sees. He was lucky to have worked in the same store Jungkook visited. He was very fortunate to have gotten the opportunity to know the man and spend wonderful time with an equally amazing man. His parents are going to be heartbroken and he won't be able to experience all the things life had in store for him, and he is so, so scared, but he can't let that be the last thing Jungkook sees.

"Jimin....I'm so sorry....I'm so, so sorry..." Jungkook manages to choke out, his shoulders falling limp at the way Jimin's watching him with a strained smile on his face.

"We're going to be alright."

Jungkook nods dumbly, just going along with it, eventhough they both know it's not true.

"Yeah, we're going to be alright. I love you, Park Jimin. I have since the moment I walked into that store."

"And I'm glad it was you," Jimin replies with a sad smile, tears now running down his face. His chest hurts as he tries to keep himself from sobbing pitifully on the floor in front of his boyfriend. Life is flashing before his own eyes, and he has so many regrets, but he tries to focus on the recent good times he's spent with Jungkook.

"Alright, enough of this sappy chitchat," the man says suddenly, clapping his hands. "Now who shall I start with...? Ah, why not with captain Kim Namjoon, the man of the hour?" He makes his way towards the captain.

"Tae, close your eyes." "Dad! What's happening dad! Dad! Stop them!"

"Kim Taehyung! Close your eyes and don't open them until I say so, do you hear me?" Kim Namjoon yells, and Taehyung is startled into silence.

"Close your eyes, sweetie," Jimin says from next to the boy as he crawls towards him. Jimin does his best, given his restricted movement, to place himself between the boy and his father. "Taehyung," he tries again softly once he realizes that the boy still has his eyes wide open in panic. "Taehyung. Be a good boy and listen to your father, alright? Nothing's going to happen to him. Now close your eyes."

"Listen to him, Tae, close your eyes," Namjoon says, his eyes unwavering as he watches his son close his eyes tightly. "Good boy. I love you, big guy."

"I love you too, daddy," Taehyung whimpers out, keeping his eyes shut.
The man with the knife rolls his eyes, as if bored by the display. "Touching," he says, his voice stoic. "But I'm ready to have some fun now."

"Jeon, if you manage to make out of this alive, please take care of Taehyung for me," Namjoon says, his eyes now fixed on the man standing in front of him with a knife pointing at his throat.

"Captain, you're going to be fine."

"Just fucking promise me."

"I will. I swear," Jungkook answers, his voice quivering. He's not ready for this. No amount of police training ever got him ready for this. He's so scared. He doesn't think he can watch the captain die in front of his very eyes. What had they done wrong other than protect the city from harm? What could they have possibly done to deserve this?

The knife moves slowly and deliberately, plunging into Kim Namjoon's skin on his chest, deep enough for blood to start trickling down. The blade is slowly lowered, leaving a trail of red in its wake as it moves towards the captain's stomach. The captain clenches his jaws and grits down on his teeth hard enough for them to almost break, not making a sound for the sake of his son. Taehyung is trembling besides Jimin, his eyes still closed shut, and Namjoon vows to do everything in his power to not let his boy know that his father's being hurt.

It's the least he can do for his son.

Blood is covering his entire shirt now, and Namjoon can feel the warm liquid trickling out of his system. His breathing is shallow by the time the knife digs straight into his shoulder, ripping through his flesh and tendons, and this time, Namjoon let's out a small whimper, unable to stop himself as pain he did not know possible tears through him. He shuts his eyes, thinking about Taehyung instead. He thinks about the first time he held Taehyung in his arms. How small and vulnerable the newborn felt in his arms. How scared he had been of accidentally dropping the precious thing. He remembers the way he watched Taehyung stand up for the first time. The first time his son had called him "dad" and smiled at him, and it was the most beautiful thing Namjoon had ever seen.

So he bites down and keeps himself from screaming out, because Taehyung must be so, so scared. The pain he feels is nothing compared to the thought of his son being hurt.

"You're taking the fun out of this, you know," the man says abruptly, pulling the knife out. Namjoon hisses in pain but breathes through his noise to regain control. "Let's see if you can keep quiet when I do the same to your son."

"No! Get away from him!" Namjoon yells, struggling against the chair and the two men holding him down. Blood continues to seep out, but he doesn't care, because the man is walking towards his son, the blade in his hand already dripping of the officer's blood. Jungkook begins struggling violently against the hold on his neck as well, watching the drops of blood leaving a small trail as the man walks towards Taehyung like a predator taunting its prey. Maybe, just maybe, he'll be able to break free. Maybe the chair will give in. "Get away from him you bastard!" Jungkook begins to scream as loudly as he can, the legs of the chair wobbling dangerously beneath him. Please, just a bit more. Please-

Just then, there are loud bangs and the sound of windows shattering. Namjoon looks around in panic and sees men dressed in familiar KSWAT uniforms rushing into the building, guns pointed
and ready to fire. Jungkook looks around equally frantically, trying to grasp the situation and only relaxes when he spots Yoongi in the crowd, his expression looking deadlier than ever.

Then it all happens at once. Shots are being fired, and Jungkook ducks down instinctively. He yells at a nearby officer to cut him loose, and as soon as his hands and feet are free, he's running towards Jimin and Taehyung to free them and collect them into his arms. He's immediately joined by Namjoon, who takes his screaming son into his own arms.

"It's going to be OK Tae, we're safe," Namjoon tries, doing his best to comfort his son.

"Cap, we need to get them out of here," Jungkook says hurriedly, pulling Jimin tightly against him. Jimin's trembling, his eyes remaining shut at the loud gunfires going off.

Namjoon begins to make a run for it first, with Jungkook following close by. Then all of a sudden, Jungkook's watches as Namjoon arches forward before crumpling onto the floor, Taehyung still in his arms.

"...Cap..? Captain!" Jungkook yells, running towards the man lying on the ground. Taehyung is squirming underneath his dad, crying again, and when Jimin finally manages to pull him out, he sees the boy covered in red liquid.

"...Ju-Jungkook..."

"No...No, no, no," Jungkook says, frantically looking around the captain, his hands patting around for the source of blood. He freezes when his hand finally finds it. Right where the heart should be. Warm blood continues to spread across the fabric of the man's uniform, seeping through his fingers and trickling down his skin. Jungkook remains completely frozen, all his nerves focused on the sickening sensation until Jimin yells his name out loud for him to snap out of it. Jungkook quickly pulls his jacket off and presses it against the entry wound before screaming for help.

This can't be happening... Oh God, this can't be happening...
Chapter Notes

Hope everyone had a great start to 2017!
I would've updated sooner but I was so sick I couldn't bring myself to come to a computer. I'm still kinda on meds and a little bit high off of them. Oops.
Thought I'd share that there were 228 fucks in the comment section for the last chapter which strangely made me happy HAHA I LOVE YOU GUYS There were so many EXCELLENT comments that made me laugh!

Believe it or not, this entire plot was planned ahead before even starting to fic and I was just WAITING for this moment :D Ah the joy of writing...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Where is the medic!" Jungkook yells at the top of his lungs, and for a while, there is nothing, only the sound of guns firing and Taehyung crying for his dad. Jimin is holding the boy close to him, keeping Taehyung from looking at the man on the ground. Jungkook continues to scream for help, feeling the captain's blood soaking past the fabric of his jacket and seeping through the cracks of his fingers. The liquid feels warm. Too warm. Almost hot, and with it, Jungkook can feel the other man's life slowly trickling out of him. Namjoon's lifeless face is quickly losing color, and even the twitching had come to a stop.

Jungkook leans down and presses his fingers against the captain's neck to check for a pulse. Please, please, please, he pleads, begging to pick up a heartbeat. It's there. it's faint and almost undetectable with all the adrenaline rushing through his body and gunshots still being fired, but it's still there. It's not too late, Jungkook thinks, and he starts screaming louder for help. Jimin quickly gets up on his feet, the small boy still latched onto him. He runs as fast as he can out the building, screaming for help. Outside, he sees ambulances and police cars lined up, with paramedics on standby. He panics at all the guns pointed at him, but he continues to yell for help, barely managing to create coherent sentences in his state of panic. A couple of paramedics however do understand immediately and rush inside.

Jimin is just about to go back in when he's stopped by a couple of officers who pull him to the back of the line of vehicles. Jimin struggles against the grasp, needing to see that Jungkook is alright, but they won't have any of it, so he stands around, holding tightly onto the crying boy. Taehyung is sobbing pitifully against his shoulder, his eyes already swollen and his voice already hoarse from all the screaming for his daddy. Jimin pulls his arms tightly around the small boy, clenching his jaws and forcing his body to stay upright. His legs are slowly giving up on him as the adrenaline is starting to wear off, but he has to stay strong for the child crying for his dad and for Jungkook.

Jungkook is going to be alright. Jungkook is strong. He can take care of himself, Jimin continues to tell himself, willing his fingers to stop trembling. He's safe, so why is he trembling so badly? The
tips of his fingers feel like they're freezing.

"Your dad is going to be OK," Jimin continues to say to Taehyung, rubbing soothing patterns on the boy's back. "He's going to be alright." And the more he says it, he becomes unsure of exactly who he's referring to.

Jungkook watches as a couple of paramedics rush in, accompanied by an officer who's running after them with a gun in his hand. He quickly moves out of the way for them to stabilize Namjoon so that they can buy enough time until Namjoon can be taken to the ER. One of them quickly cuts the shirt open, revealing the captain's bare back, and Jungkook subconsciously covers his mouth with the back of his hand once he takes in the fresh wound oozing blood out uncontrollably.

One of the paramedics shouts into a small device attached to his jacket, and a minute later, a stretcher is brought into the building. The paramedics are slow and careful to place the unconscious man onto it, in fear of aggravating the bullet wound. Even Jungkook can tell how life-threatening the wound must be, and he just hopes that the bullet hadn't gone straight through the other man's heart.

Jungkook rushes out with the rest of them, keeping his eyes on the captain's lifeless face. His chest hurts. It feels too tight. He can't make out all the loud sounds and bright lights surrounding him the moment he steps out of the building.

"Jungkook!"

He's snapped out of watching Namjoon being pushed into the ambulance by the familiar sound of his boyfriend. Jimin is running towards him, Taehyung still in his arms. The boy is still crying, calling out for his dad, and Jimin has a tight hold on the boy's head so that he won't turn around and look at the state his father is in.

"You get in the ambulance too," Jungkook says, grabbing his boyfriend by the arm and guiding him towards the large vehicle.

"No, I want to stay with you!"

"Jimin, please. You're not safe here. Go, I'll be right there," he says hurriedly, practically pushing the other man and the boy into the car. He tells the paramedics to take good care of all of them before turning to kiss Jimin before the doors of the ambulance are closed.

Before Jungkook has a chance to get back into the building to help, KSWAT members begin making their way outside to where he is, each dragging a handcuffed gang member with them. Yoongi is one of the last members of appear, his face covered in sweat, dirt and specks of blood. He looks completely worn out, his hair and clothes a complete mess. Judging from the looks of it, the officer had clearly gotten into some hand-to-hand combat as well.

"Min!" Jungkook hollers, running towards his partner. He's so glad to see the man alright, because
he doesn't think he can stand the sight of anyone else hurt. Not after seeing their captain like that.

"Shit. Fuck. You're OK, I didn't see you in there so I had no idea what the fuck was going on," Min Yoongi lets out, brushing his hair back and finally letting his shoulders relax. Yoongi vaguely remembers seeing his partner and the captain tied up on rusty chairs before he was forced to dodge a bullshit and openfire. Sure he he was wearing a bulletproof jacket, but that's hardly good enough insurance when there are more than a dozen men trying to shoot your down.

"Was Hongbin or Sungjae in there with you?" Jungkook asks frantically. He's only caught a glimpse of Yoongi before all hell broke loose and he was forced to run in the opposite direction with Jimin in tow.

"They're fine. They're in there helping out," the other officer answers gruffly, brushing the sweat and blood off his face with the back of his hands before taking his jacket off and slinging the heavy material over a shoulder. He motions for the rest of the paramedics to move in as well, quickly explaining the damage done to the police force. While it wasn't the entire gang present in the factory, there were still enough of them to put up a deadly fight. He knows for a fact that there are dead bodies in there, but he can't bring himself to go back in for inspection. Not now.

"Way to cut it close, asshole."

Jungkook jumps at the familiar voice and turns around to face Jackson, who's walking out, holding his suit jacket in one hand. Jungkook instinctively lunges forward, ready to murder the man with his bare hands, but is stopped by Yoongi, who pulls him back with more force than Jungkook knew possible.

"Take it easy," Yoongi growls, pushing the other officer back. "He's on our side."

"What?" Jungkook growls out, still putting up a fight. He will kill him. He doesn't care that everyone's watching. He's going to kill Jackson Wang even if that puts him in jail for the rest of his life.

"Jeon Jungkook!" Yoongi yells again, and the sharpness of the voice stops Jungkook briefly enough for the other officer to push him away.

"Wang's been a...double agent the whole time. We needed some kind of insurance after what happened with the captain," Yoongi begins to explain, putting a hand solidly against the other cop's chest to ensure that a bit of distance is maintained between Jungkook and Jackson.

"Wait, what!?"

"He was our only connection to the gang. We had to wait till he told us where you guys were. We came as quickly as we could," Yoongi explains, wiping his brows with the back of his hand. "And he was there to buy as much time as he can if we were running late. Without him, we wouldn't never known where you two were."

"....Fuck. And none of you guys told me this? What the fuck?" Jungkook snarls, still unable to calm his nerves enough to rationalize Jackson's behavior. He's just so mad right now. Jimin's hurt, Taehyung is probably traumatized for life, Namjoon is in a limbo between life and death and he....God, he knows Jackson did what he have to do, but fuck. He still can't wash away the feeling of betrayal coursing through his veins.

