fools (fall)

by bellamees

Summary

a collection of drabbles from a canon point of view about falling in love.

Notes

a bunch of canon-compliant drabbles of yoongi falling in love with jungkook, jungkook falling in love with yoongi and all the in-betweens.
hyung, jungkook had said. can you teach me how to kiss?

six hours before, they are recording a segment for a show, and it involves papers and fake kissing, and maybe yoongi doesn't breathe right because jungkook looks so raring, and maybe the paper falls, and maybe their lips touch, just for a second, two and twenty-one milliseconds, if you're getting technical. jungkook looks flustered to his bones, eyes so wide yoongi can see himself reflected on them. they get mocked, shoved, made fun of, until yoongi has to go around saying it was his fault, just for the sake of shaky, blushing jeon jungkook.

and then three hours before, and jungkook timidly ushers him aside, bright red and anxious, making the request. "why me?" yoongi asks, taken aback, suddenly self-aware. "you've done it before," jungkook shrugs, biting his bottom lip. yoongi wants to reason with him — it's a bad idea, it'll be awkward, i'm not the only one who's gone around kissing people — but it is unlikely of him to deny jungkook anything, even something as hindering as kissing. his eyes flicker to jungkook's lips for a half a second, four hundred and eighty-four milliseconds, if you're getting technical. "okay, yeah."

— and now they're sitting in yoongi's dimly lit bedroom, the yellow light from the lamp making their shadows look gauzy, long against the furniture. jungkook is shivery. "you sure of this?" yoongi asks.

"yes," jungkook nods, sitting straighter on the bed, turning his body just the slightest towards yoongi. he looks resolute, which helps putting yoongi at ease. "i'm sure, hyung."

"okay."

yoongi shifts, too, bringing himself closer to jungkook, watching him hold his breath. "don't hold it in," he comments, raising his hand to carefully touch jungkook's arm. jungkook's tense, too tense, furiously crimson. "when you kiss someone, you want them to feel good," he carries on, light touches against the skin of his arm, up and down, in slow movements, as if he's playing the piano. goosebumps crawl all over jungkook's body, and he gulps. yoongi stops. "you're too nervous, jungkook."

"i'm sorry, hyung," he quickly replies, breath stuttery. "don't — stop."

his palms are what yoongi touches next, then, and they're just a bit sweaty. yoongi leans in, carefully not to scare, searching for any sort of aversion in jungkook's strait-laced demeanor, but there's none. jungkook's stare is fixed on his lap. "look at me," yoongi asks, softly. jungkook does, and yoongi is close enough to see his pupils dilate even more, darkness taking over the warm browns. "the person you're going to kiss probably wants you to look at them."

"— okay."

they get closer, legs pressed together. yoongi puts a hand on jungkook's shoulder, squeezing at the fabric of his shirt, feeling the nervous knots of muscle under his fingertips. he has to pull a little to get
jungkook closer, and then more, until he can touch the crook of jungkook's neck with his lips. jungkook lets out an airy, hitching sigh, and it makes yoongi blush, but more dangerously: it makes him want. he tugs jungkook's collar, exposing a bit more of skin, and jungkook's hands are fists, knuckles white. 'you can hold onto me,' yoongi tells him, as he kisses up jungkook's neck, so lightly his kisses are ghosts, flimsy. 'you don't want to be a robot.'

"i'm not a robot, hyung," jungkook chuckles, and yoongi finds it is instantly harder to concentrate as soon as jungkook's hands touch the bones of his hips. "are you going to leave — you know, marks—?"

"no," he stops, lips hovering over jungkook's jawline. "— you want me to?"

"i just wanted to know how it feels," jungkook's voice is restrained, weak, even. the pressure on his hips gets a bit more urgent.

"fine, but don't come after me if you get scolded." kissing jungkook's shoulders sweetly, yoongi tries to choose a spot that won't be exactly visible later on, and ends up settling for collarbones. jungkook's skin is hot, yoongi has one of his hands around his neck, the other holding firmly onto jungkook's arm. as soon as his kisses become stingier, jungkook gasps, squirmish. yoongi looks up, worried. "— did i hurt you?"

"no, go on," jungkook mutters, and yoongi's body reacts to the heat in his voice. yoongi only stops when there's a pretty red mark on jungkook's skin, and maybe the color matches their cheeks.

"you smell good," the comment just rolls out of yoongi's mouth, completely out of his control. it's the truth, though, jungkook smells good all the time — like strawberries, and fresh linen, and maybe something else that is completely his own.

jungkook lets out a blurred groan, his eyes still closed, mouth slightly parted, and his chest is moving a bit too fast. yoongi settles for the tender kisses again, slowing his breathing down, feeling jungkook actually daring to hook fingers just under the hem of his sweater. yoongi should try to stop him, but he doesn't. "now," he says, placing kisses on jungkook's jawline, fingers curled on the back of his head, adjusting their position, and jungkook hums in response. "you want to tilt your head a bit, to make it easier."

"easier for what?"

"kissing," yoongi replies, as he gets dangerously close to jungkook's lips. the truth is he's delaying it, going slow in order not to hurt, not to cripple the relationship that exists between them — friends, coworkers, friends, friends, friends. friends sometimes kiss, yoongi isn't against the idea, but the way his heart beats unsystematically tells him kissing jungkook will feel different. "can i?"

"stop asking, hyung," and jungkook sounds needy, anxious, eyes still pressed closed and wrinkled at the corners, as if he's scared to open them. yoongi stops asking. the first touch of their lips is prude, tentative, and yoongi feels nails digging into his sides. jungkook inches forward whenever yoongi pulls back, searching the distance until they're kissing again, their noses touching every other time. he breathes weirdly when he speaks: "— and french kissing?"

"that requires—"

"tongues," jungkook nods, and yoongi opens his eyes. jungkook is staring back at him, so close yoongi can see the blemishes of his skin, and how pretty they make him. the way he says the word makes yoongi jittery, and the exquisite ache at the pit of his stomach is unmistakable.
"do what i do," yoongi tells him, bringing jungkook closer again, running his tongue over jungkook's bottom lip, feeling him open his mouth against his. it's sloppy at first, it's all over the place, jungkook tastes as sweet as he smells. it takes a few minutes for jungkook to find his pace, a few mistrials until yoongi allows him to take control for a bit, and he likes the way jungkook's hands are all over his back under his sweater, pulling him in while yoongi tugs at his hair. every other time, jungkook makes soft, whimpering noises, thirsty whenever yoongi breaks the kiss, biting eagerly at yoongi's lips. it gets out of control real fast, yoongi thinks, but neither of them seem keen to stop. "— am i doing well, hyung?"

"you are doing more than well," yoongi almost smiles, because it is very much like jungkook to seek praising. however, that feels like a cue to stop, so yoongi does, keeping jungkook at a good distance. jungkook looks tousled, the hickey on his collarbones showing, lips all wet, eyes hazed, entirely black now. "class dismissed, kook."

"— ah," jungkook sounds disappointed, but untangles from yoongi, hands sort of aimlessly tugging at his jeans.

they move awkwardly around each other then, and yoongi doesn't know if it's because the kissing stained their friendship or if it's because they're both having troubles breathing correctly. jungkook takes too long to leave, pacing around, fixing things that don't really need to be fixed, and yoongi isn't surprised when jungkook stops at the door frame, expectant.

"— who do you want to kiss?" yoongi asks, before jungkook can say anything.

for a second, yoongi believes he's going to get an answer. he doesn't, of course. "it's a secret," jungkook looks down at his feet, and he's still blushing. "you won't tell right, hyung?"

"i won't tell." jungkook nods, and turns to leave. yoongi steps forward, involuntarily, a bit flustered himself. he doesn't really know what he is expecting when he calls: "jungkook."

"yeah?"

"i need to give you homework."
five minutes

Chapter Summary

prompt: finland (+yoonkook week's favorite moment)

Chapter Notes

if you haven't read the bergen piece, this might be a little bit out of context, sorry! it's an in-between little drabble. if you don't want to read it, though, just know yoonkook kind of semi-banged in that bed they shared. oops.

also: this is for the first day of the yoonkook week! :) the prompt was favorite moment, so i chose the vlive they did in finland.

Yoongi wakes up from slumber with the sound of the shutter going off. he opens his eyes lazily to see the blurry edges of jungkook, standing at the foot of his bunk, camera in front of his face. "what are you doing?" he mumbles, hiding further into his duvet. he hears the silent steps of the camera crew, and how they whisper conversations before leaving. it takes a minute more until jungkook is crawling on top of him. "jungkook."

"five more minutes, hyung," jungkook says, as yoongi begrudgingly lets him under the covers. he's smelling of soap, hair damp sticking to his forehead, and he tangles himself around yoongi's body. "i'm cold."

"the others—"

"sleeping." it takes a few minutes until yoongi convinces himself it's safe enough to wrap an arm around jungkook too, and their faces are close on the pillow, foreheads touching lightly. if anyone were to come in, they might not notice they're both there, as the blankets and duvet pile over them in hot layers. yoongi can hear the steady breathing of bodies asleep around them. "— can i touch you?"

the question is posed very, very carefully, barely a whisper, jungkook just inching forward a bit until their noses touch, and yoongi blinks, searching jungkook's eyes. "no," he replies, heart accelerating, reverberating in his chest. "we can't do that here, you punk."

Jungkook chuckles, and when he closes his eyes, yoongi leans in to kiss him. it's a thing he could grow used to — waking up to jungkook, kissing him under covers, feeling his body impossibly close. it fills yoongi with such content it's almost unbearable. they're probably making noises, so yoongi pulls back, a bit breathy, a bit shaken, jungkook still has his eyes closed, tongue licking the corner of his mouth. "hyung," he whines under his breath, vowels long, and yoongi curls a hand on jungkook's thigh, pulling it over his hips, leg sliding under jungkook's. his eyes snap open. "hyung."

"quiet," yoongi mutters, pressing their bodies more urgently together, and jungkook bites his bottom lip. the semi-relief that spreads through his body is momentary, so yoongi does it again, holding
jungkook back when he gets impatient. "slow." jungkook keeps all the sounds in the back of his throat, some of them slipping out in the form of choked up sighs every other time, and they don't kiss, because those get noisy, the rustling of fabric rings too loud in yoongi's ears.

"— it's good," jungkook whispers in airy vowels and informal language to yoongi's ear, his fingernails digging into yoongi's back, under his shirt. yoongi flushes irrevocably at the lack of honorifics and proper language, both forgotten as jungkook slowly unravels. "i like—"

somebody yawns, mumbling words in his sleep, probably taehyung, and both yoongi and jungkook freeze, position painful, lungs malfunctioning. a minute later and there are voices outside, the camera crew preparing for another day of filming. yoongi pushes jungkook away, softly, planting a kiss on his forehead. "another time."

"can i stay here at least, hyung?"

"i don't think that's a good idea," yoongi points out, inhaling deeply. jungkook seems to understand, suddenly shy. he rolls out of the bunk bed, then, offering yoongi a small smile before leaving, white daylight leaking inside, coloring yoongi's surroundings and, probably, his red, messed up face. he doesn't really go back to sleep.

somebody needs to record a vlive, one of the pds said, and yoongi didn't really volunteer, but jungkook did — for both of them. so they find a spot alone, and yoongi tries not to pay attention at how jungkook presses against his back, or how sometimes his hands find the bones of yoongi's hips, and yoongi has to control his eyes, because he keeps staring at jungkook through the screen. he's giddy that morning, smiling prettily all the time, and when it gets too much, yoongi moves the camera away, to breathe. finally, the transmission is over. "go put a jacket," yoongi tells him, as jungkook pulls him into a backhug. "it's cold."

"i'm okay, hyung," jungkook shrugs. "i've got you."

jungkook clings to him, chin on his shoulder, and yoongi settles for it, letting the hug linger longer than it should. "you'll get sick." yoongi touches jungkook's hands carefully, and they're surprisingly warm, whether yoongi's are cold. things rarely change. "the others are waiting."

"five more minutes, hyung," jungkook says, voice full of reckless delight. yoongi turns, then, and jungkook's a bit taller than he is, and his body is so much smaller under that black shirt, thinner, and yoongi doesn't usually hug people like that, but he feels he'll choke if he doesn't get closer. jungkook lets out a fullfilled sigh.

"you make me happy." it's an odd confession, said in yoongi's monotones, and it lacks colors, maybe, but jungkook stirs against him, chuckling, and yoongi allows himself a smile, too. it's the truth. yoongi feels inescapably happy in jungkook's presence, so much so it spills over the edges of his heart. he can't remember when he didn't feel that way — he can't remember when it became what it is. jungkook's heart beat capriciously inside his chest, and yoongi can feel it. it's rewarding.

"— they finished?" hoseok's voice, faint from distance, makes them scramble apart. yoongi pretends to be very busy with the cell phone as soon as hoseok steps on balcony. "oh, you're done. we're going out to eat."

"sure, yeah."
yoongi makes a straight line to the saunas, feet careful not to make any sounds. it's almost four-thirty in the morning, the sun set not too long ago. stuck in the long white nights, yoongi's insomnia just grew worse, fueled by jetlag and mindless overthinking. the bathtub is empty, the eerie lights staining the water a murky blue, and he lets himself in, cold body pleased with the warmth. yoongi has always enjoyed these kind of moments, and he doesn't get many — lonesome ones, only the sounds of the lake and nighttime around him, as finland sleeps, unabashed. he closes his eyes, head back against the tub, body almost floating.

then there's splashing, as somebody else gets in. yoongi opens his eyes, and his heart leaps. "— jungkook." jungkook smiles, sitting close to yoongi, steam coming out of his mouth. "go to bed."

"i can't sleep, hyung," he shrugs, wet hand running through his hair. his bare face is made of little things yoongi has learned to appreciate, like his eyelashes, small scars, blemishes, beauty marks. yoongi stares.

"we're not going through this again," he mumbles, and they're both blushing, mostly because of the hot steam coming from the water, but partially because memories are still a bit too vivid. "not now."

"i know," jungkook nods. "but, hyung," hands grab tentatively at his shirt, and jungkook gets closer. "if there are bubbles, no one will see."

