my heart’s already blue

by phoarda

Summary

Hoseok takes the bait, leans close. With a hand on either side, shoulders high and weight forward on the railing, he’s looking up at Jimin, and he feels a little dangerous.

Like he’s tipping the scale, making a mess. Like they’ve always had toes over the line, but they know the limit - and this, this feels like something risky, giddy, too much.

Notes

zhe, i’m sorry for probably already spoiling like half of this, hhhh well here it is, did i promise i’d hide after it was done?? i think so. vague porn turned into smth else n somehow i still have shame after typing this up SO THERE OKAUY IT’S DONE I’LL BE BACK FOR PLENTY OF MINOR EDITS BUT I NEED TO GET SOME OXYGEN FIRST

sorry in advance also bc i hope i didn't hype this up, writing is really hard and i have a long ways to go but. but i did it for jihope. and for you. so here it is

[x] [x] [x] [x] [x]

See the end of the work for more notes.

“Jimin,” Hoseok-hyung sounds exasperated. “I’m just tired, that’s all.”
Jimin frowns down at him. It’s hard to be convinced.

Hoseok lifts a hand, waves him off. His face is still turned away, only his ear and the corner of his jaw showing over the sheet, but Jimin thinks he can tell quite a bit from just that, from that telling motion and curled-up outline of his body.

“You’re not...hungry, at least?”

“No, Jimin.”

“But hyung-”

Hobi startles him by making a noise, loud, a drawn-out indecipherable groan. He slowly rolls over and reaches out, locks his arms around Jimin, right over the upper part of his ribs, then pulls him down. He turns them both on their sides onto the rumpled bed, and here he remains mostly still, ending up with his face buried in Jimin’s chest.

Jimin can never guess these things with complete certainty - after all he’s only human, and even these people he knows better than his own have parts of themselves he doesn’t know. But this time, he thinks he was right. This time, Hoseok-hyung hugs him hard and doesn’t show any signs of letting up soon, and Jimin thinks he’s sniffed out exactly which pissed-over sore spot Hoseok’s despairing for.

Sometimes being left alone is what Hoseok needs. When he gets in that mood, cranky and tired, nothing amuses him, maybe just past something a little sadistic. It’s a rarity, more unpredictable than anything else, and Jimin knows to just leave him alone. But more often than not there are those times where he needs the very opposite of solitude - instead, he needs to be suffocated in the hot skin of another being. He needs to stifle himself, his weak pulse and deprived thoughts in someone else’s vein.

Even as close as they are knit, you kind of have to pull for honesty, and Jimin knows this is maybe true for himself more than anyone else. There’s easy honesty, the one that’s cheap to hand out. It’s not false, just rehearsed more than anything else. Compliments come easy when you’re used to saying them, but it doesn’t make them less genuine. The kind of honesty that sticks is the kind you don’t prepare for - thoughts spit out as they come, nothing polished or intentioned. It’s saying what’s there for the sake of hearing it aloud; and maybe that’s what makes it resonate.

There’s the kind that’s been picked apart, shuffled to hearts and letters. Jimin’s good at this one, and it doesn’t take him long, either. The positive ultimately has to tip the scale, to reason staying this long. And so, to remind himself; seeing good in others is one way to do it.

But Hosoek’s good at the other kind. He blurs out what comes and whether he knows it or not, it’s more likely to be what someone else will carry home. It’s nothing intentional, but that’s exactly why.

Or maybe Jimin just thinks too much. Words are just simple, plain symbols, a way to communicate images. Who notices these things enough to tell a difference? Only him, probably.

Cradling Hoseok after finally getting comfortable, Jimin feels less helpless. This works alright, he thinks, reaching for Hoseok’s phone. I can handle this.

He takes his time, here. Maybe Hoseok has an idea of what Jimin’s up to, but more likely not, and either way he’s not one to run.

Jimin doesn’t snoop, not really - it's not snooping if you're just confirming what you already know, anyway. Starts typing a few web searches, notices the autofill results. Checks a few pages, lets
Hoseok’s breathing settle against his chest. Wonders why only half of what he finds is through incognito mode, but thinks maybe Hoseok knew he’d find it either way.

Now it just takes building a little courage. Jimin curls a little so his chin can find Hoseok’s head, fixes his glasses where they press too hard to his temple.

