**read between the (panty) lines**

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**read between the (panty) lines**

by TheHalesNyxx

**Summary**

request from @confidenceatitsfinest: I need more camboy!Jungkook Sugakookieimin T_T

Jungkook as this really popular camboy who specializes in prostate orgasms and Yoongi/Jimin are his top viewers who happen to know each other. You can decide what you want to do with this. I think this may be the dirtiest prompt I’ve given someone, but I’d really like to see it. Thank you for writing so much!

Every Wednesday, it’s the same routine. It’s just, the elder doesn’t know it’s the same routine. He doesn’t know Jimin watches the same show, at the same time, in the same apartment. It’s too much, almost humorous, in the way that makes Jimin want to drown himself in a bathtub full of his feelings (he has enough of them). It’s just another thing Jimin keeps to himself, for the sake of their friendship. But what he wouldn’t give to watch with Yoongi. This thought alone has him loosening the drawstring on his shorts, as the loading animation flashes across his screen. Watching Yoongi fall apart, moaning and whimpering -
God, Jimin would sell his own kidney to see that.

Notes

Okay, I KNOW it's 10k but it's just the intro! Not much happens but I figure it's a good stopping point intro-wise. Please enjoy!

Thank you to Danna, Crystal, and Jinx for being super amazing betas/friends/basically parts of me at this point. ♡♡♡

See the end of the work for more notes
The apartment is quiet, no sound other than the low buzz of the TV, the hum of the fridge. Most of the noisier tenants have settled down by now, leaving the building peaceful. Halfway through the week, and most everyone at Sun Ridge Apartments is exhausted from work or school, and have seemingly decided to go to bed early tonight. Except, of course, for unit number 63.

Jimin tilts his head to look over his shoulder, glancing at the clock on the wall above the kitchen sink; nine fifty-two PM. Yoongi is going to be late, and Jimin is the one who’s going to have to deal with the moping elder when he misses the show. Though Yoongi doesn’t actually mope, not in the broad sense. He doesn’t pout, doesn’t wander around the apartment like a lost puppy who missed it’s meal. No, he’s not that dramatic. He just huffs a bit, and acts like he’s been cheated, for a day or two, then he’s fine. Jimin isn’t sure if he’d be so chill if he were the one who missed the show.

Wednesdays are always the same. Jimin doesn’t work on Wednesdays, he has a night class from six to nine, but Yoongi works until nine-thirty, and sometimes the busses run late. Jimin wouldn’t be surprised if the elder ran home at this point - it wouldn’t be the first time. Usually they’d have dinner together, like roommates do, but not on Wednesdays. “I’ve got homework,” Yoongi always claims, “I’m just going to go do that. See you in the morning, kid.”

To the elder’s credit, he’s a decent liar, at least.

Just like clockwork, Yoongi bursts through the door, pausing and slowing down when he catches Jimin at his spot on the couch. He tugs his beanie off, ruffling his sky-at-dawn hair. “Hey,” he greets the younger, kicking off his shoes, “how was class?”

“Had to do an oral presentation,” Jimin groans, hiding his smirk, “I’m usually good at oral, but I’m not sure I did too well this time.”

The elder blushes, just like Jimin knew he would; it really is too simple, sometimes, to press the elder’s buttons. But Jimin remembers to only do it sparingly. His crush on Yoongi, while spanning years, even before Namjoon had moved out and Yoongi had needed someone to take his room and pay his half of the bills, was generally harmless.

And it’s not like Jimin is in love with Yoongi, at least not… most days. There are times, though, when Jimin is completely overwhelmed with affection. When Yoongi first wakes up, and he’s puffy and his hair is a mess, and he smiles sleepily over his coffee at the younger - this makes Jimin want to fall to the floor, in full on cardiac arrest. Or when Yoongi finishes a project, and rushes home, dragging Jimin away from whatever he’s doing, because “You have to listen to this, I really need you to tell me what you think, please Jimin, I’ll make pancakes.” Jimin’s favorite Yoongi, though, comes with, well, not great circumstances.

Jimin has nightmares, always has, probably always will. Sometimes he remembers them, vividly, though they’re usually anything but clear. Just, feelings, abstract images, but they terrify him, leave him violently shaking, on the verge of either puking or passing out. Jimin isn’t sure if he’s ever actually called out in his sleep, he’s never been able to put aside his shame and ask. Yoongi always
seems to know, though - he’ll come creeping into Jimin’s room, his pajamas on backwards, inside out, or even missing, and slip between Jimin’s sheets, soft words of comfort dripping from his sleep-chapped lips. Jimin absolutely loathes his nightmares; but they bring Yoongi to his bed, and well, he can’t be super angry about that.

Yoongi had just been Namjoon’s roommate at first, always working, rarely awake, but he was always nice to Jimin. Maybe it was his soft smiles, or the way he teased Namjoon with brotherly tenderness, or hell, maybe it was the way Jimin would come over and find him curled up on the couch, snoring gently. Whatever it was, in no time, Jimin found himself harboring a small, glowing ember of a crush, and the years had done nothing to dampen it. The first time Jimin had a nightmare, after moving in with the elder, Yoongi came barrelling in, a hard drive in his hand, ready to bludgeon whatever it was making Jimin upset. The younger almost pissed himself, then he’d almost, almost asked Yoongi to marry him.

But Jimin cherishes his friendship with Yoongi, holds it close, like a fluttering, baby bird. He knows, without a doubt, how fragile friendship can be.

But... he can’t help himself, every now and then, with the teasing, especially when Yoongi’s cheeks glow the same delicate, soft color as his hair.

“Uh,” the elder stutters, “I’m sure you did fine. Did you practice?”

Jimin nods, allowing himself one more tease. “Yeah, every night, for hours, ‘till my mouth hurt.” He can’t help it, the way his own face warms at Yoongi’s wide-eyed look.

“I’m sure you did fine,” Yoongi tells him again, “don’t worry about it. But work was a bitch, and I’m just going to head to bed. Lunch tomorrow, right?”

“Sure, hyung.” Jimin waits until the other has retreated to his room, and the lock clicks, before he stands and hurries to his own, on the other side of the living room.

Sliding into his plush desk chair, he boots up his laptop, hitting play on his iPod dock. Every Wednesday, it’s the same routine. It’s just, the elder doesn’t know it’s the same routine. He doesn’t know Jimin watches the same show, at the same time, in the same apartment.

It’s too much, almost humorous, in the way that makes Jimin want to drown himself in a bathtub full of his feelings (he has enough of them). It’s just another thing Jimin keeps to himself, for the sake of their friendship. But what he wouldn’t give to watch with Yoongi. This thought alone has him loosening the drawstring on his shorts, as the loading animation flashes across his screen. Watching Yoongi fall apart, moaning and whimpering - God, Jimin would sell his own kidney to see that.

As much as he’d love to continue this dangerous train of thought, Jimin has someone else to watch, at least for the next hour; he’s stroking his cock to life as warm, playful brown eyes, hidden behind feathery, black bangs, appear on his screen.

Showtime.

Jungkook barely made it home from his biology lab in time for his show. Damn Taehyung and his damn antics for distracting him. But in his friend’s defense, it’s not like he knew - knew what Jungkook did every Wednesday night, at least - so Jungkook just takes that small blessing, as he twiddles his thumbs, waiting for the clock to hit ten.

Wednesdays are always the same; history finishes at three-thirty, and Jungkook makes the trek across
campus for his Biology lab. Why he didn’t just take the joint course plus lab is really one of the world’s greatest mysteries, but it’s whatever at this point. From four to eight Jungkook is trapped in a lab with a dozen other students, plus Taehyung, as they learn about the building blocks of life - AKA Taehyung tries to find funny looking shapes in the mitochondria of a cuttlefish cell, while Jungkook eats a snack and tries to nap.

Napping leads to failing to complete the lab it seems, something that Jungkook is finally figuring out. But as long as he can bullshit the lab report, he thinks he’ll be fine. It’s not like he wanted to be a fucking Biologist anyway. Then again, he never thought he’d be a camboy, either, let alone a popular one. Well… popular-ish. He’s got a good audience, around twenty or so regulars that he can recognize by their usernames, and his hour long shows usually garner at least a hundred viewers at once, give or take. He makes enough money from his weekly shows that he can pay his bills, at least, his rent in his little studio apartment, cable, and power. His phone, that’s a little unpredictable, but as long as he’s got Wi-Fi, he doesn’t really need minutes or data. And as far as food goes, his scholarship pays for his university meal plan, and that’s good enough for him. Buffet-Fridays are his favorite, though.

Jungkook adjusts his mask; just a minute left on the clock. He can already see the usernames popping up on the sidebar, all of his usuals. He smiles with he sees his top two; they’re both kind of his favorite. While part of the job is doing what his patrons ask, after payment, of course, SgD93 and mochiABS always rain down the compliments, as well as the cash, never asking anything other than ‘how was your week?’ It’s sweet, and it’s one of those little things that just makes Jungkook smile.

The other viewers are more demanding, a little more needy. They pay of course, they pay well, but sometimes it’s a little tiring to be constantly told what to do. Maybe this is why Jungkook is so attached to the other two, but nobody is making him do this job. It’s just part of the territory. Jungkook’s show, his M.O., is very specific, and it has to be. Cam work is competitive, and sure, Jungkook is attractive and he knows this, he knows he can slip into his performing mindset and wow his audience. But what really sets him apart, he thinks, is everything else he offers.

For one, there’s the lingerie. Jungkook has an entire box under his bed filled with lace and silk, panties and babydolls, garter belts and stockings. He likes his collection, likes slipping into sheer panties that leave absolutely nothing to the imagination, he likes the way his muscular legs look in soft, white or black stockings, ribbons and bows at his thighs. But it’s just part of the mindset, part of the show Jungkook puts on. When he leaves the house, it’s in t-shirts and jeans, not strappy tank tops and skirts. His femme side is cam-only, and he’d be lying to himself, to God, to the memory of his late childhood dog Snapper, if he said that his show isn’t a way for him to play out his own fantasies, as well as his viewers’.

For two, and maybe most importantly, Jungkook never touches himself, ever, unless he’s specifically asked to, and this is rare. He leaves his dick to itself, because Jungkook, or BusanKookie97, as he’s known, specializes in prostate orgasms.

And wow, is it a lucrative market.

As the timer counts down, Jungkook glances at his camera, set up on a tripod next to his bed. This camera had cost quite a bit, but it’d been a suggestion from SgD93, as well as almost a gift. He’d dropped more than half the funds for it, after Jungkook made himself cum in his viewer’s favorite pair of black, lace boyshorts panties, riding a small, pink dildo; the other also had a thing for pink. The video feed shows up on Jungkook’s laptop, next to him on the bed, and he can control the zoom, as well as the angle, with a little remote. He’d made a ton of money the night he’d accidentally mistaken the remote for his vibrator, as the one for the camera, and, while trying to zoom, had accidentally turned the vibrations to full speed, resulting in him making a sound that apparently
everyone liked. Even so, he’s been very careful since - his ass had been numb for hours after that orgasm.

Jungkook glances down at his outfit, as the countdown shows ten seconds until he’s live. Usually, he’d be in pretty pinks or blues, even red, silky and revealing. But he’d been running late, not to mention he’s tired, annoyed at pretty much everything, and kind of wants to just sleep. But the show must go on (okay, dramatic?), and Jungkook can only hope his audience doesn't mind that he’s only in a soft grey hoodie, his personal favorite pair of pink boyshorts, and thigh highs; he might just have to work a little harder tonight.

Finally, the screen changes, the flashing red dot showing that he’s live, on for the world to see. Comments flood in immediately; at first glance, it seems they like what he’s wearing.

SgD93: You look so pretty today, baby

Jungkook smiles, his mood lifted. “Hyung, I’m so glad you made it,” he says, looking up at the camera, hopefully emulating eye contact. “How was work?”

SgD93: Work was fine, how are classes?

Before he can reply, he sees another comment appear, one from his other top viewer, and he can’t help the little surge of warmth that spreads through his chest.

mochiABS: koookieee :((( you look tired, are you sleeping okay?

“I’m okay, Mochi-hyung, just had a long day. And classes are good, D-hyung, I made an A on that history report I mentioned last week.”

SgD93: good job baby :)

Jungkook smiles, fighting back a giggle at the surge of jealousy-heavy comments, everyone else vying for the attention that he gives the other two. “Well, if you all paid as much as them, I might be more inclined to ask,” he tells them, keeping his tone playful. He watches as the counter of total donations for the session rises, adjusting his camera a little closer. Money rolls in, everyone wanting his attention, so, fiddling with his sleeves, he takes some time to chat with them all. He asks about their day, talks about his, casually mentions how excited he is for the new Dark Souls game coming out soon (he could buy several copies, if he wanted, now).

When the clock shows that he’s been on for fifteen minutes, Jungkook reaches to his end table, and
pulls over his box of toys. “What should I play with today?” he asks, them, leaning close so he can read the comments, while holding the box out for the camera to see. “The pink one? Hyung, I played with that one last week. Oh? The glass pink one, yeah? This one?” He takes the toy from its velvet pouch, holding it up. It’s just a simple pale pink glass dildo, the stem curving up from the ribbed base, to the small, bulbous head. It’s simple, and pretty, but, as his viewers are well aware, Jungkook likes simple. He brings the pretty.

He’s busy adjusting the camera again with the remote, when he unconsciously brings the toy to his lips, letting his tongue trace along the glass. He almost snorts when he sees the flood of comments, but one stands out.

SgD93: I’m so hard for you right now, baby, you have no idea

“I wish it were your cock, hyung,” Jungkook tells the camera, milking the situation just a bit more than he usually would. Maybe it’s the thigh highs, who knows, but he’s feeling oddly whimsical tonight. He’s ripping the plastic from a new bottle of lube, when he remembers that they don’t usually get to see the preparation. “Sorry, everyone. I was running late tonight, so you gotta sit through the boring parts.”

mochiABS: there’s nothing boring about you <3

Jungkook could almost swoon.

Finally, he’s got the lube open, the toy box put away. The camera is angled, the laptop moved closer. He sits up on his knees, lifting the hem of his hoodie so he can hook his thumb in the waistband of his boyshorts. “Down or off?” he asks, biting his lip as he reads. The general consensus is off, thought he waits for the money counter to start rising, before he slides the thin cotton down his legs, kicking them off behind him. He’s not hard, not yet, but that won’t be a problem. He’s got a pretty cock, and he knows it. But if he didn’t, there’s always someone to tell him.

SgD93: fucking beautiful.

Jungkook lays flat on his back, his legs spread, bent at the knees. He checks the video feed, and pops open the lube, making a show of dribbling the chilly liquid over his cock, his balls. He tosses it aside, while he smooths the slick over himself, massaging two fingers against his hole, his arms hooked under his knees to give everyone a nice view. It’s an odd angle, like this, but if he tilts his head, he can see the chat. Everyone is urging him on, telling him how badly they want to see him stretch himself. The money is still trickling in, so Jungkook has no reason to put it off - and if he’s being honest, he’s finally starting to feel a little turned on, the smooth brush of his fingers igniting the flames.

So without wasting anymore time, he presses his palm flat against his perineum, and slides in a finger, gasping aloud for the sake of everyone watching. It’s not that he doesn’t enjoy it, because he
does, but he’s not one to moan, not this early in the game. The fun hasn’t even begun, yet. But the comments are crazy with compliments, praises.

SgB93: so good, baby

mochiABS: kookie has the prettiest hole

Jungkook smiles; he loves when Mochi gets filthy. It’s so rare, but so, so fun. SgD93 is all about curses and upfront, raw compliments. The truly filthy, dirty stuff comes from Mochi, when he’s in the mood, and it’s always sweet, edged with dominance. Jungkook is positive that if he ever decides dating is something he’s interested in, he’d like to date someone who talks to him in bed the way Mochi talks to him through the screen.

Shit, maybe it is the thigh highs, Jungkook thinks, as he fingers himself, whining outloud, unbidden, as he presses against his ever sensitive prostate. He starts to sweat, a little, under his hoodie, but he doesn’t want to take it off, not yet. He’ll wait for someone to ask, wait for them to pay. As if reading his mind, a comment pops up, the only one for right now - everyone else must be busy with their dicks.

SgD93: are you hot? Your forehead looks damp.

Always considerate. Jungkook shakes his head. “I’m not hot, hyung. Do you want me to take the hoodie off?” The comments roll then, Jungkook slipping in a second finger, arching a bit off the bed. Everyone is telling him to take it off, to show them his body. But he waits for the one comment he wants to see.

SgD93: you can show us if you want, baby

Only then does Jungkook shove the material up, over his chest, and he shimmies to the side a bit, giving everyone a view of his torso, without sacrificing their view of his ass, penetrated with two fingers. Every now and then, Jungkook can trick D-hyung into giving him an order, though he knows the other is well aware of his game. It’s just fun, to see when he’ll give in, if he’ll give in. So far, over the three months that the other has been watching, he’s only given in twice.

Jungkook spends a little time fingering himself, arching from the bed and moaning, but he’s thoroughly enjoying himself. The stretch is good, heat coiling deep in his groin, sending sparks down to the tips of his toes. He’s hard now, so hard, precum leaking against his abdomen from the flushed head of his cock. Using his thumb, he pushes against the base, propping up his length so everyone can see how good he feels. The comments come so fast that there’s no way he could hope to read them, so Jungkook just reaches for the glass dildo, pulling his fingers free nice and slow, letting everyone see how his hole gapes around nothing.

He makes a show of running the head of the toy over his entrance, letting it slip in just a fraction,
before pulling it back out. He lets tiny gasps and mews fall from his tongue, lets his audience soak it all up, before he rolls onto his belly, before anyone can ask, and spreads his legs, the tip of his cock brushing the mattress. The timer in the corner of his laptop says he’s been live for thirty-nine minutes, and Jungkook is tired. He’s made good money, tonight, too, so it’s time for everything to come to a close.

This is the part that Jungkook likes best, the part when he gets to fuck himself until he cums. He can let go, the pressure to entertain lessening, as he just gives himself over to pleasure - and shit, does it feel good.

Jungkook pushes the toy in, gently, although the slide is smooth, the toy itself thin enough. But when the round head drags against his prostate, he jerks, letting out a ragged curse. He thrusts the toy in, then, again and again, groaning sounds into his forearm. His cock throbs, hanging hard and heavy, while blood slams through his skull, bashing at his eardrums. He no longer cares who’s watching, what they’re saying - he’s too lost in the hot, insistent need to cum, to cum now, clawing at his insides, filling his gut with scorching heat.

But he doesn’t let himself, not yet.

Jungkook knows how addictive the teasing can be, how much they’ll pay just to see him cum. So he gets himself to the edge, and he looks out over the bright, colorful expanse - before he removes the toy, whimpering as he does so. He reaches back with one hand, spreading himself, without minding the comments. He knows what they’re saying, knows they’re begging to be the one filling him. These thoughts make him throb, make his aching cock pulse as precum drips to the sheets. He plays with that, too, coating his fingers, before reaching behind him, shoving his slender fingers in his hole.

He teases himself more, drives himself crazy. Jungkook loves making himself desperate, knowing the orgasm he’ll finally get will be enough to wash away any stress he’s felt for the entire week. He arches his ass in the air, as he slips the toy back in, cooing out loud for the audience to hear.

“So good,” he says, biting his lip behind the mask, “fuck, your cock feels so good, hyung.” Jungkook, with pleasure-blurred eyes, watches his earnings steadily rise, see’s the good boy comments, the you take that cock so well. They’re generic comments, read from a screen, but fuck, they make this so much better.

He’s so close, now, so close. His thighs are shaking, his cock oozing so much that he can feel the slick on the sheets, as he lifts himself on one elbow, turning to the laptop. “Can I cum?” he asks, whimpers the words, still slamming the dildo into his hole, spearing straight into this prostate. The comments come haltingly, but all Jungkook can see is yes after yes. He waits, his heart jumping in his chest, as he sucks on his lip and fights the urge to blow.

SgD93: please

mochiABS: cum for us kookie

Dropping his head back down with a groan, Jungkook cums, untouched, his cock aching. The waves of his orgasm hit him like a ten-ton pile of flaming bricks, shattering his bones and lighting him up, cum spurting from his cock in thick, hard spasms. Jungkook isn’t sure if he’s moaning or
sobbing, or both, as he massages his prostate, jerking as it starts to feel too sensitive. But he doesn’t stop, not until every last drop of pleasure has dripped from his cock, making an absolute mess in his bed.

“Ah - fuck,” he groans, rolling into his back, avoiding the mess, letting the dildo fall to the mattress. He tugs off his hoodie, finally, not too keen on the idea of roasting inside of it, and glances at the comments, all of which are glowing in praise.

SgD93: holy shit baby you’re amazing

mochiABS: <3333 kookieee~i hope you sleep well tonight~

Jungkook chuckles, sitting up, his body feeling like jello that’s gone through the wash cycle. “Thanks, hyung,” he says, smiling up at the camera, pushing his damp bangs from his face so they can actually see, despite the mask, “I hope everyone sleeps well, too.” The timer is counting down, he’s almost out of time. “I’ll see you next week.” He waves at the camera, before he lays back down, watching the feed and the chat go blank. He could seriously fall asleep now, just like this, flat on his back, in nothing but thigh highs and a cotton mask. But that’s not the best idea.

When he’s able to stand, Jungkook cleans up, taking the dildo to the bathroom to wash later, stuffing the dirty sheets into his hamper. Once the room is clean, the bed made with fresh linens, and his ass covered with a pair of sweats, Jungkook takes his laptop to the coffee table. He cashes out, sipping on a bottle of water, eating some cookies that Seokjin sent over the day before. The host website he uses gets fifteen percent of what his viewers pay, but that’s fine with Jungkook. He’s going to bed tonight with the rest of his rent paid for the month, and enough left over for pizza this weekend.

Jungkook smiles to himself, as he settles into his bed, the light off. He scrolls through the SNS for university activities, wondering, not for the first time, if any of his viewers go to his school. Somehow, he doesn’t doubt it.

“Have a good night.”

Yoongi watches the front door shut, and hikes himself up onto the back counter, tugging his phone from his pocket. The old man that had just come and gone had only been his twelfth or so customer, which was strange for the liquor store on a Friday. But whatever, Yoongi is pretty fucking fine with the slow night - he’d get paid regardless.

The liquor store is almost peaceful tonight, just the hum of the coolers to keep Yoongi company. He should probably do inventory, but he’s comfortable, and he figures it can wait until closing, all things considered, so he sits and kicks his legs. He scrolls through SNS, checks his chat with Jimin, checks to see if he’s gotten any emails from Namjoon. With just an hour left, he’d seriously like to go home; it was just a long day, classes from eight to four, then he has a Saturday course as well (this is what he gets for taking a year off, then still trying to graduate on time). He isn’t even supposed to work on Fridays, and Mrs. Kim knows this, but well… he’d done the dumb thing and offered when she mentioned her sister’s anniversary, and Yoongi could use the hours.
Yeah, Yoongi could really use the hours.

It isn’t that he’s hurting for money, because he isn’t. He gets paid well, school is taken care of, and he still has a shitton saved from his year of working. It’s just… there’s something he’d like to buy, when he has the extra cash. Something for someone. Something involving a baby pink cotton sweater, white silk panties, and pretty, striped thigh highs. Yoongi had thought he’d never like anything more than sheer, lacy lingerie - but he was wrong. So damn wrong.

After watching Kookie’s show Wednesday, Yoongi had lay awake, dramatically questioning everything he’d ever been attracted to (except for soft men with pretty, breathless giggles and slender, pink cocks). Yoongi liked feminine, liked lace, like silk and babydolls. But seeing his favorite camboy in an oversized men’s hoodie, and those damned navy thigh highs, had really changed his perspective. Now, Yoongi thinks he might be open to the idea of a masculine lover, at least a mix of the two. The best of both worlds? Yoongi has no idea, all he knows is he has two tabs pulled up on his phone with the clothes he’d like to buy BusanKookie97.

He’s jerked from his illicit thoughts when he hears them approaching, three voices, all raised in what sounds like celebration. They sound young, at least one of them does, and Yoongi slides to his feet, ready to put on his best Old Man face. He’s notorious for kicking out minors trying to sway him with pretty words (and faces), and tonight looks like a good night to strengthen his rep. As the door swings open, though, Yoongi pauses, because, wait…

One of the three is taller than the others, dressed in a black hoodie, the hood pulled up to fight the chill, but as he pushes it back, stepping across the threshold, Yoongi finds something oddly familiar about the smooth, black mess.

The other two are shorter than the first, by a hair, just barely. One is tanned, his hair a soft, ashy blond, his cheekbones high. The other, the one who can’t stop smiling, his hair is an interesting mix of caramel and mocha. Yoongi thought his hair was weird, with its bright pink hue, but apparently he’s not the only one fighting the Man with a box of hair bleach.

Yoongi can’t stop staring at the tallest, though, as the kid ruffles his black hair. He’s young, that’s obvious, but that isn’t why Yoongi is staring - he feels like he’s seen him somewhere, like he… knows him.

“I’ll get the beer,” the smiling one says, nodding at Yoongi by way of greeting, “and you two get the whisky and Coke.” The darker one bounces off towards the soda, leaving the other to head for the whisky shelves.

“Sure, hyung,” he says to the other, and Yoongi’s heart stops, doubles over, and curls into the fetal position.

He’s heard that voice, heard it in his dreams, heard it locked in his room every Wednesday at ten PM on the dot. He’s heard that voice giggle, heard it cry out in pleasure, heard it ask Yoongi “do you like the way I look in the panties you bought me, hyung?”. Yoongi has heard that voice break and rise, ebb and flow like the prettiest river, and oh, God, now the guy is walking over, and Yoongi might cry. Or pee himself.

Both.

“Hey,” the kid greets, smiling, and Yoongi knows those eyes. The face is new, the pouted, pink lips, the sharp jaw, the prominent smile. But those eyes, soft espresso, bright and beautiful… it’s him.

Yoongi swallows down his late lunch that’s threatening to rise, and rings up the giant bottle of
whisky (holy shit), and just tries to play it cool. He’s not going to say anything, he’s not going to say anything. No matter that the boy on the other side of the counter is probably the most beautiful person he’s ever seen, even in his dirty, light wash jeans and his boots. Yoongi is so down for this side of the other. So, so down, as in on his knees.

But then he hands over his I.D., and Yoongi loses what little control he had. “Jungkook,” he breaths, staring at the name on the card, “nineteen ninety-seven… Kookie?” Jungkook freezes, his already wide eyes going that much wider, as Yoongi looks up, his face on fire. “You’re… BusanKoo-”

“Shh!” Jungkook jerks his head to the other side of the store, where his friends are having the age old argument of Coke vs. Pepsi. “Don’t… say it outloud,” he finishes, blushing a familiar shade of rose, from the collar of his hoodie, all the way to the tips of his ears.

How fucking pretty.

Yoongi stutters, all but tossing the other’s I.D. back to him. “Sorry,” he chokes, “I-I didn’t look at the address, I swear to God. Here, just,” Yoongi taps at the register, showing Jungkook his total. He feels like his head’s going to expand, detach, and float away. Or maybe it’s just going to explode as all his blood rushes to his face. Either way, Yoongi has never been so torn between flirting and running away.

But Jungkook is staring at him with this expression, and oh, no, he did the head cock; Yoongi is weak for the head cock. Jungkook hands over the cash, and the elder, his ears burning so hard that he’s sure there’s steam emanating from them, briefly wonders if it originates from his bank account - then he decides it doesn’t matter.

“Sorry,” Yoongi mumbles, giving the other his receipt, “I shouldn’t have… said anything.”

Jungkook, his face unreadable and pink, glances over to his friends again. “It’s alright,” he says, then his eyes, flashing with something, are back on Yoongi. “Are you… SgD93?”

Yoongi only has time to nod, before the others are there, piling their own purchases on the counter (Coke and Pepsi). Yoongi rings them up, gives them their change, and then the three of them are heading for the door. He’s just about to dig himself a grave, because how is he supposed to watch, now? Now that Jungkook knows his face, knows that the elder knows who he is, it just feels… invasive.

But before he can fully succumb to self deprecation, Jungkook is slipping back through the door. “I left my I.D., hold on,” he calls to the others. He shuffles back to the counter, and Yoongi waits - he specifically remembers throwing Jungkook’s I.D. like it had been on fire.

“What-”

“Your name,” Jungkook mutters, “what… what’s your name?”

Oh. Oh. “Yoongi.”

Jungkook nods, then points at Yoongi’s sweatshirt. “You go there?”

The elder looks down, confused, until he sees the university’s logo on the front of the shirt - it must be Jimin’s. “Oh, yeah, I do.” He looks back up, meeting curious, indecisive eyes. Then Jungkook blinks, nodding again.

“I usually get coffee Monday mornings at the cart by the library, at like, nine,” he says quickly. But before Yoongi can acknowledge what was just said, let alone think about the younger’s words,
Jungkook *runs* out the door, his cheeks streaked with pink,

Well. Okay, then.

Jungkook goes to his school. His favorite camboy goes to his school - the *same* school, like… as him. And he’s just all but invited him to a coffee date.

Yoongi sags against the counter, burying his face in his forearms, and he groans, loud and desperate - he’s never in his life been *so* excited for coffee.

When Yoongi hears it, he rolls over, fighting off sleep - he curses at his bright ass phone as he checks the time: 3:47AM - fuck. Groaning, he tosses off the covers, sitting up with his feet on the floor, and wills his brain to remember up from down. Finally, the asshole gets on track, and he squints into the darkness, white still popping behind his eyes after looking at his phone. But he gets to his feet, scratching at his bare shoulder, and shuffles out of the room, the whimpers getting louder the further he walks across the living room.

At least Jimin doesn’t scream anymore.

They’ve never actually talked about the nightmares - Yoongi is either too much of a coward to ask, or he’s just too worried asking will upset his friend. Either way, the elder hadn’t gotten any warning that they happened, but when they did, he’d adjusted accordingly. Nevermind that his sleep gets interrupted two or so times a week, Yoongi isn’t going to let Jimin suffer, not alone.

The first time it’d happened, only a week after Jimin moved in, Yoongi had nearly shit himself. He’d woken up to the startling sound of a blood-curdling scream and he just *panicked* - he’d tried to grab the lamp, anything to fend off whatever was terrorizing Jimin - but he’d given up when he couldn’t get the damn thing unplugged. So instead, he’d grabbed the next thing he’d seen, which had been his precious, expensive hard drive.

Would have been worth it.

The elder had panicked all over again when he’d discovered it was *Jimin* terrorizing himself - he’d been helpless, both of them had. Yoongi still has no idea how the other’s gone so long without telling anyone, but Yoongi keeps the secret for his friend. He does what he can, in the moment, and makes sure Jimin has a fresh pot of coffee and pancakes waiting on him on the mornings after the nightmares.

Yoongi quietly pushes the door fully open, and spots Jimin in the low light. He’s sitting up, breathing hard and heavy, looking around like he’s not sure where he is, what’s happening. His blond hair is a mess, a whirlwind of sweaty tangles, and his eyes are wide, panicked.

Yoongi hates it.

“Hey,” he says softly, stepping across the chilly floors on bare feet, sitting on the edge of the bed. Jimin jerks, wasting no time in latching on to the elder, basically dragging him down to the mattress. Yoongi doesn’t fight it, he just kicks his feet beneath the blanket, and settles on his back, lifting his arm so Jimin can curl against his side. It should be gross, with the way the other is covered in sweat, his t-shirt plastered to his body, but Yoongi doesn’t mind - a little sweat never hurt anyone.

But it does hurt, a sharp, aching pain, while Jimin molds against him, shivering in the aftermath of the terror, his body shaking as he tries to fight off the fear. All Yoongi can do is hold him, smooth his hair from his face, chafe at his arm soothingly. It doesn’t seem like enough, it never does, but it’s all
he can do - it still makes him feel weak, though he tries not to show this to Jimin.

The other’s voice is so small, when he speaks, so quiet, Yoongi would have missed it if Jimin weren’t right at his ear. “You weren’t here,” he says, his words shaky, “you… left me.”

Yoongi frowns into the darkness, wondering what in the world Jimin is talking about - he’s here, he’s been here all night, he’s -

Oh.

“I’m here, Jimin, I’m not going anywhere,” he tells his friend. Yoongi tucks one arm behind his head (he has no idea where Jimin’s pillow is), and lifts the other arm so he can comb his fingers through Jimin’s damp hair. The other has never talked about the nightmares before; knowing that they could sometimes be about Yoongi makes him feel guilty, guilty with curiosity, and it sends a stab of ice into his heart. “I’m not leaving you,” he says, pressing his cheek to Jimin’s clammy forehead, “It’s okay.”

With a huff and a shudder, Jimin slowly unwinds, relaxing against the elder. Then he presses closer, and Yoongi adjusts, lifting his leg so Jimin can capture it between his thighs. At least they’re both wearing pants this time - or it might’ve been awkward. Yoongi remembers that it used to be awkward, back then; the elder was anything but accustomed to being koala’d, as Jimin wrapped him up completely, his breath on Yoongi’s throat. The elder didn’t mind it, not really, he just wasn’t used to cuddling when it didn’t follow sex. Yoongi was under the impression (for some reason) that there’s an order to these things - making out, fucking, cuddling, sleeping - and cozying up with Jimin after doing none of the other stuff made him feel as if he should… he wasn’t sure, touch the other’s butt, maybe? He didn’t of course, that would have been awkward. Eventually though, Yoongi adjusted, even though it was the last thing he wanted to do - but only because it was the nightmares that led to it.

Yoongi wishes he could take them away. He wishes that the only occurrence that disturbed his friend’s sleep was finals or wet dreams. But that’s not the case, so as Jimin’s breathing evens, and he falls asleep, his lips parted and puffing warm, tickling breath over the elder’s chest, Yoongi holds onto him - he closes his eyes, and wills the scary away.

In the morning, Yoongi will wake up, and he’ll be the one curled around Jimin, then. It’ll be soft skin and dry throats, limbs that don’t want to detangle. The sounds Jimin makes when he stretches first thing in the morning is one of the most pure, precious sounds that Yoongi’s ever heard, like angels or some shit, and it calms him to know that even after the nightmares, the terror, that the other is still capable of such softness. So, knowing that everything will be okay in a couple of hours, Yoongi closes his eyes, and rests his cheek on Jimin’s hair.

Yoongi hates being patient; he’s good at it, but he really, really hates it. He thinks of how many hours he’s spent in his life, waiting for shit to happen - waiting on the bus, the train - waiting on audio tracks to render, waiting on MC’s to announce his name - waiting on callbacks, grades, the timer on the ricecooker to ding.

Yoongi hates waiting.

It’s such a waste of time, and in the time he spends waiting, he thinks he could have done whatever it is he’s waiting on by the time he’s done waiting. When he thinks about it, he’s probably wasted a fifth of his life. Now, he’s waiting for his eight AM class to end, his eyes on the clock - maybe it’s not really the same sort of waiting, but whatever, Yoongi is ansty.
It’s instances like these that make him think he should have stayed on the road. Yoongi had taken his talent, the natural and the hard-earned, taken a year off school between his sophomore and junior years, and he’d done things. He hosted a radio show for three months, worked as a bartender at a club on the coast where they let him get on stage every weekend without paying the fee. He’d visited his parents for two weeks (and their new puppy), swung up north to see his brother, and had even met Namjoon back in the city for a few underground shows that boosted his online rep incredibly. Yoongi had hitch hiked with travelling families from one mountain to the other, took a train that travelled east to west and made almost no stops. He slept at hostels, on friends’ couches, in beds with his lovers for the night, their sheets smelling like strangers and cigarette smoke.

But Lord Jesus, Yoongi is too old for that. Now, all he wants to do is finish college, get back into the studio full-time, and get his ass back on stage. He wants to pay his bills with money he makes doing something amazing, doing something that makes him feel alive. Yoongi cherishes his little adventure, but he also cherishes stability. He’s too hardheaded to give up and fit the mold, but too in love with having a roof over his head to throw it all away on a whim. His music is good, he knows it is, but it could be better - and school can help him. So he sits, his eyes on the clock, and remembers that walking out will not only achieve nothing, but it won’t make Jungkook magically appear at the coffee stand any earlier - the kid had said around nine, so, around nine is what time Yoongi will get there.

But, as life loves to tickle Yoongi’s balls, he totally forgot that there are four, five if you count the one in the cafe, libraries on campus. So, almost cursing until he’s blue, he tosses his backpack on, and hurries - there’s one library nearby, squeezed between the cafeteria and the humanities building. Instead of being the normal human that he should be, Yoongi cuts across the green, goes through buildings instead of around them. There’s no coffee cart outside the first library, nor the second.

“Well, fuck, why the hell not?” Yoongi mutters to himself, heading for the third. He’s literally across campus, at this point, in what’s considered the Old Campus; there are so many trees and shit here, so many trees - big trees, old trees, imported and native. The grass just seems older, too, or maybe Yoongi’s just being cynical.

Then he spots it.

The Library of Doom, as the students call it - it’s the largest on campus, houses over fifteen-thousand books spanning three floors. It has no A/C, no heating, and freshmen are pretty terrified to even step foot on the steps leading up to the double-doors. Probably due to all the seniors telling them horror stories about students getting lost inside, being eaten by demons, or whatever the fuck else. Honestly, Yoongi has fallen asleep many, many times in that library, and not once has he feared for his life - though, he wouldn’t want to be locked in after dark, that’s for sure.

The next thing Yoongi spots is the fucking coffee cart, just chilling on the sidewalk like it isn’t the bane of the elder’s existence right this moment. “ Fucking finally.” Yoongi sighs, coming to a stop and looking around. After scanning the immediate area, he thinks maybe he’s missed Jungkook (or maybe he’s at the wrong library), but, before he can curse (again), he sees him - he’s sitting on the steps, against the small brick hedge that spans the outermost edges of the building.

He smiles, when he sees Yoongi, and holy shit, the elder hadn’t had time to process how fucking nervous he is.

Anxiety punches him straight in the throat, and he chokes, trying to swallow. Jungkook is dressed a little different today, though not by much - his hoodie has been switched for a plaid button-up, blue and grey, and wow, those jeans are much cleaner, and much nicer.

Yoongi is definitely attracted to masculine - who knew.
With trepidation filling his lungs and threatening to send him into anaphylactic shock, Yoongi makes his way over. “Hey,” he says, and oh God, his voice sounds so - “hey,” he tries again. Better.

“Hey, hyung, here,” Jungkook reaches next to him, and hands Yoongi a small paper cup. “I didn’t know what you like, but I mean, everyone loves Americanos, right?”

Yoongi feels his heart do that flip-flop thing. He can hear that Jungkook is just as nervous as he is, and that makes him feel better, somehow. “Thanks, yeah, I like Americano.”

“Good, I love them,” the younger groans, sipping his own.

Hoping he doesn’t have to be invited, Yoongi shrugs off his bag and sits down, next to Jungkook, but facing the sidewalk. He doesn’t have class again until ten (he’s supposed to be going over his notes for a quiz, but, nope), so he gets comfortable. “How was your weekend?”

Jungkook starts laughing, and Yoongi isn’t sure why - but the younger turns those breathtaking eyes onto him, bright as fuck in the morning light - and he could be laughing at Yoongi, for all the elder cared. “It really is you,” he says, rubbing at the back of his neck, “I wasn’t sure, not completely.”

Oh. “Yeah,” Yoongi assures him, “it’s me.”

“So, well, since we’re here, what uh, what does your username even mean?” Jungkook asks (he does the headcock again, and Yoongi might float away).

Keeping his ass planted on the steps, Yoongi grabs his phone, scrolls through the apps, and clicks Youtube. He has all his favorites saved, and finds one easily.

The video he shows Jungkook is one he did in Busan, ironically. The MC announces him the same way they always do, as Suga, not Yoongi. At this point in his life, he’s just given up on trying to forge a new name for himself.

“Oh, wow,” Jungkook breathes, his eyes wide as he holds Yoongi’s phone in his hands. “Hyung, hyung, you’re really good!”

Yoongi mumbles his thanks, and waits for the video to end. It’s coming, he knows it is-

“Why Suga, though?”

There it is. “Running joke between me and a friend. He said I was too sweet to be a rapper, told him he was full of shit. We made a bet, we were, I dunno, I think I was nineteen? He didn’t think I’d perform under the name Suga, but I did, and it just kind of stuck.”

Jungkook giggles at this, handing the elder back his phone. “I guess… does the D stand for Daddy? Suga-Daddy?”

He really, really wants to snort, but he holds in it - he gives Jungkook a deadpan look. “And if it does?”

The other scrunches his nose, and seems to be thinking. Finally, blush rising to color his cheeks, he shrugs. “I guess… I guess since it’s you, it’s okay.”

If anyone had asked Yoongi what answer he was expecting, it sure as hell definitely was not that one. Sure that he’s also blushing, Yoongi clears his throat. “Since it’s me? What does that have to do with Daddy kink?” He tries to keep his voice light, he really does, but his words come out just a little more heavy that he wanted. It’s obvious that Jungkook hears it, too.
“I’m not into it,” he says, and although he’s squirming, his words are strong. “But, well, if there were any of my, uh, audience that I would make an exception for, it’d be Sgd93.”

“Me,” Yoongi says, just to clarify, but this seems to confuse the younger.

“Yeah, but, it’s not really you, right?”

“What?”

Jungkook purses his lips, rubbing his palms together. “You… actually like your… partners dressed up in, well, lingerie?” he whispers the last word, glancing around, but it’s just Yoongi there with him (plus the coffee cart guy, who seems to be arguing on the phone with what could possibly be his mom).

Even so, this conversation sure took a turn. “Um… yes?” the elder answers, feeling like maybe that wasn’t the right answer, despite its truth.

The look on Jungkook’s face proves that. “Oh.” The kid’s face falls, and he looks almost sad, even though his cheeks are glowing. “I guess… well, that sucks.”

“Can I ask why?” Yoongi ventures, staring at the cup in his hands. He’s not sure what the hell is going on, but the feeling in his gut kind of worries him.

“Because BusanKookie97 isn’t me,” Jungkook states, then sighs, “well, it’s me,” he points to himself, blushing harder, “but it’s not me- me. It’s, how do I put this, it’s a fantasy? It’s just for the show.” Just like that, Yoongi thinks he understands, even if the other’s words are half-mumbled, stop and go. But he’s still speaking, so the elder keeps his mouth shut. “I’m not saying I don’t enjoy it, obviously I do, like, God, it’s so… weird to sit here with a complete stranger that’s seen me naked like that… But the guy on the camera isn’t really me, and it sucks because you’ve always been so thoughtful, I guess? I was hoping… well, hoping you’d see me as more than just… a camboy. “

Yoongi feels himself shrink with every word from Jungkook’s mouth. He knows he isn’t being shamed for his kinks, but even so, seeing the younger so upset makes him kind of pissed at himself. He never wanted to give Jungkook any impression that he, as a person, was any less. “Well,” Yoongi says, as soon as he’s sure the other is done, “for one, if you think I’m less attracted to Jungkook than I am BusanKookie97, you’re wrong. And if you think I’m only here because I’ve seen you naked, I really wish you wouldn’t.” Yoongi shrugs, offering Jungkook a smile. “I mean, yeah, I like watching your shows and yeah, I like… what I like. But you’re not a toy? You’re a human being and I wouldn’t be here right now if I didn’t think so. So yeah, maybe… maybe we can be friends.”

Jungkook, eyes wide and lips parted, nods. “Friends?”

“Yep. If you want.”

“I… yeah, friends.”

Before either of them can say another word, two girls burst from the library doors, taking the steps two at a time. “I’m gonna be so late, shit,” one of them hisses, waving goodbye to her friend as they part ways.

Yoongi panics, checking the time on his phone. “Oh, shit, I’m gonna be late too,” he says, reaching for his bag, “uh-

“Same time tomorrow?” Jungkook offers, with a small, cute smile. Yoongi almost slithers down the
sidewalk in a fit of feels.

“Sure, see you tomorrow.”

Before he makes it too far away, though, Jungkook hollers after him. “Don’t stop watching,” he calls, turning into the cutest tomato, “if... if you don’t want to. Just remember what I said.”

With a nod, and maybe a twinge of something hot in his gut, Yoongi turns and starts jogging - he’s got three and a half minutes to make it back to the first library.

But he’s smiling the whole way there.

Monday sucks. Monday always sucks.

Jimin doesn’t go on his morning runs on the weekend, because he has work, and he doesn’t go to the gym, because he uses the rest of the time to get studying done. He probably could get away with a small run to the gym and back, but by the time Saturday rolls around, Jimin is way too exhausted from classes, from practice, from dealing with people, that he’d rather hole up and study. He works his shifts at the diner in the mornings, then comes home and eats lunch with Yoongi, before the two of them pile onto the couch to study. It’s a good routine.

Except Monday comes storming in with it’s five-thirty AM alarms, and, rain, shine, snow, or high water, Jimin is rolling out of bed and jogging across campus. His body hates him for it. You were a potato all weekend, it says, wasn’t it nice? Go back to sleep. But Jimin just tells it to go to Hell, and he makes his rounds - from his apartment on campus, to the clock tower, to the bus stop, then back to the apartment. Then he dies in the shower and gets dressed for classes.

But it’s nice, too, even in the mid-November chill - growing up in Busan, it’s colder, near the water. But it’s also humid, the air thick with moisture even in the dead of winter. Here, in the city, it’s all clear air and easy breathing. There’s nobody around before seven, campus is quiet and peaceful, and Jimin, who thinks too much five-thousand percent of the time, can just breathe; in with the cold, biting air, out with his stressful thoughts. It keeps him sane, really. Keeps him from possibly shooting himself into outer space.

So maybe Mondays don’t really suck - but they could be better.

Jimin pads out of the bathroom on bare, damp feet, a towel around his waist, another on his sopping head. He’s humming to himself, while he does so, and doesn’t hear Yoongi’s grumbling until he’s in the same room - the sight of someone else in the apartment when it’s usually empty almost gives the blond a heart attack.

“Shit, hyung, you scared me,” Jimin hisses, grabbing his chest, “why are you still here? You’re gonna be late.”

Yoongi rolls his eyes, stuffing his laptop into his backpack. “Yeah, I know, thanks for reminding me.”

“All right,” Jimin smiles, heading for his room, wondering how long Yoongi’s been awake - maybe Jimin played in the shower, this morning, who knows.

Yoongi, finally done wrestling with his electronics, heads for the door. “Lunch today, right?”

“Oh, no, I have that project I have to work on, I have to meet my group-”
“Okay, see you at home tonight,” Yoongi says, then he’s gone.

Questioning the tiny stabbing feeling in his gut, Jimin gets dressed, wondering what in the world could have the elder so distracted. The only time he’s ever really like that is when he’s working on a new track, whether it’s for class or himself - but he hasn’t mentioned to Jimin that he’s working on anything, and he always does; so Jimin doesn’t worry when he doesn’t come home, or forgets to sleep.

But Jimin pushes it from his mind. Yoongi is just his friend, and even if that weren’t the case (Jimin can only imagine), he’s still not the elder’s mom. Yoongi would tell him, if he wanted to, and Jimin would have to be okay with that. So, wiggling his ass into a pair of jeans, he heads to the bathroom to blow dry his hair.

His first class of the day, on Mondays, are always pretty chill. His professor, a mom of three, seems to take pity on her tired, half-aware students, and all they do is talk about the reading, usually, maybe take a few notes. There’s no rigorous discussion, no quizzes, no lectures on “DON’T BE WORTHLESS, GET YOUR DEGREE”. If Jimin weren’t, well, pretty gay, he’d probably be utterly in love with Professor Kim, if only for the Monday morning blessing.

Now, his second class of the day, that’s a nightmare. Jimin hates himself for not heeding the warnings of other students, for taking the strictest, most hardass professor, simply because it fit with his schedule. The guy is just an ass, most of the time, making anyone feel stupid for getting a question wrong, for misunderstanding the textbook. Questions are not welcome, and Jimin finds himself dreading even walking to that side of campus. But he’s gotta go, he knows he does. There’s just a few more weeks left, and he’s sure, with enough caffeine, he can make it.

He hopes.

Jimin decides to stop by the library on the way to class, drop off the books he checked out last week, while helplessly trying to find anyway to boost his understanding of chemical equations. He can stop by the coffee cart, he thinks, grab something tall and fucking strong, before he has to sit through an hour in the executioner’s chair.

He’s heading across the green when he sees a familiar floof of pink hair - Yoongi hadn’t worn his beanie, today, and Jimin has a smile ready; maybe he can have coffee with the elder, at least.

But he’s sitting with someone, and Jimin can’t help the trickle of recognition that shivers down his skull. It’s foreboding, almost, and Jimin ducks behind a tree - thank God Old Campus is covered with them. He doesn’t have time to feel guilty for spying, and even if he did, the tapping against his conscious telling him he knows this guy is too distracting.

The guy looks younger than Yoongi, younger than even Jimin, with black hair and soft features. He looks nervous, too, talking with his hands, fiddling with his sleeves. Something about the gesture seems just as familiar, too, but Jimin is sure he’s never met the guy. Right? And although he can’t hear what they’re saying, it seems to be serious, if the worried look on Yoongi’s face is anything to go by.

Jimin thinks back to this morning, when Yoongi seemed distracted - was this the reason? He can’t help but wonder, as wild as it is, that maybe Yoongi’s seeing the guy. “No way,” he says to himself, shaking his head. Yoongi would have told him. They were roommates, friends, platonic cuddle-buddies when Jimin woke up from his nightmares. Yoongi would have told him.
Yoongi would have told him.

Maybe.

Jimin feels his heart throb, and it isn’t a pleasant feeling. He’s worried, that maybe Yoongi kept this from him, worried about the look on his friend’s face as he talks to the other. He’s concerned that he can’t remember where he’s seen the guy before, why he seems to know him. Maybe Jimin had met him, at one of Yoongi’s shows or something. Maybe Yoongi had been seeing him, and hadn’t trusted Jimin enough to tell him.

Or, Jimin tells his stupid, faithless brain, maybe he couldn’t tell me.

Yeah, maybe there had been… circumstances, maybe that’s why Yoongi hadn’t said anything?

The confusion only continues, because now Yoongi is smiling at the other, and the guy is smiling back, small and sweet. Jimin feels the guilt, now, feels the guilt from eavesdropping. He wonders what the chances are of him forgetting that this ever happened. But then the guy is yelling, and there’s something about the pitch of his voice that screams familiarity to Jimin.

“Don’t stop watching!”

Don’t stop watching? Don’t stop watching what-

“Shit,” Jimin breathes, his blood running cold. Now he recognizes the guy, now he realizes why he’s so familiar.

It’s the camboy. Yoongi was meeting with the camboy. The fucking camboy.

Jimin feels inadequacy hammer through his skull, and he turns, taking off in opposite direction that Yoongi had gone in - fuck this, fuck class, and fuck whatever these feelings he has are trying to do to him.

Yoongi’s been seeing the camboy - that’s the only explanation - and he hadn’t told Jimin, for obvious reasons. Maybe the elder doesn’t know that Jimin watches, but maybe, maybe he does? Jimin had thought his username was obscure enough, but then again, he’d recognized Yoongi’s the first time he saw it. It’s the same username he has on fucking Halo, for goodness sake.

Jimin almost laughs at himself, as he heads back to the apartment. He’s being ridiculous, he knows, but he can’t help it. Just two mornings ago, he woke up to the soft feel of the elder’s breath against the back of his neck, Yoongi’s strong arm around his waist. He can’t help the fact that he has fucking feelings, he’s not good at not getting feelings, especially when someone climbs into bed with him and makes the nightmares go away. It doesn’t help that the someone is a beautiful, pink-haired man with pretty eyes, and a deep, soothing voice, who makes the best pancakes and coffee in the world.

Maybe not the world, but Jimin’s world, at least.

Jimin goes home - he doesn’t know what else to do. He’ll skip his nine am class, and try again at his one o’clock class. Then he’ll go to practice, work out his frustrations there, and try, for the life of him, to keep his feelings from showing to the elder.

But a day later, after avoiding Yoongi with everything he has, when he gets home from his three-hour dance practice, on Tuesday, feeling a bit better about the whole situation - he could learn to be happy for Yoongi, he could, and he could find himself another camboy to watch - Jimin isn’t
expecting to walk through the door, and find said camboy on his couch, eating from one of his bowls.

“Jimin!” Yoongi says, stepping away from the stove, a wooden spoon in his hand. “Hey, this is Jungkook, he’s, uh, a new friend,” the elder says, and Jimin doesn’t miss the blush on the elder’s cheeks.

Jungkook, Busan-fucking-Kookie97 (well, that makes sense), smiles at Jimin. “Hey, uh… hyung?”

Jimin can’t decide if he wants to turn around and walk back through the door, or if he wants to smack the cute from Jungkook’s face. But Yoongi is bringing him a bowl of stew, so he’s stuck.

He’s stuck in Hell.
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Maybe Yoongi is overwhelmed by Jungkook, but he is, by no means, complaining.

Chapter Notes

I KNOW IT'S LATE AND I KNOW THAT YOU ALL THOUGHT I'D ABANDONED THIS BUT I'M HERE. WE'RE STILL GOING.

PLEASE READ THE ENDNOTES AND PLEASE ENJOY.

*lightly edited because it's 2am and I just wrote 10k of this~

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Aside from the sound of Troye Sivan’s Fools playing from his left earbud, the library is silent and still. With the weather change, most sane people would be in one of the reading rooms, where the heat actually works, not tucked away between the stacks at a table only big enough for two - and that’s only if they don’t need too much space. Behind Jungkook is the Astronomy sections, and to the left is the edge of the fiction section. There’s a window nearby, he just knows it, the chill in the air isn’t spawning from anywhere else. The fact that it’s barely after eight in the morning on a Tuesday also probably contributes to the library being so silent and cold, at that.

Sitting in front of him, Yoongi is almost like a statue, unmoving aside from a fluttering blink every now and again - it’s obvious the elder is tired, but he’s diligently reading his textbook anyway, reclined in his chair, book propped against the edge of the table so that Jungkook has room for his textbook, his notes, and his calculator; what a gentleman. The elder is in his baggiest hoodie, pink hair stuffed under a backwards cap, and, for the dozenth time this morning, Jungkook catches himself staring, lips parted, completely taken at how soft and pretty the other is.

It’s been three weeks since they met - three weeks of morning coffees, huddled close in the bright, early chill of campus, and late night, post-work convenience store pizza. Yoongi has been a perfect gentleman the entire time; the only exception is when Jungkook is live, and the elder’s comments still pop up on his screen, as dirty as ever. They haven’t talked about it, but it’s there, below the surface, waiting to blow. Or rather, Yoongi is waiting for Jungkook to blow; the elder yields to him in every aspect of their, relationship, whatever they are, giving him full control over the situation, the pace they go at. Thus far, Jungkook likes how things are going.

After over a week of hanging out on and off campus, Yoongi did take the wheel and officially ask the younger out on an actual date, blushing and staring at his feet the entire time; he seemed to be testing the waters, then, and so far, they’ve gone on a few dates. Jungkook has enjoyed every one, for the record. On their first date, Yoongi took him to the arcade, where they demolished the buffet, ate their weight in ice cream, and pissed everyone off by refusing to give up their turn at the Mario Kart DX Machine - it was, and will forever remain, the perfect first date.
Just like he knew he would, Jungkook likes Yoongi. He likes him a lot, more so after seeing for himself how the elder treats him like a regular guy, not like his porn persona. Even after his shows on Wednesday, when they meet up for coffee the next morning before Yoongi’s first class, there’s a clear line drawn.

The one time that line has been crossed was this morning, actually - they’d gotten their coffee and taken shelter inside of the library as usual. After they sat down, Yoongi passed his phone to Jungkook to show him some meme, and the younger, his fingers numb from the chill, had accidentally swiped left.

Never swipe left.

The next picture in Yoongi’s gallery was a screenshot from a lingerie store, and it seems like he’d been shopping. Or planning to. The model in the photo was wearing a sheer powder pink babydoll, with lace detailing across the bust and the skirt, and two little bows at the straps. It was pretty, really pretty, and if he hadn’t been so busy watching the elder blush and stutter, Jungkook would have been the one blushing.

“Pink?” he’d asked. “Really?”

“I… like pink,” had been Yoongi’s reply. As if Jungkook couldn’t tell, with the way Yoongi’s hair is, well, pink.

The moment had passed quietly, however. Jungkook didn’t mind (he likes lingerie, anyway), and Yoongi recovered easily, just a rosy tint to the tip of his nose, that could just have easily been attributed to the early November air. Now, they sit, quietly studying together, Yoongi for Lit, Jungkook for his Trig exam in half an hour, and it’s like nothing has happened. Except in his mind, something has happened, has been happening, and that thing is these feelings for the elder that burst in his chest each time they’re together, and, now, when Jungkook imagines Yoongi seeing him in that pink lace.

The thing is, Jungkook likes fucking himself - he likes his toys, likes abusing and milking his prostate for everything he’s worth. He loves riding his realistic dildos, loves being on his knees, reaching around, and stretching himself with his glass plugs. However, despite all of this, he’s never found that same desire to be fucked by someone else. In all of his past relationships, his (rare) hook-ups, Jungkook hasn’t even considered it. But now, seeing the way Yoongi - who is soft, gentle, but savagely funny and blunt - loves the idea of Jungkook underneath him, open and willing... he can’t help but feel a thrill down his spine at the same thought, dark and definitely not unpleasant.

Yoongi shifts, startling the younger out of his illicit thoughts. “I have to get to class,” he groans, shoving his textbook into his bag.

“Ew,” the other comments with a smirk.

“Same, though.” Standing, the elder stretches, the tiniest sliver of pale, curved hip showing beneath his hoodie. “God, I’m tired. I’m gonna need more coffee before the day is over.”

“You can have the rest of mine, if you want,” Jungkook offers. “It’s like, half-gone, but, you know.”

Snorting, the elder grabs his bag, reaching over to smooth his hand down Jungkook’s shoulder. “Thanks, but you still look like you need it, too.” He smiles, turning to leave. “I’ll call you when I get off work, and we can meet at my place?”

Jungkook nods, matching the elder’s smile. “‘Kay, hyung.”
Yoongi gets three steps away, before Jungkook takes a chance.

“Hyung,” he calls softly. When the elder looks around, Jungkook shrugs. “I like the pink.”

It takes Yoongi a moment to understand, but when he does, his mouth snaps closed, and he nods, once. Then he turns and continues walking away - Jungkook thinks he’s already on his phone before he leaves the library.

With the elder gone, he looks back to his notes with a sigh - maybe now, with no pretty pink distractions, he can use the next half hour to get some actual, meaningful studying done. He’s not terrible in math, but this unit has been sort of a curveball; he hopes he passes, at least, but he’s aiming to do more than just skate by with a D.

Even so, Yoongi isn’t far from his thoughts. It seems like lately, he never is.

The Trig professor, young and fresh out of university himself, hosts a quick twenty-minute review before he passes out the exam sheets. A good thing he does, too, because Jungkook barely feels ready.

Halfway through the teacher answering someone’s question, Jungkook feels his phone vibrating in his pocket. Without taking it out, he shuts it off, rolling his eyes; there’s only one person who’d be texting him when they know he’s in class. And if this person is calling him in class, there’s a decently good chance that he’s prowling the campus right this moment.

The exam itself goes smoothly. It’s thirty questions, and he only gets genuinely stuck on a handful of them - these he saves for the end, and he speeds through the rest. After he does his best (he really tries, he swears), he sticks a mental reminder at the back of his mind to ask Yoongi if he’s any good with trigonometric constants, then drops his paper off at the teacher’s desk.

Sure enough, when Jungkook walks into the hallway, shrugging on his backpack, there’s Taehyung, leaning against the wall, looking for all the world like some sort of high-class drug dealer, or maybe a model. The elder is dressed in tight as sin ripped jeans, tucked into boots, and his white leather jacket, with his dark hair held back by a beanie, his dark eyes hidden by big sunglasses.

He looks utterly out of place against the beige walls, but completely perfect, as per usual.

Taehyung’s lips tug down into a pout the moment he sees Jungkook. “You didn’t answer my phone calls, Jungkookie,” he whines, pushing away from the wall.

The other is already walking away - he knows how Taehyung gets, and he refuses to let the elder embarrass him outside of his classroom.

“I was in class, hyung,” he replies once they’re in the stairwell. “And on that note, why aren’t you?”

“Meh,” the other shrugs, hopping down the last two steps, “I got bored. Physics is boring until you get into higher level classes.”

“Only you, hyung,” Jungkook laughs.

With Taehyung following, Jungkook takes a side hall, down to a little seating area in the mathematics building. There’s this huge, comfy chair that sits right underneath a heating vent, and if he’s lucky, there’s nobody there, because he isn’t quite ready to brave the cold walk home, yet. Not to mention, Tuesdays are his ‘get off your ass and clean’ days, so he has a pile of dishes, a week’s
worth of laundry, and an apartment to vacuum when he gets home.

They chat a little, once they get settled (Jungkook gets his chair, and he makes a tiny sound of victory); he usually see his friends at least once on weekend. Taehyung is a year ahead of him, but he doesn’t take any classes that begin before noon - what he’s doing on campus is a mystery that will never be answered, ever. Hoseok is the one more likely to show up on his doorstep, overnight bag in hand, smelling of sea salt, cheap bar soap, and needing a shave. Even after five years of friendship, Jungkook still has no idea what the elder does, really - he knows exactly three things about Hoseok; one, he dances, two, he has the body of a god, and three, he slays at Left 4 Dead. But his personal life? No clue.

Taehyung sits on the floor, his preference since Jungkook has known him, and fills the younger in on his own classes for a bit. Physics, he’s already said is boring, but he seems to be enjoying his philosophy and astronomy classes, as well as obscure latin poetry, and russian politics. Listening to him explain his lectures honestly gives Jungkook a headache, but he doesn’t mind. Taehyung is a junior, but he has yet to decide what it is he wants to do, as opposed to Jungkook, who chose photography his freshman year of high school. The elder wanders through life with a nonchalance that Jungkook is more than envious of; if he didn’t know the other so well, he’d say he’s free, careless - but the truth is, he has his own shackles. It’s the reason he sticks so close to Hoseok, a true nomad. After spending five minutes with Hoseok, nobody could possibly feel alone.

Wrapping up his love-struck spiel on Seneca the Younger and his *Epistulae morales ad Lucilium*, Taehyung suddenly snaps his fingers, cocking his head at the other. “Oh, by the way, how is Seokjinnie? And his wife, uh… shit, why can I never remember her name?”

“Probably because you’ve only met her once,” Jungkook supplies, snorting. “But he’s fine, and she, Jiyeon, by the way, is fine. They’re expecting another baby, did you know?”

The other lights up - he loves the humans of the tiny tier. “No! Is it a boy this time? Oh, I hope it’s a boy.”

“They don’t know yet, they just found out she’s pregnant last week. But Jiyeon did dream of giant carp not too long ago, so I wouldn’t doubt it. I know hyung has been praying for a boy since Jiae started pre-school… she’s been bullying all the boys in her class.”

Jungkook leaves out the part where the kid is four, and is already demanding that the boys treat her like a princess - even the older kids. Jungkook already treats her like a princess, of course; he’s her god father, after all.

Taehyung is saying something about Anyte of Tegea, one of the female writers they studied last week, but at the look on the younger’s face, he grins and changes the subject. “I need to go see Jin soon,” he says. “I keep forgetting to call him. I don’t know how, since I call my parents everyday, but mom talks to much it’s like my phone gets too tired and hides from me.”

“Well if you wanna crash at my place Friday, I’m having lunch with him Saturday,” the younger suggests. “He’d be happy to see you.”

The change that comes over Taehyung is frightening, to say the least - he turns where he sits, crossing his legs, his hands coming up to cup his face. Jungkook waits for it. He has a hunch what’s coming.

The elder cocks his head, his eyes shining shrewdly in the fluorescent light. “Friday? You don’t have plans?”
Even though he knows exactly what Taehyung is implying, he’s not going to just give it away. Besides, he knows Taehyung likes the push and pull. “Nah,” is all he says, reaching for the water bottle he keeps in his backpack. “Just working on this paper I have due next week in Japanese Poetry.”

“How do you not have plans for Friday night. You’re twenty, go out and get laid or something. At the least, let creepy older men buy you drinks. I’ll go with you, and we can watch their world burn when you turn them down to dance with me.” Taehyung is grinning - he’s also trying to provoke him. Jungkook knows that grin, knows it because it’s preceded the few times that he’s gotten blackout drunk, only to come to five seconds before doing something dumb, like getting a tattoo of Iron man on his ass.

True story - freshman year was a series of not proud moments for Jungkook.

“I’d much rather stay home and finish my paper,” he responds, ignoring Taehyung’s defeated pout. “If I spend the rest of the weekend hungover, then it won’t leave room for other things I could be doing.”

The grin is back. “Like what? Or who, should I say?”

This pulls an actual laugh from the younger. “How’d you find out?”

“I saw you with him last weekend. You were getting on the train, I was getting off. It was like fate,” Taehyung tells him, wistful and dreamy. Then he snaps back to normal, pinning Jungkook with a curious eye. “I’m waiting for you to tell me why me, your B-F-F five-ever, has not been informed of your romantic development. I’m shattered.”

“You’re something,” Jungkook replies, with mock venom. The elder continues giving him that look, though, the one that makes Jungkook feel like he’s just stepped on a butterfly just free of its cocoon. “It’s still new,” he adds, “it hasn’t even been a month. And it’s, well, you know me. I wanted to make sure it would stick before I had him meet my friends. We haven’t even had our first kiss - don’t look at me like that, Kim Taehyung.”

The elder’s suggestive grin has turned into one of exasperation as he rolls his eyes, giving the ceiling a withering stare. “Why not, Kookie? You like him, don’t you? Because if you don’t like him, you really shouldn’t be getting on trains with him.”

“I do like him, but you know I’m not good at intimacy. It’s way too soon to kiss- okay, definitely do not look at me like that, dude.” Jungkook knows all of his friend’s expressions possibly better than his own. He knows when Taehyung is happy, he knows when he’s sad but trying to cheer himself up. He can see when the elder is tired, or stressed, or when he’s been to the doctor, all of this is more familiar to him than his own face. So he can undoubtedly tell when Taehyung has crossed over from teasing, to annoyed and questioning. “Just say it,” he sighs, crossing his arms and slouching in the chair. “Go ahead.”

Biting his lip, Taehyung seems to be searching for the words. “Remember,” he finally begins, “that time we went to that frat party? You saw that guy, and chatted for what? Five minutes? Before you started making out with him.”

“I was drunk.”

“You had one shot.”

_Damnit_. Jungkook sighs. “What’s your point, Tae?”
“My point is, you didn’t care about kissing him. You didn’t care because you knew it meant nothing.” Taehyung nods, satisfied with his words. The younger, however, is still lost.

“Well… sure? So?” he asks, hoping for more.

Now Taehyung looks lost. “So? So you didn’t care. You just lept right in and started groping him. This guy you’re seeing, you care about him, so you’re overthinking it. It should be the other way around.”

Jungkook needs a nap.

“One more time,” he begs, “use small sentences.”

“Oh my God, how have you made it through life like this?” the elder groans. He straightens up, looking Jungkook dead in the eye. “You didn’t care about the guy at the party. You kissed him. You care about the guy-”

“Yoongi,” Jungkook interrupts.

“-Yoongi, you care about Yoongi. But you haven’t kissed Yoongi.”

“And your conclusion?”

“You haven’t kissed him because you like him. Therefore, you have it backwards. You’re kissing people you don’t like, not kissing people you do like. Just fucking kiss him,” Taehyung finally says, stressing his words by squishing his own cheeks. “K-I-S-S-H-I-M.”

Thinking he gets it, Jungkook nods. “Yes, but. It’s too soon.”

“Oh for the love of God.” The elder looks close to tossing himself under a steamroller. “No, you heathen, it was too soon to kiss Random Guy At Party. It’s never too soon to kiss The Guy You Really Like. This is me telling you to stop overthinking, and go with your gut.”

_Oh_.

“Ohhh,” he nods - now he really does understand. But there’s one thing. “Don’t you mean follow your heart? Also,” he adds, before Taehyung can leap across the space and strangle him, “if I remember everything about that party correctly, by the time I was chatting with Random Guy, you’d already kissed three, plus two girls, and then, you disappeared with a couple _in a relationship_. ” He mimics the elder’s exasperated expression from earlier. “Is it really wise to take kissing advice from you?”

Taehyung looks legitimately scandalized. “It is _always_ wise to take advice from me.”

Jungkook just snorts and shrugs at his friend, but there are thoughts in his mind, now, risky ones.

Maybe it is time he crossed that line with Yoongi.

Yoongi is never satisfied with his public transportation experiences. The busses are either late, or they’re early (read: _he’s_ late), or the driver is a dipshit who drives at a snail’s pace; so no matter what happens, Yoongi always ends up running just a few minutes behind for everything.
At least the winter air keeps the smell of feet at bay.

Lifting the hood of his jacket over his head, Yoongi’s feet hits the pavement as he steps off the bus. It’s dark, it’s cold, and he’s hungry, but he shoves his fists in his pockets and makes his way down the street. At the corner, he’ll turn right, then left, then left again, and he’ll be home. No doubt that Jungkook is already waiting for him outside of the building, so he picks up his pace a little - no need for the other to freeze on account that the damn bus was late. Again.

The closer he gets to home, the more nervous he gets; or maybe nervous isn’t exactly the right word - timid? Excited? Discomposed? All of the above, maybe? Yoongi doesn’t even know. What are feelings?

What he does know, though, is that it’s been almost a month since he met Jungkook, and, if he has to judge, he thinks things are going well. The thought makes him want to step over into the bushes and heave, but in a good way. He spends a lot of his time with Jungkook, now, it seems, but so far, he hasn’t found himself not wanting to. Yoongi tends to get anxious, if he’s around people for too long. Not that he doesn’t enjoy socializing, it just takes a lot out of him (generally putting him in a bad mood), and he needs his cool-down period. Much like it’s been with Jimin, over the years, Yoongi doesn’t find himself feeling overwhelmed by Jungkook, at least not by his presence.

Sometimes, though, the younger’s smile is too much. It’s dazzling, cute and infectious. His need to tease Yoongi about his love for pink, that gets a little hard to handle, leaving Yoongi blushing and tugging at his hair, shoving coffee at the other just to shut him up. Hearing Jungkook’s moans through his headphones, that’s definitely something that sends Yoongi into overdrive, especially when he sees the other at school the next morning, and he can swear he still sees that languid look in his liquid-chocolate eyes.

Maybe Yoongi is overwhelmed by Jungkook, but he is, by no means, complaining.

