Strawberry Lube

by minyoongz

Summary

Yoongi remembers little to nothing of their crazy drunken night out. But of two things he's absolutely sure, one: he's not gay, two: he just slept with Park Jimin.

Notes

Min Yoongi wasn’t sure about many things in his life: his job, what he was going to eat for lunch, where he placed his phone, his life purpose, but two things he knew for sure was that he loved rap and girls. All of that gets turned on its head when Yoongi wakes up in Jimin’s bed. Will Yoongi be able to come to terms with what occurred and piece back together their tattered relationship or will they fall apart at the seams?

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**not beta'd, one day ill go back and fix all the mistakes...but not today
Yoongi felt a hammer smashing against his temple to the tune of his heartbeat and what felt like laser beams boring through his closed eyelids melting his already jelloed brain. Even wrinkling his brows in a frown against the sunlight took special effort and caused the lumpy bed to spin beneath him. He swallowed, his throat painfully parched, like his body had forgotten how to produce saliva. His stomach was melting itself with its own acid and he could still taste the liquor in his mouth.

Slowly, Yoongi became more aware of the twinge in his shoulder and how numb his foot was. Yoongi groaned the sound sticking in his parched throat, but that was a bad idea because the throbbing increased sharply like a drill boring into his skull, the noise rattling his aching brain like a piñata. Yoongi hadn’t been this hung over since Seokjin’s graduation party. Except maybe this time he felt a thousand times shittier.

Lifting a hand to shield his eyes from the unforgiving sunlight that was streaming through the open blinds of the window, Yoongi tried to remember what he did last night, but didn’t get too far considering he currently had the mental capacity of a rock. His mind looped around in circles and all he could dig up was something to do with a birthday party. Yoongi decided more would comeback once he had a couple cappuccinos under his belt. Right now he needed several aspirins and about a tankful of water.

Yoongi slowly sat up, his dinner threatening to make its reappearance. He massaged his temples as he opened his eyes, still tacky from sleep, and recognized he was in Jungkook’s dorm. It appeared to be empty, the other bed messy but unoccupied. Frowning, he noticed he was without his shirt. He lifted the Star Wars patterned sheets to discover he was also without pants. His boxers were pulled down, tangled about his ankles and there was something white, dried and sticky on his stomach like glue. Yoongi reached a hand down to between his legs to find shiny, slippery goo that smelled faintly of strawberries.

Nothing made any sense to his fuzzy brain; Yoongi stared at the evidence but couldn’t seem to piece together the clues—until his eyes found a ripped condom packet at the foot of the bed and a half empty bottle of strawberry flavored lube. Yoongi’s ears processed the rustling of sheets and a grumble emanate from a previously unnoticed bundle of sheets beside him. His jumbled thoughts snapped into coherence. He felt the blood drain from his body.

The room was tilting at an odd angle. Bile rose in his throat, but he choked it down. With unsteady hands Yoongi pulled down the covers to reveal the face of—of all people in this universe—Park fucking Jimin (Jungkook’s roommate and possibly the most annoying person ever to walk this side of the earth and coincidentally his best friend) drooling, his black hair a tangled mess, snuggling close to the Luke Skywalker pillow cover, looking disgustingly cute. A crease puckered between Jimin’s brows as he mumbled, “Mom, just fifteen more minutes. Turn off the lights.”

Yoongi cried out pathetically, reeling backwards and falling off the edge of the bed. The air whooshed from his lungs as his back hit the floor and his head slammed back, making him see shatters of white. He couldn’t keep the bile down this time and he turned his head, going sick all over the floor. Yoongi coughed, tears escaping at the acid in his mouth, as his abused brain throbbed violently. And yet all he could think of was how he’d never fucked up more in his entire life.

He scrambled up, slipping as his feet tangled in his boxers, almost falling into the mess he’d made. Pausing, he hoisted his boxers, which where uncomfortably damp in the front. The sudden
movements were causing the room to spin, but it didn’t matter in his frenzied panic. Yoongi limped about the room, his foot still asleep, knocking over a lamp, as he grabbed a random pair of sweats and one of Jungkook’s used practice jerseys from the floor.

The sheets began to rustle, Jimin coming into consciousness from the ruckus and the horrible smell of Yoongi’s throw up. Jimin mumbled, “Hmm. Jungkook… stop makin’ so much noise,” before turning over on the mattress.

Yoongi squeaked. Where were his damned shoes?

He spotted them thrown by Jimin’s side of the bed. Yoongi considered going without shoes, before deciding against it and skittering over. Shoving his boots on roughly, he grabbed his phone from under Jimin’s jacket. Before turning to leave he caught a glimpse of his beanie under the bed.

As Yoongi was leaning down to grab it, Jimin flipped over, the covers riding down to reveal naked shoulders. Squinting his eyes open he began to whine, “What’re you— ” Jimin paused, his eyes widening, “Hyung?”

Yoongi grimaced, his fingers finding his beanie. He straightened up, pulling it over his messy hair as he scowled at the half-asleep boy. Embarrassment and anger bubbled hot inside him.

“Fuck you.” He bit out. Jimin’s expression turned from surprised to clouded with confusion as Yoongi turned on his heel and stalked out, leaving Jimin calling after him, dazed and hurt, with a pile of vomit to clean up.

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Fucked. He was absolutely fucked. In every sense of the word.

Yoongi cringed, his face flushing again with shame. His untied bootlaces skittered against the sidewalk. This just couldn’t be real—the universe couldn’t be so cruel. Not that the universe and him were ever on good terms considering his luck over the years, but this seemed to be on a whole other level of shitluck.