"jeon jungkook—" yoongi clicks his tongue, voice almost a snarl, but the heat that runs through his body makes him lean forward, grabbing onto jungkook almost wolfishly, the kiss wet, deep, and maybe he's being biased, but jungkook's getting better at it. "you need sleep."

"i don't want to." yoongi scoffs, holding jungkook tighter by the waist. "five more minutes, hyung," jungkook smiles, and it's cheeky. yoongi once again finds himself involuntarily leaning in, kissing the beauty mark just under his lips.

"you have a death wish," they grin at each other before yoongi pushes jungkook underwater, laughing. jungkook is quick to fight back, his strenght overriding yoongi's rather quickly. they struggle playfully, laughter filling the voids in the night, and maybe they're a bit too loud. it ends with them panting, yoongi pinned against the corner of the bathtub, jungkook's legs around his waist, and suddenly it isn't playful banter anymore. yoongi swallows anxiously. "your five minutes are up, jungkook."

there's too much yearning in the stare they share, and it's crippling, yoongi thinks. jungkook looks down, to their bodies submersed, hands moving slow at the sides of yoongi's body. "hyung—"

"we should go back," yoongi interrupts him, before it gets too late, before they reach points of no return again. they stall for a few seconds more, dreading the separation, until jungkook finally bends, and they untangle, crawling out of the bathtub, clothes clinging to their bodies. the air is frigid, painful. jungkook doesn't have a towel, so yoongi gives him his. "i don't want you sick, jungkook."

"do you want me — at all?

this isn't what i meant, yoongi thinks, but when he turns to look over his shoulder, he can't pronounce syllables correctly. jungkook has the towel around himself, doe eyes wide and round and questioning and waiting, hair wet and messy, clothes dripping. he looks furiously pretty. "yeah," yoongi mumbles, not sure on what to say. "i want you."
jungkook looks down at his feet, redness on his cheeks, a silly smile on his lips. "good." yoongi takes his hand, pulling him gently, trying very hard to keep his heart still. jungkook follows him, pressing their fingers together.

(they only let go of each other's hands when they reach the camper van, quickly disposing of drenched clothes for warm ones, and yoongi dares to plant a kiss on jungkook's forehead before he climbs into the bunk he's sharing with hoseok and seokjin. "night, hyung," jungkook whispers. "good night, kook.")

Chapter End Notes

there will be probably another part of this? maybe a third final installment, haha.
yoongi looks up when jungkook walks in, and he knows it's jungkook even before his eyes focus on him — jungkook always knocks very softly before coming in his studio, the only one who does that. also, maybe, probably because as the door swings open, jungkook's overwhelming scent fills in every corner of the room, and yoongi finds himself always breathing it in, deeply, as much as he can.

sleepy, that's how jungkook looks, and yoongi's breath comes out all stuttery. he's got a mask on, black, eyes puffy. yoongi's eyes linger just the slightest towards his shirt — fitted, instead of loose, tucked in his jeans, all black. he looks cold, too. "can't sleep," jungkook says, and maybe it's a lie, from the way his voice seems to be laced with recent slumber. "i brought coffee." jungkook raises the tray with two iced americanos. it's yoongi's favorite, and somehow it rubbed on jungkook, until it became his favorite, too.

"okay," yoongi nods, smiling a little. "here," he offers him the woollen blanket he always keeps around, the blue and gray streaks too bright against jungkook's dark outfit. "you should wear warmer clothes, jungkook."

"forgot my jacket in the car," jungkook mumbles, fidgetting with the blanket, and yoongi finds himself wanting to stand up and wrap him tightly in it. he doesn't. cheeks blushing at thought, looking away to his keyboards, finding interest in the way the keys fit together, or in the crumbles of the apple pie he was munching just earlier. the coffee is put next to the monitors, and jungkook settles on the couch beside him. they both sip their drinks in silence for staggering minutes.

"— were you home?"

"yeah," a hum follows, and yoongi exhales, looking sideways briefly. jungkook has pulled down his mask, his face full of wrinkles from sleeping in the car, probably, the make up he didn't wash off smudged on the side of his eyes. "are you working?"

"no," he shakes his head. "just — i don't know. can't sleep either."

jungkook nods, eyes wandering about the studio, always so big and brown and warm yoongi has a hard time looking away. "can i stay here, hyung?"

"i guess," he shrugs, all that heat inside his lungs. jungkook seems to like his studio the best, at least it's what namjoon says whenever he comes in to find jungkook asleep on the couch while he works. my couch is more comfortable than yours, yoongi often repeats, trying to control the air of his
anxious vowels, face red looking away, and namjoon just smiles, yeah, yeah, right, hyung. he stands, then, moving slowly until he's sitting beside jungkook, coffee in his hand. jungkook is halfway done with his, biting on the straw. "we'll have to share the blanket."

"ah — yes," a thing of a blush colors jungkook's cheeks gracefully, and he covers yoongi's legs swiftly, their shoes getting lost, legs pulled up, touching. the soft rifts of a john legend song play around them, and jungkook hums along, even his hums somehow buttery. yoongi stares at him, helpless. "what?"

"nothing," he says, trying to sound as nonchalant as he'd like, but he tugs on jungkook's arm anyway, bringing him closer, and jungkook's body is bigger, maybe, but he curls around yoongi easily. it's something they sometimes do, even though they don't talk about what it means. just sitting close together when no one else is there seems to be enough. jungkook's smell is always a terribly alluring combination of sweetness and berries and linen and shampoo, it's all too much. yoongi inches in, nose touching the side of jungkook's neck.

the sound of slurping throws yoongi off for a moment, and he pulls back, distracted, maybe a bit flustered. jungkook blinks, shaking the empty plastic cup full of ice and the watery remains of his coffee. "— can i have yours, hyung?" yoongi sighs, making a face, but offering his drink anyway, because he always does, and they always share. jungkook bites on the straw, cheeky. "yours tastes better."

"they're the same," yoongi points out, flatly, fingers casually massaging jungkook's lower back, pressing against his spine. jungkook offers him the coffee, and yoongi drinks, the bitter cold taste allaying to the turmoil inside his body.

"you drank from it, it tastes different now," jungkook carries on, looking away. yoongi feels two many degrees hotter.

"i didn't spit in it," yoongi scoffs, and jungkook seems mildly in distress, broken explanations coming out of his mouth like a stream. "— okay, okay, mine is better, i get it."

"it just tastes like you, i guess."

(it's two months before, and they kiss. they have been lazing around, separate armchairs, until jungkook crosses the room towards yoongi, pet my hair, hyung, he asks, in that kind of voice that leaves yoongi sort of breathless, settling himself on the floor between yoongi's knees, and yoongi is weak to the soft strands between his fingers, all that pretty gingerbread and gold. "come here," yoongi says, then, because he needs some other sort of proximity, and jungkook complies easily, the armchair too small for the both of them, so his body is dangerously all over yoongi's. "do you want to watch anything?" yoongi asks, just because suddenly there's too much blatant closeness between them. jungkook shrugs, and they change channels, aimlessly, just to settle for a muted soccer game none have interest in. "you're heavy," yoongi comments, huffing, when jungkook moves a bit. "i'm taller than you," jungkook bites back, and then adds: "min suga-ssi." ah, the nerve. "okay, go away, then," yoongi tries pushing jungkook from his lap, feigning annoyance, but jungkook holds onto his wrists, cocky smile on his face. his face — his face, and how pretty it is, yoongi finds himself thinking, and maybe jungkook realizes how yoongi's eyes wander, and maybe they both stumble on things they haven't noticed before, hidden things, and jungkook doesn't pull back when yoongi kisses him, his grip on yoongi's wrists getting so tight it's painful.)

jungkook is staring, so meaningfully he could just bluntly say what he wants instead, but yoongi looks away, grabbing the coffee from his hand, the cold liquid hurting his teeth. he finishes it, breathing sort of ragged, and his head stings. jungkook puts a hand on his thigh, the tips of his fingers feeling feathery. "— pet my hair, hyung," he breathes, needy, this time, different. yoongi puts
down the cup. they stay like that for a while, jungkook all against yoongi, fingers moving on his thigh carelessly, and his head is against yoongi's chest, while yoongi's hands tug at his hair lightly, earning pleased hums. they reverberate on yoongi's body, sending small jolts of electricity all over the place. "i lied, i'm tired."

"— you should have stayed home, then," yoongi says, but his heart beats capriciously.

"i was sleeping on your bed," jungkook confesses, voice all slow consonants and lazy vowels. "it smells like you."

the song shuffles, just then, and yoongi stutters, suddenly too flustered at the open intimacy that is jungkook sleeping on his bed when he's not there, but jungkook's voice come out from the speakers and they both stop, staring at the computer. "that's—" jungkook starts, eyes wide, a vivid blush on his cheeks.

"ah, yeah, i like that song," nothing like us is breathy and melodic and yoongi is just too infatuated with how jungkook's voice sounds in it. "you sound good."

"you listen to my covers?"

"you sleep on my bed?"

there's a smile on jungkook's face when he looks at yoongi, the kind he gets when he's too embarrassed, the endearing one, and he quickly looks away. "i like your bed."

"i like your voice," he shrugs, and jungkook's smile gets wider, eyes crinkling. he mumbles something that sounds like i'm just surprised, that's all. "your voice is my favorite — and you're dead if you tell the others i said that." jungkook laughs weakly. "i mean it."

they shift against each other again, yoongi turning his body, head against the arm of the couch, jungkook settling between his legs, the blanket keeping them both warm. "i won't tell, hyung." once again, time drags, and yoongi draws patterns on jungkook's back with his fingers, and jungkook listens to his heartbeat, maybe, or to his own song, there's nothing like us, there's nothing like you and me. at some point yoongi nods off, falling into slumber, only to wake up to jungkook's soft lips against his neck.

"— what you doing?" he asks, blinking, eyes heavy with sleep, voice gravelly. it's probably too late into the night now. the playlist has stopped, yoongi can't remember when. it feels good, how jungkook moves just barely against him, breathing on his neck, his tongue warm. "okay, never mind, go on."

"you like it?" the question is a bit daring.

"yes," yoongi utters, hands firmly on jungkook's hips now. jungkook's breath is shallow, and when he moves again, it has a purpose. it makes yoongi gasps. "jungkook."

"sorry," he says, and he almost sounds apologetic.

"don't be."

maybe it calms them down, the knowledge of otherwise implicit yearning. jungkook settles, finally, breathing easier, all warm and all over him, hands tucked under yoongi's sweatshirt for warmth, and yoongi has one hand on the back of his head, fingers softly intertwined on his hair, while the other rubs circles on his back. it's all very gentle, very slow, very sleepy. they don't move, not much, too comfortable. "hyung," jungkook says after a while, and yoongi's eyes flutter open once again, and he
faintly realizes he never even noticed closing them. yoongi hums in response. "can we do this more often?"

"sleeping? because sleeping sounds fine by me —"

"sleeping together," jungkook adds, stammering a bit. yoongi finds himself blushing again, heart missing a couple of beats. he lets out the air in his lungs slowly, making jungkook's loose strands of hair quiver.

"— yeah, we can." the pleased sound jungkook makes is enough to light a small pire inside yoongi's body. he pulls on jungkook's sides with some urgency, then, and jungkook raises his head to look at him, unsure, questioning. it takes a bit of moving and some more pulling, and jungkook seems confused for a whole good minute, the starry eyed look spread on his features, but it only lasts until yoongi is holding the sides of his face, their lips oddly fitting, the gap between jungkook's too inviting. he learns fast, yoongi thinks briefly, as they adjust themselves to feel better, jungkook searching for him with a greedy sort of thirst. kissing jungkook both pacifies and rattles his heart, and it feels good.

"coffee," jungkook says, the word shared between them. his tongue is all coffee, too, coffee and maybe the toothpaste he uses, yoongi muses. his train of thought crashes and implodes as soon as jungkook's hand runs softly against his inner thigh. yoongi suddenly realizes jungkook can feel what's happening to him as he moves very slowly between his legs. hell, he can feel jungkook, too. "— hyung."

they don't stop kissing, yoongi thinks he can't manage to, anyway. they're both too tired to move that much, but jungkook's hips roll nicely against his, a slow, draggy pace that has both of them running out of air, bodies starting to sweat. jungkook sometimes whine, helpless little sounds, jeans too tight. "you should take those off," yoongi suggests at some point, and jungkook just nods, quickly complying, all that violent crimson about him. his pants are left beside the couch, to be forgotten. they keep up the kissing, languid and unhurried, awake only enough to feel all that good kind of soreness spreading.

"hyung, i can't hold it," jungkook stutters at some point, sounding all airy, all disheveled.

"don't hold it." it's enough, it seems, because jungkook stills for a moment, oxygen failing him, and he buries his face on yoongi's neck, embarrassed. the sounds he makes when yoongi moves against him again and again and again, muffled against yoongi's skin, are enough to tip yoongi over the edge, too. they stay still for a while, allowing their bodies to cool down, even if only a bit. "i have — tissues, somewhere, maybe over there." he points vaguely, arm feeling heavy.

"i'll get them," jungkook swallows, and he quickly picks up his jeans again, hiding his body away before yoongi has even a chance to stare. they clean up, as much as they can, and jungkook fidgets with a random collectible that sits on one of his shelves. yoongi sits a bit straighter. it's almost four by then.

"aren't you coming back here?" he asks, unsure, not wanting to make jungkook more self-aware or anxious. "you need sleep."

"— can i?"

"you should." jungkook's body is a little tense, but he seems to relax as yoongi embraces him, and his lips are still a bit swollen, still a bit redder, like his cheeks. red just looks good on jungkook, all the time, in every way. "sleep, kook." he plays with jungkook's hair for a bit, fingers always gentle at the pull, until he can feel jungkook's body heavier, taken by deep sleep, his breathing even and soft.
yoongi's neck hurts from his position, but he closes his eyes, warm all over, chest filling up with jungkook's smell.

he sleeps, too.