"You're the shittiest liar we know," Jackson says with a shrug once the adrenaline is clearing out of his system. "Plus, only me, captain and Yoongi knew about the whole plan. We didn't know who
else was working for the gang so we had to be quiet. Plus, this all happened before you became even part of the station,” he explains rather matter-of-factly. As he waited for the cops to arrive, Jackson had to endure watching the gut-wrenching scenes unfold right in front of his eyes. He had to maintain a pokerface as he watched the knife cut through the captain as Taehyung continues to cry pitifully. He had been trying to come up with an excuse to delay everything, even going as far as to reach for his gun to shoot a bullet through the leader's head, but the squad had arrived just in time.

"...Fuck you guys. Fuck. I thought I was going to die, alright?” Jungkook spits out angrily, slapping Yoongi's hand away. He should be glad, but he's so...mad. He's suddenly consumed with fear that all of them had let this go on, while making him think that he was going have to watch the captain and Taehyung die. That he had gotten Jimin killed. That he was going to die too.

"Well, we couldn't risk anything," Yoongi says authoritatively, as if daring the other office to challenge him. It wasn't easy for Yoongi either. Knowing they had a backup plan didn't make the entire process any easier for him. There was no guarantee that any of them were going to come out of it alive, and Yoongi also knew that Jackson he himself had put himself quite at risk by serving as a double agent, especially to a gang so violent.

Jungkook says nothing, choosing to tear at his own hair instead.

"Where's cap?" Jackson asks, looking around. It's still chaos everywhere, with people running around screaming. Paramedics are hauling injured people onto ambulances, while KSWAT members are struggling to keep the handcuffed gang members under control.

"....Heading to the ER," Jungkook answers, grimacing at the words. He wonders if they've arrived yet. He knows that the captains doesn't have much time. He doesn't need to be a doctor or a paramedic to know that.

"What? Why?"

"He was shot," Jungkook answers curtly, dropping his gaze to look at his own hands. They're covered in blood. Captain's blood.

"You go ahead. I'll help these guys out and head there as soon as I can," Jackson offers, slinging his jacket onto his shoulder. "Are you sure you're alright?"

"I'm fine," Jungkook answers slowly. He doesn't waste a second calling for another cop to take him to the hospital where everyone else is at.

Jungkook spots Jimin immediately, sitting on one of the benches in front of the ER operation room. Jimin looks so small and worn as he remains huddled, with Taehyung lying asleep next to him, wrapped in a bundle of hospital blankets to keep him warm.

"Jimin...

The smaller man looks up, and Jungkook doesn't think twice before pulling his boyfriend into a
tight embrace, not giving a damn about a couple of nurses throwing them curious glances. Jimin's shaking. Jungkook's doesn't miss it, but he doesn't comment on it. They keep themselves locked in a tight embrace, with Jimin's arms wrapped around the officer's neck. Jungkook shuts his eyes tightly, focusing on the warmth he never thought he'd experience again.

"I'm sorry...I'm so, so sorry," Jungkook whispers, tightening his arms around the other man. Jimin shakes his head wordlessly. When they finally pull back, Jungkook's eyes immediately catch onto the busted lip and swollen cheek. The bastard had dared to lay a hand on his Jimin, and now he wishes that he would've gone in and shot the man personally.

Jungkook brushes a thumb gently across the swollen flesh, and Jimin smiles weakly at him before taking the hand into his.

"Why aren't you with a doctor?" Jungkook asks sadly, continuing to study his boyfriend for any sign of injury. He was so sure that he'd never see this beautiful face again and it had tore him apart in more ways than one.

"I'm fine. I promise," Jimin answers softly, glancing at the sleeping boy behind him. "The doctor managed to do a quick checkup of Taehyung. They say he's fine, but he kept crying and putting up a fight, so I told him we're going to have to wait before any further examinations....but...I didn't see them hurting him," Jimin finishes, wincing at the memory of the two of them locked into a small storage room.

Jimin had received a text earlier that day from Jinyoung, asking for them to grab a quick coffee before Jimin was due at the store. He had agreed readily, happy to finally be given the chance to socialize with someone who wasn't his usual group of "friends" at university. Jinyoung suggested going to a place that had some really good, house-roasted coffee, and Jimin hadn't even realized how deep into a maze of alleyways he had walked into, too absorbed by the other man's retelling of how he met his current crush.

By the time Jimin noticed how isolated they were, away from main roads and people in general, a piece of cloth was placed over his nose and mouth. He couldn't even put up a proper fight before his limbs gave up first, and when he woke up, he was in an old, abandoned storage room with his hands and feet tied. A single bleary light bulb was the only thing keeping his sanity intact as he struggled against the ropes and frantically trying to find a way out. Long, torturous hours later, he had heard footsteps, followed by Taehyung being thrown into the room as well.

Taehyung had been a scared little boy, which had forced Jimin to remain calm. He continued to speak to the small boy, reassuring him that his dad and Uncle Jeon will come to their rescue like the superheroes they are and that they have nothing to worry about. Taehyung was torn between believing the other man and crying until his entire body shook, switching between the two constantly until they were both pulled out of the room.

And the rest...well...

"Where is he?"

Jungkook and Jimin jump at the voice and turn to find Seokjin standing in the hospital corridor, his face void of any color. From the looks of it, the man has heard the news about Namjoon's current condition, so Jungkook doesn't even bother trying to lie about it.

"He's in surgery."

"Oh God...Oh God...Tae...where's Tae?" Seokjin asks frantically, and Jungkook points at the small
bundle of fabric on the bench besides him.

"Is...is he alright?" Seokjin questions, kneeling besides the sleeping boy.

"He's fine. He's scared, but he's fine. He just...cried himself to sleep," Jimin answers, hoping to be somewhat helpful despite having no idea who this man is.

"Thank God..." the teacher lets out, closing his eyes as he presses his forehead against Taehyung's shoulder. The hours he spent back at the station, not knowing the whereabouts of Namjoon and Taehyung had been the worst kind of torture he's experienced. He could almost physically feel pieces of his heart chip off, little by little, as minutes passed with no news of the two. Then he hears that Namjoon's been shot and currently undergoing surgery, and he didn't even bother to hear the rest before he demanded that be be taken to the hospital right away.

"I'm sorry, I'm Seokjin," the teacher manages to introduce himself officially once he's able to regain some sense of calmness. "Taehyung's teacher," he adds, almost as an afterthought.

"I'm Jungkook. We sort of met when you came in handcuffed that one time...and if you don't mind, the captain told us about your relationship with him."

"Oh...I see," Seokjin answers slowly, unsure of what to make of the last piece of information. He was under the assumption that Namjoon would be very secretive about his personal life, especially pertaining to his "newfound" sexuality.

"And this is Jimin," Jungkook continues, motioning towards his boyfriend, who is looking a lot worse for wear but still managing to put a polite smile on his face. "He's my boyfriend."

"Ah..." Seokjin lets out. So this must be the other man who's gotten kidnapped. He throws the smaller man a sad look but doesn't make any comment on it. He doesn't think any word out of his mouth is going to help the man feel any better about the near-death experience, he keeps quiet instead of bringing it up again. "Namjoon...will he be alright?" he asks instead hopefully, his fingers playing nervously with the fabric of his shirt.

".....I don't know, but I'm sure he'll make out of anything alive. He's the best we got," Jungkook answers, omitting the information about how the entry wound was too close to where the heart is. He wishes he's wrong and that he's gotten his anatomical facts incorrect, but it's hard to miss, considering how much CPR training they receive. All he can hope now is that the bullet went in at an angle that missed such an essential organ. The "In Surgery" sign is still bright red, so the Namjoon must be alive. The doctors must be doing their best to save one of Seoul's finest.

"Okay...right...I'm just...going to try to find a doctor or ...or a nurse I can speak to," Seokjin says weakly before kissing the top of Taehyung's head and getting up. Jungkook watches as the man disappear into the corridor.

Jungkook is about to ask Jimin if he needs anything when he hears frantic footsteps of nurses and doctors running towards the ER. Jungkook's about to brush it off when he sees Hongbin running towards him, sweat covering his face and blood covering his hands. Jungkook already feels sick. He's sick of seeing blood.

"J-Jungkook-"

"What's going on?" Jungkook asks, his shoulders becoming tense again. Hongbin rarely looks that panicked, and with the blood-

"It's Yoongi. He's been shot."
"...What? I just spoke to him before-"

"There was another ambush. Just when we were trying to get everyone away from the site," Hongbin explains between trying to catch his breath. He himself had been lucky, only because he was speaking to another officer behind one of the parked cars. Yoongi, however, had been standing in the middle of open fire, helping others haul the criminals into police vehicles.

"Where is he!?"

"He just arrived at the ER."

"Shit."

Jungkook grits before darting off towards the ER, where the nurses and doctors had been rushing off to. As soon as he walks past the clear glass door, he’s met with utter chaos. There are machines beeping everywhere, with doctors and nurses shouting instructions over the sounds of people moaning in pain and yelling in panic. Jungkook stands still for a fleeting moment, taking in the familiar KSWAT and police uniforms scattered around the ER. There's blood everywhere. Smell of fear everywhere, and Jungkook dry heaves as it all hits him at once.

He pulls himself together quickly and looks around frantically for any sign of his partner and eventually finds him on one of the ER beds, blood covering both his uniform and the sheet beneath him. There is so much red. A sharp contrast to Yoongi's pale face.

"Min Yoongi!" he yells, taking in the way Yoongi is lying completely lifeless as a nurse cuts his uniform open. He lurches forward, trying to reach the man but is pulled back by a few nurses who scream at him to leave immediately. "Yoongi!" he tries again but is only moved out of the way, and the last thing he sees before he is being escorted out of the ER by Hongbin and a nurse is the blood streaming out of the man's lower abdomen.

How can everything go so wrong in one day, Jungkook thinks in his hazy state of panic as he is brought towards Jimin again. The smaller man gets up, his eyes wide in question, and Hongbin explains the situation in the best way he can, given how much it's hurting him to talk about it. Jimin nods in understanding and silently rests a hand on his boyfriend's shoulder to let him know he's right there besides him. Jungkook has no energy left in him as he slumps against the wall behind him. He can only pray silently, hoping that God won't punish them for only trying to keep the streets of Seoul safe.

Yoongi's surgery is completed before Namjoon's, but he's sent off to the ICU for close monitoring, disabling any of them from seeing him. They are however given the opportunity to talk to the doctor, who explains that the surgery was successful, but there was quite a bit of organ damage which will take a while to heal.

It's not until a couple more hours later that the doctor in charge of Namjoon walks out, looking quite worn himself. Seokjin and Jungkook are quick on their fast, rapid-firing questions. Namjoon unfortunately was in much more critical condition. The bullet had just missed his heart, fracturing a ribcage in the process and twisting at an angle that causes quite a severe damage to tissues nearby, as well as surrounding organs. The surgery had taken extra long considering they were digging around between ribcages, trying to remove every piece of metal and bone fragments without having to cut the man open completely. The man had bled out quite badly, but they were able to stabilize him enough to go through with the surgery, and now Namjoon was in the ICU with Yoongi.

The doctor also explains that the stab wound on Namjoon's shoulder may be a lot more permanent, given the damage to his ligaments, and Jungkook catches the way Seokjin pales while listening to the man's words. The teacher now looks sick, and Jungkook doesn't blame him.
It's not till a couple of days later that Hoseok finds himself in the hospital, demanding to know where Yoongi is. On Monday, Yoongi had picked him up from work, and they were about to have dinner when the officer got a phonecall and ran off before Hoseok could even ask what the call was about. Figuring it was some kind of police-related emergency, Hoseok had let the man be, waiting patiently for the man to come back.

Yoongi never did.

Hoseok called and left texts, but didn't get any back. He went to work, thinking that perhaps Yoongi might be sleeping after a long day of police business. After work, he waited in front of his building as always, waiting for his neighbor to walk him home, but Yoongi never came. When Hoseok tried calling the other man, the officer's phone was turned off, which sent Hoseok into all kinds of panic.

He didn't get a blink of sleep that night, checking to see if Yoongi's back just about every hour. He tried to tell himself that maybe Yoongi lost his phone somewhere or maybe is camping out somewhere to catch some criminal. He checked all over the web for any major case involving the police, but none. Nothing.

Wednesday, Hoseok couldn't take it anymore and had rushed into the station after work, hoping to at least demand an answer if Yoongi's just ignoring him. He, however, was informed by an officer telling him that they can not disclose any information about the particular officer at the moment. Hoseok nearly begged, asking the stranger to at least tell him if Yoongi is alive and OK or not, trying to reason that they're neighbors and friends, even going as far as showing the man the messages he and Yoongi sent each other.

The man, however, remained immune to all the pleading and evidences, straight straight ahead, almost past Hoseok. Hoseok was about to give up and try to find another way when Officer Yoon, who was coming back from patrol, recognizes him.

"Oh...you. Aren't you-" Jeonghan begins, tilting his head at an angle at the recognition. The man had left quite an impression on the officer, having seen the men twice, both times in association with Min.

"Oh!" Hoseok lets out, remembering the cop. It's hard to forget someone so ridiculously pretty. Especially when the same man basically forced Yoongi to take Hoseok in when his apartment was robbed. "Do you...I mean, can you tell me where Yoongi is? He hasn't been getting any of my calls and I don't know if he's alive or if something happened to him, and this guy won't tell me anything," Hoseok continues to ramble on, pointing at the officer he had been speaking to. "Please, did something happen to him?"

Jeonghan watches the other man quietly, studying his features one by one. Everyone at the station were under strict orders to not leak any information regarding the injured officers in fear of
information being passed down to gang members. Jackson had been a double agent, and his whereabouts were kept a secret until they were finished fishing out all the moles, but Jinyoung had caught everyone by complete surprise. No one was to be trusted, both in and outside the police force, especially someone who was directly linked to Yoongi.

Co-worker. Neighbor. It all sounds equally suspicious to Jeonghan, and he'd rather accidentally shoot himself in the foot than put Yoongi's life in jeopardy again.

"I'm sorry, but I'm going to have to ask you to leave," Jeonghan says after a long moment of contemplation. His gut feeling keeps pestering him, telling him that the man in front of him is completely harmless, but a much bigger voice is screaming at him to keep his guard up. It reminds him of the events that had unfolded only a couple of days ago. Not again. Never again.