No, this was just a horrible, horrible dream. Maybe it was something he had for lunch yesterday that was causing all this. Indigestion. Soon enough—Yoongi was sure—he’d wake up to his messy room that was always a little too cold, burritoed in his sheets with the stereo still playing softly. He’d groan and stretch a little, grab a bag of shrimp chips from his stash under the bed for breakfast before rolling over for his late morning nap. Yoongi just hadn’t woken up… yet.

He sighed. How the fuck did this happen? Yoongi asked himself for the thousandth time since he stumbled out of the D dorms, terrified that someone would see him in his haggard state and connect the dots. Coincidentally, it was very early morning on a Thursday, so the campus was eerily empty aside from the squirrels that scampered amongst the trees. If he’d woken two hours later, he’d have no chance of escaping unseen, especially with the nosy sophomores that lived in that building.

Yoongi stretched his stiff neck, his head pounding with every step. The morning sun felt like needles being shoved into his eyes. The kinks in his legs were still present despite his long brusque strides as he tried to make it to his apartment across campus with his reputation still intact.
That is, if Jimin didn’t blab about it.

Jimin was an idiot most the time but even he would have sense to keep his trap shut. Not that there was anything to talk about. Absolutely nothing happened. Yoongi didn’t remember, so how could it have happened? Right?

The dried cum on his stomach and the sickly sweet smelling lube between his legs declared otherwise… who’s cum was it anyway?

A shiver ran up Yoongi’s spine. Ew, ew, ew. Don’t think about it, don’t. Yoongi ran his hands over his face, whining pathetically. He felt so disgusting, he was sticky everywhere and the jersey stank. All Yoongi wanted was to take a scalding hot shower for five years with a couple gallons of bleach and wash the nauseating stench of Park Jimin from his pores. He should probably bleach his brain while he was at it. Or just bleach out his whole existence.

They had gone out to drinks, his bitch of a hangover obviously attested to that. Yoongi must’ve drunken a bit more than he intended, and by a bit he meant a lot more. Whatever had happened, it must have been Jimin’s fault. Things must’ve gotten out of hand— Jimin was always so god awfully touchy, clingy to the point of harassment, really —and Yoongi was too out of it to say no or know what he was doing.

It was a onetime thing.

Yoongi wasn’t gay. Jimin had shoved his dick up his ass, but Yoongi definitely wasn’t gay.

The image burned itself in his brain, causing his lip to curl and embarrassment to flush his cheeks. The image of Jimin bent over him… doing those things… while Yoongi begged for it.

Wait, fuck no. Yoongi did NOT beg for it, Min Yoongi was NOT a pussy. Was he? He… he hadn’t liked it right? Yoongi immediately crushed thought. If he thought about it anymore he was going to puke again.

It probably wasn’t even that good of lay, anyways. We’re talking about Park Jimin here. What does that idiot know about sex? That kid can’t even watch american dramas without turning bright pink.

Sweet Jesus. How was he ever going to live this down.

He breathed a sigh of relief once he spotted his dorm complex and it wasn’t a few minutes until he made it inside, the common room completely empty, the building usually bustling with 700 seniors and honors students of any year as well as the occasional grad student, completely devoid of life. It wasn’t until he’d made it to his door that Yoongi realized with a huff that he’d left his wallet and keys. He might as well just get new ones, there was no way he was going back for them. Never seeing Jimin again in a thousand years was preferable. But now getting into the room unnoticed was impossible. Yoongi knocked, slamming his fist harder with each second that passed. Whatever. At this point he just wanted to get home.

Yoongi was about to give up when the door was wrenched open to reveal an agitated Jungkook, still wearing the same sweater from last night, a scowl on his brow, one eye barely peeked open, and dried drool on his chin. So he’d spent the night here. And he looked hungover.

This triggered his memory. It was Jungkook’s birthday yesterday… yeah.

Much of what happened early yesterday came clearly. A great deal of planning had been involved by all of them in orchestrating the youngest’s coming of age. They kidnapped him during the middle of his English Basics 101 class. Luckily, Jungkook always sat in the back to
doze off unnoticed, so it was easy for the six of them to grab him without causing too much of a stir despite the younger’s kicks and surprised yelps. Mr. Kwon didn’t seem too unfazed and his classmates were too bored to care.

They’d taken a train to downtown to Hongdae where they had lunch at an all you can eat bbq buffet, wandered the shops, watched performances by buskers and musicians, and messed around at a dance club. Yoongi remembered being suckered with ridiculous aegyo into buying teokbokki for the younger three when they inevitably got hungry again. Jungkook spotted the bar and insisted on buying his hyungs drinks… it got fuzzy from there.

The maknae rubbed his eyes drowsily. He looked almost adorable like this. Yoongi changed his mind as soon as he opened his mouth, “Is that my jersey?” He pointed, “You know I don’t like to share clothes!”

Yoongi scrunched his face, “Shut up,”

“Are they back?” said a voice from inside. Hoseok appeared, his face still swollen from sleep, peering over the boy’s shoulder. “Ah—oh,” He burst into giggles, “You look a little... uh worse for wear,”

“You look like shit,” Jungkook bluntly stated.

He twitched an eyebrow, “Look who’s talking, drooly,”

The kid frowned, reaching up to wipe his face on his sleeve. Yoongi shook his head (that brat). Hoseok pointed at his baggy sweats that were, of course, backwards. “What happened to your clothes?”

“Don’t ask.” Yoongi shoved past the two to dark living room, kicking off his boots by the shoe rack. Jungkook moved past them to face-plant on the couch, groaning loudly.