(it's the morning next and namjooon steps into the studio, without knocking because no one ever knocks. he stops by the door, holding a tray with two warm hot chocolates, the scene on the couch not a complete surprise. the blanket has rolled off yoongi and jungkook's bodies, so he sighs, picking it up and covering them both again. "your couch is definitely more comfortable, hyung," he says, a little smile on his face, voice low to not disturb them, pushing a kumamon pillow under yoongi's head. namjooon leaves the drinks, closes the blinds, and hangs a crooked hand-written don't come in sign at the door, just because.)
"hyung?"

jungkook has the decency to hide his slight enthusiasm as soon as he hears yoongi's grumpy, sleep-laced voice on the other side of the door. it's 6:30 in the morning, he shouldn't be half as happy to be waking up min yoongi of all people. "yeah, i'm coming."

it's their thing, a thing. jungkook doesn't know how to name it. he likes routines — and yoongi sort of ended up fitting in between his timely activities. the problem with routines, he guesses, is that it gets hard to break them (not that he wants to) (not the thing), when yoongi opens the door, jungkook takes a step back, body reacting ever so slightly. yoongi's black hair is tousled, he has pillow marks on the side of his face and puffy eyes. jungkook bites on his lip, trying not to stare.

"if you don't want—," he starts, because jungkook knows yoongi's early morning mood is frequently on the sour side. he always offers yoongi a way out. yoongi never takes it.

"i'm awake," yoongi blurts out, as if it isn't that big of a thing, as if he didn't wake up at unholy hours just to help jungkook. i don't mind, it doesn't bother me, he says whenever people question him about their morning meetings, their very punctual routine, the one they hardly ever miss.

yoongi watches as jungkook stretches. his room quiet, just the soft rustling of the fabric of his clothes permeating it. it is so quiet jungkook thinks he can hear yoongi's breath getting shallow. namjoon slept on the studio, probably, his bed unmade. that doesn't put jungkook at ease. "okay, i'm done," he mumbles, and yoongi steps in from the threshold, closing the door behind him.

(the first time jungkook asked, all those months ago, it didn't go that well. yoongi stared at him blankly before raising an eyebrow. "no," he had said, flatly. "ask jimin." "— but hyung," jungkook was being pushy maybe, tone of voice slightly pleading. it always worked on yoongi. "it's going to look ridiculous, jungkook." "no one needs to know, hyung," jungkook had a hand on the sleeve of his sweater, and yoongi made a noise, a spineless groan, but finally gave in. and then he got yoongi on him, feeling all of him against his back, fingers holding onto yoongi's thighs — the first squat went well, the second not so much. jungkook lost his balance, tipping forward, and yoongi huffed when they met the ground, the air being knocked right out of their lungs. "well, this was a shit idea," yoongi said, breath all over jungkook's neck. still, they wordlessly did it again.)
"how many, hyung?" he asks, pressing onto the fabric of yoongi's sweatpants, and yoongi's fingers curl on his shirt.

"twenty, bunny boy," yoongi replies, and jungkook thinks briefly he got lighter over time, which is impossible. maybe he just got used to carrying yoongi. "i might sleep."

jungkook smiles, because it happened before. there were times he carried yoongi back to his room quietly, putting him back to bed, once or twice falling asleep next to him, too. "i know, hyung." he starts, and yoongi presses closer, head on his shoulder, breathing and breathing. he's on the second squat when jungkook feels the kiss on his neck. "hyung—!"

"motivation," yoongi slurs, and jungkook watches him through the mirror behind the door, his sleepy face, closed eyes, even the pink on his cheeks. jungkook gets flustered at once. "come on, jungkookie."

he earns a kiss everytime he successfully does a squat, holding back painful groans and ignoring the slight sting on his legs. yoongi is dutiful with his kisses, all nineteen of them, and maybe they get more daring as they go, wetter, lingering. jungkook breathes uneasily when they're done. yoongi pats his arm gently, muttering a good boy, and turns to leave, hand on the doorknob. "you're missing one, hyung."

"— one what?"

"a kiss," jungkook stammers, redness spreading down his neck. "twenty squats, nineteen kisses. first grade math."

yoongi eyes him, eyelids still sleepy-like, somehow crossed. he turns his body, resting his back against the door, arms crossing over his chest. "i know how to count, you punk."

"so?"

they watch each other, as if waiting for a move that looks inviting, for an unsaid okay, and jungkook just wants to get kissed already. yoongi finally moves, lazy and languidly, reaching out to grab at jungkook's wrist, tugging him down, and jungkook isn't even that much taller, but he still leans in, hopeful, yearning. yoongi's lips graze the same spot he's been kissing, free hand touching jungkook's stomach lightly, feeling him hold his breath. "— maybe you don't deserve twenty," yoongi murmurs, and jungkook whines, grabbing at yoongi's arms. "first grade math." he scoffs.

"hyung—!" jungkook strains the word, childishly, muscles still painful from the exercise.

"— you really want a kiss," yoongi's voice sounds less taken with slumber, clearer, albeit still just a bit hoarse. he pulls back, looking at jungkook with eyebrows raised, and jungkook's all flustered at this point, all over his body, all hot, all squirmish. the hold on his wrist gets tighter.

"i do," he manages to say, staring at yoongi's eyes and all its gray hues. he presses forward, pushing yoongi softly against the door once again, taking advantage of his taller frame. "motivation." yoongi sighs, seemingly in distress, cheeks pink, leaning in to kiss his neck again, but jungkook holds him in place. "the other kind, hyung."

(the first time yoongi kissed him, all those months ago, it didn't go so well. jungkook was struggling with the squats, too tired from hours spent inside practice rooms, too affected by the way yoongi's body was feeling that morning, all that proximity dangerous. "three more, bunny boy," yoongi had murmured, nose nuzzled against the crook of jungkook's neck, and jungkook gasped loudly once he felt yoongi's tongue on his neck. he stills, barely breathing. "— do it again, hyung." he asked,
embarrassed, limbs faltering. "one more, then," yoongi's sleepy voice said, teeth over jungkook's skin. he never made it to the last squat, knees bending as soon as yoongi kissed his neck again, a thing of a noise escaping his lips, heat too low on his body, all-consuming and ever so pliant. "not a good idea," yoongi sighed, red, crimson red, and they both let go of each other swiftly. they didn't talk for two weeks — and yet, every morning, yoongi would open the door to his room, sleepy-faced and there.)

"— fine," yoongi complies, eyes wandering down to jungkook's lips, and jungkook thinks expectation will kill him. "just once."

"just once," jungkook repeats, nodding.

"next time, you're doing a hundred of those," yoongi mutters, annoyed, as he holds the side of jungkook's neck, pulling him down enough for their mouths to touch, and jungkook feels his entire body melt as if it's made of wax and yoongi just lit a fire. their teeth crash awkwardly as jungkook leans in too eagerly, parting his lips too fast, thirsty, hungry. there's a lingering taste of toothpaste, and jungkook thinks he might not be good at it, but yoongi doesn't seem to care much. he complains when yoongi pulls away when they start running out of breath, and their foreheads touch, air rapid between them, hot. "just once, bunny boy."

"— okay."

"i'm going back to bed," yoongi says as they untangle, matching swollen lips and magenta on their skin. "you should — do that, too."

"and tomorrow?"

they stare at each other, still breathing a bit wrong, as if they've been running. "six-thirty," yoongi says, after a moment. "wake me up."

(the next time they meet, at unholy, ungraceful hours of early morning, it doesn't go so well. the living room seems to quiet, and yoongi seems too bothered, and jungkook seems too hot. "how many?" is what yoongi asks, and jungkook looks at him with confusion. "— how many, jungkook?" "twenty," jungkook offers, unsure, heart rattling. "twenty it is, bunny boy." no squats are done.)

Chapter End Notes

if yall want to drop me a canon drabble prompt, find me on twitter! :) i'm @sugahighs.
good

Chapter Summary

one of bangtan's greatest fears is too wake up yoongi. jungkook uses that in his favor.

Chapter Notes

according to a good friend, this is soft rimming with feelings................. #ok

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

jungkook tip toes, sleepy, to somebody else's room. somebody else's. it's always the same somebody else, and he knows how to navigate in the dark to get there, he knows where to step and where not to. yoongi isn't a very deep sleeper, his mind too busy to completely allow himself to fall, but jungkook knows where to touch and how to breathe to not wake him up when he crawls onto his bed.

(to be fair, it started out of resourcefulness. i don't want to wake him up, the others would say, one by one, shrugging the task off, finding something else to do. yoongi's morning moods are sour and difficult, and the stream of foul words that leave his sharp tongue often have them blushing, nervous. even jungkook avoided the task, until the idea came to him, upon being awaken too early, too hastily, once again. if i slept with yoongi-hyung, no one would wake me up.)

the bed creaks, seemingly annoyed by the disturbance. jungkook stops, knees on soft duvets, because yoongi sleeps under a pile of them. he always has too many pillows, and the room is always frigid cold, the air-conditioner turned on even in the winter. yoongi doesn't move, still stuck in his light sleep. it takes him a few moves to finally get under the covers, and jungkook almost purrs happily at the warmth, and the smell, all that vanilla and cinnamon. he gets closer to yoongi, sniffing the nape of his neck, feeling oddly embarrassed three seconds later, cheeks hot. yoongi more often that not makes him feel like that — as if he's always caught doing something he shouldn't, heart skipping tremulous beats. it's both good and terrifying, and jungkook is infatuated with it, with — him, maybe. yoongi feels like skydiving, and jungkook just craves the jump all the time.

"— stop sniffing me," comes yoongi's hoarse voice, low and laced with sleep. jungkook blushes entirely. when he doesn't reply, yoongi stirs a bit, legs moving, and they touch jungkook's. "are you asleep already?"

"no," he finally says.

they usually don't hold conversations like this. yoongi almost never wakes up when jungkook goes to his room, and they hardly ever talk about waking up beside each other, limbs touching the slightest, things happening under the protection of their clothes. maybe it's best not to acknowledge the things he feels, jungkook thinks, when yoongi blinks at him in the morning, all that glittering white in his eyes, his hair a mess. "i was dreaming about you," yoongi continues, and he turns his body, rolling until he's staring at jungkook under sleepy eyelids. "i don't remember what it was."
"was it good at least?"

"yeah."

yoongi brings up his hand, brushing strands of brown hair from jungkook's eyes. his fingers linger, touching the sides of jungkook's face, his cheeks, his jawline, his chin. "hyung," jungkook calls, voice small. yoongi's eyes find his again, and he smiles. "— what?"

"i like how you say that," yoongi shrugs, getting closer, fingers on jungkook's neck. "hyung."

"it's just a word," jungkook is all red, but it's too dark to see colors, only contours, as if they're both made out of charcoals.

he feels yoongi's fingers on his lips, then, his thumb against the slightly chapped skin, and jungkook finds himself opening his mouth the slightest, his tongue searching for contact, and yoongi's breath whets. jungkook isn't entirely surprised when yoongi pulls him closer, their noses touching before their lips do, and it's jungkook who leans in first, it's jungkook who searches for yoongi's taste in the dark, because maybe — definitely — he's always searching for it. yoongi kisses him back, slow and languid and hot, hand curled around his neck, as jungkook grabs onto his clothes, bringing him in. when their bodies touch, yoongi chuckles. "already?" jungkook tries to complain, but yoongi kisses him again, hand roaming down, pressing between his legs.

"— hyung."

it's true that they've done that before, the needy, hasty touching, but never on yoongi's bed, never so steady and slow and intimate. it's always in short, flashy minutes, with too much panting and fever under their skin, ending quickly before either of them can get off. but now time isn't a foe anymore, if anything, it is an ally. yoongi rolls his body over jungkook's, hand still between his legs, rubbing over the fabric. jungkook tries not move too much, not to make any noises, but it becomes almost insufferable, all that friction. "i want to take off your pants," yoongi mutters in his ear, his breath warm. "— can i?"

"yes," jungkook stammers, because he's nervous.

he has to lift his hips a bit, and yoongi has to sit up, and suddenly jungkook's upper body is not hidden by the covers anymore, and he looks around, panicking, only to remember seokjin isn't there. he saw him as he walked towards yoongi's room, deeply asleep on the couch, television on. "he won't come back," yoongi says, voice muffled from under the covers, as if he knew what jungkook was thinking. "don't worry."

and then his sweatpants slide down, and yoongi pulls them off from his ankles, and jungkook feels hands on his thighs, caressing, prying. "you sure?" he asks, watching the door, but yoongi moves again, and jungkook feels the warmth of his tongue on his inner thigh and he lets out a shivery noise that has yoongi chuckling, lips against jungkook's skin. there's a lot of kissing and nibbling and soft bites, all so close, delaying the touch jungkook wants the most, and yoongi is good at it, too good, too good, too good, too good.

"you're not breathing," yoongi comments, then, and jungkook raises his head from the pillow to try and see yoongi between his legs, the blankets over his head, but not a lot of light comes in from the window, not enough to define what's his expression is like. probably a frown, jungkook muses, wet lips, dark eyes, pink on his cheeks.

"i don't want to make any noises."
yoongi crawls over him, until they're close enough he can kiss jungkook again. "i like the noises you make. they are — like arpeggios," yoongi's tone is raw, and he speaks in his low consonants and vowels, throaty.

"arpeggios?" his pronunciation is horrible, and it gets yoongi to laugh weakly.

"i'll show you another day." jungkook wants to say something else, curious about the meaning of the foreign word, but yoongi is going down again, under the covers, and this time he doesn't stall in the slightest. jungkook flinches as soon as yoongi's mouth touches him, and it feels hot, and wet, and maybe the stifled sounds get louder, breath hitching, tongue parched. his hands find yoongi's hair, grabbing and tugging and pulling. at some point yoongi hisses, raising his head, and jungkook almost whispers at the lack of contact. "that hurts," he mumbles, and jungkook feels embarrassed, letting go at once.

"i'm sorry—"

tell me if you like it instead," yoongi tells him, and his fingers resume a lazy stroking. jungkook mewls, biting down on his lip. "i rather hear your voice than have my hair pulled."

"ah — okay."