They have a running gag these days, on air. Jin-hyung as their long-suffering eomma. It’s mostly a show - as the oldest, he takes care of them in certain ways that could be seen as motherly, and with half of them - all of them, really - deprived of parents in some way or another, it kind of looks that way.

But Hoseok helped Namjoon when he needed to break bad habits and shape up to be a leader. Hoseok was the one who made sure they kept the dorm clean even when all he wanted to do himself was lay in bed after practice. When they were all ready to stew in the stench of dirty clothes and self-pity, he was many times over the one who kicked them out.

Hoseok has always been - somehow older in his own ways. Sweet to them in certain moments they didn’t predict. Close to his noona despite years apart. He treats his juniors well. He cries when he’s happy and he teases hard. He’s still, to this day, unpredictable. Scathing sharp and soothing balm all at once.

“Hyung.”

“What?”

“Hobi-hyung.”

“What?”

Okay, so he’s stalling a little.

“You know you’re my favorite hyung, right?”

A breath hitches there. Maybe Hoseok’s stalling too.

“Why?” Hoseok asks after a while.

“What?”

“Why?”

Jimin doesn’t have a particular reason why. Maybe it’s just true in this moment, while they’re curled around each other like a couple of ridiculous gnarled tree roots, wrestling out from each other any bit of sustenance they can grip, tangling warmth back and forth. Maybe he’s always known it, but never explicitly said - or maybe it’s something that after years of knowing each other, has become a truth. Maybe it doesn’t even have to be true or false - maybe it’s just a comfort to hear it.

“Why?” Jimin repeats. “You just are, hyung. I don’t know.”

Hoseok stays quiet after that. Satisfied, maybe not. Jimin continues to scroll through his phone. One hand finds the nape of Hoseok’s neck and scratches gently at baby hair, moving up in a sprawling path. When he gets to the forehead, he starts from the forehead, sweeping back, and the feeling is smooth, then soft.

A thought come without prompting. An image, a younger Hoseok who got more acne from stress
than anything else. It seems like years ago.

“You’re not asleep, are you?” he whispers.

“No,” Hoseok responds, quickly. He sighs into Jimin, and it both sounds and feels kind of painful.

“Good,” Jimin says, throat a little dry. He might think he’s come up with the right things to do in these moments but it doesn’t necessarily make him feel any braver to act on them. “Look what I found.”

Hoseok squirms, head turning, and then Jimin gets cold feet and grips him tighter, a semi-headlock with the phone chaining his arms together.

“Nevermind, I’ll - I’ll read it to you.”

Except Jimin takes too long, and Hoseok isn’t in the most patient of moods. “Jimin, what?”

Jimin ends up passing the phone over.

(62+, 2-) ...hoseok’s smile really is the best... you can really tell he’s touched. wasn’t he already getting to be well known before becoming a bighit trainee? so humble, always ㅠㅠ

There’s a sharp inhale. But Hobi doesn’t look up. “What are you reading?” he asks, voice a little raw.

“Just.” Jimin doesn’t elaborate, just reaches over to scroll a little lower.

[10+, 0-] bangtan and their hard work everyone already knows but personally...hobi in particular wow when i see him dance his hard work is obvious. he makes me feel like a proud mother ahaha this foolish noona is proud. hossikie, fighting! bangtan kids, fighting.

Hoseok exhales. It’s shaky, uneven. Jimin locks the phone and tosses it aside. Combs his hyung’s hair again and winds his legs under the sheet, hooks them around Hoseok’s thigh, more clingy if that’s even possible.

“Don’t you ever think-” Jimin stops, clears his throat. “Don’t you think about destiny, sometimes?”

“In what way?”

“Like, where you are, what you’re doing. Change a couple of things way back, and how far off would you be? Or, I don’t know. Maybe it wouldn’t change anything at all.”

Hoseok falls away to lay beside him, one hand pinned under Jimin, the other falling onto his own chest. “Like, it doesn’t matter, we’d still find a way to get here.”

“Yeah.”

“Not really,” Hoseok says, after a pause. “Not often, anyway. But - it’s hard to imagine anything else, now. So maybe there is that. Something like that. Fate,” he says. He closes his eyes. “Why?”

A million things, a million possibilities. Jimin’s chest aches thinking about it, something hollow, though he doesn’t quite know why. Any number of ridiculous things come to mind. People he can’t live without in this world, people it almost hurts too much to be so close to. Maybe - Hoseok giving up as a trainee, Yoongi being their leader. Bangtan disbanding in their third year, after a final lackluster, heartbreaking flop.
“Just makes you think,” Jimin says, eventually. “Anything could’ve happened.”