“Where have you been, man?” Hoseok asked, concerned, “I’ve been trying to call you. You guys said you’d be back here in half an hour but when Jungkook stumbled in alone four hours later I was beginning to think you were lying dead on the streets.”

Well shit. No wonder Hoseok was giving him that look. He didn’t remember staying later at the bar, much less loosing Jungkook, but he didn’t have a hard time believing Hoseok—being the careless hyung was more or less his trademark.

“Uh, my phone died,” Yoongi was silent for a moment, pulling his beanie lower over his eyes. He considered lying, but Yoongi couldn’t come up with anything plausible on the spot, so he decided a curt version of the truth wouldn’t arouse too much suspicion. “Crashed at Jimin’s,” he mumbled.

“Oh,” He nodded. “Just be more careful next time. Things could’ve turned out a lot worse.”

Not really. Things were pretty fucked right now. But at least they didn’t know what he and Jimin had been up to last night. And no one could know. Never. Not for five billion years.

He deemed the conversation more or less over. His eyes trained on the door to the bathroom, prepared for a quick escape. Before he could make it to his refuge, however, Hoseok called out, “Hey, why do you smell like strawberries?”

Yoongi slammed the door.
Yoongi emerged from the shower nearly an hour later, sufficiently purged of last night’s sins (and thankfully no longer smelling of god awful strawberries). Hoseok thoughtfully left behind a batch of brewed coffee in the kitchen. Jungkook snored softly from the couch, a pillow thrown over his face. Yoongi grabbed a mug and several aspirins. He shuffled to his room, muscles relaxed after the scalding shower. He really needed a nap. No, really, he needed to go into a coma for a while.

As he passed by, Yoongi heard the sounds of Hoseok lumbering about his room, opening and closing drawers as he started getting ready for dance practice just like any other regular Thursday morning. Yet everything felt so different.

Yoongi never felt so grateful to be cocooned in his sheets and yet what had occurred still nagged at his brain until he fell asleep from exhaustion and even then his dreams were polluted with the hot groans, wet kisses and the scrape of nails on bed sheets.

It was almost noon when Yoongi rolled out bed, jostled from his restless sleep by his seizing stomach. After making a pit stop at the toilet, he ambled to the tiny kitchen where Jungkook was digging into Yoongi’s stash of instant ramen.

“What are you still doing here?”

“Just woke up,” Jungkook replied with a mouthful of noodles.

Yoongi hummed and ambled to the fridge to grab himself an extra-large can of Monster energy drink in the hopes of snapping his mind from its current foggy state. His hangover had lessened somewhat, but he still had a dull headache and a bad case of vertigo if he moved his head too quickly.

“You’re jersey’s in the washer, I’ll give it back later.”

“Good.” Jungkook assented.

“So,” Yoongi began, tracing his thumb over the circular lid. He was nervous about asking but he needed to know the extent of what had occurred last night. He and Jimin didn’t start making out in the middle of the bar or anything right? If they had he might as well move to China because everyone would find out. Although as of yet Hoseok and Jungkook were acting normal.

“Yeah?” Jungkook slurped some of the soup.

“Last night, at the bar, did I do… anything…weird?”

Jungkook looked up, attempting to recall his memory, “Not really,”

“And Jimin, was… acting normal?”

“Yup,”
“So we… so we were both just… uh, normal.”

“What are you trying to ask me, hyung?” Jungkook frowned, chopsticks paused mid-trajectory on their way to stuffing more noodles in his mouth.

“Nothing, never mind,”

Jungkook looked at him strangely. He blinked rapidly. A look crossed his face and he choked, no doubt on the noodles he kept shoving down his throat without chewing, Yoongi thought.

“How’s calculus, big guy?” Yoongi pulled himself up to sit on the counter top next to the sink, his sore body protesting a bit. The energy drink fizzed loudly as he popped it open. Music to his ears.

Namjoon mumbled something into the tabletop that sounded something like, “Absolutely terrible,” Jungkook slurped his noodles. “Didn’t you have a big test today, hyung?”

Namjoon turned his head to rest on his cheek, his lips smushed comically, “Bombed it. The problems were impossible. Its bullshit, what’s the point of teaching the class if she’s just going to fail us all anyway?” He was referring to his professor that was a huge ball buster on tests and exams.

“Preaching to the choir,” replied Yoongi, massaging his stiff neck. Jungkook hummed in agreement. Yoongi hated math with a dying passion for as long as he could remember and the only reason he scraped by in his significantly lower level class was due to Namjoon’s generous assistance. It’s not that Yoongi wasn’t smart, it’s just math was never especially relevant to his interests besides calculating the pitiful savings in his bank account. Jungkook wasn’t any better. As the living definition of a jock, the kid had minute interest in anything that didn’t involve some type of body movement or physical strain.

“I shouldn’t have stayed out so late,” Namjoon moaned. Namjoon never had any trouble with math prior to her class, equations came to him as easily as breathing, but now that he was struggling there was nothing he liked more than to rant about it.

Jungkook pointed his chopsticks at him, “And miss my birthday party? Nah,”

“Yeah, I guess last night wasn’t too bad,” Namjoon admitted, “Wildest birthday party I’ve ever been to,” He teased.

You have no idea. Yoongi gulped down his energy drink.

“Hey,” Namjoon picked his head up, peering around as if he just remembered something, “Taehyung wasn’t in class today, have you seen him?”
“Not since last night,” Jungkook said.

Namjoon tsked, “He’s going to get a zero for missing that test today.”

Yoongi finished his drink, twirling the empty can in his hands. He could already feel tightness in his heart from the caffeine rushing thrumming through his veins, “So he’s skipping for once. No big deal,”

“It’s not a good idea to skip on test days if you want to keep your grade.”