"yeah, like that." he carries on with the slow touches, and heat makes jungkook starts sweating, despite the cold air around him. he doesn't try to subdue the breathy sounds that come out of his throat any longer, fingers curling on sheets in order to keep away from pushing yoongi against him. they get somewhat louder when yoongi uses his mouth again, hands grabbing at his legs, and yoongi groans, the sound reverberating, sending shivers down jungkook's spine. when yoongi goes lower, though, pushing jungkook's legs up, lifting his hips a bit, that's when jungkook gasps, loud, too loud.

"hyung—," he calls, unsure, almost apologetic, but yoongi's tongue makes his back arch, and his voice becomes a broken stream of airy sounds. yoongi stops, raising his head again, staring at him from under his blankets. it's probably endearing, and jungkook wishes he could see.

"does it feel good?"

"good, yes," jungkook has problems remembering his words, and he's entirely flustered.

"you're cute, kook," there's a hint of amusement in yoongi's voice.

"i'm not— ahhyung—," he whines, impatient, but yoongi remains slow and lazy and sleepy, just like all the things he does. heat consumes jungkook, a boiling pit down his body, but it doesn't feel enough. jungkook desperately moves, trying to touch himself, but yoongi pushes his hands away. once again he crawls over jungkook, legs on the side of jungkook's hips, and while one hand is still touching him, the other holds jungkook's wrists together over his head.

"i don't want it to end so soon," he plants small kisses on the side of jungkook's neck, hand stroking and stroking and stroking, thin fingers teasing. jungkook moans low, pressing his eyes close, too embarrassed under yoongi's stare. "fuck, you sound good."

they never went this far, this — dirty. jungkook's mind ignores the warning undertones, the bleak consequences, and when yoongi pushes fingers inside his mouth, he takes on them. they grind against each other, and it's painful and exquisite. finally, finally yoongi touches him again, and when he pushes a wet finger in he kisses jungkook, swallowing all the noises he makes. it hurts, but it's allaying, so allaying. "not enough," he manages to say, grabbing at yoongi's sides. "hyung, not enough."
"don't touch yourself," yoongi utters, curling his finger, rubbing against the one spot that has jungkook shivering. one finger becomes two, and jungkook starts panting, skin feverish to the touch, hair sticking to his face. yoongi kisses his forehead softly. "how does it feel?"

"— good, it feels good," there's urgency in jungkook's voice, and he feels hazed.

"one more?"

"no, just—," yoongi shifts a bit, moving his fingers a different way, and jungkook buckles his hips, broken chords pouring out of his mouth, and his speech is suddenly informal because he can't even bring himself to think in a proper way. "like that— ahlikethathyung."

it doesn't take long then, and he comes all over his shirt, and it gets messy, and jungkook squirms because yoongi doesn't stop, resuming strokes and kitten licks, and jungkook sobs at some point, a mess of begging and wanting and shame. yoongi nudes at his neck, slowing down, then, allowing jungkook some space to breathe. "i like it when you come sleep with me," he says, and jungkook sighs as yoongi's hands finally leave him, roaming somewhere else.

"i like you," jungkook finds the strength to voice, turning his head to look at yoongi, who is rolling out of bed, going through drawers of clothes. he tosses jungkook pants and a t-shirt that smell exactly like him. "hyung."

"yeah, i heard you," yoongi smiles, and yawns, tucking himself into bed again, blinking away sleep. "put on some clothes, you can't sleep naked."

"why not?"

"i won't be able to sleep," yoongi huffs, and jungkook smiles, suddenly shy. he puts on yoongi's clothes, sliding close to him again, grabbing at his sides until they're close close close. he sniffs his neck just like before, content, daring even to kiss it, once, twice, a lot of times, hands finding their way up yoongi's shirt. yoongi hums, and repeats, raspy hues: "i won't be able to sleep."

"it's not a bad idea," jungkook muses, embracing yoongi completely, and their legs tangle under the covers.

"i like you, too," he sighs, a smile to his voice. "just so you know."

"don't sleep yet, hyung—"

but yoongi falls asleep rather quickly, jungkook thinks, as he leaves soft marks on his skin until his breathing pattern changes. sleep comes find jungkook then, and he doesn't really fight against it, yoongi's smell sticking to his skin, his body impossibly close—

(yoongi hears when someone comes in the next morning, hears the careful steps, the stressed breathing. the figure hovers over him, for a second, then, some more. they're too scared to wake you up, jungkook had said sometime ago, to explain waking up beside him. i can sleep in if i sleep with you. yoongi almost smiles, but the figure moves, and it's seokjin, he can tell by the way he walks. "don't you dare, hyung," he says, flatly, when he realizes he'll try to wake jungkook first.

"ah, you're awake—"

"let him sleep," he brings jungkook closer, pulling on his arms, suddenly protective. "he's tired."
"yeah, i guess he probably is," seokjin shrugs, a cryptic smile on his face, and yoongi blushes. "don't let him sleep too much."

the moment seokjin closes the door, yoongi turns his body, burrowing his face on jungkook's neck, inhaling. jungkook stirs a bit, still too sleepy to move. "i'm not that tired, hyung," he slurs, hazy vowels and sleep-laced syllables. yoongi feels his chest drip with fondness.

"do you want to be?"

"not really, we have eighteen hours of shooting—"

yoongi snorts, kissing his neck, making him squirm. "go back to sleep, then, i won't let them wake you up."

"i don't mind waking up if i'm here." the words are punctuated by heavy, drowsy hums, and yoongi stares at jungkook's face, his closed eyes, eyelashes long, the beauty marks, the pretty gap between his lips. i don't mind either, he realizes, and it's scary for the whole three seconds it takes for jungkook to open his eyes, blinking languidly. "hyung — do you want to go out on a date?"

the way the question is posed makes yoongi feels hot, and he looks away. "yeah," his heart beats relentlessly. jungkook leans in, and their noses touch. "i want to.")

Chapter End Notes

if you need to scream at me for being horrible at the porn, i'm @sugahighs
also, this one has a part two: the date, which i'll try my best to keep only soft. *side eyes self*
"would you like some wine, sir?"

the question is directed at him, yoongi notices briefly, because jungkook is staring at the screen of his phone, earphones in, starry eyes reflecting whatever movie he has on it. "yeah, i guess," yoongi shrugs. the flight attendant pours him a glass, some chilean pinot, since they're heading there anyway. there's a hint of smoke and berries and vanilla in the red liquid, just barely sweet, hanging on his tongue. jungkook looks at him as he swallows the first sip. "— she offered you, too."

"ah," jungkook takes off one of his earphones, blinking, looking around for the flight attendant, but she's swiftly walking away. "never mind, i'm not really—"

"here," yoongi offers his glass, and jungkook smiles, giddy. "don't drink the whole thing."

the glass gets passed between them back and forth for a while, getting stained on only one end, jungkook always drinking from the same side, maybe unknowingly, maybe not, probably not. yoongi likes how his cheeks turn redder as alcohol slips in, or how jungkook’s entire face gets softer.

he's strangely a lightweight when it comes to stronger drinks. "we should get the bottle," he suggests, staring at their now empty glass. "it's your birthday, hyung."

"we're not getting a bottle," yoongi huffs, but when the flight attendant walks by them a second time, he asks for another glass, and then a third. they share those ones also, small sips, savoring the taste slowly. the lights start to dim, a cue for slumber and rest. jungkook wraps himself in blankets, humming, content. "so."

jungkook turns his head to look at him, eyebrows raised. "— so?"

their seats are private enough that yoongi leans in without looking around, the cabin turned into soft pink hues from the low lcd lights, shading jungkook's skin in colors strange, and his fingers curl on the blanket as he pulls jungkook a bit closer. "full body service," yoongi says, watching as jungkook's eyes grow wider, and how he bites down on his lip, looking down, embarrassed. "special only for suga—"

"hyung," he snaps, as quietly as he can, trying to move away. "it's a joke."
"joke," yoongi repeats, grinning. jungkook seems to shrink. "in english. heart."

"how many times did you—"

"two, maybe three, small letters," yoongi shrugs, and when he gets close enough his nose touches the skin behind jungkook's ear, he inhales all the shampoo smell, and the smell of his body spray, and the fabric softener on his clothes that linger on his skin. his fingers touch the bruised patch on jungkook's neck, and jungkook flinches the slightest. "you did say anywhere is fine."

"not in a flight," he complains, squirming away. "hyung."

the word come out of sort of breathy, because yoongi has slid a hand under the blanket, touching jungkook's stomach over his sweatshirt, fingers on the band of his slacks. he shouldn't be doing that in such space, but the cabin crew isn't around, the lights are low, and no one can see them all the way in the back — also, yoongi likes to watch jungkook get flustered, and the way his hands curl softly around yoongi's wrist to stop him. yoongi does stop, but he's still close enough to kiss jungkook's jawline, and jungkook's breath comes out stuttery. "it's a fourteen hour flight, kook."

"we should get some rest," jungkook mutters, voice so low yoongi would've missed if he wasn't close enough.

"i'm not that tired," each word has a pause in between, punctuated by soft, barely-there kisses to jungkook's neck. jungkook's hold on yoongi's wrist gets a bit tighter, a bit urgent. maybe he should stop, yoongi thinks briefly, eyes darting back to the quiet cabin. but then he looks back at jungkook — how there's a small gap between his lips, how blushed he looks, how his eyes have fluttered close. it floors him the slightest, and he backs away, face hot. "i liked it," he says, then, and jungkook blinks. "your video. it was clever."

"— what did you like the most?" it always gets to yoongi how jungkook can be so forward and so bashful at the same time. his eyes, ever round and big and pretty browns, stare at him, openly, canine nibbling on his bottom lip. it always makes yoongi a bit reckless, it always make him cross blurry lines.

"that you made it," he smiles, feeling timid himself, despite the wine and heat on his body. "that you — like me."

there's not much of a pause before jungkook leans in, still all wrapped in his blanket, still biting his lip, still all the pretty shades of red and the sweetest chocolate. he pulls the armrest between them up, moving his body until he can snuggle against yoongi. they hold onto each other for a while, until jungkook starts nodding off, sleepy. "hyungnim," he calls, a hand sliding over yoongi's belly to grab at his side. "i really like you."

they've settled that some while ago, the i like you's exchanged in the privacy of locked doors, after kisses that shouldn't have been happening. jungkook had said it first, impulsive and straightforward, when yoongi was sulking over their strange situation. yoongi was only able to say it once, jungkook all wrapped around him, clothes lost somewhere else, sweaty and impossibly pretty. whenever jungkook says it, so freely like that, it makes yoongi's entire body burn, feverish, his tongue going dry. the video replays in his mind, flashy whites against black backdrops. i want him. it makes him smile again. "i'll treat you to some food when we go back home," he nods, and jungkook's fingers run circles on his hipbones under his shirt. it feels good, caring. yoongi dares kissing jungkook's neck again, just over the bruise he left hours before. jungkook coils the slightest.

"— lamb skewers?"
"yeah," he chuckles, and jungkook smiles. it's very unhelpful. kissing is never too quiet, yoongi reckons, never too tame, but he goes for it anyway, and jungkook is still smiling and he can feel it. the first time they kissed — and the image is still etched in yoongi's mind, sewn into the fabric of his memory for good, and he revisits it, he does — it was messy and it was jungkook's first kiss and he was helplessly eager, grabbing onto yoongi so fiercely it hurt. now it's different. they both have learned.

the airplane trembles, and seatbelt signs let out a dull beep, and they both pull back, quickly, jungkook pulling his mask over his face again, yoongi looking to a closed window. no one comes to check, and yoongi thinks they might hear his heartbeat if they did. he can hear hoseok's soft breathing, heavy with sleep, and taehyung's snoring, and jimin's earphones still blasting with music. they're all gone into slumber, fast and sure.

yoongi inhales sharply when jungkook touches him again, buckling the seatbelt around his waist, but the click sounds too loud. "seatbelts are important," he is saying, matter-of-factly. "it keeps you safe."

"i'm safe," yoongi finds himself saying, a bit dazed, and jungkook is still holding onto the buckle, and maybe he isn't safe at all. the seatbelt sign goes off, another flat beep echoing faintly. "you should go to the toilet."

"— what?" jungkook blinks, confused.

"maybe you really need to pee."

"i don't—"

"go, jungkook."

he does as he's told, looking mildly puzzled, eyes questioning. yoongi feels his face burn as he stands, not enough minutes later, and the flight attendants are too engrossed in whispered conversation at the other side of the aisle to bother that much. he slides his fingers under the lock, and jungkook's voice almost rings from inside, but then their eyes meet when yoongi finally pries the door open and he gets so red it's distressing. he shakes his head, mouthing a silent hyung, but yoongi steps in anyway, and it's small, too small of a space. the strangely loud noise is dangerous, because outside the cabin is dead quiet.

"we can't, hyung—," jungkook starts, whispering, nervous. yoongi is already wrapping arms around him, the small space making them lose balance easily. "we'll get in trouble—"

"if we're quiet we won't," yoongi says against his neck, hands going over curves he knows too well, touching all the places that he knows will get under jungkook's skin. he tugs at jungkook's hoodie, impatient. "take this off."

it's usually the opposite with them — jungkook being the one who reaches out first, too curious and too willing, and yoongi is the one who feigns lack of interest, complaining about time and place, even though he always gives in, because it's jungkook and yoongi is sure there's very little in the world he would deny him at this point. however, the teasing in the video has gotten him restless. making out in a car while namjoon tried to desperately keep the driver from noticing too much wasn't quite enough.

jungkook shakes his head. "better not," he says, unsure, fingers curling around yoongi's wrists again, hold firm. "people will notice, hyung—"

"stop thinking about them," yoongi pulls the sides of his hoodie when jungkook's hold gets loose,
body reacting ever so slightly to the kisses down his neck. the hoodie falls at their feet, shirt tangled into it, and maybe yoongi steps on them carelessly when he pushes jungkook against the sink. the small space makes him seem taller than he is, his limbs too long. he squirms when yoongi trails stingy kisses down his chest, and his head hits the mirror a bit too hard when yoongi's fingers press in between his legs. they both stop, breathless, staring at each other, panicking. it's a torturing minute, but nothing happens. there's a strange feeling of elation in doing something so frowned upon, in too many senses. yoongi presses harder, then, and jungkook's head falls forward this time, the bite on his lips harsh, eyes closed.