"But-"

"Leave. Before we have to make you leave," Jeonghan says, lowering his voice in hopes of sounding intimidating enough. He himself hates having to act authoritative. It's simply not in his nature to treat someone so harshly, but what can he do?

"Can you at least-" Hoseok tries again, getting increasingly more desperate as the officer's voice becomes more serious. The tiny sliver of hope is quickly slipping through his fingers, and he doesn't know what else to do.

"Leave," Jeonghan says finally, standing his ground and squaring his shoulders. Hoseok looks around the station, looking for anyone who may be able to help him but to no avail. Coming to the station had been his last resort. He had been hoping to at least hear that Yoongi is fine, but he's not sure of even that anymore. Why won't the other cops telling him anything? If Yoongi was perfectly fine, why wouldn't they just say so? Is Yoongi even alive at this point?

Hoseok leaves the station feeling like he might die.

- 

"....Fuck."

Is the first word out of Yoongi's mouth when he finally stirs awake. He's been hopped on so much medication that everything is disoriented for the longest time. His limbs no longer feel like they belong to him but the pain is everywhere. He can't tell what hurts more, his back or the entire area stretching from his chest to his hip bone. He's afraid to move. To even blink. Because he's certain that one wrong move is probably going to have all his limbs come off one by one.

"Hey, guys, I think Min's awake!"

Yoongi wants to punch whoever is speaking. It's way too loud. And now his head hurts. The voice seems to be coming from both right next to him and from miles away, and it's throwing him off in all the wrong ways.

"Stop yelling."
"Wait, I can't tell. Is he up? I swear he said fuck."

"...That sounds like Min alright. I think...I think he's moving? His eyes kinda look like they're moving. Should we call a nurse?"

"Probably. Min, can you hear us?"

Yoongi opens his mouth to say "yes I can, now stop talking so loudly" but all that comes out is a "Hnn."

"He's awake!"

"Stop yelling!"

"You're yelling!"

After counting to ten, Yoongi finally forces his eyes to open. His eyelashes flutter, the corners of his eyes twitching at the sudden movement, and when he does manage to open them, he's shutting them close immediately, because holy fuck, he's almost certain he's ruptured his entire head by doing that.

"Hey, dim the lights."

This time, Yoongi definitely recognizes the voice as Sungjae. He's glad that there is at least one person in his team who isn't a complete idiot. Yoongi tries opening his eyes again, and this time, the experience is a lot easier. He does have to blink a few times for his pupils to focus properly on the objects around him, and when he does, he sees two familiar faces hovering over him.

"...I can't believe...your faces are...the first thing I see," Yoongi manages to grit out before a sharp pain goes through his entire abdomen.

"Yeah well, glad that you're seeing us," Hongbin answers, his shoulders finally relaxing. The entire station made sure to drop by the hospital everyday after work, and each passing moment was a torture for all of them. Captain Kim was still in the ICU after a particularly concerning complication almost took his life away only a few days ago. The doctors had told them that the man's been stabilized, but it doesn't make them feel any more at ease.

"Where's the cap?" Yoongi asks groggily, suddenly remembering what had happened. The last thing he remembers is listening to Jungkook talking about the captain being shot...and then returning to help out and there was gunshots and...right.

"He's...still in the ICU," Hongbin answers after a moment of hesitation. For a moment, he contemplates lying about it for Yoongi’s sake, but decides against it. Yoongi is going to find out sooner or later, and he'd rather not be at the receiving end of the small man's fury.

"...Still? Wait...how many days have I been out?"

"Well, you were in the ICU too. It's been three days since you were moved here...and well almost two weeks since you were hospitalized."

"...What the fuck? Two weeks?" Yoongi scowls. How had he been out for that long? Well, it does explain why his back hurts so much and why he feels so damn stiff. His sounds like a damn crow and his throat itches and burns every time he has to squeeze words out, and now he's seeing why.
"Yeah. Almost. We were really worried, you asshole," Sungjae says from besides Yoongi, and Yoongi makes a face at him. Jungkook was taken off duty since the raid and was taken to stay at a safe location with Jimin until things settled down. The other officers had not seen the two since then and hadn't bothered to seek them out, knowing that they're probably safer if they don't poke around.

"Not my fault I got shot...Is it bad?"

"What's bad? That you got shot? Of course it's-"

"Captain Kim."

"Oh...the bullet almost got his heart but apparently his ribcage managed to deflect it enough so it didn't go right through. It still messed him up pretty bad," Hongbin answers, trying to keep his voice from sounding too distressed.

"...Where's Jeon?"

"He's in a safe location."

"..." Yoongi doesn't believe in the word "safe" anymore. Yet at the same time, he also knows that there isn't much else he can do about it either. Right now, all he can do is just wait for the storm to pass with everyone alive.

- 

Seokjin jumps awake at the shrill sound of Taehyung screaming from besides him. The light from the lamp in the room is more than enough for the teacher to make out the small boy crying in his sleep again. He knows it must be the same nightmare that's been haunting him ever since they made it out of the incident, so Seokjin does the only thing he knows how. He pulls the boy into his arms and coos sweet words to him while running his hands up and down his small back. Taehyung struggles at first, jerking erratically at the touch, yet a few minutes later, Taehyung lies still again, the sound of even breathing filling up the room again.

Seokjin closes his eyes and lets out a long breath through his nose. He himself had struggled with sleep and maintaining composure since the moment Taehyung was ripped away from him. Sometimes, his heart would begin beating uncontrollably quickly, sending him on the verge of a panic attack. At times, he would have to just sit or lie down because it would feel as if all the energy in his body was suddenly leaving him. When he does catch some shut eye, nightmares come his way, leaving him looking around the room frantically to make sure that the cold, dead body of Taehyung and Namjoon aren't real.

All these things were only made worse when he had to watch Taehyung change and hold into a shell he's created for himself, right in front of his eyes. Taehyung was no longer the active, loud child who had to be told to not run around the house or that he can't have another bowl of ice cream. Taehyung had grown silent, opting to remaining quiet as he followed the teacher.
everywhere. He refused to be left alone, screaming in panic if he woke up without anyone besides him, and would constantly ask where his dad is. Seokjin was told to stay away from the hospital until the situation was somewhat resolved, for the sake of both the teacher and the boy, so he obeyed, despite wanting so badly to see for himself if Namjoon is OK. The other officers oftentimes checked up on him and told me of the man's path to recovery, and he did all he could to comfort Taehyung with words and hugs alone.

It's days later when Namjoon is moved into regular ward. A few more days until Namjoon wakes up. And even a couple of days later until Seokjin is given the clear to finally go see Namjoon. Both he and Taehyung are warned ahead of time regarding the officer's state, but it does little to prepare Seokjin for the sight of the weakened man lying in bed in front of him. There are too many wires and tubes attached to Namjoon. Too much of his body still covered in bandage and gauge.

"...Tae...Jin," Namjoon manages to breathe out once he catches the sight of the two walking towards him. He forces his lips into a weak smile as his son begins crying his little eyes again. Seokjin says nothing as Taehyung runs towards the bed and begins wailing, telling his dad to not leave him again. Namjoon wants badly to reach out and take his son into his arms, but he's still too weak for that, so he settles for stretching his good arm out and giving Taehyung's hand a gentle squeeze.

"I'm not going anywhere buddy," Namjoon says weakly. "I'm sorry, big guy."

Taehyung continues to cry and cry, garbled mess of words leaving his tiny lips until he finally stops and settles for falling asleep next to his father on the makeshift bed brought in by one of the nurses.

"....How have you been?" Namjoon finally asks Seokjin and watches in shock as the man furiously begins wiping at his own eyes with the back of his hands.

"God, you're an asshole," Seokjin says almost angrily, willing the tears to stay at bay. He doesn't want to cry, but seeing Namjoon alive and breathing in front of him, wearing that infuriatingly gentle smile makes something inside him continue to bubble up until he doesn't think his body can contain it anymore. "I was so scared that you weren't going to make it..."

"....I know. And I'm sorry."

"I didn't say that for you to be sorry," Seokjin hisses out, sitting next to Namjoon. "I just...I'm sorry. I shouldn't have called you an asshole but-"

"I understand," Namjoon interrupts, reaching out and taking the other man's hand into his. "Thank you for taking care of Tae."

"Of course I'm going to take care of him."

"...I missed you," Namjoon says softly after a moment of silence. He's quite sure that he's woken up a few times during his hospitalization. He can't pinpoint exactly when, with so much drugs and pain clouding all his sense until he can hardly tell the difference between what's real anymore, but the short-lived state of consciousness in-between drifting in and out of slumber were filled with thoughts of his son and the man sitting right besides him.

"And I missed you too," Seokjin replies, equally as quietly, picking Namjoon's hand up to kiss it. "Are you OK? I mean...are you going to be OK?" he asks uncertainly. He's heard from the other officers that Namjoon will probably not gain full function of his left arm. Even if all the tendons and ligaments heal properly, his movements are going to be restricted. At this point, they are hoping that rehabilitation will minimize such limitations.
"Yeah...of course," Namjoon answers, trying to be as reassuring as possible. "I can't wait till I get out of here."

"You'll be here for a while, officer, and I'm going to make sure you're stuck here until you fully recover."

Namjoon lets out a dry laugh which has him wincing in pain. While his body had adjusted to the initial pain or waking up, it still hurt to speak or laugh, sometimes even to inhale and exhale.

"How's...Tae handling it," Namjoon asks after much careful thought. As much as he needs to know how his son has been doing in his absence, another part of him is scared to find out. Tae didn't deserve to go through all that, and he would be an idiot to think that his son would walk out of it without lasting damage. At this point, he can only hope that his son isn't traumatized beyond function, because he would never forgive himself if that's the case.

"...He cried a lot," the teacher answers deliberately, choosing to remain honest instead of focusing on just making Namjoon feel better. "He's quiet...has nightmares. They say he should be getting therapy to help him cope, but he refuses to go anywhere unless it's with you," he continues, glancing at Taehyung's sleeping figure.

"...I see...What about you?"

"I'd lie and say I'm fine, but I'm not. Not with you like this," Seokjin replies honestly and the two just remain that way, their fingers entwined, because they don't need to explicitly express their sentiments with words anymore.

Chapter End Notes

Did I get you guys again with Jackson? ;)

-
[It's been a while, son. How have you been?]

"Umm...not much. I guess."

[Uh oh, that doesn't sound too good.]

"Dad?"

[Yes?]

"When you met mom...how did you know she was your soulmate?"

[...I just knew, I guess. I wish I had a better way to explain this, but, I just knew the moment I saw her. I was drawn to her. She made me feel safe.]

"Safe?"

[Yeah. That's the best I can describe it...but why are you asking me this? Do you think you've found the one?]

"Is it...Is it possible to fall for someone that isn't your soulmate?"

[I suppose so. I've had girlfriends before I met your mother...but it wasn't the same. A part of me always knew that the relationship wouldn't last.]

"Oh....'"

[Son...you know you can talk to me about anything, right?]

"...Dad...I'm scared."

[Of what?]  

"I met someone...but....the person's taken. And I remember you telling me that soulmates aren't supposed to be with anyone when I first meet them...and I just want so badly for this person to be it...and now...the person's gone, and I seriously feel like I'm going to die."

[...Son, what is going on?]  

"I don't know dad....he's gone....I can't find him....and I know he's not the one, but everyday I feel
like I'm going to suffocate without him and if this isn't soulmate, what is, dad? I'm scared..."

- 

Time goes by, and the dust finally settles enough for the officers to believe that everything is going to be alright. Both Yoongi and Namjoon have begun their rehabilitation, and the other officers come by as often as they can to cheer (annoy) them. Yoongi, as expected, slacks off with his rehab exercises, choosing to lazy his way into recovery by claiming that his own body will figure it all out. Namjoon, on the other hand, works perhaps a bit too hard, and it becomes Seokjin's duty to make sure the man isn't pushing his body beyond what he's capable in his state.

Taehyung now stays by his father's side, eating and sleeping at the hospital. Seokjin doesn't try to persuade the boy from sleeping back at his apartment, knowing fully well that Taehyung just needs his father right now, but he does being homecooked meal so the child isn't forced to eat bland hospital food or stuff from nearby restaurants all the time.

Jungkook and Jimin are allowed to return to their own lives. Needless to say, Jimin quits his job as a cashier and decides to take at least a semester off from college to give himself some time to heal. The two men decide to live in Jungkook's apartment together for the time being, for their own sake. Jungkook can't risk ever losing Jimin like that again and Jimin no longer feels safe living alone, so the other officers help Jimin move some of his belongings to the officer's place. Normally, Jungkook would be over the moon about the prospect of living with Jimin, but he can't even bring himself to be excited, with both Yoongi and Namjoon still in the hospital, which serves as a solid reminder of what had happened. Yet, he pushes on forward, doing his best to appreciate all the little things in life, like all the moments he shares with Jimin, the way Yoongi scowls when Jungkook tells him to stop being lazy and the way Namjoon smiles so fondly at his son who's lying snuggled by his side.

All is well. Except for the fact that Yoongi realizes that Hoseok hasn't come to see him once.

The officer slowly grows agitated, wondering what could possibly be keeping Hoseok from visiting him. Hoseok can't be that busy, right? At first, Yoongi think it's disappointment that's bothering him. Afterall, he had done a lot for his neighbor, so it would only make sense for Hoseok to help him through his tough time. Then he realized that he wasn't mad at the man. He just...missed Hoseok.

He missed the way Hoseok laughed and made strange sounds all the time when it was just the two of them. He missed Hoseok's failed attempt at cooking and the way the corners of his lips would drop when his culinary skills were criticized. He missed the way Hoseok lit up everything Yoongi gave him a compliment or a word of encouragement. He missed spending time with the man, and now he was just worried that perhaps it isn't that Hoseok isn't coming to see him. Perhaps, he can't, and Yoongi wordlessly panics inside.