“What’s his grade in that class anyway?” Yoongi wondered.

Namjoon grumbled, “Good, really good. He’s the only one with an A this quarter.” Obviously being bested by the idiot-genius Kim Taehyung was a point of annoyance for Namjoon. “It’s weird I never see him study or pay attention in class.”

Yoongi shrugged, not really in the mood to try to figure out the Taehyung-enigma. If no one else had figured him out yet, then Yoongi sure wasn’t going to. Besides, he was sure Taehyung didn’t even comprehend it himself.

Hoseok stepped in, gym bag thrown over his shoulder and sweat on his forehead. “Hey!” He greeted, smiling brightly. He threw his bag on the couch and joined them in the tiny kitchen.

“Hyung! You left for dance without me!” Jungkook pouted.

“Aw, you were sleeping so adorably! I couldn’t bring myself to wake you up,” Hoseok cooed, crushing Jungkook’s face to his chest, petting his hair. Jungkook struggled uselessly in his grasp. Hoseok chuckled, “My little legal drinker all curled up and hung-over on my couch, how cute!”

“Hyung,” Jungkook begged, “You’re all sweaty!”

Hoseok released him, but not before ruffling his hair one last time. Yoongi and Namjoon laughed at Jungkook’s disgruntled expression as he attempted to smooth down his tangled hair. Hoseok took Jungkook’s empty ramen cup, rinsing it in the sink next to Yoongi, flashing him a shining smile that was only returned with a grimace on Yoongi’s part (advanced facial movements were difficult for him post slumber).

“You didn’t miss that much, Kookie,” Hoseok said over his shoulder, “Taehyung and Jimin were too hung-over to show up, I guess, so we couldn’t work the new choreo.”

His stomach flipped a little at the mention of the name and he held the can a little tighter in his fist. Jimin probably stayed to clean up the mess they made. Shit. It now occurred to him that he quite rudely threw up on Jimin’s floor, then left. He felt like a dick but there was no way he could’ve stayed to clean it up. His eyes flashed to Jungkook and he sent a silent prayer of thanks that Jungkook had stayed here long enough for Jimin to dispose of the evidence.

“Taehyung wasn’t in class today either,” Namjoon said.

Hoseok took the can from Yoongi’s grasp and threw both containers into the recycling bin, drying his hands on his tank. “That’s not like him,” he leaned his elbows back on the counter, “You don’t think he missed his particle physics class right? He had a project due this afternoon.”

Namjoon shrugged, “I texted him but he hasn’t answered,”

“You saw him this morning right?” Hoseok implored Yoongi.
“What?” Yoongi was caught off guard. “No.”

Hoseok blinked. “Didn’t you say you guys crashed at Jimin’s?”

“Yeah but Taehyung wasn’t there…” Yoongi trailed off. Thank god. If Taehyung was a witness he would have to assassinate him. No other option. But now Hoseok and Namjoon were giving him this look, and crap, he was going to be in trouble now. He’d been an irresponsible hyung that allowed his youngest dongsaeng to get shitfaced drunk on his first day of turning legal and then let him go wandering loose. And now he’d lost the other one on the same night.

“Well what really happened last night?” Hoseok asked, looking pointedly at Jungkook and Yoongi. “You guys were nowhere near hammered enough to be this hung-over before Seokjin, Namjoon and I left,”

“Ah,” Yoongi stumbled. He pushed his black bangs from his brow, “Um,”

Thankfully Jungkook, god bless him, took over, “I don’t remember how long we stayed, but I remember a little bit after you left the bar Taehyung teased Jiminnie on being a lightweight because he ordered a skinny girl margarita.”

Namjoon let out a loud laugh.

“Hey, you know he’s on a diet,” Hoseok scolded, but couldn’t quite seem to keep the chuckles from escaping.

“So then,” Jungkook continued, “Jimin called Taehyung a liar and said he could outdrink anybody even Yoongi-hyung… or was it that Taehyung said Jiminnie couldn’t even outdrink Yoongi-hyung… I don’t know, anyway, we had a contest and things got really blurry after that, but I think we got kicked out because we got too loud. And then we went to the bar across the street, and then to the one next to it—”

“You went barhopping?!” Namjoon’s jaw dropped.

“Uhuh,” Jungkook assented.

Woah. He remembered now. How Seokjin had looked at his watch and declared they should get going: there is class, work tomorrow. But Jungkook whined and Taehyung begged them to stay a little longer. Yoongi, for whatever reason, agreed to stay behind ordering his second beer. And Jimin declared he would stay back if someone bought his next drink. Jimin got his margarita, they started to tease him, and soon enough they were waving the bartender over, downing shot after shot of tequila, falling over and gyrating to the trashy music.

“Now I wish I’d stayed just to see that.” Namjoon sniggered. “Wait, who won the game?”

“I don’t remember,” Jungkook said after a slight pause.

“Did Jimin beat hyung?”

Jungkook snorted, “No way,”

Namjoon pursed his lips, nodding at Yoongi in approval.

“Still got it,” Yoongi declared feebly. The victory definitely wasn’t worth it.

“Anyways,” Jungkook began, “We were on the way to another bar, I think, when we realized Taehyung wasn’t with us, I don’t remember how long he’d been gone, but we looked around for
him until we decided he’d meet us at the dorm. And…” Jungkook paused for a while here, a weird expression crossing across his features before disappearing, “Then that was when I lost you and Jimin,” Jungkook said, looking at Yoongi, “I lost you… in the crowd and wandered a bit looking for you guys. Then I found a cop and he helped me get on the metro and then I walked here.”