"hyung, don't—"

"yeah, i know," and jungkook smells of linen and candy, the scent overwhelming. he lifts his face a little, and yoongi kisses his cheek. turbulence shakes the airplane again, and jungkook looks at the lock, a slight panicking expression on his face. "i'll leave first."

"no," he grabs yoongi's arm swiftly. "a bit more." the layers of subtle need in his voice make yoongi's heart rattle away, hell, it makes his legs weak, heat pooling down his stomach. so he forces himself to move quicker, fearing his body will give up leaving altogether. his seat has gotten cold. a flight attendant looks his way, questioning, but he shakes his head a bit, offering a it's all fine smile, and she disappears. jungkook takes a while to go back. yoongi tries not to think about what he's doing, but he does, he does, he does.

when jungkook drops his body down on his seat, he still looks flustered and disheveled. "— better?" yoongi asks, unsure.

"i didn't do anything," jungkook looks down, grabbing blankets, cheeks red. "i want you to do it."

"— out here?"

"yeah. i'll be quiet." he seems to get impatient when yoongi doesn't move, staring. "please—"

the whispered whine is cut short by yoongi's hand reaching for his thighs under well-positioned blankets, prying under the band of his slacks. jungkook pulls the mask over his face again, to hide his expression, probably, the crimson on his cheeks, the gap between his lips. his eyebrows, barely visible under thick brown hair, are the only features that give away what he's feeling. yoongi does it slow, so slow jungkook moves a bit, impatient, but it gets noisy, so he stops. his breathing gets sharper, louder. yoongi gets closer. "is it good?"

jungkook nods vaguely, lifting his hips the slightest, and yoongi swallows, uncomfortable on his seat, pants too tight. the flight attendant walks past on the other aisle, but she doesn't spare them a look this time. yoongi moves his fingers the way he knows jungkook likes, the way it makes him cry out in bed at night when he's too exhausted and too turned on and too sensitive all at once. he doesn't cry out this time, but he presses his thighs together, involuntarily, eyes flashing open, finding yoongi's. they're blown out, full of yearning. yoongi holds back a groan. "again," he asks, dazed.

yoongi complies, and jungkook squirms on his seat. "you're moving too much," yoongi tells him, fingers still drawing all the patterns jungkook likes. "jungkook, stop moving."

"i'm sorry," jungkook lets his head down on yoongi's shoulder, burrowing his nose on the crook of his neck, and his hand slides down the blanket, too, messing with yoongi's pants. "don't tease me."

"you like it," he grins, jungkook breathes hot against him. they're probably making some noise at that point, yoongi figures, but he doesn't think he is able to stop them at this point. jungkook stirs, a halfhearted moan almost leaving his mouth. "close?"
"too slow," he manages to say. "hyung—"

before any of them can say anything else, namjoon moves on the seat in front of them, and yoongi knows it's him because he clears his throat before looking over the seats, probably to make his presence known. jungkook turns into a mess of redness, shrinking in his seat, yoongi just gets pale, paler. they both freeze, bodies hidden under blankets. "i don't want to know," namjoon says, sternly. he looks tired. "but you shouldn't. please."

namjoon doesn't call them out often. if anything, he's the one to distract others from possibly seeing open signs of affection that might just look too intimate for cameras. yoongi feels entirely embarrassed. "i'm sorry."

"yeah," he says, nodding. "just — yeah. keep it tame, okay?"

they let go of each other, and yoongi's hand is sticky under the covers. jungkook fumbles with his blankets until he stands, disappearing into the toilet again, all that red and shame about him. namjoon sighs. "did i say something wrong?"

"he's just embarrassed," yoongi shakes his head. "it's my fault."

"it's always your fault," namjoon points out, smiling. "i didn't mean to — make it awkward."

"you always make it awkward."

"yeah, well," he shrugs, and they're both smiling. "let him sleep a little. he's tired."

"i know," yoongi feels his chest warm. they all care so much for jungkook it's almost strange to love him differently. love. he has been in love before — but each love is different, and this time it is more. "you can sleep. we won't do anything weird."

"night, then, hyung."

by the time jungkook comes back, almost ten minutes later, yoongi had called a flight attendant for hot milk, and the foam gets to jungkook's upper lip when he drinks, cheeks still pretty pinks. "i'm sorry," yoongi says, watching him. he's been apologizing too much. "did you—?"

"thank you for the milk," jungkook swallows, looking away, changing subjects as if they haven't been touching each other fifteen minutes ago, and yoongi can't help but pull him closer, feeling giddy amongst other things. "we can't. hyung."

"i don't want to do anything," he assures him, low, fingers running up and down jungkook's arm, softly. "i just want to hold you."

"— you're cute," jungkook's eyes get smaller as he smiles.

"i'm not cute, shut up."

"hyung," it's funny how yoongi's entire ribcage floods with fondness whenever jungkook calls him that. "i meant what i say — in the video."

"i'm still waiting for my birthday punch. we can discuss the full body service later."

"double slap?"

yoongi chuckles, offering his wrist, pulling his sleeve up. "sounds good." jungkook looks too excited, but the slaps barely hurt, too soft, followed by two kisses where the skin got warmer.
"where's muscle bunny jungkook? i'm disappointed."

"told you i was joking."

"yeah," jungkook curls on his seat, making himself smaller as usual, still close to yoongi's body, warm. yoongi tucks the blankets around him, and brushes strands of hair from his face. "joke, in english. heart."

"yeah. heart."

Chapter End Notes

also i'm sorry this is terrible and somewhat ooc i apologize
wrong/right

Chapter Summary

wrong is a five-letter word. so is right.
(or: yoongi is very much whipped.)

Chapter Notes

i just wanted to write softness for a change! :) kissing softness, i guess.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

jungkook has a mole under his bottom lip, and yoongi often has to catch himself from staring at it. make up hides it, sometimes, layers of foundation making his skin inhuman like porcelain, every blemish hidden. but he sweats, and stage lights are hot, and all his beauty marks can be seen again, as if a starry sky just cleared out, all the constellations coming alive to the naked eyes. one under his lips, two on his cheek, one on his nose, one on his neck, the ones hidden underneath the fabric of his clothes — yoongi is too enthralled by the small universe on jungkook's sunset-colored skin.

"you're staring at him again," namjoon whispers in his ear one night, as yoongi's eyes follow the movements of jungkook's lips as he sits with taehyung, babbling about overwatch, or whatever game they've been playing. heat flourishes on his cheeks, and he looks away. "someday he'll notice, hyung."

"i'm not doing anything," he moves away from namjoon's proximity, bothered.

"yeah, okay, right."

at this, as if knowing he's the topic of their conversation, jungkook looks up, and his eyes meet yoongi's, and he has this nice smile adorning his features, hair messy and wavy, untouched for days as they rest in between schedules. yoongi stands, then, leaving with a huff, a slight headache looming over his head. i think you have a crush, namjoon had said almost a year before, pragmatic, and yoongi had denied it vehemently, embarrassed. nothing changed from then, things only grew — unvarnished. he breathes easier in the kitchen, standing against a counter, hand holding a glass of cold water. it doesn't last, solitude, or aloneness, it never lasts in their house, anyway.

jungkook walks in almost cautiously, and he stops halfway in. "i texted you."

"we're in the same house," yoongi points out, a bit more dryly than he'd like. he adds, then, in a softer tone: "you need me?"

his eyes widen, for barely a second, a second yoongi doesn't miss, before jungkook looks somewhere else, walking a bit closer. "do you want to go out to eat, hyung?"

those are torture, yoongi is aware. they usually have a beer each, and jungkook often gets giddy, touchy, leaning closer, not enough to look like something else, but quite enough to make yoongi's
heart beat wildly. he's oblivious, completely unsuspecting of the effect he has on yoongi's breathing, or his feelings, or his body. still — like a masochist, too infatuated with the idea of suffering to stop himself, yoongi nods, feigning desinterest on anything else that isn't the food. "yeah, i could eat."

they never invite anyone else. when those began, jungkook sometimes would suggest taking someone else, but the others would frown at the idea of eating lamb meat, or would vaguely gesture, no, too tired, so they stopped asking altogether. no one seemed too worried, the others didn't seem to feel left out of their dates. yoongi feels himself blush at the thought of the word. jungkook is sitting too close on the taxi, and his eyes reflect the city lights, his beauty marks all hidden under a black mask. it's past the a.m., the driver drops them off at their usual spot.

"i wish we could walk to the han river," jungkook comments, looking over his shoulder to where the river snakes around the city, all the way through the forest of skyscrapers.

"maybe another time," it's a lie, of course. the han river, even deep into the night, is too much in the open for them. the absence of freedom seems to bother jungkook the least, but yoongi knows he eventually gets tired of being caged. they all do, even if it's unspoken. when he does, he asks yoongi out. "are you having the same?"

"yeah," i'm having what you're having, hyung. it was what jungkook had said the first time they went out just the two of them. it never really changed, so yoongi never changed it. he buys the food, quietly and hiding under hoodies and masks, too, and they always get take outs, in fear sitting down at the same place for too long might cause them problems.

the beer bottles clink against each other when they walk through very empty streets, seoul barely just asleep around them, its constant humming never really stopping. they sit at a park bench, and for a fleeting moment yoongi feels like they're the last people on earth. a car drives by, though, illuminating jungkook's face too well, giving him angles that are too pretty. he has pulled his mask down, and yoongi stares, helpless. "— we should eat."

they eat silently, as it usually it, their silence just a bit heavier now, graver. yoongi sometimes offers jungkook food, feeding him particularly good slices of meat, and jungkook does the same, meeting yoongi's eyes whenever it happens. the bottles are half empty by the time they finish, and jungkook drinks some more, then letting his head fall back, bottle between his legs. yoongi stares at the mole on his neck, the curve of his addam's apple, the slight sharpness of his jawline. jungkook's pretty, in a boyish way, all the parts of his body too alluring — but the moles, the beauty marks, yoongi is fascinated by them.

"hyungnim," jungkook grins big, turning his head to look at yoongi. "thank you for buying me meat again."

"i'll always buy you food," yoongi scoffs, even though there's a mess going on inside his chest, caused by jungkook's smile and teeth and the slight scrunch of his nose. "you're — our maknae."

"ah," the smile on his face seems to wither the slightest. "yeah, i am." jungkook blinks, sitting straight again, looking suddenly fidgety. "does it bother you?"

"what?"

"that i'm younger?"

"no," it's a strange question, said in a strange tone of voice, and yoongi wants to believe he didn't hear longing lancing jungkook's soft consonants. too unrealistic, too much wishful thinking. "it doesn't bother me."
"would you date —," jungkook stops, and yoongi watches as the most beautiful shade of red color his neck and his cheeks like watercolor, growing in intensity as he tries to find his words. "would you date someone my age?"

yoongi's heart physically hurts, the stingy pain making him swallow his breath, a hand curling on the fabric of his hoodie. "why are you asking that?"

"— i don't know, just curious," jungkook shrugs, mumbling, letting his head fall back again, resting against the bench, body sliding down a bit, eyes staring at the sky above. it's dark, like it always is, as seoul has consumed all the stars with its lights. yoongi never looks up. "i guess it'll be a pretty girl. i might get jealous."

"you're really a lightweight," yoongi points out, uncomfortable. "already talking nonsense."

they both laugh, weakly, but jungkook carries on, voice low, turning his head again to meet yoongi's eyes. "but i would really get jealous, hyung." maybe it's the gravity of jungkook's sentence, the hidden meanings interwoven through the letters, maybe it's all the things inside jungkook's pupils, the slight anxiety of his fingers, grabbing onto the fabric of his jeans, disappearing inside the holes ripped over his thighs. yoongi doesn't know what makes him stop breathing, or what makes him lean in, brushing his lips ever so softly against the beauty mark under jungkook's lip. when he pulls back, wide eyes gape at him, questioning.

yoongi immediately wants to say something, to apologize, guilt tugging at the tips of his fingers, stomach churning, we shouldn't have — but jungkook bites down on his lip, eyes expectant, looking too pretty to be real like that, and yoongi can't help himself, searching for him again, the kiss tame, docile. jungkook parts his mouth, curious, maybe, wanting, perhaps, and his tongue is warm, tasting like the bitter lager they were drinking. it lasts both a lifetime and just a minute. reality, cruel and blunt, seeps under yoongi's clothes, choking the air out of his lungs, breaking whatever spell he was under as jungkook pushes him away briskly. they stare at each other, dazed and whet. jungkook is the first to speak, voice cracking. "— i'm sorry."

"no — it's my fault, i shouldn't have done this, it's stupid," yoongi stands quickly, vision blurry on the corners, feelings suddenly thorny and barbed, prickling his skin, making him bleed out. "let's just go home."

"hyung—"

"i fucked up," he continues, pulling the mask over his face to hide his shame. "i haven't had anything to drink in some time, it messed me up. let's go, i'll call a cab."

one of the bottles falls from the bench, the loud noise echoing, and they both stir, scared. yoongi feels a million eyes on him, even though there's nothing around, no one to see them, him, that way. jungkook follows him too many steps behind, and yoongi sometimes looks over his shoulder to be sure he's still there. everything about jungkook's face hurts him. yoongi's heart beats viciously, completely out of pace, dripping with every ounce of love in his blood. the drive home feels too long.

they walk in to find stillness, too late into the night for the others to be awake. jungkook takes a couple of slow, unsure steps into the living room, yoongi watches the back of his head, worried, heartsick — but then jungkook stops, turns, and he pulls yoongi's mask down before grabbing the sides of his face, and he kisses him so eagerly yoongi lets out a surprised noise, feet stumbling backwards. jungkook kisses him almost desperately, as if he needs to imprint whatever he's feeling onto his actions, and yoongi let's him do it, because he's a fool, he's such a fool.
their heaving sounds like an orchestra in the empty room, and their foreheads touch, their noses

touch, and yoongi doesn't open his eyes, feeling jungkook's hot breath against his face. "— don't get

a girlfriend, hyung," jungkook mutters, fingers curled on the fabric of yoongi's hoodie, grabbing onto

his collar. he sounds diffident, voice small and slightly raspy, and it makes yoongi's chest cavity

flood with — love, maybe, heat, things unspoken.