He finds the other to be a constant surprise, honestly. He’s nothing like he thought he’d be, but it’s almost better that way; Jungkook is quiet, most of the time, with random flashes of wildness that leaves Yoongi craving more. He’s sweet, he’s considerate, and when he listens to the elder talk, it’s as if his entire world revolves around the elder’s words - it’s intense, but soft. It’s endearing. It’s only been a short time that they’ve known each other, but Yoongi finds that he feels as close to Jungkook as he does with Jimin, even Namjoon.

And he has absolutely no qualms about how smitten he is with the other.

By the time Yoongi reaches his street, his nose is frozen - but sure enough, Jungkook is there, bundled up on the steps leading up to the front door.

“Hey!” he calls, speeding up. “Sorry, sorry, the fucking bus. Every time.”

Jungkook stands, smiling. He’s dressed in a sweater, today, under a puffy bomber jacket. God, he looks good. “It’s okay, hyung,” he assures the elder adjusting the camera bag over his shoulder - he never seems to leave it at home. “I just got here. My bus ran late, too.”

“Well come on,” Yoongi tells him, nodding towards the door. “Come up while I change so you don’t freeze out here.”

The younger bites his lip, looking torn. “Oh, uh… Is Jimin home? I don’t want to start anything -”

The one snag, in all of this, Yoongi has to admit, has been Jimin’s mysterious dislike of Jungkook. While he isn’t outright hostile, or even rude, his feelings are clear. On the few occasions that the
elder has invited Jungkook over, Jimin has said hello, and either left the room, or left the apartment completely. At first, he thought Jimin just wanted to give them privacy, probably assuming that’s what they wanted; but now, Yoongi isn’t so sure. He hasn’t brought it up though. Jungkook asked him not to, said he didn’t want to cause any tension unnecessarily, especially considering how close Yoongi said he and Jimin are.

Even so. “It’s fine. I pay half the rent, I can have a guest for five minutes. It’ll be fine, just ignore him.”

They make their way inside and to the elevator, and Yoongi can feel his nose thawing. “I just… don’t understand,” Jungkook suddenly says. “I mean, he was okay when I met him, I think. Did I accidentally offend him? All we did was talk about video games.”

“I have no idea,” the elder tells him. “I could still talk to him, you know? It confuses the hell out of me, too.”

“I dunno.” Jungkook shrugs, standing away while Yoongi unlocks the door. “Maybe.”

As it turns out, Jimin is home, and he has the heat on blast - farewell paycheck. But it’s nice, and Yoongi shrugs out of his leather jacket, while Jungkook kicks off his shoes. “Jimin?” the elder calls, wandering further into the room. “You know we can’t afford the luxury of heating, right?”

A few moments of silence, and Jimin comes strolling out of the kitchen, a bag of chips and a bowl of cheese dip in his arms. And he’s shirtless. “Just getting the chill out for you,” he says cheerily, smiling. “And hey, you’re just in time for the -”

He pauses, when he sees Jungkook.

“Oh, hey Jungkook.” He keeps walking, making his way over to the couch, where he sits, and promptly ignores them both.

Yoongi sighs. Great.

Heading in the direction of his room, Yoongi looks back at Jungkook - the younger looks uncomfortable, just standing by the door, while Jimin munches on chips, his eyes glued to the TV. He feels protective, suddenly; Jungkook has done absolutely nothing to offend or insult Jimin, and the other treating him like this is just unacceptable. Jungkook is nothing but sweet, bright and happy. Seeing that guilty look on his face, for no reason, has Yoongi’s chest burning.

“Just come back here,” he tells Jungkook, his voice unintentionally sharp “I’ll change and we can go.”

Jungkook can’t seem to move fast enough.

All things considered, the elder’s room could be messier. As it stands, it’s a little haphazard, but at least he’d taken his trash out that morning, and done laundry the day before. His bed is pushed against the wall, leaving an entire wall and one corner for his keyboard and desk, which holds two massive computer monitors. Although Yoongi’s room is smaller than Jimin’s, he has the bigger closet - it’s been enough for him to walk inside and change, at least.

Motioning towards his plush desk chair, Yoongi tugs off his plain sweater, leaving him in an old, ratty t-shirt. “Get comfy, I’ll just be a minute.”

Jungkook nods, gingerly sitting the chair, and Yoongi hides in his closet, kicking off his ripped jeans, in favor of tighter, nicer ones. After he replaces his t-shirt with a tank top, and shrugs on a button up,
he grabs his coat, and heads back out into his room.

The younger turns to look at him, grinning, his eyes bright, his cheeks glowing a faint pink. Yoongi is so glad to see him smile, he doesn't even think to wonder what the other is smiling about - that is, until Jungkook points to his monitors.

Biting his cheek, the younger struggles not to laugh. “What big monitors you have, hyung.”

“Yes? Have you ever tried to mix a song on a fifteen inch laptop? It’s like heart surgery,” Yoongi shrugs, turning his attention to the mirror he keeps above his dresser. The bathroom he shares with Jimin is small, and the blond usually takes it over. So keeps his own mirror, his brush, and a little jar of styling gel in his room.

It makes him a little self-conscious, fixing his hair in front of Jungkook, but considering he’s seen the other naked with a myriad of toys in his ass, he quickly shakes it off; he fixes his hair, puts on a layer of lipbalm, before he spritzes himself with just a bit of cologne.

“I’m ready,” he announces, turning with a smile.

Jungkook is purple, laughing into his sleeve, and the elder’s smile falters.

“What-”

The younger bursts into giggles, and points at the monitor again. “I- I cannot believe you watch me on this fucking thing,” he chokes out, doubling over. “Oh my God.”

Yoongi feels every drop of blood in his body rush to his face, so fast that he almost gets lightheaded. Shit. Shit shit shit. “Well-ll,” he stutters, searching, and failing, for an answer. “It’s just what I have, I mean… shit.”

Yoongi has no words, as Jungkook slowly (very slowly) catches his breath, tears in his eyes. “My ass must look huge here,” he says, eyeing the monitor. “My camera is HD, too. Oh God, I’m dying.”

He dissolves into giggles all over again, soft, cackling ones. Yoongi can barely hear them over the sound of his own heart beating in his skull, and he’s still burning, but he’s smiling now - it’s hard not to, when Jungkook looks cute like this.

They eventually make it out of the apartment (Jimin is missing, when they walk through the living room to the door). It isn’t until they’re halfway to the restaurant that Jungkook gets a hold on his laughter, stuffing it down so he can watch where he’s walking. Yoongi endures it all with a smiling, knowing that the younger will surely never let him forget this.

They only have dinner planned for the night, simple and fun, just an excuse to spend time together. Before, Yoongi had offered his friendship to Jungkook, no strings, no judgement. But he quickly realized that it would simply be impossible; without even trying, the other was under his skin, cute and sexy, young, but wise. Yoongi decided he’d bite the bullet and ask Jungkook out, just like he’d offered his friendship, easy and open-hearted. He honestly hadn’t expected the other to accept, not so soon after meeting, considering the circumstances. But he had, and so far, Yoongi thinks things are going well. Jungkook still keeps his occupation a separate side of him, and he’s yet to invite Yoongi to his apartment; but he accepts the elder’s gifts, his affection, and, most of all, his feelings. He’s just taking his time in returning those feelings, and Yoongi is content to let the other take his time.

So tonight, they’ll eat dinner, they’ll talk, have a good time. Jungkook will probably take pictures on their way back to Yoongi’s, and they’ll say goodnight with a hug. Their dates make Yoongi want to do something weird, like roll into ball of feelings and launch himself to the moon - but he enjoys
them, and so far, it seems like the other does, too.

Even so, Jungkook’s good mood lasts until they’re seated, then he grows quiet, chewing on his lip.

They’re sitting next to a window, the chill creeping, but held at bay by the warm grill between them on the table. “What’s up?” Yoongi asks, turning the meat.

Shrugging, Jungkook leans forward, elbows on the table. “Nothing… just.” He sighs, shaking his head. “Jimin. It’s Jimin. I don’t get it.”

Yoongi sighs. “Yeah, it’s a mystery. And, I’m sorry, but I’m going to ask him what the hell his problem is.”

“I don’t want to start a problem, hyung.”

“You’re not,” the elder snaps, softening his words with a tap to Jungkook’s shin with his foot. “He is. And he doesn’t get to make you feel unwelcome. That’s the bottom line.”

“Maybe I should talk to him?” the other suggests. “Maybe I can find out why he doesn’t like me?”

“Let me talk to him first.” Yoongi, he can usually read Jimin’s mind - hopefully confronting him will get it all out in the open, one way or another. “And eat,” he adds, offering Jungkook the finished meat.

Jungkook accepts it, and the conversation moves on, to cheerier topics.

Sooner than Yoongi anticipated, Jungkook pulls out his camera. It’s not the new camera he uses for his shows (Yoongi would know, he bought that one), but an older DSLR model. They haven’t even finished their meal, and the younger is snapping photos, the shutter clicking softly - the camera is aimed at Yoongi, too, not for the first time.

“I don’t know why you choose to take pictures of me, when there are countless other subjects that would make for a prettier picture,” the elder comments, stuffing a boneless rib in his mouth.

Jungkook scoffs, capturing the moment Yoongi swallows his food. “Nothing is prettier than you, hyung.”

“Except you.”

This has Jungkook blushing, bright in the dim light. He lowers his camera, smiling, and rolls his eyes indulgently. Then his smile turns wicked.

“We both look pretty in pink, at least,” he says lightly, then proceeds to take a flash photo of Yoongi choking on his beer.

The camera stays out for the rest of the night. Jungkook takes dozens of photos, including some of Yoongi, framed by the window, scrolling through his phone as they wait on the check. He takes some of Yoongi scrunching his nose at the camera, some of him posing outside of the restaurant, his breath rising in clouds around him.

They take their time on the walk back, regardless of the freezing temperatures. They’re warmed by spicy food and beer, and their locked hands. Jungkook only needs one to take his photos anyway.

Yoongi doesn’t mind when they pause every five minutes so the younger can take a picture of
something interesting. He takes some of an old store, it's windows dingy and clouded with age, and some of what looks to be an abandoned bike on the sidewalk. His favorite subject, however, seems to be the moon.

Jungkook spends half the walk looking up, waiting for the right moment, the right angle, less clouds. They spend a full fifteen minutes on one corner, Yoongi leaning against a light pole, while Jungkook moves this way and that, head upturned, profile steadfast. He seems like something still weighs on his mind, too, and he's focusing on his photos to distract himself. Yoongi just assumes it's the Jimin thing, so, with a mental reminder to talk to his roommate, he lets the other be.

They’re halfway back to Yoongi’s, when Jungkook sighs, eyes closed to the sky. “What is it about winter,” he mutters, “that turns the air crystal clear?”

Yoongi shrugs, stifling a yawn. “Good question. Probably all the ice, though.”

“What happened to the little boy in you, hyung?”

“He hated winter, too.”

It isn’t until they’re outside of Yoongi’s apartment that the camera goes back in it’s bag. But when he turns to say goodbye, Jungkook is fidgeting, cracking his knuckles and shifting from foot to foot.

“Hey,” Yoongi says softly, taking Jungkook’s hand. “Don’t worry about Jimin, I’ll talk to him.” Jungkook nods, managing a small smile, but it isn’t enough for the elder. “We’re fine, though. I like us, not even Jimin can change that.”

Looking back, he should have expected it. He should have expected it, because he would have been the same way, had their roles been reversed.

“I’ll see you tomorrow, okay? Coffee by the library,” Yoongi tells him, squeezing his hand.

Jungkook nods. “Kay, hyung.”

“Get home safe.”

Jungkook nods again, so Yoongi turns away, heading for the door. He get’s half a step away, before the younger’s fingers find his hand again.

“Hyung.”

Turning around, Yoongi barely has time to register how close the other is, before Jungkook leans in, cups his face with his free hand, and kisses him.

And holy shit, Yoongi cannot breathe.

The kiss is incredibly sweet, soft and gentle. Jungkook’s fingers tremble against Yoongi’s cheek, and his lips feel unsure. But before he can pull away, Yoongi tugs him back in, this time kissing the other properly, molding their lips together.

It’s cold, and a little chapped, but this is quickly rectified when Jungkook parts his lips, breathing the elder in, and Yoongi melts. He steps closer, angling his head to draw more of Jungkook in, his hands resting on hips, between jacket and sweater. He still hasn’t taken a breath, but why would he need to, when Jungkook fills his chest so perfectly?

He does, eventually, breathe in cold air, made colder by the absence of Jungkook’s mouth on his, as
they part. He doesn’t even want to open his eyes, for fear of it being a dream, but he does, and his
gaze meets dark, twin pools of sheer feeling.

He forgets to breathe again.

Jungkook smiles, and leans in for another kiss. This one is quick, small. “I’ll see you in the
morning,” he says, nudging Yoongi towards his building. “Bright and early.”

“Yeah,” Yoongi agrees, walking backwards. “See you in the morning.”

He goes inside, turns the corner, and has to take a moment to catch his breath - but he can’t seem to
catch it. Jungkook took it with him, but he can’t think of a better place for it.

Yoongi slides into a seat across from Jimin, dropping his bag on the floor. “I. Hate. Subjective.
Literature.”

Jimin laughs, sliding a coffee across the table to the elder (bless him). “Same, though.”

Sighing, Yoongi sips from the mug, then gulps, when he finds it’s cool enough to do so. He realizes
this means he’s late for lunch. “Shit, sorry. He let us go late, I didn’t even notice.”

“S’fine,” the younger says, before nodding to a stack of notes next to his plate. “I had my Eastern
Economics review to keep me company.”

Taking both his and Jimin’s mug for refills, Yoongi tries to forget about the hellish day he’s had. It
started out great, though. He’d been up for while, last night, sitting at this keyboard, working on his
midterm, but when he’d finally gone to sleep, he slept well. This morning, he met up with Jungkook
after his first class, and between goofy smiles and shy laughter, they got past the post-first kiss
nervousness; then they made out in the library a little bit, hidden behind the history section. He left
Jungkook smiling, hazy and pink, and the image bode well for a good day.

Then he’d gotten a call, on his way to class, from the package delivery service; he had to run across
campus and down the street to accept it, or they said they’d have to send it back. Why, Yoongi has
no idea. Regardless, the package, now stuffed in his bag, is the lingerie Jungkook told him to order,
and he didn’t want to take the risk. He’d overnighted it so he could give it to the other in time for the
show tonight. But the detour made him ten minutes late, and apparently, the crux of the lesson was
discussed during that first ten minutes, because he’d been lost the duration of class.

Now, Yoongi is stressed. He usually keeps up pretty well in his classes, even the bullshit ones, but
now he feels lost, which he hates. And he’s winded, he’s tired from his late night, and he just wants
to turn back the clock to this morning, to Jungkook sneaking his tongue into the elder’s mouth.

Long story short, Yoongi has had a long, eventful day, and it’s not even noon.

He’s not really hungry, so he only has coffee for lunch, chatting back and forth with Jimin. The
dining hall buzzes around them, a little warm, as if they’re the ones being cooked. People pass back
and forth, talking, laughing, one person is even crying. But Yoongi can only focus on his friend,
because, despite Jimin’s normal, cheery demeanor, he can’t help but remember the way the other
acted only twelve hours ago, when Jungkook had come up to the apartment.

He wants bring it up. He wants to finally figure out why the hell Jimin turns into a dick any time
Jungkook is mentioned - he just doesn't quite know how.
“The exam is Friday,” Jimin is saying, rubbing at his face. “And I have no idea if I’m ready or not.”

Yoongi nods sympathetically, crossing his legs under the table. “I can help you study, if you want. We can order pizza and take a shot every time you get a question right.”

The younger lights up, excited at the idea. “Yeah? Can you help me tonight?”

“Uh,” Yoongi freezes, unsure how to say no without needing to give the other a reason. “What about Thurs-”

He’s cut off by the sound of someone clearing their throat; it’s a small, nervous sound. He looks for the source, and there’s Jungkook, bundled in a hoodie two times too big, his eyes wide.

“Hey,” the younger says. “I was passing by and wanted to say hi.”

Yoongi knows why he’s hesitant, but he points at a chair anyway. “Hey, yeah, sit down.”

Jimin doesn’t speak, but he’s still, staring at his plate - glancing back and forth between them, Jungkook nods, shrugging off his backpack before taking the empty seat. “I only have a few minutes,” he says, and it seems as if he’s talking straight to Jimin. He gets no reaction, though.

It probably isn’t the time and place, especially with Jimin sitting like a statue across the table; but it’s the only time and place, so Yoongi reaches into his bag, and pulls the package from inside.

“This is, uh, that hoodie I showed you,” he says, side-eying the quiet blond, as he passes the package to Jungkook. He thinks he’s being subtle enough, and the younger catches on to what he means with no problem. He thinks everything is fine, that Jungkook will take the package and go to class, and then, using Jimin’s reaction to the younger, he’ll get his chance to finally confront his friend.

But life hates him, today, apparently.

“What are you, his sugar daddy now?” Jimin spits, dropping his spoon - it clatters to the plate, specks of food flying in all directions.

The table is dead silent, for the space of three heartbeats. Yoongi watches Jungkook’s eyes widen, watches the way his face pales - he snaps.

“What the fuck, Jimin?” he asks, unsure why his voice raises so high. People at the table next to them turn to look, but Yoongi doesn’t care, can’t care, not when Jungkook looks freaked out and Jimin is just staring, eyes cold.

The other stands, suddenly, grabbing his bag. “I’m going to class,” he announces, walking away.

Yoongi wants to follow him. Yoongi plans on following him - he’s halfway to his feet, words on the tip of his tongue, but Jungkook grabs his hand, and tugs him down, hard.

“Does he know?” the younger hisses, worry in his eyes.

Yoongi shakes his head. “Know what?”

“What I am? Does he know about… about what I do? Did you tell him?”

Jungkook looks genuinely scared, now. Yoongi aches to soothe that worry, but he’s not even sure where it’s coming from. “No,” he tells him, “no, of course not. He doesn’t know.”

Jungkook curses, staring after the other - the elder still wants to follow him, ask him what the hell
that was about, but he settles for turning a sharp look on the others still listening. Once they turn around, minding their own business, he looks back at Jungkook.

“He doesn’t know, Jungkook,” he says again. “I didn’t tell him.”

It takes a few more tries to calm Jungkook, but eventually, Yoongi does, before the younger has to get to class. But before he leaves, the elder needs to make sure of something.

“Do you still want me to watch?” he asks, squeezing the other’s hand. “If you don’t want me to, I won’t. I swear.”

Shaking his head, Jungkook smiles, finally seeming calm. “No, it’s okay. I like you watching.” he assures the elder, pressing a kiss to his lips and grabbing the plastic package. “I have to go, though. Call me if you get bored at work?”

“I will.”

Yoongi watches him walk away, hands buried in his pockets as he uses his shoulder to shove open the doors, into the cold. He still wants to go after Jimin, but he doubts he could find him now, not to mention he also has a class he needs to get to. He’s pissed, though. He’s pissed, and he needs Jimin to know this. So he grabs his bag, and sends Jimin a text on the way to class.

_Not cool_, it says. _What the fuck, Jimin? We’re talking later. Be home._

He shuts the door to the apartment behind him, and Yoongi can all but feel the ice in the air. Class lasted a decade, or so it seemed, so he’s had time to calm down, to think about what he wants to say to Jimin, but he has no idea what the other is thinking, or how he’s going to react. Almost two years they’ve lived together, and Yoongi can’t remember ever raising his voice at Jimin - he’s not even sure if he’s ever been mad at the younger; annoyed, sure, irritated when Jimin’s alarm wakes him up before dawn, or when the younger sings in the shower loud enough to disturb the entire block. But he’s never been genuinely _angry_. Except for now.

Yoongi doesn’t want to be angry at Jimin. It breaks his heart, even - the blond is, and has been since Namjoon introduced them, one of his closest friends. They’ve always had a good relationship, first as acquaintances, then as friends, then as roommates. Neither of them had any qualms, when Jimin moved in. They got along too well, they each had their own need for space, their own boundaries. Jimin has never been anything less than angelic, honestly, so over the years, they’ve only gotten closer.

And while he isn’t what one would call a dater, necessarily, Yoongi has had the occasional tryst. Jimin has too, and they’ve both respected each other’s personal lives, neither of them has ever been an ass about the other dating, or bringing lovers over.

In class, Yoongi thought back to every occasion where they’d each dated he could remember - there was one girl that Jimin had dated for around a month, who never seemed to take her shoes off. If he remembers correctly, Jimin had been more annoyed by it, and the elder hadn’t even had the chance to complain. Aside from that, though, they’d never had a conflict over the people in their lives, albeit for a short period of time.

Jungkook is different, though, Yoongi really does believe this - the kid is special, in general, to him, in all aspects regarding this budding relationship that they’ve started. He’s not temporary, he isn’t a fling, someone to just stave off a cold bed, or a lonely heart. He’s substantial, he’s permanent; at
least, Yoongi wants him to be.

Since they’ve never had this problem before, Jimin’s obvious dislike, his disdain, for Jungkook, only confuses Yoongi; which only makes him angrier - Yoongi doesn’t like feeling like things are out of his control, and his lack of understanding does just that. It’s not a good feeling, especially when his best friend and his almost-could-be-soon-boyfriend is involved.

Yoongi only has a small window before he needs to leave again for work, so he heads further into the apartment, glancing around for Jimin - the younger isn’t in the living room, and after a quick peek around the corner, the elder sees he isn’t in the kitchen either. The bathroom light is off, the door open, so it’s a safe bet that he isn’t in there either. Which only leaves his room.

The door is closed, and it’s quiet on the other side. Yoongi takes a deep breath, and raps his knuckles across the wood a couple time. “Jimin? Minnie, can I come in?”

The answer is faint. “Yeah, hyung.”

Jimin is sitting in bed, his knees drawn up, a textbook on the bed next to him. His expression is blank, but Yoongi knows him well enough to see the places where he’s been chewing his bottom lip, where he’s been running a hand through his pale locks. It makes the elder deflate, knowing that Jimin’s worried.

“Hey,” he says, after Yoongi’s perched on the edge of the bed. He sets his notes next to him, and crosses his legs, lifting his eyes to the elder. “Namjoon called. He’s coming back into town in a couple weeks and asked me to pass on the message.”

“Ah,” Yoongi nods, humoring Jimin’s need for small talk before they have it out. “Is he staying here? Or with Jackson? Wait, are they even still together? I never know.”

“I think it’s one of those together when they’re together, otherwise no, sort of things,” Jimin shrugs. “But he didn’t say anything about crashing here, so, yeah, he’s probably staying with Jackson.”

“Good, I don’t feel like trying to drown out the sounds of his snoring.”

This makes Jimin smile, then they fall silent. It’s obvious to Yoongi that neither of them can really decide where to start - Yoongi is still too angry, Jimin seems hesitant to speak. Finally, the elder just goes for it.

He sighs, forcing his voice even. “I really like him, Jimin,” he begins. “And while your judgement means something to me, always, I don’t understand what Jungkook did for you to be such as ass to him.”

This seems to break through the other’s hesitance. “He didn’t… fucking do anything,” he finally admits harshly, rubbing at his face. “I just - I’m sorry, hyung. I’m really really sorry.”

“It’s not me that needs your apology,” Yoongi reminds him, most of his anger deflating. He’d been prepared for a fight, maybe, a little yelling. Why, he isn’t sure, considering he’s never fought with Jimin - but one can never know. “But I wish you’d tell me why you don’t like him.”

The other’s cheeks turn pink, and his words come out quiet. “I don’t dislike him, hyung. I just… I don’t know. I guess I just got… jealous?”

Yoongi almost laughs. “Jealous of what? There’s nothing to be jealous over, Jimin.”

“You,” the other mutters, eyes downcast. “Because….”
He has more to say, Yoongi knows. But he doesn’t. “Because…?” he tries to prompt, tilting his head in an attempt to meet Jimin’s eyes.

It takes what feels like forever, before Jimin sighs, and lifts his face. “Because I feel like us, our friendship, is gonna change. I know you like him, Yoongi, I’m not blind. I guess I’m jealous because you’re spending so much time with him, and I’m… I’m not seeing anyone. I dunno. It’s stupid, I know. I’ll apologize to him, don’t worry.”

It isn’t the answer that the elder expects. It isn’t anywhere near what he expects, actually. He’d expected some kind of “he looks like a jerk” or “he’s too young”, something dumb and trivial - now Yoongi feels like the ass. He should have known that Jimin wouldn’t have been so petty, he isn’t like that, he’s the opposite of anything shallow.

Even so, something about Jimin’s words seem recited, planned. The elder chalks this up to the other having prepared for their talk, and just lets out his own sigh.

“I have… been spending a lot of time with him,” he admits, managing an apologetic smile. “I didn’t mean to make you feel left out.”

“I know, hyung, it isn’t your fault. We’ve both just been big asses.”

Yoongi snorts; Jimin isn’t wrong. He realizes, with a tinge of guilt, that he has been pushing away plans with Jimin in favor of hanging out with Jungkook. Breakfast, lunches, even the time that they’d usually spend studying together. Thinking about it now, he thinks he probably would have acted exactly the same, had their situations been reversed. They’ve been too close for too long - the whole thing is starting to feel like a lover’s quarrel - awkward.

Wow, Yoongi really has been an ass.

“I’m sorry,” Jimin says again, meeting the elder’s eyes. “I’ll try and be nice, from now on, I promise.”

“I’m sorry, too,” Yoongi responds, giving the other an assuring smile. Then he has a thought. “You know, you’d probably really like him. He’s a lot like me, I think, but not as old and boring. You can hang out with us anytime you’d like, you know.”

This finally pulls a real smile from Jimin. “There’s nothing old or boring about you, hyung. But yeah. I’ll give him a chance.”

“Thank you. I gotta go to work, I’ll see you later?”

Jimin shakes his head. “I’m exhausted, today. I’ll probably pass out after class. But, tomorrow? Lunch?” The elder hesitates, but Jimin just smiles. “It’s okay if you already have plans. I’ll just… come say hi, then.”

Yoongi leaves the room, going to his own, where he changes for work - he has a thing with wearing the same pair of pants, for too long. Not to mention, it’ll be twice as cold as it gets dark, so he needs his layers. He stops in the kitchen to make himself a sandwich to bring for dinner, but he finds Jimin has already packed him a lunch - a cup of pork flavored ramyeon, a bottle of water, a ZipLock bag of cheez-its. He even threw in a pack of his own personal mini-oreos. Jimin:Angel.

Offering the bag to the elder, Jimin meets his eyes. “We’re… okay, right?”

Yoongi smiles, and nods, taking the bag. “We’re okay,” he assures him, then extends one arm. “Here,” he offers. Smiling, the younger walks into his hug - Jimin is warm, and solid, the same as
always, and Yoongi is glad.

He doesn’t want to have to choose, if he’s honest. He doesn’t want to choose between Jimin and Jungkook - they’re both amazing people, both so important to him. Jimin is more of an extension of himself, and while Jungkook is new, he’s slowly becoming just as much the same. It’s complicated, everything, both as parts and as a whole, but Yoongi thinks it’ll be okay. He knows that if Jimin spends some time with Jungkook, his friend will see what he sees - that Jungkook fits. And he knows that Jungkook will begin to see that, despite his reserved exterior, Jimin is one of the good guys in this world.

“Oh, thank goodness you’re here.”

Yoongi smiles, taking off his jacket - he’ll never stop being grateful that the liquor store is always warm. “Sorry I’m late,” he tells Mrs. Kim, “I really need to stop taking that bus.”

“It’s fine, dear. But I’m not able to stock the beer coolers, and Shincho had the day off, so I’ve been running back and forth to the storeroom all day. Apparently the entire city is having beer tonight.”

“I’ve got it,” Yoongi laughs, heading to the back - Mrs. Kim always pays him extra when he does the stocking, so he’s more than happy to help.

After all the coolers have been fully stocked, and Mrs. Kim has left, Yoongi perches at the counter and pulls out some homework - Wednesdays are generally slow, nowhere near as busy as the weekends (or even Mondays, funny enough), so he has some time to kill before he cleans up and does inventory. But his phone rings, a couple hours in, just as he finishes making himself a study guide for chemistry.


Yoongi snorts, closing his textbook. “You on break?”

“Yeah. Had to run down to the dining hall for coffee. Now I’m hiding on the roof. Taehyung is particularly chatty tonight, but I’m too exhausted.”

“The way you talk, it seems like he’s always chatty,” the elder comments.

“Yeah, well. It’s usually true.” He hears what sounds like the other sipping his coffee, so he pauses. “Anyway,” Jungkook eventually says, “speaking of chatty… did you talk to him?”

“I did,” Yoongi says. He relates the conversation with Jimin to the other, explaining how Jimin had been feeling; he explains how it has been the two of them for a while, how close they are, how Jimin had been feeling a little neglected. “He wants to apologize to you,” he says when he’s done. “I told him he’s welcome to hangout with us anytime. I think you’d get along, given the chance.”

Jungkook, however, is quiet. “Oh,” is all he says, soft and delayed.

The elder frowns, switching the phone to his other ear. “Oh what?”

“Nothing, nothing,” Jungkook says quickly. “I have to get back to class. I just wanted to make sure everything is okay.”

“Everything is okay,” Yoongi assures him. “I’ll see you later.”
He says this automatically, but he can hear the other snort - then he realizes that he actually will see Jungkook later; Jungkook just won’t see him.

Jungkook is still chuckling when they hang up.

Work passes slowly, in much the same manner. Yoongi’s buzzing, like he always does on Wednesday - he closes up, and rushes home, barely feeling the cold. For once, blessedly, the bus is on time, and traffic is sparse. He gets home ten until ten, right on time.

Just like he’d said, Jimin is asleep; or, at least, he’s in his room, light off, door shut. So Yoongi slips into his own, and locks the door.

Just in case.

The first time he’d stumbled across Jungkook’s show, he’d had no interest in cam boys, per say - he was just horny, maybe a little drunk, and looking for something to get off to. There’d been an ad, on his go-to porn site, a ten second clip of Jungkook, in fishnets and a powder-blue corset. He listened to his dick, and clicked the ad - the rest is history.

He’d been hooked on Jungkook immediately - the younger was charming, a born-performer, and he could take dick like Yoongi had never seen before. He was funny, engaging, a big fan of faux-eyecontact. Yoongi had never, and hasn’t since, cum so hard or so fast as he did that first show.

He kicks off his jeans and tugs off his sweater, leaving him in just his boxers and a t-shirt. It doesn’t take long before he’s seated at his desk, headphones on, browser open to Jungkook’s site - he can’t help but laugh a little, remember the younger teasing him for his huge monitors. Yoongi fucks a round a little, on SNS, waiting for the clock to hit ten - when it does, and the black screen disappears, his breath catches in his throat.

Jungkook appears on screen, eyes smiling, head cocked - he’s wearing the lingerie Yoongi bought him, and, with a twitch in his boxers, Yoongi mentally high-fives himself; Jungkook looks so fucking good in it.

The pink makes his pale olive skin glow, makes his black hair seem blacker, darker. He even replaced his black mask with another, a pink one, the same shade as the babydoll, and it sends a thrill through Yoongi’s chest.

“Good evening, hyung,” Jungkook says, over the faint sound of buzzing. His eyes are hooded, and what’s visible of his cheeks are already flushed - he’s hard, too.

He’s sitting on the floor this time, the bed behind him. He’s on his knees, sitting back on his calves, his hard cock, outlined in damp lace, visible for all to see. The haziness of his eyes, and the soft, pretty pink lingerie, is such a contrast to the straining muscles in his thighs, the broad, strong outline of his shoulders… Jungkook is the loveliest being Yoongi has ever seen; he almost wants to cry.

Leaning forward, Yoongi types. **Hey baby**, he writes. **You looks so beautiful in pink**.

He watches Jungkook’s eyes follow the words. “Thank you,” he responds, cocking his head again. “I hear it’s your favorite color.”

“Teasing little shit,” he mutters out loud, but before he can type out a reply, Jungkook is sitting up, reaching off screen.
“I thought,” he says, eyes on the camera (it feels like he’s looking straight through Yoongi), “that I’d ride you tonight.” He brings a dildo into frame, thick and realistic, suction cup at the end - this explains why he’s on the floor.

The thing is, Yoongi knows that Jungkook, while on camera, speaks like he does as part of the show. He always addresses his group of viewers as if he’s speaking to one person - he speaks intimately, but politely, like the person he’s fucking is someone close to him, someone in the same room with him. Yoongi, just like the others, he’s sure, feels singled out by Jungkook, feels like he’s the one that Jungkook is talking to, whether he’s asking how his day has been, asking about work, asking to cum - but it’s different, now.

Since they met, and especially since they started dating, Jungkook’s tone shifted. Before, although it wasn’t painfully obvious, it was pretty evident that it was a performance. But now, now Jungkook speaks directly to Yoongi, just like he would if they were together.

It’s maddening, and Yoongi fucking loves it.

Jungkook turns, until his ass is in view - through the silk, Yoongi can see the end of a vibrator, nestled between Jungkook’s perky-as-fuck cheeks - the vibrating sounds are louder, now, too.

“I fucked myself with this before the show,” Jungkook says over his shoulder, sliding his fingertips under the waistband of his panties, spreading himself. “I fucked myself and thought about hyung’s cock.”

Yoongi burns, his cock reacting to the other’s words - he uses one hand to shove his boxers down his thighs, and the other to type.

Don’t think. Just show how you’d ride my cock.

And to think Yoongi used to be shy when it came to dirty talk.

He teases himself with feather light strokes over his length, coaxing himself to full-hardness, while he watches Jungkook stand and kick off the panties. The younger makes a (magnificent) show of tugging out the vibrating plug, arching his smooth, muscled back, letting out small, deep gasps. He plunges the toy inside of him, a few times, and Yoongi swears he can feel the other’s pleasure through the screen.

He’s dying to cum, already, as Jungkook makes sure the dildo is in place, stuck to the floor and in frame. He won’t, of course, not until Jungkook does - but every brush of his fingertips over the leaking head of his cock has heated chills bursting under his skin.

Then Jungkook speaks, filthy and beautiful, and Yoongi has to grasp firmly at his thighs, with both hands.

“You want me to ride you like this?” he asks, his voice sweet, raspy. “You want to watch yourself while you fuck me deep?”

Yoongi is mid-reply, when he continues.

“I’m gonna ride you so hard. Don’t cum, though, hyung. Don’t cum yet.”

Violently deleting his half-written reply, Yoongi thinks he’s definitely going to cry.

Ride me, baby, he finally types. Ride hyung’s cock.
Jungkook’s breathless laugh fills Yoongi’s ears, right before he sinks down on the dildo. He goes slow, steady, his head tossed back. He moans, mostly for show, but the elder can see the way Jungkook grasps at the lacy skirt, can see the way he jerks, the dildo disappearing. Soon, Jungkook is fully seated, and he settles, ass cheeks resting against his heels. He turns his head, staring into the camera, eyes dark and smouldering, jaw slack, obvious by the way his mask stretches across his mouth.

“Ready?” he asks, dark eyes like fire, lighting Yoongi aflame from the inside out.

**Yes** - he types the word so fast he surprises himself.

The other chuckles, before rising up, and falling back down - Yoongi chokes, forcing himself to stay quiet - Jungkook bounces, the slick toy spreading him open, filling him perfectly.

Yoongi has seen Jungkook fuck himself multiple times. He’s seen him cum from just a vibrator pressed against his prostate, seen him cum pumping a thick, shiny toy inside himself. He’s seen him cum on his back, on his front, on his knees, face to the wall. But Yoongi has never seen Jungkook ride a dildo, not in the few months he’s been watching.

He might cum *just* from watching, at this rate.

Jungkook stays true to his words, he fucks the dildo hard, taking it deep. The slick, wet sound alone is enough to have Yoongi throbbing, his own hard cock leaking against his belly. But on top of that, words are tumbling from Jungkook’s mouth - he sounds like he’s enjoying himself; Yoongi’s never heard him sound so *untethered* before.

“Hyung,” Jungkook whines, voice lilted, jarring as he bounces. “*Fuck*, hyung-hyung… God, you feel so good, your *cock* feels so good.”

Yoongi’s phone is in his hand, before he can think twice.

On screen, Jungkook falters, his head turning; then he laughs, actually laughs. “Hyung is calling,” he tells the camera. He eases off the toy, before reaching behind the camera. “Should I answer?”

Yoongi watches the comments to the side - half of them are asking who the fuck hyung is, why he’s calling; the other half says yes.

He agrees, wholeheartedly.

Jungkook does answer, and suddenly, the sound of his breathing is all Yoongi can hear. He wasn’t sure the other would actually answer, but there he is, on screen, his phone to his ear.

Without hesitating, he speaks. “Get back on the cock,” he says, “face the camera.”

He can see the amusement in Jungkook’s eyes, but he can see the desire, too, the burn. The younger does as he’s told, spreading his beautiful thighs - he takes the dildo in, again, his cock twitching in mid-air; precum drips to the floor, glistening in the light.

“Like this, hyung?” Jungkook purrs, the sound muffled, but no less maddening, in Yoongi’s ear.

Grasping his cock, and hissing as the shock of heat that bursts in his belly, Yoongi smiles. “Just like that, baby.”

He smooths his hand over the crown of his cock, as Jungkook fucks himself - he doesn’t want to cum, not yet, but it’s hard; he’s hard, so fucking hard, but Jungkook is close, he can tell by the sound
of his whimpers floating through the phone. So, to keep himself distracted, and to drive Jungkook crazy, Yoongi occupies himself with talk.

“You made me so hard, Jungkook,” he says, ignoring the burn of self-consciousness that fills his face. “Look at how fucking beautiful, you are. So pretty in pink. And you take that cock so well. You like riding cock, baby?”

Jungkook nods, eyes fluttering closed. He makes a choked sound, his cock jumping - he’s close.

“Say it out loud,” Yoongi whispers, flat out stroking himself now. His cock throbs in his hand, precum coating his fingers - God, he’s never been so hard as he is now, with Jungkook on his screen, Jungkook’s deep, growled breathing in his ear.

The younger opens his eyes, staring dead at the camera, dead at Yoongi. “I love riding cock,” he whimpers. “I wanna cum, hyung. I wanna cum.”

“You can cum when ever you want,” Yoongi tells him. “You can cum right now, let’s see it. Cum for this cock, Jungkook.”

With a harsh cry, Jungkook rises up, repositioning himself on his feet - then he slams down on the toy so hard it moves a millimeter across the floor. He rolls his hips, as he bounces, no doubt aiming for his prostate. His chest is flushed, the same delicate pink as the lingerie, and his hair sticks in tangles to his damp forehead. Yoongi takes a moment to admire the way Jungkook’s cock bounces, the head a dark, deep pink, and the way his thighs bulge, all smooth, powerful muscle.

Yoongi is almost sure, almost positive, that he can feel his cock being swallowed by Jungkook’s hole.

Then Jungkook lets out a sharp whine, sending chills down the elder’s spine, straight to his pulsing cock. “I’m gonna cum, hyung-fuck, fuck - hyung!”

“Cum for me, baby.”

Jungkook cums a moment later, using his free hand to catch the mess, or else it’d fly everywhere, no doubt. He pants hard in Yoongi’s ear, tiny moans spilling from his lips, high and strained. It sounds heavenly, to the elder, sounds like all his hopes and dreams come true - it’s heady, addictive, and Yoongi feels the cord in his own belly tighten painfully.

Jungkook starts to ride the dildo a little slower; he shifts, as if he’s going to stop, but Yoongi chuckles.

“No,” he tells him, his own voice sounding foreign to his ears, deep and breathy. “Don’t stop. Keep riding me until I cum.”

“Hyung-”

One word, just one, desperate, breathed word - that’s all Yoongi’s world narrows down to.

It’s amazing to watch, really, how Jungkook keeps going. He sobs, and writhes, and he’s not going as fast as he had been; but he keeps going. He begins to beg, too, beg Yoongi to cum, beg him to fuck him. It’s intense, it’s hot, it sends Yoongi fifty feet in the air, high on the sound, of the feel of his own hand pumping his slick, rock-solid cock.

He tries to drag it out, but he can’t, not for long. He’s desperate for release, desperate for Jungkook to hear him cum - he does, after what can’t be longer than a couple minutes. He cums, his hips
jerking up, ass rising out of the chair. He cums so hard he almost drops the phone, growling out Jungkook’s name, his cock spurting hot all over his hand, his belly - his vision goes spotty, for a moment, blood beating in his ears.

Before he’s done milking himself, Jungkook is rising off the dildo with a deep sigh - he falls back, first to this ass, then to his back, and for a moment, all that’s in frame is his bottom half; his legs, bent at the knee, the curve of his ass. Then the timer in the corner runs out, and the screen goes black.

“Feel good?” Yoongi says into the phone. The only response he gets is a groan - a loud, enthusiastic groan - he laughs, wincing as he sits up. “See you in the morning,” he says sweetly, right before he hangs up.

Looking around his dark room, still breathing hard, Yoongi realizes he has not a single towel in the room.

He doesn’t even have the mind to care.

He wakes up in the dark, his arm tossed over his face, a weight on his belly. Jimin hears something, too, something hard, repetitive - it’s knocking.

Someone’s knocking. Jimin is asleep on the couch, and someone is knocking.

“Ah, shit,” Jimin groans, sitting up. “Coming!” he calls, hoping to silence the annoying sound; it works, and he takes a moment to take in the situation.

He rubs at his face, glancing at the clock; it reads half past eight, and the last thing he knew, it was barely after six. He remembers sitting down with his textbooks to study, and he remembers Yoongi getting called into work - and that’s about it.

It isn’t early enough for Yoongi to be home, and he doesn’t want to make anyone wait. So, with another groan, Jimin stands, stretching and adjusting his glasses. He really should order another pack of contacts, before he breaks this pair doing something ridiculous, like, falling asleep on the couch at six in the evening while trying to study. Or something.

He opens the door, still blinking sleep from his eyes, and freezes.

Jungkook stands on the the threshold, looking windswept, and, annoyingly enough, dazzling. And awake.

His first instinct is to close the door, close it and hide in his room, like he does anytime the other is over. But he did promise Yoongi, almost a week ago, that he’d try to get to know the other - at the very least, he promised to be nice. Admittedly, he’d chickened out every single time the opportunity to do so arose. Jimin just hasn’t been able to figure out how to be around the other, without feeling jealous, or possessive. Not to mention, he’s seen Jungkook naked - and Jungkook naked isn’t something someone just forgets, even if he is Yoongi’s boyfriend. Or, almost boyfriend, he reminds himself.

And, Jimin remembers, with a rush of heat, he’s attracted to Jungkook. He’s majorly attracted to Jungkook, in fact. The younger is handsome on bad day, stunning on a good day; today must be a good day.
It’s hard enough to deal with his feelings for Yoongi, especially now that they’re driven into overtime by his own petty jealousy. Jimin can’t handle those feelings, plus feelings for Jungkook, as superficial as they may be. But the kid bagged Yoongi, so there’s no telling what he could do to Jimin, without even trying.

Or maybe he’s just looking for the negative in everything, right now.

Regardless, Jungkook is staring at him, looking shocked and uncomfortable. He looks like he’s ready to run, too; so, forcing himself to calm down, Jimin smiles. “Hey,” he greets.

“Hey,” the other rushes out. “I’m… here to meet hyung, but, am I early?”

Now Jimin is really confused. “Yoongi got called into work? He won’t be home for another hour or so.”

The younger’s face falls, and he blushes, the prettiest shade of pink - Jimin misses seeing that color on the other. He hasn’t watched his shows since Yoongi started seeing him. He hasn’t touched himself, either, which probably hasn’t helped his stress the last month.

“Oh,” Jungkook says, taking a step back. “Sorry, my uh, my phone died, so I haven’t heard. Sorry, I didn’t mean to wake you.”

“Yeah, thanks for that,” Jimin says offhand, before realizing how it sounds. “I mean, I fell asleep instead of studying, so, really, thank you. I shouldn’t have been sleeping.”

The other nods, and half-turns away from the door. “I guess I’ll go? Uh, can you tell him to call me? Or, no, nevermind, I’ll just-”

“Come in, Jungkook,” Jimin tells him, stepping back. “It’s freezing outside and he’ll be home by ten.”

“I don’t wanna interrupt.”

“C’mon.”

After a moment, with Jimin standing by, hand on his hip, Jungkook does step in, gingerly toeing off his shoes. The elder shuts the door, and moves back to the couch, picking up his scattered notes on the way. He can feel Jungkook’s eyes on him, feel the awkward tension that hangs thick in the air.

He’s suddenly tired, all over again.

When Jimin looks over, Jungkook is still standing by the door, looking at his feet - he looks younger than Jimin knows him to be, regardless of what Jimin has seen him do with a vibrator, and, with a cold shiver of dread in his bones, Jimin feels like shit.

He loves Yoongi. He loves Yoongi for a myriad of reasons, loves him for who he is, first and foremost. And he loves Yoongi for being his friend, for being caring, and supportive, and a damn good pianist. He loves Yoongi for his laugh, his hugs, his bad dick jokes, and he loves Yoongi for the fact that he can only cook two things: toast and stew.

Then there’s Jungkook, who came into Yoongi’s life in the oddest way, but who nonetheless makes the elder smile, makes him happy. Jungkook makes Yoongi glow, makes his smile brighter, his laughter louder. He’s just a guy, like Jimin, but he’s extraordinary, just the same.

And Jimin, he’s been pouting for a month, jealous, envious, and it all seems so silly, now. He loves
Yoongi - he can’t deny Jungkook the same.

“I’m sorry,” he says, finally, after forever. “I’m sorry I’ve been a massive dick.”

Jungkook looks shocked all over again, his eyes wide. “It’s oka-”

“No it isn’t,” the elder cuts him off. “I’m sorry for making you feel unwelcome and I’m sorry about what I said at lunch that time. It’s just… Yoongi is my best friend, and I guess I just got jealous.”

Jimin pauses - he has more to say, but he isn’t sure if he should. But Jungkook doesn’t give him the chance.

“I know, and I didn’t mean to step into that,” the younger says, tripping over his words. “But I really like him and I want to be your friend too, if you want. I mean, if you don’t, that’s okay too, but I’d… like if you’d think about it.”

At this, Jimin can’t help but burst into giggles - the other is flushed, and he’s adorable, it’s undeniable. He can’t believe he’d almost hated him. Getting a hold of himself, he smiles at Jungkook. “I know you like him,” he says gently. “I can’t even tell you how much he likes you. I promise I’m backing off, from now on. You make him happy, and that’s all I can ask for.”

He sits down, watching the change on Jungkook’s face - something shifts, in the other’s eyes, subtle but bold. He’s afraid to ask, so, instead, he points at the TV.

“If you wanna kill some time, I can heat up take out and we can play Rocket League,” Jimin pauses, a small smile on his lips. “Do you play? Yoongi said you like games.”

The other nods. “Yeah, I do. Are you- are you sure? I can just wait in his room, or something.”

“Please, I’ve got food for thirty, and I need someone else on my team so I don’t get my ass kicked.”

Jimin stands up, motioning for Jungkook to sit down. “But if you suck, I’ll kick your ass.”

There’s a space of about ten seconds after Jimin speaks, where they both stand, in silence. Jimin said the words casually, like he would to Yoongi, without meaning anything - he’s worried, for all of those ten seconds, that he might’ve actually pissed Jungkook off.

But then Jungkook grins, all teeth and curved eyes. “Nobody can play Rocket League like I can,” he says. “You want help getting the food?”

“Yeah, you can grab us a couple beers,” he says, turning into the kitchen. “I mean, if you want one?”

“Sure,” Jungkook agrees.

It’s surprisingly less awkward than Jimin would have thought to expect, but then again, Yoongi had tried to tell him that Jungkook was cool, that they’d get along; he’s also too busy stuffing his face to let it bother him. They’re playing the game online, which means he has about a thirty second window between matches to fit four mouthfuls into one, and wash it down with beer, before the timer counts down - Jungkook, on the other hand, takes the risk of eating while playing, taking any lull in the game or stretch of time where the other players are on the other side of the map, to take a few bites.

It is, surprising, however, how well they get along, so quickly - maybe it’s the game. The elder, much to his pride, is one of those gamers; the kind that yell at the TV as if they can actually be heard. He tosses insults and curses at the screen, but then, he’s quick to dissolve into giggles as he realizes what he’s saying. He even makes Jungkook choke on a dumpling twice, ending in him missing a goal, and having to cough and sputter, fighting his own laughter.
Jimin feels like an ass all over again. He scolds himself, mentally - all he had to do was give Jungkook a chance. All this time he spent locked in his room, avoiding Yoongi, being jealous, he could have spent like this, laughing so hard he snorts beer.

Not to be a cynic, but God, love sucks sometimes.

Yoongi had been right about he and Jungkook being alike, too; the younger seems pretty stoic on the outside, quick to smile, but reserved. Once he starts talking, though, it’s impossible to get him to stop, much like Yoongi - he snorts a lot, too, but Jimin isn’t sure if that’s something he’s always done, or if it’s something he’s picked up from the elder. Both of them, as far as Jimin knows with his new, limited knowledge, are opposite of how they seem at first glance; it’s exciting, but also a little scary - he remembers how easily he fell for Yoongi.

Sighing, Jimin tosses the controller to the table, as they lose their last match. “That asshole, I’m blocking him from my server. I swear he’s working for the other team.”

“He’s probably like, twelve, hyung,” Jungkook tells him, finishing off his beer.

“Kids can be assholes, too,” is all Jimin has to say.

Then the door opens, scaring them both, and Yoongi comes rushing into the apartment, his leather jacket zipped all the way up, his strawberry-tinted hair held out of his face by a backwards snapback. “Oh my God, I had to call the cops on the guy next door to the store. He was fighting with his kitchen appliances aga- oh,” he pauses, catching sight of Jungkook and Jimin on the couch. “Hey, Jungkook.”

“Hey, hyung,” the younger greets, grinning. “I showed up for our date, but my phone died, so I didn’t know you weren’t here,” he quickly explains. “Jimin and I talked, and,” he glances at the other, still smiling, “we’re okay.”

The smile that overtakes Yoongi’s face is nothing short of angelic - it actually hurts Jimin to see.

“Really?” Yoongi says, looking at him.

Jimin nods, doing his best to smile - he’s suddenly nervous, but he doesn’t have time to decipher the feeling. “Yeah, we ate and played games. Sorry, I hope you didn’t have dinner planned,” he teases.

The elder laughs, kicking off his shoes. “Nah, we were just going to see a movie,” he says. He comes forward, leaning over to kiss Jungkook.

The angry green monster that he thought he’d smothered in food and beer comes roaring back to life, but it’s different, this time. It’s stronger, almost, but at the same time, it seems more docile.

“Ah, man,” Jungkook pouts, “it’s too late, now, isn’t it? The movies are closed.”

“Well, yeah,” the elder says, turning his attention to Jimin. The other freezes under his scrutiny, unsure what to expect. “But we can still watch a movie here, if you want? Is that okay, Jimin?”

Mentally sighing in relief - thank God it wasn’t something else - Jimin nods, standing and grabbing his empty plate. “Totally okay,” he says quickly, “I can go finish this paper in my room.”

“No, hyung,” Jungkook says, grabbing his sleeve. “You can watch with us!”

“Yeah, Jimin,” Yoongi agrees. “You can stay.”
“But… it’s a date,” is all the other can think to say.

After glancing at Jungkook, Yoongi shrugs. “Now it’s a party.”

Well - Jimin can’t argue with that.

It annoys him, to be honest, that he gets along with Jungkook. It annoys him, because now, the other two spend a fraction of their time alone - most of it is now spent with Jimin.

The irony is far from lost on him.

The rest of the week passes in a blur of beer, giggles, and Jungkook - so much Jungkook. Jimin thinks that school will be an escape, but he should have known better; Yoongi knows his schedule as well as he knows his own, and he and the younger pop up unexpectedly, bringing Jimin his favorite macchiatos. He can’t even be mad. He doesn’t want to be - he never wanted to be. But if there was a time to be mad, it would be now, when it seems like all of his alone time is now taken up watching the man he’s in love with be in love with someone else.

But he can’t. Because he’d been telling the truth, when he had that talk with Jungkook - Jungkook makes Yoongi happy, so happy. And when Yoongi is happy, Jimin is happy, and there goes the circle of life. But, in all truthfulness, he’s still jealous.

He hates creeping around, lying to Yoongi, lying to Jungkook.

Well, he isn’t really lying, but it feels like he is, and it hates it.

To make things worse, he genuinely likes the younger guy; he actually thinks Jungkook is really cool. But there are other implications, aside from his feelings for the elder.

It had taken Jimin weeks, of Yoongi talking about Jungkook, of Jungkook coming by the apartment, for Jimin to stop picturing the younger in lace panties, his cheeks pink, his smooth voice pitched. It had taken weeks, but Jimin is finally able to look at Jungkook, and just see a normal college freshman, a normal guy. What he hadn’t anticipated, considering he was too busy rushing to give Jungkook and Yoongi privacy most of the time, before, and now, to just be friends with the other, was the flaming flock of hummingbirds that appeared in his chest, that first time he was alone with Jungkook.

Because, despite his own jealous heart’s attempt to make him hate the younger, Jimin doesn’t. Jimin finds himself floored, every time, by Jungkook’s smile, his open-mouthed cackle. He’s knocked straight on his ass, by the hurricane-force winds of Jungkook’s presence, somehow softly masculine, full of strong and easy energy. Jimin, despite everything, swoons each time - on the inside, of course.

That is, until Yoongi comes out of his room, or the kitchen, or comes home, and the angry, green dragon of envy roars to live inside of Jimin, murdering all of the hummingbirds.

He should have seen this coming. But he hadn’t, and now, he has his feelings for Yoongi, with the addition of this dicklusty crush on Jungkook, to deal with, all with finals coming up.

God, he needs to get laid.

His savior comes in the form of his oldest friend. Jimin has known Namjoon since elementary school, since the elder was the kid on the playground that the meanest of bullies ran from. Before, he was just an awkward, chubby kid with a big smiles and a knack for getting on the teacher's’ good
side. He was kind, he was sweet, and he read enough books to make Jimin, an avid reader, want to cry.

Namjoon remained his best friend throughout middle, and high school. He was kind of Jimin’s only friend, considering Jimin was outed by an ex pretty early in his youth, nobody else really wanted to be around him (it’s amazing how far society has come in just a few years).

But where Jimin wanted to go to college, major in dance and get a teaching degree, Namjoon had a different idea for achieving his dreams. So, Jimin had gone to college - he’d moved into his dorm, thrown himself completely into dance, and Namjoon had moved into an apartment with another friend, stumbling home at three AM after a gig; he’s a musician, and a singer, and a damn good one, in Jimin’s opinion.

He tours now, travelling the country, playing shows wherever he can with his band. But he visits, too, like today.

Jumin waits on the corner, bouncing on the balls of his feet in an attempt to stay warm - he’s skipping practice, and that always makes him nervous, but at least he gets a couple of moments alone.

He’s just about to hide in the nearest coffeeshop, when he hears his name.

“Jiminie, babe!”

He turns towards the sound, grinning - Namjoon is waving at him from across the street, before making a dash in the lull of traffic. He’s still the same as always, the same awkward, sweet guy that Jimin has always known. Except now, his hair is shaved on the sides, the top dyed a mix of pinks and blues, looking for all the world like a cotton candy hat. He’s also covered in tattoos, which seem to multiply every time he comes to visit, though, for the moment, they’re covered by his long, tight coat - all except for the florals covering his neck.

“Hyung!” Jimin sings, launching himself into the other’s waiting hug. After they’re done hugging, and frightening passerby, they stumble down the sidewalk, into the warmth of a cafe, that smells like sugar and chamomile. Jimin insists on buying - Namjoon is a starving artists, after all - while the elder snags them a tall table in the back.

“I cannot believe,” Jimin begins, climbing onto the stool, “that it’s been six months since you last came home.”

“I cannot believe,” the other counters, “that six months can feel like both six days, and six years.”

“I’ll toast to that,” the younger laughs, holding up his latte - Namjoon smiles, and they toast, as if they’re old men in a bar, instead of twenty-somethings in a coffeeshop.

They chat for what feels like forever, getting the obvious stuff out of the way. Namjoon talks about his tour, about their new album coming out after Christmas. He mentions his mom asking about Jimin, making the other promise to call her. On the other hand, Jimin tells Namjoon about school, about his dancing, how much he’s improved. Namjoon always encouraged Jimin - it seemed, for a while, that the elder was the only one who did.

By the time they’re on their third coffees, and they’ve moved outside on the heated patio so that Namjoon can take a smoke, they get into the heavy shit.

Namjoon had always known - Jimin could never hide anything from him.
"I hear he’s dating someone,” the elder says casually; he means Yoongi, Jimin doesn’t even have to ask.

Jimin sighs. He sighs, reaches for Namjoon’s cigarette, and let’s it all out.

“He is. He’s dating a camboy that we both used to watch, not together, he doesn’t know I watched, though. I watched first, actually, but I guess he got bored one night, then I started seeing him in the comments. He used the same username he has on Halo, what the fuck, Joon? Anyway, I have no idea how they met, but now they’re dating, and now, not only am I dumb and in love with my best friend, no offense, by the way, but I’m sort of falling for his almost-boyfriend because I’ve seen him naked and he’s actually a really nice dude. And I’m dumb, did I mention I’m dumb?”

To his credit, Namjoon doesn’t even seem phased.

“You gotta tell him, Jimin. You can’t keep hiding this,” he says. “And give that back.

Jimin hands over the cigarette, running a hand through his hair. “I should have fucking told him a long time ago, actually. I should have just grown some balls and told him back in the beginning.”

The elder offers him the cigarette, this time. “But now, it’s too late. It’s just… it’s too late.”

“It’s never too late, babe. Not for love.”

The younger snorts, almost choking on smoke. “Is that what you tell Jackson?”

“We’ll get to Jackson later. You need to convince me that it’s too late to tell Yoongi you love ‘em.”

“Because,” Jimin says simply, “it just is. He’s, he’s with Jungkook, now. And Jungkook makes him really, really happy. I can fuck that up. I couldn’t stand it.”

Namjoon just looks at him, dark eyes framed with dark eyeliner - he always seems ready for the stage. “What about your happiness?” he asks quietly.

Jimin takes a drag, and shrugs. “I’ll get there. But I’m okay,” he says as cheerily as he can. “Eventually, I’ll get over it, or I’ll meet someone.”

“Oh, okay. How about you start tonight?” Namjoon says, grinning. “We’re playing a show downtown, off the grid. No tickets, just a cover charge. Maybe you can meet a guy, suck a little dick, chase that happiness.”

He’s trying to make Jimin laugh, and it works. Jimin dies , nearly falling over in his chair - it feels good. It sounds good, too. “Okay,” he tells the elder. “I’ll be there.”

“Good,” Namjoon nods, sipping his coffee. “I know it’s coming, so go ahead.”

Grinning, Jimin leans forward, making kissy faces. “How’s Jackson?” he asks cutely, drawing out the words.

The elder laughs, but it’s a sad, exasperated sound. “He’s still refusing to marry me,” he tells him, lighting another cigarette. “But he’s always there, so I guess I can’t complain.”

“He still not cool with the touring rockstar thing, hm?”

“Nope. He wants to settle down , have a family ,” Namjoon sighs. “I mean, so do I, but not now, not at twenty-three.”

Jimin nods, patting the elder’s arm sympathetically. “I know, hyung. Man, we suck at this love
thing.”

Snorting, Namjoon agrees. “Yeah, well. Anyway. I’ve been eyeing that cherry pie they have up there. Want a slice?”

“Pie for the loveless, let’s do it!”

Jimin is glad to have Namjoon back in town, even if it’s just for a few days.

He’s not expecting Yoongi to be home, when he turns the lock to the apartment. Considering it’s a Friday, he expects that the elder is gone with Jungkook, out at the movies or whatever it is they do. He overheard them talking about ice skating, the other day, so they could be out doing that. Besides, Yoongi knew that Jimin was meeting Namjoon, knew that they’d probably come back to the apartment. Jimin’s alone, though, since Namjoon had to head to the venue to get ready for the show.

So Jimin has come home to shower and change - and he isn’t expecting Yoongi to be home.

He most certainly isn’t expecting to walk in on Yoongi and Jungkook, on the couch, someone on someone’s lap, someone’s hand down someone’s pants.

He makes a shocked sound and turns around so fast, he doesn’t even see which hand belongs to who, or whose shirt is on the floor - all he knows is that face was being sucked. Thoroughly sucked.

He hears Yoongi curse. “Shit, Jimin! You scared the fuck out of me, jeez.”

“Sorry!” he says, halfway in the hallway. He presses his hand to his chest, willing his heart to stay in place - a heart that’s steadily starting to harden as his brain processes what he’d seen. He’d assumed, of course, that the other’s were having sex, considering Jungkook’s… occupation. Thinking about it had hurt. Seeing is really hurts.

Jimin hears them getting dressed, hears zippers being zipped, throats being cleared. He humors the idea of showing up at the show two hours early.

“You can come in, hyung,” he hears Jungkook say, embarrassment coloring his tone. “We’re, uh, decent.”

Letting out a breath, Jimin turns, and steps into the apartment, avoiding eye contact in favor of kicking off his shoes. “Sorry,” he says again. “I thought you’d be out.”

Yoongi, standing behind the couch - Jimin has an idea as to why - just shrugs. “It’s fine. Still not as bad as the time my mom caught me with the senior.”

Choking out what he hopes is a believable laugh, Jimin tries to head for his room; he just needs to grab some clothes, and his towel, and he can hide in the bathroom - but Jungkook stands, stopping him.

“Hey, you can hangout with us. We, uh, can play a game, or something?” he offers, smiling. He’s still blushing, but it just makes Jimin feel twice as awkward.

God, why can’t he be the kind to unconsciously stomp when he walks, or never be able to properly unlock a door without fucking it up a few times?

Without thinking, the only thing on his mind being getting the hell away from the sexual tension in
the air, Jimin speaks. “No, that’s okay. Namjoon is playing a show tonight, I told him I’d come.”

Jungkook’s expression changes, from shy, to curious. “Namjoon?” He turns to Yoongi. “You’re old roommate, Namjoon?”

Yoongi seems just as shocked. “He’s playing a show here? In town?”

Shit.

“Yeah. Downtown. Starts at nine.”

The elder lights up, at the same time Jungkook smiles. “Oh, hey, can we go?” the younger asks, looking back and forth between the others. “I can invite Taehyung, he lives downtown. He loves this sort of thing.”

Yoongi nods, already starting to walk towards his room. “Yeah, I can change and - Jimin, are you gonna shower, or do I have time to get in there and wash up?”

Double shit.

“Go ahead,” he says, his voice strained, but he hopes neither can tell. “I have to find something to wear, first.”

Jungkook goes for his phone, chattering excitedly, while Yoongi ducks into the bathroom. Jimin, his chest tight, wonders what the hell he did in a past life for karma to love toying with him this way.

The bright side is, to Jimin’s amusement, is Yoongi initially seems off put by Jungkook’s friend, Taehyung. The other is bright and colorful, literally - he’s wearing a silver, silk shirt, and tight, dark jeans, and he seems to glow, in the dim lights of the bar. Jimin thinks he’s great, based on first impression alone, and thinks the same twice over, when seeing the way Yoongi eyes him wearily.

But Jungkook introduces them all with a giant smile, something passing between him and his friend - Taehyung seems to approve of Yoongi, and with that, they all head inside.

The other bright side to the evening is the location; the bar isn’t small, but it’s different from the clubs and theatres that Jimin is used to seeing Namjoon perform in. Through the foyer, is a hallway, and there’s a lounge off another hallway. At the end is a small alcove where the bathrooms are, and across from that, is the main room, where the stage and floor are. Back on the main hallway is a flight of stairs that lead to the bar - this is where they head, initially.

The bright side is that there are many, many places for Jimin to hide from the others.

Namjoon is nowhere to be found, not yet. He’s backstage, no doubt, warming up his fingers on the bass, warming up his vocals, doing his pre-show ritual of smoking too much and cracking too many gay-centric jokes.

At least his band gets him.

As they climb the stairs, Jimin lets Jungkook and Yoongi walk ahead of him - this puts him next to Taehyung, and the other leans in close to be heard over the house party playlist playing over the speakers.

“I missed your name!” he yells, directly into Jimin’s ear - the music is loud, but not that loud.
“It’s Jimin!” he responds, giving the other a smile.

He watches Taehyung’s lips mouth the word, and smile. He can’t say he’s surprised by what happens next.

Jungkook, of course, immediately suggests they all play a round of pool before the band takes the stage. Jimin offers to get drinks, because there’s no way he’s going to make it through the evening ahead of him, or the evening he’s already had, without something strong. Taehyung offers to go with him, while Yoongi follows Jungkook to the pool tables in the corner.

It’s quieter, by the bar - as it should be, in Jimin’s opinion. But before he can order them all a beer, Taehyung puts a light hand on the small of his back.

“I was hoping we could do a couple shots,” he offers. “Just the two of us.” He gives Jimin a smile, one that says he’s free to decline, no harm done. The entire offer is suggestive, though, from the smile, the hand on his back, even the phrasing.

Jimin recognizes the look, he knows what it means. And Taehyung is nice, as far as he knows, he wouldn’t want to lead him on, or make a bad impression on someone he’s probably going to be seeing a lot more of, since he’s close with Jungkook. He’s just about to decline, move out of Taehyung’s personal space, when the image of Yoongi kissing Jungkook bursts to the forefront of his mind.

Anger, embarrassment, jealousy, all of these and more pour into Jimin’s chest, making him remember the purpose of coming out tonight, aside from supporting Namjoon.

With a smile to rival the other’s, Jimin leans closer, and nods. “Sure.”

Jimin isn’t sure how many shots he and Taehyung took, one after the other - he lost count around five. In the grand scheme of things, five shots isn’t really that big of a deal; but five shots in fifteen minutes is still a fucking lot, especially when he can’t remember how many followed. The others never came looking for them, which should concern him - but he’s trying not to think of them.

Jimin checks his phone, through blurry eyes. It’s almost nine, almost time for Namjoon’s band to play. He hopes he can make it to a good spot, before then. He tries to remember what time they arrived - eight, maybe.

But first, before he goes back out there, he needs to finish the drink in his hand - he isn’t sure what it is. But there’s a whole glass of it, and it’s pink, and it tastes like Jimin should probably not be drinking it.

He takes a huge gulp.

He’s pissed at himself, now. He’s hiding, in a corner of the crowded lounge, not only from Yoongi and Jungkook, but from Taehyung, too. Taking free shots is one thing, but giving the other the impression that he wanted to drunk-dance on him would have been disastrous. And yeah, sure, Jimin is pretty drunk, but he’s not that drunk.

Not yet, he thinks, taking another drink.

But not only is he pissed, he’s sad, too. He’s pissed, and sad, and this pink what-the-fuck-ever he’s drinking tastes like he feels. He wanted to come out tonight and have a good time, forget about his heart, for a bit, focus on his dick and his hormones, and the fact that he hasn’t had sex in somewhere
around five months.

But no. He’d had to walk in on the others at the apartment, probably about to fuck on the couch for the uptenth time. Then he had to come out with them, with them being all together and fucking cute. And then, somewhere around the point where Jimin’s legs started to feel a little like jelly, he’d happened to glance over, and see Jungkook tug Yoongi into a heated, X-rated kiss.

Jimin wants to kiss someone. Not Taehyung, but someone.

And he wants to stop feeling like this, like he’s second best. He knows, he thinks he knows, that he could have made Yoongi happy. He wishes he’d had the courage; but now it’s too late - at least when it comes to Yoongi, but Jimin can still find someone to kiss. He can. He’ll go look, soon. After this drink.

Then a hand touches his shoulder, and his drink almost ends up gone all over himself.

It’s Jungkook, tall and beautiful as always, even in the dim, smoke-filled light. “Hyung,” he says softly - it’s quiet in the lounge, the music turned down for a chill atmosphere. “You okay?”

He tries to shrug the younger off, but he can’t remember which part of his body controls his shoulder. “Fine,” he says, looking away; he can’t do much else.

“You don’t look fine. You look like you’re about to cry.”

Does he? He should, he thinks. He should cry, and tell Jungkook everything he’s done wrong, everything he’s done to hurt him - except, Jimin knows, somewhere under the shots and the anger, that Jungkook hasn’t done anything. Not on purpose.

He takes another sip of the pink drink in his numb fingers - then he pauses.

Jungkook used to wear pink all the time, on his shows. Yoongi always requested it in the comments, always asked for pink sweaters, pink lace, pink toys.

Jimin looks up at Jungkook, then, and anger burns in his chest.

If Yoongi can fucking kiss Jungkook, so can he; they’re the same, in the end, they both watched his shows, both paid him to fuck himself. Jimin found him first, too, so really, he should have been the first to meet him, to kiss him.

Yoongi isn’t better than he is.

He doesn’t think, not past setting his drink down on the nearest table, and not past fisting his hands in the front of Jungkook’s hoodie. He doesn’t think, through the pink haze of too many feelings and too much alcohol, before he tugs Jungkook down, and crashes their lips together.

Several things happen, after that, all at once, but Jimin experiences them in slow motion.

Jungkook’s hands grip at his shoulders, harsh, too hard - but Jimin feels it, it’s unmistakable, even though he’s drunk and probably close to blacking out, Jimin knows what a kiss feels like. He feels Jungkook’s lips, just as soft as he’d always imagined them to be, part, and he feels the younger breathe him in. It happens faster than one would think, but he can pick up every tiny, subtle movement, his senses suddenly cranked to hyperaware.

He kisses Jungkook, and Jungkook kisses back, for all of two heartbeats.
But then time catches up with them, and the hands on his shoulders push him back, push him an
arm’s length away - for a moment, they just stare at one another, each one mirroring the other’s
expression. Shock, disbelief, these words don’t even come close to describing.

Jimin realizes what he’s done at the same moment Yoongi appears in his peripheral.

“Um…,” the elder says, expression masked, “the band’s started.”

Chapter End Notes

I'M SORRY
I'M SORRY I'M SORRY I'M SORRY D:

I SWEAR I'M GOING TO MAKE IT UP TO JIMIN VERY VERY SOON I
SWEAR OKAY I SWEAR PLEASE FORGIVE ME I LOVE JIMIN ;A;

Okay, ANYWAY thank you so much for all the hits and kudos and lovely words so far
;A; I genuinely hope you liked this second chapter, despite how rude I've been to our
Jiminie ;; things get better, I promise. You guys know I love the fluffy shit. Scream at
me if you'd like, I love you guys ♡♡♡
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

What he wants, though, all he wants, is for Jimin and Yoongi to be okay, too.

Chapter Notes

ANGST AHEAD. PLEASE READ THE END NOTES.