“Hmmm, you’re lucky he found that cop, hyung,” Namjoon chided lightly.

“Yeah, yeah, I lost them I’m an irresponsible human being. But it turned out okay, Jungkook’s still breathing.”

“Not quite out of the woods yet…” Hoseok said ominously.

“What?” He frowned at him, “I’m sure Taehyung made it back to his dorm. He’s probably in his dorm sleeping off that hangover.” Yoongi surmised.

“He’s been working on this project all semester, I don’t think he’d fail the class for a hangover,” Hoseok reasoned.

“Fine, call him then if you’re so worried,” Yoongi snapped. If he wasn’t getting constant mom-nagging from Seokjin at work, it was coming from Hoseok. Why was he his best friend again?

“I’ll call him,” Namjoon pulled out his phone.

They waited in silence for the phone to ring. Yoongi sighed and left the congregation at the table to fish for oreos in the pantry, confident that any second now Taehyung would pick up on the other line, voice raspy and half asleep, and maybe then they would stop worrying so much and blaming him for everything.

“He’s not picking up,” Namjoon said after a moment, redialing the number for a second time.

“His phone is probably dead,” Yoongi concluded. “Maybe you should call his roommate.”

Hoseok hummed in agreement, bringing his phone to his ear while gesturing for Namjoon to dial again when the call failed. Yoongi stuffed oreos in his mouth nervously, scowling at Jungkook when he reached over to steal a fistful of cookies, getting crumbs everywhere. Namjoon jiggled his leg impatiently, while Hoseok conspicuously sniffed at an armpit and wiped his forehead on his sweaty tank.

“Yeah, hey Jongup, is Taehyung around?” Hoseok paused, his pretty ski slope nose wrinkling slightly, “Do you know where he is… Ah. No we don’t… Alright, call us if he shows up or something.” He hung up. “He didn’t come home last night,” Hoseok reported.

Yoongi groaned. Just when he thought he’d made it clear.

“Hyung, shou—” Namjoon stopped suddenly, checking the phone screen before pulling it back up to his ear, “Hello? Who… who is this?”

Jungkook paused, oreo against his mouth, tongue halted in mid-lick. Everyone froze, their worried eyes trained on Namjoon, imagining the worst—that their missing friend had been arrested, or robbed, or mugged, or kidnapped, or worse.

“… Goo Junhwe?”

“Junhwe?” Yoongi echoed. He was an honors program underclassman that lived one floor directly below them. Yoongi had seen him around the common room a couple times tinkering on
his ipad, but didn’t know anything about him until Jiwon had introduced them a couple months ago. That was all the contact they had. The tall freshman always looked like he was smelling something awful and was equally as insolent as Jungkook (Yoongi didn’t know why, maybe 1997 was a cursed year).

“Why do you have Taehyung’s phone? Is he there?” Namjoon paused for an answer, “Yeah, come up.”

“What did he say?” They asked once Namjoon disconnected.

“He didn’t say anything,”

“Do you know him?” Hoseok asked.

“Yeah I know him,” Yoongi said, moving to unlock the door.

“I think I have some classes with him,” Jungkook added.


“Really?” Hoseok looked absolutely shocked.

“Part of the charm,” Yoongi shrugged. “Don’t really see how he has Tae’s phone though…” He was a bit worried.

“Maybe he crashed there,”

Jungkook shook his head. “I don’t think they know each other.”

The tall boy stepped in before they could jump to any conclusions or otherwise panic further. He had Taehyung’s phone, minus the owner of course, and a look on his face that was more disgruntled than usual. “Your friend was banging on our door last night at two in the morning. Really drunk. Wouldn’t go away even after I told him to piss off. Kept singing songs and calling your names and didn’t let me and my roommate sleep at all.” He glowered at them accusingly.

Yoongi’s friends stared at him, of course, expecting him to speak as the oldest and the one partially at fault. Yoongi grimaced. “Ah, really sorry about that. We went out last night and kind of lost him.”

“So where is he man?” asked Namjoon.

“Damned if I know,” Junhwe placed the cell on the table. “He was gone by morning. Left his phone in the hallway though. It was dead and has a passcode so I had to charge it wait for you guys to call. Don’t think I tried to steal it or anything.”

“Not at all. Thanks, Junhwe.” Hoseok grabbed it, easily bypassing the passcode and searching through its contents.

Junhwe scoffed. “So you really, like, lost him?” He was more or less ignored by the rest, too absorbed with watching Hoseok apprehensively as he tapped at the phone.

Jungkook sighed, looking away. “How was Professor Kang’s class?”

“Nothing much.” Junhwe shrugged. “I can forward you the notes.”

Jungkook grinned. “Thanks a lot.”
“Sure. Gotta go.” Junhwe seemed to note the heavy atmosphere for once and offered stiffly by way of consolation, “He’ll turn up. But make sure to keep him away from our dorm next time.” He called out, opening the door, “I miss enough sleep as it is.”

“Won’t happen again.” Yoongi assured him as he left.

Hoseok’s brow creased. “Nothing but the texts from Namjoon and some blurry selcas at the bar.” Hoseok stated after a couple scrolls. “But—Oh this one’s cute,” He showed them a picture of Yoongi and Jimin posing together with pouted lips. Namjoon agreed and Yoongi tried not to be too obvious, keeping his expression blank despite the involuntary flush of his cheeks. “Other than that we have nothing.” Hoseok concluded after sending the picture to himself.

“But he was able to find his way here right? That’s good at least. Maybe he’s still around here somewhere.” Jungkook reasoned.