It's not like he can ask anyone about it. No one knows about Hoseok (except Jungkook, but he'd rather wait for hell to freeze over than asking his partner and risk being made fun of for the rest of this life). So he waits. He waits and waits, wondering what the man is doing in between his rehab exercises and just lying in bed, staring into blank space. He would call Hoseok, but he has no idea where his phone went, figuring it got lost somewhere during the entire fiasco and being carried to
the ER. He wonders if Hoseok is worried about him too or misses him just as much.

"Officer, I hear that you're free from hospital food."

Namjoon looks up from his arm to find Seokjin standing in the doorway, holding up a large paper bag that he eventually sets down on the small table next to him.

"How did you know?"

"Asked one of the nurses. I've been bribing them with cookies since day 1 so I can get all the news I can. Plus, I'm super charming," Seokjin answers with a grin, walking towards the other man. Namjoon reaches out to grab the teacher by the back of his neck before pulling him towards him for a kiss. Seokjin quickly recovers from the initial surprise and kisses back languidly, melting into the way Namjoon's lips are moving against his.

"I've been dying to do that," Namjoon whispers against Seokjin's lips as he pulls back.

"Same," Seokjin whispers back and then realizes that Taehyung is nowhere in sight. He figures that explains the sudden kiss. "Where's Tae?"

"The guys are keeping him company," the injured officer answers, taking Seokjin's hand into his and absentmindedly stroking the back of the teacher's hand with his thumb.

"Mm, good. I think Tae needed some fresh air too. How is he doing? Any better?"

"I'm not sure. He's talking more. Crying less. But I don't know if it's a temporary thing or not," Namjoon answers slowly, smiling sadly to himself. The first couple of nights Taehyung had slept in the hospital ended up with the small boy constantly waking up in the middle of the night to shake his dad awake. Taehyung only fell back asleep when Namjoon cooed soft words of comfort, only to wake up a few minutes later and repeat the process all over again.

"He'll get better. Once he starts seeing that you're OK," Seokjin says in his best effort to be reassuring. "So since you're free from hospital food, I thought I would bring you some homemade cooking."

"Oh thank God, I've missed your cooking."

"Good," Seokjin says with a grin as he pulls out tupperware out of the paper bag he brought in with his. "I think some of the stuff here probably got a bit cold...wait, I think I can use a microwave if I ask one of the nurses."

"No need."

"But it's-""
tomorrow," Jin continues as he begins opening the lids to the tupperwares in front of him, remaining completely oblivious to the way Namjoon is gnawing at his lower lip. The officer looks to be deep in thought. Contemplative. A little bit scared. And a whole lot nervous, and he's glad that the teacher can't see him right now.

"Jin," Namjoon finally calls out, mustering up enough courage to just let it out already. He's been meaning to ask Seokjin the one question that's been on his mind ever since he woke up.

"Hmm?" Seokjin makes the sound absent-mindedly, looking for the chopsticks and spoons he's sure he had packed as well.

"I know this is probably way too soon...and you can always say no. You know I don't want to pressure you into anything but..." Namjoon begins slowly, effectively drawing the teacher's attention. Seokjin pulls his hands out of the bag and watches the man on the bed carefully, his eyes gauging.

"...but?" Seokjin pushes gently, wondering for a fleeting moment what this could possibly be about. He's sure that they have gotten past the stage of the officer looking so apologetic everything he asks for a favor involving Taehyung.

"Come live with me. And Tae."

"...What...?" Seokjin lets out breathlessly. Namjoon clearly isn't joking around, and Seokjin knows by now that the officer wouldn't propose something like that unless he's thought about a million times over.

"I know we promised to take things slowly but...almost dying sort of changes the way you think. I want to spend as much time as I can with you. All three of us. I don't expect an answer right now, but please, at least think about it?" Namjoon continues, reading the confusion and shock on the other man's face.

Namjoon has had perhaps too much time to think about what could've happened if they never had Jackson to leak their location or if Yoongi hadn't arrived on time. He would never have been given the opportunity to lie on bed like this, waiting for Seokjin to unpack a homemade deal. He would never have seen his beautiful son again. Every fleeting instance since the incident has been precious, and he doesn't think he can waste any more time cowering behind the failure of his first marriage. He doesn't have it in himself to be reckless or irrational, but there is no question in his mind that he wants to spend as much time with Seokjin as possible. He wants to explore into the possibility of Seokjin, himself and Taehyung becoming someone special...stable...solid.

"...Okay...I will," Seokjin replies dumbly, forcing himself to nod slowly.

"Thank you. Again, I don't want to pressure you into-"

"I know," Seokjin interrupts, finally being able to smile once he takes the look of determination in the man's eyes. He had forgotten about what it feels to be so wanted and needed, to trust someone other than himself, but as he stares into the officer's eyes, he begins to think that he can definitely get used to the idea.
"Well, since we didn't get to have a Christmas party back at the station, we decided to do a little celebratory thing here. You know, for you guys not dying," Hongbin says one day after he's managed to drag the still very disgruntled Yoongi into the room Namjoon's in. Everyone is doing a lot better. Yoongi no longer needs to be carried around on a wheelchair but demands to be pushed around because he's too lazy to be walking around. Seokjin is standing next to the captain's bed, while Taehyung is sitting next to his dad, his little legs dangling off the edge of the hospital bed.

Sungjae and Jackson are putting up bright red and green balloons up (ones they bought a while ago for the x-mas party that never happened) as Taehyung watches them in fascination. Yoongi doesn't have to voice "good to see you again" to Jackson, because as soon as they make eye contact, they just know how much they've missed each others' presence. Yoongi had feared for Jackson's life, and Jackson had been dying to see how Yoongi and the captain were doing, but they don't get into the whole mushy conversation about it. They simply nod at each other and that's the end of that.

Just then, Jungkook walks in with Jimin, and this time, Yoongi can no longer suppress the smile tugging at his lips.

"Well shit. We managed to get everyone, all alive and well," Jackson says with a grin once he's finished putting up the last of the balloons. "Hongbin, where's the-you know?"

"Oh, right. Here." Hongbin pulls out a thing board, and when he flips it around, Jungkook lets out a long, suffering groan as everyone else breaks out in laughter.

"Fuck you guys," Jungkook hisses out, ignoring Namjoon's protest to watch his language. "I had a near-death experience and this is what you're going to do to me?" he whines, staring at the professionally-made "Many Dumb Faces of Jeon Jungkook" featuring all the blanked-out, dreamy expressions he's made over the past weeks while daydreaming about his current boyfriend.

"I told you I was going to make it. The best thing is, you can take this home with you," Hongbin replies with a chuckle, propping the board against one of the walls so that everyone can get a clear look of his work of art. "Anyway, aren't you going to introduce us formally to your boyfriend?"

"You've already met him."

"Yeah, but Min and cap haven't been formally introduced," Hongbin counters. Jimin had been to the hospital a few times with Jungkook but had remained in the background, standing quietly to the corner of the room to give the officers space to speak. Yoongi and Namjoon, being themselves, didn't go out of their limbs to be introduced, figuring that the small man will do it once he's comfortable with the idea. They all know how overbearing the people at the station can be so none of them have bothered to address the matter until today.

"Fine. Uh everyone, this is Jimin, my boyfriend," Jungkook introduces rather lamely and then smiles stupidly as he takes Jimin's hand into his. "That's Min Yoongi, my partner, and that's the captain. You know Taehyung."

"Hello," Jimin greets everyone shyly.

"Cap, now it's your turn," Sungjae says, glancing at the teacher.
"...This is Seokjin. He's Tae's teacher and...and..." Namjoon falters, his ears turning red in an uncharacteristic state of embarrassment. He doesn't know what to call Seokjin considering he's not even sure if they're official. Sure, he did ask Seokjin to come live with him, but that was mostly his near-death experience speaking on his behalf, and the man hadn't even given him a clear answer and-

"His boyfriend," Seokjin answers for the man instead, taking pity on how nervous the cop was growing.

"Mr. Kim! Are you my dad's boyfriend now!?!" Taehyung screeches, his eyes turning wide at the sudden piece of information, and Namjoon winces, suddenly remembering that his son is right besides him.

"Yes we are," Seokjin admits with a grin, ruffling the boy's hair.

"Finally! This is awesome! Uncle Jeon! Dad has a boyfriend too!" Taehyung continues, his small hands moving around frantically, and as embarrassed as Namjoon is, he can't help but revel in the fact that he hasn't seen his son smiling like that for quite some time now. It was like seeing the old Taehyung again, and he feels something bubbling in his chest as he watches his son wrap his tiny arms around his teacher.

"Well damn, I better get myself a boyfriend too, considering it seems to be the trend," Hongbin mumbles from besides Jackson, and Jackson bats his eyelashes playfully while volunteering for the position.

"We're not allowed to play loud music or get drunk off our asses, but we got cake. And food. And Seokjin here got us all permission to play some music as long as it's not too disruptive to anyone else," Jackson explains, holding his phone up. And so the party begins. It's lame, with soft Christmas music playing and a cake that's a bit disfigured thanks to Hongbin shaking the box around accidentally, but it gives everyone a sense of warmth and comfort they had been so desperately seeking. Jackson is OK. Jungkook is OK. Yoongi is alive. So is Namjoon. Everyone is safe and laughing over some stupid joke, and even Yoongi cracks a small smile as he takes a sip of cider in his hand.

He watches Jungkook and Jimin whisper into each others' ears. Jungkook is all smiles as he watches Jimin smear some icing onto his nose. The two laugh as Jungkook leans forward to kiss Jimin chastely on the lips, transferring some of his icing onto the smaller man's nose. Jackson makes a comment about how they should get a room, which sends Jimin hiding his face into Jungkook's arm in embarrassment, and Jungkook makes a snide comment about how the other officer is just being single and bitter.

He then turns to look at the captain, who is holding hands with Seokjin, and the way the two men stare into each others' eyes with a sense of fondness that seems almost out-of-picture makes it impossible for Yoongi to tear his eyes away from them. He's never seen the captain look so soft. Never seen the man look so shy and bold at the same time. Seokjin says something, that sends the captain smiling, complete with a dimple and everything, and Seokjin leans forward to kiss the top of the man's head. Yoongi watches with abated breath as the captain looks up at Seokjin, and Yoongi sees it. That's a man in love.

And at that precise moment, Yoongi realizes that he misses Hoseok. That he wants to share that kind of intimacy with Hoseok. He wants to see Hoseok smiling at him like that, look up to him like that and whispers gentle words into his ears. He wants to be silly with him like Jungkook and Jimin. He wants to be able to share this moment of celebration with-
"Where's your boyfriend?"

Yoongi's broken out of his thoughts by the quiet sound of Sungjae's voice.

"...He's not my boyfriend," Yoongi answers, doing his best to keep his voice leveled. The words leave an unpleasant aftertaste in his mouth, a strange pang of pain through his chest.

"Yeah, but something tells me you want him to be," Sungjae says into his glass of cider, loudly enough for only the man in the wheelchair to hear him. "You should call him. Have him join the fun."

"I don't have my phone."

"I'll call him for you," Sungjae volunteers, remembering that Yoongi lost his phone and never got a chance to get a new one. He had to dig through the evidence room himself to locate the device, but it never showed up.

"I don't have his phone number memorized, and plus...it's not like he came to see me either," Yoongi grumbles, doing his best to leave the bitterness out of his voice but failing miserably.

"...Does he even know you've been hospitalized?"

"..."

"Min."

"...What."

"You're a goddamn idiot. Jesus. And I thought you were supposed to be the brain between you and Jungkook," Sungjae laments with a sigh, ignoring the scowl from the man on the wheelchair. He's always known that Yoongi was downright horrible when it came to his feelings. The man was much softer than he claimed to be, yet no one at the station had brought it up in their attempt to let the officer save his pride and dignity. But Sungjae always knew that there must be something about this mysterious neighbor if Yoongi bothered to stick around for so long, and he didn't miss the faraway look of hurt Yoongi wore when he's simply lying in bed.

"Min. I think you of all people should know, you only live once."

"If you say YOLO, I will fucking murder you."

"Come on, a near-death experience must've made you think things differently. Stop being stuck in your own little bubble all the time."

"I don't need life advice from you," Yoongi spits back, an annoyed puff of air leaving his nose.

"But you know I'm always right," Sungjae continues in the same infuriatingly calm and border-lining taunting voice that always manages to get on Yoongi's nerves.

"Plus, I wouldn't know how to contact him. Not until I'm discharged from here."

"Min. What are we?"

"...Cops. Why."

"Exactly," Sungjae says with a cheeky grin before he pulls his phone out. With a few flick of his fingers, he's dialing a number before Yoongi can even ask who he's calling. "Hey Yoon, I got a
favor to ask."

"What the fuck are you doing?" Yoongi hisses, trying to get his hand on the device but failing miserably, considering he's still sitting on a wheelchair and still hasn't gotten around to moving quickly enough to be of any competition. Sungjae only holds a finger up with that smug grin of his.

"Yeah, can you find someone's phone number for me? It's for Min....OK, so the man's name is...Min, what's his name?" Sungjae asks Yoongi, putting a few inches between his ear and the phone.

"I'm not telling you."

"It's Jung Hoseok," Jungkook answers instead and gives himself a pat on the back for his stellar memory. Yoongi wonders if he can lunge and punch his partner in the face without rupturing anything in the process.

"Thanks. Yeah, Jung Hoseok...How would I know his ID number? I told you, it's for Min. We're trying to find his boyfriend...uh huh...yeah! How did you know?....Oh....Yeah, that sounds about right....yup...thanks man."

"What. The. Fuck."

"How does Yoon know about your boyfriend? He says you came in the station with him awhile back. They're just going through the records now for his number and oh, here's the number."

"Fuck you, Yook."

"Is that any way to speak to your personal cupid? Here. Don't be a pussy and just call the guy. We promise not to embarrass you in front of him or whatever."

"Don't listen to him," Jungkook counters, wrapping an arm around Jimin's waist. "You were a nightmare."