Also, quick disclaimer, this chapter is MASSIVE, and I did my best to edit and make sure everything flowed, but I might have missed some things. SO PLEASE BE UNDERSTANDING LOL

okay ENJOY <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Twenty minutes later, and Yoongi still has absolutely no idea what happened. He has no inkling of what he witnessed, the lead up, the thoughts of those involved. He doesn’t even know what his thoughts are, let alone what possibly could have been going through Jimin’s or Jungkook’s mind; the best word he can come up with to describe his current mindset is utterly and completely perplexed; so, he sips his beer, standing near the door, letting his thoughts ebb and flow, and watches Namjoon jam on stage.

Namjoon is a natural-born performer, Yoongi’s always thought so; he’s already pouring sweat, three songs into the tracklist, which is evidence of how into the show he is. The younger just has the ability to hype up and capture the audience, fill the room to bursting with his own energy, no matter if he’s performing one of his own heavy, sonorous tracks, or a cover, or even something slow and haunting. Namjoon had hunted day and night for two years to put Monster Studios together, and Yoongi must admit, he’d done a good job. All of the members, though Yoongi doesn’t know them personally, are superb musicians, and amazing people. Namjoon had brought them together, nurtured their talent, their bonds, even squashed any lingering generational misogyny when he’d recruited a girl to be their drummer; not even Namjoon can set a beat and fuck shit up like she can, and Namjoon can pretty much do anything musical without trying, as if he were the son of Apollo himself.

Yoongi is jealous, actually, of Namjoon’s success. Yoongi’s own passions are musical, as well, but he prefers composition, the resonance of melodies and tunes, and he doesn’t perform, much. He can enjoy almost anything, but he isn’t truly happy unless he’s in the studio, or his workspace at home, notes and lyrics spread around him. Namjoon’s tastes range from fucking-music (as in, music that you fuck to), and thrashing, fuck-the-world music, with rebellious lyrics and a lot of headbanging. Where Yoongi’s preferences run deeper, to poetically written renditions of true stories and experiences, they’ve always have a mutual respect of each other’s music; and it seems the gathered crowd is more than into Namjoon’s style. However, as much as he tries, Yoongi finds himself a bit distracted, at the moment.
He can’t help but think about it, of course. ‘It’ being whatever-the-hell he walked into earlier.

Yoongi hadn’t known what to say, even if he’d been given the chance. Jimin had run off immediately, almost knocking the elder into the wall; he was gone before Yoongi could blink, let alone analyze. When things finally began to process, he’d turned to Jungkook, who looked as shocked as he felt, wide-eyed and pink. The younger shook his head, once, rapidly, and that only confused Yoongi more.

Jimin was drunk, that was the only truly obvious thing. Yoongi could see it in the way his eyes barely opened, could smell it on him when he pushed past. But drunk or not, Yoongi is furious; he can’t seem to let it go, not after everything else his friend has done since the elder started seeing Jungkook. It was too much, too weird. He’d gone after Jimin, leaving Jungkook standing in the lounge to deal with his own shock, which, looking back, probably wasn’t the best thing to do given the circumstances, even if Yoongi still isn’t sure what those circumstances are. But it’s what he’d done, and he’d lost track of Jungkook in the process.

Part of him wants to be angry, at Jimin, and at Jungkook. But the other part of him, the larger part, buried beneath the fury, is worried; he’s worried about Jimin, alone and drunk amidst all these people, and worried about Jungkook, who he hadn’t even bothered to check on before he’d gone after Jimin. Yoongi feels as if he’s the one who fucked up, but, oddly enough, that just makes him feel that much more confused, and, if he’s honest, a little more angry.

But Jungkook isn’t his boyfriend, (no matter that Yoongi wants him to be), and, despite part of him being upset, he can’t really fault Jungkook for kissing someone else. Can he? He can, however, fault him for kissing Jimin. Right? But had Jungkook kissed Jimin? Or had Jimin kissed Jungkook? Had they kissed before? Was there something Yoongi had missed? Was there a reason, an excuse?

There are too many questions, too much confusion, and it makes his head spin. Yoongi needs to talk to Jimin, talk to Jungkook; but he has no idea where either of them are.

He looks around, peering through the surging crowd through the spiraling lights, leaning to and fro around people that are too tall. He doesn’t see anyone he recognizes, not even Taehyung. Just strangers, men and women who are just blurs, people that mean nothing to Yoongi, people who have no inkling of the turmoil surging through his veins right at this very moment. Happy couples, gaggle of girls and pairs of guys in Monster Studio t-shirts; none of them have any idea that Yoongi is losing his mind.

With a sigh, running a hand over the back of his head, Yoongi turns back to the stage, just in time to see Namjoon turn and fall into the dozens of hands waiting to catch him. He almost laughs, because it’s nice to see, even with the night he’s had, that some things never change - Namjoon is still his crazy asshole friend.

But before he can see if Namjoon makes it back on stage, Yoongi feels a light hand on his elbow. Turning, he looks into Jungkook’s eyes, dark in the dim light; the confusion and apprehension on the younger’s face dissipates most of the anger Yoongi has, for the moment.

“Hey,” he says, knowing he can’t be heard. He slips his hand into Jungkook’s, squeezing lightly, and Jungkook falls into step next to him as they leave the stage area, heading for the foyer.

Once there, Jungkook bites his lip, tugging at the end of his shirt. “Did you find him?” he asks, glancing off to the side.

Yoongi shakes his head, letting out a sigh. “No. I have no idea where he went.”
“I couldn’t find him either,” the younger admits. “I checked outside too, but I didn’t see him anywhere. Walked in on a drug deal, though, almost bought three grams of pot.”

He can’t help but laugh, because of course Jungkook would be the one to run outside to look for someone, only to end up buying drugs. “I didn’t think he’d miss Namjoon’s show,” Yoongi comments, “but I guess he went home.”

“He was… really upset about something, hyung,” Jungkook says, finally meeting the elder’s eyes. “I don’t know what, but, I thought he was going to cry, before….”

“Goddamnit. It wasn’t your friend, was it? Taehyung? Would he have done something-”

“No, God no, Yoongi. No, Taehyung is a good dude, he wouldn’t do anything like that.”

Yoongi curses again. A drunk Jimin is one thing, almost cute usually, but a drunk and upset Jimin is a whole other story - things could get real bad, real fast; it’s something they have in common. It almost explains the kiss, at least. “Where is Taehyung, by the way? I haven’t seen him, either.”

“I don’t know,” the younger sighs, his eyes dropping down to where his hand is still in Yoongi’s. “Hyung,” he mutters, barely audible over the raging beat that can still be heard from Namjoon’s band. “I’m sorry.”

Yoongi turns to look at the other, taking in his black hair, disheveled where he’d been running his fingers through it, and his eyes, shielded, but an open book of emotion to Yoongi, who’s more than familiar with them. He can see the same emotion in the set of his gently curved lips, pressed together and pink where he’s been chewing them. Yoongi can feel the tension in Jungkook, too, the tightness of his shoulders, the bow of his head, like he’s carrying too much and doesn’t have the ability to hold it.

Yoongi already knows what he’s going to say, but the elder finds it unnecessary. “It's okay,” he starts to say, but Jungkook shakes his head.

“It’s not,” Jungkook says, tenacity flaring in his eyes as he lifts his face. “I kissed him back, Yoongi, I-I don’t know why I did, he caught me completely off guard, but I shouldn’t have, and I’m sorry.”

He’d lost his anger the moment he’d seen Jungkook, and he refuses to be angry until he gets the entire story, but, even so, Yoongi appreciates Jungkook’s honesty. He smiles, squeezing Jungkook’s hand again. “I know,” he tells him, firmly. “It’s okay. But we need to find Jimin, I… I need to know what the hell happened.”

Jungkook doesn’t seem completely satisfied; there are words unspoken behind his eyes, but before he can vocalize them, Yoongi catches a flash of silver from the corner of his eye.

Taehyung walks over to them, smiling. Yoongi kind of wants to hit him, though for what reason, he isn’t sure. Maybe just to make himself feel better, at this point. “Hey,” the other greets, glancing back and forth between them.

“Tae,” Jungkook promptly says, “have you seen Jimin?”

“Yeah?” the other nods, puzzled, his brows drawing together. “I walked him home, I just got back. Nice guy watching that door, by the way. He saw what happened, and he let me back in without charging me the cover charge again.”

Yoongi ignores the last part, shaking his head. “You walked him home? Why?”
“Well, I felt bad. He seemed really upset, and he was way too fucking drunk to walk home alone, and trying to get a cab at this time is like trying to find a decent angle for a dick pic. So I walked him home.” The other shrugs, smiling apologetically. “I didn’t mean to come on to him so strongly, so I apologized and made sure he got home okay.”

Yoongi doesn’t even have words, but Jungkook steps in. “You didn’t do anything, hyung,” the younger explains. “He… well. It wasn’t your fault, just know that.”

Taehyung pouts, eyes widening. “I didn’t do it? Man. I mean, he was super-fucking-drunk, but I wish I’d known it wasn’t something I did, I wouldn’t have begged for forgiveness.”

“Well you were the one who got him super-fucking-drunk,” Yoongi snaps, his anger making a reappearance.

“Hey, I was struggling to keep up with him, dude. And he’s a full grown man, you need to chill,” Taehyung shoots back, eyebrows raised.

Yoongi scoffs, looking away; he’s fully aware that Taehyung doesn’t deserve his anger, but at this point, he’s so rattled he doesn’t know what to do with himself. But he sighs, shrugging. “Okay, well. At least he’s home, and he’s safe.”

“Okay, well.” Taehyung says, speaking directly to Jungkook. “I’m gonna go see if I can salvage my night. I’ll see you later, my Kookie.”

“Bye, hyung,” Jungkook murmurs, watching the elder make his way back towards the main part of the building. Then he turns to Yoongi, something that Yoongi can’t read in his eyes. “Do you need to go to him?”

Yoongi shakes his head. “No, he’s home, and there’s no use talking to him if he’s still drunk. He’ll probably end up falling asleep on the couch, and get mad at me because I didn’t wake him up and make him get in the bed.” He smiles, nodding in the direction that Taehyung had gone. “Let’s go enjoy the rest of the show. I’ll apologize for being an ass to Taehyung, and you can meet Namjoon.”

Jungkook manages a weak smile, and nods. “Okay.”

Yoongi does end up enjoying the rest of his night, for the most part. He can tell that half of Jungkook is distracted by what happened, but he doesn’t blame him; he feels the same, too, concerned about Jimin. But the elder does his best to show Jungkook a good time, even going so far as to do his own little waddle-dance during one of the band’s slower, jammier songs. This seems to cheer Jungkook up a bit, and after that, the night goes a little smoother.

He apologizes to Taehyung, too, and he’s almost astounded at the rate at which the younger forgives him, buying them all beers and chatting with Yoongi as if they’ve known each other longer than a few hours. The younger didn’t initially strike him as kind or tranquil; he’d actually thought Taehyung seemed like a massive fuckboy. But he’s proven wrong within twenty minutes of actual conversation with Taehyung, and Yoongi apologizes for a second time, just because.

The rest of the show is good, but Yoongi hadn’t expected otherwise. Monster Studios closes out the first half of their show with an exclusive performance of their upcoming single, and the crowd (along with Jungkook and Taehyung, ironically), goes fucking bonkers for it, phones and beers in the air like it’s some kind of sacrificial ritual. Yoongi laughs, perched on a barstool and falling into Jungkook, laughs until he’s heaving for air. Even so, every now and again, he checks his phone - he
might or might not be hoping for a message from Jimin.

He’s still worried, he can’t help it. So as soon as he’s introduced Jungkook and Taehyung to Namjoon, and promised to hangout with the other while he’s in town, Yoongi excuses himself. He waves hello to Jackson, who rolls his eyes as Namjoon makes kissy faces towards him, and says goodbye to Jungkook with a kiss, telling the younger that he’ll call him in the morning. He can tell that Jungkook wants to go with him, but he doesn’t say anything - Yoongi has the feeling that there are still things that the younger wants to say, but it’ll have to wait; Yoongi needs to check on Jimin, first, see if he’s up for talking.

Yoongi pulls his jacket tight around him, and makes the walk home, not sure what he’s going to find when he gets there. He prepares himself for a tense, awkward talk, or a defensive, still-drunk Jimin. He prepares himself for naked Jimin, too, because that tends to happen when the younger gets drunk, and he mentally braces himself for emotional Jimin, who gets snot all over Yoongi’s shirts and will need the elder to rub his back until the tears are done.

Except…

When he does get home, he finds the apartment dark and quiet, Jimin’s door wide open, like he’d barrelled straight through it. And sure enough, when Yoongi tiptoes over to glance inside, the younger is flat on his face, snoring like a train. His clothes are even still on, though his shoes are nowhere to be found.

(Yoongi finds them in the bathroom later.)

So Yoongi shrugs it off for the time being, and takes a quick shower, remembering that he has class in the morning; after tonight, there’s no way he’s getting up in time to shower and worry about drying his hair. And since it’s too damn cold for life, he tugs on thick cotton sweatpants, a long-sleeved t-shirt that he swears, for the fiftieth time, must be Jimin’s, and makes himself some tea.

Yoongi hates that sleepy-time, ginger and peppermint shit, and he’s sure it makes him hungry or something, so he goes for plain, non-caffeinated black.

He’s in the middle of filling the kettle when he hears Jimin shriek from the other room, effectively resulting in not only water all over the sink and floor, but Yoongi’s heart nearly catapulting out of his chest. It’s not so much the sound that startles him, but just the fact that Jimin is screaming – he hasn’t screamed during a nightmare in forever.

Yoongi curses, carefully dropping the kettle in the sink, before he rushes across the apartment. He nearly smashes his face on the doorway, as he trips through the threshold, but he makes it into the dark room relatively whole. Jimin is on the floor, one arm up on the mattress, trying to stand; he’s breathing heavy, his eyes wide, unfocused as they fall on Yoongi.


Jemin shakes his head, trying to blink through whatever horrors he’d witnessed, gripping hard at Yoongi’s shoulders. “Hyung…?” he gasps, shivering. At least he isn’t crying, Yoongi thinks, which is both a relief and a surprise - but he’s on the floor, so Yoongi takes a moment to check his skull for lumps.

“Yeah, Jimin, hyung’s here.”

It takes a bit of effort and some time, but Yoongi manages to get Jimin up and back in bed. The younger is still drunk, swaying and slurring, as if he’s talking to Yoongi is some alien language - all
Yoongi can do is struggle Jimin out of his hoodie, and help him wiggle out of his jeans. He plans on just getting the younger into bed, under the blanket, and hopefully, with a little coaxing, Jimin will pass back out, and sleep soundly for the rest of the night. Yoongi would normally, climb in with him, but his anger is still there, held only at bay by the fact that he knows nothing, and Jimin needs him right now.

Yoongi is pulling the blanket from the foot of the bed, when Jimin groans, loudly, tossing an arm over his face. “Sor’y, ‘ung.” he grumbles.

“Sorry for what?” Yoongi asks, humoring the younger, while he shakes the blanket out over Jimin’s prone form.

But Jimin doesn’t answer. Instead, he moves his arm, and gazes up at the elder, his expression drunk and utterly unreadable. Yoongi just gives him a smile, and tugs the blanket up to the other’s chest. Hopefully, Jimin is close to falling back to sleep; by the looks of it, he needs it. But then Jimin sits up - lurches up, really - and his lips collide with Yoongi’s in a sudden, hasty, painful kiss.

Yoongi is stunned, unable to even react, as Jimin’s fingers find and fist into the front of his shirt. And despite the sharp taste of intoxication, despite the paralyzing shock, Yoongi, against his better judgment, closes his eyes, and almost gets lost in how good Jimin’s lips feel. They’re soft, softer than he would have imagined had he been inclined to, and they’re plush and warm, so warm. Yoongi’s suddenly reminded, of eons ago, when he’d first met Jimin - he’d briefly entertained a small crush on the younger, Jimin was too adorable to not like, really. But Jimin had seemed so indifferent to him, so reserved, so not long after, Yoongi had let it go; he’d wondered then, what it would like to kiss Jimin, but he hadn’t thought about it in… not for a long, long time.

Not until now.

But then Jimin parts his lips, attempting to drag Yoongi onto the bed with him, and it’s like a taser to Yoongi’s brain. Memories flood in, shoving him out of his shock; memories of the night, of Jimin getting smashed, Jimin kissing Jungkook. He remembers how guilty Jungkook looked afterwards, and he feels himself feel just as guilty as he remembers his anger. Then he realizes he’s kissing his best friend, his roommate, who’s drunk to the point of kissing random people, and Yoongi almost jerks away.

But he doesn’t - he uses the fact that Jimin’s tugging him down, both hands fisted in his shirt, and he gently pushes the younger back, until he’s settled against his pillows. Only then, does he take Jimin’s hands in his own, prying them from his shirt, and tucks them under the blanket.

“Sleep, Jimin,” he softly commands, praying the other doesn’t try to kiss him again - his head is already spinning as it is.

Jimin only smiles at him, eyes fluttering closed, cheeks a dark pink. “Thanks,” he whispers back, his words coming out as little more than a rush of air. “Good kisser, too.”

Yoongi fights the urge to roll his eyes.

Jimin is snoring in moments, though, so he does breathe a sigh of relief. Then he eases from the room, shutting the door gently behind him, before he sags against it and runs a hand through his hair.

At least now he knows what happened back at the bar with Jungkook. Yoongi can’t even be mad, doesn’t even want to be; at this point, about Jungkook kissing back, not after he’d been put in that same position. He’d seen Jungkook shove Jimin away (that had really been all he’d actually seen),
and that was enough for him. Even so, Yoongi feels bad for Jimin, in a way; his friend hadn’t dated in months, hadn’t had any romantic relationships in even longer - he must be lonely, Yoongi thinks, and he can sympathize with the younger. If not Taehyung, maybe Jimin can meet someone, maybe Jungkook knows someone who he’d think Jimin would be good with. Yoongi wants Jimin to be happy, to find someone like he’d found Jungkook.

With these thoughts, Yoongi finishes making his tea, as quietly as he can, and he slips into his room, reaching for his phone. Worried that Jungkook may already be asleep, he sends him a text, smiling when his phone dings a little while later.

[1:45AM] me: Jimin kissed me too
[1:47AM] jungkookie: …. pardon?
[1:47AM] me: he had a nightmare then he kissed me
[1:48AM] me: he’s just really fucking drunk so don’t worry about what happened
[1:51AM] jungkookie: nightmare??? :( he ok?
[1:52AM] me: he has them all the time but he’s ok.
[1:52AM] me: …. also forget i told you, he doesn’t like ppl knowing
[2:00AM] jungkookie: lol i’m glad he’s ok tho. i just got home
[2:02AM] me: good :) i’m heading to bed, i have class in the morning TT
[2:03AM] me: do you think he’ll remember in the morning??
[2:05AM] jungkookie: idk, but if he doesn’t, we have to tell him
[2:05AM] jungkookie: i mean we can at least tell him he’s a good kisser lololol
[2:08AM] me: lmao he is, isn’t he? i agree tho, maybe he’ll be up when i wake up for class
[2:15AM] jungkookie: k let me know. I’m falling asleep tho :c call me tomorrow?
[2:17AM] me: ok babe. night :)
[2:18AM] jungkookie: nightynight hyung~

* * *

Yoongi is up for class at the glorious hour of eight-a-fucking-m, but as he shuffles through the apartment, eyes half-open, brain half-asleep (and more than a little beer-fuzzy), he doesn’t run into Jimin. The younger’s bedroom door stays firmly shut, and if Yoongi had enough time to worry about it, he might’ve checked on him; but Yoongi’s already running late, so he leaves the coffee pot on for Jimin, bundles himself up in a scarf and hoodie, and leaves the apartment quietly.

The morning is bright and crisp; aside from the chill in his bones, held at bay by the still-too hot coffee in his hand, Yoongi actually really enjoys it. He likes mornings, truthfully - it’s just, he usually ends up staying awake into the early hours, so it’s hard for him to wake up enough to appreciate anything before noon. And although he’ll probably never take a three-hour Saturday class ever
again, it’s still nice to get up and enjoy the hushed, icy campus every once and awhile, while it’s
devoid of most of the usual hurried students and the atmosphere of dread and regret (or maybe that’s
just Yoongi).

Pale winter light filters through wispy, grey clouds, doing little to warm the air. Yoongi’s breath
puffs white with each exhale, as he hikes his bag over his shoulder, hurrying across campus. He has
the feeling he’s going to be late, but he doesn’t stop to check his phone - he just keeps walking,
jogging up the stairs that lead to the arts departments, and hopes for the best.

He barely makes it, though by the looks of it, he isn’t the only one. There are only a dozen students
in their seats by the time Yoongi turns into the room; weekend classes just are not a good idea, if you
ask him. The class roster lists forty people, but there are never more than half in attendance at a time
- not that the school seems to care. They pay the teacher regardless of if all the students show up for
the lecture. After signing in, and taking the fifth seat in in the second row, Yoongi sighs, settling in
for the long, dreary morning.

Not that the class itself is boring, not at all; it just takes him some time to human. By the time the first
hour is done, Yoongi’s coffee is kicking in, clearing his mind and waking his limbs, not to mention
warming him enough that he unwinds his scarf and lays it over his lap. By the time that the teacher
dismisses them all for a fifteen minute break, Yoongi is starving, so he goes upstairs to raid the
vending machine, and finds a seat by the window.

Munching on a cereal bar, he tugs his phone from his pocket, scrolling through SNS notifications
and weather alerts. If the local weather is to be trusted, it seems that they’ll be getting some snow
soon; Yoongi files this information away for later (Jimin loves the snow), and clicks around, hitting
call on Namjoon’s number.

Namjoon lets it ring and ring, before he finally answers. “Hnng, fuck,” he growls. “Why is everyone
calling me so goddamn early this morning?”

Yoongi just snorts. “Well, not everyone is on a rockstar schedule, Joon,” he tells the other. “Besides,
I wanted to check in, see if it’s cool if I swing by after class.”

“You have class on a fucking Saturday?” Namjoon asks, sounding a little more coherent. “Yeah,
though, that’s cool. I’m at Jackson’s.”
After clarifying directions and making sure Namjoon is up and knows what time to expect him,
Yoongi hangs up, then goes through his recently called list; this time, he calls Jungkook.

The younger doesn’t answer (not that Yoongi expected him to, so early in the morning), so Yoongi
leaves a message. “Hey, Kook. Just calling to say good morning, and see if you wanted to meet for
lunch. I’m going to hangout with Namjoon after class, but if you’re free, we can go to that sushi
place you liked. Just let me know. I’ll call you later.”

After checking his Twitter feed for another five minutes, putting off the inevitable, Yoongi stands,
stretching; just an hour and a half left, and he can enjoy his weekend. He spares another dollar in
change for a can of soda, before heading back to class. He’s hoping Jungkook calls him back,
because he’s (hopefully) off work tonight, and after the night before, he’d really like to take
Jungkook out, make sure there isn’t any weirdness. And maybe when Yoongi gets home, Jimin will
be awake, and he can make sure they’re okay, after what happened. He hopes so, at least; his
friendship with the younger means more to him than a couple of dumb, drunken kisses.

Namjoon opens the door looking like he’d just rolled out of bed, and Yoongi doesn’t doubt that he
had, regardless of the fact that the other promised he’d be awake.

“Where’s Jackson?” Yoongi asks, walking into the bright, airy space. He’s been at the loft before, but not since last time Namjoon was in town, so it’s a like a new place every time he visits. This time, the light wooden floors are covered with thick, blanket-style rugs, in a myriad of purples and blues. The windows, spanning one entire wall, are covered with sheer, cobalt curtains that are tugged to the side, allowing the winter sun to beam in, warming the floors intermittently, but pleasantly.

Namjoon plops down onto the couch (a new one, low and wide, a nice wine-color), rubbing at his eyes. “Grocery store,” he says. “I told him you were coming, and he rushed off to buy something to cook, I guess. After he threw a pillow at me.”

Before Yoongi can even sit down, Rainbow, Jackson’s massive German Shepherd, scrambles down the stairs leading from the loft, nearly dragging down the curtain that gives the area privacy. She bounds over so quickly that Yoongi barely has any time to brace himself, before he’s thrown to the other couch, a hundred and thirty pounds of fluff and whine and wiggles in his lap.

“Ah-shit, ow, that’s my dick - ow, okay.” Yoongi groans, scratching at the massive creature, until she settles on her back, paws to the air, her head in Yoongi’s lap. “Hey girl,” he coos, rubbing her belly, watching her dark chocolate eyes close in pure bliss. “Good Rainbow-baby.” After the dog is settled, Yoongi looks up at Namjoon, raising his eyebrow. “You know, Jackson would probably be nicer to you if you offered to actually do things, not just crash at his place and eat his food while you’re here.”

The younger laughs, rubbing at his neck. “Yeah, hyung, I know. I try to help pay bills and stuff, but he just won’t let me. And he knew, before we started this, what I do, and how dedicated I am to it. I love him, he knows I do, but-”

“Chill, Joon,” Yoongi laughs. “I’m not here to bust your balls. Just giving my wise, elderly two-cents.” He shrugs, leaning out of range of Rainbow’s tongue. “Just saying, be a little nicer to him, is all. It has to be hard for him.”

Namjoon grins, acknowledging Yoongi’s words, before he leans forward, reaching for the pack of cigarettes on the coffee table. “I hear you, hyung. It’s hard for me, too, you know. I miss him so much when I’m on the road, but…”

“Ah,” Yoongi nods, looking down, where his fingers are tangled into Rainbow’s dark fur. “You noticed he wasn’t there last night?”

“He exhaled, smoke curling from his full lips, and gives Yoongi A Look, that screams “your turn”. “What happened with Jimin last night?”

“Ahh,” Yoongi nods, looking down, where his fingers are tangled into Rainbow’s dark fur. “You noticed he wasn’t there last night?”

“I did,” the younger says, “and he called me a little while ago to apologize. He sounded like shit, actually.”

Yoongi opens his mouth to explain, but then the door opens, and Jackson shuffles in, laden down with grocery bags.

“Oh, hey hyung,” the blond greets, smiling at the elder. “I bought stuff to make lunch, are you staying?”

Namjoon gets to his feet to help, taking half the bags and a kiss from his sometimes-but-most-of-the-
Yoongi ends up helping anyway, at least with putting up the food. He sits at the island, glass of soda in front of him, and chats with Jackson, while he and Namjoon orbit around each other, making lunch. Despite their issues, the biggest one being Namjoon’s unwillingness to settle down, and Jackson’s unwillingness to marry the other until he does, Yoongi can’t help but notice how well the two of them fit. Even though they go months without seeing each other, they’re so incredibly attuned towards Jackson, and Jackson always seems to know exactly where the other is, even if he can’t see him.

Yoongi, though he never really preaches it, believes in love, and he believes in soulmates. If anyone were to ask him, he’d definitely say that yes, Namjoon and Jackson belong together, no matter their contentions. He believes he’ll be attending a wedding, maybe not soon, maybe not for a long, long time. But he has faith that his friends can work it out, one way or another.

While Jackson tends to the food sizzling on the stove, Namjoon retrieves himself his own soda, and leans across the counter, picking back up their conversations. “So, what happened with Jimin? He didn’t say anything, just told me he was sorry and promised to buy me dinner to make up for it.”

“Well,” the elder begins, pulling a face, “he got really, really drunk, kissed Jungkook, ran away, then kissed me.”

“Ohh, shit,” Jackson mutters, his face morphing into shock. “Jimin’s never gotten drunk and kissed anyone. Not like that, at least.”

“He’s right,” Namjoon points out, frowning. “Is he okay?”

“Yeah, well, I think so. I think all this stuff with Jungkook has made him, I dunno, not jealous, but, sorta? I think he’s lonely, to be honest.”

Namjoon hums. “Jealous, hm? Jealous of what?” he asks, giving the elder a peculiar look.

Before Yoongi can answer, Jackson turns around, resting his cheek on Namjoon’s shoulder. “He’s probably jealous of Jungkook, right? I mean, it’s been you and Jimin for so long, nobody serious has ever come into the picture. Seriously, you two have been creepily codependent for years. You don’t notice it, what you getting into a relationship means, but I promise, Jimin definitely does.”

Namjoon nods, lost in thought. “Yeah, think about it from his perspective. If he suddenly didn’t have time for you, or started bringing over this hot, cool guy, you’d totally be jealous, too.”

Yoongi knows he can’t even deny it, so he doesn’t. “We talked about that, though. I thought everything was good…”

Jackson, in full psychologist-mode, cocks his head. “Did something happen between then and now? Something to upset him?”

The elder shakes his head. “No. Not that I know of. Jungkook really likes him, and we’ve been trying to not, you know, alienate him. He was even getting closer to Jungkook, as far as I could tell. Everything was fine.”

Namjoon speaks up this time. “He didn’t like… hear you two fucking, did he?” he asks, face
screwing into what Yoongi (offendedly) deciphers as disgust.

But it triggers a memory that he’d suppressed, and he smacks the countertop, causing Rainbow to bark once. “Oh! Shit, he walked in on us, uh, on the couch. We weren’t having sex, but things were, uh… handsy?”

“Handsy?” the other two ask in unison.

Yoongi nods, looking away - he’s not one to broadcast his sexual life, even to two of his closest friends. “Yes, handsy. But, I dunno why that would piss him off.”

“Maybe he likes you-” Jackson starts, but Namjoon smacks him lightly on the ass, silencing him.

“Maybe,” Namjoon says, frowning at Yoongi, “because he paid for that couch.”

Yoongi winces. “Oh, yeah.” Not to mention, he does have his own room, with a door and everything.

Shit.

Something passes between Namjoon and Jackson, but Yoongi pays it no mind; his phone is ringing, and he trips over to the couch, where his bag is, to answer it (he has to push Rainbow off it because she’s using it as a pillow).

“Hey,” he answers, unable to help his smile. “What’s up?”

Jungkook groans, and Yoongi can hear the sound of water running in the background. “I’d love to have lunch with you,” he says, sounding half-asleep, “but Seokjin asked me to babysit. So I’m gonna shower and head over there for the evening.”

“Ahh,” Yoongi pouts, turning away so the others in the room can’t see. “Sucks I won’t see you tonight,” he complains. “But he pays you to watch the kid, doesn’t he?”

“Yeah, and same here,” the other says, his words muffled. “But Jiae goes to sleep early, so I’ll call you later.”

After they hang up, Yoongi stashes his phone, and turns back to the others. “I guess I’m staying for lunch,” he tells them.

“Already made you a plate, hyung.” Namjoon says, pushing said plate across the counter to him. “And some to bring back to Jimin.”

Yoongi smiles, climbing back onto his stool, and digs in.

* * *

The next couple of days are a little weird, for Yoongi, at least. Jungkook ends up babysitting most of the weekend, and Jimin, when he isn’t at work for his shifts at the diner, is asleep, still recovering from his hangover. Yoongi itches to talk to him, to clear the air (he can all but grab fistfuls of tension), but he doesn’t want to end up upsetting his friend while he doesn’t feel good. So he focuses on quick phone calls to Jungkook, the sounds of cartoons in the background, and going through his notes in preparation of upcoming finals. He even calls his parents, even though it’s a bit of a stretch thinking he’d be invited back home for Christmas (he’s right - they don’t even ask when school is out), but they do ask about his music, which is a step up from the last phone call.
In truth, he pities Jimin, a bit; the younger is green every time Yoongi catches a glimpse of him, a bottle of aspirin and a cup of water glued to his hands, so, despite his own impatience, the elder gives him some time.

But come Sunday night, Yoongi corners him on his way back from the shower, and demands they talk.

“Do you remember anything from the other night?” he asks, sitting across from Jimin at the table, where he has pages of lyrics and unfinished assignments laying around.

Jimin, dropping his face into his hands, nods stiffly. “Yeah,” he says, words muffled. “I hoped it wasn’t real. I thought… I thought I imagined kissing Jungkook.”

“You hoped getting shitfaced and kissing Jungkook was just a hallucination?”

“Yeah, I really, really did.”

Yoongi snorts. “Well, it wasn’t. You actually did get shitfaced and kiss him.”

The younger groans, his arms folding on the table. He buries his face in them, and mumbles something that sounds like ‘I’m too sick for this, oh my God’. Yoongi reaches out, poking the other with the end of his pen, until Jimin lifts his head, his eyes sad. “I’m sorry, Yoongi. I’m so, so sorry.”

Yoongi frowns. “It’s okay, Jimin, but… Jungkook said you looked upset, before you, uh, kissed him. What was that about?”

Jimin shakes his head. “I have no idea, to be honest. I remember feeling like shit, but… I dunno, hyung.” He pouts, rubbing harshly at his face. “I guess… I should apologize to Jungkook. Again. God,” he sighs, “I’m such a fucking asshole.”

“Nah,” Yoongi assures him. “He was worried about you, actually. He says you’re a good kisser, too.”

“That doesn’t make me feel better,” the younger drones, rolling his eyes.

“I agreed with him, though. You are a good kisser.”

Jimin’s eyes widen, for a moment, his mouth dropping open. “... no, no, I thought that was a dream...?”

Yoongi shakes his head, giving his friend a sympathetic smile. “Nope. You kissed me, too.”

Jimin makes a sound like a cross between a shrieking whale and a dying cat, cursing profusely; Yoongi winces, feeling for his friend. He must feel bad all over again.

“I’m so sorry,” he finally says, his cheek flat against the table. “Just… leave me here to rot like the shitty friend I am.”

The elder reaches out, patting the other’s exposed cheek with more force than necessary. “Hey, dude, stop that. You fucked up, it was… awkward, but don’t worry. Nobody’s mad, I mean, I was, but shit happens, and it was just a kiss. You didn’t even get naked, this time.”

“I’m never drinking again.”

“Good plan.”
After a while, Jimin sits up, running a hand through his dark roots. “I really am sorry, though, Yoongi,” he says, his tone sincere, his eyes blazing. “I hope... I hope it didn’t, you know, make anything weird with us.”

Yoongi can’t help it - he smiles. “Well, you are a really good kisser, even drunk and half-asleep.” Jimin rolls his eyes, so Yoongi laughs, reaching out to squeeze his arm. “It’s fine, Jimin. It was bound to happen, eventually. We went too long living together for one of us to not get drunk and kiss the other. I do wish you’d kept Jungkook out of it, though, but nothing is weird. As long as it doesn’t, you know, happen again.”

The younger nods, then goes to stand, but he falls back into his chair, chewing his lip. “About Jungkook,” he begins, glancing down. “I... don’t want to hang out with him, anymore.” Yoongi raises his eyebrows, but he doesn’t say anything, waiting on Jimin to continue. “I just... I feel too much like a third wheel around him. He’s a nice dude and all, but I think it’s better if I don’t hangout with the both of you.”

“Jimin-”

“No, hyung,” Jimin cuts him off, smiling weakly. “This isn’t up for discussion. I’m happy that you’re happy, I am. I just need to keep that space.”

“Ohay,” the elder says slowly, not sure he understands. “Sure.”

Jimin smiles, a little bigger, but it doesn’t reach his eyes. He stands, saying something about taking another bath in hopes of feeling better, so Yoongi leaves him to it, letting him walk away.

He doesn’t know why, but it makes him feel sad, knowing that his relationship with Jungkook makes Jimin feel awkward; but he guesses it makes sense, remembering what Jackson had said. And as long as Jimin isn’t an ass to Jungkook, there’s nothing he can really do, aside from respect Jimin’s boundaries, even if he did like it when the three of them hung out. Yoongi knows that it’ll make Jungkook feel bad, too, so he doesn’t think he wants to tell him, at least not yet.

Maybe Jungkook will just understand without Yoongi having to explain it. It already feels too much like he’s choosing Jungkook over Jimin, even though the latter didn’t mention anything about his friendship with Yoongi changing. Even so, Yoongi hopes it’ll all work out, so he promises himself that he’ll be sure to spend more time with Jimin - he doesn’t want his friendship with the other to change, anymore that Jimin does.

He hopes he can make it work.

* * *

“Okay, but how did you manage to repeat the entire fucking paragraph, verbatim?” Yoongi asks, tossing his pizza crust back into the box.

Jimin, his head falling back to thud lightly against Yoongi’s, lets out a sigh. “Did I really?”

“Yes.”

“Well that’s not good. I can’t repeat shit word for word in World Lit, that’s plagiarism.”

The elder snorts. “Just use air quotes, then. Real-time citations.”

Jimin blows air through his mouth, hard, sounding like some sort of horse, and leans forward, the warmth of his back leaving Yoongi’s. They’re on the floor, the coffee table moved to the side, pizza
boxes, beer cans, textbooks and study guides scattered around them in a ritualistic semi-circle. Jimin passes Yoongi a beer over his shoulder, already cracking into his own.

“I’m gonna fail because I remember the information too perfectly,” he groans, taking a moment to chug a few swallows of beer. “Fucking great.”

“You’re not gonna fail,” Yoongi assures him, passing the younger back his notes. He reaches forward, fingertips scrambling for his own notebook, and hands it behind him, to Jimin. “Here, help me go over these definitions.”

The younger hums, his weight settling back against Yoongi, and the elder can hear him softly reading words out loud.

“Okay,” he begins, “what’s a flat-four beat?”

It’s been two weeks since the incident at Namjoon’s show, and so far, Yoongi thinks things are okay. Maybe it’s because of finals coming up, so everyone is mostly focused on them, but Yoongi really hopes he’s managing to balance his time well, too. He’s been picking up some extra shifts in preparation for the holidays, as has Jimin, both of them saving money for various gifts and such; they decided they want to get a real tree, this year, too, and those fuckers are expensive.

So while Yoongi hasn’t had a load of free time, he’s split that free time between Jungkook and Jimin, the best he can. He hasn’t seen Jungkook much, though; the younger has been holed up with Taehyung, studying for finals, just as he and Jimin are now. But they went out last weekend, and had lunch a couple days ago, and things seem to be okay.

Jimin seems okay, too. He tiptoed around Yoongi for a couple of days, but, when Yoongi was coming in from work last week, he had another nightmare - finals and midterms always end up giving him more of them, it seems; must be the extra stress.

But after Yoongi had climbed into bed with him, smoothing down his hair and calming him, and they’d spent the night tangled up, they were back to normal. Yoongi, while he’ll never, ever be grateful for Jimin’s nightmares, can at least find comfort in the familiarity of waking up next to the younger, limbs stiff, body warm where pressed against Jimin’s. The drunk kiss is still there, though, in the back of his mind, and he sometimes finds himself staring at Jimin’s mouth when the younger is talking, too distracted to notice.

It’s frustrating, honestly - Yoongi doesn’t know why he’s suddenly so enraptured by Jimin’s mouth. Sure, it’s a nice trait to look at, and the kiss, while not appropriate, hadn’t been terrible. But the only person Yoongi should be concerned about kissing is Jungkook, and he hasn’t gotten to do a ton of that recently. He’d hoped that he’d get some time to see the younger soon, since classes were out for reading week, but apparently not.

Maybe he’s just missing Jungkook, or maybe he’s horny - it’s a shitty reason, for lusting over his best friend’s mouth, but maybe this is normal when you kiss someone, especially someone attractive, which Jimin is, no matter the circumstances. Yoongi still has to take a psychology course, but he remembers something someone said once, somewhere, that people stay in relationships, even if they aren’t happy, because of the familiarity, the comfort they get from the person they’re with.

Yoongi isn’t sure if it’s the same, but he remembers a girl he had in a few of his freshman classes, they worked on some projects together and hung out a bit; she kept sleeping with the same girl, even though she had no feelings for her, just out of habit, out of convenience. Yoongi would never say his friendship with Jimin is merely out of convenience, but he can’t help but wonder if their closeness, their friendship, and the fact that Yoongi is pretty much one-hundred percent comfortable with the
younger, is what led to the kiss and the thoughts that came (and are still present) afterwards.

Frowning to himself, Yoongi wonders if it makes sense, to be platonically in a relationship with his best friend. Because that’s what it is, isn’t it? He lives with Jimin, he eats, studies, goes out with him - they even sleep together, sometimes. But aside from a little tummy-flipping crush years ago, Yoongi’s never felt anything like that for his friend.

It’s nothing like he feels for Jungkook; with him, it’s like he’s burning up and freezing at the same time, on a flaming raft in the middle of the Arctic Ocean. He’s never felt the need to touch Jimin, or kiss him, never felt the need to hold his hand, or take him out to dinner. Granted, they have passed out cuddled on the couch before, and they make dinner for each other occasionally. Yoongi isn’t against wrapping his arm around Jimin when he senses the younger needs a little comfort, and he’s never been shy about building up his friend’s confidence when he’s having a bad day. He loves Jimin, loves him to bits, but he’s never felt that rush of desire he feels whenever he’s with Jungkook.

Still sitting on the floor, Yoongi turns his gaze to Jimin, who’s currently tossing himself to lay on the couch, mumbling something about ‘fuck higher education’. Jimin’s blond hair needs a touch up, but he mentioned something about going back dark for the new year, so Yoongi tries to imagine it. When he first met Jimin, his hair had been fading from red, a soft, almost pink color; it had looked amazing on him, like every other color it’s been since - blond, orange, lilac.

Yoongi’s curious, now; he wonders how Jimin feels about their relationship, for what it is below the surface, if it’s anything else at all. Jackson’s words echo in his brain, making him question everything; “it’s been you and Jimin for so long, nobody serious has ever come into the picture.” Have the two of them been accidentally restraining each other from real relationships, because they have the emotional comfort they need from one another? Yoongi’s never felt lonely, even after a date goes bad, or a month-long fling ends, because he’s always had Jimin, waiting for him at home, smiling and eager to pull out the beer and Halo, to stay up late talking about bullshit until Yoongi forgets everything else.

Yoongi wonders, with a slight pang of something like panic, if Jungkook had picked up on it. He really hopes not, because it isn’t like that, and it never has been; this, Yoongi is sure of.

At least, he’s almost sure.

Maybe he’s a little too beer-drunk to be thinking about this right now - or maybe he just needs a nap, because it feels like a week since he last slept.

With the intention of asking Jimin what he thinks, if he can manage to find the words, Yoongi scoots back, until his back is against the sofa, and he leans his head back against the cushion near Jimin’s hip.

But before he can speak, or even form the question, he feels fingers in his hair, and Jimin clears his throat; so he waits.

“Hyung,” the younger eventually murmurs. “How’s Jungkook?”

Yoongi was totally not expecting that. “Uh,” he stutters, his eyes fluttering as Jimin’s nails scrape gently against his scalp. “He’s good. He’s busy with finals, too. Why?”

He can feel Jimin’s arm shift as he shrugs. “No reason.”

“’Kay,” the elder mumbles, submitting to the feel of Jimin’s fingers. His eyes close completely, and his breath escapes his chest in a soft huff. “I need a nap.”
“Me, too,” Jimin sighs back. “Screw reading week, we need napping week.”

After a few giggles, they fall silent. Yoongi didn’t drink a lot, but he drank enough, and the beer mingling with the subconscious-deep tiredness he’s feeling has him drowsing, hovering somewhere between sleep and remembering he has to pee. His earlier thoughts are still floating around behind his eyes, not quite close enough to his throat to bother speaking them aloud; not to mention, he’s not even sure how to bring up the conversation. He can’t just candidly ask, _hey, do you think you’re jealous of Jungkook because we’re in a pseudo-relationship?_ He doesn’t want to be insensitive, in the first place, and part of him doesn’t want to ruin the normalcy they’ve managed to find again.

Though, thinking about it now, he could ask if Jimin has met anyone recently, segue it into that route. He could even ask if Jimin has any lingering impressions of Taehyung, use that as an excuse to comment that Jimin hasn’t gotten laid in a while, that it wouldn’t hurt if he called the other. Yoongi could get the other’s number from Jungkook, it wouldn’t be a problem.

Yoongi bites back a sigh, scrunching his nose. It’s too much, he thinks, to pry like that. Even if he has good intentions, he can’t just expect Jimin to be okay with him trying to con him into exposing the complications that may stem from their relationship.

The truth is, Yoongi doesn’t want their relationship to change, and he can admit that. What he can’t seem to admit is why he doesn’t want things to change, and that’s what has him confused. The kiss aside, Jungkook aside, Yoongi doesn’t want to lose the comfort he finds in Jimin, the home they have together. And he can’t admit why, because it’s selfish, to expect Jimin to stick by him no matter the changes in their lives, no matter the pain or the discomfort.

Yoongi also can’t bring himself to admit that the kiss wasn’t as awkward as he’d first thought it to be, as awkward as he’d led Jimin to believe it had been. He doesn’t feel weird about it, though he knows he should. The drunk part, Yoongi definitely feels weird about _that_ part - Jimin hadn’t been in his right mind, and he’d been so mortified - but the fact that he’d kissed Jimin, in general, sits fine with him. It’s just Jimin, after all, not a stranger, not one of his other friends.

It’s just Jimin - Yoongi’s best friend, his roommate, the guy who knows (almost) all of his secrets, his habits, what he loves and what he hates. Jimin hasn’t been his friend for a long time, in the grand scheme of things, but Yoongi feels like he’s always been there, somehow.

“Hyung,” Jimin suddenly says, jerking Yoongi out of his own mind, nearly causing him to pee himself.

“Yeah?” the elder grunts, willing his heart to calm.

Jimin pauses before he speaks. “You two are okay, right? You and Jungkook? After… after what happened?”

“We’re okay, yeah. I told you not to worry.”

The younger makes a small sound of something like approval, and it’s then that Yoongi realizes Jimin has stopped touching his hair. “I’m glad,” he mumbles. “Be happy, hyung.”

Turning his head, Yoongi sees that Jimin has rolled onto his side, his cheek pressed against the back of his hand, and is pretty much completely asleep. His blond hair falls into his closed eyes, and his lips are a little chapped from stress, from the chilly, dry air they’ve had. Yoongi’s first thought is to take the blanket from the back of the couch and cover the younger up, then take his own tired ass to bed.
But if Jimin wakes up on the couch, stiff and sore, he’s going to come for Yoongi’s tired ass.

So, groaning more than necessary just for the hell of it, Yoongi gets to his feet, kicking a throw pillow towards the TV.

“Hey, c’mon,” he says, tugging on Jimin’s arm. “To the bed, Jimin. Let’s go.”

Jimin’s face scrunches up, and he whines, lazily swinging his leg out towards the elder, but Yoongi uses this to his advantage, hooking his own leg around it to prevent him from being comfortable. “C’mon,” he repeats.

He has to all but drag him, but Yoongi gets Jimin onto his feet, and across the living room to his own room. After almost meeting his death when he trips on a pair of jeans just lying on the floor, he finally dumps Jimin against his mattress, and snorts, watching the younger curl up against the cold, frowning in his sleep.

While Jimin gets comfortable, Yoongi tosses the comforter over him, and moves to pick up the jeans he’d tripped over. He carefully folds them, barely managing to catch Jimin’s phone before it hits the floor, as it falls from the pocket. Yoongi plugs it into the wall charger, and sets it on Jimin’s nightstand, but as he turns to leave, Jimin jerks, a small sound slipping through his lips.

It’s not a nightmare, though, thankfully - just a spaz. Yoongi waits a moment, making sure it passes. He doesn’t think Jimin can take another nightmare, not so soon; Jimin never talks about them, never even acknowledges them, but the affect they have on him are always evident. He’s crabbier, more tired than he would be, and with finals coming up, Jimin’s tired and cranky enough without the added stress.

When his heart finally relaxes, Yoongi leaves the room, and cleans up the majority of their mess. The trash and the beer cans he gets rid of, but he just stacks their notes and books on the coffee table, not bothering to discern between what’s his and what’s Jimin’s - they’ll be back at it tomorrow, anyway, so there’s no need to actually put it away. After turning off the lights, he retreats to his own room, finally, and immediately crawls into bed, curling onto his side and tugging the blankets up to his chin.

And as exhausted as he is, as brain-dead and overworked as he feels, he can’t sleep.

He checks his phone, after a while; it’s just after midnight, and he has a text from Jungkook from an hour before.


Yoongi laughs, reading the message with one eye, and frees his other hand from the warmth of the blanket, so he can respond. Unsurprisingly, Jungkook texts back within a few minutes.

[12:13AM] me: I hate all things college

[12:17AM] jungkookie: Tae locked himself in my bathroom

[12:17AM] jungkookie: he’s taking dick pics

[12:18AM] jungkookie: I hate him too
[12:20AM] me: I had to carry Jimin to bed lol Friends suck

[12:21AM] me: you have any free time tomorrow? I miss you :( 

[12:22AM] jungkookie: i have to work on a research paper in the morning

[12:22AM] jungkookie: then i have to go to an extra credit seminar but i should be free at 1

[12:23AM] jungkookie: how is Jimin, by the way? Haven’t seen him :c

Yoongi pauses, his thumbs hovering over his phone’s keyboard. Part of him wants to tell Jungkook what he’s been thinking all evening (all week, really), but he doesn’t want to do it over text, if at all. What good, really, would sharing his thoughts with Jungkook do? Though, he wonders if the younger could give him insight, a fresh perspective on the issue.

Then a thought hits him.

[12:30AM] me: he’s panicking over an oral in lit but he’s okay. Can i ask you something?

[12:31AM] jungkookie: sure sure

[12:34AM] me: what did you think—how did it make you feel—was it weird when i told you Jimin kissed me too?

[12:42AM] jungkookie: kinda… i was still worried about him kissing me to really think about it though

[12:43AM] jungkookie: why?

[12:44AM] me: we never talked about it so i thought we should

[12:45AM] jungkookie: yeah i guess so. You two ok?

[12:46AM] jungkookie: it had to have been really weird for him you know. I hope he doesn’t feel bad.

[12:47AM] me: idk, he hasn’t said anything, and he’s acting fine so I think he’s ok

[12:48AM] jungkookie: good c:

[12:48AM] me: i’m just worried that you might think something is going on with me and him

[12:49AM] me: or has gone on

[12:51AM] jungkookie: ….. Is there something going on? Lol

[12:52AM] me: lol no

[1:01AM] jungkookie: lolol good ^^ also tae’s out of the bathroom, wants me to tell u to tell Jimin hi for him

[1:02AM] jungkookie: also Taehyung has the most beautiful dick, I’m so jealous, I wish it were mine
[1:05AM] jungkookie: omg pls ignore that
[1:05AM] jungkookie: also i know this is sudden but do you have any good ideas where to hide a body?
[1:07AM] me: lmao no but if you give me his number i can send him pictures of my balls
[1:10AM] jungkookie: omfg i laughed so hard i almost died
[1:11AM] jungkookie: please do it
[1:12AM] jungkookie: i’ll kiss u if u do

After another half hour of using Google images to search for balls, and sending them to the number Jungkook sends (the only replies he receives are sad-faced emojis, but Yoongi saves the number anyway), almost laughing himself to death, they say their good nights, and Yoongi rolls back over smiling to himself. But just a few moments later, his eyes open, and he stares at his computer monitors, his thoughts forbidding him from sleep.

He’s glad, on one hand, that his friendship with Jimin doesn’t seem like anything else to Jungkook, but on the other hand, he’s still worried that, in one form or another, that the two will no doubt clash again in the future. It’s enough to have Yoongi sighing, and sitting up in bed, because lying down when his mind is racing makes him dizzy.

He knows that neither of them would ever make him choose, and Yoongi would rather jump off the apartment building than have to choose on his own - his budding relationship, or his best friend. Disregarding how they met, Yoongi genuinely cares about Jungkook - he’s crazy for him, goes mentally bonkers any time Jungkook is with him, or on his mind, or at any time, really. But he cares about Jimin, too, more than he cares about himself, and hurting him or their friendship would kill him.

He still has time, he thinks, before he really needs to worry. With reading week and finals, everyone should stay pretty busy. But once break hits, and the holidays are over, when things go back on schedule, he might find himself being pulled in two different directions, between the man he’s seeing, and the man he’s closer with than anyone else in the world.

It sucks. It really, really fucking sucks. If Jungkook decides that dating someone with a best friend who can’t be around him is hard, whether for his own sake or Yoongi’s, or if Jimin can’t control his jealousy, can’t give Yoongi the space he needs to be with Jungkook, shit’s going to go down, and Yoongi isn’t sure what he can do about it. He has no clue, and this, in itself, freaks him out. Dealing with individual incidents, like before, with patience and communication, can only work for so long, before tensions get too high and everyone involved reaches a breaking point.

Yoongi feels, for the first time in a long time, helpless - and it terrifies him.

Without sparing a thought, because at this point, he’s thought too damn much, Yoongi leaves the comfort of his bed, pads his way through the apartment, and slips back into Jimin’s room. The younger is snoring, just slightly, a small, whistling sound. Before he can actually stop to think, Yoongi pulls back the corner of the blanket, and slips beneath it, settling himself back to back with Jimin.

The younger is warm, and solid, and before Yoongi can even close his eyes, Jimin is rolling over, his arm coming around Yoongi, his leg squeezing its way between his own; Jimin is still asleep, acting
out of instinct, but it’s comforting nonetheless. In the morning, Yoongi will have to deal with the
guilt of seeking Jimin out for no other reason than for this, this cuddling, and he’ll have to meet
Jungkook for lunch and pretend it’d never happened. It would be different, if Jimin were half-asleep
and terrified after a nightmare, but this, this is pure selfishness, a need to hope that nothing will
change. Yoongi just wants to know, for now, that he can have his relationship with Jungkook, and
this closeness with Jimin, both at once, without sacrifice.

He doesn’t know what’s going to happen, but he’s going to make sure Jimin and Jungkook come out
as unscathed as possible - if he hurts them, he’d never forgive himself.

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It’s the sound of his alarm that tugs him out of sleep, but it’s the fact that Yoongi starts groaning in
his ear that officially wakes Jimin up - groaning himself, he reaches over the other, smacking his
hand around until he stops, or snoozes, the alarm, whatever makes the damn thing stop screeching.
Then he lays back against his pillow, glaring blurrily over at Yoongi, who’s busy snuggling back
into his own pillow like nothing ever happened.

Jimin frowns, because one, he had too much beer last night and his bladder feels like it’s about to
explode, and two, he has no idea why the hell Yoongi is in his bed. He didn’t have a nightmare, he
knows this because he always, always remembers - but he doesn’t remember having one, and he
doesn’t remember Yoongi getting in his bed sometime between falling asleep and waking up.

It’s weird, beyond weird, but maybe Jimin had just been too tired to remember. So without another
thought, he gently shimmies down to the foot of the bed, careful not to wake Yoongi again, grabs his
phone, and heads from the room.

It’s just after five AM, and after he’s relieved his bladder (before it explodes and he actually dies), he
washes his face and drinks a glass of water, attempting to get blood flowing and wake up a little bit
more. Still confused, but too tired to give it anymore thought, he sneaks around his room in the semi-
darkness, pulling on thick cotton pants, an oversized hoodie, and thick socks. He grabs a scarf and
his keys on the way out, leaving Yoongi in his bed, and slips from the apartment.

His morning runs are hell in the winter, regardless of the weather - at least in the dead of summer, the
mornings are cooler, with no sun to beat him into a sweaty pile of submission. But his runs make him
able to eat whatever the fuck he wants, when he wants, without gaining too much weight, so he
keeps them up, five days a week, rain, shine, or snow, no matter what. The only time he doesn’t run
is when he’s sick to the nth degree, and Yoongi forces him to stay in bed, with lots of liquids and,
depending on how bad it is, homemade soup. On those days, Jimin can convince himself not to feel
guilty, but any other day, if he isn’t out running at five forty-five, the rest of his day just feels off.

And even while he has to cover his face, keep his head ducked down and his hands curled into fists,
Jimin enjoys it. He enjoys the tranquility of their collegiate neighborhood, the empty haziness of the
campus before dawn. The only people out and about are runners like himself, or just early birds
heading to breakfast or work, or, as he’s seen, frat boys drunk on enough liquor to last them a
lifetime just starting to head home.

He sticks to the sidewalks, not wanting the icy dew to sink into his shoes, and makes his way around
the block, then down the four blocks to campus, through the park on the east side, near the fine arts
departments. He circles the library, and heads for the clocktower, his breath manifesting into fog in
front of his face.

By the time he passes the clock tower and changes directions, towards the administration buildings, Jimin is awake enough for his mind to start spinning as if it’s trying to outrun him. And just like the past week, he can only think about one thing.

He kissed Yoongi.

Jungkook, too, but the younger isn’t his best friend, his roommate, or the man he’s been in love with for years, so that particular dose of horror stays on the back burner, for now. He’ll probably think about it during his shower, after his mind has run out of ways to berate himself for fucking kissing Yoongi, but for now, it remains a second thought.

By the time he reaches the edge of campus, where there’s a courtyard nestled into the side of a building, overlooking the city and the river, Jimin is shaking as he heaves for air. The more he thinks about Yoongi, the harder he runs, and he needs a break - it’s too early for hardcore cardio.

He’s managed, somehow, to convince Yoongi that everything is okay, back to normal, like nothing ever happened. It’s partially due to finals coming up, Jimin knows, but he credits himself with staying cool, not being clingy or mopey around the elder. On his own, like this, Jimin can scowl and sigh all he wants, pissed at himself for kissing Yoongi, even more pissed about doing while drunk, even more pissed that it was the same night he kissed Jungkook - part of him is even annoyed that he doesn’t really remember; there’s just a hazy sensation of lips that lingers, and he wishes, sort of, that he at least remembered his fuck up clearly.

But he’s managed to avoid showing these feelings to Yoongi, managed to avoid Jungkook, and he’s even managed to convince himself that giving Yoongi’s relationship space is the best thing to do. He feels bad, though, because he hasn’t gotten the chance to apologize to Jungkook, because of said avoidance, but, if he’s honest with himself, he’ll take the guilt over having to face the younger. He knows why the kiss happened, though he hadn’t shared that with Yoongi, and the truth is, he misses Jungkook. Even while being around the others, being together and cute and smitten, was painful, Jimin can’t help but like Jungkook - he’s cute, he’s funny; he’s sweet as hell and hotter than sin, and Jimin, weak for Jungkook anyway, doesn’t want to get sucked into that.

Because, though it’s blurred by too many shots and a pounding hangover, Jimin can swear he remembers Jungkook kissing him back. Maybe he’s imagining it, which is possible, because it had happened so fast, before Jimin really realized what he was doing; but just in case, the situation is too dangerous already, without the addition of Jungkook possibly having returned his kiss.

He sits down, resting his feet and catching his breath, cursing softly. Jimin’s pissed at himself, honestly, and he’s pissed at Yoongi and Jungkook - but mainly himself. He put himself in this position, keeps putting himself here, through his actions. Over and over, he screws himself, and over and over, he puts his friendship with Yoongi in jeopardy; if the way Jimin woke up to find Yoongi in his bed is any indication, the elder is starting to sense that something is off, and Jimin hates himself for it.

If he’d been honest in the beginning, when Yoongi moved in, things might be different. If he’d been honest, when he realized that Yoongi, too, was watching Jungkook’s shows, things might be different. If he’d been honest, when Yoongi brought Jungkook home, things might be different.

Things would be severely different, Jimin knows - the consequences could range anywhere from his friendship with the elder not existing, to him and Yoongi possibly being together, to the two of them having never met Jungkook. Jimin used to think about it, actually, or fantasize, rather, about bursting into Yoongi’s room during Jungkook’s show, offering the help get the elder off. All of his imagines
had happy endings, but now, after everything he’s screwed up, Jimin doesn’t think a happy ending is possible - at least not for all involved.

This is where his main motive for distancing himself stems from; aside from the guilt, the embarrassment, Jimin thinks it’s best if he just backs away slowly, careful not to startle Yoongi and Jungkook, until he’s removed himself from the situation completely.

He doesn’t want to, God, he doesn’t want to - he loves Yoongi, loves what they have, loves the way they fit. But Yoongi’s happiness, and Jungkook’s, because he deserves it, too, means too much to him to just ruin, like he knows he will. Being jealous and getting upset isn’t going to do anything but make Yoongi angry, make Jungkook feel guilty when he shouldn’t, and fill Jimin with resentment. No matter the state or the strength of their friendship, Jimin knows it’s only that - they’re friends, and that’s all they should be.

“Goddamnit,” he mutters, brushing his bangs from his eyes. He feels like crying, not for the first time this week, but he holds it back, swallowing hard. If he cries now, he’ll just turn into an icicle, so he pushes the sadness away, steeling himself for the run back home.

But before he can stand, his phone dings in his pocket. Unlocking the screen with numb fingers, Jimin smiles, despite the shitty feeling mixing inside his gut.


Maybe everything kind of sucks right now, but at least Jimin has Namjoon.

A little after seven, after he’s gone home, showered, and sparingly used the hair dryer on his wet head, Jimin is stepping into the warmth of the diner he works at, wiping his feet on the mat.

“Oh, Jiminie is here! Does this mean I can go home?”

Jimin rolls his eyes at Taemin, scoffing. He’s known the elder for a couple of years, met him at a dance camp - he actually got Jimin his job working at this diner, last year. “Only if you plan on coming in bright and early for me on Saturday morning.”

Taemin wrinkles his nose in mock disgust, and makes a sound. “Nah, I’m good. Your friend is in the corner booth.”

“Thanks, hyung.”

Namjoon looks like he’s just rolled out of bed, but, considering he looks like this nine times out of ten, there’s no real telling. But he does look a little sad, sipping his coffee, and that’s different.

“What’s up, hyung? Coffee bad?”

The elder shakes his head, then shrugs, a sigh slipping through his lips. He runs a hand through his hair, which is more purple than it was before, and pouts. “I had to say bye to Jackson again.”

Jimin frowns, humming. “Ah. You asked him to come with you, again, didn’t you?”

“I can’t not ask him. It’s so hard to be away from him for so long, especially when I only get to see
him for barely two weeks between tours.” Namjoon pauses as Taemin comes over with a coffee for Jimin, his smile sympathetic; when he’s gone, the elder continues, his eyes lighting up despite his own sadness. “He told me he was proud of me, though… he’s never said that, before. He even said he’d come visit me, wherever we are, for his birthday.”

Nearly burning his tongue on his coffee, Jimin smiles, swallowing quickly. “That’s good! That’s… amazing, actually. He’s never visited you on tour, has he?”

“Nope,” the elder says, shaking his head; at least he’s smiling now. “The only thing is… I told him you’d watch Rainbow while he’s gone.”

At this, Jimin does burn his tongue, snorting hard enough to hurt as he laughs. “Hyung,” he gasps. “His birthday isn’t until… March? That’s months away.”

“I know, but I didn’t want him to have anything to worry about.” Namjoon pauses, while Jimin, still chuckling, attempts to take another sip of his coffee. But once he’s done, dropping his mug back to the tabletop with a soft thud, he takes a deep breath. “Jiminie… do you want to talk about what happened?”

Jimin’s outward reaction is instantaneous; he deflates, his shoulders sagging, while his fingers trembled around his warm mug. He feels the twisting in his gut, the guilt, the shame, the inappropriate thrill. “No,” he finally says, “I don’t want to talk about it.”

“Well, I do,” Namjoon replies, leaning forward, his eyes big, full of genuine concern. “You can’t keep running from it, Jimin. You just can’t. Consequences be damned, but you’re going to explode if you keep it inside like you’re doing, and it’s just going to make things worse.”

The younger scoffs, shaking his head. “Consequences be damned? Joon, I could lose him-”

“You don’t know that, and losing him wouldn’t be nearly as bad as losing yourself, which is exactly what’s going to happen if you keep hiding from this, pretending it doesn’t exist, or trying to shove it in the back of the closet like some twice-taped box of junk that you don’t know what to do with, but can’t give or throw away.” He pauses, taking a deep breath. “Yoongi would understand, Jimin. He loves you, you know he does. He won’t hate you for this.”

Jimin just shakes his head, willing himself not to cry - not again. So he doesn’t speak, knowing that words will only bring the tears. Luckily for him, Namjoon isn’t done.

“It’s gone too far, babe. It’s hurting you too much. I don’t… I don’t want to, but I think…I think I might have to tell him, if you don’t-”

“No!”

Jimin doesn’t mean to shout, or maybe he does, but he quickly adjusts his tone, aware that there are other early-birds nearby; not to mention, Taemin glances up from his spot at the hosts’ counter, his cherubic face pinched into a frown, and that particular conversation is not one Jimin wants to have this weekend.

“Namjoon, please,” Jimin begs, “I have a plan, I swear. I don’t like feeling like this, you know that, right? Just… let me handle it. Please.”

He thinks, for a moment, that Namjoon will decline, resist his pleas, and leave the diner this very moment to go out him. But the elder only looks at him, dark eyes searching his face, full-lips pressed together while he thinks. Finally, after an eternity, in which Jimin is ready to tackle him to the ground if he makes a run for it, Namjoon nods, sighing deeply.
“Fine,” he groans, running a hand through his violet hair. “I’ll trust you, for now. But I will tell him, if you don’t get this sorted out.”

Letting out a relieved sigh of his own, his heart attempting to stutter back to a normal pace, Jimin forces a smile. “Thank you. Now,” he reaches for the menu tucked behind the condiments basket. “You said something about breakfast?”

There’s the span of a handful of moments where Jimin thinks Namjoon may not let it go; but he does, then proceeds to order enough food that Jimin’s employee discount basically becomes useless.

Each minute filled with different conversation has the tightness in Jimin’s chest subsiding, has him relaxing enough to enjoy his pancakes. They talk about Namjoon’s new songs, the new album, and what cities they’ll be in the first few weeks of this new tour.

“We might even go overseas,” the elder says around a mouthful of eggs, before taking a sip of coffee to wash them down. “We actually have fans outside of the country, it’s insane.”

Namjoon also fills Jimin in on a little bit of band-drama. Apparently, the guitarist and his girlfriend broke up, which isn’t that profound, considering Jimin knows the guitarist is a bit of a womanizer, on a good day. What is surprising, however, is that she broke up with him, not because he was seeing other women, but because she wanted to, instead, date their drummer.

“Oh, shit,” Jimin laughs. “What the hell?”

“Right?” Namjoon chuckles. “Never happened before, but I mean, I guess it was bound to.”

Namjoon’s drummer turned her down, of course, more or less not because of her flakiness when it comes to relationships, but more likely because of the previous relationship with the guitarist; it’s not necessarily a happy story (especially not for the ex, who ended her relationship just to be turned down), but it still makes Jimin smile to know that there are, despite the bullshit, good people in the world, genuine and respectful. It makes him even happier to know that they’re the people in Namjoon’s life twenty-four-seven.

They chat as long as they can, trying to squeeze in as much time together as possible, but in no time at all, Namjoon has to head to the bus station. He’s meeting everyone at the airport, and they’re flying down south, starting their tour on the coast. And just like Jimin expected him to, Namjoon gives him one last warning, as they stand in the frigid air, he bus ambling down the street towards them.

“Just take care of yourself, Jiminie,” he says, giving Jimin a small smile. “Love is worth the world, but so are you.”

Leave it to Namjoon to almost make him cry.

Swallowing down the emotion, Jimin nods, walking into the elder’s embrace. “I know. Thanks, hyung.”

Namjoon hugs him tight, and drops a kiss on his forehead as the bus squeaks to a stop next to them. “Call me, if you need anything, and if you need to get away for a while, I’ve already told Jackson to expect you.”

“I’ll be okay,” Jimin assures the elder, pushing him towards the door. “Go rock the world, Joon. I’ll see you soon.”

He waits until Namjoon has stepped onto the bus, backpack thrown over his shoulder, and he waits
until the bus has pulled away from the curb, wheels groaning, before he lets his smile fade. He isn’t sad anymore, not really, but he’s still filled with dread in the face of what’s to come. With Namjoon gone, Jimin is a little more alone in the world, and he’ll miss the elder, as he always does. But somehow, knowing Namjoon is worried and concerned, knowing he’s got Jimin’s back with everything going on gives Jimin a little bit more strength to handle himself and the situation. And, despite that he’s really, really hoping that it won’t come down to it, he’s relieved to know that he has a sanctuary at Jackson’s apartment; he sees Jackson every now and again, sometimes on campus when he’s in class (he’s a TA), or when he comes into the diner with friends. But he doesn’t spend as much time with his friend as he should, and, though it’s a little shitty, he’ll have an excuse to get out of the house and away from Yoongi when he can’t use finals as an excuse.

If he can survive the storm raging in his own chest long enough to make it through finals, at least.

Checking the time on his phone, Jimin steps through the doors to the library, stomping the sleet from his sneakers and rubbing the cold from his nose. It doesn’t take long for the warmth to seep through his layers; it’s like the library is Hell (they do say it’s haunted), because they always have the heat cranked up in this place in an attempt to be the hottest place on campus. To his credit, Jimin doesn’t believe the old building is haunted, like the majority of the student body; for one, the building is old, as in, ancient - it used to house not only the sole library on campus, but also classes, offices, and even a mini-cafeteria. Now, the five-floor building is only a library, filled with tens of thousands of volumes, ten computer labs, several dozen reading rooms, and even a cafe on the first floor.

For two, people always seem to assume that just because the building has cold spots, that the lights flicker sometimes, and that doors shut on their own occasionally, just screams ghosts. But Jimin has seen Ghost Hunters, he knows the truth - he knows that sometimes these old buildings have trouble with insulation, no matter how much renovation is done, and he knows that they leak, causing the wires to have fits when it storms. Even the slamming doors can be explained one way or another - one door in the hall opens, another is tugged closed by the suction of air, and being heavy and mostly solid wood, the sound bounces through the corridors and sends students running for one of the newer, smaller libraries.

He heads for one of the reading rooms on the second floor (it’s cooler up there, the heat can’t seem to rise fast enough - this, or someone was murdered up there); he’s counting down the hours until his slot at the studio opens, so he’s come to the library to work on a last minute paper his ethics teacher gave them in place of taking their final. All he has to do is pick a topic and have four-thousand words written and cited by the end of next week, and he’s set to pass.

Except, despite his vehement denial that the library on old campus is definitely not haunted, Jimin can’t help but feel like someone’s watching him, as he climbs the stairs that rise from the center of circulation. It could be anyone, considering the center of the building is open and unhindered by walls, going up several floors with only glass and wood rails that allow students to look across the building itself.

But the eyes that Jimin can feel on his person send dread pricking at his skin, makes him subtly glance around him for any see-through people or shadowy apparitions. It isn’t until he turns at the top of the stairs to the second floor, that he hears the strained whisper and almost pees himself.

“Hyung! Jiminie-hyung!”

It’s Jung-Fucking-Kook.

Jimin suddenly wishes he had peed himself; at least it’d give him an excuse to avoid the other, now
waving at him across the way. With his stomach flip-flopping against his ribs, Jimin makes his way over, stuffing his hands into the pocket of his hoodie.

Jungkook is settled into one of the cozier sitting areas of the library - there’s a couple of couches, a handful of low wooden chairs covered in plush cushions, and two coffee tables - it seems he has it all to himself, his textbooks and notes taking over an entire table. This close to finals, Jimin assumed the library would be packed, but this isn’t the case; either Jungkook is alone in preferring the open to the reading rooms, or the library’s reputation keeps people away. Either way, as Jimin walks over and quietly greets the younger, they’re the only two around.