Namjoon shook his head. “I didn’t see him in the common room on my way up.”

“Maybe he’s in a hallway on another floor.” Jungkook suggested.

“Alright let’s go look for him then.” Yoongi plopped off the counter, ready to explore the four story complex in his pajama pants and baggy Eminem concert t-shirt. He quickly grabbed a snapback to hide his messy hair.

They shuffled down the corridor, splitting up into pairs to search the five floors. They called Taehyung’s name as they passed, stopping anyone they came across (most of them returning from their morning classes) to ask if they had seen a lilac hair colored—possibly disoriented—man wandering about the halls but as of yet no results. They reached the common room on the first floor without finding any trace of their friend.

“He’s not here.” Hoseok announced as he and Namjoon rejoined the other two that were lounging despondently on the couch.

“Should we call the police?” Namjoon breathed, running his hand through his silver hair. “He’s been missing for way more than ten hours.”

“No, no, no.” Yoongi trilled. “No cops. I hate cops.”

“Then what do you suggest, hyung?” Hoseok crossed his arms. “Move on and pretend he never existed.”

“Maybe.”

Jungkook snorted at that while the other two levied him with a withering gaze.

“I’m kidding.” Yoongi clarified, scratching his neck awkwardly. “He was around here just a while ago. He couldn’t have wandered that far.”

“Did you forget that time you and I wandered all the way to Daejeon??” Namjoon snickered a bit.

“Did you really?” Jungkook asked, his eyes wide.

“That was years ago,” Yoongi waved off. That was back in his crazy early days of college. He was way too old for this shit now. “Anyways, I think we should check the campus before doing anything else.”

“If you say so.” Hoseok replied, annoyingly terse. He led the way out and they wandered the
sidewalk looking for that shock of purple hair, occasionally calling out a name. They searched the entire east side of campus, even walking into several buildings and peeking into classrooms.

The crisp September morning warmed into early afternoon without further sign of Taehyung and Yoongi felt as if they were wandering aimlessly. He was pretty sure the kid was fine anyway… he was just passed out on a bench or something, sleeping it off. He’d wander back soon of his own accord. His cat always did that before whenever it escaped, and that was just a stupid cat. Taehyung could do that too right?

“You don’t think he wandered off campus, did he?” Namjoon pulled sunglasses from his pocket fitting them over his face.

“God I hope not.” Yoongi murmured.

“We might have to end up searching all of Seoul before we find him.” Namjoon said grimly.

“We should organize a search party or something.” Jungkook chimed in. He hopped around on the sidewalk making sure to step on every crunchy leaf that appeared in his path.

“Can you see if you can get a hold of Jimin?” Hoseok asked Yoongi. “Maybe he can help us look around the west side since his dorm is there.”

Yoongi looked at him in complete utter despair but Hoseok just blinked back at him, completely oblivious. “I forgot my phone.” He blurted out.

“It’s right there in your hand.” Jungkook pulled it from his grip waving it before his face.

Yoongi skidded to a halt not sure if he should run away or throw his phone down the sewer drain. Anything to escape this absolutely cruel and very unusual punishment beset to him by the gods that be. He should smack Jungkook.

“You okay hyung?” Namjoon peered at him from over his shades, eyebrows quirked in confusion, much like the expressions of the two guys next to him. Students passed by them, some alone, some chattering happily with their friends, completely unaware to their current dilemma. Some even shared Yoongi’s current dress code of pajamas and sweats. Ah, college.

Yoongi evaded the question, “Why can’t you call him?”

“Why can’t you?” Jungkook shot back and OHMYGOD WHY WAS HE TRYING TO KILL YOONGI.

He was going to have to do it. Any more refusals and they certainly would become suspicious. Not that they didn’t already know something was fishy judging by their stares. Yoongi cleared his throat, tapping the call button trying to look nonchalant as his mouth dried and his stomach flipped.

“Nothing, just don’t see why I have to do everything,” He brushed off, holding the phone to his ear.

Hoseok frowned at him, no doubt almost done with his shit. Namjoon went back to surveying the area while Jungkook scuffed his shoes on the sidewalk impatiently.

The phone trilled in his ear, dialing. Don’t pick up. It rang again. Don’t fucking pick up you son of a bitch. A couple more rings and it’ll go to voicemail. Don’t—

“Hyung?” A voice crackled on the line.
Fuck. “… Hi.” He cringed.

Jimin’s voice was hoarse (from screaming while partying or from moaning his name, who would ever know??) and there was a hint of caution in his tone. “What did… we do last night?”

Judging by the way he said it, he knew what they’d done and—it was stupid of him but—Yoongi had hoped maybe Jimin wouldn’t be able to figure it out. But Jimin wasn’t that stupid and the evidence, condom, lube and all, was pretty damning. They’d both been naked in the same bed for god’s sake. Yoongi spun around in a circle, biting his lip. His eyes zoned in on a bench not too far away and he strode to it. The others followed closely behind. “Have you seen Taehyung?” He asked, completely blowing past Jimin’s question.

That caught him off guard. “Uh, no? He’s in class right now. Yoongi-hyung what—?”

Yoongi plopped down on the bench, letting out a huff. “He’s been missing since last night, can you check around for him?” He didn’t give him a chance to respond. “Yeah, good? Okay.” Yoongi hung up, springing off the bench and rushing off, as if walking away he would leave behind his embarrassment. He pulled down his snapback over his face. The sun was brutal. He wished he brought sunglasses. He was getting a headache again.

“You—” Hoseok began.

“Yeah, he’s looking.” Yoongi interrupted, grumbling back, “Let’s keep moving.”