"Are you trying to help or not?" Sungjae counters, rolling his eyes and Jungkook lets out a quiet "ah" before telling his partner that he should man up and call his boyfriend.

Yoongi stares at the vaguely familiar number in front of him and begins gnawing at his lower lip. Should he call? Hoseok pick up? Even if he does, what is he supposed to say? What can he say?

"Just do it," Sungjae pushes again. "Here, I'll even wheel you out so you can talk in private."

"Hey, I don't-"

"Shh, don't try to fight it," the taller man whispers dramatically before pushing the wheelchair out. Yoongi remains still, not even bothering to struggle against being wheeled out, because let's face it, he's not winning Sungjae in the state he's in and he'd only be wasting energy by trying. He's just going to have to make up some bullshit about Hoseok not picking up and just return to the party so he can pretend like everything is alright again.

"Remember, Min. You just gotta walk out of that shell sometime. Live a little while you can," Sungjae finishes in a tone that Yoongi's not at all accustomed to before leaving him in the empty corridor by himself. Yoongi plays with the phone in his hand, running his thumb across the edge of the sleek device. Hoseok's numbers are still on the screen, black against the bright white light behind it, and Yoongi furrows his brows as he begins nibbling his lower lip again. This is crazy, he
thinks. Before he can make the conscious decision to just wheel himself back into the room, his finger is already pressing the green icon. Yoongi stares in horror at the screen and then fumbles to press the red icon, only to freeze when he hears a familiar voice ringing from the other side.

[Hello?]

"...." Yoongi wonders if it's too late to hang up now. Wait, it's not his phone. He can totally hang up and pretend as if this never happened. He can totally do that-

[...Hello?]

Yet he finds himself putting the device against his ear, because it's Hoseok's voice he's listening to...and he's missed it so much. Hoseok's voice is different. It's guarded. A bit scared. It's unsure, unlike when it's just the two of them making fun of each other.

"....Hoseok," he forces himself to finally say, and his own voice sounds strange against his ears. There is a long stretch of silence. Not even the soft noise of static. No shuffling or even soft breathing until Hoseok breaks it in a quivering voice.

[....Yoongi...?]

"...Yeah. It's me."

Yoongi had been quite ready to give the man an earful, perhaps demand to know where he's been. Conversely, he had also been ready to give him the full explanation behind his absence in case Hoseok genuinely had no idea what had happened to him. But he finds himself saying none of these things as he listens to Hoseok call out his name.

[Yoongi...Oh my God...Yoongi, is that really you? What- how...Yoongi...where have you-]

That's as far as Hoseok gets before he's crying into the phone, and Yoongi listens in silence, his chest aching at the sound. Hoseok doesn't even try to stop the tears. He doesn't even bother trying to create a coherent sentence. He just cries and cries as if a dam had broken inside him.

"Hoseok," Yoongi tries quietly when the sobbing and sniffling dies down.

[Where are you...]

"....A hospital"

[What! Why? Are you OK? Where are you hurt?]

Yoongi tells the man where he is, and Hoseok doesn't waste a second telling him that he will be right there. The officer remains in the corridor, ignoring the curious glance he gets from a nurse who's passing by. He's done it. There is no turning back. Hoseok knows where he is and they are inevitably going to have to speak in person...and he doesn't know if he's ready. Why is he even so nervous all of a sudden? It's not like it's the first time he'll be speaking to Hoseok. In fact, they've met under circumstances that would normally warrant a lot more awkwardness and embarrassment, so why now?

His palms sweaty and his heart beating a bit quicker than normal. It's not fear. He knows all too well what fear feels like. Right now, it feels like he's on the verge of a panic attack, but there is an underlying buzz of something akin to excitement and an almost inaudible hum of happiness.
playing in the background.

Yoongi waits and waits, gnawing at his lower lip until he's almost certain that he's going to start drawing blood soon. He half-expects Sungaje or someone else from the station to come find him, but the corridor remains silent with the exception of a couple of nurses who walk by from time to time.

Then he hears loud footsteps coming from behind him and he instinctively knows who it must belong to. The footsteps come to a stop, and Yoongi knows that Hoseok must be standing right behind him, but he can't bring himself to turn the wheelchair around. What is he so scared of?

"...Yoongi."

The officer says nothing, his hands clasped around the wheels besides him.

"Yoongi."

Yoongi finally musters up enough courage to turn around and face Hoseok.

"...You're alive. I thought...." Hoseok begins slowly and deliberately, looking to be choosing his words carefully. His face is still blotchy, his eyes puffy from all the crying, yet his expression is almost calm as he looks straight into the officer's eyes.

"...I was shot," Yoongi says lamely, forgoing all other explanations, and at this point, he's not even surprised. He's never had much control over his words to begin with anyway.

"...What?"

"There was a kidnapping. And I was there to save them and I got shot," the cop tries again lamely, the words rushing out of his mouth in a cascade that only succeeds to make sound everything even worse.

"You were shot? And you couldn't even...you couldn't even somehow contact me and tell me this? You couldn't have just...I dunno, at least given me a text or have another cop contact me?" Hoseok sounds almost angry now, his eyes brimming with tears again. "You couldn't have let me known that you're alive? Did I mean so little to you, Yoongi?"

"Wait, what? No-" Yoongi quickly tries to argue, finally realizing how everything is flying south very quickly. All this time he had sort of blamed Hoseok for never showing up, but he's finally starting to see what an asshole he had been.

"What, you thought I wouldn't care if you just disappeared from my life like that? Not knowing if you were even alive or not? I thought-"

"Hoseok, wait-"

"-I thought we were more than that...was I just some charity case neighbor to you?"

"No-"

"Then what, Yoongi. What is it?"

Yoongi's not sure what to say. He wishes perhaps he was more like Jungkook, who could say whatever was on his mind shamelessly and be quick to admit his feelings for the other man. He wishes he was more like Sungjae, who was much more eloquent and gentle with his words. But
he's neither of things, leaving him sitting in the stupid wheelchair, staring silently at the drops of tear running down Hoseok's face. He wants so badly to reach out and wipe them away. He wants to tell the man to not cry, but he remains frozen where he is, his mind buzzing with unspoken words jumbled into a mess he can no longer decipher.

"...I'm sorry. I'm overreacting aren't I..." Hoseok says softly, his shoulders slumping and a heartbreakingly sad smile on his face. "Well...you're fine now, right? I should...I should go back and let you be..." he finished dejectedly, and Yoongi swears he can hear something break inside him as he listens to the words.

"Hoseok, wait-"

Yet the man turns on his heels and begins walking the other way. Yoongi grits his teeth and forces himself off the wheelchair. It still hurts. His muscles strain to keep up with the sudden movement, and his brain is screaming at him to just sit back down, but he doesn't stop, because he can't bear watching Hoseok fading away from him. One foot before the other, he propels himself forward, ignoring the pain and focusing on maintaining control over his limbs long enough until he can reach the other man. How had he gotten so weak?

Hoseok whirls around at the sound of fumbling footsteps and gasps loudly.

"What the hell are you doing out of the wheelchair!" Hoseok shouts, forgetting for a moment that he's supposed to be escaping the hospital as quickly as he possibly can, because it feels as if he can't breathe if he has to face Yoongi for a second more. He rushes back to support the injured officer and is just about to snake his arm across the other man when Yoongi grabs him by the collar and pulls him in.

It takes a second for Hoseok to register that Yoongi's lips are on his. Awkward. Hesitant. Fumbling. Unsure.

Yoongi pulls back just as abruptly, and for a split second, he's like a small boy looking to be scolded. His eyes are downcast in fear that isn't quite fully concealed, his hands still lingering on the fabric of Hoseok's shirt, looking unsure of where to go.

Yoongi says nothing. No "I missed you" or "I have feelings for you" or even a snide comment he would normally make to cover up any insecurities he might have. He just stands there as if waiting for Hoseok to give him some kind of an ultimatum, leaving Hoseok to stand equally still in shocked silence.

"Yoongi...what about...Jungkook," Hoseok finally manages to let out hoarsely once his brain starts whirring in motion. Yoongi finally looks up, his brows furrowed. It's not like he has been expecting some scene from an unrealistic romcom to unfold before him, where they confess their feelings for each other and kiss with some cheesy music playing in the background. Yoongi had expected Hoseok to maybe storm out. Perhaps get angry at him and yell at him. Maybe even slap him in the face or even cry. But he had not been expecting Jungkook's name to come up.

"What about Jungkook? Why is he any part of this?"

"...Wait. Did you guys break up? Did you find out about him cheating?"

"What?"

"Oh shit...you didn't know about-" Hoseok continues, his mouth creating an almost comical O as he reels his head back in guilt.
"Stop. What the fuck are you talking about. Who broke up with who?" Yoongi asks with narrowed eyes, all romantic sentiments flying out the window.

"...You and Jungkook..."

"The fuck? What?"

"...Wait, what's happening. I don't understand what's happening," Hoseok says lamely, finally realizing that something is off.

"You don't understand what's happening? I don't understand what the fuck is happening. Why is Jungkook any part of this?"

"...But you've been dating Jungkook for three years..."

"What!? Me?" Yoongi asks, letting go of Hoseok's shirt with a look of utter disgust on his face.

"...That's what you told me..."

"When the fuck did I say that?"

"You said he was your partner..."

"Yeah, my partner at the station."

"Wait, what? You weren't dating him!? He's a cop too!?"

"That's disgusting. I know I just kissed you right now, but now I kinda want to punch you in the face right now for saying that."

"...Jesus. So you weren't even dating him?"

"No, and stop saying that. That's disgusting."

"So you've always been...single?" Hoseok asks uncertainly, slowing digesting the information. For the past weeks, he's basically tortured himself over the idea of possibly becoming a homewrecker, only to find out that Jungkook and Yoongi were never a thing to begin with...and he can't even be readily happy about the situation, because he's starting to see what a goddamn idiot he has been.

"Yeah."

"...Oh."

"..."

"And you kissed me."

"...Yeah," Yoongi answers softly, dropping his gaze and suddenly looking like a small child again. Hoseok stands there, watching the officer in front of him gnawing at his lower lip again. Yoongi kissed him. Yoongi's single, had been single, and Yoongi kissed him. On the lips. All without trying to deny it or running away. Yoongi feels the same way about him.

"Oh..."

"Can you just reject me already so I can go back to the party?" Yoongi mutters under his breath, the snide and cynical part of him surfacing again. He can't help him. He doesn't know any other way to
coping with his feelings being rejected, and he'd rather not stand around wasting any more of his time if Hoseok's going to-

Yoongi doesn't get to finish that train of thought, because Hoseok's cupping his cheeks before pulling him in for another kiss.

And this is how Hoseok unknowingly kissed his soulmate for the second time.
Chapter Notes

So here is the "last" chapter of this fic! Nothing dramatic happening here since I'm just wrapping everything up as the boys go back to living their lives. I haven't decided if I'm going to come up with a sequel (which would focus on their relationships) or come up with a few epilogues...what do you guys think? :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Everyone in the room turn to the sound of the door opening again. Entering the vicinity is Jungkook wearing a shit-eating grin on his face, followed by a somewhat disgruntled Yoongi and a man with soft features, and even the ones who have never seen the man before instinctively understand that this must be the same person Yoongi had been sulking over for the past few weeks.

Jungkook had gone out in search of his partner when everyone in the room suddenly realized that the grumpy officer has been missing for quite some time now. Jungkook had ventured out into the hallway, hoping that Yoongi hadn't run off back to his own room or God forbid run away from the hospital in frustration, and he was pleasantly surprised to find Yoongi standing across from who he recognized as Mr. Bad Luck. Well, not just standing. Kissing. Which is something Jungkook had never expected to see when it came to his partner. Min Yoongi was kissing someone, looking to be completely oblivious to the rest of the world, and Jungkook wonders if he can take a picture of the moment without risking his own neck.

Jungkook had been trying to sneak back to the party to give his partner some privacy (because let's face it, he knows that Min Yoongi needs action more than anyone else in South Korea). He really had, but it's not his fault that he began laughing, because come on, Yoongi is kissing someone in the middle of the hospital corridor, still dressed in that silly hospital gown that's too big on his slim figure and hair that hadn't been combed for ages, looking awkward as hell as he tries to keep up with the other man kissing him. No one can blame him for laughing at that point.

Of course, Yoongi spots him. And of course, Yoongi looks homicidal. But what is he going to do about it, right? So Jungkook flashes the man both thumbs up and watches in mild fascination as Yoongi's scowl grows even deeper. Hoseok looks like he wants to crawl into a hole and die, and Jungkook shoots the man a sympathetic look before basically dragging both men back to the captain's room.

"Guys, Yoongi's boyfriend is here!" Jungkook announces rather unnecessarily towards the rest of the room, and Yoongi wants to throw him off whatever floor they're currently on. He doesn't even dare look at Hoseok, because he's not sure that he wants to know what expression the other man's wearing.

"Ignore him. He's an idiot," Yoongi grumbles towards Hoseok, hating his life. Why did it have to be Jeon Jungkook walking in on them kissing. In fact, why did anyone have to come get them
while they were kissing? And why did he even agree to come back to the party? Goddamn it, he should've told his partner to fuck off. Why is it that he keeps on thinking that it's acceptable to place Hoseok in the same room as Jeon Jungkook?

"Hey, it's great to finally meet you," Sungjae says, pushing a hand out for a firm handshake. "We've heard so many great things about you. I'm Sungjae, that's Jackson and Hongbin. You already met Jungkook, and that's his boyfriend Jimin," he continues to explain as Hoseok begins drowning in his own pool of mortification. "On the bed is our captain Kim Namjoon and his boyfriend Seokjin, and that little fella over there is the cap's son Taehyung."

"It's...nice to meet all of you," Hoseok says weakly, wanting to roll into a ditch somewhere, because God, he had been such an asshole at the mall thinking Jungkook was cheating on Yoongi with his actual boyfriend. What. Has. He. Done. The two look so adorable together and completely smitten. He had yelled and Jungkook for absolutely no reason, and the man's boyfriend probably watched the entire display.