"i don't know why you're saying that," yoongi retorts, and it's not what he wants to say, but his mind

too corrupted to put thoughts in order. it surprises him when jungkook wraps his arms around his

frame, then, tight and sure, burrying his face against yoongi's neck. it's not often that they hug like

that, so intimate, so close. yoongi runs his hands on jungkook's back, tenderly. "your heart is beating

really fast, kook."

"i'm embarrassed," jungkook shrugs, and yoongi notices he's trembling, body shivery as if he's cold.

"— because we kissed?"

"because i liked it, because—," the hug ends, then, abruptly like the first kiss they shared, jungkook

steps away, and the void he leaves feels clifflike. yoongi braces himself for rejection. "this is wrong."

the crack in yoongi's heart reverberates inside his chest, an ugly thing of a sound. "maybe," he

lowers his head, and the headache that was hovering over him like a stormy cloud seems to return,

full force, pointy pain between his eyes. "maybe you're right, maybe it is wrong." he keeps pushing

maybes in front of his words, as if they could lessen their weight. they don't, not really.

"i'm sorry."

they share a look. nothing is said, because words would only trouble them further. their bodies react

the same, though, and they mimic each other, perfect reflections in an invisible mirror — hands on

necks and grabbing on hair and mouths parting and breathing stopped, heart accelerating, it's wrong,

it's wrong, it's wrong, it's right. this time jungkook pushes him towards the couch, and yoongi's

knees bend when they hit the edge, and the kiss is messy and needy and wet, borderline aggressive.

their teeth clash when they tangle, shoving and pushing and pulling, and yoongi feels completely out

of air, dizzy. "— okay," yoongi mutters, jungkook's taste lacing every sound, and maybe he's

sweating, feverish, sick. they're tangled, legs and arms all over each other. yoongi's vision grows red.

"hyung," jungkook sounds mildly obscene, word barely a whisper, whiny undertones to every letter. it

burns down yoongi's throat. "it's wrong."

"yeah," yoongi nods, staring at jungkook's lips and how red they probably are, the beauty mark

under it, all alluring. he inclines his head again, teeth grazing over jungkook's lips, their softness, and

jungkook trembles. "wrong."

"wrong," the word is repeated under their breaths, it's wrong, yeah, wrong, wrong, their eyes closed,

noses touching, bodies wanting too much. yoongi sighs, and his sigh comes out stuttery, uneven.

"hyung, i—"

the lights turn on, and it washes them in bleak whites, leaving nothing to hide. they pull apart, fast,

and yoongi's heart stops inside his chest. namjoon stands framed by the threshold, a hand still on the

switch, looking sleepy, eyebrows raised, mildly surprised. "you're back," he says, hoarsely. "i

guess."

"yeah, we're back," yoongi nods firmly, standing up, clothes feeling too tight, looking elsewhere.

"we were just talking."
"talking," namjoon repeats. "with your—"

"just talking, hyung," jungkook says, brushing past yoongi fast, the smell of all the sweetness he always wears coming out from his clothes. he turns, briefly, to look at yoongi, cheeks all sorts of red, waving a tiny wave. "— good night."

"night."

they hear doors opening and closing, and finally yoongi meets namjoon's eyes, after minutes of composed silence. "i won't ask, hyung," namjoon says, shaking his head. "i told you he'd notice."

"i don't know what you're talking about, namjoon."

"yeah, sure."

"— yeah."

namjoon steps closer, on his way to the kitchen. yoongi can't find in himself the will to move. "hyung," there's a bit of amusement in his voice. "you have a hickey on your neck."

yoongi grabs his neck with both hands, finally moving, storming out from the living room, turning the light off as he goes, hot, all hot, all over, both from embarrassment, and shame, and the pit of boiling yearning down his stomach. "— fuck off."

("we're going out to eat," yoongi says, adamantly, grabbing jungkook's sleeve. he's been hovering, waiting for jungkook to complain about an empty stomach, hours spent in distress and uneasiness. it's two weeks after their last date. date. jungkook looks up, blinking. there's something else shifting in his eyes.

"we are?"

"yeah, i'm buying," yoongi pulls, and jungkook complies, starry-eyed, standing wordlessly, grabbing the jacket yoongi offers him. "put it on, it's cold." jungkook does as he's told, and yoongi wraps a scarf around his neck, and then tugs at it, bringing jungkook close, close enough he can kiss the beauty mark under his lip.

"okay," jungkook mutters just before leaning in, stealing a kiss, a short one, brisk and sweet and charming and wrong. it's awry, out of line, miscalculated, counterfactual. words pile up, all the synonyms foreboding. "i'm hungry, hyung." he watches as jungkook swallows, nervous.

"i know," he holds onto jungkook's sleeve again, just because he can't hold his hand.

(he does hold his hand later, under the table, and in the taxi back home, and jungkook presses their fingers together, and it doesn't feel wrong anymore, at all, and maybe it never did.)
i'm @sugahighs on twitter if you need to scream at me.
Chapter Summary

jungkook can't go to prom.

Chapter Notes

hello darkness my old friend
it's been a while

bangtan is out there having a prom-themed festa, so this had to exist.
it's set on the night before jungkook's graduation day. :)

also, it's a little gift for @_debrenner, and it was written alongside her art. go check it out, it's beautiful!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

[03:05] come to the living room.
[03:07] come to the living room.
[03:08] come to the living room.
[03:12] come to the living room.

the text wakes him up, phone vibrating under his pillow, making him stir and groan and complain. it's not one, but several, all the same, all from yoongi. jungkook only wakes up on the twenty-second. his eyes water when he turns on the light beside his bed, and he yawns, once, twice in a row. the clock reads three-fourteen. there's drool on his pillowcase, and jungkook turns it the other way, embarrassed, before standing up, stretching, scratching his head. the apartment is eerily quiet — the kind of quiet it only gets when they're all exhausted and slightly overworked. "hyung, what the—," it's the low mumbling that comes out of jungkook's mouth when he steps into the living room, but then he sees, and words go amiss.

("why are you sulking?" yoongi asks, and it's a few nights before, while jungkook stares at the ceiling, a pout and a chagrined expression placed on his face since the afternoon. "i can attend graduation," the reply is almost in the childish tone jungkook sometimes let out when being stubborn. yoongi turns on his chair, staring at him. a blur of a blush rises up to jungkook's cheek. "that's good, isn't it?" yoongi sighs, not understanding. "yeah, but—" an annoyed click of jungkook's tongue. "there's a dance." "— like a dance dance?" a chuckle. jungkook glares, but then waves a hand. "whatever, it's not important. we have a schedule, anyway.")

there are fairylights — possibly stolen from namjoon's studio, jungkook thinks they're familiar somehow. the furniture is wrapped in ghostly white sheets, and the whole room smells weirdly of freshly baked cookies and all the yankee candles lit up, the candles that yoongi stocks on, that smell
like laundry powder and linen. A banner, lopsided and with odd handwriting, reads dance, in korean, and english, and stars and, maybe, glitter. Yoongi is standing awkwardly in the middle of it all, dressed in the same suit he wore to the last award show they've been to, the tie knotted oddly, as if done in the dark (he did). Jungkook swallows. "we can't turn on the music," yoongi's lisp comes out stronger, and he fidgets, nervous. "the others are asleep. i think, i hope," a soft thing of a smile curls his lips upwards. "you look sleepy yourself."

"it's three in the morning."

"it's okay if you want to go back to bed—"

"no," jungkook is quick to say, stepping forward. "i — i'm awake."

"you wanted to go to a dance dance," yoongi says, shifting on his weight. he looks good — his features are all smoothness in the dim lights of trembling candles. "i'm sorry you can't go to the real thing." jungkook stares, and he wants to say things, but his vocal chords are filled with the same butterflies that seem to inhabit his ribcage. they flutter, making him choke a bit, coughing, embarrassed. "this — is for you."

It's a flower, and jungkook doesn't know much about them, and its colors are missed in the yellowness that surrounds them, but it's a flower, petals soft as the fingers that hold them. Yoongi steps closer, and then some, to pin it to jungkook's ryan shirt. "i'm not dressed up, hyung," he mumbles, apologetic, staring down at the iron man pants he now regrets choosing. Yoongi's so close he can feel the hot air coming through his lips, and how it touches the side of his jaw, almost like a caress. "you're — good — i mean — you look—" their eyes meet, and maybe yoongi can feel jungkook's heartbeat under his fingers. "you look good."

it all comes out as one word, and it makes yoongi scoff, looking away, a hand touching his nose, tongue licking on the corner of his lips. maybe the tips of his ears are turning red, but jungkook can't tell for sure. there's always been — something, about min yoongi. something fascinating in jungkook's eyes, a gravitational pull, a will to always lean, to touch, to be around. and yoongi, soft-spoken and compliant, lets him do all those things, so easily. it's an unnamed, uncanny kind of relationship, unique to the both of them, and jungkook never knows where he stands with yoongi, where his feelings stand. just then, at that moment in time and space, his feelings stand sort of all over the place. "you look flustered," yoongi comments, whispery as if it's a secret, grinning just a bit.

"hyung," the word is said as a complaint, a word that is just a word, but also not.

"— you haven't answered," yoongi looks at his feet for a moment, then around.

"i — don't know the question."

"ah, fuck," and then he turns, frowning, looking at the banner. jungkook watches as yoongi walks towards it, raising it up a bit, then looking back at jungkook, a hopeful thing in his eyes. "so?"

the banner didn't only say dance, but do you want to dance with me?, in korean, and english, and that's certainly taehyung's handwriting, and jimin's doodles on the side. jungkook feels lightheaded, the butterflies suffocating him. yoongi is waiting, teeth playing with his lip, looking flustered himself, fingers curled into fists. jungkook exhales, and nods.

slowdancing to no song feels awkward at first, and they both chuckle, jungkook more than yoongi as he gets twirled in place — but when yoongi gets close enough their bodies touch slightly. jungkook thinks he can feel yoongi's heartbeat through his clothes. it's both ennerving and elating, and at some point he slides his hand down yoongi's back, and doesn't let him go back any further. they move so
slow it's almost painful, and at some point they breathe through sighs, and jungkook has his chin against yoongi's shoulder. "hyung," he mutters, too content, too comfortable. "— i'm happy."

"good," yoongi hums, and there's a smile in his words. "this took us three hours."

("we're throwing jungkook a prom thing." the exact words are missed, maybe, but the namjoon turns his head, mildly interested, raising his eyebrows at yoongi. "a — prom thing?" "yeah, like" and yoongi sighs, getting slightly embarrassed. "like a dance dance." it's the week before his graduation, a murky cold staining the windows of the car with fog. jungkook is fast asleep, head buming against yoongi's shoulder every other minute. it makes yoongi's toes curl, nervous. taehyung smiles, patting jungkook's head lightly. "you're doing it, hyung," he winks, cheeky, and yoongi swallows, looking outside the window. namjoon shrugs. "we can help.")

"three hours?" jungkook pulls back to stare at yoongi's face, and sometimes he forgets his height, but sometimes he remembers, and having yoongi looking up at him is always a sight, a sight that tends to rob the air out of his lungs. yoongi shrugs, and he's going to say something, probably anecdotes from the party-making evening, and jungkook wants to listen to all of them — just not then. it's just that the his heart is aching, in the good way hearts often ache when you're in — (jungkook stops moving abruptly, the sudden realization making him dizzy, and yoongi's fingers rub against him kindly, jungkook?) — love. yoongi frowns, maybe worried, a gap between his lips, his lips, his lips,

jungkook steps away, a wreck of nerves and shame and embarrassment and butterflies, and yoongi's arms hang in place as if still holding him. there's just a moment in which their eyes meet, and confusion spreads inside yoongi's dark ones, maybe even hurt. jungkook inhales, and steps forward again. he almost wants to know how yoongi's eyes look when he gets kissed, but his own are pressed together, firmly, and his hands hold the sides of yoongi's face, and he's warm, his fingers warm when they touch jungkook's wrists, surprise, scared, jungkook doesn't know. "okay," yoongi seems to hum, nodding, chuckling, and it makes jungkook coils, pulling back. "no, no, no, i didn't— here," and another kiss happens, yoongi still holding onto jungkook's wrists, and he coaches his lips to open, and it's peppermint toothpaste that jungkook tastes.

it's kissing that they go back into swaying, and jungkook feels as if the whole of the pacific ocean is flooding out of him, leaving him weightless, the heavyness that sank his shoulders down gone. yoongi leads him quietly, showing him instead of telling, like he does with everything — kiss like this, move like this, touch like this. at some point jungkook allows himself to breathe, wrapping himself around yoongi again, face buried against his neck. "thank you for dancing with me," yoongi mutters, softly playing with jungkook's hair. "i'm not very good at it." jungkook scoffs. "don't laugh."

"you're okay, hyung," the slow moving is making jungkook sleepy, and he yawns. "i'm better, but you're okay—"

"hey," but they're both laughing. yoongi sighs, and it sounds happy. "jungkook—"

"— i like you."

("you look mildly sick," seokjin comments, watching yoongi adjust the bowtie on his collar. "don't throw up on the carpet—" "tomorrow," yoongi takes a deep breath, trembling a bit. "tomorrow i'll either have fucked up, or—" "or everything will be just as they are today," they look at each other, and yoongi is confused for a good minute. seokjin shrugs. "with you two, i mean— that soft spot of
yours, come on," and he laughs loudly when yoongi tosses him a hairbrush, embarrassed.)

another sigh follows. jungkook has closed his eyes, afraid of what it'll come. "well, i—" yoongi stammers. "i did throw you a dance dance—" it's difficult not to smile at the way yoongi sort of loses hold of his words, anxiety pouring out of his tongue in broken, short sentences, and i'm the only one here, i don't, yeah, like, i know, and i'm—

"you're not making any sense, hyung," their bodies finally stop moving, and jungkook allows yoongi some space, pleased in watching him get jittery, the way he does sometimes, when his nerves get to him.