They continued their hunt, searching the buildings that were left. After a while they walked to the green at the heart of campus where Jimin was sitting cross-legged by the fountain. His hair was damp as if from a shower and pushed back to reveal his high forehead. A venti coffee cup was nestled in the gap between his legs and a bag sitting next to him. Large square framed glasses nearly covered half of his face. He looked absolutely exhausted, shoulders slumped. A somber look colored his expression which only seemed to turn darker when he spotted Yoongi.

Yoongi’s step faltered and he lagged behind the others as they strode to meet him, coming to stop a distance away although still within earshot. Namjoon plopped down next to Jimin, throwing himself backwards to lie down, nearly dipping his head inside the fountain. Hoseok greeted him while Jungkook blinked at Jimin silently. Yoongi was practically melting from embarrassment. The sight of Jimin so soon after their escapade caused his heart to rise in his throat.

Yoongi shifted his weight uncomfortably, admiring the crispy grass or watching the couple jogging by or observing the bright scarlet colors of the falling leaves almost as red as his ears. Anything to avoid the stone-like gaze Jimin was giving him.

“Sorry I missed dance practice, hyung. I was busy…” He informed Hoseok. His gaze lingered on Yoongi before flitting down to his feet. “I checked everywhere. I couldn’t find Taehyung.” Jimin reported his voice rough.

Namjoon groaned.

“That’s it. We’re calling the police.” Hoseok proclaimed, looking daggers at Yoongi.

“Okay fine!” Yoongi barked back. His eyes met Jimin for a second before he ripped them away. Awkward.

“…Is he really missing?” Jimin asked.

“You remember last night don’t you?” Jungkook spoke.
Jimin sputtered. “I—Um yeah. Most of it. I don’t remember getting back to my dorm or loosing Tae or the…” He drifted off, blush reddening his cheeks.

Yoongi snapped his eyes, fixing him with a sharp glare. He wouldn’t dare mention… if he did Yoongi was going to drown him in that fucking fountain. Luckily, Jimin kept quiet and the others didn’t seem to notice the pause.

“That’s a lot more than what hyung can remember,” Jungkook gestured to Yoongi, “He completely blacked out.”

All of them turned to look at him and Yoongi redirected his attention back to watching the drifting clouds. He recognized Hanbin and Yunhyeong playing catch with a baseball. Under the shade, Jaebum from his audio technology class was having a picnic with two other underclassmen and that thai foreign exchange student. They all seemed to be having such a nice time. Yoongi wished he could say the same.

“Hyung please call.” Hoseok pleaded.

Yoongi grumbled but complied, dialing the emergency number.

Jungkook filled Jimin on everything with occasional comments from Namjoon and Hoseok. Jimin listened quietly, his eyes flitting back to Yoongi when he thought the others weren’t looking.

“I’d like to file a missing persons.” Yoongi announced once he heard someone on the other end.

“We might have to put his face on milk cartons.” Namjoon joked, sitting up and pushing his hair back.

“His name is Kim Taehyung, nineteen, been missing for about twelve hours, maybe more.” Yoongi reported to the operator, ignoring Namjoon. “He’s tall, has purple hair”—” He was interrupted by the beeping of his phone. It was an incoming call. From Seokjin-hyung. The others looked at him curiously, confused by his delay.

Yoongi frowned. “I’m sorry hold on.” He said, accepting the other call. “Hyung, I’m not working today,” He huffed into the receiver, annoyed. “I traded my shift with Jinyoung remember?”

“Did you lose something last night?” Seokjin wondered. There was mischief in his tone.

Yoongi blinked. “What are you—Is Taehyung there?!”

Seokjin broke into that weird giggle of his which sounded more like he was wailing than laughing. “I think you should see for yourself.”

Yoongi ordered.

“Oh, he’s not going anywhere.”

What the hell does that mean? Yoongi shook his head. He hung up, returning to the other line. “Never mind, found him.” He said shortly, hanging up and swiftly starting in the direction of the college town where the restaurant was located. The others followed reluctantly.

“Wait what happened?” Namjoon implored, taking long strides to catch up with him.
“Hyung?” Hoseok called out.

“Seokjin-hyung found him.” He said over his shoulder. He glanced back. Jimin was trailing behind, throwing his coffee in the trash bin. He still carried that bag, his expression inscrutable.

“Where?”

“At Taqueria’s.”

“Isn’t that where you work?” Jungkook asked.

“Yeah.” Yoongi had the privilege of being employed at that revered establishment. Actually it was just a Tex-Mex restaurant a five minutes’ walk from campus where most of the students hung out if they didn’t feel in the mood for cafeteria food. It wasn’t a bad place to work at despite everything smelling of grilled pork. Yoongi worked a shift after classes on most days and the owner was kind enough to give the employees free meals so it was actually pretty nice. His manager most of the time was Seokjin and his chats with his friend kept him from being too entirely bored out of his mind on slow days.

“It isn’t too far from here. I could see how he wandered there.” Namjoon concurred.

“I’m so relieved.” Hoseok breathed out.

“I said we’d find him.” Yoongi said matter-of-factly.

Hoseok huffed.

They galloped there with Yoongi in the lead trying to stay as far away from Jimin as humanly possible and Jungkook not too far behind him. Jimin continued to lag back and Hoseok and Namjoon seemed to take notice of his reserved attitude. They walked beside him, attempting to goad the usually cheery boy into conversation. But Jimin ignored their jokes and teasing citing being too tired and hungover to play along. Perhaps Yoongi was just being paranoid but he thought felt Jimin’s stare boring into his back the whole while. It made his body twitch.