They fall asleep. It’s not an energizing nap, in the middle of the day with a million things on the mind, but it comes easy somehow, killing time lethargically together in the duvet that smells slightly sour.

Jimin lies still a while after waking up, until Hoseok stirs enough to mean he’s awake. Jimin opens his eyes and watches his hyung reach over him and fumble through the various items on the shelf over his head, mumbling a curse.

With most of his face and front obstructed from view, Jimin watches the stretch of his arm and shoulder, muscles pulling together and apart under his plain shirt. He knocks something over, and his jerky movements are stark from this angle. Jimin breathes out slow, lets his eyes fall half-closed again, and stares back when Hoseok peers under his arm down at him.

“Oh,” he mutters, sitting up, a little embarrassed, like oh, you were up. “I was supposed to be at the company an hour ago.”

Jimin checks his phone again. Not quite an hour, maybe half. Nobody will be mad, not today, not on a holiday. Not on any day, probably, but it’s because of principle more than anything else that Hoseok moves quickly to find some clean clothes, some clean socks.

“I’ll go with you,” Jimin decides. Hoseok stands at the front of the bed, pocketing his wallet and keys. He nods.

It’s normal, that they’ve lived in this building for two years now and they barely know anything around it, aside from the quiet backstreets to the practice room. Anywhere else, they’ll get there by car, with the exception of a few restaurants down the street. A tiny world, this one, and it feels a bit disconnected from their broadcasted lives.

It feels good to be out at dusk. Maybe it’s Hoseok’s arm over his shoulders more than anything else. It’s a short walk. Almost no wind, just some leftover fading warmth from the disappearing sun.

They stop by Hoseok’s work room first, briefly. Jimin sits in Hoseok’s chair and spins slowly while Hoseok stands over the desk and goes through the audio files on his computer. He checks them systematically, opening each one by one, holding his headphones to one ear at first, before finding it to be annoying enough to unplug them entirely.

Finally, a while after Jimin stops being able to notice any differences, Hoseok finds the right one - Jimin can tell from his frown, and from the way he plays the beginning a couple more times through.

“Ahhh, whatever,” Hoseok says. He clicks around a little more, removes the flash drive, and then puts the monitor to sleep.

Jimin keeps him company upstairs, where they drop it off in what must be the only other occupied room in the building. He hands it over to someone who promises to leave it for one of the producer-hyungs, and like he can’t wait to get rid of it, Hoseok says a quick goodbye, and then it’s back to the elevator.

He’s probably frowning a little. Thinking over the song, still stuck on dissatisfaction. He’s a perfectionist like the rest of them, but he’d never make anything if he couldn’t let go. Still, the idea
lingers and nags; just a little longer, and I might’ve figured it out.

What a beautiful human being, Jimin thinks, without even having to look. Without even looking at him, and his chest is already so full.

But Jimin does look. He sees the gentle, long slope of his nose, the high construct of his cheeks. Dark brows, losing their lighter tint. Jimin looks over and stares too long. Hoseok feels the gaze and turns, too, now too close.

“What?” he says, and Jimin can taste that one syllable and breath.

How easy would it be to kiss him? Just a changing of balance. A little leaning forward, and he would already be there, already feel that resting siot pout, easy.

It’s worse when a dimple appears. “What is it?” Hoseok wheedles, baffled and amused all at once.

Jimin drops it. Rounds out his shoulders again, makes sure his chest is facing forward, completely straight. This is how you carry weight without damaging something crucial; you go slowly, carefully, and you focus. “Nothing.”

Hoseok shakes his head but seems to decide not to pry. “Dance studio?” He asks when they get to first floor, his fingers hovering over the buttons. “Kinda think I won’t sleep for a while.”

“Alright,” Jimin agrees easily. “Will you show me what you were working on the other day?”

“Sure. As long as we play something loud first.”

When he dances, Hoseok is where all things trace back their energy to - the sun. He is so charged that even in the 4-counts where he rests, completely still, it looks as though he is barely containing energy, motion coiled in his fingertips and torso.

Compressed inside, a million degrees waiting just under the surface, beside itself, itching to burst out. Even when he comes to the end of a song, exhausted, every last movement is deliberately driven, up until he comes to a complete stop.