"i just —," yoongi scratches the back of his head with one hand, the other pinching the bridge of his nose. he inhales, all that redness about him. "what i want to say is — you — i think — i mean, just — you look really cute in those iron man pants, kook."

they smile at each other, then at the floor, then at the walls, at the candles that slowly die. jungkook reaches out to touch the tips of yoongi's fingers. "we should go to bed, hyung." yoongi nods, and his fingers respond to the touch, softly, gently.

"i need to change—"

"i have pajamas in my room."

"you're taller—"

(the morning light is as yellow as the dimness of the candles and as golden as jungkook's hair. yoongi blinks, arm painfully numb under the pillow that jungkook sleeps on, the ryan shirt raised a bit, skin freckled underneath. jungkook barely moves when yoongi stands up, crawling out of the bed as slowly as he can, flinching whenever the bed creaks. he knows how much jungkook likes — or needs — to sleep, so he lets him. the corridor is empty, but the kitchen is not. the living room has all the remains of the dance, aside from a sleeping jimin on the couch, bowl of cereal looking mushy on the coffee table. yoongi covers him with one of the sheets. "you're up early," namjoon comments as soon as yoongi walks in the kitchen. "it's jungkook's graduation day" yoongi shrugs, opening the fridge. "i like your — iron man shirt, there," heat curls under yoongi's skin at once. "but they don't match the ryan pants, hyung." someone else walks in, and yoongi's about to look over his shoulder, but arms fold around his body, holding his waist, and yoongi can smell jungkook all around him. "they do match," jungkook complains groggily, and his hair is probably a mess, and there's probably dry drool on the corner of his lips. yoongi smiles. "they match me.")

Chapter End Notes

i haven't written canon fluff in a million years. sorry!

@sugahighs
very very very

Chapter Summary

“i like the corners of your mouth,” he carries on, and it makes yoongi smile. “very, very, very, very, very, very much—“

Chapter Notes

writing porn without using descriptive words: a thrilling saga by bellamees.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

it's awkward to be sitting there, waiting, if yoongi allows himself to analyse the situation properly. he's not one to stall, not usually — time always too precious to be lost in idleness. the air feels misplaced, the strong smell of lavender something he doesn't necessarily like. there's the low buzz of the aircon breaking the listless silence, keeping his estranged breathing company. hotel rooms are unnecessarily clean, yoongi thinks, looking around, fingers fiddling with the holes in his jeans. almost sterile. the bedsheets are too white. yoongi swallows, lump down his throat.

— the door beeps, a lock is turned, and he stands too quickly, head dizzy, holding the air in his lungs. jungkook steps in, eyes down on the floor, hair damp from a shower, or a bath, he likes baths. the door is closed behind him, and yoongi notices the collar of his shirt is wet, too, that his shoulders are sprinkled with droplets that probably fell from his hair moments before. yoongi's heart does the weird thing it always does whenever he sees jungkook. it's a feeling that grew over time, until it spilled, soaking them both. jungkook didn't mind the flood, fearless and curious. “hey,” yoongi finds it in himself to say, even though they saw each other hours before. jungkook takes another step forward, scratching the back of his neck.

“hey,” the repeated word is small, in the way jungkook's words tend to get when he's furiously embarrassed. his eyes finally move around, to the room that probably looks exactly like the one he's staying in, to the closed curtains, the bed, the bed, the bed and the plastic bag sitting on it, its contents not visible (two hours before, and yoongi places the order on a delivery app, insides churning). they both know what's inside, and jungkook bites his lips, withdrawing a bit.

“— we don't have to,” yoongi says at once, reaching forward, not wanting jungkook to go. “it doesn't have to happen.”

a year, that's how much time passed since jungkook took the first leap towards yoongi, pressing lips and body against him, on a dark corner under the stage. three hundred and sixty-five days of wanting, that's what followed. kissing had become unbearable, burning their tongues with the type of wishful thinking that cripples. “i know,” jungkook replies, after a while. their eyes finally meet. it's difficult to hold the stare, yoongi feels flustered at once. “— you look good.”

yoongi scoffs, looking away, blushing. it's not like him, much like stalling, to feel so displaced in front of someone. jungkook has been the only person to disarm him, completely, irrevocably, and unknowingly, maybe. it's a very unnerving feeling, in the best way possible. “you look clean,” he
points out, jokingly, trying to untangle himself from embarrassment.

“i read —,” and jungkook is the one to grow completely red now, fumbling for words. “— i mean — it's best if we're— clean, and —”

“you researched it?”

it isn't a surprise, to be honest. if anyone were to look into yoongi’s browser history, they would see a similar spectrum of questions, of downloaded videos that were promptly deleted as they made his pulse quicken, of carefully erased pictures and websites. i still don't know how to do it . he understands the theory, the concepts, the twists and turns of sex, but, ultimately, he doesn't know how it smells or feels like. jungkook is staring at this point, bluntly. “yes,” he answers, low and earnest. butterflies spread inside yoongi's guts. “i — wanted to learn.”

“we can't make that much noise,” yoongi finds himself saying. “i could hear hoseok talking just before, the walls are thin.”

“okay,” jungkook seems to gulp down on his saliva.

Okay.” when standing feels weird, yoongi moves, robotically maybe, taking the plastic bag, putting it down on the bed stand. the noise makes them both cringe, and they hold themselves still, waiting for reprimands. nothing happens, of course. it’s just a plastic bag. jungkook licks his lips, sitting on the bed, patting the mattress as if to test its level of comfort, nodding to no one in particular. yoongi copies his movements. their hands are close on the bed, strikingly similar. jungkook’s the first to hold, pulling yoongi closer, then some more, until they’re sitting side by side, backs against the headboard, holding hands, and hearts, like silly teenagers. “— should we watch something?”

jungkook seems to stiffen, eyes too wide. “— you mean— videos ?”

at this, yoongi snorts, laughing. “no, i mean— television .” jungkook chuckles, too, nervously, embarrassed, leaning over to grab the remote sitting close to yoongi’s side. maybe it’s on purpose, maybe it isn’t, but yoongi stops laughing altogether, suddenly fixed on the beauty mark on jungkook’s neck, and his smell, and the pretty contours of his jawline. the television is turned on, filling the room with the noise of some american tv show.

“the vampire diaries,” jungkook mutters, in english, clueless, watching scenes unfold. yoongi watches him instead, the curve of his nose and the slight pout of his lips, how sharp his angles have gotten over time, contrasting so bluntly against the softness of his eyelashes, the glimmer inside his eyes. jungkook’s type of good looking is breathtaking. he huffs, suddenly, at something that happens on the screen, mumbling commentary under his breath, scrunching his nose, amused. yoongi blinks, starstruck.

“i’m in love with you.” the words clash against yoongi’s teeth, wanting out, desperate for air. it has never been said this loud, even if yoongi’s voice has never been so quiet. jungkook turns to look at him, gap between lips, dark, pretty eyes. “i— am.”

it’s strange to feel weak in face of someone. weak and vulnerable and naked— even when fully clothed. jungkook’s hold gets tighter around his fingers, and he closes his eyes before leaning in, possibly starved, touching yoongi’s neck with prying fingers. their kiss has changed over the course of a year. from hungry, reckless encounters to slow, intimate ones. jungkook, at twenty-one, is slightly more eager, more restless, and yoongi lets him, because it’s easier than resist. the bed creaks when jungkook moves to take off his own shirt, and it makes them stop once again, breathing heavily against each other. “maybe—on the floor—” jungkook begins to suggest, and yoongi feels himself choke on his own spit, shaking his head dismissively, red all over, coughing. it makes
jungkook grin. “hyung,” he says, pressing against yoongi’s sides, shirt sliding down on his torso again. “you’re really flustered.”

“shut up,” and jungkook grins more broadly, toothy, pretty all over in the most boyish way. he pulls yoongi’s shirt up, swiftly. the bed creaks again. yoongi throws his shirt on the floor. “it’s not that loud,” he comments, tugging on jungkook’s clothes, too. jungkook doesn’t move, fingers trembling slightly, too warm. “— what?”

doe eyes find his, alluring and charming and blown. the breath that leaves jungkook’s lungs is stuttery. “you’re— handsome like that,” the compliment is said just as chopped, and suddenly handsome is the most arousing word in the whole of their language. yoongi leans forward, hiding his red cheeks against jungkook’s neck, pulling on the damp collar of his shirt to press teeth against bones. it makes jungkook let out an airy sigh, and yoongi closes his eyes, biting softly, hand moving upwards under jungkook’s shirt, over crafted muscles and honey coloured skin. “i like the corners of your mouth,” he carries on, and it makes yoongi smile. “very, very, very, very, very much—” the word is repeated on the tune of a popular girl group song, making them both laugh, bodies shaking. yoongi pokes the ribs under jungkook’s skin, making him squirm. “hyung.”

“yeah?” kisses are trailed upwards, following contours yoongi likes to draw in his mind when jungkook isn’t there.

“—are you nervous?”

“very, very, very, very much,” he copies jungkook’s singing, a bit out of tune. it makes jungkook giggle, and that’s the prettiest sound there is. yoongi exhales feelings instead of air. “take this off.” jungkook complies, losing his shirt, half heartedly trying to hide behind his own arms, touching his hair. they’ve seen each other’s bodies too many times, they all know inches and corners and marks, privacy a concept long forgotten. taking clothes off for each other, that’s different. yoongi touches softly the drawing that is jeon jungkook, pushing him backwards against the mattress, spreading dark coloured hair against it, holding himself up over him, staring. “we can still just go to bed,” he offers, softly.

“i’m not tired yet,” the implications of that are deafening. yoongi gulps, nodding. he sits back, grabbing the hotel room phone, being watched by jungkook. i don’t want to be bothered, no room service, no, no need for wake up calls, thanks. the phone is put down. someone on the tv seems to be crying in their lovers’ arm. yoongi doesn’t care, as jungkook touches the hem of his jeans, tugging on buttons. “i like these jeans.”

“They’re yours,” like everything i own.

“I know,” jungkook grins, pulling the zipper down. when he looks back to yoongi, his nose is red, but his eyes are — not as youthful. he stares the same way he stares at crowds on stage, confident and cocky and alluring and cheeky, yoongi forgets how his lungs work, if he has any at all, for air seems like a farfetched concept all of a sudden.

“don’t look at me like that,” yoongi complains, grabbing his hands, pinning them to the sides of jungkook’s body. jungkook giggles again, shifting between his selves. yoongi leans down to kiss him, because the moment has dragged too long. jungkook makes a noise, a wanting one, lifting his hips as yoongi pulls his sweatpants down. yoongi’s breath staggers. “you’re not wearing — “ but then it is too late, pants slide off jungkook’s ankles too easily, and there’s nothing else. yoongi’s heart starts beating at a pace that might be fatal. “maybe we shouldn’t do it.”

“hyung,” jungkook pulls him closer. “i want to do it.”
it’s obvious they both want to do it, as bodies hardly ever deny these things, but still yoongi fights a short, but brave battle against himself. he loses, fantastically so, the moment jungkook pulls him closer, then some more, their bodies colliding, grinding weakly. the fabric of his jeans seem to be particularly mitigating, as jungkook hums airily, pressing himself against yoongi’s legs. so he kisses jungkook some more, downwards this time, slow and steadily, letting him use his jeans for some relief as they’re still on his body. jungkook laughs when yoongi tickles his sides, leaving a reddish mark against his ribs, then down at his belly button, then down some more, tracing the inner part of his thighs. at this, jungkook turns quiet, so quiet, eyes pressed closed, as if afraid. “— you okay?”

“yeah,” he nods firmly. “just— embarrassed.”

“you’re pretty,” yoongi comments freely, lips against thighs. “everywhere.” maybe jungkook is going to disagree, but instead what comes out of his mouth is a sound much like a moan, because yoongi’s tongue touches more intimate parts of his body, needy parts, coloured red like him. it tastes — different, to say the least. yoongi isn’t sure he’s doing it right. jungkook touches his hair after a while, tentatively, fingers gently entwining with blonde strands. “is it good?”

“i like it,” his head is thrown back, teeth against fleshy lips. “very, very, very, ahhyung —” yoongi huffs, content with the effect such little things have on jungkook’s body. his pants feel awfully tight. he doesn’t do it for too long, mostly because he thinks none of them can handle their bottled want. jungkook heaves, opening his eyes to see yoongi wipe his mouth with the back of his hands. “does it taste weird?”

“it doesn’t, it tastes like you,” yoongi wants to say, but he kisses jungkook instead, hearing him hum, wet and salty and toothpastey all at once. when jungkook overpowers him, stronger limbs rolling their bodies, shoving yoongi back against the bed, all the air is knocked out of his lungs, and yoongi presses his thighs together, uncomfortable in his jeans. he looks down, at how their legs connect, and at how jungkook’s body looks, shamelessly naked. he looks away, before touching him, and jungkook immediately mewls, hiding his face, a frown adorning his features. “if you do it like that —,” he complains, quietly moving against yoongi’s hand. “hyung.”

he stops, then, and the weight of jungkook’s body falls over him, lungs wasted. yoongi smiles, kissing the side of his face awkwardly, fondly. jungkook finally touches his pants again, tugging on them weakly. “i’ll take them off,” yoongi says, moving, but jungkook lifts himself up, sitting back, muttering i want to do it, and so yoongi lets him, watching, in stupor, as his pants are left to fall off the bed carelessly, and how jungkook touches his calves with adoration. “my legs aren’t that fun,” he comments, because he doesn’t like his legs, how white and bruised they are. they’re just— legs. functional parts of his body.

“i like your legs,” jungkook says unabashedly, fingers grazing skin, making yoongi tingle. he glances down, first at yoongi, touching his stomach, then down, down, down. he pulls yoongi’s legs over his shoulders, unceremoniously. yoongi huffs, liking it too much for his own good. “— can i?”