“Hey,” Jimin says, standing awkwardly to the side, forcing himself to meet Jungkook’s eyes - it’s pretty much a mistake to the highest degree; because Jungkook looks good, as always, in that effortless way he has, and Jimin doesn’t deserve that brilliant, toothy smile that the younger is giving him.

Jungkook’s black hair looks like it was rinsed in the highest quality conditioner, then slept on, resulting in a smooth, wild mess that gleams in the weak sunlight refracting through the windows. He’s drowning in the sweater he’s wearing, too, the baggy, soft, dark blue wool hanging from his frame as he stands to scoot over and make room for Jimin. The elder is too busy taking in the way the wide turtle-neck frames Jungkook’s sharp jaw, and the way the sleeves have to be shoved up over Jungkook’s slender hands; the material falls to his mid-thigh, just above the sliver of bare skin peeking through his distressed jeans, and Jimin hates the way he wants to swoon.

He’s so preoccupied that he doesn’t notice that Jungkook is moving, making space for him, before it’s too late.

“Here, sit,” Jungkook offers, gently plopping himself back down onto the couch.

Freezing, Jimin opens his mouth, scrambling for some excuse. “Oh- I-”

But Jungkook frowns, and actually pouts, looking at Jimin with big, bright eyes, though the elder doubts that he realizes what he’s doing. “It’s been awhile since I’ve seen you though, hyung, and I need to take a break from math before I jump out this window.”

It’s a bad idea, a bad, bad idea. Jimin should say that he’s meeting someone, that he has something due in an hour, anything to keep himself from sitting down and getting sucked into the phenomenon that is Jungkook. No, what he should do is tell Jungkook the truth, tell him all of it, apologize for kissing him and apologize for all but throwing himself at the younger.

Any of this would be a good idea; maybe not the right thing to do, but probably the safe thing to do. But Jimin’s mind goes blank, and he suddenly cannot fathom walking away and leaving Jungkook sitting alone. Looking closely, underneath the bed head and the cozy sweater, Jimin can see that Jungkook’s eyes are a little dark, his bottom lip a little chapped where he’s been chewing on it while he studies. Jimin remembers that Jungkook had been the one to reach out, before, the one trying to be his friend, while he was too busy channelling his shock and jealousy into being an ass. He remembers Jungkook always being aware that something was off, but not blindly judging him for his actions - instead, he’d been patient, gentle and understanding.

Jimin sits.

Jungkook smiles, reaching for his water bottle, and Jimin, praying to keep the conversation away from anything to do with himself, kissing, or Yoongi, gestures towards Jungkook’s notes. “You said math? Which class?”
The younger wrinkles his nose. “Calc and trig,” he hisses, tipping his head back to take another sip. “And before you say it, yes, I took two fucking math courses this semester.”

“.... okay, but why, though?” Jungkook, Jimin thinks, is insane.

“I took both in high school, they seemed easy, then,” he sighs, regret evident on his face. “I knew, but I didn’t know-know, that college level would be... this much harder, you know?”

“Yeah, they give you false hope with ‘you can do it!’’s and test scores. Then you get here, and it’s like what they taught you in high school isn’t even the same fucking language.”

“Exactly!” Jungkook falls back against the cushions, rubbing at his eyes. “Anyway, trig is okay, but I’m probably going to have to retake calculus... hopefully only once. Tae was supposed to help me, and yeah, he’s math-smart on a level that’s scary, but he’s not the best at explaining.”

Jimin’s first instinct is to offer his own help - he tutored last year, and had gotten a ton of inquiries about doing it this time around, too, so he assumes he did a good job; he just hadn’t had the time. But he doesn’t offer. Instead, he nods, glancing over Jungkook’s notes.

“Yeah, calculus is brutal, especially when you have five-thousand other things you have to focus on.”

Jungkook, still reclining back, turns his head, and offers Jimin a smile. “I’m glad you get it, hyung.” Then he sits up a little straighter, glancing at Jimin’s bag. “And what brings you to campus during reading week? Math, literature, or science?”

Jimin can’t help but laugh. “Ethics, actually.”

“Oh, fuck that.” Jungkook looks like he’s been punched in the gut. “I was going to take an ethics course next semester, but after looking at the student reviews, I don’t think I want any of that.”

The elder is in full agreeance, but too bad life isn’t about what one wants. “I should have gotten it out of the way my freshman year, but I didn’t,” Jimin sighs, settling into the cushions a little deeper. “My teacher said we could write a paper in place of taking the exam, so I’m taking the easy road. Not that I like, have tons of time to write a paper right now, but I’ll make it work.”

“We’re all gonna die,” Jungkook says ominously, and Jimin snorts out a laugh.

They’re silent for a few moments, both of them drowning in their relative regret of their life choices. Jimin’s freshman year had been spent doing a little too much partying with Namjoon and nights spent out too late at bars and clubs around the city (and sometimes not in the city). He’d only taken a couple of core classes, some extra dance courses, and a bullshit-computer applications class for an easy credit.

He should have gotten ethics out of the way, so he passes this on to the younger.

“Yeah,” Jungkook agrees, smiling sleepily. “I’ll sign up for it, but I’m not going to promise that I’ll stay in the class.”

Jimin relaxes a little bit, confident that the conversation won’t make a sharp turn into Shit Park Jimin Is Trying To Ignore. He realizes, after thinking about his own freshman year, that aside from school and shows, he has no idea what Jungkook actually does - as in, what he does on the weekends, or in his free time, when he isn’t on dates with Yoongi or in class.

“Oh yeah,” Jungkook suddenly says, flailing for this phone. He swipes a few times, and holds it up
for Jimin to see. “I downloaded all of the Monster Studios songs! I can’t believe I’ve never heard of
them before, well, I don’t think I have."

“You really like them, huh?” Jimin asks, chuckling. He’s torn between feeling proud to be
Namjoon’s friend, and between finding Jungkook’s fanboying cute as hell.

The other nods, eyes on his phone. “I really do. I’m really glad I got to see them perform, too, I
should do that more often."

“More often?”

“Yeah,” Jungkook pauses, jerking his hand as if he’s trying to come up with the words. “Go out?
Well, not just go out, but go to shows and performances and stuff. I used to sneak out a lot in high
school with my friend Hoseok, but since I started uni, I haven’t really done anything like that. I have
all the freedom now and I don’t even use it.” He laughs at this, looking up at meet Jimin’s eyes.
“Thanks for inviting me, by the way. I know the night wasn’t… what any of us had planned, but it
was still fun.”

Red Alert.

Jimin nods, forcing himself not to panic. “I’m glad you had fun,” he says, taking the coward’s way
out. If he doesn’t mention the kiss, maybe Jungkook won’t either, and he can only hope the
conversation moves on - he decides to give it a push. “Namjoon will be back in town in a few
months, but Yoongi knows a bunch of people in the underground scene even though he doesn’t
perform often… if you ask, I’m sure he could find some shows to bring you to.”

“Uhh… I think hyung is sort of still mad at me, right now.”

RED ALERT.

“What?” Jimin asks before he can stop himself - he immediately regrets this, though, mentally
punching himself in the face. The topic of Yoongi definitely qualifies as Shit Park Jimin Is Trying To
Ignore.

The younger hesitates for a moment, eyes flicking back and forth between Jimin and his phone,
before he shrugs. “I… I dunno. I might be imagining it, but ever since… the kiss,” he whispers the
last part, sending chills down Jimin’s spine, “he’s been… almost too chill about it? So I can’t help
but think he’s more angry than he seems.”

Part of Jimin wants to say yeah, you’re right, he’s pissed; but that’s the petty side of him, the jealous
side, and he’s sworn to beat that side into submission so his friends can be happy. “No,” he says
instead, “he’s not mad. Or at least, he doesn’t seem mad to me.”

“I barely hear from him, and when I do, it’s for lunch or something. It just feels like he’s avoiding
me,” Jungkook admits.

The sadness Jimin can feel from the other, the insecurity, hurts him on a level he wasn’t prepared for.
He wants to reach out and take Jungkook’s hand, assure him that everything is fine and that he’s
backing up, staying out of things. He wants Jungkook to know that he’s doing everything in his
power to make sure that he and Yoongi can be happy, without his own stupid feelings interfering.

Ignoring the blaring, flashing RED ALERT sign in front of him, this is exactly what he does.

“That’s just classic Yoongi, it’s how he copes with finals. He shuts himself in his room and works on
his portfolio for hours, and only comes out when he’s about to self-destruct. I barely see him, too,
and we live in the same apartment. I have to drag him out with pizza and beg him to help me study, just to get his mind off things.” Jungkook is looking at him now, so Jimin smiles, reaching out to pat the other’s knee. “Yoongi is crazy about you, he’s just dumb sometimes, but I guess we all are? He’s a really good guy though, Kook, one of the best. He’d die for anyone he cares about, he just get stuck in his own head sometimes.”

Relief flickers across Jungkook’s face, along with something else. “Thanks, hyung,” he says with a small smile. “You know him better than I do.”

At this, Jimin just shrugs, removing his hand. “We’ve lived together for a long time, I guess.”

“I couldn’t imagine living with Tae or Hobi,” Jungkook laughs, “they’d drive me crazy. Even having them over for the weekend is harrowing.”

Jimin snorts. “I only met him once, and yeah, Taehyung just seems stressful. Cool, though.”

“He is, Hoseok, too, but I don’t see him as often, so he’s less stressful. Just loud.”

“Oh, God,” Jimin shakes his head. “I couldn’t imagine living with anyone loud. Yoongi is quiet almost all of the time, and I’m so glad for that. If Yoongi wasn’t the person he is, I doubt we’d get along so well.”

“You never stayed in the dorms?”

“Nope. I moved to the city when I was in high school, because I wanted to get into a good dance program. So I came straight from my parents’ house in Busan, to my aunt’s house here, then moved in with Namjoon when I started school. I would have murdered everyone if I’d had to live in a dorm.” Jimin runs a hand through his hair. “Yoongi barely makes a peep at home, and I’m grateful for that.”

Jungkook’s eyes go wide and he leans closer, his mouth turning into an ‘O’. “You’re from Busan? I’m from Busan!”

“Yeah,” Jimin smiles, “I know.”

They talk about Busan, for a few minutes, giving Jimin’s heart time to calm down. He thinks he’s moved the conversation into safer waters, away from Yoongi and The Night Park Jimin Fucked Up, so he goes on and on about their hometown, bringing up all the places he used to go, the restaurants he misses and clubs he snuck into just to dance.

“I didn’t think you were the type, hyung,” Jungkook jokes, offering Jimin a bag of chips he pulls out of his backpack.

“You’d be surprised.”

Jimin is safe. They talk about dancing, next, and Jimin goes way back to explain to the younger why he loves it, how far he’s come since he began. Jungkook brings up his friend Hoseok, again, mentioning that he dances, sometimes, though he never went to school for it. This baffles Jimin, so they talk about this for a while, munching on the snacks Jungkook had the foresight to bring, both of them ignoring the studying and reviews they should be doing.

He’s almost in the clear, he thinks, about to make his escape into one of the reading rooms, when Jungkook, staring at his phone, suddenly speaks up.

“Hyung, Yoongi said something… weird, last night. Is it okay if I ask you about it?”
The younger’s hesitance throws Jimin off for a moment, but he nods, kicking off one of his shoes so he can fold his leg beneath him. “Yeah, sure. Weird, how?”

“Well,” Jungkook pauses, biting his lip, sinking further into his oversized sweater. “He asked me, because you kissed him, if I was mad about that? Which I’m not, I’m not, you weren’t really thinking right and it’s whatever, it’s just a kiss, but… then he asked if it made me think something was going on between the two of you that I didn’t know about.”

Seeping, wet cold blooms in Jimin’s gut, spreading through his veins like ice. Why the fuck would Yoongi ask something like that?

Jungkook echoes his inner thought. “Why would he ask that? I mean… I guess I’d understand if he didn’t want to admit that you two had, I dunno, dated..? In the past, but-”

“No,” Jimin says, his voice a little too high and strained. “No, we never dated.”

Jungkook looks at him, all guarded, curious eyes. “Then, why?”

Jimin sees the RED ALERT sign morph to one blaring DANGER, and he panics. He rubs at his face with his hands, harshly, and groans. “It’s—it’s my fault,” he blurts out, desperate to get any blame away from Yoongi - Jungkook is already insecure, of course he is, and Jimin can’t make that worse. “The way I’ve been acting, the kiss, I don’t know… I guess the word for it is jealous, but please don’t take that the wrong way. I’m all for you and Yoongi being together, but I felt like our friendship would change and I’ve just been an ass.” He says all of this in a rush, too afraid to meet Jungkook’s eyes, but knowing he has to; so he does, and the confusion on the younger’s face gives him a little hope.

“Does Yoongi know this?” he asks, eyebrows pinching together. “I mean, is that why he asked…?”

“Yes.. well, I think? I don’t want things to get weird, he’s really happy with you and I’d hate myself if I messed it up or… just, listen, Jungkook.” Jimin pauses, giving himself a breath to collect his thoughts. “Yoongi is the best, okay? He’s patient and he’s so caring, and he’d feel really guilty if you felt like something was going on, or that you didn’t trust him. He’s just bad at communicating, but I swear, it’s my fault for being that guy, you know? He’s just trying to make sure he’s making you happy and that he’s not ruining our friendship, but it’s… I just have to adjust.”

He runs out of words, but he’s still panicking, his chest tight. Jungkook doesn’t seem to notice, as he sorts through the word vomit that Jimin just handed him, mouth pursed and eyes unfocused. “Okay,” he finally says, a little slowly. “But you don’t have to adjust, hyung, I’m fine with you being friends, I mean-”

“I know,” Jimin says, cutting him off. “I know, it’s not that, I swear. Everything is fine, just, finals has everyone a little antisocial and a little stressed, that’s it.”

“Yeah, I feel that,” Jungkook sighs. “Thanks, though,” he adds, offering Jimin a smile. “I’m glad we talked. I feel better.”

Jimin nods, his hands shaking. “Me, too. I gotta go, though, I need to get this paper drafted before dance practice.” He stands, shoving his foot into his shoe, avoiding Jungkook’s eyes. He can feel the shakiness started to travel into his legs, and he needs to get away from Jungkook’s smile, now, before he starts to feel any worse. “I’ll.. see you,” he says, grabbing his bag.

Jungkook cocks his head, but then he nods. “‘Kay, hyung. Good luck, I’ll see you later.”

He doesn’t respond, he just heads for the stairs, taking them up to the third floor. It doesn’t matter
that the reading rooms on the third floor are colder, eerily quiet and creepy, he has to put distance between himself and Jungkook, and he has to do it now.

He goes into the first open door he sees; there’s nobody inside, nobody at the cubicles that he can see, so he shuts the door and leans back against it, finally giving his heart free reign to pound against his chest.

Jimin had said too much, he knows he had. He didn’t mean to, he saw the warning signs, but between Jungkook’s face, and his own stupid feelings, he’d opened his mouth and lost almost all restraint.

“Please,” he mutters into the empty room, “don’t let Jungkook think too hard.”

~

Jimin spends the next three-ish hours working on his paper - or that’s what he wishes he is doing; instead, he’s agonizing over what he’d said to Jungkook, why he’d said what he said to Jungkook, and if Jungkook is going to tell Yoongi.

As far as Yoongi knows, Jimin’s cool, everything is fine. He’d like for it to stay that way, God willing. He wishes everyone would just forget about him losing his shit, about him kissing Jungkook, and Yoongi, about it all, and move the hell on. Jimin would give his left testicle for everything to just go back to how it was, before Jungkook, so he can have a second chance at all of it; if he could go back, he’d tell the truth, about being mochiABS, about being in love with Yoongi, about being jealous because yes, he’s in love with his best friend, but he also has a soft spot and a major hard on for his best friend’s boyfriend.

God, he’s fucked up.

The only real comfort he gets from any of this is knowing that what’s done is done - he can’t change it now, so there’s no use panicking over what’s already happened. However, panicking over what will happen is totally fine, and he has many, many hours planned to do just that, but for now, at least, Jimin can rest easy knowing that whatever does happen, he can’t change.

In theory, at least.

He leans back in the stiff, vinyl chair, reaching for the ceiling with his fingertips as he stretches. The sunlight beaming in through the blinds on the windows on the west-facing wall has shifted over time, getting lower and lower, and Jimin thinks his turn for practice should be coming up. Although he should have gotten a ton more done, he has managed to get a decent, solid outline typed up, so he’s satisfied enough with the progress that he doesn’t feel any shitter than usual.

And, on the bright side, most of the panic from earlier has passed, leaving him a little tired, but calmer; Jimin thinks, shutting down his laptop and shoving it into his bag, that if he just sticks to his earlier decision, of subtly removing himself from Yoongi and Jungkook’s lives; then, he’ll get past these feelings he has for the both of them, and, fingers crossed, he’ll find a way to just be okay again.

Campus in the evening is reminiscent of campus in the early morning hours, with everyone locked indoors out of the cold, except everything is a little more hushed, more dimmed, despite the fact that
there are still people about as the sun sets. At this time of day, groups of twos or threes are heading for the dining hall, or back to the dorms, wrapped in giant coats, chattering quietly to each other. After he creeps out of the library, just in case Jungkook is still hanging around, Jimin takes to the sidewalk, tucking his chin into a fold of his scarf against the sharp wind, and heads for the building where the dance studios are housed.

He gets roughly fifteen feet, when he hears his name, for the second time today; except, this time, the voice calling out to him is deep, loud, with zero trace of reserve or hesitation.

Taehyung is waving to him, and jogging over, frost puffing from between his lips; he’s wearing a floppy, fuzzy beanie, and a long coat, and he looks like an overgrown puppy galloping straight for Jimin.

For the record, Jimin wouldn’t have had time to run, even if he wanted to. As it stands, he has nothing against the other, so he turns and waits for Taehyung to come to a stop beside him, all big smiles and warm, rose-tone skin flushed from the cold.

“Hey,” Taehyung pants, tugging his beanie from his head so he can run his fingers through his hair. “I almost wasn’t sure it was you. You heading to dinner?”

Jimin smiles back, readjusting his bag. “It’s me, but nah, I have practice.”

“Oh, damn,” Taehyung pouts. “I was gonna see if you wanted to eat with me. Wait, practice?”

“Dance practice. I’m a contemporary dancer. Well, I’m supposed to be, anyway, but I keep getting sucked into hip hop courses,” Jimin explains. Taehyung listens with his head cocked, and he wonders if that’s something he picked up from Jungkook, or if Jungkook picked it up from the other.

“Ah,” Taehyung says when he’s done. “That’s cool, then, maybe some other time?” He smiles again, but this time it’s a smile meant to dazzle, no doubt about it. If Jimin were in a better mood, he might even be flustered by it. “My treat,” Taehyung adds, deftly moving a little closer.

With an internal groan, Jimin bites his lip, wondering how exactly to turn the other down without hurting his feelings. “Well, I-”

“As an apology, you know, for the other night,” Taehyung quickly amends. “I can sometimes be… a bit hard to handle, I guess. I didn’t mean to come on too strong.”

“You didn’t,” Jimin tells him, almost laughing at the absurdity. “I was having a bad night, I shouldn’t have even gone out, to be honest with you.”

“Yeah, I sensed something was off,” the other mutters. He jumps a little, as if he didn’t mean to speak aloud. “Sorry, I just., you seemed like something was going on, is all. I’m not prying, please don’t think I’m prying.”

Jimin does laugh, now, and it feels good to laugh. “Don’t worry,” he tells Taehyung. “I guess I don’t hide things nearly as well as I think I do. But about dinner,” he shrugs, taking a plunge and going for honest (for once), “I’m not looking for a date, dude. There’s other shit going on, and dating is the last thing on my mind.”

If he’d expected Taehyung to be upset, he would have been wrong. “No, that’s cool, I get it. After the other night, I assumed that was the case.” He smiles, suddenly, and shrugs, holding his hands out. “Had to try, though.”

Jimin nods, and in truth, he’s a little flattered. But dragging Taehyung, even if he’s cute and nice,
into the mess he’s dealing with would be cruel. “Thanks.”

“So, how about friends, then? I don’t have a lot of those, if you can believe it.” He’s smiling, but Jimin can see that he isn’t as light-hearted about it as he seems; it’s in the way his goofy smile doesn’t reach his dark eyes, in the way his smile seems faded around the edges.

Jimin knows how this feels. “Yeah, neither do I,” he says, tugging his phone from his pocket. “Here, put your number in. I gotta get to practice, but we can hangout sometime.”

After the other does so, bouncing from one foot to the other like he’s just, well, made a new friend, they say their goodbyes. Jimin hurries across campus, leaving Taehyung to head in the direction of one of the dining halls, feeling slightly better than he had half an hour before.

He still isn’t looking forward to the following weeks, dealing with exams and worrying over Yoongi, but at least he made a new friend - maybe Jimin isn’t as fucked up as he thought he was.

With these thoughts, Jimin enters a building, and heads for the stairs to the basement where the studios are. It’s cold, freezing, actually, but the studios have their own heaters, so Jimin breezes down the hall, past closed doors where all sorts of music seep from. He always reserves the same room, nestled in the corner, and as he approaches, a girl is leaving, pulling the door shut behind her.

Moonbyul smiles as she sees Jimin, shrugging into a tight blue sweater. “I didn’t think you were going to make it today,” she says, nodding towards the clock mounted on the wall. “I didn’t even realize my time was up.”

“Yeah, sorry,” Jimin rolls his eyes, “I got lost in the library.”

“Hell of a day?”

“Yeah.”

The other nods sympathetically, and takes a moment to pat Jimin’s shoulder as he walks past. “When in doubt.”

“Dance it out,” he finishes, letting himself laugh. “Thanks, noona.”

Moonbyul gives him another smile as she walks away, waving over her shoulder. “See you later, kid.”

Once inside the studio, Jimin gently drops his bag to the floor, and reaches over to tug his hoodie off, shivering a little as the cold air creeps under his t-shirt. He turns the heat on, just for a moment, while he plugs his laptop into the speakers.

He has a specific playlist in mind for his warm ups, so he finds it, and turns it up as loud as he thinks he can get away with; the heavy beat fills the room, reverberating in every corner, as well as settling into Jimin’s bones - it’s like air to his lungs, soothing the bubbling in his gut that seems to be the new norm.

Jimin has a lot of doubts, especially lately, and he isn’t sure if he can really dance them away.

But he’s going to try.

==============================================================================

In the middle of winter, it seems really ridiculous that he’s so damn hot right now, Jungkook thinks,
panting for air. He’s on his back, the aftershocks of not one, but two orgasms (they ran him into the ground tonight, literally), against the sticky sheets, half of his body still twitching from pleasure. He can feel the chill creeping back into the room, but it’s still a while away, held at bay by the surplus of kinetic energy he generated with Mr. Chubster The BigDick dildo (every time he uses it, Jungkook prays for whoever makes up these names).

Jungkook hears the faint jingle of his messenger, and he groans, partially convinced in the hazy aftermath that he doesn’t need to answer it - but he remembers that Yoongi calling earlier, irritated and huffing about getting called into work, not only during reading week, but during Jungkook’s weekly show. And at this point, the two of them are pretty open about Yoongi watching, about what he does and thinks when he watches; he’d been a little upset, but there was nothing they could do about it.

So with a strained whine that makes him sound like a beached whale, Jungkook rolls over, gently closing his laptop and moving it to the shelf on his end table, before reaching for his phone. It is a message from Yoongi; the elder’s text is full of complaints about the cold, the waves of underage kids coming into the store and trying to stock up for after-finals parties, and the fact that he’s half-hard just thinking about the show he missed.

Through the warmth of exhaustion, Jungkook giggles, and hits the call button.

“If I set this place on fire, you think I can get away before it blows?” Yoongi asks immediately as the call connects.

“Depends, on how much running you do normally and how much adrenaline you’re experiencing,” Jungkook replies, rolling over onto his side, resting his phone on his face. He tries not to groan, he doesn’t want to give the elder any more of a reminder of what just transpired than he already is with his wrecked, husky voice; but he fails, and a tiny sound slips through his lips.

Yoongi’s responding sigh actually makes it sound like he’s in pain, and, though part of him wants to laugh, Jungkook also feels sort of bad for the elder, but in a lighthearted way; they both know it isn’t that serious, but it’s still flattering to know that Yoongi is at least a little bummed about it.

“But worry, hyung,” Jungkook sighs, finally beginning to cool down a bit. “I didn’t do any of your favorite things, since you weren’t there. I kept it basic.”

“Even basic you is beautiful, baby.”

The tone in Yoongi’s voice sends shivers through Jungkook’s already-sensitized body, and has him smiling into his pillow, his toes curling. The elder is always so quiet, very reserved, most of his thoughts internalized and private.

But then he babbles shit like this, and Jungkook’s world spins a little slower, while his heart beats a little faster - it’s enchanting. Something about Yoongi has Jungkook turning to mush in no time at all, falling flat on his face full of feelings that he doesn’t know how to handle. He’s glad things are okay, too - he’d been worried, for a little while.

Not bothering to hide the smile in his voice, Jungkook laughs. “I still saved the best for you,” he says softly, curling in on himself a little more. The blurred, pleasure-filled exhaustion is beginning to melt into actual exhaustion, and Jungkook doesn’t know how much longer he’s going to last before he passes out; he hasn’t even changed the lube and cum-covered sheets.

Yoongi seems to sense this, and Jungkook can hear him locking the door to the store over the sound of soft piano music in the background as he speaks. “So… which one won the rewards for next
week since I was otherwise occupied with adult bullshit?"

“Daddy-Man-89,” Jungkook snorts. “They really went for it, I guess they noticed you weren’t there and took their chance.”

“What did they ask for?”

“The light blue hoodie, black thigh-highs, and they want me to paint my nails. Fingers and toes.”

The elder makes another pained sound. “Shit, why didn’t I think of that?”

“I’m glad you didn’t,” Jungkook admits through a yawn. “It’s hell to take off, especially the fucking glitter-shit.”

“But,” the other counters, “I bet it’s really, really hot.”

“... yeah, true.”

Yoongi cackles at this, and the sound of it is warm, fond, helping to fight off the cool creeping along Jungkook’s naked, sweaty skin. The younger yawns again, and his eyes water this time, leaving him sniffling.

He’s fading fast, it’s undeniable, even though he wants nothing more than to talk to Yoongi a while longer, at least while the elder closes up the store; but Yoongi clicks his tongue, playfully chastising him. “Get some sleep, baby. Call me tomorrow if you wanna get dinner.”

“Kay, hyung,” Jungkook replies, letting his eyes close, unable to fight it any longer, despite that both the overhead light and the bedside lamp are glaring brighty, despite the gross, sticky feeling clinging to his skin.

Their goodnights are short but sweet, and not five seconds after Jungkook sluggishly moves the phone from his face to the end table, he’s slipping into slumber, tugging the blanket from the edge of the bed to cover himself.

The last thing he’s aware of is his phone beeping it’s low battery warning, before he’s out.

The next thing he’s aware of is the faint sound of knocking - he knows it’s happening, can hear it clearly, and he comprehends it; but he’s too deeply asleep, too warm and comfortable to really care that someone is knocking.

That is, until the knocking becomes louder, harsher, and he’s jerked from his REM cycle like he’s been set on fire.

“Shit,” he hisses, sitting up, his sensing coming back to him. It takes him only a few seconds to realize one, someone is knocking, two, he passed out after a show without cleaning up, and three, someone is knocking, loudly, he’s naked, there’s a dildo on the floor, a camera on a tripod, aimed towards his bed, and finally, four, he smells like sex - like filthy, illicit, camboy sex.

“Shit,” he repeats.

He jumps up, making a sound meant to come out as an actual word, but it comes out more like a sobbing elephant; even so, the knocking stops, and he quickly squats down beside his bed, pulling out one of the built in drawers for a pair of sweatpants and t-shirt.

He hopes, hopes to God, that it isn’t Taehyung. Not that the elder would judge him, no, he’d
probably ask to do something crazy, like join him - to be honest, Jungkook doesn’t trust that Taehyung wouldn’t watch his shows just for kicks, and that’s not something Jungkook thinks he can handle from his slightly-eccentric friend.

Since he doesn’t have a lot of time, worried that the knocking will start again, and knowing his frazzled nerves can’t handle that, Jungkook does the best he can to clean up. He wraps the dildo and bottle of lube in a towel, before he tosses it into his hamper, then he shoves the camera setup into his tiny closet. He doesn’t even bother to change the sheets, he only tosses the comforter over it, and pray whoever is knocking chooses to sit at his table, instead of on the bed.

Worst case scenario, he just doesn’t let the visitor in.

Knowing he can’t do anything about the lingering scent of sweat and sex, Jungkook opens the window in the kitchen, just a crack, and hopes this at least does something - once he’s satisfied, he takes a breath, and crosses the room to face the knocker.

It isn’t Taehyung - which is both a relief, and a shock; the man standing in the hall is an inch shorter than Taehyung, with caramel-toned hair, a lithe, dancer’s body, and a lazy grin that makes Jungkook feel tired all over again.


Jungkook sighs, falling against the doorframe as Hoseok walks past him, into of the apartment. “Jesus, hyung, you scared the shit out of me,” he hisses, shutting the door behind the elder. “What have I told you about calling first?”

“I did!” Hoseok says dramatically. “Like five times! It went straight to voicemail every time, so I decided I might as well just show up. I didn’t even know if you were dead or alive, Jungkook.”

Jungkook, still suffering from the shakiness that accompanies being startled awake, and still not even fully-awake at that, just sighs, motioning Hoseok towards his table, while he busies himself with grabbing a bottle of water from the fridge. He downs half of it at once, suddenly thirsty beyond belief.

Thankfully, Hoseok is distracted with dropping his backpack to the floor and shrugging out of his thick, padded coat. “I say it everytime I’m here, but I really do love this apartment,” he mentions, pulling out a chair. “It’s nice and small, not too much shit, you know? It’s just right.”

“If you love it so much, Goldilocks, why don’t you get your own, instead of crashing with me when you pass through town?”

His tone is sharp, sharper than he means it to be, but Hoseok only laughs, running a hand through his light hair. “You’re so crabby when you’re woken up at three AM.”

Jungkook falls into the opposite chair from the elder, rubbing at his eyes. “That’s what time it is? Damn,” he groans.

“How about this: I run down to the convenience store, grab us some snacks and beer, so you can have a bit of time to clean up and get rid of the smell of sex?”

Jungkook’s head jerks up before he can force himself to be cool, his eyes wide as he meets Hoseok’s amused gaze. “What?”

“Don’t deny it now,” the elder grins, scrunching up his nose. “So… finally get down with that pink
dude you were seeing?”

Jungkook snorts, rubbing his eyes again, struggling to fight a yawn. “‘Pink dude’? Really, hyung?”

“Well, Tae said he had pink hair.”

“Oh god. Yeah, sure, go get food, I’ll be here, cleaning up my sex loft and praying you get eaten by a stray dog.”

Jungkook lets Hoseok believe he’d had someone over for sex, and it works - Hoseok laughs, standing, and heads for the door, pausing to shove his feet back into his boots. He doesn’t put his coat back on, though; the store is literally twenty feet away from Jungkook’s apartment building, and he won’t be gone for long.

Five minutes is enough.

As soon as the door is shut, Jungkook is on his feet, ripping the sheets from his bed. He tosses them in the hamper, shoves them down as far as they’ll go, and tosses all the half-worn-not-quite-dirty-enough-to-wash clothes from his floor on top, before replacing them with a fresh pair.

After turning on the ceiling fan, and spraying enough air freshener to qualify for a sponsorship from Febreze, Jungkook takes a quick shower, lathering up and rinsing off within minutes.

He’s pulling out the futon from the couch as Hoseok comes back through the door, huffing away the cold.

“Kimbap, dill chips, beer, and brownies for dessert,” the elder announces, dropping the bag onto the table. “Let’s eat.”

Despite it being some-fucking-time before dawn, the conversation doesn’t lack one bit - it’s been a couple of months since Hoseok was last in town, and, though he’s still a little irked that the elder had just shown up (turns out, Jungkook’s phone had died, and Hoseok had, indeed, called several times), he’d missed Hoseok.

The elder is, or he calls himself, a freelance renaissance man, whatever that means; Jungkook knows he writes, teaches dance and yoga, he designs websites, and he even picks up odd and end jobs abroad. Hoseok’s been doing it since he graduated high school, no college, and has, ever since, stopped by and crashed with Jungkook, or Taehyung, between trips. His home is his backpack, and the shoes on his feet, and he is, undoubtedly, the happiest person that Jungkook has ever known. His personal life, where he’s from, his family, lovers - the rest is a mystery to Jungkook, and somehow, he thinks the elder means for it to be this way.

As they eat, he tells Jungkook about his job working at a cat cafe in Japan, while writing a series of articles on the experience.

“Hyung,” Jungkook chokes, holding back a laugh while trying to swallow a mouthful of chips, “you’re allergic to cats!”

“And that,” Hoseok responds, holding up his beer in a gesture of cheer, “is why the ten-week job got cut to six weeks.”

While Jungkook doesn’t like playing favorites, and he doesn’t, at least not consciously, he thinks that most of the time, he likes Hoseok the best. He loves his three best friends, he loves them all equally, Hoseok, Taehyung, and Seokjin, but something about Hoseok’s life, the way he lives and breathes the experience of wayfarer of the world, completely intrigues the younger.
Taehyung, his favorite things are video games and physics, he can talk for days about them, and music, talk and talk about the beauty of jazz and his love for the saxophone; if anyone asked him, Jungkook would be more than likely to point the elder out at his ‘best friend’- he sees Taehyung the most, spends the most time with him, and they’re closest in age. Seokjin, on the other hand, is more like a brother to Jungkook, his kid like Jungkook’s own sibling, and his life mostly consists of him (plus the new baby on the way) and his wife. Seokjin’s entire world revolves around his daughter, everything he does, who he is, boils down to being a father - he writes and performs his songs for his daughter, works his nine to five job as a bank manager for his daughter, he makes and saves, spoils his daughter, spoils his wife, gives them everything. In truth, Jungkook can only hope to be half the dad that Seokjin is, someday, maybe.

In contrast to the others, Hoseok’s life is unconventional, uniquely extraordinary. He has no home, no strings (as far as Jungkook is aware), and he always seems to be lost in one thought or another; even as he talks, detailing whichever adventure he’s been on recently, it’s as if his mind is elsewhere - Jungkook assumes he’s back abroad, thinking about where he’s been, or planning his next trip; though he never really seems to plan. He’s here one day, then after a shower, a shave, a trip to the store to replace whatever clothes or supplies he’s low on, and Hoseok is gone again, like the moon sets at dawn, lost to the road.

He’s intriguing on a level that’s insane, really, and Jungkook loves listening to him talk. So, as long as he doesn’t mention it to anyone, Jungkook thinks he can safely call Hoseok his favorite.

They talk for a couple of hours, until the black sky peeking through Jungkook’s curtains begins to shift into a pale grey. Then Hoseok yawns, between words, and Jungkook notices the shadows under his eyes, the jetlag seeping through his bright smile and animated gestures. On second thought, he shouldn’t be jetlagged, not if he’d only flown over from Japan - he’s tan, too, the deep color of his skin warming the tiny, chilly space - the timeline doesn’t match, either, considering how long he’s been gone, and how long he says he worked, and there’s no way he got that tan working at a cat cafe in Japan in the winter.

But this is the mystery of Hoseok, and Jungkook, too awed by his friend’s lifestyle, let’s the elder have his mystery, and they clean up the food packages and empty beer cans, before heading to bed. Jungkook slides between the fresh sheets on his bed, while Hoseok strips down to his t-shirt and boxers, and falls face-first onto the pull-out futon and the pillow that Jungkook had fished out of the closet for him.

The elder falls asleep first, lightly snoring and mumbling into the cushions, but it takes Jungkook a little while longer, since he’d had a sort-of nap before Hoseok had shown up. He thinks he can nap for a few more hours, before he needs to get shit done for the day; he needs to cash out, from the show the night before, because he’d fallen asleep before he could do so. And while he didn’t plan on it before Hoseok’s arrival, he needs to get to the market and buy some groceries so they don’t end up starving. Aside from this, he has bills to pay, exams to study for, and a few photos to finish editing for this semester’s portfolio.

With a lazy sigh, Jungkook rolls onto his stomach, and reaches for his (now charged) phone; he can hear birds chirping now, hear the faint sounds of traffic, and he doubts that Yoongi will even be up for a while yet, but he sends the elder a text anyway - a series of sad emojis, before telling him about Hoseok popping up, and apologizing that he won’t be able to hangout today.

It sucks, when he thinks about it, but Jungkook isn’t quite ready to introduce Yoongi and Hoseok, yet; Taehyung can get along with anyone, but Hoseok is a little harder to impress, and Jungkook doesn’t feel like putting Yoongi through the grinder just yet; especially not since things have been slightly weird, since… since the kiss. Things were better, lately, but even so.
Jungkook tries not to think about it, but it’s a moot point, because once it crosses his mind, it’s stuck there - Jimin had kissed him, and he’d kissed back, and he’d played the scene over and over in his head, trying to figure out why. So far, he’s come up empty handed.

He’d found Jimin in the corner, alone, looking like he wanted to cry - it could have been the alcohol, but not even drunk people cry for no reason - and it had pulled at something inside of him, something that told him needed to go over immediately and do what he could to comfort the other. This isn’t much of a mystery, on the surface at least; Jungkook cares about Jimin, he genuinely likes him, and he’d had fun when he hung out with him. What does confuse him, however, is why his first instinct, when Jimin had looked at him, eyes both blurry and sharp, before grabbing his shirt and kissing him, was to kiss back - he just didn’t want Jimin to cry, didn’t want to see that lonely, heartsick look on his face anymore.

Rolling onto his back, Jungkook stares up at the ceiling fan, watching it spin ‘round and ‘round in the gently brightening light. He’d meant to ask, yesterday, when he’d seen Jimin, it’s why he called him over in the first place. But he’d been nervous, for some reason, had barely been able to even talk. The conversation had turned to Yoongi, like it always seems to do, before Jungkook even realized it. Not that Yoongi gets in the way, necessarily, but he does, though - no matter how badly Jungkook wants to communicate with Jimin, Yoongi is there, in the middle, in one way or another, blocking Jungkook from getting close to Jimin, from understanding him. It’s like Yoongi is Jimin’s shield, his defense, like he uses Yoongi to keep Jungkook at arm’s length.

Jimin had said he needed to adjust to having Jungkook in his and Yoongi’s life, as if it’s a life they share. Jungkook guesses this makes sense - the two do live together, they are best friends; Yoongi talks about Jimin all the time, always fondly, always with a smile. Sometimes Jungkook feels like he stumbled into something he shouldn’t have, and although he’s constantly being reassured by the others that this is untrue, he still feels like he’s an outsider, like there’s always something in the way. Jimin had said it himself, that he’s jealous, and while Jungkook gets it (he tries, at least), he doesn’t know what in the world Jimin would have to be jealous of. Jungkook wants to be his friend, too, and it’s exhausting to try to dance around so he doesn’t step on toes or accidentally hurt feelings. He tries to include Jimin, tries to bring them all together, but Jimin remains separate, remains a little reserved, jealous.

He doesn’t even have anything to be jealous of, Jungkook thinks - it isn’t as if he’s the one dating Yoongi, and Jungkook is trying to woo him away; it isn’t as if he has feelings for the elder, like Jungkook does.

His eyes, which have closed at some point without him noticing, fly open -

“Oh… my God,” Jungkook mutters, breath trapped in his chest.

That’s it, he thinks; that’s it.

Jimin’s in love with Yoongi.

“Oh, beef, pork, or chicken?” Jungkook asks, checking to make sure his wallet is in his pocket.

“Uh,” Hoseok hands over a few bills from his own wallet, eyebrows raised. “Beef, pork, and chicken.”

Giggling, Jungkook nods. “Okay, hyung.”
With his shopping bags folded and shoved into his back pocket, Jungkook leaves Hoseok sitting at the dining table, ordering a new portable charger, and heads out into the bright, cold morning. Although the wind is bitter, and the air is crisp, the sun is warm, the sky is blue, and it’s a beautiful, stunning day.

And it’s at complete odds with how Jungkook feels.

He’s equal parts frustrated and amused at how fucking blind he was - though, assuming that Yoongi also has no idea makes him feel a little better. But now, looking back, Jimin’s feelings are so damn obvious that it gives Jungkook secondhand cringe.

He briefly wonders, taking the corner next to his building, if Jimin is even aware himself; he has to be though, has to be. If he weren’t before, he has to be now, at least. It explains so much, literally everything, from the way he’s been acting, to the way he freaked out on Jungkook yesterday in the library, and it even explains the kiss - well, sort of; it explains the way he was upset, at least.

The market is a little busy considering it’s nearly noon, so Jungkook makes his way around the store, tossing food into the basket. He searches for sales, more than aware that his bank account is a little low on funds since he hasn’t been able to transfer the cash he made last night with Hoseok creeping around. He has enough, but he doesn’t want to go and blow everything, just in case. So he buys the veggies that are on sale, even though they’re a bit smaller, and bread that expires in a week, since it’ll be gone before then. He sticks to meat, veggies, a couple packs of assorted fruits, some ramen, and frozen things like pizza, dumplings, and fries.

He manages to shop relatively quickly, without running into anyone, dropping anything, or knocking over any displays - a true victory, honestly, because in his mind, he’s running through every single time he’s ever been around Jimin, and, in particular, any time he’s ever seen Jimin and Yoongi together.

He remembers the first time he’d met Jimin; it was his first time at Yoongi’s, right after they met, and when Jimin walked in, his eyes went wide; he not only looked shocked, but he looked afraid, angry - Jungkook understands why, now, understands how he’d walked into Yoongi’s heart, breaking Jimin’s in the process.

Every time after that, until a certain point, Jimin had been angry, avoiding Jungkook almost perfectly. When Jungkook was over at the apartment, he would leave, staying gone until Jungkook went home; at school, he stayed away from them, always leaving as Jungkook arrived for lunch, or coffee, whenever. It wasn’t until Yoongi had confronted him that Jimin opened up a bit, as if he were making an effort to be okay with the situation - it was fine, then, at least when he was alone with Jimin. The elder seemed to relax, seemed a little more at ease and comfortable getting to know Jungkook. They weren’t alone a lot, just occasionally when Yoongi was late getting home from work, or late getting out of class.

Jimin would change, though, the moment Yoongi appeared. He’d become quiet, putting miles of distance between himself, and Yoongi and Jungkook. Jungkook had never noticed, always been too caught up in the way Yoongi smiled at him, to see the way that same smile hurt Jimin.

Jungkook curses to himself, as he lugs his bags of groceries down the street, wading through the lunch rush crowd. He’d seen it before, though he hadn’t seen it for what it was, outside of how it made him feel, and it makes him feel selfish. He’d seen the way Yoongi and Jimin had this, bond, this connection. They orbit around each other, perfectly attuned, two sides of the same coin, and Jungkook had sensed this immediately, had witnessed it; the way Jimin always looked to Yoongi for guidance, for that little bit of push, that help standing on his own two feet. In turn, Yoongi was always attentive to Jimin, always looking out for him, able to know, intuitively, what the younger
needed at any given moment.

What really hurts, and it surprises Jungkook that it does indeed hurt, is that Yoongi is the same way with him; he’s patient, compassionate, perceptive to Jungkook’s needs and his feelings, and Jungkook has never felt misunderstood or like he’s being taken for granted.

He thought they fit, thought he’d found something substantial in Yoongi. But now, looking back, he doesn’t think anyone could possibly fit as well as Yoongi and Jimin seem to fit - it’s a shitty realization, but Jungkook is glad he’s figured it out. Or he will be, when the ache in his chest subsides.

Instead of thinking about it, though, Jungkook grits his teeth, and takes a deep breath. He’s home, now, struggling to get the door to the building’s foyer open, so he pushes as much of it down as he can, away from the front of his mind. He doesn’t need Hoseok questioning him, not before he can sit down and really think about things.

The one thing he does know for sure, is that Yoongi doesn’t know. There’s no way the elder could know; Yoongi’s a little tough, on the outside, with a no-bullshit attitude and a distaste for complications. But his heart is good, and he would never let Jimin suffer, if he’d known. The worst part is, Jungkook thinks, standing outside of his apartment door, is Yoongi seems to be unaware of his own feelings; but Jungkook can see them, now, he can see it all so very clearly.

He’d been right, after all; there’s no room for him, in Yoongi’s life. Not when the elder has Jimin, and Jungkook can’t even fault him for that. He’s seen glimpses of Jimin’s personality, between the coldness, the jealousy, and he’s just as, if not more so, of a good guy as Yoongi. His feelings are a little more volatile, he’s fiercer than the elder, but the same knack for protection and genuine care is there, tucked behind silly grins and eye smiles.

They just fit, Jungkook thinks, pushing open his door.

The first thing he notices is that the little back door to his itty bitty balcony is open, and there are bed sheets drying in the clear winter air, hung on his cheap plastic racks. The second thing he notices is, in front of his washing machine tucked in the corner of his small kitchen, is his hamper. It’s empty.

Oh, fucking shit.

“Jungkookie?” Hoseok calls from around the corner; he’s in the bathroom, and for a split second, Jungkook debates just taking the food and making a run for Taehyung’s.

But instead, he clears his throat. “Yeah, it’s me,” he calls back, as casually as he can. Maybe Hoseok hasn’t seen the dildo, yet. Maybe he just tossed the clothes in the washer without looking, and it’s in there right now, getting a nice scrub.

If only.

“Do I really need to explain how unsanitary it is to just toss your toys in the dirty clothes, kid?”

Jungkook hears Hoseok’s words at the same time he spots the trash bag in the kitchen sink; he can see, through the translucent white plastic, the bright purple silicone of the dildo, and his heart sinks, falls straight through his body, through the floor, into the ocean.

He’s frozen to the spot, laden down with groceries and completely frozen, as Hoseok emerges from the bathroom, sweatpants hanging low on his hips, his hair damp and his face freshly shaved. He’s
smiling, clearly enjoying Jungkook’s mortification. “What’s wrong?” he asks, his voice a little pitched as he tries not to laugh.

Jungkook’s mouth opens and closes several times, before words actually verbalize. “You-touched it?” He doesn’t know why he asked this, but he does, the words just kind of eject themselves.

The elder’s face changes in the blink of an eye, his mouth turning down at a harsh angle. “Oh, god no. I’m like, I don’t care that you have toys, dude, but I’m not going to touch it. I used the tongs in the kitchen and scooped it up with the bag,” he explains, pulling another face. “The lube’s in there too.”

Jungkook feels a little part of him die inside, and he lets the grocery bags fall to the counter, hanging his head. He considers jumping out the window - the three story fall would be less painful than this entire morning, honestly.

He hears Hoseok laugh, then there’s a hand on his shoulder, squeezing lightly. “Don’t worry, Kook. You’re not the only dude in the world with a dildo, hell, you’re not the only dude in the world with a dildo that I’ve crashed with. I don’t even care that it’s sparkly purple, because the industry is grossly geared towards women, to be honest, and black can get boring.” The elder pats his shoulder, before moving to go through the groceries, and keeps talking. “I mean, I felt bad for waking you up in the middle of the night, so I thought I’d, you know, clean up and shit to make up for it.”

“Sorry,” Jungkook mutters, hoping the burn in his cheeks will fade before he combusts into flames. “I forgot about it.”

“No worries,” Hoseok assures him. “But can you at least get it out of the kitchen so we can eat?”

With the sound of Hoseok’s cackles in his ears, Jungkook snatches the bag from the sink, and locks himself in the bathroom, where he scrubs the toy clean, wraps it in a fresh towel, and shoves it under the counter. He can’t risk putting it back with the others, yet; he doesn’t need Hoseok to know that he currently owns seven dildos, four vibrators, and two vibrating dildos.

That would be a little too much for even Hoseok to handle.

To his relief, after a few giggles and licentious looks, Hoseok lets it go. They make BBQ chicken for lunch, Jungkook chopping, Hoseok at the stovetop, with a side of stir fried veggies, and, once most of the shock has passed, Jungkook is able to act like it never happened (for the most part). The elder offers to clean up the kitchen, so Jungkook retrieves his laptop, and tucks himself into a corner of the sofa so he can finally cash out.

Jungkook prides himself on not only his sexual performance (he has to, really; they can sense if he’s unconfident), but he also tries really hard to remember those who treat him well during his shows. It’s easy to please the one who pays the most, because he takes their request for the next week (hence why he’s reminding himself he needs to go buy nail polish), but for the others, the top five at least, he wants to make them happy, too; so, with Hoseok busy on the other side of the room, up to his elbows in dish soap, Jungkook scrolls through usernames, committing them to memory.

The irony, that he should be memorizing calculus equations and historical dates, rather than the names of people who pay him while he fucks himself, is not lost on Jungkook.

But memorize he does, reading names and amounts they paid, and he’s surprised, actually, that he made so much this week; he almost made double what he usually does, and he wonders if it’s because Yoongi wasn’t there. He’s tried to keep his mind off the elder, with Hoseok around, but it makes sense, now that he does think about it - Yoongi usually dominates the chat, usually pays the
most, even though he’s understandably slacked a bit since they started seeing each other. It seems like everyone noticed that SgD93 was absent, and decided to race to the top while they had the chance.

It’s good, though, of course. Jungkook can actually afford to pay off his entire phone bill (finally) and he might even have a little leftover to buy himself some new clothes; it’s been a while, actually, since he’s had a payout as big as this one. Not since Yoongi began watching, he thinks. Before that, it was always someone new getting to the top of the list each week, but he wasn’t too popular then either, unlike now.

Now, he’s got a solid rating of four-point-five stars, a loyal audience of sixty or so, and he’s been peaking at at least a hundred to a hundred and twenty people in his room for almost the entire hour he’s on; so he’s doing pretty well, if he has any say. While Yoongi still pays the most in tips, he still gets paid so much for each minute that a person is watching, so the more watching, the more he makes; the tips are definitely necessary, though.

He remembers, as he clicks through the site to have his cash transferred to his account, when he began to get noticed, when he went from ten or fifteen viewers, to thirty, forty viewers a show. He’d just began to get comfortable doing his shows, get comfortable with chatting with his audience, with telling them bits and pieces about himself (nothing too personal, of course), and he’d began to take more requests, let them choose what he wore and did, for a price.

There had been one viewer, Jungkook can’t quite remember their username, who was the first to make a specific request for being the top tipper; they’d asked if he’d wear a black t-shirt and knee high socks the next show, and they sort of set the theme so to speak, for the following requests. More often than not, they were at the top, and their tastes were wide, ranging from asking Jungkook, fully clothed, to tease his cock through his pants with a vibrator, to asking him to wear nothing but a pair of black, lacy panties, and stretch his hole until he begged to cum.

They were really sweet, always asking how he was, telling him to get plenty of sleep and eat a lot. Even their username had been cute, and now he frowns, staring at the front door without seeing it, as he tries to remember.

It had been something cute, something to do with working out, maybe? He thinks they mentioned working out, once or twice, and he knows for sure that they mentioned they were also from Busan. Jungkook, frustrated, now, just can’t remember. So he forgets trying to remember the name, and moves on to trying to remember when they stopped watching - then, with a silent sound of triumph, he goes to his page, to his past shows, and checks the log.

It takes him ten minutes to find their last show - mochiABS had stopped watching a couple of months ago at this point, just out of the blue, and they hadn’t been back since. He checks their page, and surprisingly, he’d been the only model they watched for weeks, before they left; before he left, Jungkook corrects himself, noticing that mochi has his gender set as male.

Curious, forgetting that Hoseok is in the room, Jungkook goes to Yoongi’s page; he’s the only one the elder watched, too, once he found him, and although part of him warms at the thought, another part of him is sad, remembering his feelings from earlier. He doesn’t know what he’s feeling, though, if he’s being honest - there’s too many feelings to even sift through, right now. So he settles for creeping through the logs, noticing how he’s come so far since he began a year ago, not only in views and cash, but also in the quality of his shows and photos. He’s grown a lot in a year, too; he can’t help but feel a little proud, about it all. He’s able to support himself, live on his own, without having to rely on his parents (who wouldn’t really be willing to help, anyway), and he can manage to keep his grades up high enough to get scholarships and grants, without working a full time job that
would take away the time he uses to study.

With these thoughts, it takes Jungkook a while to find an interesting correlation, but when he does, it hits him in the face like a splash of cold water.

It’s just a coincidence, it has to be, right? That mochiABS stopped watching the week he began seeing Yoongi, the week he met Jimin and the other completely rejected him, without explanation.

It has to be a coincidence, but it also makes so much sense. Too much sense, and Jungkook is suddenly shaking.

He gets another splash of water in the face, when he remembers something Jimin said once, offhandedly, during one of the times they all hung out together when things were calm.

“Hyung has the same username for everything,” Jimin had said, when Jungkook had noticed that Yoongi’s Halo username matched his KKT (and his name on the site, but Jungkook kept that to himself). Jungkook hadn’t thought anything, then, when Jimin flushed pink and changed the subject, but now, even though the memory is a little faded, he remembers. Hadn’t Jimin mentioned he was from Busan, too?

“Jungkook?”

He startles, his head jerking up to meet Hoseok’s worried eyes. The elder is sitting at the table, on his own laptop, but he’s looking at Jungkook with concern. “You okay? You look like you just found out that you’re going to die in a freak accident tomorrow.”

“No,” the younger replies, clearing his throat when his voice comes out wavering. “No, this is worse.”

Hoseok frowns. “What is it?”

He considers playing it off, telling Hoseok not to worry (though he will, regardless); he does look away, back down at his screen, at, what could be, Jimin’s profile. With one last farewell to a good life of no teasing, because hell, Hoseok has already seen the dildo, Jungkook motions him over.

“Can you hack this account? I just... I need to check something.”

The elder’s face morphs from concerned to extremely concerned as he stands and moves to the couch, taking Jungkook’s laptop from his hands. “What-”

“It’s my job,” Jungkook says, before he can ask. “I do cam shows.”

Hoseok’s reaction is the exact opposite of what Jungkook expects.

The elder looks at him, eyebrows raised, no trace of humor or teasing in his gaze. “You live on cam shows alone?” Jungkook nods. “Damn,” the elder says, shaking his head in disbelief. “Can I get a referral, or something, jeez. I wouldn’t have to work on the road, then.”

Jungkook allows himself a small laugh, but he takes the blessing for what it is, and points to the screen. “Can you hack it? I think I know them, and... I just need to know.”

“I can try,” Hoseok says, before getting up to retrieve his own laptop, leaving Jungkook’s on the table. When he returns, he leans back against the couch, laptop on his thighs, pulling up a series of programs that mean nothing to Jungkook. “This site requires usernames to sign in, so that’s good for us. But the password,” he pauses, biting his lip. “I’ll have to see if I can break through their
firewalls…. Oh, yep, got it. Now, let me try and access their database.”

After a few minutes, of clicking and typing, his face still, Hoseok sighs. “I can’t get in. It’s too tight, but I can bypass the login attempt limit.” He looks over, eyebrows raised. “Tell me everything you know about who you think it might be.”

To his credit, Jungkook knows quite a bit about Jimin, thanks to Yoongi. Now, it seems obvious that there had been something Jungkook was missing, with how much Yoongi talked about Jimin, and how much Jimin talked about Yoongi, but that’s moot, now. Jungkook digs through his memory, trying Jimin’s birthday, in all it’s forms, his phone number, their address, their apartment number. He tries the time it takes Jimin to run a mile, the time he wakes up, his brother’s birthday.


There has to be something he’s missing, again; a word, a date, something. Then he thinks of something, and sighs, taking the laptop from Hoseok. It takes him another few tries, but he figures it out.

“Got it?” the elder asks.

Jungkook only nods - Yoongi’s birthday is Jimin’s password; Min19930309Yoongi.

Of course.

The password alone is enough to verify Jungkook’s fears, but just in case, after Hoseok fires one of his programs, he’s able to creep the card info on the account, and sure enough, the billing address on the card is the same as Jimin and Yoongi’s address.

Jimin is mochiABS. Yoongi’s username is the same for everything, he had to have known, no way he didn’t. He knew, and he kept quiet. Not only is Jimin into Yoongi, he’d also been watching Jungkook since before Yoongi even found him. He’d known; he’d fucking known, and he’d said absolutely nothing.

Jungkook is suddenly very, very angry. He’d been tiptoeing around for months, trying so hard to make Jimin like him, to try and ease the tension that he didn’t understand. But part of him, a tiny, smothered part, is actually relieved; it all makes perfect sense now, the anger that Jimin felt, the jealousy. Jungkook can’t imagine how the other must have felt, watching Yoongi fall for Jungkook through a computer screen, while he was right there and pining.

Regardless, though, Jungkook is pissed. Jimin should have been honest, at least with him, but of course with Yoongi - so much could have been avoided if he’d just been upfront, instead of avoiding and making excuses. Jungkook can see through every single one of those excuses, now.

Hoseok touches his arm, and Jungkook realizes he’d forgotten the elder was there. “You know him?”

Jungkook nods. “He’s Yoongi’s roommate. His best friend.”

“Oh, shit.”

“I think,” Jungkook continues, suddenly too overwhelmed to deal with all of this on his own, “that he, I dunno, has feelings for Yoongi, too.”

In true Hoseok form, the elder takes the laptop and gently closes it, moving it to the coffee table. Then the leans back, wrapping at arm around Jungkook’s shoulder. “Okay,” he huffs, “tell me
An hour later, Jungkook feels a little better, after unloading everything on Hoseok. The elder takes everything in stride, from the details of Jungkook’s work, to meeting Yoongi in person (and trusting that he wasn’t a creep), all the way up until his recent conversation with Jimin. Although he does feel better, a little more in control of how he’s feeling, unfortunately, Hoseok agrees with him.

“You gonna talk to him?” he asks, returning to the couch with a couple of sodas for the two of them.

“I have to, don’t I?” Jungkook shrugs, staring at his hands. “I mean, I have to tell Yoongi, too. Or, Jimin does. I don’t know if he will, but… I don’t think I can keep seeing him, now. Not… not knowing how Jimin feels.” He doesn’t want to admit it, but it’s the truth; he can’t pretend like everything’s okay, not with Jimin suffering in the background.

“I don’t blame you,” Hoseok tells him. “I’d do the same. But, just, take a few days, you know, to think about everything. I’m not saying you shouldn’t, but it’s best to think about how to approach these things.”

After he agrees to wait before acting (for the best, because his thoughts are a mess), they talk a little more; then Hoseok stands, clapping his palms together. “Wanna go shopping with me? I need to get another hard drive and a new camera.”

He knows the elder is just trying to distract him, but it’s welcomed. “Yeah, sure,” he says, also getting to his feet. “Let me change.”

Tomorrow, he tells himself. He’ll think about it tomorrow.

Jungkook stands outside of the entrance to the arts building where the studios are; his phone dings, in his pocket, and he fishes it out, glancing at the screen.

[5:22PM] Yoongi: okay babe. call me if you get bored :)

As far as the elder knows, Jungkook is busy studying, busy catching up with Hoseok and babysitting for Seokjin; and he understands, of course he does, because he’s amazing.

It’s been four days, since Jungkook’s world both crashed, and put itself together, molded around the truth. Four days, and he’s decided; he’s here to talk to Jimin, to get the truth from his own mouth, to hear his side of things. Then he’s going to tell Yoongi that he can’t be with him, can’t force himself into a world where he has no place - even if Yoongi could never return Jimin’s feelings, Jungkook doesn’t feel like he has any business being the reason for that, at least.

He’s not the kind of person who can handle confrontation very well; unless he’s angry, or he’s standing up for his friends, he’d rather avoid things like this. But he owes this to himself, to Jimin, so, despite the rock that feels like it’s the size of the moon sitting in his gut, Jungkook takes the stairs up and enters the warm building.

He follows the directions on the walls to find the dance studios, and searches the doors one by one
for Jimin’s name in the five o’clock spot. When he finds it, he pauses, giving himself three more
seconds to back out.

But he doesn’t; it’s quiet behind the door, so he takes his chance while he has it; he turns the handle
and pushes, and the door flies open, crashing into the wall on the other side.

He hears Jimin make a sound of surprise, high and startled; the elder is on the other side of the room,
hand over his heart, his eyes wide - Jungkook, who’d attempted to catch the door the moment he
realized it was going rogue and stumbled in behind it, clears his throat.

“Sorry,” he stutters, “I thought it was heavier than that.”

He can tell the moment Jimin realizes it’s him - his face relaxes, and he looks defeated; defeated, but
calm, and he straightens up, crossing his arms.

“I knew it was you,” Jimin says lightly, looking to the floor. “I don’t know how, but I did.”

“Me?” Jungkook asks, confused.

The elder just shakes his head. “I should have just deleted the account,” he comments. “I just…
didn’t.”

Oh. Jungkook understands now. He takes a moment to (gently) close the door, before he moves
further into the room. “Yeah,” he admits, “it took a while, but I got in.”

“I got the email too late to change the password, I guess.” Jimin laughs, a small, weak sound. “I can’t
believe you even guessed the password.”

Jungkook doesn’t really know what to say; he hadn’t expected Jimin to just admit it. He thought he’d
have to squeeze it out of him, with proof, a PowerPoint presentation, citations, the entire fucking
production. Considering how hard the elder’s been trying to hide it, the blatant acknowledgment is a
little shocking.

“Why,” Jungkook struggles, but he finds the words, “did you hide it?”

“Wouldn’t you?” Jimin counters. He shakes his head, shrugging. “It wasn’t supposed to go this far. It
was fine, but then… he met you, and it just got out of hand.” Jimin looks at him now, expression
guarded. “How did you meet, by the way? I never asked.”

“I was with friends, we went into the liquor store. I had no idea, but he recognized me.”

“Ah,” Jimin nods. “Coincidence.”

They fall silent; Jimin doesn’t seem like he has anything more to say, and Jungkook has forgotten
everything he wanted to say. The elder’s demeanor, unexpectedly nonchalant, has completely
thrown him off. Jimin seems calm, but Jungkook tries to remember the pain he’s seen in Jimin’s eyes,
the anger - it had been hard to ignore before, but now, knowing he unconsciously caused it… it’s
even worse.

He tries again, words tripping from his tongue. “Why didn’t you tell him?”

Jimin lifts his eyes, staring blankly at the other. “No matter how many different ways you ask that
question, I don’t have an answer. I wish I did, but I just… I didn’t tell him, and it got harder and
harder to tell him. He was so into you, Jungkook, you have no idea… I didn’t want to ruin it for
him.”
The words sink to the bottom of Jungkook’s heart like a brick, but he shakes his head. “No, I mean… why didn’t you tell him how you feel?”

Jimin’s face, calm and indifferent, shifts the instant the words leave Jungkook’s tongue; he suddenly looks panicked, frantic. He takes a step towards Jungkook, eyes wide. “Did you tell him? Did you?”

His voice is high, rising in his fear, and it rattles Jungkook to the bone. “No,” he stutters quickly, “no, I… I haven’t talk to him all for a couple of days.”

The elder lets out a shaky breath. “So that’s why,” he breathes, eyes closing, almost in relief; then they snap open, and his gaze is hard, as if he’s trying to seem calm again. “Don’t tell him,” he says, voice low. “Please,” he adds. “You can… the other stuff, but this, please don’t tell him.”

“I don’t want to,” Jungkook admits, looking to his feet. “But… you should.”

“It wouldn’t make a difference.” The elder takes another deep breath, shifting his weight so he can lean his hip on the table against the wall. “Not a good one, at least.”

“Then at least stop blaming me,” Jungkook snaps, shocking even himself. “I thought… you hated me. All this time.”

“I don’t hate you.” Without looking at Jungkook, Jimin keeps talking, words faltering as if he’s held them in for so long that it physically hurts to speak them. “I’m sorry, that you felt like that, and I’m sorry I didn’t tell you who I was. But, the guy on camera that I used to, get off to? Is suddenly in my house, dating the guy I’m… you know. I didn’t want to feel like this, and it just seemed better to keep it to myself. I didn’t know it would... “

He trails off, but Jungkook understands. “That it would hurt so much. Or come to this point.”

Jimin nods, and although it’s subtle, Jungkook can see the exterior crack; his bottom lip quivers ever so slightly, his nostrils flare. Jungkook feels tired, now, feels exhausted beyond belief; anger he could have handled, but this sadness leaves him feeling helpless, makes him want to take it all back, forget any of it happened.

But he understands what Jimin couldn’t - there’s no going back, once you let it go too far.

“Hyung,” Jungkook starts, struggling for words.

But Jimin cuts him off, voice hard. “What are you going to do? Now that you know?”

“I haven’t decided.”

The elder nods, lips pressed together. “I guess I’ll find out.” He turns around, and then music starts to whisper from the speakers, bass sending gentle tremors through the walls. “Please leave,” Jimin says, without turning back. “I don’t want to talk about this anymore.”

Jungkook does, turning to slip from the room without another word.

He finds a bench a little ways from the building, and Jungkook sits, legs shaking, for what feels like hours. The sun eventually fades from the sky, and the streetlights flicker to life, bathing the walkways in cold, blue light. The temperature drops, too, and though he really isn’t dressed for it, Jungkook doesn’t feel it, really - he’s too busy picking his own feelings apart inside of his chest.
For a while, Jungkook wants to go back inside, apologize to Jimin and hug the elder until the pain is gone. But he realizes that it won’t do any good - it isn’t Jungkook that Jimin needs, right now, or at all, for that matter. He needs Yoongi, and whether he’s come to that conclusion on his own or not is up for debate, but it’s what Jungkook thinks. They’ve both said it, both mentioned that it’s been the two of them, for so long; they are each other’s strength, but also, they are each other’s weakness.

This makes his decision for him; Jungkook has no place coming between them.

Relief, or something like it, fills him, as soon as the resolution is there, and Jungkook holds onto it, tightly, knowing that what comes next won’t be easy - and he’s right. He’s already feeling the shaky anxiety as he types out a message to Yoongi. Part of him just wants to keep typing, to explain it all in this message; but he stops himself, and keeps it short, neutral. Yoongi probably knows it’s coming, anyway - Jungkook thinks that maybe he has, too.

He gets a reply within five minutes, and he stands on frozen feet, and goes to meet with the elder.

[7:02PM] me: are you home? can you meet me outside for a second?
[7:05PM] Yoongi: sure, putting chicken in oven, be down in a few

Yoongi looks much warmer than Jungkook thinks he’ll personally ever feel again; he’s got his lithe frame hidden in what looks like three layers of bulky sweaters, a scarf wound and layered neary up to his ears. The faded, pink tips of his hair peeks from beneath the beanie tugged low on his head, and although his nose is pink, he looks like the cold doesn’t touch him.

Jungkook, on the other hand, in his one sweater, his jeans, feels like a cold, numb icicle.

At least it’s appropriate.

Yoongi is already waiting for him, just outside the building. His arms are crossed, his head ducked, but he smiles when he sees Jungkook. It’s a small, nervous smile, but it hurts all the same.

“Hey,” he says, when Jungkook is close enough. “You okay?”

No, Jungkook thinks, but Yoongi doesn’t need to know this. He’s already concerned, though he has to have an idea of what’s coming; Jungkook doesn’t want him to feel any worse.

Jungkook decides to just get it over with, before his feelings betray him. “Do you remember mochiABS?” he asks, forcing himself to meet Yoongi’s eyes. “From the show.”

The elder frowns, thinking, and after a moment, he nods. “Yeah… yeah, I think so.”

Deep breath.

“It’s Jimin.”

It would be interesting, if not for the circumstances, to see the way Yoongi realizes everything that Jungkook has. In any other situation, Jungkook would enjoy seeing the elder come to each conclusion that he previously has, one after the other. As it stands, however, watching the changes that come over Yoongi’s expression is nerve wracking; especially when it settles on seething.

“I should have known,” he spits. “All this time… even before.” He pauses, shaking his head as if
he’s trying to dispel some of the anger. “How did you find out?”

“How did you find out?” Jungkook explains, his voice a little uneven from the cold. “I just… I went to talk to him, about it. It’s him.”

The elder hums, then looks at Jungkook, eyes dark. “I had no idea.. I wouldn’t have, I don’t know…”

“I know, hyung,” Jungkook assures him. “He’s sorry, he apologized. But it’s… more than just that, you know? I can’t, I can’t be in the middle anymore. I’m sorry, hyung, but I can’t do it.” He has to push the words out, force them to be audible, but once they’re in the air, that’s it; it’s done.

However, the elder doesn’t seem to understand, and it makes Jungkook’s life that much harder. “No, don’t apologize, it isn’t your fault,” Yoongi says, moving a little closer. He’s angry, but none of it is aimed towards Jungkook. “I get it, he fucked up, and that’s not okay. He needs to know this is not okay, I don’t care if he apologized, he’s been making you feel like shit, making me feel like shit. I’ll, I don’t know, I’ll have to move out, or something.”

Jungkook panics, now, Jimin’s face, as he held back tears, flashing in his mind - this isn’t want Jungkook wanted. “No, Yoongi,” he chokes out, “no, I’m not… I’m not talking about that. I’m talking about us, you and me… you have to forgive him, he didn’t mean for any of this to happen.”

Yoongi is quiet now, face a still mask that Jungkook can’t read. “Us,” he finally says. “You mean, because of Jimin, you don’t want to see me anymore?”

“No, I mean, yes, but it’s not just that.” Jungkook bites his tongue, unable to bring himself to, even know, break Jimin’s trust. “I wish I could say more, but…”

“And you’ve thought about this?”

Jungkook nods, swallowing hard. “Yeah. I like you, Yoongi, and you.. You’re incredible. But we’re not… right.”

The elder just takes a deep, hard breath, looking away. “So I lose you, and my best friend, all in one night. Great.” He shakes his head, and his eyes shine in the dull light, evident that he isn’t as apathetic as he seems. “Thanks for coming all the way to tell me in person,” he continues. “Get home safe, Jungkook. I have packing to do.”

He turns to go back inside, but Jungkook, his entire body tingling, from cold or anxiety, he isn’t sure, jerks forward; the words come out before he can stop them.

“He likes you, Yoongi,” he nearly shouts. “He’s… I mean, in love with you. I don’t know why you can’t see that.”

Yoongi turns back to him, eyes wide, lips parted. His breath comes out in tiny, crystallized huffs as he stares. “What?”

His vision blurs now, as Jungkook licks his lips. “I… I said I wouldn’t tell you, but I… he’s dying, Yoongi. Us being together is killing him, I can’t watch him hurt anymore. And your friendship with him is too important for me to ruin.”

The elder doesn’t seem to hear him; he still looks shocked, and Jungkook doesn’t blame him. Years of friendship, turned inside out in the span of five seconds is a lot to handle, especially for someone like Yoongi, who, like Jungkook, needs time to process. Half the time, the elder can’t even decide
what he wants for dinner, so he makes or gets the first thing available.