There facing the mirror, Hoseok stays, chest heaving, mind blank as oxygen redistributes.

"Whoa," Jimin breathes, ridiculously pure. A heavy sound he makes with only good intentions, genuine. “Hyung, that looked really good. Wow.”

It suddenly occurs to Hoseok, one of those sappy thoughts he’ll sometimes get with little prompting: you do so much for me without even knowing half of it. "Aish."

Jimin imitates one of the movements - a tilting of the head, followed by a contrary roll of the shoulders, and then a complete redirection of his momentum, starting close to his body with his hands and following with a tight spin that ends in a brand new starting pose.

“Wow,” Jimin says again, straightening out of it and shaking his head.

You do too much, Hoseok thinks, feeling the back of his neck get hot. “Ahhh, seriously, Jimin.”

He grabs Jimin by the neck, tucks him into his side as the force of his tackle makes them both stumble a little. Jimin’s nape is damp with perspiration, but it feels clean somehow. Hoseok brings him in close, holds him there tight, and flounders for a moment with how to express his swelling
affection. In the end, an urge to go just far enough grips him tight, and he presses a closed-mouth kiss to Jimin’s sweaty temple before letting him go free.

To laugh it off, to shove him a little, to pull a face and make a complaint. Jimin reaction is hard to predict, and harder still to decipher, but silence and the reveal of a small, pleased smile when he stands up is much more lackluster than any of what Hoseok anticipated.

Well, Hoseok thinks, but it isn’t a concern. Just...something minor, something else, and he can’t pin it down.

Jimin reaches over to poke an arm. His eyes are glittery. “You’re so good,” he says.

At what? Hoseok’s not sure, but he shrugs it off and giggles anyway.

“Really,” Jimin insists.

Hoseok wipes the sides of his face with a towel, goes to retrieve his phone from the speakers. “Yah, let’s go home, huh?”

Keys and phone in hand, he goes to the doorway and switches the lights off. Turns around and Jimin’s right there. Smiling that toothy smile, just for him.

“My handsome hyung,” he says, looping arms around his waist, clinging just heavy enough for Hoseok to support him. “Too cool for words, sometimes.”

“Aish.”

Hoseok busies himself with turning the lights off. Not Jimin’s weight against him. The door, which he is able to reach for and pull shut with a little effort.

The next thing Jimin does is so quick there’s no space to react before he’s gone, in the elevator, soft shape of his lips still feeling an echo on Hoseok’s cheek. Something giddy, something numb. Hoseok follows a few steps later and the door closes behind him.

The elevator waits, bright and still.

Hoseok take the bait, leans close. Closer still. Jimin tilts his head. With a hand on either side, shoulders high and weight forward on the railing, he's looking up at Jimin, and he feels a little dangerous.

Like he’s tipping the scale, making a mess. Like they’ve always had toes over the line, but they know the limit - and this, this feels like something risky, giddy, too much.

Jimin’s smile comes easy because Hoseok grinning big has always been infectious. It’s almost a reflex, air easing out easy, a release of tension. Jimin smiles back and Hoseok’s gaze flickers, left, right, before he leans in close.

Closer still, and a soft click comes from outside of Jimin’s peripheral, L for lobby. A moment later the elevator jerks into motion, and Hoseok’s lips find him, half lip and half cheek.

He pulls back to himself, bringing Jimin’s gaze. “I call first shower,” he says.

Jimin looks at him and no longer quite mirrors that grin. “Don’t be so smug,” he says.

Hoseok just feels lighter. “‘bout what?”
“Yeah, sure.”

Hoseok follows him out of the elevator.

Hoseok drapes the towel on his head and forces nonchalance to push open the door. He closes it behind him and approaches his bed, where Jimin’s sitting, in a clean shirt and sweats.

He looks at ease, a cheap little notebook in his lap, a pen on his upper lip, legs crossed in Hoseok’s bed. His cheeks are a little red from then too-hot water, and he’s still radiating humid heat as Hoseok sits beside him.

There’s tension for sure, still neither of them saying anything, not even something stupid, but still, it’s better when Jimin leans close, rests his head on Hoseok’s arm, lowering his pen down so that both arms hang loose, much easier when Hoseok casts aside his towel and works Jimin’s stiff neck with one hand.