“yeah,” the way the word leaves his tongue, so fast and sure, it makes them both blush. jungkook nods, licking his lips, pulling the black underwear down. yoongi stares at the ceiling, which is a mistake, because he misses the moment where jungkook first uses his tongue on someone else. he groans, the sound stuck inside his throat, shameful, and he’s quicker to hold onto jungkook’s hair, fondly playing with it, fingers as hazy as his mind. at some point he raises his head, looking down, jungkook’s lips wet and shiny, pressed between his knees. it’s too much all at once, especially when jungkook looks up, hair sticking to his forehead, tongue out. yoongi feels his body burn, burn, burn, air poisonous in his lungs. jungkook coughs, surprised. as he breathes with some urgency, violent waves of shame hit him, and he finds jungkook’s wide eyes. “shit, i’m sorry—,” he starts, touching the side of jungkook’s face. “jungkook.”
redder than before, jungkook swallows, awkwardly. "you—," he stutters, yoongi nods, a hand on his forehead, sighing. "was it good?"

"— yeah." jungkook climbs on top of him again, kissing, the taste different, but the same. yoongi still breathes too heavily. "i want to do something," he says, and once again they’re gladiating on the bed, trying to tame limbs and bodies, until jungkook’s pushed down, chest against the fabric, still and waiting. yoongi is unsure, jittery, hands touching slowly, and the muscles on jungkook’s thighs all clench. kisses on his spine seem to relax his muscles, fingers massaging shoulder blades unknot worries, but his own fingers curl on white sheets when yoongi spreads his legs apart softly. hyung, the word is both a plead and a warning. “we can stop if you don’t like it, i just—,” need to try, and he finally touches jungkook, tongue against skin, soft, softly, softer, and jungkook gasps, pushing against him, a low whimper breaking through his breathing patterns. his toes curl against yoongi’s legs. it’s a good feeling. yoongi isn’t sure if what he’s doing is right, so he lets jungkook’s reactions guide him, the way his back arches as if he’s growing wings, bed sheets twisted between his fingers, sounds muffled by the pillows. he feels himself gets short of breath, heat unbearable between his legs all over again. he stops, to breathe, to grasp the idea of what’s happening. jungkook heaves as if he’s been drowning. “how does it feel like?”

there are streaks of flickering tears staining jungkook’s cheeks when he turns, hazed, insanely pretty. yoongi swallows. “good,” he nods, gulping. “really good,” the nodding carries on, and it makes yoongi laughs weakly. “hyung.” their eyes meet. yoongi’s fingers rub spots of skin that maybe are too sensitive, and the frown that adorns jungkook’s features isn’t one of annoyance, his mouth agape.

the contents of the plastic bag are revealed, the bed creaks as loud as their heaving. the room is deeply permeated by different kinds of scents, the vanilla of yoongi’s skin, the peach on jungkook’s shampoo, the hefty, almost saline scent of sex. it makes yoongi’s body sore from too much wanting. he wonders how it is they lasted a year without it. the more difficult task presents itself, though, the items spread on the bed like jungkook’s legs, and they stop, unsure. “what if i hurt you?”

jungkook raises his eyes. “oh, i thought i would—,” and then he looks away. the problem is bigger than they thought. jungkook seems to swallow, then, hard and dry. “if it hurts a bit— i like it.” yoongi flushes, earnestly. “i mean — like exercising right?”

"i don’t want it to hurt at all," yoongi says sternly.

"do it slowly," jungkook offers, chest rising and falling in weird patterns, red in colour. “i can take it.”

"you shouldn’t have to—," yoongi stutters the words, nervous. “take it.”

"hyung," and their eyes meet. yoongi gets a bit closer, touching skin carefully, reaping soft sounds from the back of jungkook’s throat. “you won’t hurt me.”

in theory, it seems easy. in real life, on a hotel bed, trying not to bee too loud, rush too much, it’s—difficult. it requires a lot of moving, a lot of touching, a lot of trying, and yoongi’s fingers are wet and cold and he still feels as if jungkook will break at some point. he does it gently, hearing jungkook hold his breath, sucking it in, and yoongi reminds him to breathe out, jungkookie, kissing the side of his neck, the sensation on the tip of his fingers odd, warm, slick. “you’re doing good,” he mutters, as jungkook grabs his wrist tightly, maybe wanting more, maybe less. from the way he
arches his hips, *more*. yoongi coils when jungkook touches him, messily so. for a while, they don’t speak, the only sounds in the room their mutual panting, and jungkook’s soft moans. “i need to do it the other way,” yoongi comments briefly, hungry for something he can’t fathom, it’s all over his syllables. jungkook nods, keen. “—might not last much.”

it makes jungkook laugh, hoarsely and dazed. from the way his lungs sound overworked, he won’t last either. more moving happens, more shifting, more trying, and yoongi feels sweat running down his back, despite the frigid cold air about them. jungkook throws an arm over his face, hiding, when yoongi finally pushes in, and the noises they make match. “—*hyung*,” jungkook mumbles, incoherent, biting his bottom lip. yoongi panics, stiffening, unmoving, but then jungkook carries on, singing in the prettiest tone, smiling drunkenly: “i like it very, very, very, very much.” it makes yoongi snort, body shaking, and the small thing of a movement has jungkook grabbing his sides, nails digging in skin, gasp against his teeth. “f—” he catches himself before the word completely comes out, embarrassed, and it endears yoongi completely.

“still not saying bad words?” their breathing matches in pace, as well, and yoongi moves a hand to push jungkook’s arm away from his face, fingers brushing hair strands that are too soft. he smiles, and there’s *so much love* inside his body he feels like he’ll die of it. “you’re old enough.”

“— don’t want to,” they move together, and jungkook trembles, coiling, biting his bottom lip. “*ah—*” it’s a nice *ah*, a tired one, but a nice one, just as airy and smooth as all the others. yoongi finds it easier to move, even though jungkook’s legs around his hips are tight, and too many things are tight, and it’s *good, good, good*. jungkook sighs, moving slowly, softer, maybe, leaning in to kiss, because he likes kissing, and he likes the softer parts of jeon jungkook, because they’re attached to all the others. there’s a lot of oxygen in their kiss, a lot of broken chords, pace increasing, and jungkook’s hold on his hips is strong enough to hurt.

they’re both reaching breaking points, yoongi can tell by the absurd redness under jungkook’s skin, or the way he slovenly touches himself, with the kind of yearning that makes yoongi blush. no bad words come out of his mouth still. “*hyung—I*” he yelps at some point, loud, too loud, eyes flashing open, grabbing, because maybe, maybe yoongi has touched certain parts within that are pain and pleasure entwined. his head falls back against the sheets, bottom lip escaping from his teeth. “i’m—,” he swallows, and his eyes, his eyes, his eyes, so hollow and dark and unholy all of a sudden, it throws yoongi off. “i’m in love—with you, too.”

there’s not much else yoongi needs, he thinks. his hunger has always been for the way jungkook feels, and not for the way his body writhes under him— but it’s good, it’s good, *it’s too good*, and he finds himself all of a sudden washed by relief, the sort that both cripples and allays. he still moves, groaning, because he wants jungkook to feel good, but it is an herculean task, his whole body suddenly sensitive and distressed. jungkook mumbles incoherents thoughts, for a few more galling minutes, and then his hold gets *lose*, his body going listless, hands sticky, they’re all sticky somehow. they move, still, as if not wanting it to end. they move until it’s just too tiring to do so, and yoongi backs away, swallowing, staring at the mess that is jungkook against the bed sheets. they stare at each other, silly embarrassment hiding in their demeanor. suddenly, it is all too real—the hotel room, the television, a commercial on reruns of friends playing in the background, cheery, the heavy scent of everything, their nakedness, their feelings, raw and loud, still ringing inside their ears. yoongi moves first, reaching for the contents of the forgotten plastic bag. “i’ll clean you up,” he says, voice low, raspy. jungkook lets him, coiling only a bit when the cold wipes reach his sides, sitting up.
“does it hurt?”

“no,” he shakes his head, eyes moving towards the condom yoongi still holds. “— and that?”

yoongi blinks, ashamed. “— i think we should burn it.” it makes jungkook laugh freely, and it makes yoongi smile too broadly. “i’m serious.” (they later toss it in the toilet, hoping for dear life it doesn’t clog it) (“we’re checking out tomorrow,” jungkook says, as if it’s any consolation. but then his eyes get really wide, and he holds yoongi’s wrist, worried. “hyung— what if they dna it? ” yoongi laughs.) (neither sleeps well for a few days, thinking about it— and everything else) it’s — different to move around each other now, picking up the remains of their endeavour, noticing things that are suddenly blunt, like the scratch marks on yoongi’s hips, and the purple bruises on jungkook’s collarbones. that’s my shirt , yoongi comments absentmindedly when jungkook starts dressing up, and they make the exchange almost robotically, turning away to get dressed as if they haven’t just been— yoongi sucks his breath in, glancing sideways to jungkook — having sex. “— are you fine?” he asks, then, because it must be asked. “with this?”

“yeah,” there’s no stalling in his answer. something flutters inside yoongi’s chest. jungkook scratches the back of his head, looking more like a boy than a man all over again. he sits down on the edge of the still messy bed, lazily tying his shoes, and a small grin curls his lips. “i like it very, very, very, very much.”

with a sigh, yoongi kneels in front of him, grabbing the laces. jungkook huffs, smiling. “you’re really bad at this,” he mumbles more than says, feeling jungkook’s stare on him. “just make it into a bow, like this.” yoongi looks up, to the messy strands of dark hair that fall on jungkook’s eyes, and his eyelashes, and the scar on his cheek, more pronounced with the lack of make up. “what?”

“my heart is beating really fast.”

he gulps down saliva that tastes like jungkook. “that’s— worrying.” and suddenly it is like the first kiss they shared, the peculiar stillness in the prelude, the racing of hearts (a year ago and they’re under a stage, jungkook’s sitting down, nothingness in his eyes. “it doesn’t matter if you can’t dance,” and yoongi presses an assuring hand on his thigh. “you’re still perfect.” at that moment, their eyes meet, and there’s quietness, white noise maybe, and jungkook leans forward slightly, mouths hovering, and yoongi doesn’t back away, because he can’t, he won’t, and then there’s jungkook, pressing his lips against yoongi’s, for a glimpse of a second, a stolen kiss, and from then on, nothing is the same) — their noses touch, lovingly, and the kiss is tame and slow and sweet.

“hyung,” jungkook says, backing away just a bit, not enough, their noses still touching, and yoongi thinks briefly he’s too infatuated with multiple parts of jungkook’s body. “did you like it?”

“ very, very, very, very, very much ,” he chants, huffing. jungkook giggles, looking pleased with himself. yoongi licks his lips, giving them both enough personal space that he can look into jungkook’s eyes, seeing himself reflected on the small galaxy that lives there. “i meant it,” he clears his throat. “i’m in love with you.” it isn’t difficult to say it, now. the television lights make jungkook’s skin blue. “very, very, very— very much.” he doesn’t sing it this time.

fingers touch the side of his neck, carefully. jungkook doesn’t look away. “i know,” nodding, flushing scarlet. “hyung, i—,” and yoongi understands it’s difficult to say the words, or repeat them out loud when everything’s so quiet , and he’s almost considering kissing jungkook again, giving him a way out. “i think you’re my first love.”

oh.

“i’m— happy.” yoongi’s vaguely aware his knees have started to hurt. jungkook isn’t his first love,
but yoongi thinks he’s the only one who felt like a piano, who have come to be a substitute for keys and chords and sheet music whenever yoongi’s too tired, whose hands and arms and body is adored just like the wires and pedals and birch of a grand piano. “really happy.”

jungkook’s lips press together as he smiles, eyes wandering about yoongi’s face, and he leans forward as his hands pulls yoongi towards him, not into a kiss, but into a hug, his face buried on yoongi’s neck, breathing hot. it takes a second for yoongi to respond, heart missing copious amounts of beats, leaving him dizzy. he can feel jungkook’s own reckless heart beating against his chest. it’s a nice feeling. at some point, they kiss, and jungkook pulls him even closer, to the point that yoongi has to raise himself from the floor, climbing, climbing until they’re against the bed once again. “i could do it again,” jungkook mutters, low and growly.

yoongi huffs, pushing him away, watching him pout. “that’s because you’re young,” they’re both grinning too much. “you should go back to your room. someone could notice.” no one will notice, hyung, jungkook starts complaining, but ultimately stands, walking towards the door, sighing. “— but if you can’t sleep,” yoongi says, though, holding the back of jungkook’s t-shirt, just a flimsy touch. “come back.”

“do you have another—”

“to sleep ,” yoongi says sternly, blushing.

“ah,” jungkook feigns disappointment, but turns again, wrapping yoongi in another hug, sniffing. yoongi inhales on the way he smells, closing his eyes. he feels jungkook slide something in the back pocket of his jeans. “i also got a spare key for my room,” he clears his throat, letting go of yoongi, opening the door. then he says, loud and overly cheery, waving, all red all over. “thank you for playing with me, hyung—!”

there’s only time for yoongi to hold his forehead against his palm, embarrassed, smiling like a fool. “you’re very, very, very welcome—!” he responds, a second later, loud enough jungkook can hear from outside, because his laughter echoes on the corridor.

(— the door beeps, a lock turns. the room smells different, much more like jungkook, his clothes on the floor. yoongi stumble s on a pair of shoes. the bed, the bed, the bed, the same as the one in his room, just not empty. it’s three a.m., but jungkook stirs awake, pushing himself up on his elbows as yoongi finds his way towards him. “second round?” he mumbles, sleepy, possibly smiling, and yoongi blushes, too in love to be mad. “no,” he says, getting close enough to kiss jungkook’s neck adoringly. “just sleep.” so jungkook moves, giving him space, and yoongi lets himself be spooned, because it feels good enough. he clears his throat. “we check out at eleven,” he points out. jungkook gets closer, probably smirking. “i’ll wake you up at nine, hyung.” “i’d like that,” yoongi sighs. “very, very, very much .”)

Chapter End Notes

if you need to scream at me i’m @sugahighs.

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