“Just… talk to him,” Jungkook continues. “Please don’t be mad at him. He’s tried so hard, hyung. Just hear him out.”

Seemingly coming back to himself, Yoongi’s eyes clear, and he nods. “Yeah.” Is all he says, before he turns. He’s up the stairs and inside before Jungkook can say another word, though it’s probably for the best.

He doesn’t let himself cry; at least, not yet, mainly because he’s too cold. Thankfully, he doesn’t think he’s going to have the chance any time soon - his phone is ringing.

“Hey, Kook,” Hoseok says. “I just got a call for a last minute thing, and I still have your keys, are you coming home in like, five minutes?”

“No, I’m half an hour out,” Jungkook tells him, rubbing his nose. “You leaving?”

Hoseok hums, the sound of zippers in the background. “Yeah, I gotta be on a plane at ten. Can you meet me at the airport, then? I’ll just call a car, and you can take it back?”

“Sure, hyung. What terminal?”

Jungkook can be upset later, he decides. He’s done what is best, for everyone involved; he’ll be okay, maybe not tonight, maybe not tomorrow, but eventually. What he wants, though, all he wants, is for Jimin and Yoongi to be okay, too.

Jimin is tired, in every part of himself, physically and emotionally. After Jungkook had shown up, he’d danced, and cried, and danced some more. He danced and danced, until he couldn’t feel his toes, until his heart felt like it was going to eject itself from his chest, until the janitor knocked on the door and told him he needed to clean up. Only then did Jimin allow himself to stop, to crumple to the ground for a breather - then he got up, toweled off the sweat, and headed back home.

He’s scared, to be honest, of what’s on the other side of the door. He doesn’t know if Jungkook has acted, he doesn’t know what Yoongi would think if he had acted - he doesn’t know anything, really. But he’s ready, for the most part. It’s out, half of his biggest secret, and no matter what happens, what’s waiting for him inside Apt. 63, Jimin feels an odd sense of contentment.

It’s relieving. Maybe it makes him a coward, but it helps, knowing that he didn’t have to admit to it all on his own; he should have, he knows this, but he didn’t - now it’s too late, but in a way, it’s easier. Jimin’s never pretended to be strong.

He unlocks the door, part of him trying to be quiet, the other part trying to ignore that part. Then he’s inside, no sign of Yoongi, not immediately, so he toes out of his shoes, shaking off the cold. It’s warm, in the apartment, and Jimin can smell spices, paprika and pepper - Yoongi must’ve cooked. It’s a good sign that the elder is in a good mood.

He’s barely had time to drop his bag and unzip his hoodie, when all hell breaks loose.

Yoongi comes around the corner, face made of marble, sculpted of betrayal and anger; it freezes Jimin to the spot.

“I didn’t think you’d come back,” the elder growls, voice low. “Did you think you could just live in your lies like you’ve been doing?”
Jimin shakes his head, finding it hard to breathe. “Hyung, no, I didn’t-”

“Don’t even fucking try,” Yoongi cuts him off, turning away. “I don’t want to hear it.”

For the record, Yoongi tries to walk away; he’s heading for his room, maybe to calm down, maybe to jump out the window, Jimin doesn’t know. But, without thinking, Jimin is across the room, his fingers closing around Yoongi’s arm.

“Hyung, please. I’m sorry, I’m so sorry I lied, but-”

“No!” Yoongi wrenches his arm from Jimin’s hold, cheeks flushing with anger. “There are no ‘buts’ here, Jimin! You did this, **you**! Jungkook broke up with me, because of **you**, and your lies, all your fucking secrets. I don’t care what you didn’t mean to do, or what you were thinking, because you’ve fucked it all.” He’s crying now, actual tears welling up in his eyes, and Jimin stares at them, feeling himself shrink.

“Hyung…”

Yoongi shakes his head. “Stop. I don’t want to talk to you right now, Jimin. I don’t even want to be around you. Jungkook said you liked me, said you had feelings for me… this isn’t what you do to people you care about. You don’t lie to them, creep around and screw up their relationships, while having some shitty-porn clip fantasy about them-”

Jimin chokes, his own tears surfacing. “No, it’s not like that, it was never like that-”

Yoongi isn’t listening; he gives Jimin one last, hard look, before he walks away. “I’m going for a walk,” he says, shoving his feet into his shoes, reaching for his jacket. “Do me a favor, and don’t be here when I come back. Jackson comes home from visiting his parents tomorrow, I’ll go stay with him.”

Then he’s gone, the door slamming behind him, the sound reverberating through Jimin’s hollow body.

Jimin stands still, chest heaving, eyes locked on the space where Yoongi was, and he’s shattering; it feels like his core is caving in, buckling on itself.

After everything he’d felt, over the past couple of months, he thought he’d be okay, thought he knew how much it would hurt. But he was wrong - this is so much worse than he’d expected, much, much worse. Though, he thought Jungkook would keep his other secret; but, he was wrong about that, too. So he takes this, this anger, and uses it to shore up the onslaught of tears.

He wipes his cheeks quickly, his chest bubbling. He doesn’t stop to think, as he tugs on his own shoes; even if he wanted to, his thoughts are racing by too quickly for him to have any hope of catching any of them.

Jimin gets to the sidewalk outside, before he realizes he has no idea where he’s going. So he pulls his phone out, searching his contacts with trembling fingers - Taehyung answers, though Jimin has to call him three times.

“Jimin,” the other answers, voice thick and breathless. “You okay?”

“Tae, where does Jungkook live?” Jimin doesn’t give any explanation. He doesn’t have time, or energy - he needs to know what the fuck Jungkook was thinking; he needs Jungkook to fix this.

Taehyung curses, before speaking to someone in the background. “It’s a friend, I gotta take this. No,
dude, just - Oh my God, I’ll make it up to you, please get off my dick.” When he comes back, his voice is clearer, closer to the phone. “Jimin, what’s going on? You sound… not okay.”

Jimin looks at the darkness around him, at a loss for words. “I just… Taehyung, please. I can’t explain, but it’s important.”

Three heartbeats of silence pass, before Taehyung’s deep voice fills the space. “Okay, Jimin. I’ll text you the address.”

They hang up, and Jimin waits, phone in his hand; he bounces on his feet, ignoring the cold, ignoring the people passing him on the street. Finally, his phone vibrates, and he reads the address.

[9:54PM] Tae: Shaded View Apartments, 56526 27th Street North. Apt 15, you’ll have to buzz up.

Reading the last bit, Jimin lets out a sharp, choked laugh. “Me, too,” he mutters, heading towards 27th.

When he first met Yoongi, Jimin had thought what everyone seems to think - that Yoongi is lazy, bored with life, antisocial. But it didn’t take long for Jimin to see the real Yoongi, and silently apologize for believing the other part to be true.

Yoongi works hard, late into the night, while the rest of the world sleeps; then he carries on his day as if he’d gotten a solid, restful night, even if he does take a nap or two in the afternoon. He’s had to fight for every ounce of respect, for whatever reason, from everyone. Everyone except Jimin, because Jimin, in no time, was utterly and completely enchanted by the elder.

Yoongi’s lazy smiles made the real ones, the gummy, wide smiles seem that much more charming. His early morning grumpiness was at completely odds with his soft, puffy exterior, and the way he could spring into action, whether playing video games, chasing Jimin around the apartment with a spider, or in defense of his friends, completely overtook the way he was reserved and observant, most of the time.

Jimin hadn’t known what to do. He’d fell so hard, so fast, he didn’t have time to realize it, until it somehow seemed like he’d waited too long, and lost his chance. Yoongi moved in, took Jimin’s nightmares in stride, and became his best friend.

Jimin lost his chance - and he can deal with that, but he can’t let Jungkook and Yoongi miss their chance.

“Goddamnit, Jungkook, fucking answer,” he hisses, pressing the buzzer for apartment fifteen for the dozenth time. It would be one thing, if Jungkook just didn’t want to talk to him; but Jungkook isn’t even bothering to answer, and this pisses Jimin off.

“Hyung?”

Jimin jumps, caught in the act of cursing at the button, his head pressed to the wall. He spins around, and spots Jungkook, who looks like he’s point-five seconds away from becoming a popsicle.

The younger’s eyes go wide. “I didn’t say that,” he points out. He’s startled, no doubt, but all he does is grab Jimin’s wrists gently; he doesn’t try to pull away. “I didn’t say I wouldn’t tell him, Jimin. I had to tell him. He was so mad about the other thing.”

“He’s so mad about this!” Jimin does pull away, pacing, all of the anger in his chest coming to a boil. “He’s fucking pissed, and he’s blaming it on me, Jungkook. He’s blaming me, he says you left him because of me. That wasn’t supposed to happen, you weren’t supposed to break up with him!” He’s yelling now, the sound bouncing off the building, but he doesn’t care.

Jungkook stares, shock and sympathy in his expression. “I’m sorry, hyung. I told him so he’d understand… I didn’t know he’d get mad. I’m… I’m sorry.”

He loses his anger, bit by bit, as he comes to a stop, tears spilling over his cheeks. They’re scalding in the frigid air. “Take it back,” he chokes, begging Jungkook with his eyes. “Take it back, please. Don’t you love him? You love him, right? Just like I do. Be with him, please. Make him happy.”

“Of course I do, hyung, but… it’ll hurt you, he’ll lose you-”

“I don’t care if it hurts, goddamnit, Jungkook. He deserves to be happy!”

Jimin’s deflating, fast, but his last outburst has Jungkook wincing; the younger doesn’t budge, though. He just keeps looking at Jimin, his eyes sad, but Jimin doesn’t know what he has to be sad about - he can still be happy, he still has a chance; Yoongi will forgive him.

“Hyung,” he says softly, eyes searching Jimin’s face. “You deserve to be happy, too.”

This is all it takes to push Jimin over the edge. He can’t stop the tears now, they don’t even come in waves; they cascade, completely out of his control, like a dam that’s been detonated all at once.

Jimin wants to believe Jungkook; but he can’t, not yet, if ever. It just hurts too much, right now.

He doesn’t hear Jungkook move, but he feels a hand softly brush against his shoulder, smoothing under the hood of his jacket. “I’m sorry,” Jungkook mutters. “I didn’t mean to make you feel worse.” Jimin can’t do anything but shake his head, close his eyes against the pain. Everything feels hopeless now, everything he worked so hard to preserve; it was all for nothing.

Before he can pull away, Jungkook moves closer, tucking Jimin into his chest; he shouldn’t, he really shouldn’t, but he finds comfort against Jungkook’s body, warm despite the cold around them, and he finds himself calmer, even while he cries harder. He’s exhausted, so tired of holding everything in, pretending like he’s okay. When Jungkook’s arms come around him, he grabs at the loose hem of the other’s sweater, holding on before he drowns.

Jimin doesn’t know how long they stand there, how long Jungkook takes his pain, takes all of it without complaint. But when he runs out of tears, when he runs out of the strength it takes to expel them, his entire body feels frozen.

“So you want to come in?” Jungkook asks, voice thick, but gentle. “You can take a hot shower and I’ll heat up leftovers.”

Jimin nods, and, as the emptiness sets in, allows Jungkook to take his hand and lead him inside.
THIS IS NOT THE END, SO DON'T WORRY.

This chapter took a shit ton out of me, for obvious reasons, which is probably why it took so fucking long to write. I know it's frustrating, dealing with slow updates, especially for a fic like this; but please bear with me, guys. This fic turned into something huge and emotional, so it takes time ;;

Now, this is the end of the MAJOR angst. Obviously, everyone has some shit they need to work through, but aside from that, it's all up from here. I KNOW IT HURTS NOW, BUT IT GETS BETTER SOON.

THANK YOU FOR READING. I KNOW YOU ALL HATE ME RN (probably) BUT I LOVE YOU <3333
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

“Jungkook,” it begins, “baby, I’m sorry I wasn’t strong enough to stop myself from walking away from you. I’m sorry I was blind, to Jimin’s feelings, to my own, and I’m sorry I let you walk into that, and walk away feeling like it was your fault.”

Chapter Notes

HELLO THANK YOU FOR WAITING, YOU GUYS ARE INCREDIBLE♡

this isn't so much an angsty chapter as it is a semi-sad, frustrated chapter LOL I hope you enjoy!

♡♡♡

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Yoongi knows, with no silver lining in sight, without even the slightest hint of doubt, that he fucked up; he knew it the moment he turned the corner a few blocks from the apartment, the frigid air suddenly slicing through him while his heart slowly cracked. He knew it when he burst back into the empty apartment, the echoes of his anger still bouncing from wall to wall, and he knows it now, as he curses, dropping his phone to the coffee table in frustration when he gets Jimin’s voicemail for the fourth time.

“Goddamnit.” Yoongi grits the words out, the palms of his hands pressed roughly against his closed eyes. “Where are you, Jimin?”

He knew he fucked up the moment he turned and slammed the door on his best friend, but he was too angry to acknowledge it. He was rash, he was angry - he was a dozen other emotions that don’t matter anymore, not with Jimin missing, not with what Yoongi’s done to their friendship.

So now he sits, in a silent, desolate apartment, his chest on fire and his hands shaking.

Yoongi doesn’t know what else to do; he’s called Jimin, over and over. He’s called Namjoon, who didn’t answer, Jackson, who didn’t answer, and he’s even called Jungkook - the younger’s phone rang once, then went to voicemail: he’d been silenced, no doubt. Yoongi can’t blame the other for ignoring his call, either; hell, Jungkook had just broken up with him, of course he doesn’t want to talk. But Yoongi had been desperate; he still is desperate.

Feeling himself moving quickly into panic mode, Yoongi snatches up his phone again, and, as a last resort, he searches for Taehyung’s number.

Blessedly, the other answers - but he doesn’t say anything.

“Uh… Taehyung?” Yoongi attempts, his breath shaking in his throat. “You there?”
“... yeah,” Taehyung finally sighs, after a moment, “I’m here, hyung.”

Yoongi clears his throat. “Sorry to, uh, call so late, but have you heard from Jimin by any chance? He’s... he’s not home.”

“Yeah, I’ve heard from him,” the other says. Yoongi shoots to his feet, barely able to contain the surge of hope in his blood. “But....”

“But what?” he nearly shouts. “Is he okay? Do you know where he is?”

Taehyung is silent again, only the low, background buzz of a TV humming and a faint, wheezing snore from the speaker of Yoongi’s phone. The elder holds his breath, waiting, fighting the urge to shout - the only thought on his mind is the look on Jimin’s face a moment before he turned away and left, and it’s *killing him*.

“Taehyung,” Yoongi whispers, losing the fight, “please.”

Too many heartbeats later, he hears a sharp exhale, and Taehyung groans.

“He’s with Jungkook,” the younger says quietly. “He called me, a while ago, asking for Jungkook’s address. Then I called Jungkook, and he told me Jimin is with him, staying the night.”

Falling to the couch, his legs suddenly giving out on him, Yoongi takes a shaky breath, mind racing. “He’s... he’s okay?”

“He didn’t sound okay, but as far as safe, yeah, I guess.”

Yoongi mulls over Taehyung’s words, his mind stuttering, looping. If Jimin is with Jungkook, that means... what does it mean? He can’t sort through his thoughts; they come too fast, too scattered.

“Give me his address,” Yoongi says, struggling back to his feet. He has to go, he has to fix this; it’s all he can think about, at this point.

“No.”

Taehyung’s answer comes sharp and unexpected, nearly knocking Yoongi back to his ass. The elder struggles with his own words, his throat making some strange clicking sound.

Finally, he’s able to articulate - sort of. “What?”

“I can’t,” Taehyung sighs. “I don’t know what-” He’s cut off by a groan, and Yoongi waits, heart thundering in his ears. When he continues, his voice is softer, whispered. “I don’t know what happened,” he finishes, “but... Jungkook... he asked me not to, Yoongi. I can’t just... I can’t.”

Yoongi is still struggling. “But I... Jimin-he-”

“You don’t have to explain it.” Taehyung sighs again, the sound of late traffic behind him; he must’ve moved outside, Yoongi thinks absently. “Like I said, I don’t know what happened, but I think... just let it go, for tonight. Go to sleep. Maybe he’ll call.”

“He won’t,” Yoongi mutters, feeling like he should scream at the other; but it isn’t Taehyung’s fault that he’s a fucking moron. “Thanks, anyway.”

The younger hums. “I’m sorry, hyung. Just trust Jungkook, he’s good with this sort of thing. I’ll, I’ll call if, you know, I hear anything, I guess.”
Once again, Yoongi’s left in silence, his phone warm in his hand, the only warmth he can feel right now. He looks around the room, at a loss, as he sits again, the couch squeaking under his weight.

He hates it, he hates it more than anything, admitting that somehow he’d always known - Jimin’s feelings, his gift of friendship, the tiny, fragile trust he’d given the elder over the years, sure that Yoongi would hold it close and not hurt him. He’d been afraid, to admit it, to even give it the faintest acknowledgement, because relationships are messy, are a slippery slope of maybe this and maybe that, of hurt feelings and pushed limits.

Friendship is turning out to be much the same, but for a while it was easier - it was easier to bury all of those gentle tremors of affection that he’d felt when he first met the younger, so different then, but much the same. Jimin had always been the quiet one, the calm one, except when he wasn’t. He isn’t violent, by any means, but he’s explosive, has a habit of burying everything until he detonates, either in anger or in tears, though usually it’s both.

Yoongi is the same way, and they’d always found a way to pull the other from the ledge in the past. Yoongi had been so far up Jungkook’s’ ass that he hadn’t caught Jimin’s mood before it was too late. Or maybe he had, he’d just refused to accept it, but it doesn’t matter now. All that matters is that Jimin isn’t home, Yoongi is alone, and that the elder feels like crying, feels like running to the roof or into the street and screaming out his frustrations to the icy, cloudy sky until his throat is bleeding as profusely as his heart.

Over and over he’d said it: he wouldn’t choose between them, he couldn’t. There was no right choice, not between Jimin, who was his heart, his safeplace, his calm waters, and Jungkook, who lit him up on the inside with equal parts need to give and take. But he’d made a choice, the wrong choice in an impossible situation where there was no right.

Goddamnit, Yoongi had fucked up, to the nth degree, and at this moment he has no inkling of what could possibly make any of this better.

Yoongi isn’t in love with Jimin; he doesn’t feel his chest shrink with nervous giggles any time Jimin looks at him. He doesn’t get the urge to tug Jimin into bed and show him what heaven is like, he isn’t desperate to kiss him until all the rest of the world fades into a white noise. The thought, however, isn’t displeasing, especially not now - if Yoongi could, he’d kiss Jimin over and over, show him that he’s sorry, so, so sorry, that he needs Jimin to forgive him more than he needs anything else in the world. He’d kiss Jimin until the younger knew that Yoongi wants nothing more than for Jimin to forgive his ignorance, his mistakes, his harsh, rash anger.

Yoongi isn’t in love with Jimin, but he loves him nonetheless, and now, with everything broken and the younger gone, it feels like he’s been torn in two, the better, brighter half of himself missing.

He could be in love with him, though, he thinks, folding himself like a paper crane into the couch cushions. He’d felt that humming warmth when he’d first met Jimin, the Jimin that still had a lingering layer of baby fat around his hips, that droned on and on about Namjoon’s music, who smiled like an angel. Yoongi had wanted to, back then, had thought about it a lot, about slipping in and wooing the younger, asking him to dinner, a movie, or maybe a picnic, since Jimin liked being outside (for some reason); but Jimin never gave him that opening; Yoongi never found a chance to flirt, to broach the subject, and he wasn’t going to force himself, or make their budding friendship awkward. He remembers that it had stung, a bit, not quite rejection, but just the same; before Yoongi could blink, they’d had the (im)perfect friendship, and he shut any lingering feelings down before they could interfere.

Now, that paltry sting of not-quite-rejection pales in comparison, like a papercut to the crushing force of a steamroller, and it’s even worse knowing that Jimin had hid his own feelings for years, through
it all. He hadn’t slipped until Jungkook came into their lives, into Yoongi’s life, and, without intending to, had swept Yoongi away from Jimin with little effort aside from existing.

Yoongi is in love with Jungkook, or he was beginning to fall in love; he can’t think about that now, though, not without feeling sorry for himself, and right now he doesn’t deserve any self pity. He’s done enough thinking only of himself, only of what he feels and what he wants; Jimin is the only one he should be thinking of, now.

And speaking of Jungkook, Yoongi wonders why Jimin went to him, why Jungkook took him in. He has no doubt that Jungkook’s massive softness played a part, the kid is too good for his own good, sometimes; but Yoongi can’t help but be curious, despite the pain, the panic. All he can do for now, while his phone lays useless on the coffee table, is that when Yoongi broke his heart, Jimin went looking for the true source of the elder’s anger: his breakup with Jungkook.

He tries to remember if he’d mentioned it, but his anger is a blur - everything before his realization, his regret, is a blur; Jungkook telling him they were over, Jungkook telling him how Jimin felt, still felt, Jimin arriving and Yoongi snapping. He can’t pinpoint anything before rushing back into the apartment to find it empty of his best friend.

Snapping like he had was wrong, Yoongi has no doubts on that front, at least; and he knows why he’d snapped, able to analyze it now that he’s calmer, though that’s a generous description for how he feels.

He’d been hurt, over Jungkook, and that hurt had doubled seeing Jungkook care so much about Jimin’s feelings and seemingly feeling nothing for Yoongi’s; of course Jungkook does care, or he wouldn’t have tried to push them together, by pushing himself away from Yoongi. But Yoongi couldn’t see that, before, blind to the subtleties of Jungkook’s nature.

Hurt led to anger, anger of Jimin being mochiABS, about Jimin’s feelings. It wasn’t right, but Yoongi felt cheated, felt like his entire friendship with the younger had been a lie, and in his anger, he’d thought the worst. His anger hadn’t lasted long, but it’d lasted long enough for him to single-handedly fuck up everything with nothing but a few words.

He has no excuse, only regret left behind by trigger-happy fury, and an aching heart.

The fact that Jimin watched Jungkook’s shows, for who knows how long… this fact Yoongi acknowledges with a dry nod of irony, but he pushes it to the back of his mind; he really doesn’t have the energy to untangle those feelings at the moment.

All he can do is hope Jimin calls him, before he drives himself crazy thinking about how the younger must be feeling, though he deserves the silence, he knows. But he’ll hope anyway, because Jimin, Jimin’s smile, Jimin’s friendship, should all be treasured, and Yoongi will kill himself trying to make up for what he’s squandered.

Yoongi is jarred awake as his phone buzzes off the coffee table, to the floor, his generic, shrill ringtone bouncing around his aching head. Cursing himself for falling asleep, foggy and confused, he falls half-way from the couch in an attempt to get to the lit up device before the call gets sent to voicemail.

He forgets to glance at the name before he answers, barely able to open his eyes long enough to see the green answer button.
“Min Yoongi, I’m going to kick your fucking ass-”

It’s Namjoon, and Yoongi had been expecting him to call, but expecting doesn’t mean he’s ready for the conversation. He’s berated himself enough, honestly, and he’d done a better job than Namjoon could, at any rate, but he stays silent, letting Namjoon scream and curse at him, threaten him, all of it. He’s just glad at least one of them has had Jimin in mind this whole time.

“All he’s done for you, all the pain, the hiding, he’s been killing himself trying to make sure you’re happy and you kick him out? How dare you, you fucking asshole, I’m going to find a way to get back down there so I can beat you into next fucking year -”

His words cut through the elder, but Yoongi knows that Namjoon would never actually hurt him - he’d probably punch him, sure, probably knock him out cold, too, but he isn’t one to be rash, unlike Yoongi. His weapon is his words, and for good reason. With every sentence screamed into his skull, Yoongi feels shittier, so he sits up and brushes a hand through his tangled hair, letting Namjoon say what he needs to, without interruption.

Because really, what could he say?

It isn’t until Namjoon pauses to, what sounds like, kick a trashcan, that Yoongi suddenly realizes something. “You knew?” he asks, his voice coming out weaker than he’d like.

Namjoon scoffs, seething. “Yeah, I fucking knew, Yoongi. What I don’t get is how you didn’t.”

It’s a question that he’s asked himself over and over; Yoongi still doesn’t have an answer, but it turns out that Namjoon isn’t necessarily looking for one. He rails on Yoongi for a little longer, cursing him and his temper, his blindness. Yoongi would be angry if not for the fact that he feels deserving of his friend’s anger.

Then Namjoon goes silent, exhaling hard, no doubt stress-smoking; Yoongi feels another wave of guilt hit him - he hadn’t just hurt Jimin, tonight.

“Is he-” Yoongi tries, clearing his throat, “I mean… should I find a motel, or something?”

“No. He’s going to stay with Jackson. I told him to kick you out, but he’d never do that.” The words are thrown across the line so harshly that Yoongi winces. “God,” Namjoon suddenly sighs, “I can’t fucking believe you.”

There’s nothing else he can say. “I know... I’m so sorry, Namjoon.”

“I’m not the one who needs to hear that.”

“I know,” Yoongi repeats, pressing a fist to his gut in an attempt to calm the storm there. “I, he won’t answer the phone. He’s with Jungkook, but I have no idea where he lives, I can’t find him-”

The other cuts him off, his voice, thankfully, having lost most of it’s glass-like sharpness. “He doesn’t need to be found, not tonight.” He laughs then, or tries to; the sound comes out harsh, broken. “I knew it, when I saw missed calls from both of you, I fucking knew this had happened. Fuck, I shouldn’t have let him talk me into keeping my mouth shut.”

“He should have told me,” Yoongi tries to say, but Namjoon immediately cuts him off.

“Don’t even fucking go there,” he spits, “he’s been through some shit, Yoongi-”

“No, no, Joon, I know ,” Yoongi panics. “I’m not… I’m not blaming him, no. I’m… just saying. He
sh- could have just… told me.”

It’s silent, for a handful of seconds; so silent that it worries the elder, and he pulls his phone away from his ear just to make sure the call is still connected. He can’t even hear Namjoon breathe. It makes him afraid to do so, either.

But there’s a question clawing at his lungs, dragging itself up the tunnels of his throat, and Yoongi can’t swallow it down any longer.

“How long?” He swallows and licks his lips, rubbing his shaking hand against the denim of his jeans. “Jimin… how long?”

After a defeated sigh, Namjoon responds. “Since day one, hyung. He’s always loved you.”

There’s no Hollywood movie montage of memories that flood Yoongi’s mind, showing him every instance that should have given away Jimin’s feelings; there’s no thundering realization, no epiphany - all there is, has been since the night began, is silent aloneness, and emptiness.

He still should have known; he and Jimin have been too close for too long for Yoongi not to have realized it at some point.

Maybe he was just too afraid to see past the thin surface.

One tear, only one, wells in the corner of his eye and rolls down Yoongi’s face, falling to his shirt. “He’ll never forgive me,” he mutters, voice thick. “Never, not after this.” Not that Yoongi deserves forgiveness - even if he were to somehow make it up to the younger, as much as he wants things to go back to before, he has no illusions that they ever will.

Namjoon seems to agree. “Give him some fucking credit,” he sighs, irritation obvious. “It’s Jimin, he’s always been the nice one. Too nice, if you ask me, but you didn’t, so… just, I don’t know, give him some time. And watch your fucking mouth, next time.”

With nothing else to say, Yoongi acquiesces. “Yeah… does he, uh, are you sure I shouldn’t go somewhere else?”

“No, I think some time with Jackson will do him some good. He’s staying there until the fifteenth, then he’s going to his parents’ for Christmas. I’m only telling you this,” Namjoon suddenly adds, “because we know you don’t go home for the holidays. And if you try to show up to Jackson’s, he’s going to decapitate you. He’s angrier than I am, and he took martial arts for seventeen years.”

The elder almost laughs; at least Yoongi can rest easy knowing that, despite his momentous mistakes, his friends don’t want him to actually die.

Yet.

The conversation doesn’t go on for much longer; Yoongi tries again to apologize, feeling his throat clog with emotion, but Namjoon shuts him down, reminding him that he isn’t who Yoongi should be apologizing to. After that, the younger hangs up with a curt “bye”, and leaves Yoongi in actual silence, phone almost out of battery, the moon visible in the top corner of the window.

The light in the hallway keeps the living room from being completely dark, and Yoongi falls back against the couch, exhausted. He’d napped for a few hours, believe it or not, but it hadn’t been restful - his eyes feel like he hasn’t blinked in days.

He doesn’t want to admit it, for whatever reason, but he feels better; his conversation with Namjoon...
hadn’t been profound or comforting (definitely not comforting), but regardless, Yoongi feels more in control of how he’s feeling, more in control of the shock and guilt over his actions, and others’. And he knows, can acknowledge, that Namjoon had made a good point; Jimin is an angel even on his worst days, and he’d come around and hear Yoongi out.

Until then, the elder just had to not drive himself crazy while he waits for that to happen.

“Well,” he says aloud to himself, dragging himself to his feet; sitting on the couch in a pile of self-deprecation isn’t going to do anyone, let alone himself, any good. So Yoongi, after gently, without thinking about it, pulls Jimin’s bedroom door closed, goes to the kitchen and finishes washing the dishes he’d started on earlier in the night. The clock on the stove tells him it’s 3:47AM, and Yoongi can feel the late hour in his bones. Even so, he finishes cleaning up the kitchen before he lets himself shuffle down the hall to his own bedroom.

Kicking off his jeans and falling into bed, Yoongi plugs his phone into the charger, and calls Jimin one more time - it goes immediately to voicemail, just like the elder knew it would.

Except this time, Yoongi clears his throat, and leaves the other a message.

“I’m sorry, Jimin,” he begins. “It’s not enough, but please know that I’m sorry. And, I have work tomorrow, well, tonight, so I won’t be home if you want to come get some of your things.” He winces at how much like a post-breakup call it sounds like. “Anyway,” he continues, “I’ll be around, when you want to talk, you know. Goodnight.”

Then Yoongi promptly sets his alarm, rolls himself into his blanket, and submits to sleep; all he can do at this point is take Namjoon’s advice, and give Jimin some time.

Jimin sneezes himself awake, groaning into a pillow that’s too soft to be his; as he thinks about it, his mind fluttering into full consciousness, he realizes that he’s wrapped in a quilt, not his comforter, and his face feels like he slammed it into the floor a dozen times before sleeping. Everything feels a little unfamiliar, and he hears traffic outside the open window, the scent of winter the only thing able to permeate his congestion.

Then the night before comes slamming to the forefront of his mind, and Jimin squeezes his eyes closed, groaning again as he remembers.

He’s in Jungkook’s bed (fully clothed, for the record), his borrowed t-shirt big enough to swim in, but the lounge pants fitting nicely, and he has no idea what time it is or how long he’d slept. He doesn’t even know what time it was when Jungkook brought him inside, sent him off to the shower with an armful of clothes and a towel, before letting him sleep off his heartbreak in the younger’s bed.

Jungkook had taken the couch; he’d had his sofa made up with pillows and blankets by the time Jimin had come out of the shower, numb, but warm. Jimin fell asleep the moment his face touched the cool cotton of the pillowcase, and had apparently slept well into the morning.

Jimin sits up, both hands automatically finding the mess that is his hair, attempting to smooth it down into something a little less chaotic. Aside from the congestion in his entire face, no doubt from crying, from sleeping in a chilly room with his mouth wide open, Jimin feels…
He feels okay.

“Hey, Jimin, want some coffee?”

Halfway through his yawn, Jimin squeaks, nearly rolling right out of Jungkook’s bed - he’d expected Jungkook to be in the room somewhere, it’s not like his place is that big; what he hadn’t been expecting is to find Taehyung, perched on a chair at the dining table, reading a book with a cover in a language that Jimin can’t read.

What the fuck, though, really.

Taehyung seems to sense his surprise; that, or he saw Jimin almost fall off the bed. “Jungkook had to go out for something,” he explains, marking his place with what looks like a Pokemon card. “He asked me to sit with you.”

“Sit with me?” Jimin repeats, coughing a little bit. “I’m not two,” he laughs.

“Well, those aren’t the words he used, but I dunno how else to phrase it. And, well, I was kind of worried.” The other stands, grabbing the mug in front of him. “First you call me freaking out, and won’t tell me anything, then Yoongi calls me, also freaking out, also not telling me anything…”

Jimin winces, sliding to his feet and stretching, feeling strange places in his back pop - Jungkook’s mattress is not half as firm as his own is. “He… he called you? Sorry.”

The other passes him a second mug, dark eyes concerned as they travel over his face. “What the hell happened? I mean, are you okay?”

“I’m fine,” Jimin tells him truthfully, searching the counter around the coffee maker for the sugar. Finding it, he dumps a generous amount in the black coffee - it smells really, really strong. “Last night just got… a little rough, is all.”

But Taehyung keeps giving him that look, that look that is so saturated with sympathy it makes Jimin’s stomach ache.

It’s not like last night was all Yoongi’s fault; yeah, the elder had said really bad things, had stabbed Jimin straight in the heart and had done it without thinking twice - but Jungkook never should have said anything, and Jimin shouldn’t have let his lies and secrets go on for so long.

There’s so much blame to be passed around, but not just one person for it to land on.

“I’m in love with Yoongi,” Jimin says candidly, meeting the other’s eyes, “and last night, Jungkook broke up with him because of it, and Yoongi got angry, blamed me, and said some fucked up shit he didn’t mean. I called you so I could find Jungkook and try to convince him to, well, not break up with him, but I don’t think I got very far.” He shrugs, then, moving to the seat at the table, across the one Taehyung had occupied earlier. “Like I said, rough night.”

Taehyung basically falls into his own chair. “No kidding, shit, Jimin. You’re… you seem okay?”

Taking a sip of his coffee (it is really strong), Jimin nods, thinking about it. “I am, I think. I feel okay.”

And he does; he’s stuffy, congested from crying, he’s tired, because it’s actually still pretty early, so he hadn’t slept that long (or that well), but Jimin feels, despite everything, okay. He’s sad, still hurt over Yoongi’s words, and although Jimin would never imagine making excuses for the elder’s anger or shittiness, he’s known Yoongi long enough to know he probably feels like roadkill right now; as
he should.

But there’s this weightless sense of… relief in Jimin’s chest that he can’t help but be grateful for. It’s all out in the open now, all of it, nothing is hidden inside his chest, shoved between his ribs anymore, none of his secrets. As bad as last night had been, and Jimin trusts he won’t forget that particular chain of events nor the pain anytime soon, in a backwards, upside down way, he’s glad it happened.

Jimin is starting to think he’s a closet masochist.

The other, watching Jimin warily across the table, looks like he’s worried Jimin may break down in tears at any moment; but Jimin had done enough of that last night, into Jungkook’s chest, in his shower; he might feel like crying again later, but for now, he’s fine. Exhausted, numb, but fine.

“So where is Jungkook, again?” Jimin asks, looking around the small apartment. It’s a nice apartment, all things considered, just tiny; but Jungkook does live alone, doesn’t seem to have too much shit (unlike Jimin, who hoards everything), so it works.

“Helping Seokjin move some furniture or something,” the other explains. “I was half-asleep, to be honest, I’m not sure how I made it here. I would have offered to help instead, buuut… I’m delicate, and usually good for only one kind of workout.” He pauses, snorting. “The night I finally get laid after cramming for finals, and my phone doesn’t stop ringing.”

Jimin winces. “Sorry about that. I… I wasn’t thinking right, last night.”

“First you reject me,” Taehyung smiles at him, making it obvious he’s teasing, “then you cockblock me. Jiminie, what did I do to deserve this?”

Not for the first time, Jimin finds himself grateful that Taehyung is such an easy guy to talk to. Jimin hadn’t thought past his emotions last night, how upset he was, and just sleeping - if he had, he would have been worried that waking up this morning would have been filled with awkwardness, with a sense of being in the wrong place. It’s been awhile since he’s woken up in a bed that isn’t his own, especially without the sleepy-glowy feeling that comes after sex.

He’s refusing to think about the fact that he’d slept in the same bed he’s seen Jungkook fuck himself in too many times to count; that’s just not something he wants to think about right now, if ever.

But hanging out with Taehyung is easy, effortless. Taehyung doesn’t expect anything of him, has only really seen his bad sides, and yet, doesn’t judge him for a bit of it. Jimin is glad he’d met the other, glad that the other is here now; with Namjoon out of town, and the situation with Yoongi what it is, it’s good to have a friend on his side; or at least a friend who’s neutral enough.

They sit at the table and drink the too-strong coffee that Taehyung made, while cars honk and rev outside the open window, the sound weaving into the chirps of early-birds tweeting their good morning greetings; and they talk. They don’t talk about Yoongi, and they don’t talk about Jungkook; they talk about upcoming finals, about Jimin’s dance assessment coming up in April, and about the book Taehyung had been reading.

Jimin isn’t crazy - the book is in Latin - Taehyung is literally halfway through a book written entirely in Latin.

The crazy part is, he’s doing it for fun.

“Wait, it’s not an assignment?” Jimin asks, snatching the book from Taehyung’s hands. The words on the cover read *Commentarii de Bello Gallico*, which basically means zilch to Jimin.
Taehyung snatches the book back, gently smoothing it’s ruffled pages. “No. I mean, it was recommended for supplementary reading, but it’s not for a grade or anything.”

It’s unfathomable. “Okay, then,” the other says, getting up for a second cup of Taehyung’s coffee. “Sure.”

He downs two and a half cups of coffee in the hour he’s alone with Taehyung, before Jungkook gets back, tumbling into the apartment with a sigh.

“It’s. Cold. Out. There.” He huffs the words as he kicks off his shoes, tossing the hood of his coat off. “It was fine yesterday, what happened to the world?”

“The world is a cold place, Jungkookie,” Taehyung tells him over his shoulder, not bothering to look up from his phone (it had started vibrating like crazy twenty minutes ago - Jimin doesn’t ask).

Jungkook just snorts, then notices Jimin at the table, and his smile falters just a fraction. “Morning, hyung. Hungry? I brought McDonald’s.”

The three of them pile around the table and dig in, silently, croissants and burritos disappearing into thin air. Jungkook doesn’t mention Yoongi, Jimin sure as hell isn’t going to mention Yoongi, and Taehyung seems too preoccupied by his messages to bother bringing up Yoongi. Jimin can feel Jungkook’s eyes on him, though, and can guess what he’s thinking - but Jimin focuses on his food; he’s going to need energy for the conversation that’s bound to happen.

Yoongi stays out of the conversation until Taehyung suddenly stands, wiping his mouth on a brown paper napkin, before dropping a quick kiss to Jungkook’s hair. “I gotta go do damage control. Apparently I failed as a lover, last night. I seemed ‘distracted’.”

“Sorry, Tae,” Jimin sighs, for what feels like the thousandth time since waking up.

“Go get ‘em, hyung,” Jungkook says around his food.

Winding a scarf around his face, Taehyung smiles back at them. “Call me if you need me, but like, don’t need me for at least three hours.”

As soon as the door closes behind him, Jungkook clears his throat, and takes a sip of his iced coffee. Jimin balls up his trash, putting it in the now empty bag, and waits.

“So,” the younger begins.

“Can I use your phone charger?” Jimin says at the same time, accidentally cutting in. “Sorry-”

“It’s by the bed,” Jungkook tells him, nodding across the room. “Go ahead.”

With his battery slowly coming back to life, his belly full, and his nose clear of most of the congestion, Jimin takes his seat again, and meets the younger’s eyes.

“So,” he echoes, smiling a little shyly. “Thanks for letting me crash.”

“You’re welcome,” Jungkook says automatically. “You… seem okay, are you okay?”
Thinking about it, Jimin nods. “Yeah, I think I am. I mean,” he shrugs, ripping the corner off a napkin, “I feel like I dove face-first into a pool of frozen water, but, I dunno, emotionally, I’m okay.”

“He’s called me twice this morning,” Jungkook tells him. “I haven’t answered any of his calls, I don’t know what I would say, but he left a message.”

“What did he say?”

“That he wanted to make sure you got his message, because you haven’t replied. Said he works tonight, so he won’t be around if you come to get your stuff.”

“Ah.” Jimin nods. He’d called Namjoon at some point last night, crying of course, and when the elder finally answered, he’d told him what had happened, worried that he’d find out from someone else. Namjoon had been furious, told him to stay with Jackson, and cursed Yoongi’s name into the ground. Jimin had accepted the offer moments before his phone died, then he’d slept.

Sort of; he could go for a nap, though.

“You have somewhere to stay?” Jungkook asks, and Jimin nods.

“Yeah, I’m gonna stay with Namjoon’s boyfriend for a while. Until….”

“Until you feel like talking.”

“Yeah.”

Jungkook sighs, and they fall silent - it’s an awkward silence, this time, though it doesn’t bother Jimin much. He does have something he wants to say, though.

“You can answer, you know,” he says. “Yoongi’s calls, I mean. I still think you should be with him.”

Jungkook frowns, his entire face scrunching up. “No, I’m mad at him too, hyung.”

This actually catches Jimin off guard, and his jaw drops. “I’m not mad at him.”

“You’re not?” Jungkook asks, just as surprised, eyebrows raised. “How are you not mad at him?”

The elder shrugs. “Well, I mean- he- I-” Exhaling hard, Jimin sags. “Okay, maybe I am mad, but you don’t need to be. You don’t even know what happened.”

“You showed up at my apartment, in the middle of the night, crying, hyung. I don’t need to know what happened to know I’m pissed at him.”

What drives Jimin crazy is that Jungkook is right, he has a point; in his place, Jimin would be just as pissed. But Jimin didn’t sacrifice everything just for Jungkook to push Yoongi away on his behalf.

Gathering his thoughts, Jimin looks up, trying to speak without reservation. “I’m okay, Jungkook. Yeah, last night sucked, and it’s going to keep sucking, but I stand by what I said before, what I’ve been saying: you should be with him.”

The other averts his eyes, staring down at the table while he fiddles with his straw. “What if I’m not right for him?”

Jimin tosses a hand in the air. “Then you’re not, but I think you are.”
“I think you’re right for him, hyung.”

This time, Jimin’s jaw goes through the floor, but he recovers quicker; he scoffs, sitting on his hands in an attempt to stop fidgeting. “Yoongi cares about me, but not like that. I know that, for sure.”

This seems to annoy the younger. “No, no he just doesn’t know it,” he stresses. “I’ve seen it, Jimin, shit, I felt it. I always felt like an outsider with you two, like something was going on and I wasn’t even there. Yoongi tried, I think he could see it, too, but… you two fit, so well, hyung. Please believe me.”

“Even if I did,” Jimin says, pushing Jungkook’s words out of his head, “he’s never going to forgive me for lying to him all this time.”

“Are you going to forgive him for last night?”

Jimin doesn’t have an answer for that - so he presses his lips together, wracking his brain for something to say.

“I thought so,” Jungkook comments dryly.

Before Jimin can even roll his eyes, like he planned to do, his phone jingles back to life on Jungkook’s end table, and promptly proceeds to notify him for every missed call and message he’d missed while it was dead.

“Jeez,” he says, getting to his feet to check it. He scrolls through all of Yoongi’s missed calls, ignores his voicemail; he has a missed call from Jackson, two from Namjoon, and even one from Taehyung, from the night before. “I’ve never been so popular.”

“That’s hard to believe.”

Switching on the Do Not Disturb setting, Jimin places his phone back on the end table, before turning to face Jungkook, arms crossed. “To answer your question,” he starts, “I’ve already forgiven him. He was angry, last night, and he didn’t mean what he said. But I still need, I dunno, time? Because yeah, I am pissed at him, and I’m hurt, but that’s my fault, for letting everything get so fucked up.”

The urge to cry comes back faster than Jimin expected, but he swallows his tears; every part of him wants to go to Yoongi and apologize, but he knows it’s better to give the elder, and himself, space to think, to reflect. Jimin doesn’t know if Jungkook’s words have any merit, but he knows that the younger genuinely believes his own words, and it’s enough to have Jimin want to question everything - he just doesn’t want to do it right this second.

“I’m sorry,” Jungkook says without warning, dropping his hands to his lap. “I shouldn’t have told him, I should have listened. But he just… I told him about mochiABS, and he got so mad, I wanted him to understand.” His words come out in a rush, but he pauses, shaking his head. “I’m so sorry, I didn’t think.”

“Jungkook, it’s okay,” Jimin assures him. “It’s, well, it’s a relief. He should have heard it from me a long time ago, and that’s on me, but I… I feel like I can breathe again,” he admits. “I’ve felt like I was drowning for so damn long, keeping it all a secret. I’m sorry, too, that it fell on you to be the honest one.”

The younger offers him a weak smile. “I took family and relationship dynamics last semester. They shove the idea that honesty is best down your throat until all you do is go around hammering people with blatant, unadulterated truth.”
“Yay, college.” Moving to the couch, Jimin sits, sighing and cracking his neck. “I’ll get out of your hair when my phone is charged,” he comments. “If that’s okay.”

“Actually,” Jungkook shoots to his feet, and retrieves his coat, digging around in the pocket. He produces a plastic bag, and shakes the contents onto the table. “Since you know about the shows and everything, I was hoping you could help with something before you leave. I can’t ask Taehyung to help or I’ll never hear the end of it.”

Curious, Jimin nods.

Then he bursts into giggles as Jungkook produces a bottle of deep, midnight blue nail polish.

“Are you any good at painting nails? Because I have a show tonight, and I promised to have both my fingers and toes painted for it.” Jungkook is blushing, an unsubtle shade of red streaked across his cheekbones; it’s adorable, Jimin thinks, even as he falls over, openly laughing now.

Attempting to catch his breath, Jimin nods a second time. “I dated a girl freshman year who was really into nail art,” he chokes out. “You’re so lucky I had a natural talent for it, dude.”

Giving in and laughing himself, Jungkook rolls his eyes. “Well, as soon as you’re done making fun of me.”

A while later, Jimin has managed to calm himself enough to perch cross-legged in the center of the couch. He should probably find it weird, the entire situation, but he’s been through so much in less than a day, weird is the least of his worries; Jungkook sits next to him, facing the elder, with his hand on Jimin’s knee, the bottle of polish open and potent.

“It smells so bad,” Jungkook groans, covering his nose with the back of his free hand. “Goddamn.”

Jimin chuckles, leaning forward to begin. “It’s okay, the smell will kill your nostrils in a bit and you won’t smell a thing.”

“Greaaat.”

It feels therapeutic, to completely lose himself to concentration; Jimin focuses on dragging the brush across Jungkook’s nails, depositing and smoothing out color, doing his best to be as neat and precise as possible. He’s quiet as he does so, and after fussing about the scent a little while longer, Jungkook is, too.

Jimin has just finished the first coat on Jungkook’s right hand, when the younger speaks up, nearly causing him to drop the brush as the silence is shattered.

“Shit, hyung, please don’t drop that,” Jungkook laughs, as Jimin curses. “I’m still paying this couch off.”

Jimin shoots him a dirty look, starting on the second coat. “Then don’t scare me. What did you say, by the way? I didn’t hear.”

“I asked why you kissed me that one time,” Jungkook said quietly, leaning his head against the back cushion of the couch. “Did it have something to do with Yoongi, or with BusanKookie97?”

Fuck.

Jimin winces, ducking his head, hoping he can just sink through the couch, through the floors below, and disappear. “I was drunk,” he counters, moving on to another finger. “That’s it.”
“Honesty, hyung, remember?” the younger points out, nudging Jimin’s foot with his own. “No more secrets.”

No more secrets, Jimin repeats in his head, sighing. He leans back, and reaches to the end table, taking a sip of his room temperature coffee - it’s gross, but it helps with his sudden case of dry throat.

“I was drunk,” he repeats, keeping his eyes on the task at hand. “And I was jealous.”

“Why didn’t you kiss Yoongi, then, if you were jealous? I mean, you did later, but...”

“Ugh, shit, why did you have to remind me of that?”

Jungkook shrugs, laughing - at least he’s enjoying this.

Moving on, Jimin shrugs. “I wasn’t just jealous of you, I guess? I’m not completely sure, I really was pretty drunk, but... I mean, it’s pretty obvious that I’m... attracted to you.” Jungkook doesn’t speak, just keeps his big, curious eyes on the elder, and it gives Jimin a little push of encouragement to continue. “It wasn’t fair, or it didn’t feel fair. You and Yoongi were there, making out, and I was there, feeling left out. It makes me sound like a massive douche, but you were suddenly, like, there, in front of me, and my brain thought ‘my turn’.”

Jimin straightens up, twisting the cap on the nail polish, while Jungkook brings his hands to his mouth so he can blow lightly across his fingertips, urging the polish to dry. “You’re not an asshole,” he tells Jimin, his voice soft. “I mean, you did an asshole thing, but you didn’t do it to hurt anyone. You did it because you were hurt, so I’ll cut you some slack.”

The elder sighs. “Have I said I’m sorry? I mean, since we’re being honest, I’d imagined kissing you a lot, since, you know… but that’s not how I wanted it to go, for the record. With Yoongi, either.”

“Well, I can’t speak for Yoongi, but I’ll give you a free do-over, whenever you want,” Jungkook smiles, and Jimin honestly doesn’t know if he’s serious or joking. “It was a good kiss, though, not gonna lie.”

Jimin looks up to meet the younger’s eyes, and he pauses, his lungs frozen as his heart stutters - Jungkook is just looking at him, eyes soft, smile softer, and for a split second, the elder thinks Jungkook wants him to kiss him.

The weirder part is, is that Jimin wants to - he’s always, since he first stumbled upon BusanKookie97 at ten-thirty on a Wednesday in the far past, found Jungkook cute; it’s worse, knowing that he’s actually as sweet as he looks, as gentle, as understanding, and he’s real, tall and muscled, smelling slightly like peach shampoo. But Jimin’s heart still feels the aftershocks of Yoongi’s hurt, of Yoongi’s anger, so he just ducks his head, and pats Jungkook’s ankle.

“Let me do your toes,” he says, unable to mask the roughness in his throat.

And just like that, the moment, because that’s exactly what it was, Jimin decides, passes. “‘Kay, hyung.”

It’s a little more difficult to find a good position in which to paint Jungkook’s toenails, but eventually Jimin ends up on the floor in front of the sofa, Jungkook’s feet in his lap, and it works. The younger does little but lay against the cushions, eyes drooping, and Jimin is grateful - Jungkook makes for good company, he’s always thought so, despite everything, but the conversation had been dipping into dangerous territory.

Jimin still wants Jungkook and Yoongi to be together, because he can’t help but remember how happy Yoongi had been over the past couple of months, how much he smiled and just seemed to
shine. Love really looks good on Yoongi.

With everything exposed now, hearts included, Jimin can admit, to himself and only himself, that he’d been jealous of not only Jungkook, but of Yoongi, too; Jungkook is cute, and hot, sweet at times, infuriating at others, and Jimin had somehow missed the whirlwind of butterflies that arrived with the younger’s presence. He’d been too distracted by the pain, by the self-inflicted anger, that he hadn’t noticed the once superficial feelings that he’d had for BusanKookie97 developing into genuine like for Jungkook.

But Jimin is more aware of his own vulnerability now than he’d ever been; he’d let his feelings for Yoongi go unchecked until they overtook him, but he won’t let the same happen with his crush on Jungkook. No, not when there’s still a chance for Yoongi and Jungkook to be happy together. Jimin will be okay, he knows, if the way he feels now is any indication, and he’ll take his time before facing Yoongi again, give himself time to breathe, to make sure he’s really okay, before he sorts out his broken friendship.

Jungkook, bless him, has been nothing but sweet to Jimin, especially when Jimin needed him. The elder hadn’t meant for last night to happen, hadn’t meant to find solace in the unintentional source of his heartbreak, but it had turned out okay. Jimin still isn’t sure if Jungkook is really just that decent a person, into him in some way, or just feeling guilty for inadvertently ruining his friendship with Yoongi; either way, Jimin’s chest still feels a little raw, a little afraid, so he decides that, just this once, he’ll push these thoughts to the back and think about them later.

“Okay,” Jimin announces, closing the bottle and sliding it onto the coffee table. “Done, don’t move for like, twenty minutes though.”

The younger gives him a sleepy smile, and nods. “Thanks, hyung.”

With Jungkook dozing on the couch, Jimin moves across the room and hikes himself onto Jungkook’s bed, repressing any thoughts of what happens in it every Wednesday. Instead, he checks his phone again, and after sending Namjoon a quick text letting him know he’s okay, he calls Jackson.

“Hey, babe.” The elder answers after a couple of rings, and Jimin thinks he must’ve been waiting for him to call.

“Hey, Jackson, what’s up?”

“Not shit, really,” Jackson huffs, sounding bored, true to his words. “I’m doing this peer tutoring thing on campus today before work, but not a lot of people are showing up. You’d think with finals in literally a few days, someone would care.”

Jimin laughs in agreement. “You’d think, yeah. To be fair, though, most people have probably already studied themselves into a coma.”

“That’d explain why I have a bunch of appointments, but nobody is here. Thank God I only have to be here for twenty more minutes.”

Jimin lets the other complain a while longer, mainly waiting for the elder to ask him how he is - not something Jimin really wants to get into, again, especially with Jungkook in earshot. But when Jackson doesn’t ask, Jimin figures he best just get on with it.

“So… Namjoon says I can stay at your place for a while? I mean, until finals are done at least.” Jimin doesn’t miss Jungkook’s eyes falling on him from across the room as he speaks; he ignores him.
“Yeah, dude, that’s totally fine. I won’t be home until like, two or so though, but if you can get here in the next fifteen minutes, I can give you my key?”

“Uhh.” Jimin looks around, catching Jungkook’s eye. “Um, hold on,” he tells Jackson. “Jungkook, how uh, far are we from campus?”

The younger raises his eyebrow. “About thirty minutes by bus.”

Sagging, Jimin puts the phone back to his ear. “I’ll have to meet you at your place later.”

“Okay, I’ll try to skip out of my last class since the professor is only doing review. Ah, and remind me to give you the spare key tonight, because I promise, I will forget.”

After thanking the elder and ending the call (and clearing his notifications so he doesn’t have to look at Yoongi’s name), Jimin stands, giving Jungkook a shrug. “Mind if I hangout for a while longer?” he asks sheepishly.

The younger chuckles, and points one painted finger at the TV. “Video games?”

Jimin smiles; video games are safe, at least, far away from secret crushes, secret online personas, and kissing.

“Sure.”

“Oomf!”

Jimin hasn’t taken three steps inside of Jackson’s apartment, before he’s knocked to his ass (ow) by Rainbow, who’s currently licking every inch of his face that she can reach.

“Rainbow- baby-” Jimin cranes his head, laughing, trying to keep the dog’s tongue away from his eyeballs. “Rainbow, I love you too, but I already had a shower.”

“Rainbow! Down!”

With Jackson’s command from the other room, Rainbow clambers off of Jimin and sits, tongue lolling as she smiles at him, her entire body wiggling with the force of her wagging tail.

Jimin can’t help himself; he shifts to his knees and hugs the dog tight, overcome with her cuteness.

After slipping her an entire Slim Jim that he bought on his way over, Jimin gets to his feet and grabs his bags, lugging them through the foyer into the living room. Jackson is in his kitchen, hair damp from showering, pulling packs of noodles out of the pantry.

“Hungry?” he asks, smiling at Jimin. “I have pork on the grill, thought we could have some ramyeon with it. It’s early, but I missed lunch.”

“Sounds delicious,” Jimin comments, dropping his stuff by the couch, attempting to pretend that this is just an extended visit to a friend’s house.

But he knows what it really is; not an hour earlier, after spending most of the day at Jungkook’s playing video games and helping the younger with his math review, Jimin had finally gone back to his apartment (when he was beyond sure that Yoongi would be at work). He doesn’t know what he’d expected - all of his stuff in boxes by the door, or on fire, maybe; but Yoongi’s never been that cruel, let alone dramatic. He found the apartment exactly the same, everything like it was when he’d
left, and for some reason, that made him more on edge than he would have been if he had actually found his stuff on fire.

He’d moved quickly, grabbing some of his stuff from the bathroom, at least what he and Yoongi didn’t share - the rest, he’d just buy tomorrow. Then he’d packed a week’s worth of clothes, all of his school stuff, his laptop, an extra pair of shoes, and left as quickly as he could.

Being back, he could see the scene from the night before playing out, like echos moving in wavelengths across the room. He cried a little bit, shutting the door behind him, but he was able to put a lid on it before he made it downstairs, and into a taxi.

But Jimin doesn’t want to give Jackson any reason to worry, so he puts on a smile, and offers to help with dinner.

Jimin remembers the first time he met Jackson, the first time Namjoon introduced them, backstage at a bar where Namjoon’s band was scheduled to play the last slot. Then, Jackson’s hair was black, and shorter, and he still had a sense of adventure (not that he still doesn’t, but now he’s just more careful about when he let’s it run rampant). He greeted Jimin with a hug, offered him a beer, and had looked at Namjoon like he was the dawn, or the first snowfall, or a cliff overlooking the horizon; that was all Jimin needed to be friends with someone, really.

Despite their bickering, which Jimin has seen first hand and heard after the fact from Namjoon, he’s never thought two people were meant for each other more than Namjoon and Jackson are; Jackson gives Namjoon unending support in his career, in his art, without sacrificing his own plans, his own future, and Namjoon does all he can to be the best man possible for Jackson, doing what he has to do to ensure that he can be with the other with no regrets. They aren’t always perfect, but they’re perfect for each other, and honestly, Jimin finds that kind of amazing.

He used to spend a lot more time with the two of them, before Namjoon’s band began to play more shows, before they started touring. He’s spent countless nights in Jackson’s apartment, playing cards and boardgames with the other two, empty beer cans scattered around the room, all of them high on life. Later on, Yoongi joined them, but soon after Yoongi began making more appearances in their lives, Namjoon took his band on the road, so it was less and less often that they all got together. Despite the bitter sweetness of Namjoon’s success, Jimin knows that Jackson is beyond proud of his boyfriend, and would wait for him forever if he had to.

Jimin was also there when Namjoon adopted Rainbow; the German Shepherd had been five months old, the size of a small horse, and was intended as a gift for Jackson, someone to keep him company while Namjoon was gone. Jimin had sat in the backseat of Namjoon’s car (before he sold it), the oversized puppy in his lap, and by the time they reached Jackson’s apartment, Jimin had been nervously gnawed on and ended up covered in pee.

But Jackson fell in love with her, and Jimin is sure, to this day, that while he showered in Jackson’s bathroom, he and Namjoon were doing the unspeakable right outside the door.

If Jimin is honest with himself (which is rare), he wants a love like the other two have; it’s pure in it’s rawest form, but it’s also been through the grind of life, the ups and downs, and it’s survived. Jimin wants that; one day, maybe.

With the remnants of dinner scattered around the table, and Jackson out walking Rainbow, Jimin’s sleepless night and early morning are beginning to catch up to him. He stands on tired legs, willing his fatigued body to just work with him, let him clean up a little bit, and he wonders if he can get
away with falling asleep on the pull-out couch early, before Jackson decides to play twenty questions with him.

It was a good plan; Jimin is halfway done washing their dishes when Jackson comes back inside, but the elder hasn’t even taken off his jacket before he’s launching his concern at Jimin.

“So, what happened?” he asks, tossing Rainbow a treat (she catches it mid-air, and runs off, probably to hide it somewhere; like the side pocket of Jimin’s backpack).

Before Jimin can come up with an excuse to, well, not answer, Jackson’s computer, on a desk in the corner of the living room, starts ringing.

“Well,” the elder says cheerily, “that would be Namjoon.”

Drying his hands, confused, Jimin follows the other to the computer, but he quickly realizes what the elder means when Namjoon’s face pops up on the screen.

“Hello babies,” Namjoon greets, his goofy smile taking up half the screen. “How’s it going?”

Jackson returns Namjoon’s smile, sitting in the spinny chair and scooting over to give Jimin room to crouch down. “Good timing, love, we just finished dinner.”

“Dinner? It’s like five.”

Jimin laughs, currently fighting over his spot as Rainbow hears her other dad’s voice. “Since when is five too early for barbeque, hyung?”

With Jackson humming in agreement, Namjoon groans. “Dude, I’d kill for barbeque. I’ve been living on fucking vending machine food. I want meat.”

Jimin smirks at Jackson at the same time Namjoon realizes what he’d said.

“Ew, Jimin, don’t make that face at my boyfriend,” the elder scolds, frowning. “Anyway, we have rehearsal in a bit, but I just wanted to check-in.”

Taking pity on the other, Jackson bites back his smile. “How’s the hotel? I hate the shitholes you stay in, sometimes.”

“This one is actually pretty nice.” Namjoon’s face disappears from the screen, and it’s just a swirling mass of mossy browns, before the camera focuses again; now they can see the room, and though it’s nothing fancy, Namjoon wasn’t lying. It’s a pretty standard two-bed room, with a big window, a mini-fridge and a microwave, but it looks clean. There’s no mold that Jimin can spot, anyway.

“I’m glad,” Jackson tells him.

“I miss you,” Namjoon sighs, camera back on his face. “Both of you.”

“Awh, Joonie, we miss you, too,” Jimin coos. “Did you get my text?” he asks, getting it out of the way.

Taking pity on the other, Jackson bites back his smile. “How’s the hotel? I hate the shitholes you stay in, sometimes.”

“Yeah, thanks. You look okay.”

“I am,” Jimin assures him, standing. “So don’t worry, okay?” He taps Jackson on the shoulder, motioning towards the kitchen. “I’m gonna finish the dishes.”

“You don’t have to.”
“It’s okay, I don’t mind.”

Back in the kitchen, away from Namjoon’s scrutiny, Jimin can relax. He really is okay, and honestly, he’s fucking tired of talking about last night, at least for now. That, coupled with the fact that he wants to give Jackson some time alone with Namjoon, is reason enough for him to finish scrubbing plates clean.

But not even the rush of the hot water, sending steam billowing into his face, can dampen Namjoon’s voice.

“Hey,” he can hear the elder mutter, “is he really okay? Have you asked what happened?”

“No,” Jackson replies. “Well, I did, but then you called. I don’t think he’s in the mood to talk, but he really does seem fine. I just… don’t want to push him, you know how he is. He has to process things on his own, first.”

Namjoon sighs. “Yeah, he and Yoongi are alike in that aspect.”

“Don’t worry, Joon I’ll let you know if I find anything out.”

“Thank you, babe. I don’t like... shit, I don’t like not being there. I could have stopped this from happening, I should have… I don’t know, not let him hide it for so long.”

Turning the water up to drown out the sound of Jackson comforting the other, Jimin curses himself. The frustration in Namjoon’s voice makes his heart clench; he hates that the elder is so worried about this, blaming himself, when in reality, there’s nothing he could have done. Jimin hadn’t listened, never would have listened; he’s accepted, as the day has passed, that it was always going to end up like this, one way or another.

He doesn’t like it, but it is what it is; all he can do is attempt to move on, and eventually salvage his friendship with Yoongi. For the time being, though, Jimin is tired of talking, and thinking, about it.

Yoongi is probably a wreck right now, Jimin knows, freaking out over what he’d done, Jimin’s feelings, and Jungkook. It hurts to think about, of course it does, but Jimin, just this once, is going to put himself first. He’s going to focus on finals, focus on spending Christmas with his family.

Then he’ll be ready to see Yoongi, to work out the mess and find out what the future of their friendship is.

If there is a future.

“Hey.”

Jemin nearly drops the bowl he’s rinsing, as Jackson comes up behind him. “Hey,” he breathes back, attempting a smile. “I’m glad you didn’t suddenly become a Skype-sex type.”

The other snorts, dipping his hands into the sink to start washing the cutlery. “I’ve never been a Skype-sex type, much to Namjoon’s disappointment. Makes him crave real sex even more, though.”

“Okay,” Jimin scrunches his nose, rinsing the tongs Jackson passes him. “No thanks on that topic.”

Jackson just laughs, dumping a handful of spoons into Jimin’s side of the sink for the younger to rinse. “So, you uh, want to talk about it?”

“Not today,” Jimin tells him. “Maybe tomorrow?”
“Sure, babe.”

And that’s that.

They don’t talk about it the next day, or the next; in truth, Jackson is gone each morning, out the door at seven AM, impending finals keeping him busy as a TA and a peer tutor; not that he has many students coming to him for help or review, but he still has to show up. Jimin, on the other hand, spreads out his textbooks, his notes, past quizzes that he’s gotten back with shitty marks, and his study guides on his makeshift bed, and, with Rainbow curled up beside him, launches himself into utter cram mode.

He skips his classes, since the professors are only holding review sessions, going over concepts again and again in a last ditch effort to make their students understand. Jimin doesn’t go, he thinks he’s doing pretty well on his own - except for chemistry, that shit is the devil, but Jimin asks Jackson at dinner if he’ll help him, and after that, with a little more intense study on his own, Jimin gets it. Sort of; he gets it enough that he isn’t worried about completely failing.

By the time the weekend arrives, the weekend before Hell on Earth, Jimin finds himself in a decent, distracting routine. He wakes up early, still, despite the copious amounts of sleet the city has gotten, and goes on his morning runs, Rainbow in tow. Then he goes back to Jackson’s, waits for the other to finish in the bathroom before showering, then he goes to work, putting on his best smile - Taemin, not an idiot by any means, can tell something is off, but he leaves the other be. Jimin even works a couple hours after the lunch rush, washing dishes and cleaning bathrooms, for a little extra cash and an excuse not to think.

Then he heads back to Jackson’s and studies his ass off, studies harder than he has in his entire life, and by the time Jackson makes it home, Jimin has exhausted himself to the point of seeming calm, not only about looming exams, but missing Yoongi, too.

It’s hard, of course it’s hard, and it hurts, but Jimin resists the urge to call the elder, to reach out. He knows the time will come eventually, but if he doesn’t take this time for himself, now… it won’t do either of them any good.

He just hopes Yoongi understands.

Namjoon calls every single night, and Jimin humors him for a little while, continually trying to convince his friend that he’s okay - yes, he feels weird about not being in his own home, with his best friend, and no, he hasn’t spoken to Jungkook, and no, he hasn’t spoken to Yoongi - but he is, despite everything, better than he had been. After he’s done talking to the elder, he passes the phone to Jackson, and takes Rainbow for a walk.

Sunday night, Jimin wakes up with a shout trapped in his chest, every molecule of his being stinging - he’d been waiting for it to happen, hoping it wouldn’t, but the sweat dripping between his shoulder blades is clear indication that his fears came to fruition.

Jackson, though Jimin never told him (Namjoon must’ve), takes his nightmare in stride, coming down from the loft and flicking on the lamp at the base of the stairs.

“Hey,” he mutters, rubbing at his eyes, “you okay?”

Jimin nods, sitting up and tossing the blanket from his legs. “Yeah,” he gasps, wiping his brow.
“Yeah, I’m fine. It wasn’t… bad.”

Then Jackson is sitting next to him, offering him a mug of water. “Here, rehydrate.”

“Thanks.”

The younger downs the water, breathing deep, trying to dispel dark images of inky blackness and feelings of panic; he never remembers the details, only the sheer, earth shattering feelings.

It still sucks.

“What time is it?” Jimin asks, when he feels like he can talk without his voice coming out shaky.

The elder turns, squinting behind him at the clock on the stove. “Twenty after three,” he says a little cheerily. “Also known as snack time. Want some Cocoa Puffs?”

They sit at the dining table in the low lamp light, the silence broken only by the sound of the two of them crunching away as they eat. Rainbow sits next to Jimin, her chin on his knee, her eyes begging.

“Sorry, girl,” Jimin tells her, feeding himself a spoonful. “You can’t have chocolate, you’ll die.”

After they’ve eaten, Jackson rinses their bowls, and pulls open a cabinet, climbing halfway on the counter to reach something in the very back. He produces a pack of cigarettes, the box bent in places, and he opens it, pulling one out.

“Okay,” Jimin says.

They pass it back and forth, only smoking one, and Jackson turns on the oven vent halfway through to disperse the smoke. “Just… don’t become a smoker because of me.”

“If Namjoon didn’t turn me into a smoker, one cigarette with you won’t,” Jimin assures him, exhaling. “Besides, I can’t afford the addiction. Too much money, dude.”

It isn’t the normal comforting routine that Jimin is used to, it isn’t the cuddles or the familiar scent of Yoongi’s hand lotion, the feeling of the elder’s body wrapped around his; but it’s nice, anyway. Jimin feels a nicotine high that’s just strong enough that he thinks it’ll lull him back to sleep, so, with Jackson heading back towards the stairs, and Rainbow curling up on the floor halfway between the couch and the stairs, Jimin settles back into the blanket.

Jackson, halfway up the stairs, turns back towards him. “Hey, I meant to ask, there’s this party at a club Friday, sort of an after finals thing, where a friend of mine bartends. I’m up for going if you want to.”

Jimin doesn’t even think about it. “Nah, I’d rather not,” he says, stifling a yawn. “But I’m more than happy to hang out and keep Rainbow company if you wanna go.”

Jackson laughs, and continues climbing the stairs. “Okay, then. Goodnight.”

“Night, hyung.”

Monday sucks, Tuesday is worse, and Wednesday is Hell; Jimin goes to bed early Wednesday night,
and sleeps halfway through Thursday, trying to regenerate some of his depleted mental capacity. He has two more finals on Friday, so he goes over his notes twice, pacing around Jackson’s living room while the elder sits on the loveseat, headphones on, going over his own notes; he goes for a late-night run, eats a light dinner, and goes to bed; just twelve more hours, and he’s free.

Jimin hasn’t seen Yoongi on campus, and he’s grateful for that; he hasn’t even seen Jungkook, but, heading towards the west gate Friday morning, Jimin spots the younger stepping off the bus, bundled in a black coat and jeans; he looks sleepy, a little done with life, but he’s beautiful - he always has been.

Of course, Jimin, thoroughly done, is in grey sweats.

He sees Jimin and pauses, his body half-turned away from the other, hesitant; but Jimin smiles at him, and waves, and Jungkook makes his way over, smiling back shyly.

“How’s it going?” Jungkook asks, as they fall into step with each other on the sidewalk. “Aside from, you know, this,” he adds, gesturing around campus.

Jimin snorts, his breath coming out in a cloud of hazy air. “Well, aside from this, I’m… coping. What about you?”

“Yeah.” The other’s voice is soft. “Same.”

Not in the mood for sad shit, because he wants to keep his mind on his exams, Jimin nudges Jungkook with his arm. “Let’s get some coffee. Everything is better after a triple shot of espresso.”

They walk slowly across campus, impeded by other students dreading the day just as much as they are, and by the slick ice that’s found its way on the ground. It hasn’t snowed, yet, but Jimin has a feeling it will soon - it’ll probably wait until he’s halfway home to Busan, of course, denying him the excitement, but hopefully he’ll be back in time before it melts.

They chat as they walk, trying to stay warm.

“What do you have today?” Jimin asks, glancing up at the younger. “Just one left?”

Jungkook nods, sighing to the sky. “Yes, thank you God. Just trig left, but I think it’ll be okay. You?”

“Ethics and history,” Jimin groans. “I’m not so confident, but it’s useless to worry, now.”