With Taehyung gone for filming until tomorrow’s late morning, it’s just the two of them occupying the room, just them two and the lamp and the notebook which Hoseok doesn’t see very closely, because soon Jimin tosses it away. Just the clutter of their packed little room, just like it always is when they get home.

Jimin straightens up and right away Hoseok can feel his gaze, so to busy himself he quickly flops back on the bed.

He breathes deep, nice and slow, Jimin watching him do it, Jimin scooting up and laying next to him. On the fourth exhale Jimin moves even closer, and Hoseok closes his eyes for it. Nothing urgent about it, the kiss is about as cautious as they are, no rush, it ends promptly. Like Jimin just needs confirmation.

Underwhelming, overall. Jimin blinks at him in slow motion, Hoseok frowns back, and they try it again. This one starts dry but gets slippery because Hoseok’s involved and Hoseok’s always been like this, since high school, it’s just the way he is, a little out of hand. He kisses messy like his jaw is stuck, he chases back when Jimin starts to falter a little, but they’re only apart long enough for Jimin to move over him and lean down again.

Wet hair to Hoseok’s forehead, any awkwardness between their noses is background noise to rest of it. Loud is their kiss, maybe little gross, louder still with Hoseok’s thoughts, a jumbled incoherent scatter.

With Jimin over him there’s not a lot of space for oxygen and Hoseok gets to a breathless point fast. Jimin keeps one wrist to their chests like he’s forgotten he’s even holding it, but that’s fine, and before you know it Hoseok’s twitching all over, barely catching his breath between sloppy making out and Jimin’s hands -

Hoseok heart comes somewhere high, maybe throat, thudding so hard it’s almost all he can hear. Jimin’s hands continue over his chest, flat on Hoseok’s bare skin, over his sides and going out across his lower chest and back, behind and over the bone of his hip.

Hoseok’s the one who has to lean back into the mattress for a break. “Can we,” he says, gulping hard so his voice doesn’t crack, “I need a breather, Jimin-ah.”

Jimin stills there, nods. “You’re okay? Not too much?”
“I’m fine, just.” Hoseok tries to think. “Don’t wanna stop. Just catch my breath.”

Jimin’s smiling. “Hyung, you’re real pretty, you know.”

Hoseok’s not sure he can totally handle that, or any of this really, and definitely not while talking, so he redirects. “Why do you keep using my shampoo?”

Wrong idea. Jimin lifts one hand from him to pass it through his still wet hair, and it’s something Hoseok could’ve gone without seeing, the definitive tremble of his fingers. A possibility that Jimin’s just as affected as he is, much too much to consider just now.

“I don’t know,” Jimin says. “Mine ran out, and it smells nice. Do you mind?”


Jimin lets himself get pulled down by the neck, pliant when Hoseok adjusts, nose into his scalp. Another deep breath. This one actually soothes a little.

Jimin must get a little restless, curled up there sort of awkwardly over Hoseok, because his hands start moving again, this time back and forth over his hipbone. Back and forth, passing over bone and then muscle and then back again. A feather-light graze on the waistband of his shorts.

“Hyung,” he says. “Can I?”

Hoseok clutches a little tighter.

“I want to,” Jimin mumbles. “But only if you do.”

“Park Jimin, I’m not scared,” Hoseok says.

Jimin’s thumbs go under the band, nails making soft indentations under the pressure of the elastic. “Good to know,” Jimin says, “But that’s not what I’m asking.”

Hoseok crosses his legs behind Jimin, ankles over the middle of his back.

“Do you want me to spell it out?” Hoseok says, and then sighs after Jimin’s prolonged pause. “Take them off.”

Jimin works quick. Two seconds, and the shorts are down along with his briefs. They’re stuck on his thighs, like this, so he undoes his legs and Jimin has them off without preamble.

They stop there for some reason. It feels - like a stand-off. Ridiculous. Hoseok could almost groan as Jimin stares him down, not from pleasure but annoyance.

Except Jimin moves again, clicks his tongue and takes a breath. “Kinda wanna eat you up,” he says. “You cool with that?”

Hoseok kicks him this time. Ignores any stupid butterflies, alright, Jimin’s being ridiculous. “What kinda question, Jimin-ah?”

Jimin’s tongue pokes out, passes over his lips. He looks - indignant. “A serious one,” he says, leaning down, making eye contact with Hoseok. As if Hoseok’s dick isn’t between them, swollen and flagging up, flushed a ruddy brown-red.