"Wait, you're telling me that in a room of 9 grown ass men, 6 are dating each other? What?" Jackson lets out with an exaggerated flailing of his arms, remaining completely oblivious to the flustered Hoseok and disgruntled, broody Yoongi. While Yoongi would normally be annoyed, he's grateful for the excessive yelling, because he doesn't think he can stand another second of Jungkook wiggling his eyebrows at him. "Am I the odd one out here? Do I need to get myself a boyfriend now?" Jackson continues dramatically, and the cops around him all laugh quietly.

"Who would want to date you?" Hongbin counters with a wrinkle of his nose, taking a sip of his cider and making a face at how warm it's gotten.

"I'm very date-able," Jackson retorts indignantly, running his hands down his body for emphasis.

"Who would you even go for? Assuming that people can hypothetically actually be attracted to you."

"I dunno...Yo, captain Jung is pretty hot. Like in the mysterious, bad boy sort of way. If I was gay, I'd probably go for him," Jackson muses, remembering the tall, brooding captain.

"What." Hongbin deadpans and the scrunches up his nose in mock disgust.

"You'd go for him too, don't lie."

"Please don't listen to them. They don't represent the entire police department of Seoul," Yoongi mutters under his breath, suddenly feeling very self-conscious about the people associated with him and feeling the need for the clarification. Clearly, the two have no shame and have zero regard for who's listening, and he's starting to think that Hoseok running way from him is slowly becoming an actual possibility.

"Hi, I'm Taehyung!"

Hoseok looks down and almost jumps out of his skin to find the boy who had been next to the man in bed standing in front of him, his big eyes peering up at him almost expectantly.

"Uncle Jeon and my dad have boyfriend too, and now you're Uncle Min's boyfriend! Does he make you happy too?" Taehyung asks, completely oblivious to the look of mortification and horror on Yoongi's face. Hoseok, on the other hand, stands around awkwardly, not knowing what to say or do, because they only just kissed a few minutes ago and haven't even gotten around to figuring out exactly what they are...and why does this boy look so happy that he is potentially in a gay
"He...does," Hoseok answers anyway, more out of not wanting to disappoint the boy in front of him than anything else. It's not like he's entirely lying anyway. Yoongi does make him happy...on top of many other things.

"Tae, stop bothering the man," Namjoon says somewhat sternly, and Taehyung pouts before returning to the bed, where Seokjin hoists him up onto the bed. "I'm sorry. He's really excited right now. Please, have some...cake. What's left of the cake. I know it doesn't look much, but it's good," Namjoon offers politely, pointing at the half eaten cake in the center of the room.

"Oh. Thank you," Hoseok answers and helps himself to a slice eventhough he is not at all hungry. "Do you want some?" he asks Yoongi, who is decidedly still avoiding eye contact. Hoseok's shoulders slump the tiniest bit at the standoffish behavior, wondering if he's messed up somehow. Perhaps Yoongi was having second thoughts?

"No. I'm good," Yoongi answers curtly, his mind still buzzing with if he should come up with an exit strategy for the sake of the potential budding relationship between him and his neighbor. He has zero faith in the dumbfuckery of the terrible trio (Wang, Lee, Jeon).

"Ow, what the hell," Yoongi hisses under his breath when Sungjae elbows him roughly from next to him.

"Can you stop being a dick and pay attention to your man? Goddamn, you guys act like complete strangers," Sungjae hisses back just so that the fellow officer can hear him. He's always known Yoongi would be like this, but seeing Hoseok sulking a little bit while mechanically shoving bites of cake into his mouth is just heartbreaking. Yoongi scowls at the taller man before glancing at his neighbor and fidgeting nervously when a pang of guilt shoots through him.

"Well, what the hell do you want me to do," Yoongi whisper-hisses back, and Sungjae rolls his eyes in annoyance.

"Ask him to give you a bite."

"What?"

"Ask him to give you a bite of the cake, and he will give you a forkful. Just make sure you eat it as seductively as possible. Moan a little if you can."

"Will you shut the fuck up already?"

"Do it. Just do it. If you don't, I'm going to ask if you guys had sex yet. And plus, do you not have a heart? Don't you feel bad about ignoring your boyfriend?"

"......"

As much he hates to admit it, Sungjae has a point. While it's true that things are insanely awkward between the two, thanks to Jeon Jungkook interrupting their kiss and not giving them a chance to ask the big question "what now?", he knows that their feelings are mutual. So what that they haven't gotten into the logistics of defining what they were. He wants something special with Hoseok. He wants to hold hands and kiss and be like the captain and his man (and maybe even a bit like Jungkook and his boyfriend).

Yoongi clears his throat, effectively grabbing the other man's attention. Hoseok looks up curiously from staring at the frosting and bits of illegible icing writing, and the officer balls his hands into
fists besides him, doing his best muster enough courage to just go ahead and talk to the man besides him.

"Ho, Hoseok...can I have a bite?" Yoongi asks robotically, and even Jungkook makes a face at him, jerking his head back exaggeratedly. Hongbin and Jackson stop their bickering and watch the usually stoic officer, their eyes twinkling in fascination.

"Oh, do you want me to get you a slice?" Hoseok asks dumbly, setting his plate down and reaching for an empty plate.

"No...I meant, can I have a bite of your cake."

"Oh...are you sure? I can just get you a new slice."

"Umm...no, like-"

"Jesus, I can't take this anymore," Sungjae relents loudly, pinching the bridge of his nose in a blatant display of frustration. "What he means is, can you please just feed him a forkful of your cake, like in the movies, like boyfriends do?" he continues and watches as Hoseok starts burning bright red in embarrassment and Yoongi shoots him a death glare that isn't all that intimidating given the flustered look he's wearing. Everyone else bursts into laughter, including even captain Namjoon who would normally roll his eyes, and it finally feels like everything is going to be alright.

Seokjin agrees to move in with Namjoon and Taehyung a couple days before the officer is discharged. Namjoon and Seokjin had done their best to keep it a secret from everyone else, not because they are ashamed of their relationship or anything, but because Namjoon's quite certain that nothing good can come from letting the rest of the station know anything about his private life. However, Taehyung cannot contain his excitement and proceeds to tell every living soul he comes across, including nurses and the cleaning staff, about the arrangement. In no time, the rest of the station are moving Seokjin's essential belongings into the apartment with enthusiasm, and Sungjae even asks the teacher than he take good care of the captain.

When Namjoon is discharged and allowed returned to his apartment, Taehyung is over the moon, bouncing all across the apartment as Seokjin begins unpacking the boxes one by one. The boy doesn't leave the teacher's side and instead does his best to help. Taehyung ends up breaking one of Seokjin's speakers, but the teacher doesn't mind it too much, claiming that it was just some cheap speakers he bought on a whim anyway. Namjoon, as much as he wants to help, is confined to the couch where he watches his boyfriend and his son unpack. Seokjin refuses to let the officer do any heavy lifting, and Namjoon doesn't put up a fight, because Seokjin can clearly be quite scary and authoritative when he wants to be.

After Seokjin is done packing most of his things, they are gathered around the kitchen while Seokjin cooks dinner for everyone. Taehyung is happy to help with whatever he can, including mixing eggs again and setting the table, while Seokjin works with ease, humming a little tune to himself. Namjoon is, as expected, ordered to sit at the table until dinner is ready, and he watches
his boyfriend and son work side by side with a stupidly dopey smile on his face. This is real. This is really happening, he thinks as he basks in the warmth provided by the scene unfolding before him.

He's never felt so at home before as he looks around the apartment that used to be for two. Seokjin's laptop is lying on top of his usually barren coffee table. He knows for a fact that the empty space left inside the shoe closet has now been filled with the teacher's own pairs. There is an extra toothbrush in the bathroom now, next to a tube of facewash the other had brought with him. Everything about the moment is domestic, but it's also thrilling in a way that Namjoon did not know possible.

Had he been so happy to be married to his ex-wife? He can't remember. He's sure that he must've been ecstatic. Afterall, he was young and stupidly in love, so he must have been so happy to marry the love of his life at the time, but for the life of him, he can't remember what it was like. It was as if Seokjin came into his life and erased parts of his past he'd rather not remember anyway.

It may all be a trial run, but Namjoon can't help but think that he finally has a family of three. It's silly. He knows. For all he knows, Seokjin and he might not work out and call it quits within the week. It'll break his heart and break his son's heart too, and he doesn't want that to ever happen, so he focuses on what they have now. What it can possibly blossom into. And he promises himself that he will do everything in his power to make the other man as happy as he possibly can be.

Taehyung eats all his vegetables without putting up a fight because he's too happy about knowing that he will live with his favorite teacher from now on. Namjoon tells Taehyung that he can't tell anyone about the arrangement, that it will be their own little secret if they are going to keep the man around, and while the boy isn't too happy about the idea, he obliges because God forbid Mr. Kim leaves them! Seokjin smiles sadly when Taehyung nods with a look of determination in his eyes, and it serves as a painful reminder that what they have is forbidden in the country they are in. Yet, Seokjin tries not to dwell on it, because here he is, and he refuses to let anything ruin what he has with Namjoon and Taehyung.

After dinner, the three of them watch an animated film, with Taehyung sandwiched between his father and his teacher. For a minute, Namjoon forgets that he's recovering from being shot and that he almost lost his son. He blissfully succumbs to the sense of normalcy the movie brings and reaches out to hold his boyfriend's hand. Seokjin glances at him and then smiles softly before turning back to the screen in front of him.

"So um...I know we're going to be sharing the bedroom but..." Namjoon begins sheepishly once Taehyung has fallen asleep on the couch, with the movie still playing on their TV. "I can take the couch or the floor if you're...you know," the officer offers, doing his best to not appear too flustered. He had been thinking about the particular matter for some time now, and in all honesty, he's a bit afraid that he will scare Seokjin off with the sudden sleeping arrangement. If he had a guest room, he'd gladly give it to the other man, but...he doesn't (and he hasn't decided whether it's a good thing or a bad thing).

"Why, are you afraid I'm going to jump you?" Seokjin asks in a teasing voice, leaning forward towards the officer. Namjoon swallows visible and shakes his head in a resounding no. "No, I thought you'd be -"

"I'd be what, worried that you're going to jump me?" the teacher continues relentlessly, running a finger along Namjoon's collarbones, an almost predatory glint set in his eyes. Namjoon swallows visibly and looks away for a split second before focusing on the beautiful man in front of him.

"Jin..."
"I'm kidding. You're really still making this too easy for me," Seokjin says with a laugh. "But joking aside, I'm more worried about you."

"Me? Why?"

"I mean.. I know we're dating, but you probably need some time adjusting to being with a man, right? If you're not ready to-"

"Jin, you know we kissed, right? Multiple times?" Namjoon asks incredulously, raising an eyebrow.

"Yeah, I know that, but-"

"Jin," Namjoon interrupts softly and takes the other man's wrist gently. He presses his lips against the back of Seokjin's hand before looking up. "Jin, I've stopped paying attention to the fact that we're both men. That's not why I asked," he continues, and it's Seokjin's turn to swallow visibly.

"But-"

"I mean it. I only volunteered to take the couch or the bed in case you wanted to take things more slowly. I know you agreed to come live with me, but I want you to do things on your own terms," Namjoon finishes and then smiles softly before releasing Seokjin's hand. And he means it. He's willing to wait months, even years, if it means building something strong and stable with Seokjin. He's not a hotheaded man fresh out of college anymore. He's definitely in it for the long haul, and he needs Seokjin to understand that.

"And what if I want to share your bed with you?" Seokjin asks with a coy smile, and this time, Namjoon lulls his head back in laughter before taking his boyfriend's hand.

"Then I'd be more than happy to accommodate."

- 

Jungkook and Jimin are sitting on the couch again, some obscure foreign film playing on the screen in front of them. Normally, Jungkook would make a comment about how the French makes the weirdest films (he's not even sure that it's a French film to be honest, but it seems obscure enough), but he can't bring himself to say anything, because he swears that Jimin is sitting a bit closer than usual, and the other man's hands are lingering perhaps a bit longer on him. Jungkook is now hyper aware of the way Jimin's hand is creeping up his leg, and while he should be very excited, he's freaking out a little bit.

Jungkook settles for remaining completely still, trying to read into the signs he may or may not be getting from his boyfriend, because God forbid he mistakes innocent touches as something that has happened a few too many times in his dreams and accidentally freak Jimin out. He waits and waits, his eyes fixed on the screen in front of him, where a man is yelling at another man, and he can't seem to register any of the words on the subtitle for him to know why they are yelling at each other in the first place.
And then Jimin's hand comes to a completely halt. And before Jungkook can ask if anything is wrong, his boyfriend is straddling him, shifting his weight so that he's sitting fully on top of Jungkook.

"Ji-Jimin," Jungkook stutters out rather stupidly as Jimin leans forward and kisses him, his pouty lips pressing gently against the other man's. Jungkook lets his instincts take over as he wraps a strong arm around his boyfriend's waist and pulls him closer. Jimin lets out a throaty moment before recovering just as quickly and grinding down, rolling his hips slowly forward, and Jungkook's muscles twitch at the sudden friction.

"Are you...?" Jungkook breathes out, and he doesn't even have to finish the question, because Jimin is kissing him again, and this time, it's much more forceful. Demanding. And who is Jungkook to deny his man's demands? Jungkook lets a feral growl rip through his throat as he stands up, picking Jimin up in the process with ease. Jimin pulls back from the kiss in surprise, marveling at the way the officer's strong arms are now carrying him to the bedroom as Jimin wraps his legs around the man's waist. They are kissing hungrily again, even as Jungkook basically throws their weight onto the bed, and Jimin arches his back forward, seeking the other man's heat.

"Tell me if you want me to stop," Jungkook murmurs lowly against Jimin's lips before trailing down to kiss the smaller man's neck. However, Jimin wraps an arm around his waist and pulls him to the side until they are flipped over, and Jungkook finds him lying on his back with Jimin straddling him again.