“Wait,” the younger laughs, “I thought you were writing a paper for ethics to get out of the exam?”

“I was.” Jimin shrugs, tucking his hands into his hoodie. “I didn’t finish it in time.”

The silence that follows is full of remorseful understanding; Jungkook knows what happened that week, just a couple of weeks ago - Jimin doesn’t have to explain it.

“Well,” he says, “I’m sure it’ll go fine.”

Jimin is about to respond, thank the younger and say he hopes so; but they’re nearing the coffee cart, the one on Old Campus by the haunted-but-not-really library, when Jimin spots him, and his heart jumps into overtime.

Yoongi looks exactly the same, save for the fact that his pink hair has almost faded completely to blond; Jimin doesn’t know why he expected the elder to look any different, honestly. He’s still the
same man, with eyes like liquid smoke, a flat, cute nose, and skin like gossamer, tinged pastel in the cold. He’s wearing his leather jacket over a grey hoodie, but no hat or scarf, and Jimin’s first instinct is to fuss over him, demand he gets inside and out of the cold.

His second instinct is to kick the elder.

Again, why did he have to wear sweats, today?

Jungkook notices him a split second after Jimin does, his hand coming to grasp at the elder’s sleeve. “Hyung,” he mutters. “We can go to the dining hall, if you want.”

“No,” Jimin tells him. “He’s already seen us.”

He runs a hand through his hair and keeps walking, his eyes darting back and forth between Yoongi and the ground. If the elder is surprised to see him and Jungkook together, he doesn’t show it; his eyes only travel to one and then the other, slowly, as he stands, meeting them a few feet away from the cart.

Only then does Jimin notice that Yoongi is holding two cups of coffee, one in each hand. “Hey, I—” Yoongi starts, pausing to clear his throat. “I bought you a triple shot with caramel and whipped cream.” He offers the cup to Jimin, his eyes wide, nervous.

Jimin knows how he feels; he takes the warm cup, his knees weak, and nods. “Thanks,” he mutters. Silence follows, broken when Yoongi realizes that Jimin isn’t going to speak. So he looks at Jungkook, licking his lips. “Hey, Jungkook.”

“Hey, hyung.”

More silence, followed by a sigh from the elder.

“I’m sorry, for this,” he says, finally, putting his hands in his pockets. “You… you never called, so I… I just wanted to know if you plan on talking, at some point.” He looks down at his converse, and shrugs. “I just wanted to make sure.”

Jimin, not sure if his voice even still exists, nods. “At some point,” he tells him. “Not now.”

“No, yeah, I know, I just… needed to make sure,” Yoongi says, stepping back. Then he pauses, looking at Jungkook again. “I, uh… You want a coffee? The Americanos are really good, here.”

Jungkook, standing a step behind Jimin’s shoulder, doesn’t say anything. He’s still holding onto Jimin’s sleeve, though, so Jimin turns, gives him a small smile. “I’ll see you later?”

He’s telling Jungkook he’s okay, he’s telling him talk to him, please, it’s fine. He’s telling him what he’s been saying this entire time, and Jungkook seems to understand, though he still looks a little nervous.

“Yeah,” he says to Jimin, and then to Yoongi, “sure, hyung… thanks.”

With another quick, half-assed smile directed at nobody in particular, Jimin takes his coffee, and hauls ass away from everything making his chest ache.

Outside of the classroom where his history test is being given, he sits on the laminate floor, leans his head against the wall, and fights the tightness in his throat; the people around him help to keep him from breaking into snotty, ugly sobbing, thankfully, and the feeling passes eventually.
He has two exams to focus on, anyway, so, with half an hour left before the first test begins, Jimin pulls out his notes, takes a sip of his coffee, and focuses on everything aside from Yoongi’s soft, sad eyes.

But no matter what he does, he can’t shake the burning, stinging behind his eyes.

He hadn’t planned on it, and he isn’t dressed for it, but after his exams (that were back-to-back, a fact he cursed, before, but he’d been thankful for, after this morning), Jimin heads to the dance studios, his ears ringing. He finds a room with a slot empty for one PM, scribbles his name on the reservation sheet, and heads inside, dropping his backpack to the floor.

He doesn’t have a change of clothes on him, so he kicks out of his shoes, and leaves his socks, hoodie, and shirt in a pile against the wall, and plugs his phone into the speakers. He doesn’t have all his music, but he has enough; within a few minutes, heavy and smooth bass fills the room, shattering his bones and filling him with energy, the sound dancing over his chilly, bare skin.

Jimin dances, and dances, first with no real direction, just feeling the music, feeling the beat, feeling anything aside from his emotions. Then he goes through choreo, starting from ones he’s learned for classes, ones he’s learned from watching Youtube; when he runs out of those, he practices his own choreography, the routine he’s slowly building for his dance evaluation in a few months. He hasn’t gotten very far on it, he wants it to be perfect, but it feels nice to move anyway, to his own steps, his own twists and footwork.

Even so, three hours later, while he’s laying in a puddle of his own sweat, the feelings are still there, leaving him shaking as he heaves for air, his muscles burning; Jimin knows, now, without a doubt, that putting distance between himself and Yoongi was for the best. Today, seeing him like he had, it had been too soon; Jimin wasn’t ready, wasn’t ready to feel this, to have every emotion he’d been trying to work through suddenly cranked up to a ten on the dial and assaulting him with every thump of his heart in his chest.

He eventually drags himself off the floor, more or less dry, and gets dressed, catching his reflection in the mirror. Jimin hadn’t been paying attention, before, more focused on the way his body moved, but now, he sees his face; his cheeks are flushed, his blond hair, roots dark, sticking up at all angles from his habit of pushing it back with his fingers.

For some reason, one that he doesn’t want to think about, he’s suddenly struck by the image of Jungkook, done up in lace and sheer black, looking much the same. Before, Jimin had only ever seen his eyes, the tops of his cheeks - he’d never seen the rest of his face, Jungkook always wore a mask (usually a color matching his outfit; or his dildo), but now, Jimin has seen the younger’s face, has seen him smile and frown, laugh and bite at his lip nervously.

Now, Jimin can see, can imagine, at least, the color Jungkook would flush, his forehead damp, eyes dark, as he spreads himself wide, or wraps his fingers around himself…

Then, unbidden, an image of Yoongi, just the same, slams to the forefront of his mind, and he groans.

He doesn’t need this right now.

“Fuck,” Jimin sighs, shoving his foot into his shoe - it’s been too long, maybe, since he relieved himself, let alone gotten laid. Maybe that’s what he needs; maybe that’ll help with the volatile uneasiness in his gut, the need to do, to act.
He can’t have who (or, who-s, plural) he wants, but maybe he can get away with what he wants.

Back at Jackson’s, drying his hair after a quick, hot shower, Jimin mentions what he’s thinking to the elder, bringing up the party that Jackson told him about.

“Oh!” The elder jumps up from the couch, tugging Jimin into a brief hug. “I’m so glad you changed your mind, Jimin, oh my god.”

A little later, after showering himself, Jackson takes Jimin up to the loft, and lets him raid the closet for something to wear.

Jimin’s never been in the actual loft, before; it’s more spacious than he’d expected, big enough to fit a king-sized bed, a large dresser, and even a sixty-inch TV on a wide, low sitting entertainment center, game consoles on the shelves.

The floors are the same light wood, but the walls are painted a soft blue, a pleasant contrast to the maroon rug sitting beneath the bed, which is made up in cobalt sheets and a wool-grey comforter.

It’s a disaster of colors, really, but it works, somehow.

Something Jimin hadn’t known before he’d made his decision is that the party is themed; nothing crazy, thankfully, just a color scheme that all those attending have to comply to - silver, of course, white, or blue are all that’s allowed, and Jimin, after a lot of digging, finds a old tank-top of Namjoon’s, the entire article covered in small, silver iridescent beads.

“They check coats, don’t they?” Jimin asks, trying on the shirt, feeling shyly proud of the way his arms look, exposed and glowing next to the silver. “Because I don’t want to freeze on the way there.”

“Yep.” Jackson, on his back on the bed, rolls to his stomach. “And they have a small restaurant with a pretty good menu, if you’re hungry.”

“Awesome,” Jimin mutters, turning this way and that in Jackson’s floor-length mirror (he tries not to think about the way it faces the bed), wondering if he should ask to borrow some jeans, too.

“We’ll leave around nine, I guess?” the other asks, stepping around Jimin to reach into the closet.

“Sounds good, hyung.”

Two and a half hours later, after taking Rainbow for a walk, calling Jackson’s fourteen year old neighbor to come watch her (and play his PS4), Jimin and the elder are walking into the club, getting their hands stamped so they can drink at the bar. They drop off their coats, hook their arms together, and make their way through the crowd.

Jimin, after ending up in a pair of Jackson’s tight, white jeans, had let the elder fuck around with his hair a bit, using a straightener and some hair gel to style it out of his eyes.

He looks good; he looks damn good, and he hopes, after a couple of drinks to get his blood going, he can find someone nice to take him home for the night, to help him let go of all this tension, this anxiety.

If only he wasn’t anxious about the entire thing.
The club isn’t packed, not yet; he and Jackson were pretty early in line, and the bouncers seem pretty competent about not letting the crowd break fire code, but there are still a ton of people to wade through, all dressed in wintery colors, all college students trying to dance away the stress of finals. After giving up trying to press through the people gathered on the dance floor, Jimin nudges the other, and jerks his head, and they stick close to the wall, moving around the mass in the center.

By the time the bar is in sight, Jimin has been pressed against so many people that he almost no longer feels the need to get naked with any of them.

Then he spots a familiar mess of black hair, pale, olive skin, and pouty pink lips, and he changes his mind.

Sort of.

Jungkook doesn’t notice them, he’s too busy staring at the wall of liquor behind the bartenders, his chin on his palm, where a neon pink wristband sits, warning of his age. Most places around town, usually the more hole in the wall bars or venues, are lenient, not bothering to check, but apparently, not this place; by the amount of the cover charge Jimin had paid, no doubt this place considers itself high class, and plans to stay that way.

The younger is with someone Jimin has never seen before; he’s a smidgen taller than the other, twice as broad, and looks bored, his head bobbing to the heavy techno beat pouring from the speakers.

Jimin pauses, and leans in close to Jackson, shouting to be heard. “That’s Jungkook!” he tells him. “I wanna go say hi!”

“Are you sure?” the elder shouts back, brows coming together in concern.

Jimin nods, and they make their way over, sidestepping a group of girls in blue dresses and white fur vests that seem to be eyeing the two at the bar.

Jungkook is dressed in light, distressed jeans, his boots, and a white sweater, the sleeves pushed up to his elbows, revealing the smooth muscles in his arms, and he lights up the second he spots the elder making his way over.

“Hyung!” he calls, heard clearly over the music. “Hey, how did your ethics exam go?”

After introductions are made, between those who haven’t met (the man with Jungkook turns out to be Seokjin), and Jimin and Jackson have ordered martinis, they move away from the bar, into a corner next to the dance floor, where the sound seems a little muted and they can actually hear each other speak.

“They won’t let me drink,” Jungkook pouts, sipping his soda, “and Jin-hyung won’t buy me anything.”

“I’m considering it,” the other comments, rolling his eyes, “if only to get kicked out.” At this, he looks at Jimin and shrugs. “My boss invited all of us from the office, said we were all going out to a bar to relax. I didn’t know that translated into let’s go to an expensive ass club full of kids five years younger than us, and try to grind on them until they go home with us.” The elder sighs again, looking at the ceiling wistfully. “I could be at home cuddling the shit out of my wife, right now.”

Jungkook leans against him, beaming. “Then go, hyung, I can hang out alone, you know. Hell, I’m not even alone, now, see?” He gestures and Jimin and Jackson, who’re just standing there, innocent bystanders to his game. “I don’t think they’d buy me a beer, either.”
Seokjin laughs, and seems to be considering it, but he stays, finishing off the beer in his hand. “Since we’re here, let’s dance,” he says, “I haven’t danced with anyone but my daughter in years.”

Smiling ruefully, but brightly, Jungkook rolls his eyes. “Fine, but you’re gonna let me lick your hand and steal your stamp, right?”

After briefly squeezing Jimin’s hand and promising to catch up with him later, Jungkook moves away, Seokjin in tow, onto the dance floor, disappearing into the crowd. Jackson, giving Jimin a peculiar look that says he knows something is happening there, but he doesn’t know how to broach the subject, asks if Jimin wants to dance, too.

The other nods, downing the rest of his drink.

Out on the floor, after a while, Jimin almost forgets about Jungkook, out here somewhere, about Yoongi, where ever he is, and about his heart, which is steadily being torn between the two. He’s able to forget about Yoongi waiting for him at the coffee cart, about Jungkook staying behind and what transpired, and most importantly, Jimin is able to forget about feeling guilty.

He has a lot to feel guilty about, though; his feelings for Yoongi, hiding those feelings, his attraction and crush on Jungkook, and hiding those feelings, and about breaking them up, without meaning to, without realizing it. Jimin feels guilty for ignoring Yoongi for a week, feels guilty for not feeling guilty about hanging out with Jungkook while doing so, feels guilty about crashing on Jackson’s couch and about making his friends worry.

Even though his guilt is plentiful, and widespread, Jimin does his best to forget it, for a little while, and surprisingly, a couple drinks and a dozen songs in, he’s able to. He dances with Jackson, close enough that it would probably make Namjoon do a double take if he were here, for a few songs; he tosses his head back, lets his hips loose, just listens to the music and the ebb and flow of the throng around him.

Lights flash across them, blues and violets, making most of them look like underwater sea-people, especially Jackson, with his styled blond hair; Jimin assumes he looks the same, and he gains confidence from it, enough confidence to break away from the elder with a smile, and move closer to others with an open invitation for them to grab onto his waist, his shoulders.

He spends some time dancing with a pair of girls, both of them in dramatic, stunning makeup, their shirts revealing dark tattoos across their abdomens; the light is too low for Jimin to make them out, but he presses his palm against them anyway.

At some point, he ends up pressed against a guy, who’s a little taller than he is, in a too-tight t-shirt, wearing a mild, pleasant cologne. He dances like a nightmare, but he keeps up as best he can, letting Jimin grind back against his hip, his hands flat against Jimin’s belly.

He almost turns and asks if the guy wants to get a drink - but then there’s another sliding into view, dark hair hanging low over his eyes, his mouth smiling that prominent smile, and suddenly the man is leaving, too timid to vie for Jimin’s attention in the face of Jungkook.

They come together easily, and Jimin smiles back, resting his forearms loosely around the younger’s neck. “Hey, I was making progress with him,” he half-shouts, rising up a bit to be closer to Jungkook’s ear.

Jungkook laughs, clasping his hands on the small of Jimin’s back. “Sorry. I keep cockblocking you, don’t I?”
It’s a lighthearted joke, said on a whim, not meant to mean anything - but it brings back everything that Jimin’s been trying to forget, the first of which is his weakness for Jungkook.

Goddamnit.

The younger senses the shift in Jimin’s mood, even if he isn’t sure where it comes from, only assuming his words triggered it, and he tightens his hold on Jimin; if only Jimin could put into his own words how worse that makes things.

But he doesn’t, because he’s weak, and Jungkook feels good against him, despite the jealousy, the secrets, the tears, despite it all.

“Let’s… just dance,” Jungkook tells him, words hot against Jimin’s ear. “Just forget everything and dance.”

If only Jungkook knew that this was exactly what Jimin had been trying to do.

They do dance, though, Jimin gives in, his body molding to Jungkook’s almost too well; he tries again, to force all thoughts of Yoongi, of the past week, hell, the past few months, from his mind, and focus on the feel of Jungkook’s hard body rolling to the beat.

Jimin, the dancer with decent skill in his own opinion, is floored by how well Jungkook moves; though, the elder has seen the way he rides dick, the way he grinds and thrusts, and maybe he shouldn’t be so surprised.

It’s stressful, honestly, but it’s not uncomfortable; Jimin is able to let go again, to find that little raft of inner peace and let the beat of the music lull him, make his limbs loose and his inhibitions looser. He feels both hot and cold, his nose against Jungkook’s ear, his hands flat on Jungkook’s chest, but he loses the tightness in his chest, the feeling of perpetual panic that’s wound itself into his bones.

It’s good, he thinks, okay, even; but he lets his guard down, and though Jimin knows, completely, that Jungkook has good intentions, or at the very least, not bad ones, when the song changes to something entirely too sensual, too melodic, and the younger takes a hold of his hands, lacing their fingers together, it’s suddenly dangerous.

Now there’s nothing keeping them apart, no awkward arms or hands; Jungkook rests his forehead against Jimin’s, watching the elder carefully through his lashes, every inch of him flush against Jimin’s front.

It’s intimate, it’s intense, and Jimin knows Jungkook senses it, can feel him tense. They’re too close, the mood too right, and now Jimin realizes that his attraction isn’t one sided, isn’t all in his head. Jungkook wants him, maybe ignorantly, maybe subconsciously, but he does, and it scares the fucking shit out of Jimin.

Shame washes over him like he’s thrown himself in a giant washing machine, his feelings turbulent and dizzying; he broke them up, he’s at the center of this mess, he can’t do this. He can’t stand in the middle of a club and dance with Jungkook, move against the younger, with the younger, like Yoongi doesn’t exist, like the elder’s feelings for the younger just disappeared in the face of all the chaos.

He can’t do it, he can’t break Yoongi’s heart, or his own, or Jungkook’s, a second time.

“Bathroom!” he shouts, tugging his hands free of Jungkook’s. “Gotta pee!”

“I’ll come with you!” Jungkook shouts back, but Jimin is already twisting away, ducking and sliding between bodies, trying to put as much distance between himself and the beautiful, sinful, kind self-
destruction that comes with these feelings for Jungkook.

He finds Jackson at the bar, chatting with one of the bartenders that looks vaguely familiar to Jimin, but not so familiar that he can remember his name.

Grabbing Jackson lightly by the shoulder, he leans in. “I’m going for a walk!”


“Fine,” Jimin shakes his head. “Dizzy, need some air! I’ll meet you back at the apartment!”

If Jackson tries to stop him, Jimin doesn’t wait around long enough to find out. He forces his way to the front, finds his coat easily, and storms out into the sidewalk, taking deep breaths of icy, midnight air.

He walks, and walks, with no direction in mind, trying desperately to outrun the sex music, the butterflies, and thoughts of betraying Yoongi all over again. He takes the block twice, then heads down the main road, passing more clubs and bars, more end of the semester parties. He ends up close to his own apartment, too close, so he turns and heads towards the river.

The wind is brutal, but the air is clear, and Jimin sits on an old wooden bench overlooking the water, willing his blood to freeze like his hands, his nose. He’s being an idiot, and he knows it; he doesn’t know what he was thinking.

Well, he sort of does; he was thinking about letting go, about finding someone to spend the night with, someone to take all of his pent up frustration, the sexual kind and the not so sexual, until he was spent, calm. He didn’t just want it, he needed to remember that he could find someone else, that Yoongi isn’t the only man in the world for him.

Jimin gave up a long time ago, on having any sort of romantic future with the elder. He knew, in only a few short months, that he’d missed his chance, lost that opportunity, if there even was one to be lost. Being Yoongi’s friend was enough, for a while, but the closer they got, the more Yoongi opened himself up, the more he cared about Jimin, the harder Jimin fell.

There’s no use wondering what could have been, or what would have been, rather, if Jimin had told him, before. None of that matters because now Yoongi does know - he knows it all, or the most important parts, anyway; he knows that Jimin loves him more than he’d ever said, knows that Jimin had kept to himself, buried deep like a titan in the center of the earth. Yoongi knows, and Yoongi had reacted in the worst way possible - it was Jimin’s real life nightmare come true.

Jimin laughs weakly to himself, tugging the front of his coat up so he can tuck his nose and chin in; wouldn’t it be cool if he could, like, stop having nightmares now? Now that the worst has happened?

He’s being dramatic, he knows, but honestly, he can’t bring himself to care; being as close to Yoongi as he was, or, is, was dangerous, with the way he felt. He could have made a bigger effort to date, to find someone who returned his feelings, but he hadn’t - he was trying, tonight, sort of, but there was Jungkook, in all his naive glory, trying to come to Jimin’s rescue. It wasn’t fair, though, to Jimin, or to Yoongi, or even to Jungkook; Jimin has screwed up enough; falling for the man Yoongi loves would just be too much.

So he won’t, he decides. He doesn’t know what Yoongi wants, or even what he himself wants, but he’ll stay away from Jungkook; he can’t be friends with the younger, he can’t do this bullshit all over again, and he can’t, with a clear conscious, do that to Yoongi.

When his head finally feels clear, Jimin stands on sore legs (too much dancing for one day) and
makes his way back to the sidewalk, passing a few couples out on walks, wrapped up in each other.

Alone and feeling the cold more than ever, but feeling a little better with his decision made, Jimin wraps his coat tighter around himself, and heads back to Jackson’s.

“You were gone for fucking ever, Jimin,” Jackson nearly sobs, as Jimin shuts the door behind him.

Jimin, kind of surprised to see Jackson still awake and fully dressed, frowns at his friend. “Sorry, I had a lot to work through.”

The elder just sighs, walking away with his hand on the back of his neck, and Jimin doesn’t understand his frustration; until he moves further into the apartment, and spots Jungkook in the middle of Jackson’s kitchen floor.

He’s drunk; Jimin doesn’t even have to ask in order to know.

The younger lays across the wood, on his side, big-spooning Rainbow, and he’s muttering to her, or singing, maybe.

“Jesus Christ,” Jimin sighs under his breath. “What happened, hyung?”

“Jiminie~” Jungkook sings, realizing he’s there. “Hyung, welcome back!”

Hand on his face, eyes blank, Jackson turns to Jimin. “He found me, and he was totally smashed,” he explains. “That other guy left forever ago, girls kept harassing him, and this one,” he points at Jungkook, slowing sitting up, “wouldn’t tell me or the taxi driver where he lives. So I had no choice but to bring him here.”

Jimin sighs, reaching for his coat. “Shit, hyung, I’m sorry, I’ll take him home.”

“I don’t recommend it,” the elder warns him. “He was hell to get here, I think he was bribing the bartenders or something. Mark had no idea, though. It’s fine that he’s here, but,” he points at Rainbow, “he hasn’t let her out of his sight. I was going to feed him, try to sober him up, but the moment he saw her, he screamed, fell on the floor, and has been singing to her ever since.”

Jimin curses, then curses again when Jungkook tries to get to his feet and almost faceplants. “Jungkook, sit down, please,” he grits, feeling all of his patience slip away. He’d just, literally just, made the decision to never see the other again; yet here he is, drunk, smiling up at him like Jimin is his best friend.

And it hurts, it hurts because it makes Jimin’s stomach do that flip flop thing, makes his cheeks hurt because he wants to smile, makes his dick wave at him because it’s into that smile, too. It hurts because he misses Yoongi, and he knows Yoongi misses Jimin, misses Jungkook, and everything is so fucked up.

Fuck everything, at this point.

Everything.

“I’ve got him,” he tells Jackson. “I’ll get him to bed and take him home in the morning.”

Jackson gives him a look, a look that says Jimin’s anger is obvious. “You sure, dude?”

“Yeah, it’s fine. Just, do you have anymore extra blankets?”
It takes both of them, in the end, to get Jungkook up and to the other couch; it’s a little small for Jungkook’s long legs, but Jimin is irked, and refuses to give up his own futon-bed, so they make due. Halfway through taking off the younger’s shoes, however, Jackson retreating towards the loft, Jungkook sits up, pale.

“I’m… dizzy,” he whines, breathing heavy.

“Oh, hell no, kid, not in my living room. Take him outside, there’s a trash can out there.”

“I’ve got him,” Jimin repeats, helping Jungkook stand again, after ripping off his other boot. “C’mon, Kook.”

It’s easier, for some reason, to get Jungkook across the room, through the narrow patio door, and eased onto his ass on the balcony, than it was to get him from the kitchen floor to the couch, but Jimin just takes the blessing, retrieving a blanket so they don’t freeze.

Jungkook is quiet for a solid twenty minutes, breathing deeply, his head between his knees, nose brushing the blanket. Jimin sits next to him on the freezing concrete, burrowed in his half of the blanket, ready to lunge for the trashcan if he needs to; he doesn’t, though. Jungkook eventually lifts his head, color back to his cheeks, and smiles hazily at him.

Snorting, Jimin shakes his head. “What the hell did you even drink?”

“Uh,” Jungkook mumbles, nose scrunching up. “Rum, I think.”

“Jeez, you think? You aren’t sure? You could’ve gotten fucking roofied, Jungkook.”

He doesn’t mean to snap, or raise his voice, but it happens, his breath fogging into the younger’s face. Jungkook doesn’t react aside from his eyes going wide, his lips parting. Then he ducks his head, chewing his cheek.

“I’m sorry, hyung. I’m really sorry. I was watching him pour the drinks, I swear, I was just… I took off the wristband and flirted until he gave me something.” His voice is small, his words genuine. Jimin deflates, rubbing his face.

“It’s okay,” he says. “Just-”

Jungkook cuts him off. “I talked to him, today, you know” he continues. “Yoongi. We had coffee. He’s so…. He’s so sad, Jimin, so sad.”

It’s the rum, or whatever, talking; Jimin really wants to believe that. “I know he’s sad, Jungkook.”

“No,” the younger stresses, turning wide eyes on Jimin. “No, he’s, really, really sad, and he loves you, and I wish you’d forgive him.”

Jimin is getting a headache, now.

“Jungkook,” he says gently. “He’s sorry, but it doesn’t mean he loves me, not like I love him. He loves you, Kook, you. You should forgive him, you should be with him.”

The younger shakes his head, pulling his hands free of the blanket so he can cup Jimin’s face; his hands, warm, feel like ice on Jimin’s skin. “I broke up with him so you could be together,” he mutters solemnly, eyes sad. “I didn’t want you to hurt anymore.”

Jimin already knew, sort of; but he doesn’t have a reply, to that, can’t form words, because Jungkook...
is close, his thumbs moving on his cheeks.

“I-” he starts, but no other words come out.

“Do you miss him?” Jungkook asks, cocking his head like he does. “I miss him, a lot. I can’t imagine how bad you miss him.”

Then they’re kissing. Jungkook’s tears falling against Jimin’s cheek, his fingers holding him gently like he’s made of glass.

And it’s wrong, it’s so fucking wrong, and it shouldn’t be happening, not like this, not again, or ever, for that matter; but it’s also nice, in a twisted, masochistic way. It’s nice to kiss someone he knows, someone he feels… something for; it’s nice to kiss Jungkook, who he’s thought about kissing on several occasions, who shares his pain and his love for a certain Min fucking Yoongi.

Jimin lets go.

He lets go, parting his lips, turning his head so he can kiss Jungkook deeper, kiss him until he’s inhales every last trace of alcohol from the younger’s tongue, until he’s the dizzy one, drunk on a kiss. Jungkook responds like he knew he would, a small, precious, maddening moan bubbling through his kiss, and he moves closer, his knees bumping the elder’s.

Jimin kisses him without caring, without feeling anything other than the smoothness of Jungkook’s tongue against his, the way Jungkook’s fingertips dig into his jaw.

He kisses and kisses, until Jungkook shifts, the blanket abandoned, the younger’s leg swinging over his thighs; Jungkook’s ass meets his knees, and finally, fucking finally, Jimin finds his grip.

“Jungkook,” he gasps, painfully aware of the cold. “Jungkook, no, stop.”
He does, to Jimin’s relief; he sighs, not bothering to open his eyes as he falls back to his spot, ass firmly on the concrete, his lips shining and pink.

“Sorry,” he mutters, his eyes cracking open, showing a dark clarity that Jimin hadn’t expected. “I just-”

The elder nods, running a hand through his hair. “Yeah, I.. I know, Jungkook.”

Out of the blue, the other gives a whine, getting to his feet, seemingly somewhat more sober than he had been, but no less wobbly. “Goddamnit,” he mutters, “why can’t we all just fucking date?”

It’s a rhetorical question, not meant for Jimin to answer; the younger is already sliding the patio door open, padding inside; Jimin, he’s still sitting on the ground, blanket around his ankles, and, with the last shred of his sanity unravelling completely, he laughs.

And laughs a little more.

“Yeah,” he chuckles to himself, so done, gathering the blanket and himself before getting to his feet to follow the younger. “That would solve all our problems.”

“I’m taking my break,” Jimin tells Taemin, untying his smock and shoving it under the counter at the hosts’ booth. “Yell if it picks back up again.”

“Sure, sure,” Taemin responds, handing over an older couple’s change, flashing a smile at the other. “We should be good until two or so, though.”
It’s Sunday morning, and Jimin is at work, having survived the rest of the weekend; he survived a puffy, whiny, hungover Jungkook, an irked Jackson, and a phone call from Namjoon wondering what the hell was going on. He survived his disappointment in himself at not only not getting laid like he’d intended, but kissing Jungkook, letting himself give into that mess.

Everything Jimin tries to do just goes in the complete opposite direction than what he wants.

Sitting at an empty table for two in the corner, Jimin tugs out his phone, letting his achy feet and back rest; after all his years of dance, of working out and running, no matter what, work still makes him so sore. It must be the stress of it all, he thinks, running back and forth with orders but having to remain smiling and polite (when sometimes he just wants to curse and flip a table, instead of clearing it). Either way, he’s glad for the break.

Jimin is lost in his game, Temple Run, trying for the uptenth time to beat his high score; he loses, again, falling off the side of a narrow ledge, when he hears a deep, distinctive, familiar voice.

“Dressed burger and fries to go, please,” Taehyung orders, eyes on the menu on the back wall. “Ohh, and a vanilla milkshake, too.”

Glad to see someone he hasn’t kissed, seen naked, or wanted to see naked, Jimin cups his mouth, waving with his other hand. “Hey! Taehyung!”

Taehyung turns, blank look on his angled face, but he smiles, seeing Jimin. “Jiminnie!” He turns back to the server. “Make that for here, actually, please!” Then he’s hurrying over, smile wide. “Hey,” he greets, falling into the chair across from Jimin. “I’ve been meaning to call you.”

Jimin ends up ordering himself a batch of fries, too, when his stomach begins yelling at him, reminding him that he’d only had a quick bowl of cereal for breakfast, and he and Taehyung eat together, passing the ketchup back and forth.

It seems Jungkook hadn’t mentioned the kiss to the other, and Jimin is glad he hadn’t.

“I’m so bummed I missed guys’ night,” Taehyung groans, wiping his mouth on the corner of a napkin. “I was uh… tied up, I didn’t get Jungkook’s call until much, much later.”

“Were you really though?” Jimin asks, popping a fry in his mouth.

“Really what?”

“Tied up.”

His skin deepens to a dark rose, and he winks, but he doesn’t answer; instead, he throws his own question at Jimin. “So how are things?” he asks, his expression going serious. “You know, with… people?”


“Getting through what?” Taemin asks, appearing out of nowhere with tall glasses of ice water for them. “I knew something was going on.”

Jimin snorts, rolling his eyes as the other pulls up a chair. “None of your business, asshole.”

“Harsh, dude.”
With Taemin joining them, the conversation moves on to lighter things, to end of semester parties and Christmas plans. Taehyung tells them about his siblings back in his hometown, how he plans on taking them all sledding out in the hills behind his grandparents’ farm, his duty to dress up as Santa this year because his dad twisted his ankle on the ice trying to bring in groceries.

Even Taemin, with obvious heart-eyes for the other, brings up his own plans, of going to his old dance academy and helping the kids’ classes put on a Christmas show.

Then two pairs of eyes are on him, waiting for him to speak about his own intent for the holidays - in truth, Jimin has tried really hard not to think about the fact that he’s not spending most of the break with Yoongi, like he has for two years already. But Namjoon had convinced him that getting out of the city, going back home for a few weeks, would be the best thing for him; and Yoongi, maybe.

After the weekend he’s had, though, Jimin is starting to come around to the idea of getting away - then he remembers that Jungkook is from Busan, too, so staying hidden in Jackson’s apartment sounds like a better plan.

“I, uh,” he says, shrugging. “I’m just gonna go home, I guess, spend some time with my parents and my brother. I dunno, I didn’t have anything planned aside from just relaxing.”

“Relaxing is good, too,” Taehyung offers, Taemin nodding in agreement. “But hey, since I missed the party the other night, you wanna go out tonight? Hit a bar or two, some noraebang, get some pizza? My dorm is spotless, I spent all yesterday cleaning.”

It’s a tempting offer, actually, and the look on Taemin’s face says he’s willing to accept if Jimin declines; luckily for the elder, Jimin has no choice. “I can’t,” he says with a pout. “I have to take the train to Busan in the morning. Maybe when I get back, though? Before the semester starts.”

“Yeah,” Taehyung agrees, smiling despite the disappointment in his eyes. “Here, pinky swear.” He holds his pinky out, and with a dramatic sigh, Jimin hooks his own with it.

“Pinky swear,” he says.

When his break is over, Jimin clears their plates, dropping them in the window, before he gets back to work; he leaves Taemin sitting with Taehyung, the elder trying his damndest to chat up the other. Taehyung seems to decline, but he’s smiling shyly, his hand finding his neck nervously, and Jimin turns away, shaking his head.

It’s cute, he thinks, and mentally wills Taehyung to take the other up on whatever offer he’d made.

The next morning, just as he’d said, Jimin is waiting on the platform at the train station, earbuds in, backpack on. He’s tired, it’s early, but he’d forgone coffee because he plans to sleep on the train, plans to sleep the entire way there, and wake up in another world.

He hadn’t packed much, mainly because he forgot to do laundry, so he imagines he’ll be going shopping the moment he gets into town, not only for gifts for his family, but also so he doesn’t have to go naked; he also plans on visiting the beach first, not caring that it’s December and the wind will be like a broadsword of ice cutting through his body - the sight of the sea always grounds him, always makes him feel calm and secure. Aside from his family, it’s the only thing that Jimin has missed since moving for university.

Jimin hears the announcement for arrival over the intercom, and stands up a little straighter, yawning, hoping he can score a window seat. He can hear the train, now, the squeaks and rumbles carried
across clear, sharp air.

He’s so distracted by a tiny pebble vibrating off the platform and to the tracks, that he almost misses the sound of someone shouting his name.

“Jimin! Jimin, for the love of god, pay attention!”

He jumps a little, turning (most of those gathered turn with him, curious), and his heart drops as he spots Yoongi, back behind ticket validation, waving his arms wildly.

As soon as Yoongi notices that Jimin has seen him, he relaxes, eyes burning.

Jimin kind of doesn’t want to go over, doesn’t want to answer any more questions about talking or how he feels or if he’s okay. He just wants to go, to stop thinking about all of the above for just a little while.

But Yoongi mouths one word, please, and Jimin’s legs carry him over by themselves.

“I wasn’t sure if I’d make it,” the elder says, and Jimin can see now that he’s windswept, his cheeks pink, his chest heaving. Jimin isn’t sure what expression he’s wearing, but it prompts Yoongi to continue. “I called Jackson,” he explains, “because I wanted to drop this off for you. But he said you were leaving this morning, so I… I hurried.”

He pulls a small item out of his jacket pocket, wrapped in generic Christmas wrapping paper that Jimin is sure has been in their closet for several years. It’s tiny, a cube, and when Jimin takes it, he feels that it’s light; it’s a box, he thinks.

“What-”

“Just… wait until Christmas to open it, okay?” Yoongi suddenly says, fingers wrapping lightly around the younger’s wrist. “Promise?”

Jimin lifts his eyes from the foiled red paper, and meets Yoongi’s pleading gaze; he doesn’t think twice. “Okay,” he mumbles. “I promise.”

Yoongi nods, letting him go, and backs up a few steps, shoving his hands into his pockets.

“Thanks.”

Surprisingly, Yoongi walks away first, heading back into the building, and then several things happen.

First, the train arrives, thundering into the platform, it’s wheels screeching; people stand, or move forward, ignoring the stand back from the doors rule, as people pour off.

Second, Jimin turns, intending to walk away and board the train to Busan, away from the city, his pain, and Yoongi.

Third, Jimin pauses, his chest tight, and he takes a deep breath.

“Hyung!” he calls, yelling across the platform to Yoongi; the elder turns, eyes wide, expression guarded. “Go home this Christmas,” Jimin tells him. “Go see your mom.”

Yoongi’s only response is a small nod, his lips pressing together in what could have been meant as a smile; then he’s gone, rounding the corner, and Jimin is hurrying to make it on the train.

He finds his window seat next to the doors, and falls into the booth; his hands are shaking, as he
gently shoves the box into the bottom of his bag, nestling it between a pair of socks and an old t-shirt he packed to sleep in.

The train rocks back to life, and scenery begins flying by the windows, and Jimin finds that he isn’t tired, not anymore, as he fights every cell in his body that’s begging him to rip into Yoongi’s gift.

“Wrapping paper, hot chocolate, spicy noodles, and what else?” Jungkook, pen in hand, scribbles down Seokjin’s shopping list, phone pressed to his ear. “Banana milk? Yeah, got it. Yeah, I’m packing now, I’ll be there in a few hours,” he laughs, clicking the pen. “Tell Jiyeon I’ll hurry.”

Jungkook is glad he’s gay, in times like these, when Seokjin is panicking because he’s stuck at the office, his wife is going through massive pregnancy cravings, and he’s glad he’s the youngest sibling, and he’s glad he doesn’t have sisters.

He does, however, have a goddaughter, and he knows there’s a chance he’ll be going through this at some point in life - at least he has time before Jiae gets to that point.

Shoving the list into his pocket, Jungkook moves back to his bed, where he’s halfway done packing. He’s going to Seokjin’s for a week, then to his parents’ to spend the rest of the holiday with them; he’s excited to see his brother, less excited to see his parents, but that’s just because of the heavy disappointment they feel in him. At least they’d still invited him for Christmas.

He isn’t sure if that’s a good thing or not, though.

Jungkook tries to ignore the slight nausea he still feels after his Friday night out, but he’d broken down and had omurice for lunch, and he’s worried he might be seeing it again, soon. He pauses folding the shirt in his hands to take another gulp of Pepto and down some water, doing everything in his power to fight the urge to say fuck it and go back to bed.

It’s not the nausea itself that bothers him, though; it’s the fact that it’s a reminder of what he’d done, his latest screw up.

He’d kissed Jimin.

Jimin.

Again.

They hadn’t talked about it; Jungkook had woken up on a too-small sofa, his head three times it’s normal size, a bad taste in his mouth, and one thing on his mind: the feel of Jimin’s soft hands in his.

He’d been drunk when he kissed the elder, drunk and dizzy, but he hadn’t had a single drop when he’d taken his hands, pulled Jimin close, and molded their bodies together; for that, he’d been stone cold sober, intoxicated only by the sight of Jimin under those violet lights, glowing like some sort of sinful angel.

Jungkook wishes they’d talked about it, he needs to talk about it; yes, he’d been drunk, but Jimin had kissed back; he doesn’t know for sure if it was Jimin or if it was mochiABS, but if had felt like Jimin, and Jungkook remembers every detail like it’s tattooed into his heart. They didn’t just kiss either,
they really kissed, like there was tongue and hands and sounds.

Sounds that Jungkook hasn’t been able to get out of his head.

When he’d woken up, he could tell Jimin wasn’t in the mood to talk, and he could sense the other’s annoyance, Jackson, Jungkook thinks his name was, so he hadn’t mentioned the kiss; he could have called the elder, too, asked to talk about it, asked how the elder felt about it. But he hadn’t - he’d tried to ignore it, instead, pretend it was a dream.

He couldn’t, though, he couldn’t forget, couldn’t stop thinking about it, the way Jimin’s lips parted his own easily, the way Jimin’s hand curled into his sweater. He still can’t stop thinking about the way Jimin’s tongue slid against his, warm, tasting like something.

Jungkook feels nauseous again.

Part of him keeps wondering if he should resent the elder, for always being in the way of his relationship with Yoongi, for his secrets, for being a viewer and never telling. He wonders if he should delete Jimin’s number from his phone, block his account from seeing his shows, forget everything about the past few months.

But every time he allows these thoughts to float free, Jimin’s smiling face pops in front of his eyes, and he can’t, can’t ever forget that.

He feels guilty for not feeling guilty, too, about these bubbling feelings for Jimin; he can’t feel guilty for caring about someone, he just can’t. He can’t fathom the number of times he’s reached for his phone, intending to call Yoongi and confess everything, if only to get it off his chest, to explain to the elder why he broke up with him, why Jimin’s happiness is so important to him.

He’s just worried that Yoongi won’t understand, that he’ll get angry all over again; or, he had been, before the elder showed up at the coffee cart, and they’d gotten a chance to talk.

Now Jungkook knows that Yoongi is so far away from angry, aside from at himself, that he can’t even see the emotion with a telescope. Yoongi is sad, disappointed in himself, his actions, torturing himself every day for the words he’d thrown at Jimin, for walking away from Jungkook without a thought.

“I thought, since it was what you seemed to want, I’d just… try to let it go,” Yoongi had told him. “But I was, I dunno, my brain went straight to thinking Jimin had done it on purpose, out of jealousy, that I refused to see what was there all along.”

Then the elder had cried, sitting on a bench in the middle of campus, and Jungkook had sat with him as long as he could, before he had to take his exam.

He’d tried to comfort him, even though he had no idea how. “It all came crashing down on him,” he tried to explain to Yoongi. “He had so much as stake and everything happened so fast. He just needs time to stop hurting, but I know he loves you and he’ll forgive you.”

Yoongi gave him a sad look, a smile, and wished him luck on his exam; then he left, and Jungkook hasn’t seen him since.

Regardless of his lack of guilty feelings, Jungkook can’t help but feel like it’s so unfair to the elder, that he gets to see and talk (kiss) Jimin, but Yoongi has to sit back, waiting, wondering. Jungkook tried his best to put him at ease, but he knew it hadn’t worked.

Jungkook misses Yoongi, too, a lot. He loves him, really, though it’s still a new feeling, or it was,
before, and he just wants the elder to be happy, to be happy with Jimin like he was before Jungkook, or maybe not like before; maybe like something else.

Jimin, too, Jungkook loves him, at least a tiny bit, or something like love, something that could be or is similar to; Jungkook wants Jimin to be happy, that’s the bottom line.

Jungkook also wants to kiss Jimin, again, over and over, find out what happens when the elder’s hands move from his shirt to his hair, see if the side that Jimin had shown with mochiABS is real. He wants the Jimin back that forgot to be jealous, who sat on the couch with him and shared his beer, while they fought tooth and nail to win a round, any round, at Rocket League.

But Jungkook also wants to kiss Yoongi again; he misses kissing the elder, so soft against him, so gentle with careful patience. He wants those anticipating feelings back, the ones of nervous exploration, of hands seeking skin, fingers dipping beneath waistbands. He wants casual dates and goodnight texts again, wants Yoongi posing in the dumbest way on the other side of his lense.

Jungkook sits on the edge of his bed, his toothbrush in hand, and sighs, sick to his stomach; it’s not the hangover, anymore. It’s knowing that for the people he loves to be happy, he can’t be with them - as long as he interferes, even without meaning to, he’ll always pull them apart.

This is what Jungkook is thinking as his phone dings, lighting up where it’s buried beneath a pair of boxers. When he sees the name, he almost drops it, but he manages, and unlocks it instead, reading the message.

[1:53PM] Yoongi: are you still in town? can you meet me somewhere?

Jungkook almost ignores the message, but something tells him not to; Yoongi hasn’t called him since the night after they’d broken up, hasn’t called or messaged or anything. For him to do it now…

[2:01PM] me: yeah, cafe by the bus stop on 5th? half an hour?

[2:05PM] Yoongi: thanks, i’ll be there.

Equal parts worried and intrigued, Jungkook hurries to finish packing, stuffing clothes and his family’s gifts in a duffle bag not meant to hold so much; he makes it fit, though, and he squeezes his half-empty bottle of Pepto into the side pocket. Then he slips into his jacket and shoes, hikes the bag over his shoulder, and flicks off the light and leaves, saying goodbye to his apartment for the next three weeks.

He gets to the cafe before Yoongi, and sits near the door, not wanting his giant bag to block anyone’s path through the store. He orders a small Americano and waits, his leg bouncing beneath the leaning wooden table, his thoughts racing too fast for him to bother keeping up with them.

When the elder finally shows up (on time, actually), he looks better than the last time Jungkook saw him. His hair is completely blond and in need of a trim, but he doesn’t look tired, and not nearly as
melancholy as he had.

Jungkook heaves a subtle sigh of relief as the elder sits across from him.

Yoongi speaks first, pulling off his mittens - he doesn’t seem to do well in the cold. “Thanks for meeting me,” he says, smiling in a way that isn’t too sad. “I’m sorry for the out of the blue thing.” Then he spots Jungkook’s bag, and frowns. “Oh, I’m not holding you up, am I?”

“No,” Jungkook shakes his head. “I’m just heading over for a pre-Christmas at Seokjin’s.”

“Not going home?”

“I am, but not yet.” Jungkook shrugs. “I’m just, uh, taking my time getting there.”

Yoongi laughs at this, actually laughs, jerking his head to get his hair out of his eyes. “Yeah, I get that. Anyway, here.” The elder pulls something from his pocket, and slides it across the table.

Jungkook’s eyes dark from the box to Yoongi, then back to the box; it’s wrapped in blue paper, covered in cartoon snowflakes, and Jungkook is at a loss as to how to react.

“Is it gonna, like, do a trick?” he asks, looking back up at Yoongi. The elder rolls his eyes, but his cheek twitches, and the smile eventually wins; Jungkook can’t help how warm it makes him feel.

“No, it’s not gonna do a trick,” Yoongi sighs, hiding his smile. “It’s, it’s for you.”

“Me?” Jungkook reaches for the box, curious.

“But,” Yoongi covers the box with his own hand, ducking his head to meet Jungkook’s eyes. “Don’t open it until Christmas, okay? Please?”

True to his nature since he was fucking born, everything inside of Jungkook burns to rebel, to rip the snowflakes to pieces and see what’s inside; but something about the look on Yoongi’s face calms him, and he nods. “Okay,” he says, nodding. “I will.”

“Good,” the elder says, getting to his feet. “Thanks.”

“Wait, do you… want a cup of coffee, or something?” Jungkook asks, staring up at him.

“Can’t, I’m late for work,” Yoongi sighs. “I gotta go.”

He turns, and leaves, stepping into the cold and burrowing into his scarf - Jungkook watches him as long as he can, until he turns the corner, and is gone.

The box stays on the table, while Jungkook finishes his coffee, and it seems to be screaming at him, trying to tell him something, or maybe warning him; but Jungkook can’t understand the language, can’t fathom what it means, what’s inside.

So he takes it and hides it from view in the bottom corner of his bag, folded into a pair of socks, and promises to forget about it until Christmas.

Much later, after the day is gone, Jungkook sits on the back steps of Seokjin’s house, the firepit glowing in front of him. The backyard, what little of it there is, is covered in ice, shining orange in the light of the fire, and it looks like a tiny, dense city to him.
After picking up what was on the shopping list, and taking a train out to Seokjin’s suburb, Jungkook had promptly dropped his bag in the guest room, scooped up Jiae, and instigated a game of hide and seek.

After dinner, while Seokjin tucked his daughter in for bed, Jungkook helped Jiyeon clean up the kitchen before he took out the trash, and now he’s here, sitting on the back steps, enjoying the clear night and the heat of the fire.

He hears the patio doors slide open and closed, before Seokjin is plopping down next to him, handing him a beer.

“‘To make up for the other night,’” he says with a big smile, tipping his own beer - he doesn’t know about Jungkook getting shitfaced after he left.

“Thanks, hyung.”

Stifling a yawn, the elder cracks his neck. “I got the ladies to bed, but I dunno how long I’m gonna last before I end up there myself.”

Jungkook snorts. “Yeah, same, I’m exhausted. I don’t think I’ve recovered from finals, yet.”

“I haven’t taken finals in years, and I’m still recovering.”

They sit quietly for a while, listening to the sound of the fire crack and traffic on the distant freeway, late night holiday travellers, probably. Jungkook is lost in memories, and daydreams, wondering what’s in the box, what Yoongi and Jimin are doing at the moment, if they’re thinking about him, or each other, or both.

Jungkook is just about to call it a night, his beer almost done, when Seokjin speaks up.

“So I guess I have to ask,” he begins. “‘What’s been going on with you? Taehyung’s pretending he doesn’t know, and trying to get anything out of Hoseok is impossible.” He bumped his shoulder into Jungkook’s, eyes bright and concerned in the flames.

Jungkook could lie, tell the elder it’s finals, that he’s tired and dreading facing his parents; or he could tell the truth, tell him he’s in love with someone who he had to break up with so said someone could be with his best friend, who Jungkook also sort of really cares about.

He settles on somewhere in the middle. “Just a… breakup,” he shrugs. “Just trying to get over it.”

“Ah,” Seokjin nods, thinking he understands. “Was it that guy? Jimin, I think?”

Jungkook almost chokes on his beer. “No, what? Why do you think it’s him?”

The elder gives him a strange look for his outburst, but doesn’t comment on it. Instead, he shakes his head. “I dunno, you two just seemed into each other, I guess. Like something was going on there.”

He pauses, raising an eyebrow. “So, someone else?”

“Yeah,” Jungkook tells him. “Someone else.”

“Wanna talk about it?”

Again, Jungkook has the chance to tell the truth, to come out and own up to everything - Seokjin is like his second father, or maybe like the uncle that always catches you smoking weed or trying to get to third base, but never rats you out, always there when you need him.
But Jungkook knows that talking to Seokjin won’t help him, not with this; he needs to talk to Yoongi, to Jimin. He needs to open that damn box.

He suddenly understands how Jimin was able to keep his secrets for so long.

“Nah, but thanks, hyung,” he finally says. “I’m okay, just thinking a lot.”

Seokjin, like always, understands. “Fair enough. Oh, by the way,” he adds, beaming. “We’ve decided we’re not going to learn the sex of the baby until they’re born, mainly to drive Jiyeon’s overbearing mother mad, but also because we’re not sure if we want to have anymore, and we might not get the chance to be surprised again.”

They talk about this, for a while, and Seokjin asks Jungkook if he’ll be the new baby’s godfather, too.

“Of course,” Jungkook tells him, smiling. “Yeah, of course.”

At least Jungkook knows that no matter how bad he screws up his love life, or someone else’s, he has this family to remind him what life really means, what comes after the sadness, the struggles. One day, now matter what else happens, no matter what he finds in that box on Christmas, Jungkook is going to have college behind him, he’s going to have a career, a job that he lives to do, and a family, just like Seokjin.

He shares these thoughts with the elder, and Seokjin looks surprised. “Well, yeah, Kookie. Look, if the breakup, or whatever, was that… you know, don’t let it end like that,” he tells him. “Fight for it, make it right. I can’t tell you how many times Jiyeon and I almost didn’t make it, in the beginning. But now we’re here, and we have the most amazing little girl, a little someone on the way - we had to work really hard for this, okay? Something’s are worth the extra effort.”

Long after the fire is put out and Seokjin has gone to bed, long after Jungkook has kicked off his jeans and climbed into the almost too soft guest bed, he lays awake, thinking about the elder’s words.

What if he fought for it? What would he even be fighting for? Yoongi, yeah, but would he be fighting for himself and Yoongi, or would he be fighting for Jimin and Yoongi?

He can’t help thinking about the kiss, about how his chest feels explosive around Jimin, like he can’t contain himself. Should he fight for that, too?

A week and a half later, Jungkook finds himself in the same position, lying in bed, pondering; except now, he’s in Busan, in the bed he slept in growing up, two cousin’s asleep next to him, another two on the top bunk above him, and there’s a small, wrapped box in his hands.

His parents’ house became the watering hole, this year - his grandparents, his aunts and uncles, cousins and even just friends of the family, they’re all gathered in the tiny, two story house for the next two days. Jungkook isn’t complaining, though - since they’re all here, he isn’t the center of attention. He hasn’t gotten one off-hand remark about his sexuality, about his photography; nobody has asked if he’s manned up and fucked any girls yet, if he’s changing his major to something worth going to school for.

It’s been almost… pleasant. He’s been blessedly busy, too, helping his parent’s out around their furniture store, pieces that his dad makes himself, sold right out of his workshop. He’s been helping move old stock out to be sold, helping clean out old invoices and equipment; his mom has even let him help her with setting up a Paypal account so that tourists have an easier time paying when they
see the little trinkets and odds and ends his dad also carves and sells.

The really exciting part has been seeing his brother for the first time in almost five years, and his brother’s fiance, a tall, shrewd woman who seems to take one look at Jungkook, and know all of his secrets. It’s disconcerting, at first, but Jungkook comes to appreciate it, almost, that there’s someone joining their family that might be immune to all the bullshit - his brother is also completely smitten with her, which makes Jungkook happy.

He and his brother went out, just the two of them, a couple of days earlier. They sat a bar that Jungkook used to sneak into with Hoseok, and drank beer, played pool and darts, and his brother asked all kinds of questions about his life; he asked about Hoseok, remembering him from Jungkook’s teenage years, and about his other friends, Taehyung, Seokjin. He asked how college was, and gave Jungkook an address to send some photo prints to - apparently, his wife-to-be owns an art supplies store, and teaches watercoloring classes; he said he’d be happy to hang up some of Jungkook’s work, see if it’ll sell.

It made Jungkook so happy, so grateful, that when his brother asked about his love life, he kind of, sort of said too much, without giving away any incriminating details.

He explained how he’d ended up in the middle of two people who were meant to be together, and had sort of fallen for both of them, and maybe, though he isn’t sure, they’d fallen for him, too.

There, across the pool table, beer in hand and military officer’s jacket stretching proudly across his shoulders, the elder Jeon smiled, and shrugged. “Sometimes,” he said, “one’s soulmate is plural.”

And that was that.

It meant the world to Jungkook to know that, whatever happened, whatever he decided to do, if he could ever decide if he even was actually considering to do what he thought he was, he at least had his brother’s support.

The clock on the end table next to him makes a clicking sounds (it’s a decade old), as the numbers flip, changing to midnight. Jungkook glances at it, then he sits up, carefully, and stands, moving across the room to sit at the window.

There isn’t even a hint of hesitance on his mind as he rips into the paper unceremoniously, holding his breath, the chill from the window making his hair stand on end. He tosses the paper to the floor, not caring, and when the box is revealed, only then does he pause, taking a breath.

Under the lid, taped to the inside of the small cardboard box, is a USB drive, white, his name scrawled across in black Sharpie.

“What the fuck, Yoongi?” Jungkook mutters, removing the drive from the box.

Jungkook hadn’t brought his laptop, he hadn’t anticipated that he’d need it - but of course, he does.

Sighing because the floor is cold on his bare feet, Jungkook creeps through his parents’ house, past bedrooms full of various sleeping relatives, past his brother’s room, where the light is on under the door, and downstairs, into the den. His dad’s laptop is at the dining table, still on where his mom had been working on spreadsheets after dinner, and Jungkook snags it, hurrying back upstairs.

Once he accesses the USB, he sees a single folder, named *Merry Christmas*, and he clicks it - there are only two files; one, an MP3, the other, a word document.

He manages to find an old pair of clunky headphones from his youth shoved in a drawer at his desk,
and he goes for the MP3 first.

Five seconds in, his chest tightens, and he shoves his fist between his lips to fight back tears.

It’s a song, of course, but it’s not one that Jungkook has ever heard; the melody is bittersweet, the beat steady, almost hopeful, something that Jungkook could dance to. A piano is the foundation, overlain with electric guitar riffs and a smooth, fitting bass that fills it out perfectly - Jungkook takes a deep breath, shaking a little, because he understands.

It’s Yoongi’s song, Yoongi’s composition. Yoongi’s gift is his greatest, most precious passion, more intimate than if he’d stripped naked and opened his chest for Jungkook to reach out and touch his heart.

With the song looping again and again in Jungkook’s ears, he moves on to the word doc, and he suddenly can’t fight the tears anymore.

“Jungkook,” it begins, “baby, I’m sorry I wasn’t strong enough to stop myself from walking away from you. I’m sorry I was blind, to Jimin’s feelings, to my own, and I’m sorry I let you walk into that, and walk away feeling like it was your fault.”

Jungkook blinks away tears, forcing himself to keep reading.

“I really want you to know that it isn’t your fault. None of it. Jimin made his mistakes, and God knows I made mine, but you did what you thought was right, you did what you could to make things right, and for that, I love you.

I love you for being there for Jimin when I wasn’t strong enough, for being someone that he could trust, when I proved that I wasn’t that person. I love you for continuing to smile at me while I’m pain, even though I know you’re in pain too.

Hurting you and Jimin is the one thing I will regret for my entire life. I want to make it right, I really do, but I don’t know how. Being with you would hurt Jimin, even after all this I’m sure, even if he doesn’t mean for it to; and being with Jimin, like we were or maybe exploring these other feelings I find myself with, would leave you thinking you were right, that you were an outsider, like you didn’t belong.

I don’t know what to do, baby, but I want you to know, more than anything, that you DID fit - there’s a space in my heart that you fit into perfectly, no matter what has happened, or what will happen, please never ever doubt that you aren’t incredibly precious to me.

I know this letter is getting too long, I can’t tell you how much I’ve written just to delete, but there’s one more thing I need to say: don’t feel like my shortcomings are your fault, they’re not. I wasn’t strong enough to accept that what Jimin and I were was clearly something different, and I wasn’t strong enough to admit it to myself or you - and I’m sorry for that.

I told myself I would never choose between you and Jimin, but I did, I think, accidentally; when you told me how he felt, that he was a viewer, I chose you. It wasn’t the wrong choice, but it wasn’t the right choice, either.

What I mean to say is that after this letter, I’ll accept that you may walk out of my life forever, and I’ll be okay with that. I can’t have you and Jimin, not without hurting you, not without making you wonder who I love more.

The truth is I love Jimin, Jungkook, I love him so much, and I’ve loved him for years; but I love you, too, and it’s different, it’s new, but it’s just as strong a feeling; I wish I had the words to tell you how
much you meant to me, so fast - how much you still mean to me.

Before I close this and hope you agree to meet me so I can give you your gift, I want to say I’m sorry, one more time. I know you haven’t tried to contact me, and I’ve wondered endlessly if you even wanted to talk. But I had to say these things, one way or another, so please forgive me, if this seems inappropriate.

By the way, the song doesn’t have a title, I couldn’t find any words good enough. ”

The letter ends, there; since it’s typed there’s no signature, but there doesn’t need to be - Jungkook can hear Yoongi’s voice as if the elder is right there, while he reads. He can hear and feel everything the elder does, and it hits him hard, but with a softness that only Yoongi’s careful affection could have.

Wiping his face on his shirt, Jungkook stands on shaky legs, retrieving his phone from the end table.

He has a message, but he isn’t surprised to see it.

[12:53AM] Jiminnie: are you up? can you call me?

[1:04AM] me: i’m in busan, meet me at the fisherman’s pier?

Jungkook is half-dressed, moving quietly and tugging a second sweater over his first, when his phone lights up with Jimin’s reply.

[1:10AM] Jiminnie: i’ll be there in 10, i’m getting beer.

========================================================================

Three weeks is a long ass time to have to wait, to have to wait on something that may or may not happen.

Yoongi fucking hates waiting.

After the weeks of waiting he’s already done, Christmas break almost seems like a kick in the teeth, some cosmic joke, but it’s not something he can do anything about, so Yoongi does what he can to pass the time.

The letters and songs took him days, and he’d barely managed to finish them before it was too late. After those were done, Yoongi spent a day putting up the Christmas tree, just because he could, and he spent a day organizing his computer files and cleaning the apartment.

A week into break, Yoongi was going insane - so he took Jimin’s advice, and called his parents to ask if he could come home for Christmas.

They said no, but, not because they didn’t want him there, but because they weren’t even in the
country - his father, after getting a promotion, had whisked his mom off to a tropical paradise for the duration of the holiday season; they weren’t due to return home until a week into the new year, so Christmas back home for Yoongi was pretty much a dead end.

His parents must’ve felt some sort of parental guilt, though, because the next day, his brother called him; turns out, he was in town to spend Christmas with his wife’s family, and invited Yoongi to join the festivities.

With nothing else to do, Yoongi went.

It wasn’t a complete disaster; it turns out that Yoongi’s stoic, hardass of an older brother had married into a family that was the complete opposite of their family - everyone broke the rules, there, from dress code, to political opinions, and although Yoongi felt as if he were a little too boring to be there, he found he enjoyed it.

The anxiety was strong, though, no matter the distraction. He was torn between anticipating Jungkook’s and Jimin’s reactions to his gifts, and trying to force himself into not getting his hopes up.

Yoongi doesn’t even know what he was hoping for - but two days after Christmas, as he’s halfway through adding pink dye back into his pale hair, two packages arrive.

One, a heavy box sent from a neighborhood post office in Busan, is from Jimin, and inside is an assortment of Yoongi’s favorite bath bombs, his guilty pleasure, a small little secret that not even Jungkook knows about. He’s come home on several occasions over the course of their living together, to find Jimin on the couch, complaining about sore feet or overworked muscles; Yoongi never hesitated to give Jimin whatever he had from his secret stash.

The second package was sent from Jeon’s Woodworks, and the small box holds a bottle of cologne - a scent that Yoongi had liked, but hadn’t been sure of, so he’d never bought it. He came across it with Jungkook, while they were on a date, killing time walking around the mall while waiting on time for the movie to start; the younger had loved the scent, had reminded Yoongi over and over all evening, with small kisses whispered into his neck just above where he tested the sample, his hand tight in Yoongi’s.

Even though he’s managed thus far with only small breakdowns here and there, now Yoongi lets himself cry, really cry, mostly with relief.

He doesn’t know what the gifts mean, what will happen tomorrow, but he knows that they’re screaming at him, lighting up like beacons, letting him know he’s forgiven.

The next evening, Yoongi is lounging around in sweats, munching on a bowl of popcorn while he scrolls through Hulu, having found nothing to watch on Netflix. He’s about to just move on to Youtube, watch some videos on music equipment or mixing like he tends to do when he needs to not think, when he hears voices outside the door, followed by two gentle, soft knocks.

He doesn’t want to hope, but it’s ten-thirty at night, three days after Christmas, and there’s nobody else it could be.

Except maybe his one elderly neighbor that always floods her kitchen by overloading the washing machine.

Getting to his feet, Yoongi tries not to shake, tries not to feel scared or worried. He doesn’t check the
The first thing he notices is he isn’t the only one who’d spent some time on his hair; Jimin’s hair is
darker, not quite brunet, but no longer blond - it looks good on him. The second thing he notices, is
Jimin isn’t alone; Jungkook stands behind him, biting his lip, looking at him with big, bright eyes.
Jimin clears his throat, though, gaining Yoongi’s attention; but he doesn’t speak - he just stands there,
fiddling with the sleeve of his hoodie, clearly nervous about something.

That, and the fact that they came together, Yoongi will worry about in a second.

“Jimin,” he says, reaching out, and that’s all it takes. Jimin lunges forward into his arms, wrapping
his own around Yoongi’s neck, and the elder holds him close, one hand around Jimin’s body, the
other sinking into his newly-dark hair.

Home, Yoongi thinks, isn’t a place, sometimes - it’s a person, or sometimes persons, but it’s obvious
when it’s right, made clear by the calm, settling love that fills the heart.

Chapter End Notes

:)  

♡ Jimin is home, guys, we're almost there. I think this series will have 2 more chapters,
maybe. I'll try to update soon♡

tumblr ‖ twitter ‖ updates ‖ links
Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

"Me, too," the elder breathes, pressing two small kisses to Jungkook's lips. "I missed you."

Chapter Notes

ahhhh new chapter ;;;;;;

I'm sososososo sorry for the delay.

but the good news is it's here! it's done, i have one more chapter planned, and i hope you enjoy.

now for the bad news ;;

i already talked about it on tumblr here: (http://lunaticmyngi.tumblr.com/post/161563677112/personal-update-170607 ) but on June 1st my mother passed away with zero warning. that's why this chapter is late, and that's why i have to say i don't know when the next chapter will be done. i don't want to take up a bunch of space here talking about it, but i AM okay; i just don't know if my writing is going to be okay, so i ask that everyone please be patient with me if i get stuck or have a hard time for a little while.

anyway, you can read the tumblr post for more info, just be aware that it contains a link to a word doc where i about sensitive subjects.

thank you everyone for loving this story and waiting patiently for this chapter ♡♡♡

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jungkook is sure he’s going to walk around with the smile he’s wearing for the rest of forever.

He stands back, watching Yoongi hold Jimin tight, like a lifeline; the sight is relieving, it’s palpable, and Jungkook, if he looks close enough, can see Jimin biting down hard on his lower lip, holding back tears.

God, Jungkook is so happy at this very moment, completely ecstatic, with how the others have come back together - after everything, none of them had been sure it would happen; but it has, and Jungkook wants to run up and down the halls of the building and whoop for joy, neighbors be damned.

He doesn’t, though; instead, he hangs back, rocking on his heels as he tries to reign in the intensity of his smile, waiting as patiently as Jeon Jungkook is capable of - waiting for his turn. He thinks about just scooping them both up, too, but he doesn’t; it’s not the time for that, not yet.
Eventually, Jimin pulls back, taking a deep breath, and Jungkook’s stomach flips because he’s smiling, gently, his cheeks pink and his eyes shining. He moves away, looking up at Jungkook; suddenly Yoongi’s eyes are on him, too.

Neither of them move, for a moment - Jungkook knows what he wants, but he isn’t sure if he should vocalize it, go for it, or save it for later; thankfully, Jimin is there.

“Oh, just fucking kiss him,” he sighs, rolling his eyes with a smirk; he hoists his bags from the floor and shuffles into the apartment, Jungkook’s eyes following him.

When Jungkook turns back to Yoongi, he almost laughs aloud at the ‘uh, what?’ look on the elder’s face, just wide-eyed confusion.

He kisses him.

Jungkook tucks his fingers into the curve of Yoongi’s jaw, and tilts his head, and the elder welcomes him in, kissing him back with a sweetness that leaves Jungkook’s brain melting, his heart slowing down into an easy, leveled thump. It’s a short kiss, a welcome back kiss, an I missed you kiss; to Jungkook, it feels like coming home, and he knows that he and Jimin made the right decision back in Busan.

God willing, Yoongi will agree.

Jungkook doesn’t bother picking up his overstuffed duffle bag, he just kicks it inside the apartment, following Yoongi; he doesn’t have the strength for it, the elder kissed any drop of it from his bones. Inside, they find Jimin making tea in the kitchen, reaching on his toes to pull three mugs from the cabinet.

“I’ll help,” he offers.

Yoongi, looking like he’s still in shock, just sits at the small dining table, hands in his lap, and Jungkook can see his eyes going back and forth between himself and Jimin. Jungkook wonders what he’s thinking.

Clearing his throat as he accepts the mug and teabag Jimin offers him, Yoongi is the first to speak. “So, uh, how was Christmas?” he asks, still looking between them.

“Mine was good,” Jungkook speaks up. “My brother bought me a new laptop, and my dad even waited until I was leaving to ask if I was still gay.”

Jimin snorts from the counter, where he’s waiting on the kettle to boil. “Your dad sounds like a treat.”

“Mine was good, too,” Jimin announces. “I met my brother’s girlfriend and within five minutes, she had me in a chair and was demanding I let her do my hair.” He touches his brown locks shyly, shrugging. “I got money and a twelve-pack of underwear.”

“What about you, hyung?” Jungkook asks Yoongi, smiling at him. “Did you go home, too?”

The elder shakes his head. “No, uh, my parents are on vacation. But I spent Christmas Eve and Christmas Day with my sister-in-law’s family. They made me throw darts at water balloons in the
cold and play blindfolded twister.”

With his jaw on the floor, Jungkook laughs. “You win,” he says in unison with Jimin, just as the kettle starts beeping.

When all three of them are seated at the table, steaming mugs of tea-to-be in front of them, the mood shifts, just slightly. Jimin is obviously nervous, his leg bouncing under the table, bumping into Jungkook’s; Yoongi looks nervous, too, or scared, unsure. But he waits for them to speak, one of them, at least.

To Jungkook’s surprise, Jimin speaks up first.

“Thank you, for the letter,” he tells the elder, “and the song. It’s beautiful, Yoongi.”

Not one to take compliments, Yoongi nods. “I’m glad you liked it,” he mutters. “I wasn’t sure.”

“Mine, too,” Jungkook adds. “I’ve never heard anything so…”

“Genuine?” Jimin offers, and the younger nods.

“It’s my favorite song, ever,” he tells Yoongi. “Thank you, hyung.”

Jungkook hadn’t heard Jimin’s song, the two of them hadn’t gotten around to sharing those, and Jungkook isn’t sure that they ever will; he’s satisfied knowing the contents of Jimin’s letter - those, and what Yoongi wrote in Jungkook’s, they’d talked about until the sun came up; literally - watching the pale winter sun break over the Busan coast with Jimin had been the best part of going home.

Yoongi hadn’t really made excuses for himself, his actions or his lack thereof - his letters were meant as explanations, yes, a glimpse into his heart, a way for Jungkook and Jimin to read the words he didn’t know how to say, but he owned up to everything, understanding what blame was his to take.

Jungkook still feels the urge to cry thinking about it.

Jimin’s letter was much the same, but so different; Yoongi apologized a dozen times, talked profusely about his regret, for hurting Jimin, for being stupid and saying what he did. He admitted that he knew that after those words, Jimin might not be able to trust what he says, now, but he would never stop trying to show the younger how he feels.

At the end of the letter, before apologizing for the unexpectedness of said letter, Yoongi mentioned an antecedent and modest crush, a small, fluttering rush of feelings; it was enough to have Jimin questioning, have him demanding Jungkook tell him why he’d thought Yoongi had feelings for him.

It was a long night, that night on the beach with Jimin; but it was a great night.

The silence between the three of them starts to become ridiculous, and it doesn’t look like either of the others are going to say anything, so Jungkook jumps in.

“We talked,” he tells Yoongi, gesturing to himself and Jimin, “a lot. And we… decided something.”

“Something big,” Jimin mutters as if he still can’t comprehend it himself. “Something crazy.”

Jungkook looks at him, and reaches out, touching the back of his neck for a moment. “Should we… start from the beginning?”

At Jimin’s nod, and Yoongi’s look of utter confusion, Jungkook launches into the story, trying to explain everything the best he can.
Without making excuses for himself or for Jimin, because they owe the elder that much at least, after his letters, Jungkook tells him about the first kiss between himself and Jimin, about how they’d both felt about it, about his finding out that Jimin had feelings for Yoongi. He explains about this leading to him having second thoughts about their relationship, about how he found out Jimin was mochiABS.

Jungkook tells Yoongi everything he couldn’t the night he broke up with him, everything he couldn’t say because he was too close to crying, just trying to protect Jimin, to give them a chance.