“I’m not gonna beg, don’t be a brat,” Hoseok says. And then Jimin smiles a little, before taking the tip in his mouth.
Hoseok’s not always a mouth-breather, but this time it just kinda happens. Uncoordinated, at that. Neither of them have ever been good swimmers and it kinda feels like struggling to float, Park Jimin sucking him off. Hoseok's probably mumbling something, something just as nonsensical as backing vocals, but it's hard to use your ears when there are better senses to focus on.

Jimin stops for a moment, uses his thumb to collect escaped pre-cum from the corner of his mouth. Slowly, he chases it with his tongue, and doesn't even look up.

"Park Jimin, you're a menace," Hoseok says through gritted teeth.

Jimin, looking like he’s going to ignore him. Except -

Jimin tips his head forward, still paying Hoseok no mind, pursing his lips, and then blows softly. Hands somewhere far away, it’s just one long puff of cool air, right over the still-pulsing puffy red tip of his cock -

And Hoseok shudders completely. A groan forced out of him, more air than vocalization because fuck.

"God, you're responsive," Jimin says, sitting up, an almost shy smile taking over. Tooth a little crooked, lips slightly pursed, the expression is terribly out-of-place for where he is and what he’s doing.

Hoseok is melting in too many ways, burning, basking in that image, and disgustingly so.

"I'm not God. Just your pathetic, easily excited hyung," Hoseok mumbles shakily. He puts his arms over his face, can’t bear to look or open his eyes and run the risk of coming hard or spilling something worse.

Jimin makes a noise. Like he’s stifling something, laughing despite himself. "Aish. Don’t worry, hyung. I’m flattered." He’s trying but his words don’t do much for easing the heat that pulses through Hoseok, the burn in his belly and face.

"And he’s not even shirtless. Hoseok, pull yourself together."

Jimin laughs for real now, high and sweet, still licking his mouth. "I never...I never pictured this to be so easy," he says. Almost in awe, bewildered in his tone, he looks like something that should only exist as a figment of Hoseok’s mind, unreal. All soft eyes and muted colors and romance, something only imagination should be able to conjure up.

Hoseok stares a little, feels his eyes crossing with the burn in his gut, with the effort of keeping himself from coming just with that, and the ever-proximity of Jimin - his mouth, his face, his existence. A part of him is a little offended, but the rest is busy trying desperately to regain awareness in certain brain cells. "Are you...are you seriously calling me easy? Ouch-"

"Not like that," Jimin says, serious. He scoots up, almost at face to face level. "No, hyung, it’s just that. I don’t know. I thought this would be harder. More...sad. You know, all that being torn up from the inside. Never that it would be just, just....like-"

Watching him speak is like tracing his thoughts with a finger. A dotted line on a map that has more rips than folds from use. Hoseok has traveled a lot, and this bumpy track Jimin struggles to describe sounds too much like his own.

"Easy," Hoseok repeats for him.
Nothing like a little reality check to sober him up.

"Yeah."

“I know,” Hoseok says, and then time breaks again, another moment that doesn’t feel like something he ever did anything to deserve, another kiss.

Jimin pushes hair from Hoseok’s forehead, kisses not sideways but straight-on, a little teeth and a lot of tongue, making Hoseok feel all the more blistered.

"So what did you picture?” Hoseok says once they come apart. He wipes his drool quickly and pretends he was just putting his arm behind his head all along. Smooth is his middle name, nobody knows any better. He grins. "Does that mean you were thinking about it that much?"

Jimin gives him a look. Deadpan, it’s his ‘are you fuckin’ stupid’ look. "Are you seriously gonna get hung up on that?"

Hoseok chuckles, wiggles his fingers to dig in Jimin's ribs and feels him tense up. "I'm the main lead in Jimin's wet dreams," he sing songs. His stomach does a gross flop when Jimin just stares him down.

"You gonna act like I'm the only one?"

"The only what?"

"The only pervert here," Jimin says, taking that moment before Hoseok's response to palm him hard, more force than strictly necessary.

Hoseok grunts, toes curling until they pop. A moment to deliberate over it, but who is he trying to kid? Nobody, not with Park Jimin over him like this. “Nah,” Hoseok says, and pulls at the hem of Jimin’s shirt. “So take this off.”

Jimin swings one leg over and off of him, quickly pulling the shirt over his head. There’s a stage where there’s no point being coy, and besides, with them many things come quite easy, so it's not with any real embarrassment that Hoseok gropes himself roughly with an open mouth, quick, jerky movements until Jimin is over him again, pants off, kissing him again.