"Tell me if you want me to stop," Jimin repeats Jungkook's words with a teasing grin before pulling his tee over his face and throwing it roughly onto the floor besides him. Jungkook feels his mouth turn dry as he takes in the beauty that is Jimin's sun-kissed golden skin that serves as the perfect canvas for his lean muscles. Jungkook reaches out to touch but instead finds his arms pinned to both sides of head as Jimin pushes them into the mattress beneath them.

"Can you keep your hands to yourself, officer?" Jimin asks almost tauntingly and doesn't let go of Jungkook's wrists until the officer nods slowly in agreement. "Good," he lets out, elongating his word as if he's speaking to a child before running his fingers down the officer's chest. Jimin begins undoing the buttons one by one, taking his time with each one, and Jungkook is left to wait in both fascination and anticipation. Once all the buttons are undone, Jimin slowly, and deliberately, pushes the fabric aside, exposing Jungkook's taut chest and abs.

Jungkook reaches out, overtaken with the urge to just touch Jimin in any way he can, because his body craves it in a way he can't describe. He needs Jimin's skin against his. Needs to know what Jimin feels like against him, because his body is now burning from within. Yet, he finds his arm pinned down again, and when he looks up, Jimin's hovering over him, loose strands of hair covering parts of his eyes that seems to almost glint under the dim lighting of the bedroom.

"What did I say about keeping your hands to yourself?" Jimin chastises with a click of his tongue, a single corner of his lips turned upwards in a way that Jungkook finds infuriating at this point. Jungkook pushes himself upwards into a sitting position but is again stopped by Jimin's hand against his chest, and he swears that the area of contact is on fire now. The heat is now spreading through his body like wildfire, and he's not sure how much of this he can take, considering they have done nothing more than taking their shirts off.

"Jimin..." Jungkook lets out lowly, almost in warning, as if daring his boyfriend to keep pushing him and see what happens. He has never in a million years expected Jimin to have this side of him, not that he's complaining, because now Jimin is rolling his hips against him, creating a delicious friction that sends him even harder than he had already become. It feels too tight. Too warm. Too
uncomfortable in his jeans now, yet the smaller man continues to grind against him, throwing his head back with a throaty moan.

"Jimin, if you don't stop, I swear to-"

"Officer?" Jimin asks uncertainly, his body coming to a halt. The smaller man is looking down at him now, a raised eyebrow and Jungkook groans at the sudden loss of friction. "Officer, are you OK?" Jimin asks, leaning forward. "Officer?" Jimin asks again, louder this time, before Jimin grabs onto his shoulders and begins shaking him. Hard. Wait..what is going on? Why is-

"Officer, are you OK?"

Jungkook blinks owlishly, and it takes him a little while to figure out where he is. He's on his bed, in his bedroom, but the only difference is that Jimin is not half naked, and definitely not straddling him. In fact, Jimin is still shaking him lightly, his brows furrowed in concern, and Jungkook wants to curl up and die as soon as he realizes that he's had a sad excuse of a wet dream that ended before it even got to the good part. He wants to disappear, not because of embarrassment, mind you, but because Jimin is NOT half naked and straddling him. Fuck his brain for giving him that image to work with, when Jimin is sitting so innocently besides him. He knew things were too good to be real.

"You were tossing and turning, so I got a bit worried," Jimin explains as he relaxes and lies back down.

"Oh..." Jungkook lets out stupidly, refusing to look at the smaller man besides him, especially because he's now hyperaware about the raging boner that their blanket is effectively covering for the time being.

"You sure you're OK?" Jimin asks, draping himself over the other man like a puppy.

"Yup...Just had...a nightmare," the officer mumbles into his pillow and cringes when his boyfriend lets out a sympathetic whine and runs his fingers through the cop's hair. Jimin probably thinks that he's had another nightmare about the kidnapping, and now he just feels like a complete asshole with the raging boner in his sweatpants.

"It's already time to get up...I'll go make breakfast," Jimin says after a couple minutes of consoling his boyfriend, and Jungkook sighs in relief only when he feels the bed dip and hears Jimin disappearing out the room. He's going to have to take a quick, cold shower before Jimin's finished cooking or before the other man notices. (While neither of them purposefully divided up chores to do, Jimin was quick to take on the role of making food for the both of them because A) Jungkook can't cook for shit anyway and B) Jimin finds cooking therapeutic.)

"So what's our plans for today?" the officer asks after breakfast, trying to keep his voice as casual as possible. Since living together, they rarely ventured outside unless it was to visit the hospital with the other officers, because Jimin still didn't feel comfortable with the idea of walking around in public. Jungkook doesn't blame him. If he's being completely honest, he himself is a bit wary of going outside as well in the light of everything that has happened. So he's been giving Jimin the time he needs to deal with the traumatic experience, which has led the two to spend most of their time cuddling on the couch watching movies or playing online games side by side (Jimin quickly finds that Jungkook is a bit of a competitive gamer).

"I was thinking, maybe we can go...shopping?" Jimin ventures carefully, his eyes fixed on the empty plates in front of him. Jungkook looks up from his nails, his jaws slack and he quickly regains composure so that he doesn't make his shock too obvious.
"Oh. That sounds cool. Yeah, we can do that," the cop says hurriedly before Jimin starts thinking too much and changes his mind. As much as he understands that Jimin needs time to heal, he also thinks that some fresh air and a sense of normalcy will be good for the man. For the both of them.

Once they are finished cleaning up after breakfast, they get ready to head out to a nearby mall. Jimin looks to be a bit on edge as his eyes flicker to random corners of the building, and every time a grown man comes too close, he shys away and presses his body up against Jungkook. Jungkook, while completely aware of everything, does his best to not point it out too blatantly, because he can see that Jimin really is trying to relax. He also knows that he can't baby Jimin into recovery, so he chooses to simply accompany Jimin to whichever store he wants to go into.

Minutes pass by, hours go by, and Jimin finally relaxes enough to start laughing at Jungkook's jokes again. The officer knows that his boyfriend doesn't actually have anything to buy, but he doesn't complain. They continue to stop by random shops, browsing through the merchandise, poking fun at a particularly hideous sweater or making faces at how much a pair of damn shoes can cost.

Once they are done with their shopping, they return home with a match pair of indoor slippers Jungkook had insisted on buying to sort of celebrate their living together. Jimin makes fun of the pink, fluffy design, complete with bunny ears and everything, and Jungkook argues that couples are supposed to own matching cheesy things like the pair he's wearing right now. So they settle for wearing them together around the apartment, and Jimin doesn't tell Jungkook how much he actually likes them.

So what that sex has happened yet, Jungkook thinks. Sure he'd like to move their relationship forward, but for now, he's as happy as he can be with Park Jimin by his side.

About a whole week after being discharged, Yoogi decides that it's about time they go on a date. Mostly because Jungkook wouldn't stop texting him about doing it. He's been getting a lot of texts from his fellow officers lately on how he should cherish Hoseok because no one else on the planet would be willing to put up with his lazy, grumpy ass, and as much as he wants to deny it, he sort of sees it. He's a horrible person to be in a relationship with. He wouldn't date him if his own life depended on it. So he realizes he needs to start make an actual effort to be a boyfriend and not some neighbor, yet he simply doesn't know how.

Despite this, Hoseok remains by his side, oblivious to Yoongi's internal struggle, and Yoongi takes comfort in the fact that Hoseok hasn't brought up the big "So what are we exactly?" yet, because God forbid, he actually has to say "I want us to be in a relationship." He thinks the mutual kissing was a good enough indicator, but he can never be too sure. So he does his best to come up with an actual date that will put both of their minds at ease.

Yoongi eventually ends up asking Sungjae for advice, which is something he had never ever
expected himself to do, and as soon as the question leaves his mouth, he basically kicking himself in the balls internally for it, because Sungjae literally laughs at him for 10 minutes straight over the phone. The only thing that keeps him from hanging up is that the entire ordeal still beats risking Jungkook eavesdropping on their conversation if he had chosen to have the same discussion in the station (not that he's allowed back on duty for a couple more weeks anyway).

So here Yoongi is, standing awkwardly in his bedroom, staring at his reflection in the mirror. He's dressed much more formally than usual, wearing the most expensive shirt he has with a pair of slacks he hasn't worn since...since becoming a cop. Damn, how many years ago was that? The pair had been left abandoned for some time in the depth of his closet, since he decided that nothing but police uniform, jeans, and sweatpants are going to touch his legs.

The officer moves around for a bit, trying to get used to the stiffness of the overall attire, and makes a face. He would switch into a hoodie and a baggy pair of jeans in a heartbeat, but Sungjae had been quite explicit about the importance of wearing something nice on a first date, so he obliges. He then glances at the bottle of wine with a gold ribbon tied around it, something he had to pick up on his way back home today after a checkup at the hospital. Sungjae had first suggest flowers, but Yoongi refused to be found walking around with a damn bouquet of roses, so he strikes up a deal and settles for a nice bottle of wine. Neither he nor Hoseok can probably appreciate it's flavor in full, but whatever, it's the thought that counts, right?

Yoongi glances at the time on his phone and then checks his hair in the mirror one last time before making his way out of the apartment. In the very short trip it takes for him to arrive two doors down, he's starting to realize that he's actually getting nervous, which doesn't make any sense considering how many near-death experiences he's been through (especially the most recent one)...this should be a piece of cake. He already knows Hoseok. They've hung out before. They're going to grab a nice dinner, and that's it. Get a hold of yourself, Min Yoongi.

Yoongi clears his throat and fidgets one more time before knocking. He hears shuffling, followed by the door being flung open, and his breath hitches at the sight of Hoseok dressed in a cream-colored sweater and a pair of dark slacks, his hair styled back and his lips stretched into a genuine smile.

"Hi," Hoseok greets, his voice bashful and his eyes folding as his smile becomes bigger.

"Hey..." Yoongi greets back, shifting his weight on his feet. "Uh...I know you don't drink, but this is for you," he mutters under his breath, basically shoving the bottle of wine into Hoseok's chest. Hoseok takes it tentatively and turns it around in his hand.

"You got me wine."

"Well, it was that or flowers, and I figured you wouldn't want flowers."

"...I've never gotten flowers before..." Hoseok muses absent-mindedly as he reads the label and tries to pronounce the French words on them in his head.

"...Oh..."

"Thank you, Yoongi, this is very nice. Maybe we can...drink this together? After dinner or something?"

"...Uh. Yeah. Sure. Whatever."

"Let me just grab my phone and coat, and I'll be right back," Hoseok says with a smile before
disappearing behind the door. Yoongi waits patiently (nervously), his hands shoved into his pockets. He runs through the date course in his head, remembering everything Sungjae had told him.

"So, where are we going?" Hoseok asks as he enters the corridor again, the soft smile not leaving his face. Yoongi swallows hard and looks away, suddenly feeling self-conscious as he takes in the dimple.

"Some Italian restaurant in Itaewon," Yoongi answers as they both walk towards the elevator. Sungjae had recommended him the same restaurant apparently his partner had taken his current boyfriend, and as much as he was against the idea of going somewhere Jeon Jungkook had been to, the rest of the station had been quite adamant about the place being a bit of a good-luck charm when it comes to budding romance. And plus, it's not like he knows anywhere else to go.

They arrive at the restaurant, and Yoongi has to, albeit reluctantly, agree that Jungkook had a point about the place being "romantic as fuck" as he takes in all the lighting and soft ambiance. Hoseok seems to be equally impressed, looking around the contrast of light against dark wooden decor while being taken to their table.

"Wow, Yoongi, I didn't you knew knew a place like this," the lanky man muses, running his fingers over the table.

"I don't. Sungjae told me about this place."

"Yeah? Well, I'm glad. It's very....very...." Hoseok begins and then falters, biting his lower lip as he takes his seat.

"Very what."

"Um...very...."

"Just say it," Yoongi demands, suddenly growing worried that perhaps the other man isn't on board with dining at the restaurant. Does the lighting hurt Hoseok's eyes? Maybe the chairs are uncomfortable? Maybe the chairs aren't high enough?

"....romantic," Hoseok finally lets out shyly, feeling his face heat up.

".....Oh. Right..."

The two men sit in awkward silence, Yoongi pretending to be engrossed in the menu in front of him while doing his best to keep his poker face, while Hoseok flushes deep red and picks up the menu as well. It feels so strange, knowing that he's on an actual date. He'd sort of given up on the prospect of dating altogether, given his horrible luck, but here he is....grabbing dinner with probably the best person he'll ever come across. He doesn't know yet for sure if Yoongi is his soulmate (in fact, he thinks it's too good to be true), but Yoongi makes him feel protected. Happy. And even if Yoongi doesn't end up being the love of his life, he doesn't mind, because what they have now is undoubtedly special.

They place their orders and quickly find themselves staring off elsewhere in silence. Yoongi is playing with the glass in his hand, watching the water swirl inside, trying to remember the list of question Sungjae had given him as conversation starters. However, there is just a giant blank in his mind, because Hoseok is sitting across from him, and now that they've kissed, it puts everything in a different perspective. In fact, he still can't get over the fact that he kissed the other man, and ugh, what even is life.
They wait for their food, Yoongi torturing his brain trying to come up with something to say to Hoseok without coming off as weird, awkward or frightening, but he's never ever had to initiate conversations and quickly finds himself screwed. In fact, he's so lost in his attempt to make the date less silence and more interaction that he completely misses the way Hoseok is fidgeting in his seat, wondering what got the other man so angry.

Ever since the kiss, Yoongi had become a lot quieter, which is saying a lot considering how Min Yoongi was a man of very little words to begin with. Hoseok had sort of expected rainbows and butterflies for his first real relationship, only to find that Yoongi avoided eye contact and rarely spoke to him when they were together. The officer's reclusive behavior was in turn making him antsy, and he himself became wary of speaking, thinking that perhaps Yoongi didn't want to have a conversation with him. Which actually didn't make sense considering that Yoongi was the one to ask him out on this dinner date and everything, even bringing a bottle of wine to start it off...