“I’d made a choice,” Jimin cuts in without warning, “and Jungkook had made another.”

He allows Jimin take over, after that, the elder explains why he went to Jungkook’s that night, and the elder even goes as far to explain why he wasn’t avoiding Jungkook like he had been Yoongi.

“We were… I dunno, it felt like we’d… bonded? Through the… pain and… with everything in the open… The attraction, that was always there, I think, and we were sort of friends, but….”

Jungkook nods, picking up where the other leaves off. “Yeah, with everything out in the open, it was like… he didn’t have to pretend he didn’t know me, like he did, and since I’d been feeling like he just didn’t like me this whole time, I suddenly understood. We just kind of… let it go? And we found out we actually really liked each other.”

Yoongi, his mug in a two-handed grip, remains silent, letting them talk. He listens intently, his eyes on whoever is talking, his lips parted as he takes it all in.

“I kept trying to tell him to go back to you-”

“And I kept trying to tell him to go back to you-”

“And,” Jimin continues, “we kissed, again. At Jackson’s.”

Yoongi doesn’t seem to be able to comprehend this. “You… what?” he squeaks, eyes wide - Jungkook almost giggles; Yoongi, with his cherry blossom hair, his wide eyes… he’s too damn cute.

Jimin shrugs. “It was life come full circle. Jungkook got drunk and kissed me, like I did that first time. But… we didn’t talk about it.”

“Yeah, I think we’re all kind of bad at talking about shit,” Jungkook adds.

With Yoongi visibly less shocked, but looking more scared, Jungkook continues the story; he tells Yoongi what little there is left, starting with going to Busan, opening his gift, and meeting Jimin. He leaves out what happened, and he leaves out the parts where he’d been considering what he’s here to tell him, with Jimin, about what his brother told him.

“We’re not one-hundred percent sure, about this,” Jimin breathes, “but… we want to know what you think about it.”

“You’re dating,” Yoongi says, without accusation, but it isn’t a question, either. “You’re… you’re dating.”

Jungkook breaks, laughing and falling over the table, unable to stop himself - it’s funny, first, and second, it’s ironic.

The brunet sitting next to him smacks his arm, rolling his eyes. “No,” he tells the other. “We’re not, uh. It’s… well.”
While trying to catch his breath, Jungkook’s mind wanders back to Busan, meeting Jimin in the early hours of Christmas - he can still feel the freezing temperatures on his skin, feel the bubbling warmth in his gut, the shaky emotions in his chest.

He’d all but jogged to the pier to meet the elder, not giving a fuck about the cold, the late hour; he had assumed, been too excited by the prospect that he and Jimin were on the same wavelength (they were), that he’d been overcome with anticipation. It began to hit him, a bit, as he stepped foot on the salt-soaked wood and made his way to the seating area halfway down the pier - he didn’t doubt that’s where Jimin was, shielded from the biting air by the shack-like structure.

He’d been right; Jimin was there, sitting on the edge of a picnic table; he had a six pack next to him, an unopened beer in his hand, and whatever he was thinking had him staring at the wall, hard, his feet dangling.

Noticing him, the elder stood, dropping the beer down with a *thunk*. “Do me a favor?” he’d asked.

“Yeah, sure, hyung,” Jungkook answered a little breathlessly, moving to sit - but Jimin stopped him.

“We’re both sober,” he breathed, “so kiss me.”

Jungkook did, gladly, without hesitation; he put everything he had into that kiss, breathing out everything he was feeling into Jimin’s chest, breathing in everything the elder felt - it tasted the same, and as Jimin’s hands fisted into his jacket, he felt it safe to assume he wasn’t the only one who thought so.

When they pulled apart, Jimin laughed, softly. “So, I guess Yoongi made you cry, too?”

It was then that Jungkook noticed the elder’s red rimmed eyes, the puffiness of his lids - he hadn’t thought about it, before, but he realized then that Yoongi must’ve written Jimin a letter, too. Yoongi had reached out to both of them, tried to make good what he could.

“Yeah….” He nodded, pushing Jimin’s hair from his forehead. “What are we going to do with him?” he joked.

“I… don’t know about you,” Jimin sighed, meeting Jungkook’s eyes, “but I just… I just want to love him.”

“And… what about our habit of kissing each other?” Jungkook questioned, unable to move his fingers from Jimin’s hair.

It had taken them all night.

“Wait,” Yoongi says, frowning in confusion as Jungkook finishes telling him about that. “You kissed again? But you’re not… dating?”

“Jeez,” Jimin sighs, rubbing his face. “Would you please just listen to us for once, Yoongi?”

Jungkook turns to him. “Hyung…”

“I’m sorry,” Yoongi says automatically, before repeating it again, meaning it. “I’m sorry. You’re right, I’m listening.”

“Would you be mad if we were?” Jungkook asks, tilting his head. “If we were dating.”
It takes the elder a moment to answer. “Mad, no… I wouldn’t be mad. I don’t… I don’t know, though,” he shrugs. “I’d be upset, maybe? Sad?”

Jungkook meets Jimin’s eyes, and they both understand what the other is thinking.

Jimin turns back, laying his hand, palm up, on the table; Yoongi takes it without sparing a second. “We talked about dating,” he tells the elder slowly, “but… we also want to ask you something, and your answer will literally decide everything that happens with all of us.”

“After everything I’ve fucked up, you really shouldn’t trust me with something like this,” Yoongi breathes, almost whines. His eyes burn, with emotion, with confusion - he stares at Jimin, then meets Jungkook’s eyes; the younger gives him a comforting smile. It seems to help. “Fine.. what’s the question?”

Taking a deep breath, Jimin lays it all out on the table. “You said you aren’t able to choose between us,” he begins, Yoongi nodding, “and we decided that we couldn’t either. Me or Jungkook, neither of us are willing to let the other let you go, and, well… to be honest, neither of us want to let you go, at all.”

“Each other, too,” Jungkook quickly adds. “We’ve kind of gotten… attached.”

“Right, so…” Jimin takes a deep breath. “Don’t make us choose, hyung. We won’t make you choose if you don’t make us choose.”

Yoongi is quiet; he doesn’t seem to get it.

“Jimin, you forgot to ask the question,” Jungkook whispers, biting back his smile.

Jimin, however, is just staring at his hand in Yoongi’s - he turns his face, eyes filled with trepidation, and Jungkook understands; it’s just stage fright.

It’s up to him, then. “Hyung,” he says, gaining the elder’s attention. “It’s more like, a three-part question, so I-... we need three answers.”

“Okay,” Yoongi replies softly.

Taking a deep breath, Jungkook jumps off the proverbial cliff. “You still want to be with me, right? Like, if there were no complications to the whole thing, there’s still a part of you that wants to be with me?”

“... yeah, I do.”

“Okay, and part of you wants to, like, explore Jimin’s feelings, and your own for Jimin, yeah?”

Now Yoongi is frowning at him. “Yeah,” he says. “Yeah, I want- I would want, if… yeah.”

Jungkook smiles, licking his lips - things are going well, he thinks. “And, me and Jimin, if we wanted to spend some time together, would you be okay with that?”

Realization creeps up Yoongi’s features, and he both pales and blushes at the same time. “Wait, Jungkook, what?”

“Answer, Yoongi,” Jimin reminds him gently, “please.”

Looking between them, eyes wide and slightly panicked, Yoongi nods. “Yeah,” he chokes. “Yeah, I… if you wanted to, yeah, I’m okay with that.”
Jungkook claps his hands together, turning to Jimin. “Well, that’s that,” he tells him.

“That’s what, what do you mean?” Yoongi asks them. “I don’t get it… are we all supposed to just date, is that your solution?”

Jimin doesn’t respond, Jungkook just shrugs.

Yoongi, he can’t seem to grasp the concept.

“Oh my god,” he breathes, standing. He paces, eyes wild, a crazed half smile on his face. “No, that’s… crazy, it’s insane! What if… what if it doesn’t work, huh? Who gets hurt again, next time?”

Jimin answers before Jungkook realizes it isn’t a rhetorical question. “All of us,” he tells Yoongi, his voice soft and solemn. “All of us, because we all have to be in this together, if we want it to work.”

The elder stays standing, chest heaving beneath his t-shirt; he runs a hand through his hair, and his next words come out whispered, scared. “What if… it doesn’t work?”

Jungkook takes this one. “Then it doesn’t work,” he says honestly. “We say we tried, and we move on, in whatever form that might be.”

Yoongi chews on his cheek, silent, eyes scanning the room like he can find the answer scribbled into the paint in marker. “It’s… it’s crazy,” he repeats.

“Am I the only one who doesn’t think it’s that crazy?” Jungkook asks, exasperated.

“Yes,” the others say in unison.

Jimin clears his throat. “Yoongi, I know it’s crazy, but… when you think about it, is it really? Has the thought not crossed your mind, at all?”

“No,” Yoongi says immediately. “Well… maybe? I don’t know, maybe it has, just not… in so many words.”

“Well,” Jimin looks at Jungkook, offering him a smile. “It’s what we decided. It’s up to you, though, whether or not it happens.”

With these words, Yoongi actually looks like the weight of the entire cosmos is on his shoulders, and he shrugs, weakly, falling back into his chair. “What… how is this supposed to work?”

“Slowly,” Jungkook offers, “and as transparently as possible. Jimin and I, and please tell us if you agree, think it’s best if we don’t all just… jump into it. We think one-on-one is better, for a little while.”

“One… on one?”

“Yeah,” Jimin nods. “You and me obviously have… things to talk about, and uh, work through,” he laughs, blushing slightly. “Jungkook and I, we’re… we’re good, but we still don’t know each other all that well, really, so…”

“So we’ll be dating,” Jungkook beams, poking the elder in the ribs. “And seeing if this is something physical, or something more.”

Yoongi blushes, this time.

“And you should spend time with Kookie,” Jimin mutters, flashing the younger a dark look as he
shields his ribs. “Work through what you need to.”

“After we’ve all, well, I don’t know how to put it… sorted out our separate feelings?” Jungkook turns to Jimin, and the elder nods, supporting his word choice. “Yeah, then we can talk about the three of us… well, being together.”

“Being together… all of us,” Yoongi repeats, looking dazed.

“If you want to,” Jimin adds quickly. “We don’t want to you to accept out of guilt, or just because it’s what we want. Only agree to this if you want it too, hyung.”

The elder’s eyes clear so fast it’s almost scary. “All I want is you two happy,” he says candidly. “If you both think this can work, if this is what you both want… I’ll try it, too. I trust you.” He looks at Jungkook and smiles. “I trust both of you.”

Jungkook finally lets out his whoop. “Well, that was easy.”

“Easy my ass,” Jimin sighs, falling face first into his arms, on the table. “I’ve almost thrown up four times.”

“Yeah, me, too,” Yoongi tells him, taking a deep breath. “It’s, uh… I’m… thank you,” he says suddenly. “Thank you for giving me a second chance.”

“Thank you for trusting us,” Jungkook replies simply.

For moment, everyone is silent - then Jungkook’s phone starts blaring Back in Black, shattering the semi-awkward moment.

“Ah, shit,” he groans, scrambling over to his bag to silence it. “That’s Hoseok’s ringtone. I told him I’d be home like, two hours ago.”

“You’re not staying?” Yoongi asks, then winces. “That sounded… I didn’t mean-”

The younger laughs, shaking his head. “I know what you meant, and I would, but Hoseok is crashing at my place tonight, so… but tomorrow?” he glances at Jimin, and the elder smiles in accordance. “Dinner, then. Tomorrow.”

“Yeah,” Yoongi agrees, smiling as well. Jungkook gathers up his things, and Yoongi stands, meeting him for a kiss - it’s a small kiss, Yoongi seems shy, now, in front of Jimin; but it’s still sweet, still tinged in forgiveness, in relief. “Ask Jimin for the address,” Jungkook tells him, only slightly teasing. “You can meet Hoseok, too, if he’s still around.”

After that, Jungkook moves to where Jimin is still sitting, looking utterly worn out - he’d been the most worried about all this, Jungkook thinks. He leans over Jimin’s shoulder, and kisses him where his ear meets his jaw, letting his lips linger for a moment, letting his fingers slip into smooth, thick strands. “Goodnight,” he says.

“Goodnight, Kookie.”

Yoongi walks him to the door, but Jungkook doesn’t linger - he’ll get his chance to talk things through with Yoongi tomorrow night - but for now, Jungkook will give Jimin the night to be in his own home, after a month, with the elder.

“I’ll call you,” Yoongi says, “be safe.”
Smiling, Jungkook does what he’d wanted to do, and jumps for joy as soon as he hears the apartment door shut behind him.

This is going to work, he thinks; there’s no doubt in his heart. But if it doesn’t, well, Jungkook believes what he’s told Yoongi- they’d try and if they fail, then what more can they do?

Yoongi locks the apartment behind Jungkook, taking a second for himself - he rests his forehead to the cool wood, breathing in and out, five times.

They’re okay.

For now, at least, they’re okay.

Swallowing down his emotion, his shock, all the thoughts he’s yet to process, Yoongi pads back into the apartment, turning lights off behind him; by the time he makes it back to the kitchen, Jimin and his bags are gone, but Yoongi can hear the other in his room.

Not sure if he should, but unable to stop himself, Yoongi moves to stand in the open doorway; he’s just in time to see Jimin pull a pair of loose cotton shorts over his ass - he’s already changed into an old, faded shirt.

He looks exhausted, in Yoongi’s eyes, exhausted and weary. He mentions this, and Jimin jumps a little, eyes wide.

“You scared me, hyung,” he laughs, the sound delicate. “But yeah, I am. We went to visit Pop and Nana the last couple days I was there, so I was doing a bunch of stuff around their house they hadn’t been able to do. Jihyun and I felt like work horses.”

This makes Yoongi smile - the thought of Jimin with his family, his brother, ten times the family he’s ever known. He’s glad, though, that Jimin spent the holiday with them, even if he’d been missing the younger.

But since he looks so tired, darkness around his eyes, sluggishness to his movements, so obviously ready to climb into bed and pass out, Yoongi takes a couple steps into the room, his hands automatically clasping together out of anxiety.

“Do, um… I don’t know if it’s okay, yet, but…. ” he attempts, not sure how to ask for what he wants - not sure how far to blur the lines between what they were, and what they want to be.

Thankfully, with much more grace than Yoongi could ever be capable of, Jimin understands, and beams at him, with easiness. “Do you maybe want to sleep in here, tonight?”

Yoongi doesn’t comprehend the surge of emotion roaring in his chest until it’s too late, until he’s gasping, hot tears on his face - it’s hitting him, now, hitting him hard, that Jimin is here.

That Jimin is home.

He tries to sniff the tears away, tries to nod and duck his head, but nothing, ever, gets past Jimin; the younger doesn’t speak, doesn’t say a single word. He just moves closer, pressing his nose into
Yoongi’s neck, and gently winds his arms around the elder’s waist, anchoring them together with all the careful tenderness in the world.

Yoongi, on the other hand, scrambles for the younger, clutching Jimin to him like he should have, before, before everything got so fucking screwed up.

By some miracle, when he speaks, the words come out - they’re choked, thick with tears, but articulate. “I’m so sorry, Jimin,” he says, letting out a shuddering breath. “I’m so sorry, and I really-wish there were better words to explain how fucking sorry I am.”

“I know,” Jimin mutters, his breath warm on the elder’s neck. “I know, Yoongi, I promise I do. I’m here, okay? I’m here.”

Yoongi squeezes his eyes closed, fighting against the fresh wave of tears that Jimin’s words bring - Jimin is right, he is here, he’s right here, wrapped up in Yoongi, and it’s home, it always has been. But Yoongi won’t ever stop feeling the regret of letting Jimin leave in the first place.

He holds Jimin a little tighter, a little closer. “I missed you,” he breathes.

“I’m sorry-” Jimin begins, pulling away to look at him. “For staying away so long, I-”

“No.”

Shaking his head, Yoongi curses, scrubbing at his face, using the front of his shirt to attempt to dry his cheeks. “No,” he repeats, gathering himself. “The last thing you should do is apologize, please don’t.” With his tears under control, he cups the younger’s face, meeting the pair of bright eyes that he knows so well. “I get it,” he stresses, to the best of his ability. “I do. This whole thing, it… it sucked major fucking ass, but…”

Nodding, sort of, his cheeks still in Yoongi’s hold, Jimin offers him a smile. “But that was yesterday,” he finishes for Yoongi. “We have countless tomorrows.”

It’s what Yoongi wrote in his letter, towards the end, the line about tomorrows - God, he’s going to cry again.

“Yeah,” Yoongi agrees, pressing his forehead to Jimin’s, unable to be too far away. “Yeah.”

He thinks about kissing him, for all of three seconds - Yoongi thinks about it hard, about just tilting his head, just a fraction, and stepping forward. It would be easy, they’re already so close, and Jimin is making no moves to step away. He could kiss him, breathe the younger in, taste, for the first time, all these feelings he’d been denying them both.

He wonders if Jimin is thinking the same thing, a moment before the other giggles, yawning, moving his hand over his mouth to cover it while he steps back.

“Oops,” Jimin says, the words coming out distorted as the yawn wins. “I’m… shit, I’m tired,” he finally says, only to succumb to another yawn.

Yoongi nods, smiling, fighting his own urge to yawn. “Me, too,” he admits. “Not as tired as you look, though. You were… worried, about tonight, weren’t you? About… coming home?”

Giving him a look, one that Yoongi can’t decipher, Jimin finally nods, a faint blush coloring his ears. “Yeah,” he mutters. “I really was.”

Yoongi holds his tongue, until they’re in bed, in the dark, tangled as close as they can be without
“It should be weird, right? I mean, on the surface, I guess, but, looking at the… at how we feel, it isn’t.” He pauses, his nose pressed to the back of Jimin’s shoulder, and tightens his arm around the other - Jimin makes the smallest sound of contentment, or agreement; either works for Yoongi.

Then he clears his throat, stirring. “Jungkook mentioned it first, actually,” he tells Yoongi. “He… he fought really hard for us, Yoongi. He brought me home.”

“He’s incredible,” the elder praises. “He’s… He cares about you, a lot.”

“He cares about you, too,” Jimin adds. “I mean, I don’t know how much to say, or how this is supposed to work, this dating each other thing, but I feel like you should know how much it hurt for him to break up with you. He hid it, so well, but he… In Busan, before your letter, he blamed himself for everything.”

In all honesty, Yoongi isn’t sure how this dating thing is supposed to go either - he gets what Jimin means, they probably shouldn’t be talking about Jungkook, it should be Yoongi talking to Jungkook - but how can he not?

He lifts his head, hiking up onto his elbow in an attempt to wake up a bit. “What do you mean?” he asks, wondering in part if Jimin will even say.

Jimin rolls onto his back, rubbing at his face, and for a second, Yoongi feels bad about keeping him awake; but Jimin has that steel look of sheer force of will in his eyes, one that actually has terrified Yoongi on occasion, so he lets the other talk, and he listens.

“My fuck ups, yours… he thought if he’d just kept away from you, after finding out who you were when you recognized him, that none of this would have happened,” Jimin explains, looking up at Yoongi. “I mean, he knows now, we talked a lot about it, but he felt… I dunno, responsible for my sadness and your anger?”

Yoongi cuts in, his voice straining. “No, we were responsible for that, he never-”

“I know,” Jimin laughs, patting Yoongi’s hand where it still rests on his belly. “I told him, he knows. But it was also… the kiss, remember, at Namjoon’s show? He felt so guilty about that, too, and the other kiss, after that, and… he thought he should have known who I was, somehow. That I was… that I was mochiABS.”

He should probably ask about that, but he doesn’t; instead, Yoongi rubs his palm against Jimin’s belly, against the soft abs he feels there. “Well, I’ll give him that one,” he jokes, smiling. “You are really mochi, and you do have abs.”

This earns Yoongi a classic, precious Jimin-giggle, genuine and lilting - it makes his heart hurt in the best way.

“Shut up,” Jimin breathes, weakly trying to shove his hand away.

Knowing Yoongi won’t budge, he gives up - even though it’s dark, Yoongi can still recognize when the younger scrunches his nose up, and it’s so Jimin that Yoongi finally feels like tonight isn’t one big dream.

Stifling another yawn, Jimin sniffs. “Anyway,” he continues, “I’m only telling you because I’m… not sure if he will, to be honest. But I think it’s something you should talk about, though I’m not sure if I should actually have a say, on what you talk about.”
It’s going to be one hell of a ride, Yoongi thinks, this two boyfriends - sort of - thing.

“Guess we’ll find out,” he muses, as Jimin rolls back over, dragging the elder back into the big spoon position.

And even though he’s not the one who left, as Jimin slips into slumber, his body relaxing in Yoongi’s hold, Yoongi can’t help but finally feel like he’s home.

Yoongi isn’t taking back his agreement to try the whole dating-your-best-friend-but-also-dating-your-actual-sotra-boyfriend, but he is making an amendment - it’s odd.

“It’s weird, isn’t it?” he asks, walking into the living room and tucking the front of his t-shirt into his jeans. “I mean, it feels weird like, leaving you here alone.”

Jimin, shoving an armful of last semester’s textbooks onto the bookshelf (hoarder), turns, one eyebrow raised. “It wasn’t weird before, when you first started seeing him, why would it be weird now?”

“Well - before, it was….” Yoongi gives up, shrugging, smoothing down his hair while Jimin smiles endearingly at him.

“It’s not weird,” the younger assures him, moving closer. Jimin reaches up, helping smooth down a stray lock of hair. “I’ve been surrounded by half my family for weeks, I’m looking forward to the alone time, to be honest with you. I need to register for next semester, I’m so behind, and I’m gonna take a bath, use some of that fancy bubble bath you got me for my birthday, and order a huge, greasy pizza. And I’m going to eat it all by myself,” he grins. “So don’t expect leftovers when you get home. If you come home.”

Yoongi startles, at this. “What? Of course I’m going to come home, I-”

“Youngi, please. From what I understand, you and Jungkook were pretty close to sleeping together before… you know,” he rolls his eyes, falling to the couch with a sigh. “Jungkook is fucking hot, he missed you, so if you wanted to spend the night with him, you can.”

He isn’t sure what to say, to this, because Jimin is definitely not wrong. “It might be too soon,” he says instead. “I mean, considering.”

This, Jimin understands. “I know, I’m just being honest with you.”

Nodding, Yoongi moves back into his room, grabbing his wallet, his keys, and taking a moment to debate whether or not he wants to wear a hat tonight - he and Jungkook had decided on a casual night, dinner and a walk, but even so, a hat might push his already casual look into couch-potato territory.

Deciding against the hat, he reemerges, finding Jimin still in the same position; only now, he’s flipping through Netflix.

Jimin spent most of the day out - he went to Jackson’s to pick up the rest of his stuff, and to treat the other to lunch as a thank you for letting him stay, went by the grocery store because Yoongi sucks at keeping the kitchen stocked; Yoongi opted to stay home, not sure if Jackson would still be willing to remove his head from his body - Yoongi still hasn’t heard from Namjoon - and spent the day doing laundry, for the most part.
When Jimin came home, he left Yoongi to sort and put up the groceries, before starting his own laundry and cleaning his room.

As if he hasn’t used the word enough, in the last twelve hours, Yoongi can’t help but feel… weird. Jimin isn’t acting any differently than he has their entire friendship, maybe a little more reserved, but like he said, he’d spent so much time in Busan surrounded by people - Yoongi knows how quickly the younger’s social battery can run out. Maybe he’s just tired, maybe he does need the time to himself to recoup.

But, after everything that happened, after last night, Yoongi feels like things should be different; not that he’d expected to jump into bed with Jimin immediately, or even for anything remotely close to intimate to happen, not so soon. All things considered, though, the blow up, the make up, the confessions, all of it, Yoongi had expected… something.

It’s like Jimin is behind a wall, though, more so than ever, and Yoongi isn’t sure how to proceed.

Noticing him standing there, the younger offers him a smirk. “You’re gonna be late, hyung.”

“Shit.”

Pausing halfway to the door, Yoongi turns, biting his lip. “Uh… on the off chance you’re asleep when I get home….?”

Jimin waves a hand in the air, eyes glued to the TV. “Sleep where you want,” he tells him. “Have fun, tell Jungkook I said hello.”

Nodding and shoving his feet into his shoes, Yoongi rushes out his goodbye, then rushes out the door - it makes him feel something, but he’ll have time to sort things out with Jimin; for now, he needs to make it to Jungkook’s before he’s late - his relationship with Jimin isn’t the only thing he has to fix.

Still, as he hustles onto the bus a moment before the driver closes the door and moves away from the curb, Yoongi muses that Jimin’s indifference is probably the weirdest part about this whole thing.

“Shit,” Jungkook curses when drops his toothbrush for the second time in five seconds; he can hear Hoseok cackling at him from the living room. “Shut up, hyung, I’m just trying to brush my teeth!”

Once he finally gets the toothbrush to stay in his hand, and he’s finally able to do the whole oral-hygiene thing, Jungkook sighs, focusing on smoothing a little bit of balm into his damp hair to calm the wildness - not that he doesn’t normally dress up a little, put in a little extra effort for his dates with Yoongi; but this is the first one in a while, and he wants to look his absolute best. He doesn’t feel Hoseok behind him until the elder speaks, effectively sending the small plastic jar of hair gel flying.

“Shit, hyung, God, are you trying to make me shit myself?”

Hoseok just laughs at him, leaning against the bathroom door. “Sorry, Jungkook, but in my defense, I’ve been talking to you this whole time.” The younger scowls at him, earning another laugh. “Why are you so nervous? It’s Yoongi, I mean, haven’t you done this before?”

“I’m not nervous,” Jungkook huffs, wiping hair gel off his cheek and washing his hands.
He doesn’t miss the way Hoseok fondly rolls his eyes. “Yeah, okay. What time is he getting here?”

“Eight-thirty….” he admits, avoiding the elder’s gaze - it’s only-

“You mean you’re five seconds away from nervously combusting and he isn’t supposed to be here for another half-hour? Jesus, Kook,” Hoseok snorts, patting Jungkook’s shoulder. “’Cmon, I made some tea. Let’s sit, talk, you haven’t told me what happened, yet. How you got back together.”

Not that Jungkook will admit it, because he’s stubborn like that and so what if he is, but Hoseok is right: he is nervous - he’s really fucking nervous, and aside from the first couple of dates with Yoongi, or their first kiss, he’s never been nervous; he’s especially never been this nervous, ready half an hour before Yoongi is even set to arrive, dropping shit left and right, his stomach in nauseous knots.

It isn’t even entirely just an anxious, shaky feeling - mostly, Jungkook is just excited. He’d been more than happy to patiently wait until tonight to spend time with the elder, and let Yoongi make things good with Jimin first, but now that it’s his turn, he doesn’t know what to do with himself.

Jungkook had genuinely believed that he’d never see Yoongi again, or, at the very least, that he’d never get to do this with the elder again; when he broke up with Yoongi, that was it, he thought. He thought that one, he’d made his choice, two, that it was the right choice, and three, that he’d have to live with that choice; he thought hurting Yoongi, no matter how much it killed him (because it did kill him) was worth it in the end; but then Jimin happened, and Jungkook is so, so grateful he did.

Last night, after a late dinner with Hoseok and a shower to wash off the sticky smell of the ocean air and the stale cling of train, Jungkook had lain in bed and cried - he didn’t cry because he was sad, he cried because he was, is, so fucking relieved; after breaking not only his own heart, but Yoongi’s and Jimin’s, too, after submitting himself to a life without either of them, he’s getting a second chance. Yoongi and Jimin aren’t the only ones that fucked up, and Jungkook is just glad that they’ve all found forgiveness; no matter what happens, what doesn’t happen, they get to try and to Jungkook, that in itself is a miracle.

When he fell in love with Yoongi, Jungkook didn’t think it could get any better - he didn’t think he’d need anyone else, after that; he has Seokjin and his family, Hoseok and Taehyung, and then he had Yoongi; Jungkook hadn’t expected there to be a Jimin sized puzzle piece in his heart, too, but when he found it, he had no second thoughts about letting Jimin fit himself in; Jungkook doesn’t know how, but it works; now, his heart is full, complete.

At first, because of Jimin, Jungkook was able to swallow down most of the pain, and because he is, at his core, stubborn as hell, he was able to keep it squished down. It didn’t stay dormant for long, though, and all of those feelings, his pain, missing Yoongi, confusion at his attraction to Jimin, came back and plowed him over like he was just a tiny speck of dust.

He missed Yoongi, hell, he’s still missing him, and in just a little bit, Jungkook is going to get to see him again, to hold his hand, to watch his smile light up the room like a tiny, miniature sun - Jungkook wants to cry just thinking about it; he didn’t think he’d ever get another chance to experience the beautiful man that Yoongi is.

Then Busan happened, and when Jimin confirmed that there are feelings there, that he had been experiencing that same tug of emotion as Jungkook, everything came together in Jungkook’s head, in his heart, and he knew what they needed to do - he’ll never get over the acute feeling of solace he’d felt when the other two had agreed.

Not trusting Jungkook to handle himself, Hoseok exiles him to the couch while he fills two mugs
with tea, before adding a generous squeeze of lemon and a dollop of honey to both.

“So,” the elder begins, plopping lightly down next to him. “What the hell happened when I was
gone? Taehyung, for the record, wouldn’t tell me shit aside from that you were okay.”

Oh, trusty, tight-lipped Tae.

“I was okay,” Jungkook tells him, holding his mug in a two-handed grip to help ground himself. “I
handled it, at least. It’s a long story, but-”

“We got half an hour,” Hoseok cuts in. “Tell me what happened, I need to know whether to hug
Yoongi when I meet him, or make sure he never walks again.”

Laughing at the elder’s empty threat (Hoseok is the least violent person Jungkook knows), Jungkook
backpedals in time, back to the day Hoseok helped him hack Jimin’s mochiABS account. “It was
him,” he states, all anger long gone from his chest on the matter. “He admitted it, too, when I
asked… then I broke up with Yoongi, which you know, because I couldn’t let Jimin hurt anymore.”

“Precious boy,” Hoseok coos comically, making kissy faces. “So sweet.”

Jungkook rolls his eyes, and continues his story - Hoseok doesn’t interrupt him, again.

He tells the elder more details about the breakup, because he hadn’t, about telling Yoongi who Jimin
was, what he’d done, and how he felt; he tells Hoseok how he felt, too, how bad it hurt to watch
Yoongi walk away in pain, how much it fucking sucked to be the one pulling the plug.

“Hands down, I’d rather be broken up with,” Jungkook adds, taking a tentative sip of his steaming
tea. “I hated it, so much. I never, ever want to have to do that again.”

Jungkook explains a little about why he did what he did, too - how he thought if he was out of their
lives, that Yoongi and Jimin could find themselves together, figure out those feelings; or maybe they
wouldn’t, but he didn’t want to be, couldn’t, be the reason for that.

He can admit now that it was kind of a dick move, to interfere like he did, but he isn’t worried about
that anymore - things worked out, and he’s moved on.

He backpedals even further to tell Hoseok about the first time Jimin kissed him, drunk and jealous,
the first time Jungkook started to feel like something was… not what it seemed; he quickly adds, his
face warming, how he kissed back, shocked and a little guilty; but he tells him how nice it felt, how
his heart exploded in his chest, cracking an invisible wall that would later crash on them, only to
reveal even later the intricate little feelings it was hiding.

“I was so worried about Yoongi, at first, about how I was falling for him and how scared and thrilled
I was to open up to him, that I didn’t even notice that I legit had a crush on Jimin,” he admits,
meeting Hoseok’s thoughtful eyes. “I thought my feelings came from needing to be on good terms
with Jimin so that things with him and Yoongi wouldn’t be weird, or maybe I didn’t even actually
think about it, but… I liked him, a whole lot, and I didn’t realize it until I kissed him weeks later.
Even then, I thought I just missed Yoongi but… that wasn’t it.”

Jungkook doesn’t catch the confused line of Hoseok’s mouth as he briefly - somethings are a little
too personal, too special - fills Hoseok in on what happened in Busan; he mentions meeting up with
Jimin, talking things out, and going to see Yoongi last night.

“And now we’re here,” he finishes. “I’m seeing Yoongi tonight, and I think I might see if Jimin
wants to go out this weekend, I think he works mornings, but-”
This time he does catch the elder’s confusion, but before he can acknowledge it, there’s a soft whopwhop on his door, and he almost drops the remainder of his tea in his lap; which would have been disastrous, because he’s down to one pair of clean jeans since he’d been too busy playing Overwatch with Hoseok all day to worry about unpacking and washing his shit.

Jungkook is across the room in five seconds, unable to stop the grin that takes over his face, or the mutant butterflies threatening to eat him from the inside out.

Yoongi, of course, looks amazing; he looks huggable, loveable (slightly edible), and even more excited than Jungkook. “Hey, baby,” he greets, eyes disappearing as he accepts Jungkook’s slightly overzealous hug.

“Hey, hyung,” Jungkook mutters back, tucking his nose into the elder’s neck - Yoongi smells the same, like clean, sweet soap, but also like the cologne Jungkook bought him; Jungkook could kiss him because of this.

He would, too, kiss him until they were both choking with lack of oxygen, except he hears Hoseok walking towards them, so he pulls away to introduce them.

“Hyung, this is Hoseok, I’ve known him since I was like, sixteen,” he states, smiling at his friend. “And this is Yoongi... my boyfriend.” He can’t stop the giggle that follows, especially not when Yoongi flushes a pretty shade of pink at the words.

“Hey,” Yoongi manages through his smile, raising the hand that isn’t in Jungkook’s towards Hoseok. “It’s nice to meet you, man.”

“You, too,” Hoseok nods, flashing his own smile. “I’ve never met Jungkook’s boyfriends, before, though that’s probably because I’m never in town, but... yeah, it’s good to meet you.”

Jungkook rolls his eyes, reaching for his jacket. “Wow, hyung, you make it sound like I’ve had a lot of them,” he huffs, glancing at Yoongi. “I’ve had two, for the record. Neither lasted longer than a few months, and Hoseok was out doing whatever he does for the duration of both.”

Yoongi doesn’t do more than smile- Jungkook knows he couldn’t care less about Jungkook’s exes-before they’re leaving.

“I’ll be back before midnight,” Jungkook tells Hoseok, halfway out the door.

“Yeah, yeah,” the elder waves them off. “Have fun.”

Not five seconds after the door is closed, Jungkook pulls Yoongi into a kiss, the elder coming to him more than willingly - his hands settle on Yoongi’s neck and the elder grabs his hips, and they stand there, in the middle of the hall, breathing each other in for what feels like a decade; Jungkook can’t think past the sweetness on Yoongi’s tongue, the pressure of his fingertips despite his layers of clothing - he’d missed this, so fucking much, and when he needs air or else he’ll die, Jungkook pulls back, and tells Yoongi exactly that.

“Me, too,” the elder breathes, pressing two small kisses to Jungkook’s lips. “I missed you.”

Jungkook has words, so many words, he wants to drown Yoongi in - but before he can open his mouth, even catch his breath, his stomach makes the loudest, most humiliating sound, and it echoes around them; he’d been way too nervous to eat, he realizes.

Laughing and smiling up at him, Yoongi takes his hand. “Time for food,” he orders. “Then more kissing.”
Jungkook likes the sound of that.

The night is beyond chilly, the threat of ice and snow in every molecule of air, but Jungkook can’t feel the cold; Yoongi keeps him warm with his smile alone, all of the love and affection in the small action, and it warms him until he feels like he’s going to catch fire.

They get dinner at Jungkook’s favorite barbecue place, where Yoongi spoils him (he always has) with serving after serving of short ribs, pork belly, beef brisket, and mountains of grilled vegetables. They share delicious food and good conversation, and Jungkook’s nervous excitement melts away into pure joy, warm and glowing - he hadn’t thought about it before, but there’s no awkwardness, being back with Yoongi, not a single trace of stiffness or discomfort; they fall together like they hadn’t been apart, then only evidence of that being how much they have to talk about, to catch up on.

It’s almost bittersweet, this fact, but Jungkook pays it no mind; he’s moved on, Yoongi has moved on, and they’re together - that’s all that matters, now.

After dinner, they walk down the street a bit, wading through people and making dashes across intersections, hand in hand; they find a warm, not-too-packed cafe, and slip inside, snagging a table next to the wall.

“A latte, please,” Jungkook orders, shrugging out of his jacket, “and a plain coffee.”

“Sure, it’ll be just a minute,” the server smiles, flashing her teeth, and strolls away to check on the table next to them.

Yoongi, folding his own jacket in his lap, plucks a tiny laminated menu from the corner of the table. “Oh, chocolate pie… do you want a slice?” he asks, his dark eyes lifting to look at the younger. “Or do you want to share a slice?”

After they’ve gotten their coffees and began forking away at a generous slice of chocolate-creme pie, Yoongi tells Jungkook that he’s made surprising progress on his second album.

“Not counting your song and Jimin’s, I’d never put them on an album, I’ve written seven songs, and recorded five,” he says, licking whipped cream from his bottom lip. “I guess it’s true, you know, that pain lends a creative hand. I don’t like seeing people sad, of course, but sad songs are beautiful, I think.”

This hurts Jungkook to hear, like his heart has just dove into a rosebush, but Yoongi is smiling and doesn’t seem sad at all; “I’m sorry,” he tells the elder anyway, meeting his eyes. “That you felt that way, for-”

“Don’t. I wouldn’t want to relive it, but… it is what it is, now,” Yoongi shrugs, offering his loaded fork to Jungkook. “We’re okay, and I wrote some really beautiful songs, so don’t be sorry.”

Jungkook lets the elder feed him, his heart and face warm, his toes curling - he doesn’t feel like analyzing this particular feeling, yet - until the pie is almost gone; then he insists that Yoongi finish it, and he brings up a happier topic.

“Seokjin asked me to be the new baby’s godfather,” he bounces in his seat a little, excitement taking over. “I hope you get to meet him, soon, I’ll have to invite you or drag you with me the next time we have lunch.”

“Fine with me. Jimin mentioned he met him, says he’s tall.”
Laughing, Jungkook remembers that particular night with equal parts fondness and cringe. “Yeah, he’s tall, his shoulders are like, the width of a house, and his sense of humor is the lamest, funniest shit ever. He’s really chill, though, you’d like him.”

“Probably,” Yoongi muses, drinking his coffee. “Jimin liked him, and as we know, our taste in people is pretty similar.”

“How is he, by the way? We talked a little on the phone this morning, but he was in a hurry. He got some rest, right?” Jungkook asks without thinking - then he does think, and he frowns. “Wait, can we talk about Jimin? I mean, that’s not weird, is it?”

The elder laughs, shrugging. “That’s funny, he said the same thing, about you. But yeah, we can talk about him… avoiding talking about each other might be what makes things weird, I think.”

Jungkook nods, relieved. “You’re right. We’ll get used to this eventually, I guess.”

“I think so.”

They chat for the better part of an hour, after Yoongi assures Jungkook that Jimin is fine, got plenty of sleep, and is probably dancing in the tub to Bruno Mars, before they take to the streets again, the sidewalks no less congested than before. But Yoongi keeps his hand firmly in Jungkook’s, keeping them anchored, and Jungkook knows that the elder will never let go.

They wander in the direction of Jungkook’s apartment, not really in a hurry, just taking in the night and each other; if Jungkook didn’t have Hoseok at his place, he’d stay out with Yoongi all night, if he could, just being with the elder, making up for the time they weren’t. In spite of the cold, the crowd (that thins as they head further away from downtown), the fact that Jungkook is steadily getting sleepier, he wants nothing more than to spend all night talking with Yoongi, listening to his voice range from high and giggly, to low and lazy.

Jungkook loves Hoseok, he really does, but of all the times he could’ve shown up, he chose now to do so.

But Jungkook, for all his stubbornness, is also, somewhat, patient - at least he can be when it’s in direct connection to his tenacity; as they walk, hand in hand, down quieter, empty streets, he takes the moments where Yoongi is talking to take in the elder’s face, the streetlights arcing over his cheekbones, his nose. Jungkook likes the way the alien blue glow creates highlights and lowlights across the elder’s face, accentuating his lips and dark eyes, the way his tongue appears when he speaks.

There are very few things, Jungkook thinks, that can compare to Yoongi’s beauty, the way his pale skin glows with warmth, the way his eyes glitter when he looks over; for all of his quiet stoicism, for all of his reserved affection, Jungkook can see straight through into Yoongi’s bright, sparkling interior, and he’s so in love it’s silly.

Silly, but beautiful - Jungkook suddenly wants to yell into the muted sky how fucking happy he is, in this moment.

But as they near his street, Yoongi suddenly sighs, tensing - then he brings Jungkook’s hand to his mouth and presses his trembling lips to Jungkook’s knuckles.

“I want to tell you how sorry I am, again,” he begins, smiling when Jungkook attempts to cut him off. “No, I know, I just... there’s no words in any language that could explain how overwhelmingly thankful I am that I get a second chance to be with you. “
Yoongi proceeds to shower Jungkook in compliments, praising him and his patience, his thoughtfulness; every word from the elder’s mouth has Jungkook smiling, his chest expanding almost painfully, has him chewing on his lips because he wants to speak up, but he doesn’t want to interrupt the other.

“You introduced me as your boyfriend, and to be honest, I wasn’t expecting that. If I didn’t know you, I’d never believe someone could be capable of such forgiveness, I mean, you brought Jimin home, but you came with him. You both came home, and I honestly don’t know how I deserve that.”

All the way down his street and up to his front door, Yoongi talks, haltingly at times, exuding confidence at others. By the time they’ve come to a stop outside his apartment, voices low in the stillness of the hallway, Jungkook can feel tears in his eyes.

Yoongi isn’t done, though.

“I’ve been blown away by you, since the beginning,” he says, not once taking his eyes off Jungkook’s. “You… you’re fucking enchanting, Jungkook. And yeah, at first, it was, well, physical, you know, but then meeting you, getting to know you, I’ll never forget what it felt like to fall in love with you, to be lucky enough to know you…”

Jungkook can’t stop the tears, now, nope, they fall freely, even as he smiles, bringing his hands up to tangle in Yoongi’s pink hair.

“Jimin… Jimin told me you blamed yourself,” he says slowly, as if he’s trying to will Jungkook into listening to every syllable as carefully as possible (he doesn’t have to, Jungkook is listening completely). “And I know you’ve realized otherwise, but, I need you to know that you saved us. You didn’t come between us and push us apart, you came between us and held us together, and I swear to you, to god, to anyone listening, that I will never let a day pass that I don’t make an effort to tell you how fucking much you mean to me.”

Jungkook loses it, then.

“I love you,” he chokes, smiling and crying and probably snotting. “I… god, I don’t know what else to say besides I love you.”

“It’s all I need,” the elder replies, then they’re kissing.

Jungkook sighs into the kiss, tasting Yoongi’s words, his affection, everything that makes Yoongi Yoongi, every scowl and smile and curse, every yawn, laugh, and snort. He can’t verbalize the words, right now, there’s too much emotion, too much happiness, gratitude, love, but he kisses Yoongi with everything he has, hoping the elder understands; Jungkook has never been in love, not before Yoongi - he’s never kissed someone and felt the planets align, never craved someone’s touch, their smile, their good morning texts or their grumpy late-night rants. But with Yoongi, he feels all this and more, and he knows he’s lucky, knows that he’s just as lucky as Yoongi feels he is; but Jungkook is twice as lucky, he thinks, because he has Jimin, too, and in time, he’ll get to fall in love all over again.

He’s yet to question it, but just in case, Jungkook takes a moment, a moment he uses to break the kiss and breathe, to acknowledge that he and Jimin definitely, one-hundred percent, made the right decision back in Busan.

Then he backs himself against the wall, dragging Yoongi with him, and kisses Yoongi with the other side of his feelings, the darker, but no less lovely ones.
Jungkook parts his lips at Yoongi’s gentle command, the elder’s tongue sweeping across his bottom lip; then he moans, holding in as much as he can, when his own tongue makes contact; Yoongi’s mouth is warm on his, warm and insistent, full of barely-held-at-bay want and need - it’s all Jungkook can do to fist his hands in the front of Yoongi’s hoodie, the space between them warming several degrees, and hang on for dear life.

They’ve been farther than this, though, and the thought has Jungkook melting; they’d been so close to sleeping together, before, and the time they spent apart has done nothing to dampen the sexual attraction they feel - it’s in the way Jungkook whines, his body on fire, in the way Yoongi growls, the sounds barely escaping his chest, as he slides his fingers into Jungkook’s hair, tugging lightly. It’s in the way Yoongi takes control of the kiss, pressing his taut body to Jungkook’s, giving in to feeling, to the sensation.

Jungkook savors and treasures the scrape of the elder’s nails on his scalp, the weight of Yoongi’s chest against his; he takes every press of Yoongi’s lips, every curl of his tongue, and lets it take over him, lets it become all he can feel. Cursing into the kiss, Yoongi’s hands move down Jungkook’s body, over his shoulders and chest, to his waist, his hips, and around to his back; Jungkook kisses the elder harder, his breath trapped somewhere between them, pressing them closer and closer.

Yoongi shudders, grips his ass and grinds against him, and Jungkook’s held breath comes out in a curse, his head falling back against the wall - now he can feel how bad Yoongi wants him, and it drives him crazy - Yoongi’s mouth moves to his neck, smiling against his skin.

“I swear if Hoseok wasn’t in there right now, I’d invite you in,” he spits, his toes curling when Yoongi finds a really sensitive spot below his jaw. “I really, really want to invite you in.”

“I really, really want you to,” Yoongi breathes, kissing Jungkook’s cheek in a way so chaste it makes him blush. “Maybe next time.”

Jungkook nods, licking his lips - next time. “I knew I should have found a new apartment when my lease was up last summer, one with two bedrooms and really, really thick walls.”

“Thick walls,” Yoongi repeats, dazed and smirly. “He won’t be here forever,” he adds, raising an eyebrow and sneaking one hand under Jungkook’s jacket and shirt, smoothing his palm across the skin he finds.

The younger shivers, closing his eyes, and nods. “Right, right. He has to, actually, I have a show tomorrow night.”

“I know,” the elder laughs. “I’m going to miss watching.”

Jungkook whips his head back up, eyes flying open. “You’re not going to watch? What?”

Giving him a bright look dripping in darkness, Yoongi presses him against the wall for one more deep, delving kiss, that Jungkook is likely going to be playing on repeat for the rest of the night. “I don’t need to, and with everything that’s happened, with Jimin,” he says, giving Jungkook a look. “I dunno. I’ll watch again eventually, but for now I think it’s best if I don’t.”

Jungkook nods, smirking. “I get it, but you could watch with Jimin, you know.”

Yoongi laughs, the sound echoing through the halls, and Jungkook shushes him, first with hands, then with his mouth. Eventually, reluctantly, the elder pulls his body from Jungkook’s, and the younger is suddenly cold. “I’ll let you get inside,” Yoongi says. “And maybe, on the Jimin thing. I don’t think it’ll be our first date, but…”
“I’ll call you tomorrow,” Jungkook smiles, “get home safe, hyung.”

“Okay, baby.”

Jungkook watches the elder walk towards the end of the hall, hands in his pockets; as the haze fades away, and his blood cools, Jungkook suddenly remembers something.

“Hyung!” he whisper-shouts; Yoongi turns, head cocked. “You don’t have plans with him Friday, do you? I was going to see if he wanted to hangout.”

The elder shakes his head. “I’m going to ask him to lunch tomorrow, I’m working all day Friday, pretty much all weekend, actually.”

“Kay, cool. The Friday part, not the working part,” Jungkook tugs his keys from his pocket. “Don’t tell him I’m gonna ask.”

Jungkook can feel the force of Yoongi’s eye roll from where he stands. “I won’t spoil it,” he says.

He grins at the elder before pushing into his apartment, and he’s immediately scared half to death by the fact that Hoseok is still awake; he’d been fully prepared to tiptoe to the bathroom to wash his face and brush his teeth, and slip in bed as silently as possible.

But Hoseok is there on the couch in the semi-darkness, laptop open, and he gives Jungkook a strange half-smile when he looks up. “You lied,” is the first thing out of his mouth.

“I what?” Jungkook questions, kicking off his shoes and shrugging out of his jacket.

“It’s five after midnight.”

It takes the younger a few seconds to get it, then he snorts. “Oops.”

With Hoseok laughing from the couch, Jungkook goes through the motions to get ready for bed - he changes into warm sweats and a t-shirt, and, just to remind himself that he needs to do laundry or he’s going to suffer naked in the cold until he does, he drags his overflowing hamper over to the washing machine. He can hear Hoseok going through his own routine, setting his computer on the table, fluffing his pillow.

Jungkook is rinsing his face of foaming cleanser when he hears the elder clear his throat. “So, how’d it go?” he asks, watching Jungkook pat his face dry.

He can’t help his smile - it takes him over without him thinking about it. “It was, it was really, really good,” he beams. “I… I missed him, and, I dunno, it was just so good to spend time with him again.”

Hoseok hums, moving aside so he can leave the bathroom, flicking the light out as he does. He waits until Jungkook is in the bed, shoving his feet under the blanket, before he hops up on the edge, his arms crossed.

Jungkook can’t quite point out the elder’s expression - that is, until he talks.

“He seems like a nice dude, but, are you like, sure about this?” he asks, his eyebrows coming together in concern. “I mean, what about Jimin? Isn’t he in the same place he was that made you break up with Yoongi in the first place?”

In all his excitement, his nervousness, in all his haste to fill Hoseok in on everything he’d missed before Yoongi arrived, Jungkook completely overlooked the fact that the elder might not get it; not
just what happened, but what’s happening. “Oh,” he mutters, at a loss for words at how to explain exactly what he, Yoongi, and Jimin are. “It’s, uh, well, actually pretty complicated but not really? Hard to explain, at least.”

“I’m literally all ears here, Kook.”

“Oh, well,” he begins, clasping his hands. “It’s… Yoongi and I are still together, obviously.”

“Yes, I heard you wishing I weren’t here. You two suck at whispering.”

Jungkook blushes, laughing. “Sorry, hyung. But, uh, anyway, we’re together, and… well, Yoongi is going home to Jimin, and I mean like going home to Jimin. And I’m going to call Jimin tomorrow and see if he wants to go out with me Friday.”

His words, stuttered and halting, do nothing to alleviate the confused as hell look on the elder’s face - Jungkook probably could just come out and say we’re all dating, but that makes it seem so casual, and casual is the last thing Jungkook feels about either of them.

“Wait. No,” Hoseok says suddenly, eyes going wide. “You don’t mean… Jungkook, there’s no way that can work, you’re-”

“It can work,” Jungkook argues, shaking his head - he knows that look on Hoseok’s face, and it usually ends with one of them storming out. “We just have to be careful, honest, and open about every single feeling. But it can work, it has to. They both mean too much to me, to each other.”

For a moment, he thinks Hoseok may argue with him - he watches emotion flicker across the elder’s face (he never was good at keeping them internal), starting with disbelief, and ending with worry.

“I don’t think it’s a good idea,” he says slowly, holding up his arms in surrender, prompting Jungkook to hear him out. “I don’t… I don’t think it’s fair that Yoongi gets you and he gets to keep stringing Jimin along-”

Jungkook feels the anger build, but he makes sure to push it down, refusing to let it boil over; but it simmers, beneath the surface, and he can’t help the steam that slips out as he speaks. “Hyung,” he says firmly, meeting the elder’s eyes. “I get what you mean, okay? I do, I promise. But you’re really, really wrong.”

Hoseok’s own anger flares, briefly, but he controls it better than Jungkook. “Then help me understand.”

With a sigh, mainly to try to cool his defensiveness, Jungkook tries.

“Youngi made a mistake,” he shrugs, “but so did I, and so did Jimin. We all fucked up, and we all had to deal with that, but… we got through it. Jimin and I, we… we were both willing to let Yoongi go for each other, and Yoongi, he was willing to let us both go for each other-”

“Meaning he didn’t have the balls to fight-”

“No. Meaning he thought we were both better off without him.”

The elder sighs, and it’s obvious to Jungkook that he’s holding a lot back. “So, what? Your solution is to all, like, date, and hope nobody gets their feelings hurt or gets left out?”

“Yep,” Jungkook says, adding a smile. “That’s exactly our solution.”
Jungkook has known Hoseok long enough to recognize the way he rolls his tongue against the inside of his cheek as a literal personification of the phrase ‘holding his tongue’, and he knows the look in his eye means he’s debating on pushing the argument further. Jungkook also isn’t obvious to the fact that Hoseok’s wariness comes from concern, concern for Jungkook’s well being; he wouldn’t be Hoseok if he weren’t worried.

“Just trust me, hyung,” Jungkook says into the silence. “I know it’s weird and I know what could go wrong. But we’re not doing this on a whim.”

Hoseok gives in, running both hands over his face as he sighs. “Yeah. Yeah, I know,” he sighs. “I do trust you, Jungkook.”

“Okay, good, so do you wanna let me go to bed, then, or do you wanna hear about the date?”

Taehyung drops by a couple of days later, while Jungkook is in the middle of folding his laundry; he, of course, looks like he’s just walked off the runway, while Jungkook looks a little like a lost boy, in old sweats that he should probably donate to the trashcan, his hair an unwashed mess, and his t-shirt on inside out.

He might be a little hungover - he and Hoseok might’ve spent most of Thursday night at the bar, taking shots and playing pool.

Taehyung wouldn’t be the friend Jungkook knows and loves if he doesn’t point this out. “You look absolutely beautiful this morning, dude,” he laughs, pulling a paper bag from behind his back. “But I brought donuts just in case you needed the reminder.”

Making a strange, deep whiney sound in the back of his throat, Jungkook lunges for the bag.

Taehyung helps him fold (he basically had to wash his entire wardrobe - lingerie aside) and Jungkook is grateful for the help. The elder fills the silence with his deep voice, going on about physics and latin, and applying to study abroad over the summer; Jungkook slowly but surely remembers what speech is, and contributes to the conversation when he can, all the while guzzling fresh, hot coffee, and munching on his chocolate donuts.

When all of his clothes are folded and stuffed away, and a fresh pot of coffee is gurgling into existence on the counter, Jungkook shoves Hoseok’s pillow from the couch and plops down, sighing; housework is hard when you’re hungover.

“So,” Taehyung says, hiding a yawn - he had a wild night, too, apparently - his dark eyes suddenly alert. “Where’s Hoseokie?”

“I have no idea, I was barely awake when he left,” Jungkook admits, catching the elder’s yawn. “I think he said something about his sister, yesterday, though? He might’ve gone to visit her.”

“Oh, well, you should probably know, he’s worried about you.”

“I know.”

Taehyung bites his lip, regarding Jungkook, before he shrugs, mostly to himself. “He went to Jin.”

Uh…

“What?” Jungkook asks, frowning; his brain is still sloshing around, but Taehyung can’t mean-
He like, basically told Seokjin everything, called him, I mean. Jin called me last night for confirmation on some of it, and you know I just like, can’t lie to hyung.” Taehyung offers Jungkook an apologetic smile, eyes worried.

Well fucking great, Jungkook thinks. “What did he say? Seokjin, I mean.”

At this, the elder laughs, his lips tugging into a smirk. “Just what you’d expect, that it was none of his business, and as long as you were safe and taking care of yourself, that he’d stay out of it. He advised Hoseok to do the same.”


“Same,” the elder nods. “And like, I know you’re probably tired of explaining it, but since I’m the coolest of your friends, I totally need to be in the loop.”

Jungkook can’t deny cold hard facts. “Well…,” he begins, sitting up a little straighter.

As he tells the story, again, Jungkook is glad to see Taehyung take it in stride, just like he expected him to; he smiles and nods, pouts when necessary, and in true Taehyung fashion, he inserts only slightly inappropriate jokes when called for.

“Wow,” the elder sighs wistfully, after Jungkook finishes recounting everything, their plans for dating included. “I so hope it works out for you, babe, you all just really deserve to be happy.”

Jungkook, smiling, a little emotional, a lot hungover, tosses himself across the sofa to hug Taehyung. “Thanks, hyung.”

Crazier things have happened, Jungkook admits to himself, his camboy career, for example, and it isn’t as crazy as everyone seems to think, that three people can find themselves in a happy, loving relationship. It’s going to take a lot of work, he knows, and it won’t always be pretty (he hopes, but he’s biased), and there will be times, no doubt, that someone will feel left out or neglected; it’s just human nature.

But the three of them, especially together, are headstrong enough to make it work; Jungkook is unwilling to doubt that.

Later, after (much) more coffee, and actual breakfast consisting of fried slices of ham and a giant whopper of an omelet, courtesy of Taehyung, Jungkook confides in his friend his plans for the night.

“He gets off work at two, so we’re meeting in town at four and going bowling,” he tells the other, filling the sink with water so the dishes can soak. “Then I think we’ll get an early dinner, and hopefully get a chance to talk, some.”

“Talk some,” Taehyung repeats, making kissing sounds like the real adult he is. “I got’cha.”

Jungkook laughs, searching under the sink for his Clorox wipes. “No, I mean actually talk. I really wanna know how things are with him and Yoongi.”

“Cute,” the elder coos. “You gonna bring him back here? Talk or whatever, yeah, and like, sorry, but Jimin is hot, like, extra hot sauce hot. I fully support talking with your hands as much as your mouth.”

“I’m gonna let that go because I know you, but please refrain from acknowledging my kinda-boyfriend’s hotness, ‘kay, Tae?” Jungkook laughs - not that Taehyung isn’t abso-fucking-lutely right, really. Kissing Jimin again, this time in their new capacity with no holds barred, hasn’t been far
from his mind - in fact, he’s pretty sure his dreams last night involved something similar.

“Just saying. God, you’re all unfairly attractive… Yoongi’s pretty hot, too, for the record.”

“For the record we’re not looking for a fourth boyfriend, hyung.”

The elder laughs, falling across Hoseok’s makeshift bed, laughs so hard he turns a deep shade of rose. “Okay, okay,” he gasps, “fine, okay.” He catches his breath, still laughing, and lifts his feet when Jungkook comes over with the Swiffer. “Do you want me to get Hoseok out of here tonight? Not for that,” he adds at Jungkook’s eye roll. “Just so you can like, do your talking thing.”

Bending over so he can reach under the sofa with the dust mop, Jungkook smiles at his friend. “I appreciate the offer, but I don’t think he’s going to be up for going out two nights in a row. I’m pretty sure he left the house this morning still drunk and with his pants on backwards. Zipper straight up his ass.”

“Jin invited me to dinner, tonight, I can drag him along and let him face hyung’s wrath in person. I haven’t seen him in so long, and i know Hoseok hasn’t’

“Heartless, Tae,” the younger says, clicking his tongue. “Yes, though. That’d be cool, actually.”

Taehyung nods triumphantly, grinning in that big way that makes him look ten years younger.

“Awesome. You’ll have to let me know how the talk goes.”

Jungkook finds and throws a stray sock at his friend.

“Crap,” Jungkook mutters, sprinting off the bus and down the street - he’s late, almost; hashtag BlameHoseok because he took his sweet time getting ready, taking valuable time from Jungkook’s own primping. As he slows to a jog, Jungkook makes an amendment to what he’d said to Yoongi the other night; he doesn’t just need to move to a new apartment with two bedrooms, he needs one with two bathrooms, too.

Speaking of the elder, Jungkook tugs his phone from his pocket as he waits for the crosswalk light to change, to reply to the elder’s latest message.

[2:48PM] Boyfriend Yoongi: Jimin just got home and he’s spazzing
[2:59PM] Boyfriend Yoongi: lol it’s rly cute, he’s destroying his closet trying to find something to wear on your date >.<
[3:10PM] Me: omg
[3:11PM] Me: that is cute
[3:11PM] Me: i’m really excited to see him /cries
[3:15PM] Boyfriend Yoongi: lol I convinced him to wear his old leather jacket
[3:16PM] Boyfriend Yoongi: you’re welcome
[3:18PM] Me: ily
[3:18PM] Boyfriend Yoongi: :) <3

[3:20PM] Me: omfg Hoseok is STILL in the shower i’m going to kill him.
[3:30PM] Boyfriend Yoongi: Jimin just got in too so I think you’re both going to be late.
[3:45PM] Me: sorry lost my phone for a sec & yeah, def going to be late
[3:47PM] Boyfriend Yoongi: Jimin just left, gogogogo baby go fast
[3:50PM] Me: going <3333

UNREAD

[4:12PM] Boyfriend Yoongi: babe can you maybe talk to Jimin? he’s been a little… ???? around me and i’m not sure what’s up :( i’m sorry to ask but i need your help

Jungkook frowns, glancing at the green WALK light; he hurries across the street and pauses, using both hands to reply to the elder.

[4:16PM] Me: :/ yeah hyung i’ll see. I’ll call u later <3
[4:17PM] Boyfriend Yoongi: ty <3 have fun~

Weird, Jungkook thinks, shoving his phone back in his pocket; he knows Jimin was exhausted, before, from the stress of finals, seeing his family in Busan, not to mention all of his trepidation and worry about Yoongi. But Jungkook has been chatting a little with him here and there everyday, and he seems okay.

He’ll figure it out, though, if Jimin will talk to him, and Jungkook is sure he will. So he focuses on making it over to the meetup location, dodging the throngs of early-Friday night ‘party people’, sidestepping mothers with strollers, two’s and three’s of businessmen who are beginning the weekend early.

He spots Jimin before the elder sees him coming, and his heart does that strange swooping thing, finding itself somewhere behind his bellybutton, thudding hard and fast. The elder is indeed dressed in a leather jacket, the shiny black worn to grey in some spots, over a white sweater and tight jeans.

He’s hot, and beautiful, and Jungkook missed him; Jungkook is suddenly walking faster and throwing thankful prayers to the darkening sky, amazed that he could be so lucky.

“Hyung!” he calls when he’s within earshot. “Jiminnie~”

The elder looks up, and Jungkook’s thudding heart freezes, locking up on itself; the elder smiles at him, really smiles, all teeth and squishy eyes. The closer Jungkook gets, his knees weak, the harder Jimin smiles, and it’s all Jungkook can do to stop himself from falling over, shot through the heart with affection.
“Hey,” Jimin greets softly, tugging his hands from his pockets. “You’re late.”

It comes naturally, easily, the way they step closer, arms extended; Jimin wraps Jungkook up and the younger breathes into his neck, his eyes fluttering closed. He holds Jimin tight, wondering why in the world he waited so long to see him, again; Busan was less than a week ago, they were sharing a pair of earphones and a bag of chips on the bus home not even six full days ago, both of them nervous, happy, unsure.

Jungkook remembers what Jimin had said, the words barely audible. “What if he doesn’t want this, too?”

He didn’t need to elaborate, Jungkook knew what he meant, and it wasn’t really a question that required an answer; they both knew that if Yoongi wasn’t on board, they’d all have to go their separate ways - neither of them could hurt Yoongi by being together, and neither of them could hurt the other by being with Yoongi.

Jungkook knows, he just knows, in his heart, that this is the right thing to do, the best option; he and Jimin knew, and still know, what could happen if it doesn’t work. It would be devastating on all fronts, but despite this, despite the uncertainty that the others feel, the sheer amount of work and communication this unorthodox relationship will require, Jungkook knows, especially now with Jimin pressed against him and making a small, content sound, that it’s just right.

“Sorry,” he eventually says as they pull apart, both of them smiling. “For being late.”

The elder shakes his head, his smooth, dark hair swishing. “Don’t be, I got here like a minute before you did. Shift change at work was hell because we had a party of twelve come in suddenly.”

They walk hand in hand, and eventually Jungkook’s heart rate slows down to almost normal, as he chats with Jimin about this and that. The sun starts to sink, lowering behind buildings, and the chill sets in, but Jungkook couldn’t be warmer.

They find the little bowling place that Jungkook found by accident last year; he and Seokjin come a lot, when Jiae has playdates (there’s nothing cuter than watching a toddler try to bowl). It’s too small of a place to really be popular, especially this early on a Friday evening, so they have most of the place to themselves. Jimin secures them a lane, while Jungkook rents them both shoes and balls, and he finds Jimin afterwards, shrugging out of his jacket.

“Okay, so,” the elder says, pushing up his sleeves. “I haven’t bowled in like, ten years, and if you laugh I will throw a ball at you.”

Enjoying Jimin’s tight sweater possibly a little too much, Jungkook does laugh. “I won’t laugh at you, but… I was thinking, the loser should totally buy dinner. Winner’s choice.”

“Ha,” Jimin smirks, biting his lip. “You’re on.”

Jungkook isn’t competitive (lie), and he doesn’t have to win (another lie); just being here with Jimin, laughing, happy, their feelings unhindered by fear or confusion or worry is enough for him (not a lie) - but he is who he is, and he’s not going to lose.

Regardless of his previous words, Jimin is actually really good; he bowls two strikes before Jungkook even gets one, immediately making it a tight game. But even through the sharp smack of the balls landing on the floor, the clattering of pins, the way they go back and forth between cheering and talking shit about one another, Jungkook’s mind wanders.

It’s interesting, and probably something that Jungkook will never be able to analyze or decipher, that
two people, so similar as Yoongi and Jimin are to one another, can make him feel such different things; affection and adoration, that’s there with them both of course, in abundance. Yoongi and Jimin, they’re both shy, though Yoongi is more of a reserved shy, while Jimin is the giggling, blushing kind, and they both internalize conflict, letting it simmer until it’s suddenly boiling; both of them are kind, patient, hilarious in their own ways, and they both have such huge, generous hearts.

But they have their differences too, like people do; Yoongi prefers the quiet of night to the stillness of the morning, would rather stay up late to get shit done, instead wake up early, and Jimin is the opposite.

Watching Jimin bowl another strike (oh, shit), Jungkook thinks about how the elder makes him feel; Jimin isn’t just Yoongi’s best friend anymore, his roommate - he’s someone that Jungkook can go to, confide in, trust. Jimin makes him feel safe, makes him feel comfortable, and turns him on in the blink of an eye, to the point where Jungkook is worried he may get lightheaded the moment it happens.

Jimin is bright, and dark, and every shade in between, beautiful in a way that hurts - and Jungkook hasn’t forgotten mochiABS; he hasn’t forgotten the sharp, filthy perfect commands, the praise, the words that flashed on his laptop screen and had him begging and shaking in pleasure. Jungkook doesn’t know how much of mochiABS Jimin actually has inside of him, how much was just for the show, like Jungkook’s thighhighs and strappy thongs, but he does know that he’d glimpsed some part of the dormant, dominant side of Jimin and he wants more.

Yoongi, on the other hand, is almost completely who SgD93 had been; calm and thoughtful, languid in his commands, his want. Yoongi is the same way in person, driving Jungkook crazy with need ever so slowly, with deep, long kisses and roaming hands, breathlessly muttered words; it’s probably entirely too early to think about it, but Jungkook can’t help but be curious, curious about how Jimin and Yoongi, separately, would make love to him, and how they would together - if they would; he also wonders how it would happen between just the two of them.

Jungkook muses over the theoretical dynamics of their hypothetical sex lives for a moment; Yoongi, he knows, prefers to give rather than receive, but isn’t opposed to the opposite, much like Jungkook, but Jungkook one-thousand percent wants to be on the receiving end of everything Yoongi has to offer.

And because guys, usually, no matter their hue on the spectrum, their preferences, nor their relationship status, always somehow end up on the topic of dicks, Jungkook knows that Jimin is a strict top, only.

Between the three of them, the possibilities are endless and Jungkook is suddenly hyperaware of his need to cum from something other than glass or silicone.

“Shit-”

Jungkook is pulled from his waking-wet dream by Jimin’s giggled curse as the elder slides a little too far on his throw, nearly crashing to the floor; Jungkook laughs, too, hurrying over to help the other back to his feet, but Jimin, taking his hand, is more concerned with his pins.

It was a good toss, perfect aside from Jimin almost falling; the ball crashes into the pins at an angle, and all ten of them fall in sync.

A perfect strike - this means he beats Jungkook by a good twenty points.

Jimin bounces a bit on his heels, grinning at Jungkook. “I win,” he states, giggling with victory. “I
win, and I want jajangmyeon.”

“You can’t just claim victory after one round, hyung, that’s not how this works,” Jungkook tells him, making a show rolling his eyes and pretending to be irked.

The elder laughs, touching his stomach through his sweater, his cheeks pink. “I know and I’d totally destroy you in as many rounds as you’d like, but I’m like, starving, so I’d like food now, please.”

“Okay, okay, yes’ sir.”

He’s precious, Jungkook thinks, sitting down on the bench to change his shoes, precious and dangerous, because he’s soft, right now, smiling and flushed, elated at winning, at the prospect of food; but Jungkook can never forget the other side of Jimin, the darker, sensual side of him that moves like mist across the dance floor and commands Jungkook’s orgasm with only a few hastily typed words.

Jungkook can also see the weight of the worry he still carries, even now, and he remembers Yoongi’s request; it isn’t the right place, or time, but Jungkook wants that shadow gone, forever, so he sits up, pouting.

“I’ve never lost at bowling,” he mock-whines, fighting his urge to grin. “I can’t believe you beat me, hyung.”

“Neither can I,” the other laughs, not fooled by Jungkook’s attempt at being a sore loser. “I think you went easy on me, to be honest.”

“... do you not know me at all, hyung?”

“Good point.”

“Still,” Jungkook adds, this time losing the reigns on his smile. “Here I was, ready to wow you with my skills and blow you away, and you go and steal my spotlight. Not that I’m complaining, but…”

“Complaining is exactly what you’re doing,” the elder snorts, pulling on his jacket. “Let’s go eat, before I try to eat the ball that looks like cotton candy.”

Jimin walks closer, automatically holding his hand out for Jungkook to take; the action makes his heart to the thumpy-thump thing again, makes him bite his lip, smiling - it kind of makes him want to launch himself down the lane, into a stack of pins.

Instead, he takes Jimin’s hand and tugs, lightly, looking up at the elder. “Hyung,” he mutters. “You’ve hurt my ego.” He’s joking (sort of), and he knows by the way Jimin quirks an eyebrow that he knows this. But Jungkook wants, just a little bit, so he keeps going. “You owe me a kiss.”

“A kiss?” Jimin repeats, pursing his lips to hide his own smile. “I won, and I owe you a kiss? Seems the opposite, to me, Kookie.”

Before Jungkook can ask again (because he’s not opposed to asking again and again - he’s a little needy for Jimin’s mouth on his, okay?), Jimin slides his free hand into Jungkook’s hair, using it as leverage to angle the younger’s face towards his; then he kisses him.

It’s different from their other kisses, but it feels so damn familiar all the same; Jungkook squeezes Jimin’s hand, his breath trapped, stuck, lost and forgotten as Jimin’s mouth moves against his. It’s a sweet kiss, closer to chaste than any kiss they’ve shared so far, but it’s more than Jungkook could ever ask for, just what he wanted, and needed; Jimin’s plush lips are soft, delicate on his, but they
light him on fire almost violently.