Jimin pulls back with a spine curved in, suspension with hands on either side of Hoseok, elbows locked straight. His hips are heavy on Hoseok's stomach, the hard muscle of his bare thighs caging him in, and each breath is a quick expansion of his broad chest, dark nipples pebbled. The image alone makes Hoseok's hips jerk involuntarily, taut skin of his stomach heaving. He looks up to where Jimin stares down, a breath trapped in his chest, lips parted for a throaty sound.

“Hoseok-ah,” Jimin says, dropping his voice and honorifics. “You're too much for me.”

Don’t steal my line, Hoseok thinks, a little part of him that remains calm. He reaches up, covers Jimin’s eyes with his left hand and grasps at Jimin’s hand with his right.

"Quit looking at me like that,” he says.

Jimin's throat bobs hard. "Like what?” he says, but Hoseok is too distracted by the tendons and muscles under soft skin. “What is it?”

“I just - this is scary, I take it back,” Hoseok says, moving his hands to grip hard when Jimin tries to move away, “Just not in that sense. Instead it’s...scary because I trust you a lot. So much ’s like,
some scary shit that I didn’t even know I was capable of. Trusting someone this much.”

They’re both breathing hard, air stuffy in the room now with their combined heat and moisture and earlier showers.

“Hobi-hyung, you really *are* too much for me.”

Hoseok kisses him. Messier than before, even. All careless tongue and gentle bites on the lip.

“Can you,” Jimin says, pulling away just a moment. “Can you get in my lap?”

“What - fuckin’ - yeah, sure. Why not.” Hoseok has never heard himself sound this raspy. He fumbles around a little, skin twitching at each clumsy touch, and then finds a seat where Jimin’s dick and his own are slipping against each other, side by side.

Hoseok hums without thinking anything, just the image, just them like this like he’s never wanted to get off more in his whole life.

“Not like that,” Jimin hisses, but he’s looking too, eyebrows knitted, just as entranced Hoseok purses his lips and move his hips in a circle.

*What?* “Ah - no? Not like this? What, then-”

“Turn around,” Jimin says, and Hoseok has to breathe in sharp through his nose.

Hoseok does turn around, right away Jimin’s arm weighing over his hips. A little pressure, and it feels solid and nice, that grip, especially when Hoseok lowers himself to Jimin’s dick again and it gets a little tighter.

“Yeah,” Jimin says, strained as Hoseok’s ever heard him, next his ear. “Really nice. Why don’t we…”

Jimin lays back and his hold takes Hoseok down too.

“Jeez,” Hoseok says, all shaky, “I’m turnin’ to jelly here. Some nice fresh cheongpomuk, huh.”

Holding his head up is a strain, so he lets it drop, right over Jimin’s shoulder onto the mattress. A half of a breath is the only pause, and then Jimin has his free hand over the top of one of Hoseok’s knees and is pushing it off to the side.

“Don’t we need, like -” Jimin shifts, groaning a little as he slides a little slicker over Hoseok’s perineum. “I mean - cheongpomuk on it’s own? We need some sauce or something, yeah?”

“Ugh. Fuckin-” But the complaint is lost as soon as there’s a nose on Hoseok’s jaw, lips following soon after.

It’s a nice feeling being nestled and splayed out there. Jimin’s fingertips in the firm tendon behind his knee, neck supported by a shoulder, head tipped back.

“Good?”

“Yeah,” Hoseok breathes, more of a contented sigh than what he feels right now, fit to burst when Jimin’s hand comes away from his waist and grabs his cock, stroking loosely. “Hmm.”

“Good,” Jimin says. His fingers and hips start a nice rhythm, so nice and warm it could almost lull Hoseok unconscious. Quickly enough it gets wet, too - just enough that the slick sounds are barely
discernable, the slide easy.

Jimin doesn’t do anything fancy. Just loses his breath in Hoseok’s neck, makes a handsy way there until both of them are bucking their hips, trying to get just enough contact, just enough roughness.

“Why does - ah - why does it feel like you’re doing all the work?” Hoseok has a lump in his throat and a near cramp in his calf from flexing so much, but he’s close. Getting there, soon.