Hoseok sighs. Maybe it is true that Yoongi is having second thoughts.

"Yoongi," Hoseok begins seriously, guessing that this is probably going to be the last dinner they have together. The cop looks up, his brows still furrowed seriously and his lips pursed into a straight line. "It's OK if you're not sure about this," he continues, motioning between the two of them. "I understand. It's just that it'd nice for you to tell me face to face."

"Huh?" Yoongi lets out with an even more impressive scowl.

"You were injured. Probably on painkillers or something so maybe you weren't thinking clearly-"

"What are we talking about?" the cop asks with a scowl, letting go of the glass he's been playing with absent-mindedly.

"Yoongi, if you don't want this, all you need is to just tell me. I promise not to make it weird."

"But I do want this," the smaller man says slowly, his expression slowly turning into that of confusion. He doesn't understand where the other man is coming from, because he thought the date was going relatively smoothly with the wine and this nice restaurant.

"Are you sure? 'Cause-"

"Yeah, I'm sure. I wouldn't have kissed you unless I was sure."

"Oh...so...you still do like me?"

"Why else would I be here?" Yoongi asks as if he's genuinely baffled by Hoseok's doubt. He would never waste his time doing anything he didn't want to do, and that had been common knowledge among everyone at the station.

"Oh..."

"Look, I'm not...good at this," the officer admits slowly once he sees Hoseok staring at his own hands. Hoseok looks up curiously. "I'm bad at holding conversations or talking about how I feel or whatever...but I'd never pretend or do anything I didn't want to do. I'm here because I want to be here with you," he finishes matter-of-factly and then frowns again when Hoseok suddenly gets up and leaves with a hurried "bathroom." Yoongi watches the figure retreat towards the opposite side of the restaurant, and he is about to return to focusing on the glass of water in front of him when he sees the back of a strangely familiar figure huddled over a few tables down.

Yoongi then scans the area, his eyes roaming around all the tables, making sure to pay attention to
areas behind the fake trees and pillars, and it doesn't take him very long for him to whip out his phone and start typing on it with a scowl on his face.

[Assholes]
[I know ur all here]
[gtfo before I send u guys out]

Lee [What is he on about]

Wang [????]

[stfu and go home]

Lee [Does anyone know what hes on about?]

Yook [Whats going on]

[I can see Jeon]
[I can literally see him behind the fucking flower pot]

Jeon [FUCK]

Wang [I told u we shouldnt have brought him]

Jeon [f off]

Wang [Couldnt spell out fuck?]

Lee [stfu both of you]

Yook [Min you see nothing]

Yook [Now look pretty for your date]

[Fuck off]

Lee [You look nice btw Min]

Jeon [HA look at him in that shirt]

Jeon [Wait a min]

Jeon [Did u actually style ur hair??]

Yook [He did]

Yook [He totally did]
Yook [Its such a shame cap didnt want to come and see this]

[Seriously]

[Fuck off]

[Why are u guys even here]

Lee [We wanted to make sure you dont mess up the date]

Yook [Were only here to help]

Yook [obv]

Wang [I dont know what u guys r talking about]

Wang [But im here to see Min fail]

Lee [Shhhh]

Lee [You cant say that shit out loud]

Jeon [Why isnt ur date coming back]

Jeon [I think Min fucked it up already lol]

Jeon [Can we eat now]

Wang [Seriously y did we bring him along]

Jeon [So is that a yes or no?]

Lee [No u cant eat]

Jeon [WHY]

Lee [Bc we r espionaging]

Wang [Big words Lee]

Lee [How does that even qualify as a big word]

Lee [You uneducated fuck]

Yook [I dont think espionaging is a word]

Yook [Can u use that as a verb??]

Jeon [Who cares]

Jeon [So can I eat now?]  

[Shut up]
Yoongi shoves his phone into his pocket as soon as he sees Hoseok making his way back to the table, hint of red still on his cheeks. The officer does his best to ignore the other cops stationed strategically around the restaurant and pushes aside his homicidal urge to focus on the date instead. Hoseok, following Yoongi's heartfelt confessions, eases into speaking like his normal self again, and Yoongi gladly listens to the words pouring out of the man's mouth. Hoseok jumps from one topic to another, his features moving just as animatedly, and the officer sort of watches in mild fascination at the way the other man's eyes are twinkling under the dim lighting of the restaurant.

And Hoseok looks...stunning. Absolutely gorgeous, and Yoongi wonders how he had overlooked the man's innate beauty all this time. He figures once he goes gay, he really goes gay. Well damn.

Just when they are finished with their meal, the waitress from earlier comes to the table with a heart-shaped cake that is embarrassingly pink in color, complete with floral decoration and gold sprinkles.

"Wait, what is this?" Yoongi asks immediately, as he watches her set in between him and Hoseok. "We didn't order cake."

"Oh, this isn't on the menu. It was requested with your reservation."

"Wait, what?" the officer asks again, a sudden sense of dread creeping onto him. Before he has a chance to demand to know just who made such a request, he sees another server making his way towards them with heart-shaped balloons in hand. Not one. Not two. Not five. Like an actual bundle of balloons that can probably realistically send a small dog travelling around the world through the sky.

The rest of the restaurant is now watching the table curiously, and Yoongi wasn't to smash his head against the nearest wall and go into a concussion. He'd rather be hospitalized again than deal with whatever shit is unfolding.

"I have balloons here for Jung Hoseok?" the man says and Hoseok instinctively raises a hand. He ends up taking the balloons when the man hands them to him with a soft "congrats!"

"...Who are these from?" Hoseok asks on behalf of Yoongi, who's too busy trying to bury his face into his own chest.

"From..." the man says as he pulls out a card from his pocket. "From one Mr. Min Yoongi," he answers politely, and Yoongi jerks his head up so quickly that Hoseok winces in fear of actual whiplash.

"Wait, what? I didn't-" Yoongi begins, but the man is already leaving the table, which puts the officer at a rather awkward situation.

"I didn't do this, I swear," Yoongi mutters, hiding his eyes behind his own hands. People are definitely looking their way now, and at this point, he can't even blame them, considering the damn balloons surrounding Hoseok.

"Um..."
"...We should probably leave."

"Yeah...good idea...what about this cake though?"

Yoongi wants so badly to say "fuck the cake," but Hoseok is sort of staring longingly at it, so he settles for calling for one of the servers and asking if it can be placed in some sort of a box. The same woman who had brought the cake takes it and returns to the table with it placed securely in its original box, and Yoongi doesn't waste a second paying for the meal and fleeing the restaurant. He can vaguely make out Jungkook laughing at him from a distance but doesn't stop to even flip him off. He needs to get out of here. The girls are whispering furiously among themselves, and most of them look more than ready to whip their phones out any second now.

However, he quickly finds out that leaving the restaurant doesn't solve their problem, because now the rest of Seoul is watching the spectacle that is Hoseok walking around in colorful heart-shaped balloons next to his boyfriend.

"I'm sorry about what happened," Yoongi apologizes once they are almost home.

"I don't know about you, but...I think this has been a very memorable date," Hoseok replies sheepishly while glancing at the balloons he's still holding tightly in his right hand. "Let me guess, officers at the station?"

"....Yeah."

"Well, now that we have this cake...and the wine you got me...do you want to maybe come in?" Hoseok asks, and Yoongi can't say no to the offer.

- 

"Are you sure you and Tae are going to be OK?"

"Officer, will you stop worrying already? We will be fine, now go before you're late for your first day back," Seokjin says with a smile, straightening the collar of the other man's shirt before leaning forward to place a short peck on his cheek. "Seriously. Tae and I will be fine. You just make sure you don't get into a situation that will make us worried," he continues, taking in the small frown on the cop's face.

"Call me, if anything happens."

"Shh. Stop. You just concentrate on going back to saving the city."

Namjoon had almost lost his position as the captain because of his injuries. There was some lasting damage, despite the effort he put into rehabilitation, and doctors had more or less dictated that he will face limitations in terms of full range of motions of his left arm, but that he will have no trouble using his hands. The reports were eventually reviewed by the board, and initially, they had decided to relieve the man of his duty and move him into administration if he wished to take the option.

However, every single one of his men, plus all those who have ever worked with Namjoon, would have none of it. Even the usually quiet Captain Jung was quite vocal about his disagreement,
urging captains from other stations to join the protest as well. They rallied against the decision, stating that it should be up to the captain if he wants to remain on duty or not, and so the board has no choice but to leave it up to Namjoon.

Seokjin had been quite reluctant about the idea of Namjoon continuing on with his position as the captain of the station, solely on the basis that clearly the career option was putting the man (and his son) in some grave danger. Namjoon had also taken extra time considering all his options, because a big part of him thinks that perhaps he's not going to be as lucky next time around. Yet, he watches his boyfriend lulling his head back in laughter as he twirls giddy Taehyung around across the living room, and he knows that he must continue to do his best to make Seoul a better, safer place for the two. Plus, Taehyung had always called him a superhero...and well...

"When you come home, we'll celebrate your first day back," Seokjin says with a soft smile, handing the other man his wallet and phone. "So come back home soon, alright?"

- 

"You know, you really don't need to walk me to work every day too."

Yoongi shrugs to Hoseok's statement, choosing to just continue walking besides the man instead. None of them mention it in fear of jinxing it, but they are both quite aware of the fact that Hoseok hasn't spilled, broken, shattered, tripped over, damaged or hurt himself on anything for quite some time now. Instinctively, Hoseok holds onto the sliver of hope that perhaps Yoongi really is the one, and Yoongi tries to come to terms with the possibility that the entire curse is an actual thing that can both plague and be cured.

The two are still a bit skittish around each other when it comes to the whole dating thing. Yoongi still struggles with coming up with the right words to say and romantic things he can do for his boyfriend to show the man that he does in fact care, and Hoseok has a tough time not getting flustered every time Yoongi accidentally lets out something even remotely romantic. They haven't kissed since the emotional reunion. Instead, the two are still working on holding hands without Yoongi coming up with some stupid excuse to let go and pretend to be busy with something else and Hoseok pretending that he needs both his hands for his phone.

"Are you sure the doctors said it's OK for you to go back to work?" Hoseok asks as they near his work building.

"Yeah, everything's healed. Shouldn't have any trouble with doing patrols."

"...But you'll be careful, right?" Hoseok asks hesitantly, wanting to reach out and grab the other man's hand but deciding against it.

"Yeah. Don't worry about it."

"Yoongi...I'm going to worry. You should know this by now."

"...I'll text you as often as I can so you know I'm safe."

"Promise?"
"...Promise."

"Are you sure you're going to be alright."

"Yes," Jimin says with a dramatic roll of his eyes, pulling himself out of his boyfriend's tight embrace. "For the millionth time, I'll be fine. I promise. I'll probably just stay home and try to get back to studying so I'm not completely screwed when I go back to school."

"Are you sure? You sure you don't want to come with me? The captain said it's OK if you tag along."

"Stop. I'll be fine," Jimin tries again, his voice firm. He understands Jungkook's concern. Hell, he himself is still a bit shaken by being kidnapped and almost getting killed, but at one point, he realized that he needs to learn to move on and lead a life that doesn't include locking himself up in an apartment with his boyfriend. He's going to have to return to college. He's going to have to get a job and do things in life. And seeing Jungkook going right back to being a police officer inspires him to stand back up on his feet again. If Jungkook can face that much danger and jump right back in, then he can do it too.

"I know, but-" Jungkook begins to protest again but is stopped by Jimin's lips on his. Jungkook blinks owlishly at the kiss and stares back stupidly when Jimin pulls back with a soft smile on his lips.

"I'll be fine, and if anything, I should be worried about you. Are you sure you want to go back to being a cop?"

"Yeah. Yeah, I'm sure."

"I don't know why I asked. I knew you would say that," Jimin replies with a twinkle of laughter in his eyes. "I'll go pick you up at the station and maybe we can come home together?" the smaller man suggests, playing with the hem of the officer's shirt.

"...Do I have a say in this?" Jungkook asks with a raised eyebrow, and Jimin lulls his back in laughter.

"Nope, and I'm glad you're starting to understand where we stand in this relationship," Jimin jokes playfully, trying to ease some of the obvious concern on the other man's features. Jungkook narrows his eyes without actual malice before wrapping his arms around the other man and picking him off the floor. Jimin lets out a high-pitched squeak as Jungkook twirls the smaller man around, pretending to throw the man around the living room.

"Put me down!" Jimin continues to yell in between giggling, tapping the man's shoulders with his small hands.
Yoongi walks into the station and takes a minute to just take in the familiar atmosphere. He glances at his desk and sees that his partner is already in his seat, playing with a set of handcuffs while a few files are lying open in front of him. Jackson is at his desk with Hongbin besides him, and the two seem to be engaged in a playful argument, judging by all the eye-rolling and arm punching. Sungjae is standing behind the two men, shaking his head slowly as he reads through the file opened in his hands.

Everything is so normal. Everything is so peaceful. And Yoongi can't help but feel...at home. The sense of familiarity sends a warm sensation through his body, and he only then realizes how much he missed being in the station with everyone else. Of course he'd never admit it, but this is his life, and the idiots standing in front of him are his family. The only thing different is that now Hoseok is part of that life, and he's going to make sure to protect the man just as he has sworn to protest everyone else.

"What are you doing standing here?"

Yoongi turns to the familiar sound of their station captain, who is standing behind him while taking his coat off.

"Come on, Min, get to work. You're on patrol in five."

And Min Yoongi doesn't think he'd ever be more glad to hear those words.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you THANK YOU for all the love and support you've shown me on this fic. I can't even begin to express how much I've appreciated all the wonderful comments and kudos you left, and what can I say...I had so much fun both writing this and reading all the hilarious comments especially towards the last few chapters of the fic
:D You guys have been so amazing and thank you for letting me take this journey with this story! I will definitely be continuing to write (perhaps a sequel or epilogues and new fics of course) and again THANK YOU!

UPDATE: SEQUEL NOW UP!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!