Aware of the few others also enjoying their Friday night bowling, Jimin doesn’t let the kiss drag out, and Jungkook almost whimpers when he pulls away; but then he sees the warm, sparking look in the elder’s eyes, the flush on his cheek, and that’s all he can care about.

“Food, first,” he tells Jungkook tugging the younger to his feet. “Then kissing.”

If he thinks anything about the way Jungkook dies laughing, choking on his own giggles, he doesn’t comment or react, aside from smiling, tucking his fingers between Jungkook’s - it takes the younger a solid ten minutes to stop cackling, Jimin all but carrying him down the street, to gather himself long enough to calm down.

His feelings for Jimin may be different from his feelings for Yoongi, and he’s sure the others’ feelings regarding him differ, as well - somethings can’t be measured with numbers, on a scale or with any tool, and his love for the elders are one of those things - but his two lovers are so similar, still, that it’s cute and funny in a way Jungkook will never be able to explain.

Waiting for a lull in traffic so they can make it across the street to the restaurant, Jungkook slips his arms around Jimin’s shoulders, and dives in for another small, gentle kiss - Jimin exhales hard through his nose, one hand fisting in the younger’s jacket, before they break away, both of them a little glowy, a lot breathless.

“You’re shameless,” Jimin grumbles, touching his sleeve to his nose, glancing at the people around them (people who probably couldn’t care less).

Jungkook laughs, and because the elder’s words are accurate, he presses another kiss to Jimin’s soft, brunet hair.

It baffles him, sincerely baffles him, that Jimin can put away three full as fuck bowls of noodles, and still walk afterwards; Jungkook is barely able to finish his two, and even then, he feels like he needs to lay on the sidewalk for five minutes and catch his breath - it probably has something to do with the three hamburgers he had for lunch (last ditch effort to fully kick his hangover to the curb).

But the elder is in a good mood, talkative and bouncy; he all but drags Jungkook in the direction of the younger’s apartment, gushing about the email he got from his dance teacher earlier in the morning.

“She wants me to take this class that she’s hosting at some local academy place,” Jimin says, Jungkook hanging on every word, his hand at home in Jimin’s, the night clear and cold around them. “It’s twice a week, in the morning, and I’d be dancing with all these… big time performers, like, as a group. She wants us to compete.”

“Ahh, wow, hyung,” Jungkook breathes, the air crystallizing around him; he has to remind Jimin that they go left to his apartment, not right, and they take the corner onto Jungkook’s street, lined in tall, buzzing blue streetlamps. “Are you going to do it?”

Jimin shrugs, his shoulder moving against the younger’s. “I dunno-”

“Jungkookie~ Jiminnie~”

The two of them glance up in unison, just in time to see Taehyung dragging a peeved Hoseok down the front steps of Jungkook’s apartment building. “I cannot believe,” Hoseok begins, trying to shake
off the other, “that I’m being sexiled.”

Jimin tenses next to him, but Jungkook snorts. “You’re being first-date-xiled, hyung.”

“And I,” Taehyung cuts in, “can’t believe you don’t want to spend any time with me, Hoseokie. I’m hurt. Truly, sincerely, profoundly crushed.”

Hoseok rolls his eyes, but he’s smiling. “You’re no longer my friend, Mr. Dramatic, after you though it’d be funny to have a pillow fight and almost rip my dick off.”

Jungkook doesn’t want to ask - he knows better; but he also made a point to clean up his apartment because he planned on bringing Jimin over.

He asks, wincing in anticipation. “Please tell me my apartment is clean and free of cotton, feathers, and blood. Please.” Both of his friends instantly sag, looking guilty, and he sighs. “How bad is it?”

“Well,” Taehyung begins, his voice deepening in shame. “It’s… uh, still clean. But, I kinda accidentally whacked hyung in the dick really hard, and he chased me, and I had water in a glass on the table, and, then… crash.”

“Oh, jeez,” the younger groans.

“I cleaned it up, though! I swept and then vacuumed and I even turned the lights off and used my phone to look for any leftover tiny piece-”

Jungkook stops him, sighing. “It’s okay, Tae,” he smiles at his friend’s big, pouty face. “But it better not have been my favorite Iron Man glass or you’re dead.”

Hoseok bursts into laughter as Taehyung goes white, shaking his head. “It wasn’t! It was just one of the little clear ones with the white-”

“He’s teasing, Tae,” Hoseok tells him, grabbing the back of Taehyung’s neck and laughing; then the elder steps forward, hand outstretched towards Jimin. “Hey, sorry, I’m Hoseok.”

Jungkook jerks, internally screaming at himself. “Oh, shit, yeah, hyung this is Jimin. I didn’t- I forgot you haven’t met him.”

“I have,” Taehyung boasts.

Jimin takes Hoseok’s hand, smiling. “Hi,” he says in delayed greeting. “Sorry for kicking you out,” he adds with a droll roll of his eyes in Jungkook’s direction.

Hoseok shrugs, shoving his hands into his coat pockets. “Nah, it’s fine. I don’t really mind, I’m just not a fan of leaving the comfort of Jungkookie’s couch when I’m in town. It’s not a bed but it’s the closest I get.”

Taehyung jumps in again, grinning. “Lazy, lazy, hyung, using Jungkook like that. You should be ashamed.”

“Like you’re one to talk about shame, Mr. I-beat-people-in-the-dick-and-then-break-glasses.”

With Taehyung giggling and hanging off the elder’s shoulder, Jimin speaks up. “You’re out of town a lot, right? What do you do?”

Jungkook looks at Hoseok with interest, wondering what his answer will be.
“Oh, this and that,” is all the elder says with a grin. “Nothing in particular.”

Jungkook doesn’t know what answer he thought Jimin would get.

“We’re gonna be late, hyung,” Taehyung points out. “And with Jiyeon growing a baby and all that, Jin’s super feeling the sympathy angst. I don’t want to get there only to be locked out.”

“Good point.”

They say goodbye to the others, Taehyung roping the elder into singing loud and proud to the night as they head towards the bus station. Turning back to Jimin, Jungkook smiles, tugging on his hand. “C’mon, I’m freezing, let’s make some tea.”

“Mmkay, love.”

Once inside, Jungkook goes about boiling water and hunting around for a second mug for Jimin, while the elder sheds his coat and stands nearby, almost hovering. Jungkook keeps one eye on him while he drops tea bags into the cups, and one eye on the kettle - Jimin doesn’t seem bothered by anything, but he’s just standing there, hands clasped in front of him.

“What’s up?” Jungkook asks him. “You okay?”

“Hm? Yeah, why?” the elder questions.

“Because you’re just standing there,” the other laughs. “I do have a couch, you know.”

Jimin glances towards said sofa; Hoseok’s pillow is off to the side, his blanket folded neatly and stacked on top, the elder’s bag tucked carefully under the coffee table.

Jimin scrunches his nose up a bit, turning back to the other. “I feel kind of weird sitting on Hoseok’s bed though… I mean, assuming we’re going to make out at some point tonight.”

_Swoop_ goes Jungkook’s stomach.

“Oh… uh,” he stutters, his ears warming. “There’s the table? And, my… my bed is there, too.”

The elder beams at him, and wanders around the corner, to the nook where Jungkook’s bed is settled next to the window - Jungkook fights the image of Jimin in his bed that beats at his skull, and focuses on pouring the boiling water into their mugs, and not on himself; he feels a little like a highschool freshman again, but his mind is repeating the same mantra over and over - _Jimin wants to make out with me, Jiminwantstomakeoutwithme_ - and he shivers, warm.

“Jungkookie, where did you get your pillows? They’re so fucking comfortable, oh my god.”

“IKEA,” Jungkook calls. “And they were actually kind of cheap, too, I got them when I got the bed.”

He can hear Jimin’s sigh. “Fucking of course it was IKEA… hey, we should go to IKEA on our next date.”

“Sure, hyung,” the other chuckles, carrying two warm mugs over to the bed. “Whenever you want.”

Jimin is sprawled across Jungkook’s bed like a starfish, his toes and fingertips reaching for opposite corners; his dark hair feathers gently over Jungkook’s grey pillowcase, his eyes closed, his white sweater riding up.
He looks so good, even better in Jungkook’s bed; but when he senses the younger standing there, he wiggles until he’s sitting up, reaching for the mug Jungkook offers him. “Thank you,” he breathes, holding his tea close and scooting over to give Jungkook room. “Mm, warm.”

They sit facing one another, cross legged, and as soon as his tea is cool enough to take a sip, Jungkook does; then he clears his throat and cocks his head at the elder. “Oh, right, what about that class? You gonna do it?”

“Ah, well,” Jimin groans, looking down. “It’d take up so much time… that on top of school and my normal dance classes, plus work, plus…”

“Plus…?” Jungkook prompts.

“You and Yoongi,” the other finishes, blushing. “I want to have time for both of you, too…”

Jungkook feels his heart flutter and grow ten times its size.

“Jimin,” he breathes, shaking his head. “Don’t do that, take the class, hyung. Me and Yoongi will make time for you, okay?”

“I know, but-”

“No buts, not the grammatical kind at least. You want to do this, right? Then do it. You have my support, and I know you have Yoongi’s.”

Jungkook takes the elder’s hand, squeezing lightly, watching the way Jimin’s eyes disappear as he smiles - it falters just a fraction, though, and he shrugs one shoulder. “It’s just, this is so new, and… I don’t want to do anything to screw it up,” he says, frowning hard. “I really don’t want to screw it up.”

Because Jungkook gets it - he gets it on a molecular level - he speaks frankly. “I think,” he begins slowly, thinking, “that there are a ton of ways any one of us can screw this up. But that being said, you taking a dance class isn’t one of them.”

“Yeah, you’re right,” the elder laughs, taking a generous gulp of tea.

“And you know, it’s not like you’ll be busy the entire twenty-four hours of everyday,” Jungkook continues, grinning. “There’s breakfast, right? You gotta eat before you dance, you know. There’s also weekends and sleepovers, and we all have phones and computers.”

The elder laughs at this, tugging his hand from Jungkook’s to cover his mouth. “Yeah, there’s all of that. Thank you, Kookie… I’ll email her back tomorrow.”

Jungkook hasn’t forgotten Yoongi’s text, his request; but Jimin is giving him a look, a heavy, deep look, his smiling eyes probing; with a silent promise to the elder to ask later, Jungkook lets Jimin take his mug and move it, along with his own, carefully to the end table.

Then he reaches for Jungkook, his fingertips scraping the edges of the younger’s chin.

“C’mere,” he breathes - Jungkook has never moved so fast in his life.

He rises to his knees and shuffles forward, as Jimin straightens his own legs out, and he straddles Jimin’s thighs, refusing to break eye contact; he’s on fire, from Jimin’s look and fingertips alone, and he’s hungry, desperate to crash their mouths together and kiss until neither of them can breathe, think, or walk.
Among other things.

But Jimin is in absolutely no hurry, and it’s frustrating, and it’s beautiful, and all Jungkook can do to stave off his own eagerness is to grab the headboard and bite his lip against the maddening, gentle assault of Jimin’s fingers.

The elder runs his hands down Jungkook’s chest, over the thin cotton of his t-shirt; when he get’s to the hem, he presses his forehead to Jungkook’s chest and slips his hands under with no hesitation, his touch like kindling - every press of his fingers is warm, but Jungkook feels like his skin is boiling. Everything in his focus hones in on Jimin’s hands.

And then Jimin speaks, and Jungkook is torn between clearing his mind enough to listen, and shivering under the elder’s seeking hands.

“Thank you,” Jimin breathes, barely audible; he looks up through his lashes, his eyes dark and bright, glittering and black. “For… everything.”

Jungkook almost whimpers. “Hyung, you don’t have to—”

His palms smooth against the younger’s ribs, Jimin laughs, low and breathless. “I know, love, and that’s what makes me want to. I need you to know this, okay? How much you and everything you’ve done means to me, how thankful I am and how much I appreciate that you were there for me, through everything. You were hurting too, and you didn’t have to help me, but….” he trails off, his smile widenimg, his hands moving in a parallel line up Jungkook’s chest. “Whatever happens, like, right now, or later, I need you to know you’re special, and you inspire me, and I’m so glad that I’m here,” he moves his palm up, just one, and presses against Jungkook’s chest, just above his clattering heart. “I’m so lucky to have a place, here.”

Jungkook has never been good with words, or feelings, actually; not before Yoongi, before Jimin. The two of them have tugged back the blankets of his heart, revealing his passions, his emotional side. He’s never been good with expressing how he feels, either, he’s always been a little awkward, a little uncoordinated emotionally, blurtting strange, inappropriate things or resorting to cheesy, overdone lines.

All of this is still true, though, no matter how awakened or aware he is of his own feelings; so Jungkook does what he knows will get his point across, what will say all the words he can’t find the letters for.

He sinks his hands into Jimin’s hair, bows his back so he can duck his head, and kisses him, putting every gentle and fluttering, harsh and storming feeling he can muster into the act - Jimin responds with just as much enthusiasm, nails scraping against the younger’s chest; he makes a small sound of enjoyment as Jungkook licks into his mouth, and it urges Jungkook to kiss harder, kiss deeper, seeking that sound again.

Jungkook has words he wants to say, of course, words that burn in his chest and beg to be verbalized, but once Jimin’s hands start moving on him again, every syllable dissolves in wake of the heat Jimin’s hands bring; now he’s the one making small sounds, babbling incoherencies against Jimin lips.

He actually squeaks when Jimin’s thumbs graze his nipples in sync, breaking the kiss as he gasps. The elder chuckles, pressing his thumbs harder, obviously enjoying the way Jungkook squirms.

“You always were so easy to rile up,” Jimin comments, tilting his head back; his eyes are darker than they were, somehow, his cheeks a deep rose - he’s beautiful, and Jungkook tries to kiss him again.
“Uh-uh,” the elder smiles, this time pinching Jungkook’s nipples and tugging lightly. “I want to watch you, Kookie.”

Everything happens in Jungkook’s body, his mind, all at once; heat blooms in his core, Jimin’s fingers dragging a groan from his chest - and he can see, in Jimin’s eyes, his smooth expression, and feel, in Jimin’s voice, that side of Jimin he’s been craving, the assertive side of him that made mochiABS one of his favorites in the beginning - he hasn’t forgotten what Jimin likes, either.

Jungkook takes a deep breath, licking his lips. “Watch me what, hyung?” he asks, bracing for the answer - knowing full well there’s no way to actually prepare himself for the licentious words that fall from the elder’s kiss-reddened lips.

“Watch you cum for me.”

The violent shudder that rolls through his entire body happens naturally, like another side of himself emerging, the side that used to hang on mochiABS’ every word and do all he could to please the elder; he doesn’t know how to respond, words are lost to him - not that Jimin gives him any time to respond.

The elder continues his assault on Jungkook’s body, turning the dial up a few notches, and Jungkook wouldn’t be surprised if Jimin planned on trying to make him cum from this alone - my the way his body is rapidly responding, his cock hardening against his jeans, Jungkook thinks it might even be possible.

He knows Jimin likes the games, though; he doesn’t think they’re going to just fuck right here, not with the way Jimin likes to toy and tease - but he’s curious.

“What about you?” he asks, voice jumping up and down a few octaves every three syllables.

Jimin smiles, giving his right nipple a particularly hard twist (Jungkook swears he can sense the way Jungkook’s cock throbs). “We’ll get to me,” he says dismissively. “Gotta take care of my baby, first.”

Jungkook is gone, dead, lost to all but Jimin’s words, Jimin’s hands - or he thinks he is, until Jimin gives him a soft, sweet, closed-mouth kiss, and commands him in a lilting, playful voice to put his hands behind his head; then, he’s well and truly sucked into the haze.

He dies, over and over, Jimin’s hands on his skin, his fingers relentlessly plucking him like a harp, until he’s singing; he squirms and whines, thighs jumping, belly clenched, and he doesn’t know at what point he begins to beg, asking Jimin for more, for the elder to touch him.

All he can feel is the heat, the need- the part of him he thought was just a part of the show- blooming underneath the surface until all he can do is whimper and submit - and once he submits, Jimin seems to be satisfied.

The elder’s fingers leave his sore, oversensitive nipples, and move to the button of his jeans. “Don’t move your hands,” he says fondly, though it’s a warning, even to Jungkook’s drumming ears.

It’s painfully relieving, when Jimin frees his cock, his boxers damp - it’s excruciatingly blissful, when Jimin allows him to wiggle his jeans down his ass so the elder has better access; it’s still restrictive, and probably cutting off blood flow to his legs, still makes him feel powerless in the best way, but it’s worth the heavenly pressure as Jimin is able to wrap one hand around him, his thumb spreading precum around the head.

“Beautiful,” Jimin murmurs, jerking Jungkook in earnest, his free hand digging into the meaty part
where Jungkook’s thigh curves into his hip.

It takes everything Jungkook has not to cum then and there - absolutely everything.

He’s sated, melted, sappy and soft, the taste of Jimin’s pleasure lingering on the back of his throat - he doesn’t know how long they’ve lain in the silence, their heartbeats synced with their breathing, the blanket tugged up to cover their bare legs. The world hums around them while they bask in shared gratification, Jungkook’s head cradled lightly on Jimin’s shoulder.

He remembers, now, about Yoongi, his covert mission; but it turns out he doesn’t have to even ask - he should have known he wouldn’t have to ask, because of course Jimin would open up to him freely; that’s how they are, after all.

“So, um, don’t take this the wrong way,” the elder says with thoughtful sleepiness. “But… I really wish I could do that with Yoongi.”

“Don’t take this the wrong way, but I really wish I could do that with Yoongi, too.”

Jimin laughs at this, his chest shifting beneath Jungkook’s fingers. “The other night…?”

“Taehyung wasn’t here to whisk Hoseok away - and Hoseok was being a little bit of a cynic.”

“Ah,” the elder acknowledges - Jungkook assumes he’s heard out his own friends’ misgivings on their actions, too. “Well. Maybe some other time, then.”

Jungkook nods, and waits, because he knows Jimin too well, by now; at least, he can pick out the tone in the elder’s voice that hints at a forthcoming tirade.

“I… don’t know what to do with Yoongi,” Jimin finally says, and Jungkook allows himself a small smile of victory.

He tilts his head up, getting an A-plus vantage of Jimin’s chin and nostrils. “Do with him how, hyung?”

“I just… god, I don’t know how to act around him-” he cuts himself off, struggling for words. “He knows how I feel and it’s so fucking weird not having to hide it anymore. I’m not used to not having to watch what I say or how I look at him or… anything. It’s… it’s so awkward-”

“Hyung, take a breath,” Jungkook chuckles, dragging himself up on his elbow. “Please.”

To his amusement, Jimin does, closing his eyes in the process - then he continues. “I just… he sleeps with me, every night, you know. And I just wish I could… I wish I could make myself just roll over and kiss him.”

“I wouldn’t do it while he’s sleeping, that might cause unnecessary injuries,” Jungkook muses, pressing a kiss to Jimin’s bare shoulder. “I mean, shock factor and all that.” Jimin just rolls his eyes, kicking lightly at him under the blanket; Jungkook smiles, and decides to get serious. “What are you scared of, Jimin? He’s on board with this, you know he is.”

Jimin nods, linking in his finger’s with Jungkook’s where they lay on his chest. “I know he is, I do, but what if… he’s only on board because we are? I mean, I know, okay, I know that he cares about me, and I believe that he had some… sort of feelings for me, before. But they went away, you know? I just can’t shake the feeling that he’s with us because he was desperate to make things okay
again.”

Jungkook would be lying if he said he didn’t understand, because he does - but he also can’t help but giggle at the elder.

“What?” Jimin clips at him, frowning. “What the hell is so funny?”

He laughs a little harder, shaking his head. “Nothing is funny, hyung. Do you want to know what I think? What I honestly, truly think?”

“Well… yeah….”

“You’re right, about the feelings part. But you’re missing something; you lived with your feelings for him for all that time,” Jungkook explains, watching the elder’s face for realization. “I think he did too.”

Jimin frowns. “What do you mean? You think he...what? I don’t understand.”

“I think he just… lived with his feelings, made them a part of your friendship. I mean, you did to an extent, too? You just let it be there in the background. Until me,” he adds with a wiggle of his eyebrows to lighten the pressure of that particular memory. “Think about it, all that time, was there ever a time you didn’t actively think about your feelings? Where they were there, but you were just comfortable with how things were?”

It takes a moment, but Jimin finally nods. “Yeah, yeah I guess so. You think he just stopped, like, acknowledging it?”

“I do, and I also think you’re over-thinking this, to be honest. From what I’ve seen and what you two have told me, you were really, really close, and not to sound like I’m not one-hundred percent for it, but not all relationships are sexual. You’re looking too deep into it, hyung, just… do what feels right.”

For a solid minute, Jungkook thinks he might’ve pissed the elder off with his words; Jimin’s eyes glaze over as he thinks, every stormy emotion playing out on his face like a timeline of his thoughts. Then he sighs, pushing his head back into the pillow, his hand tightening on Jungkook’s. “You’re right. You’re fucking right, I’m an idiot.”

“You’re not an idiot. A little overzealous with your analytical skills, but definitely not an idiot,” Jungkook assures the other, rising up so he can kiss the pout from Jimin’s lips. “And you know, better than anyone, that he can probably sense all of that, right?” he adds, offering a smile.

It seems Jimin hadn’t thought of that, and he sighs again. “Well, shit,” he huffs. “I mean, he’s flirted with me… but every time he does, I dunno, I freeze. It’s so… not what I’m used to.”

Jungkook remembers the first few times Yoongi flirted with him (and even now, really), how the elder’s words were just so, pure, so genuine, that it had completely thrown Jungkook off, too; Yoongi isn’t the type to adorn someone in pretty words only for the aesthetic - he doesn’t dress one in a compliment unless he sincerely believes his words.

“Don’t over think it,” is all Jungkook can tell Jimin, at this point. “Do what feels right, whether it’s a kiss or, hell, what we just did. Do what you’re comfortable with doing, but also don’t let fear stop you, hyung. And… I’d talk to him, tell him these things.”

“I guess I should go do that, now,” the elder admits. “Before he’s asleep.”
“The sooner the better,” Jungkook agrees, moving so Jimin can roll off the bed to his feet. “You’ll text me and let me know how it goes, right?”

Jimin nods, buttoning his jeans. “Of course… or,” he pauses, smiling. “Come over for lunch tomorrow? We can all hangout.”

Jungkook tilts his head for a kiss, because yeah, he thinks that sounds much better.

There are three things in this world that Min Yoongi genuinely hates (aside from what most people do, i.e. hypocrisy, bigotry, homophobia, etc); that is, waiting, Jimin’s nightmares, and being confused.

After his date with Jungkook, Jimin has been a little more open to the elder, actually responding to his feeble attempts at flirting, instead of only blushing and brushing them off - but all Jungkook had told him, via text a couple nights after their date, was that Jimin would come to him and that he needed to be patient; hence his loathed confusion.

Ha - like Jungkook has any idea what patience even is.

But Yoongi tries; he lets two weeks come and go, enough time for Jimin to fully get back into a routine after the holidays and what came before. Jimin gets back into his morning runs, sometimes waking Yoongi as he rolls out of bed, sometimes sneaking off without so much as jostling the elder; Jimin goes back to dance practice, coming home cursing and sore, and he goes to an orientation meeting for the extra dance classes he’ll be taking for three months.

With each day, each slow, worrisome day, that passes, Yoongi can sense Jimin easing further and further into the friendship they had; he gets mad when Yoongi forgets to sort his trash, throws a handful of wet, soapy rice at him when the elder forgets to wash the rice cooker insert before dinner one night - Yoongi has never been so thrilled to wash rice out of his hair.

The changes back to the way they were are subtle, but profound to Yoongi; Jimin’s fussing at him is one thing (and cute, really), but he starts to sit a little closer to Yoongi on the sofa, stops shying away from physical contact outside of nightly cuddles. Events that Yoongi used to take for granted, such as Jimin asking if he needs anything washed, needs anything from the store, Jimin sending him derpy selfies or lame-ass memes, start to become a part of his daily life again; this time, Yoongi takes every single occurrence and tucks it away in a special place in his heart.

Yoongi hasn’t bothered to sleep in his own bed since Jimin came home, and though he asks every single night if it’s okay, Jimin has yet to suggest he does; sometimes he’s in bed before the younger, dozing to the hum of the apartment complex, but most nights he tiptoes in after Jimin is already snoring, after he’s worked himself blind at his computer.

Jungkook teases him for it one day, when he comes over to meet Yoongi for lunch. “I think it’s cute,” he grins in a way begging for Yoongi to smack him. “You’re so soft for him, I love it.”

But aside from Jimin taking his time, which really isn’t a problem for Yoongi, at all, things are good; Yoongi splits his time between working on his music (it’s harder now that he’s happier - the album takes a shift, that’s for sure), between dates with Jungkook and hanging out at home with Jimin; the new semester is coming up, which he isn’t exactly looking forward to, and neither are the others, but it brings its own sense of normalcy back to their lives, and Yoongi can’t complain about that.
So while he’s confused, not completely understanding Jimin’s sometimes-distance, Yoongi tries to be patient; everyday, Jimin smiles at him more, fleeting touches become more substantial - everyday, Yoongi vows to prove to Jimin that they’re okay, that it’s okay for Jimin to trust him again, to let him in; all Yoongi wants to do is love him, with everything he can.

By the time the two weeks is moving quickly into the third, Yoongi realizes there’s something on his chest that he hasn’t addressed - either alone, or with Jimin. It hits him as he gets an email from one of his most visited websites, though it’s been a while; it’s from his favorite lingerie store, reminding him that he has items in his cart, and although Yoongi doubts he’ll be buying anymore lingerie for Jungkook in the future, it does get him thinking.

All day he thinks about it, too - the more he thinks about it, the more annoyed he gets, and by the time Jimin is almost snoring softly in bed next to him, he realizes what exactly it is.

“Jimin? Hey, wake up,” he says, poking the younger gently in the arm. “Hey, there’s no way you’re already asleep.”

“I was really, really trying, though,” the other snorts, rolling over onto his back. “What is it?”

He doesn’t sound as tired as Yoongi thought he would, though he had a full day - his morning run before a two-hour dance class, lunch with Yoongi before he worked a quick afternoon shift for a sick coworker; after that, he went to a late movie with Jungkook, and came home smiling and hazy.

Maybe Yoongi is just a bit jealous, not of Jimin spending time with Jungkook, but of Jimin’s obvious closeness to Jungkook as opposed to his gentle reserve with Yoongi - this is what has Yoongi straddling the younger’s hips and pinning him down gently by the arms; the surprised squeak Jimin makes is so worth it.

Yoongi takes a moment to turn Jimin’s lamp on, because he needs to see him, regardless of how much fun it is to pin him down; to his amusement, Jimin’s hands move to his thighs, but he doesn’t push him off.

“What-” Jimin blurts, squinting into the light. “Hyung-”

“Remember when I said I wasn’t mad anymore?” Yoongi asks him, crossing his own arms. “I lied.”

He says the words lightly, not wanting to actually alarm Jimin, and it works; the younger gives him a puzzled look, a blush creeping its way up his neck.

“Yoongi, for fuck’s sake,” he gasps, exasperated. “You’re trying to give me a heart attack, aren’t you?” Jimin shifts, attempting to untangle the blanket that’s half wrapped around his legs and Yoongi’s hips, all the while glaring at the elder in amused annoyance. “Well?”

“Do you have any idea how much I hated mochiABS?” asks when he has Jimin’s full-attention. “Like, forget how ridiculously good at dirty talk you are, let’s take a moment to mourn all the money I spent trying to beat you to the top spot.”

Jimin seems to experience twelve different emotions in the span of five seconds; shock, hilarity, and something Yoongi can only describe as are you kidding me you woke me up for THIS - he finally settles on peeved, with a hint of entertained. “Seriously?” he asks, looking up at the elder. “This is what you’re pissed about?”

“Wouldn’t you be?” Yoongi counters, laughing. “I spent so much on lingerie, Jiminnie, so much, and
And this is what it really comes down to, not the money, but that Jimin knew - Jimin wasn’t just another stranger on the internet filling up the comments, he was someone Yoongi spent most of his time with, shared so much of his life with; Jungkook, or rather, BusanKookie97, in pink lace and soft cotton was Yoongi’s fantasy, one of his deep secrets - or he thought it was.

It isn’t that Yoongi spent money on these things, it’s the fact that every time he did spend that money, each time Jungkook came on screen wearing pieces that drove Yoongi into lace heaven, Jimin knew - Jimin read his comments, ones meant to only be from an anonymous SgD93, read them and was able to see all of Yoongi’s sexual fantasia.

It’s a lighthearted sort of angry, now, dampened by time and other feelings, but it’s still an angry - Yoongi isn’t quite sure how to explain this to Jimin.

Jimin, however, understands, like always. “Hyung,” he sighs, his smile fading. “I… I know. I know it’s different.”

“Different?”

“Who you are and who he is. I know it’s part of the fun,” the younger explains, his fingers warm on Yoongi’s knees, his eyes thoughtful.

It’s the simplest thing, Jimin’s understanding of something Yoongi had to explain to even Jungkook in the beginning - but something else Yoongi has realized, is maybe it isn’t all bits of the fantasy.

“What if it isn’t?” he asks, averting his eyes. “I real-

“Then that’s fine too,” Jimin cuts in. “I’m sorry I didn’t tell you… I know I should’ve, that I could’ve, that I shouldn’t have watched after that, but… I promise when I watched, I didn’t think about what you were doing or even what you were writing, I just paid attention to Jungkook. It was… it was me time, too, if you know what I mean.”

Yoongi nods, slouching, and pouts at the other. “Yeah, but… you know, if you’d told me, I wouldn’t have asked you to stop… if you hadn’t had known it was me because I’m unimaginative and can’t come up with different usernames, we would’ve both been watching anyway.”

“… that’s what I kept telling myself.”

This makes Yoongi laugh, and they fall silent, watching each other; then Yoongi has a thought. “All that money,” comments, “all that lingerie. It’s a miracle we still have this apartment, you know.”

“Oh my god,” the younger snorts, attempting to roll over and drag Yoongi down with him. “Go to sleep, hyung.”

Yoongi doesn’t stop Jimin from wrangling him back into a horizontal position, his back to Yoongi’s front like they were - Yoongi settles the blanket back over them before he nuzzles into his pillow, his hand light and relaxed on Jimin’s hip.

A few minutes later, both of them slowly drifting; Jimin clears his throat.

“I counted up how much I spent, once… I don’t recommend it.”

Yoongi chuckles softly, making a mental note to demand Jungkook pay for dinner, next time.
“I’m sorry to rush off like this, Yoongi,” Mrs. Kim says for the tenth time since Yoongi arrived at the store fifteen minutes ago. She’s rushing around, can’t remember where she put her keys or her coat, and Yoongi searches with her, smiling to himself.

“It’s okay, you know you can call me anytime. Oh! Here, keys!” He passes her the bundle, her Snoopy charm giving him the googly eyes; why her keys were behind the register, is a mystery.

“Oh, goodness, thank you,” Mrs. Kim sighs, taking them; she looks at Yoongi and smiles, resting her warm fingertips on his cheek. “And I know, son, you’re an angel. You don’t talk about your parents much, but I hope they know what a wonderful son they raised.”

Yoongi warms, ducking his head, and nods; he spots her coat, then, resting on a stack of twelve-packs.

With Mrs. Kim, and all her belongings, safely on her way - she has a date, her first in twenty years, love is real - Yoongi settles in for a long shift; at Jimin’s suggestion, he pulls up his Music Composition II textbook on his laptop, and gets a headstart on the semester.

It’s a long, boring Friday night.

The only thing keeping him from repeatedly slamming his face with one of the cooler doors is knowing that, at eleven PM on the dot, Jungkook will be coming to pick him up for a late dinner; this, and the fact that his phone is constantly dinging with messages from both Jungkook and Jimin.

Jungkook’s messages are filled with duck-lipped selfies and I miss you’s, promises to whisk Yoongi away for delicious, semi-unhealthy street food, and a walk by the river. His messages have Yoongi blushing through customers, one eye on the clock, willing time to just move faster.

Jimin’s messages are cute in a different way; he sends Yoongi one message filled entirely with exclamation points and crying emojis, followed by one that says JOONIE IS COMING HOME NEXT MONTH MAKE UP WITH HIM SO WE CAN ALL HANGOUT - it makes Yoongi cringe, because his texts (all two of them) to Namjoon have gone ignored. But for Jimin’s sake, he’ll try again.

Not today, probably not this weekend, but he will try again - maybe a phone call would be a better option, come to think of it; Yoongi messages Jimin back with a promise to do as he says. To this, Jimin sends back lots of hearts and a smiling selfie.

Yoongi works his shift with part of his mind on his boyfriend - boyfriends? He isn’t sure if he’d call Jimin his boyfriend yet; he isn’t even sure if they’re actually dating - another part on music - he types half-formed lyrics on a word document between customers - and the rest of his thoughts center around the clock, watching time slowly tick by.

At ten-till ten, he locks the door, turns on a playlist recommended by Jungkook, and starts cleaning up. As soon as the floors are swept, mopped, and glistening, he disappears into the back with his laptop to work on inventory. It’s been busy, but not so busy that he’s worried about anyone wanting to come in after closing.

The song he’s listening to has a heavy bass line intersected with sharp high beats, not quite his taste, but he’s liking it. He doesn’t hear the glass breaking, doesn’t hear voices - but he spots movement from the corner of his eye, at the same time the intruder spots him.

“Hey!” Yoongi calls, dropping his clipboard. “Hey, sorry! We’re closed, dude!”
He doesn’t pause to mute the music, though he probably should’ve - in his mind, he’ll walk out, tell whoever is in the store to leave after making sure they aren’t trying to sneak out with any whiskey, and lock the door because he obviously didn’t.

He sees the broken glass at the front of the store, at the same time a bottle of what looks like Jose Cuervo comes flying at his face.

“Shit-”

Yoongi dodges on instinct, but he slips on the slick floor, twisting at the waist and cursing; he lands relatively in control, barely registering the sharp pain in his left palm as he straightens. As he frantically looks around the store, adrenaline pumping, he counts three bodies, three people - he can’t take on three, he needs to get to the panic button at the counter, he needs to get them out of the store.

One of the guys, the one who threw the bottle, starts for the door, yelling, several more bottles in his arms - the others rush to follow him, and Yoongi moves without thinking, attempting a takedown of the nearest thief.

The next few things happen in two-times speed, so fast that Yoongi can barely react - he tackles the man nearest to him, getting a good hold, hoping that if he can take at least one down then the cops can help get the others. But the man struggles desperately, cursing, and he manages a strong, solid hit to Yoongi’s abdomen, and Yoongi’s hold falters.

It’s enough for the bastard to push him off, and they both go down, slipping and sliding across the floor - Yoongi doesn’t know what happens after that; he hears a crack, feels throbbing, flooding pain, then the store goes dark.

It’s a strange feeling to be caught between blinding brightness, and blurry darkness - Yoongi can’t grasp consciousness long enough to even begin to wonder where he is. There’s a muted sense of panic in the back of his mind, memories that he can’t see, thoughts he can’t form. There are voices, sounds and colors, but he can’t recognize them; he feels something on his face, his arm, his head, too, maybe - most of it hurts, then he feels pressure on his hand, and that’s it.

Yoongi opens his eyes and his first thought is what the fuck - the room comes into focus, beige and green, sounds flooding in, then the room tilts.

“Oh no, are you gonna puke-”

Yoongi shakes his head, feeling someone take his hand; he squeezes the familiar fingers locked in his. “I’m good, I’m… dizzy, but I’m good. What-”

“Here, the nurses said to have you take these when you wake.”

It’s Jungkook, eyes a little red, lip chewed to shreds - he passes Yoongi a small cup with two little pills, and another cup of water.

Yoongi lifts one heavy arm and takes the cup of pills, squinting. “What… what happened?”

“Oh, god, Yoongi,” Jungkook sighs, his face crumpling. “You… the store was robbed, I got there and you were on the floor, it was-”
He’s interrupted when the door flies open, and Mrs. Kim storms in, equal parts angry and hysterical.

“Yoongi! Oh my goodness!”

It takes a good fifteen minutes, between Mrs. Kim demanding to speak to the doctor and fretting over Yoongi herself, between Jungkook hiding his tears, between the nurse coming back, stern but kind, and all but shoving the medicine down his throat, for Yoongi to finally find out what happened.

He vaguely remembers ...something - Jungkook tells him, whispering while Mrs. Kim speaks to the doctor, what he knows.

“You hit your head on the floor really hard, hyung,” the younger says. “There was some blood, and your hand was cut, but you mainly just have a concussion. You’re okay.” He states the last part, like he’s begging the universe to make it true.

Aside from the headache, a painless throbbing in his bandaged right hand, and a bit of dizziness, Yoongi feels okay.

“Jimin’s on his way,” Jungkook adds, unable to let go of Yoongi’s uninjured hand. “I had to call him six times, he was in the shower, but he’s on his way.”

Yoongi nods - he doesn’t get the chance to say anything else, before the doctor is coming over, instructing Yoongi to sit up so he can check his head.

Another fifteen minutes pass, fifteen minutes of various tests, being poked and questioned by the doctor, and Yoongi is cleared to leave as soon as he feels he’s able to stand.

“It’s only a slight concussion, we’ll give you something safe for the pain and something for the nausea, but you need rest. No computer or TV, for at least three days, and no excessive physical or mental activity,” the doctor tells him, but mostly tells Jungkook, adjusting his glasses. “You’ll be dizzy for a while, and your head wound may reopen, but it’s shallow, just a small gash, so that’s nothing to worry about. You cut your hand pretty well, though, so be careful using your left hand. It doesn’t need stitches, but we put some liquid bandaid on it, keep it wrapped for a day before you check it.”

Yoongi listens, barely comprehending most of what’s said - thank goodness that Jungkook is there.

Two seconds after the doctor leaves the room, Jimin comes skidding in, heaving for air - Jungkook moves out of his way quickly, to the other side of the bed.

“Holy-holy shit,” Jimin breathes, before he all but climbs into Yoongi’s lap.

Yoongi heard the word concussion, and he’s coherent enough to understand what it entails - he didn’t realize that it could cause hallucinations, though.

But Jimin’s lips on his feel very, very real, accompanied by the heat of Jimin’s tears, the subtle shudder that runs through him; Yoongi’s dizzy all over again, for a whole other reason, and although it takes all of his strength to lift his arm and touch Jimin’s face, he’s on cloud nine.

He doesn’t realize he’s holding his breath until his ears hum, going numb. At this point, Jungkook intervenes, speaking softly to Jimin.

“What the fuck happened?” Jimin croaks, looking from Yoongi to Jungkook, to Mrs. Kim who didn’t bat an eye at Jimin’s sudden affection. “Are… you’re okay, right? You look okay?”
Yoongi can’t remember words, he’s still trying to get oxygen to his wounded brain, so Jungkook steps in, holding out his hands to Jimin.

“He’s okay,” he assures the other, wrapping Jimin up in a hug. “He’s got a concussion and a cut hand, but he’s okay, Jiminie.”

While Jimin buries his face in Jungkook’s shoulder, Yoongi gingerly reaches out, and takes his hand - he’s still confused, a little, still reeling from the kiss - but his fingers in Jimin’s keeps him grounded.

It takes another hour before the three of them are out of the hospital; Yoongi does actually throw up the first time he tries to get out of bed, but after that, he manages. Mrs. Kim, who hasn’t been less than five feet away since she arrived, offers to drive them home.

“You don’t have-” Yoongi tries to tell her, attempting to stand - they’d put him in a wheelchair, and considering he got his ass beaten by a floor, Yoongi just wants to stand on his own.

Jimin pushes him gently back down, and smiles at Mrs. Kim. “That would be amazing, actually. Um,” he turns to Jungkook, who seems exhausted. “Do you want to come home with us? I… we need you.”

Jungkook nods, and Mrs. Kim walks off to retrieve her car. Yoongi scowls, but his head is starting to hurt, so he sits in his chair quietly, trying not to move too quickly. It’s cold, really fucking cold, but it helps keep the throbbing behind his eyes to a minimum.

Once they’ve all piled into the car, Yoongi settled between Jimin and Jungkook in the backseat, and they’re headed across town, he rests his cheek on Jimin’s shoulder, and dozes off, already forgetting why he’s in a car, and not a damned bus, in the first place.

“I swear, I’m fine. I can go pee by myself,” Yoongi says, though he makes no move to uncurl from Jimin’s side; he really does have to pee, and he really is okay enough to walk from the couch to the bathroom and do just that, but Jimin is warm, and Yoongi is tired.

Jungkook, frying chicken in the kitchen, pokes his head around the corner. “At least let him get you to the bathroom. He doesn’t have to go in with you.”

The sweet, precious angel he is, Jimin takes his side, and literally takes his side, his arm looped around Yoongi’s waist. “I think he can make it. It’s been at least twenty hours by now? And you’re not dizzy anymore, right, hyung?”


Jungkook, with one last hard, worried look, eventually concedes, and Jimin helps Yoongi to his feet, ensuring that he isn’t going to fall down. For the first time all day, Yoongi gets a moment to himself, and though it means the concussion is fading, it’s also, strangely, lonely.

He hasn’t been far from Jungkook, Jimin, or both, since Mrs. Kim dropped them off last night. Yoongi sort-of remembers hanging on to Jungkook as they climbed into the elevator, then make their way into the apartment and straight to bed. He’s almost completely sure that all three of them crowded into Jimin’s bed, but when he woke up around nine, Jungkook was next to him, and Jimin was gone to get groceries.

He’s spent most of his day on the couch, half-dozing, chatting with the others, watching a total of half an hour of TV before it gave him a headache; he only had one really bad bout of dizziness, accompanied by nausea, around noon, but two of those little pills the doctor gave him helped. Now, he’s just tired; sometimes he zones out, lost in half-formed thoughts, but other times, everything is
crystal clear. His body feels like a dead battery, though, so he hasn’t moved from the couch, not often.

A couple of hours ago, Jungkook left to go to his own apartment and pack up some things, before he came back and offered to make dinner. Now, as Yoongi shuffles back to the couch, his bladder empty, Jungkook comes in carrying an overflowing plate of homemade buffalo chicken.

“The ones on the right side are still hot, so pick from the left,” Jungkook warns, setting down a separate plate for each of them. “You want soda or water?”

“I’ll help,” Jimin offers, standing.

“Water,” Yoongi tells them, picking his chicken.

Yoongi doesn’t quite have words for how he feels, sitting on the couch between Jimin and Jungkook, munching on chicken and vegetables, some show on the TV; he blames his lack of mental articulation on the concussion, but he’s warm - despite the dull, occasional throb on his skull, and the fact that he can’t use his left hand without wincing, Yoongi is happy.

It feels so right; there’s no awkwardness when Jungkook makes a sweet comment to Jimin, or when Jimin calls Jungkook baby, thanking him for the food; there’s no uncomfortable silences as they chew, thighs and shoulders pressed together.

In fact, that’s exactly what Yoongi feels - comfortable.

Jimin hasn’t been shy about his affections, since the kiss. They haven’t talked about it, and Yoongi honestly doesn’t feel up to talking about it, not with his brain napping every couple of hours, but that’s okay; Jungkook, on the other hand, got his feelings out in the open while they were still in bed.

His eyes shining, he held Yoongi close, barely speaking above a whisper. “Don’t ever be unconscious on a floor, again, ever, Yoongi,” he’d said. “I saw broken glass and blood and I… I didn’t know if you were even alive.”

It made his heart ache in a way he didn’t know was possible, but it was a bittersweet ache; Yoongi kissed Jungkook, told him he loves him, until Jungkook had no more tears.

Jungkook had been the one to call the cops, who called the ambulance - he’d been on his way down the street when he saw the thieves running, and had done his best to give a description to the police; but his main concern had been Yoongi, first and foremost. He told the elder that Mrs. Kim would take care of the rest.

Yoongi had worried, briefly, about Mrs. Kim, about the broken glass and the stolen booze - he’d never been robbed, before, never even come close to it; but his worries were put to rest by a very emotional, very understanding Mrs. Kim, who has called twice just to check on him. She’s of course giving him the week off, longer if he needs it, all paid - Yoongi tried to turn it down, but she used her Mom Voice, and he couldn’t argue - and she’d even offered to pay the hospital bill, but that Yoongi did turn down; he has insurance, he’s fine.

With a full belly, and a fuller heart, Yoongi’s fatigue seems to grow to twice its size; he yawns, and yawns and yawns, his brain tucking itself in for the night.

“I need bed,” he says, blinking sleepily at Jungkook. When the younger stands, he shakes his head, pulling him back down to the couch. “No, it’s okay, I know you’re wide-awake. You’ve napped pretty much every time I have.”
Jimin looks around him to smile reassuringly at the younger. “It’s okay, Kookie, let him get some sleep. It has to be a little hard trying to sleep squished between us.”

“Is not,” Yoongi immediately cuts in, his face warm. He likes being squished.

But Jungkook nods, and presses a small kiss to Yoongi’s cheek. “Okay, yell if you need us. I’ll start cleaning up.”

“I’ll help.”

Yoongi stands, slowly, just in case, and rubs at his eyes. “You two are gonna make out while I’m sleeping off my concussion, aren’t you?”

Jimin giggles, stacking their dirty dishes. “Maybe a just a little.”

Yoongi laughs, but before he can head to Jimin’s room (he really should just move all his stuff in there, probably), Jimin stands, taking the elder’s hand.

“Goodnight, hyung,” he mutters; he searches Yoongi’s face for a moment, before he moves in, kissing him lightly. “We’ll come to bed soon.”

“’Kay,” he repeats, and wanders across the room, lightheaded with butterflies completely unrelated to his scrambled brain.

Determined to get well as soon as humanly possible, Yoongi sleeps the majority of Sunday and Monday, sleeps until his body refuses to let him; when it does refuse, he gets up, and wanders around the apartment before sleeping some more.

Jimin calls into work, not willing to be gone for so long, just in case, and Yoongi is glad for Jungkook’s sake, because he himself is terrible company at the moment; it’s like spending time with a snoring rock. They check on him, of course, every couple of hours, waking him to ask if he needs anything; for the most part, he’s fine, but occasionally, he drags one or both of them into bed with him, only needing cuddles.

As much as he actually enjoys the attention, he hates feeling helpless, feeling stuck - but when he stumbles Sunday night on his way to the kitchen for a soda, the twin looks of panic on the others’ faces keeps him from so much as uttering a single complaint. He knows he’ll be fine before the week is up, knows he should even be fine before classes start on Thursday, so he’s willing to internalize his bitching if it means Jimin and Jungkook don’t have to worry.

He does, however, allow himself several heavy, annoyed sighs on Tuesday.

He hasn’t showered, and he needs to shower, but with his hand, and the whole dizzy-at-random-moments thing, he decides a bath would be better.

Jimin, though, betrays him.

“You’re not going to get clean with one hand,” the younger tells him, replacing the bandage on his left hand. The cuts are healing fine, though they itch like a motherfucker - but they’re still fresh, scabs barely beginning to form.

Yoongi doesn’t mind attention, but not being able to wash his own hair by himself is pushing it.

“Okay, done,” Jimin announces, patting Yoongi’s freshly wrapped hand lightly. “Just let Jungkook wash your hair and enjoy the experience.”
Keeping his expletives to himself, Yoongi sighs.

(It isn’t so bad, but being fully naked in front of Jungkook, and unable to act on the magnetic attraction between them sucks.)

Taehyung stops by Wednesday, bringing Jungkook clean clothes and his school stuff; the only reason Yoongi even knows he’s at the apartment is because he wakes up on his own, shivering and reaching for the blanket - he can hear the others talking softly through the cracked door, Jungkook recounting Friday night, Jimin showing more anger than he has in front of Yoongi all weekend.

Even Taehyung’s voice, usually happy or at the very least amused, drops down in anger.

He drifts back to sleep before he can think to get up and go give them all a hug.

Yoongi doesn’t bother with classes Thursday, and instead, he lets Jungkook take him back to the hospital. He’s feeling better, hasn’t been dizzy even a bit in a full thirty hours, hasn’t felt spacy or forgetful.

After asking him several trivial questions, testing his sight, hearing, reflexes, and balance, the doctor clears him.

“Everything is back to normal,” he says, moving on to check Yoongi’s hand. “You hit your head hard, but there was no internal hemorrhaging, so if you’re feeling okay to go back to school or work, I think that’s fine. It might take another couple of weeks before you feel one-hundred percent, though, so keep taking it easy.”

“If I take it any easier, I’m going to turn into one of the couch cushions,” Yoongi comments.

“Hush, you,” Jungkook says lightly, standing by the door. “Is he okay for physical activity? Like walking around campus and stuff?”

“Yes, but I wouldn’t recommend running, or anything equally as strenuous. So, don’t be late to class, basically.”

Yoongi blushes, because he knows exactly why Jungkook asked that question, and he hopes the doctor doesn’t pick up on it.

Later, feeling the rush of freedom, he and Jungkook stop by a cafe on their way home; Yoongi’s craving something sweet and cinnamon-y, but he orders a green tea instead of coffee, unsure of how his body can handle caffeine right now.

They take their beverages and sweets over to a secluded corner, and Yoongi shrugs off his hoodie, warm in the cafe. Jungkook, in need of a hair cut (still cute, though), does the same, pushing his hair out of his eyes afterwards.

“So,” Jungkook begins, taking a bite of his pie. “I guess, uh, I should probably go back to my own apartment, now. Since you’re okay and all.”

The elder shrugs, licking icing from his lips. “I dunno,” he says around his mouthful of cinnamon heaven. “You could probably get away with staying the rest of the week. Then, you know, you can spend the next weekend with us? Or like… every weekend?”

Jungkook smiles at this, all teeth and cheeks, but he still looks a little worried. “Yeah, but… I mean,
you and Jimin seem like you need, you know. He’s still freaked out.”

“I don’t blame him, I’m still freaked out,” Yoongi shrugs. “I got robbed, beat up by a fucking floor, and my boyfriend found me unconscious with a head wound. I’ll probably be freaked out for a while, honestly.”

Jungkook curses suddenly, his smile disappearing into a harsh scowl. “Man, fuck those dudes. I’m just… god, I’m really glad they weren’t armed… they were just there to steal, I’m glad they didn’t try to hurt you…”

“Me, too,” the elder agrees. “I’m pissed that I don’t remember what happened. I’m really pissed, actually, I just feel like they knew I’d be in the back, you know? I swear they have to have been to the store pretty regularly. If I could remember what they looked like-”

The younger cuts him off, shaking his head. “Don’t, it’s not going to help anything if you get all angry about it. I - hey, don’t give me that look, I’m angry too - I’m just saying, there’s no way of knowing anything. The cops even looked at the surveillance footage from the bank on the corner, they just can’t find them.”

Finishing off his cinnamon roll, Yoongi accedes. “Yeah, well. I hope they all get their fucking karma.”

“Me, too,” Jungkook agrees.

Jimin shows only happiness when Jungkook asks to stay the rest of the week; he immediately asks the younger to help him do laundry, too, to Yoongi’s infinite amusement. On Friday, Jimin leaves for his dance class early, giving both of them a kiss before he leaves, and later, Yoongi and Jungkook leave for campus together, both of them dreading their first day back, but also glad to be out of the apartment.

After his two morning classes, Yoongi meets them both for lunch in the dining hall. It’s like a throwback, but different; now, Jimin, not harboring any more secrets, actually talks to Jungkook; he does more than talk - he talks and giggles, blushes and throws a wadded up paper napkin when Jungkook offers to blow him if the elder helps him pick a topic for his first paper of the semester. It’s weird in the best way, Yoongi decides, especially when they all walk home together, all three of them out of class within the same half-hour time period.

“You live so close to campus,” Jungkook whines, dragging his feet down the sidewalk. “It’s so nice not to have to take the bus.”

Yoongi, forever at war with public transportation, wholeheartedly agrees. “Fuck busses,” he says, his hand in Jimin’s.

If he’d been asked a few months ago if he’d ever imagined he’d be sitting on his living room floor, eating an early dinner and watching anime with both Jungkook and Jimin, with the air free of tension, Yoongi would have said no. He hadn’t even dreamed of it, honestly. What makes it even more unbelievable, though, is he knows that in a few hours, though maybe not all at once, the three of them will be in bed together, snuggled up against the cold, limbs tangled and hearts open.

And when Yoongi comes out of the bathroom, after showering on his own for the first time in what feels like forever, and finds Jungkook stealing a sweet, smiling kiss from Jimin, there’s nothing but warm, fluttering love in his chest.
Jimin has a lot of feelings - which probably wouldn’t surprise anyone that knows him, because he’s always had a lot of feelings.

But right now, Jimin doesn’t know what to do with himself and all these fucking feelings.

It’s been three weeks since Jungkook called, the younger not even sure yet what had happened, to tell him Yoongi was in the hospital, three weeks since he nearly blacked out himself with worry; Yoongi is okay, really, really okay, and aside from the fact that he can’t remember the accident, and the healing cuts on his hand, it’s like he never even had an accident.

Jimin is still scared, though; every night he goes to bed, he expects a nightmare to hit him like the initial phone call, filled with freezing, heart-numbing dread - but every morning, he wakes up, Yoongi safe and secure in his arms, no nightmares in sight.

No, the scary part now is what happens in real life.

He can tell Yoongi is a little scared, too; the elder calls him his first night back to work, talking about this or that, nothing in particular. Jimin stays on the phone with him for his entire six-hour shift.

It was just a slight concussion, just some broken glass, but Jimin’s first thought, after seeing Yoongi in the hospital bed, looking tired and hurt (but indignant) his eyes unfocused and his hand all bandaged up, was that he could have lost him. The entire situation could have ended an innumerable amount of ways, all worse than the way it did, and Jimin had lost it - he kissed Yoongi because he wanted to, needed to, needed to know Yoongi was there, solid, okay and alive.

He kissed Yoongi because he loves him, and he needed, more than anything, for Yoongi to know this.

But Jimin isn’t scared of Yoongi, anymore. He isn’t scared of loving him, of giving his all to this, this out of the box romance he’s found himself in with Yoongi and Jungkook. Jimin isn’t scared of what happens next, not with Yoongi next to him, and Jungkook there with them.

Jungkook is spending this weekend at Seokjin’s, giving the elder and his wife a hand so they can enjoy their first date night in a while. Jimin misses him, and so does Yoongi, but it’s also nice to have the night together, just the two of them.

And the timing couldn’t be better, with Jimin’s sudden surge of determination, and although he adores Jungkook and everything the younger is, everything he brings into their lives, Jimin needs to take a step or two with Yoongi before anything else - Jimin is ready when Yoongi comes home from work.

So, the elder doesn’t say anything when he walks in the door; he just drops his bag, tugs off his black beanie leaving his apricot hair sticking up all over the place, and shuffles over to the sofa, where Jimin has been reading for his Chemistry class (round two). Jimin doesn’t speak either, he just laughs softly to himself as Yoongi tucks himself into his chest, letting out a huge, heavy sigh.

They don’t need words, for this, they never had. Long day, Yoongi’s actions say. Exhausted. People suck. I need a job where I don’t have to speak to people. Jimin hears the elder’s silent words, and he understands.
But he also has something to say, so he presses a kiss to Yoongi’s forehead, and pats his back.

“Hyung,” he mutters, not wanting to shatter the silence too harshly. “Let’s go on a date.”

Yoongi stiffens for a second, then raises his head, eyes tired, but bright. “Like… right now?”

Jimin laughs, rolling his eyes. “No, just like, some time. Monday? After dance, maybe? I’d have to shower, first, but—”

“Yes,” the elder nods, tripping over his words. “Yeah, Monday.”

“Okay then, cool.” Jimin squirms a little, suddenly nervous, and tilts his head towards the kitchen. “There’s pizza in the fridge, if you’re hungry.”

Just like that, then, Jimin thinks, as Yoongi stands to retrieve them both a couple slices.

Maybe he should’ve tried asking that a long time ago.

Jimin spends most of dance practice Monday shamelessly daydreaming - a date with Yoongi, he never saw that coming - and he doesn’t really get much dancing done. He tries his best though, getting in a solid hour of working on his routine for the other class he’s taking, and a half-assed thirty-minute attempt at his solo stuff. He spends the other hour and a half wondering what their date is going to be like.

Sunday night, before bed, Yoongi had asked if he could plan it, and Jimin hadn’t had a reason to say no; he thinks maybe he should’ve though, because the butterflies in his stomach are ravenous, ready to devour him whole, and Jimin really just has too many feelings.

He leaves fifteen minutes earlier than he normally would, all but running to make it to the bus stop. The only details Yoongi gave him was that they’re going to meet back at the apartment at eight, Jimin is going to shower, then the date is to officially begin.

Jimin is such a nervous wreck that he almost drops his phone when it buzzes in his hand, and with the way the bus driver is handling the vehicle, it probably would have fallen straight into the third dimension.

He smiles, though, when he sees the message.

[7:43PM] Jungkookie<3: omg Yoongi told me what the date is and you’re gonna love it!!!

It does little to help the man-eating butterflies, but it does make him warm, makes his toes curl. He sends back a dozen heart emojis and twice as many crying faces, accurately portraying the exact state he’s in, and promises to tell Jungkook all about it later.

By the time he’s barging into the apartment, right on time, Jimin is so shaky he thinks his bones are melting. He drops his bag and his jacket by the door, toeing out of his shoes, and calls out for Yoongi.

“Hyung, I’m home!” he says, moving into the apartment. “I’m gonna jump in the shower, okay?”
He hears a faint sound of approval from the elder’s room, and Jimin assumes he’s getting dressed, so he doesn’t linger. He grabs a clean towel from the linen closet and locks himself in the bathroom, shedding his clothes and stepping under the water before it’s even completely warm.

Jimin showers in record time, reminding himself that yes, it is a date, but it’s a date with Yoongi - it’s a date with his best friend. Jimin knows Yoongi, he loves Yoongi; aside from that one, small detail (read: enormous crush the size of the sun) on the elder, he’s never hidden anything from Yoongi, never had to. Yoongi’s always accepted his flaws, no matter how big or detrimental they were, and he’s been there for Jimin through so much.

Except, it is a date, with Yoongi, the man he’s been in love with for two years, and Jimin feels so nervous he might puke.

When he’s squeaky clean, Jimin dries himself as best he can, shivering in the chilly bathroom, then he ties the towel around him and hurries to his room; he tosses on a pair of dark jeans and a soft, navy sweater, sprays the tiniest bit of cologne around his neck line, and heads back to the bathroom to dry his hair.

He doesn’t make it two steps past the door, though.

Yoongi is in the living room, beaming, his eyes giving away his own nervous excitement. The elder is dressed in his go-to formal wear, an all black silk button-up, sleeves rolled to his elbows, and dark jeans.

God, he looks good, soft in all the right ways, but dangerous, too, like he’s trying to woo Jimin with his looks alone.

But Yoongi isn’t what has Jimin doing a doubletake; this can only be blamed on the scene set up in the living room.

There’s food on the coffee table, Yoongi’s seafood stew, his best dish, sides of vegetables and even bread; there’s beer, too, and a big pack of Jimin’s favorite red velvet oreos. On the TV, he finally realizes, is the opening scene of his favorite movie, paused, and this chokes him up.

There’s no doubt, none at all, that Yoongi put a ton of thought into the entire evening - and how Jimin didn’t smell the food is beyond him, but it doesn’t matter, now.

“You,” he blurts, forgetting what to do with his mouth. “I… I guess we’re not going out.”

Yoongi, who’d been watching Jimin like a hawk as he took everything in, rocks a little on his heels, grinning. “Not tonight. I thought... you know, since this is us, that we could do what we always do. Because, I’ve always loved movie night with you and I know it’s not like, a date-date, but I think The Notebook adds a certain romantic charm-”

Jimin can’t help it - he laughs. “It’s perfect, Yoongi,” he breathes. “And you’re right, it’s… it’s us.”

And it is them; it reminds Jimin for the thousandth time how he fell in love with Yoongi, why he protected their friendship with everything he had, even if it was mildly misguided. It reminds Jimin of their bond, the possibly strange, yet strong, connection they’ve had since they met, and it tells him that it’s still there, as strong as ever, maybe stronger.

And Yoongi is the same, the same man Jimin loves so much; he’s the same man that makes kick ass dinner, who can repeat Jimin’s favorite movie line by line (he’d never admit it, but it’s his favorite, too), who goes a little misty-eyed every time Allie cries. Yoongi is the same man who puts on a tough shell for the rest of the world, who’d fiercely protect everyone he loves with nothing but his
bare hands, but who is so preciously soft when he lays his head in Jimin’s lap, drowsy and smiling.

Jimin has spent countless nights just like this with Yoongi - but despite that, despite the familiarity, the sameness, it is, irrevocably, the perfect first date.

But with all of these feelings Jimin has, there comes another that he’s tired of denying.

“Oh, there’s ice cream, too,” Yoongi tells him, hurrying to sit up as the credits roll. “I’ll be right back.”

Honestly, ice creams sounds pretty damn good - but Jimin, finally dropping all of his walls, every last brick and chunk of mortar, follows the elder to the kitchen.

“Yoongi,” he says softly, holding his hand out; Yoongi takes it, eyes curious, smile warm. “Thank you,” Jimin finishes, before he pulls Yoongi to him, and kisses him.

They don’t need words for this, either - hands and soft sighs speak for them, lips and tongue silently screaming affections. Yoongi understands the moment Jimin’s tongue slides against his, and that soft side of him that Jimin adores bleeds into the kiss. Yoongi yields to Jimin’s mouth, his hands, and Jimin barely has time to breathe, before everything - his need, want, his feelings, fears, and Yoongi’s, too - explodes around them.

Jimin has Yoongi pressed against the wall before he even has his fingers working at the buttons of the elder’s shirt - but once the smooth black material falls to the floor, and Yoongi’s skin, milky and tinged pink, is beneath his hands, the world slows down to a hushed, unhurried spin. Yoongi melts, his hands in Jimin’s hair, his teeth tugging lazily at Jimin’s lips, and Jimin sighs into the kiss, his fingers following the column of Yoongi’s spine until his fingertips dip below the elder’s waistband.

It took them years to get here, and tonight, Jimin is going to take his time kissing every single day’s worth of his love into Yoongi’s skin.

Chapter End Notes

like i mentioned before, i'm not sure when the next chapter will be, but i'll keep everyone updated. i may have to take a step back for a little while and work on something else, just so i don't twist the theme any unconsciously.

big thanks to Danna for taking the time to write in my edits for me ♡♡♡

Since I’ve come across reposts of my works on other sites, the following has now become necessary: Please DO NOT repost my fanfiction elsewhere, even if it is with credit. I spend countless hours of my life on my fics, agonizing over every small detail. I won’t tolerate thieves, even if it comes without malicious intent. This being
said, if you’re interested in translating any of my works, please message me! I’m okay with translations as long as it’s with permission, I’ll link to your translation in the summary of the work :) But if you take my work outside of AO3, I’ll have to report the theft, and throw a fit. Thank you!
Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

welp.

This is not the finale I had planned or the finale you guys deserve (seriously, the stats on this fic are wild and I'm?? so grateful?? TT). I'll ramble more in the end notes, but here's a little slice of these babies for everyone that has been so so so supportive, even after all this time ;; thank you so much, I hope you like it (hearts)

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Jimin adores winter - with all its cozy cafes with peppermint teas and gingerbread cakes. Jimin loves to feel the icy cold hardwood floors of their apartment beneath his feet, loves to feel his fingers going numb only to be thawed by a steaming cup of coffee or warmed green tea.

Jimin loves soaking in the tub in lavender bubbles after a long day on his feet, loves the staticky feel of his towel-dried hair as he pops his head through one of Yoongi’s too-big sweaters. He loves tucking his nose into the neckline, breathing in that clean wooley smell mingling with Yoongi’s cologne that never really leaves any of his clothes.

And Jimin loves snow - Jimin loves snow so much, so much that he’s standing on their tiny little veranda at a quarter past two in the morning because he can smell it and he knows it’s coming.

Jimin is staring at the inky black sky with so much intensity that he doesn’t hear Yoongi grumbling across the sitting room until the elder is tapping him lightly on the elbow, almost sending him careening over the railing. Yoongi silently hands him a pair of socks, dark eyes squinty and puffy with sleep, his fading pink hair tangled at the ends like cotton candy that got stuck to the side of the machine.

Jimin just grins at him, taking the blue fleece socks from the other.

After he’s tugged them on, Yoongi holding onto his arm lightly for balance, he lets the elder lean against him; Yoongi tucks the cold tip of his nose behind Jimin’s ear, and he can hear the steady breath the elder sucks in - it’s peaceful, despite the sounds of the city that never end and the dry, crisp air sticking to Jimin’s lungs like sugar that makes it hard to breathe.

Jimin loves the snow (and he’s pretty convinced it loves him back at least a little bit) and Yoongi knows Jimin loves the snow, and Yoongi loves Jimin so he entertains Jimin’s tradition of watching the first snowfall of winter, no matter the time and place. Last year, Jimin had been at Jackson’s and thrown his Playstation controller at Namjoon to rush to the window to watch, and the year before that, had straight up walked out of his 9AM class to catch flurries in his palm.

He’s never seen the first snow with Yoongi, but they’ve snow-watched plenty of times together - had a few half-assed snowball fights, too. Yoongi isn’t crazy about the snow, hates it really, hates everything to do with winter and cold and wet - but he stands next to Jimin on their balcony anyways, and Jimin slips his arm around the elder’s waist, feeling him shiver at the warmth.

It’s silly, but winter makes Jimin feel so warm - fills him like warm water, bubbling and just a touch
steamy, because something about it is just so magical. The air changes, the sun shines brighter, the world just feels so much clearer, easier to navigate.

Jimin thinks Yoongi is like snow, sometimes - strikingly pretty, a little harsh at times, but he makes Jimin feel warm.

“What,” comes Jungkook’s small, sleepy voice, “are you two doing..? It’s like four in the morning.”

Their boyfriend shuffles slowly over with his eyes barely open, his sweatpants too long and dragging the floor. He has the blanket from Jimin’s bed wrapped around him, and he waddles up behind them, reminiscent of a huge baby penguin.

“Jiminie is waiting on the snow,” Yoongi mumbles, half asleep on Jimin’s shoulder. “Don’t ask why.”

The younger makes a small sound, seemingly understanding, or maybe not even comprehending, and wraps the other two up, his cheek landing solid on Jimin’s head. “Kay,” he mutters, sniffling.

Jimin smiles softly to himself, and glances back up at the sky - he smiles even harder as he catches sight of the first speck of white. One speck is quickly followed by two, then ten, and in less than a minute, it’s well and truly snowing, less and less of the stark black sky visible as it’s taken over by crystalline white.

Jungkook is the first to point out that it’s snowing, refusing to let anyone else beat him at the sarcasm game. “Can we go back to bed now? My nose is frozen.” - and just in case nobody were going to believe him, he nuzzles his nose into Jimin’s hair.

“Not yet,” Jimin says at the same time Yoongi mutters something about having to drag Jimin away from the snow - Jimin pinches at the smooth skin of Yoongi’s hip under his t-shirt, and he can feel the elder’s puff of warm laughter on his cheek.

The youngest seems to be having no fun, though, huffing as he straightens up. “Kay, fine, but I’m making hot chocolate if I don’t get to sleep,” he whines pitifully as he wanders away from them, as if Jimin had heartlessly kicked him out of bed himself.

Jimin can feel Yoongi tremor with silent cackles, feel his smile against his shoulder, before the elder sighs, his body sagging. “He’s kind of a brat when you wake him up, huh?” the elder mutters, fondness offsetting whatever dregs of annoyance are left in him. “Kind of reminds me of you, though.”

This time Jimin really jabs his fingers into the soft skin just above Yoongi’s hipbone and the other lets out a full laugh that bounces through the darkness as he tries to squirm away - Jimin wonders how much longer he has to wait for there to be enough snow that he can shove down Yoongi’s pants.

“There is no part of me that is bratty, thank you,” Jimin says, running a hand through his hair. “You’re the grumpy one, anyway, he’s been spending too much time with you, hyung.”

Yoongi doesn’t respond to this outside of a smile, eyes twinkling - he just gives Jimin two quick kisses to his cheek, before he wanders off after Jungkook, saying something to the younger about burning himself on the kettle (all Jimin can hear in the way of Jungkook’s reply is some faint whiney objections).

Warmer than he’s been all night, Jimin tugs the sleeves of his shirt down to cover his fingers before he folds his arms across his chest, taking in the sight of flurries falling through the still air as it begins
to well and truly snow, muting the outside world. Unable to stop smiling, he listens to the quiet sounds of his boyfriends in the kitchen - he can hear a cabinet open, the way the fridge door squeaks, the clink of utensils. After a while, he begins to smell the hazy earthiness of toasting chocolate wafting through the stark pureness of the cold air around him, and, after sending a gentle thank you up to the dark sky for the small gift that is snow, Jimin turns and slides the veranda door closed before following his nose to the kitchen.

He finds Jungkook and Yoongi exactly how he’d expected them, but it doesn’t matter that he’d expected it - it still sends all kinds of bubbling warmth flooding Jimin, from his cheeks to his toes, filling him up with so much affection he could single-handedly light up the city if he were asked to. If he took all of the warm happiness he’s been fortunate to have from the last two months, he could even light up the country, probably.

Jungkook, still all but asleep, has made a nest of Jimin’s comforter on the tile floors, the only parts of him visible being his bedhead and his hands, fingers wrapped delicately around a steaming mug, cheeks puffed out as he blows across the surface to cool it. He doesn’t notice Jimin at first, his eyes are closed, but Yoongi does, leaning against the counter, looking much more awake than he probably feels. With one hand carding through Jungkook’s dark locks, he extends the other towards Jimin, offering the younger a second mug of hot chocolate.

Jimin takes it with a smile, and moves to sit on the floor in front of Jungkook - he barely notices the chill bleeding through his sweatpants from the tiles as Jungkook registers his presence, kicking out some of the blanket so Jimin can scoot underneath. After a soft curse, muttering about it being ass o’clock and cold, Yoongi sinks down to join them, demanding his share of the blanket with a tug.

Jimin can’t help himself, he giggles so hard he has to put his mug down before he douses them all in hot chocolate.

Chapter End Notes

so. i tried to write the last chapter at least 5 times (or more, probably) but i really lost touch with these characters and their story. like i said, this isn't the finale you guys deserve, i'm not sure if i could ever write a final chapter to this that would really do it justice, not now, anyway. but i really want to come back and give you guys more of their story, starting with this lil baby chapter. even this little thing took a lot of time and a lot of conversations with myself, but i missed them and was determined to do s o m e t h i n g.

i'll stop rambling, but thank you again for being here ily lots

End Notes

/screams/

thank you so much for reading!! :D Please don't forget to leave a kudo/comment if you liked it!
You can scream at me on tumblr, or find my other links on my profile!
♡♡♡

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