“Believe me, I’m not,” Jimin says, a little late, “Yeah. Definitely not. Hyung, do you want - there’s lube somewhere, I’m sure, if you want I could finger you. Though - I’m too close for much more than that, probably. Hm,” and he hums, movement stuttering a little with a full-body shudder.

“This’s plenty good,” Hoseok slurs. He’s - getting a little dizzy, to be honest. Jimin thumbing his slit is almost painful. “More than enough. Real good. Fuckin’-

It’s hard to keep his mouth in check after that, but he is noisy, that’s for sure. A few more strokes, and it gets a little slicker, the start of Hoseok’s cum squeezing out.

“Hyung,” Jimin gasps, and Hoseok’s stomach and thighs are clenching, a low whine coming out along with his release. Jimin seems to rush him through it, a little quicker, and as Hoseok’s nearing the last of it, Jimin’s tensing too, muffling sound in Hoseok’s neck.

Jimin doesn’t even give him that long to lie there, boneless, eyes closed, seeing pink and white behind his eyelids. He squirms out from underneath, careful to not make a mess of what mostly got all over Hoseok’s abdomen, and then tilts his head, kissing him so chastely Hoseok could almost punch him.

“Romantic motherfucker,” Hoseok mumbles, opening his eyes just enough to see Jimin smile, small and toothy.

“You’re not falling asleep, are you?” Jimin asks, sitting up so enthusiastically he jostles the whole bed. “C’mon, let’s get cleaned up. Well, mostly you, you know.”

He runs a pinky from Hoseok’s rib to his navel, sticks it in his mouth with an expression like he’s not a nasty fucker. Hoseok slaps him on the leg, hard enough to be loud. “Cut that out,” he says.

Jimin makes a face, rubs his leg. “You’re a nag afterwards, huh?” he says, shuffling back to reach for Hoseok’s still-damp towel.

Hoseok takes it and is quick to wipe himself up. “Only if you’re gonna act like a b-rate pornstar,” he bites back. “Ugh.”

He tosses the towel back, drops his head back again. Jimin stands, folding the towel neatly, and puts on his shorts. “I’ll put the wash in real quick, I left it out earlier.”

“Okay,” Hoseok says. Watching blearily as Jimin crosses the room. Remembers too late, he’s not wearing a thing - “Wait, Jimin-”

Jimin turns around only after opening the door. Realization hits a moment late, and then he’s closing it again, rushed.

Hoseok finds himself sitting up again, facing forward. Eyes wide, heart thudding harder than he ever could with the reminder that this is something real. Something he forgot.

Nobody - nobody was there. Not one of the members, not Jin-hyung passing to get to the bathroom,
not manager-hyung or Jungkook. And from the hallway, nothing incriminating is visible anyway. It's not a big deal. It wouldn't've been a big deal.

“Fuck,” Jimin says.

Hoseok looks for his clothes. His shorts - not that far off. Underwear, still rolled up inside. He’s dressed quickly, sitting on the edge of the bed. The hollow of his stomach caves a little. His ears - still ringing a little.

“This is scary,” Jimin says, breaking the silence, the towel bunched up hard in his grip. “I’ll never say it isn’t because it really is. ‘N the only person - I mean - I wouldn’t trust a lot of people to understand and I wouldn’t trust hardly any of ‘em to tell them. And - there’s no one I’d trust to have this with either - ah really the words aren’t comin’ out at all.

“But I would trust you - and this is all with you, yeah? So somehow, like - it works. As long as you’re -”

Jimin swallows, even from a meter and a half away it’s obvious.

“As long as you’re good to be part of it, I am too.”

“C’mere,” Hoseok says. Throat dry, he kisses Jimin. Kisses him on the cheek after, like it’s supposed to help. Looks for something to say, but there still are no words.

“Give me the sheet,” Jimin says finally. “I’ll wash it too.”

Hoseok stands just long enough to help Jimin. “We gotta be careful,” he ends up saying. Like it isn’t obvious. Like maybe Jimin forgot that they’re both idols, trained and successful, that they can’t go out too far on their own without a camera finding them somewhere. “We - we gotta be real careful, Jimin-ah.”

“Oh kay,” Jimin says. He takes the sheet. Nods. “We’ll do that.”

Too many reasons for Hoseok’s fast-paced heart, and that promise, the most terrifying of all.

End Notes

soft promise <3 but sorry this is such a mess

title was from a song, kinda a stretch but u know. i'll be back for major edits but all this losing of shame is quite Draining you know

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