It was still early but there were several people milling about the street for an early lunch at one of the many eateries in the area. Yoongi spotted Seokjin outside, wearing the restaurant uniform, an orange shirt with the logo and a matching cap. He greeted them with his arms crossed and a smirk on his face.

“Nice pajamas. I assume you had a wild night?” He was clearly amused.

“Where is he?” Yoongi asked bluntly.

“Well, I was just coming in to open the restaurant when I saw…”

Seokjin pointed to a tree where a small crowd had gathered, all looking up into the branches, laughing amongst themselves and taking pictures with their phones. They all walked over for a better look, pushing through the crowd to stand at the base of the tree. There, under the cover of the canopy and lying on a branch high up in the air, was Kim Taehyung, still knocked out cold and snoring like a bear.

“What the flying fuck?” Yoongi couldn’t believe his eyes.

“Oh my god…” Hoseok gasped. “Is he wearing heels??”

“His jacket is inside out too.” Seokjin commented.
“How did he get up there?!” Jungkook said between laughs.

“Taehyung! Kim Taehyung!” Namjoon called out.

Jungkook pulled out his phone and commenced to take pictures and post them on every social media site available.

“Someone should get him down from there before he breaks his neck.” Seokjin advised, chuckling a bit.

“Jungkook! Stop taking pictures and get him down!” Hoseok smacked his hand.

Namjoon peered at the tree, “He’s not waking up,”

“Hyung!” Jungkook called out, taking off his shoe and throwing it at Taehyung. It hit its mark. Taehyung snapped up nearly losing his balance and toppling down. He caught himself, looked down at his precarious height and began to scream, hugging the branch for dear life. A single heel slipped off his foot and fell to the ground.

“Idiot, we said get him down not knock him off,” Yoongi scolded. He rubbed his temples.

“Seriously have you ever seen any movies where they get the cat down from the tree?” Seokjin frowned.

“But where did he get those heels?” Namjoon murmured.

Taehyung seemed notice the boys at the base of the tree, “Help!” He panicked.

“How did you get up there?” asked Hoseok.

“Um. I don’t know. It made a lot of sense at the time.”

“What?”

“I was hungry and wanted something greasy. So since you guys wouldn’t let me back in I came here, but the restaurant was closed. I didn’t want to sleep on the sidewalk because that’s dirty so…”

“So you decided to sleep in a tree?!” Yoongi was in disbelief.

“I also didn’t want anyone to steal my wallet!” Taehyung said in defense of himself.

“He was drunk. Does it really matter?” Jimin said to Yoongi, startling him. Jimin had been really quiet so far. “Just get him down.”

“Can you climb down?” Hoseok called up.

“No.” Taehyung replied immediately, his legs shaking.

“Do you want to jump? Well catch you!”

“No! No!” Taehyung refused vehemently.

“I’ll climb up to get you.” Jungkook volunteered, kicking off his other shoe.

“What happened to your eye?” Seokjin asked Tae.
“Wha—Oh,” Taehyung reached up to touch his face where a black-eye was festering. “Jungkookie’s an angry drunk.”

“I hit you??” Jungkook widened his eyes. “Hyung, I’m sorry!”

“No problem Jungkookie.” Taehyung said amicably. He was never one to hold grudges. A particularly strong fall breeze wafted through the air, jostling the branches. Taehyung clung a little tighter, his knuckles white. “Can you hurry up getting me down though?”

“Oh, I really need to know why you’re wearing women’s heels,” Namjoon picked up the fallen shoe. It was sparkly gold and at least six inches.

“Oh, haha. I really don’t remember that. They’re pretty though don’t you think?”

Hoseok laughed, Namjoon nodded in agreement, Seokjin asked to see what brand they were while Jungkook was still struggling with climbing up the base of the tree. Yoongi just pinched his nose in exasperation. Things couldn’t get more ridiculous.

Jungkook had shimmed himself halfway up the trunk when he declared, “I’m stuck.”

Hoseok, Namjoon, and Seokjin came to give aid, struggling to push him up by his butt. Yoongi was very aware of Jimin moving to stand beside him, entirely too close for comfort. Yoongi gnawed at his bottom lip as he tried to forget Jimin’s existence completely. It was a lot harder than it seemed since every nerve in his body was hyper-aware of every breath and sigh Jimin took. He felt queasy.

“Hyung.” Jimin said gently as if he were trying to approach a startled animal that might lash out at any moment. Yoongi flinched away but Jimin pressed on. “Hyung, we need to talk about this.”

Yoongi kept his attention fixed on the circus act that was occurring in front of him, unable to look Jimin in the face even if he wanted to. He just really wanted for all this to go away. “We don’t need to talk about anything.”

“Are you just going to keep pretending that nothing happened?”

“Nothing did happen.” Yoongi insisted, taking off his snapback.

“But—”

“Do you remember ‘it’?” He demanded, whipping his head to glare at his friend.

“…No. D-Do you?” Jimin stumbled, caught off guard by his sudden hostility.

Yoongi shook his head, “Then it never happened,” He fixed his glare back onto the tree. They were still struggling to get Jungkook higher up the tree. The first branch was a ways up and the trunk was too wide for Jungkook to get a good grip so he kept sliding down and their hands could only push him back up so far. After some debate, Namjoon lifted Seokjin onto his shoulders, wobbling precariously all the while. Namjoon yelled as Seokjin tugged at his hair for balance. Hoseok tried to help them best he could, flailing his arms around and shouting directions. The crowd seemed to have grown, watching the fiasco unfold.

“That’s not true. Something did happen. We woke up…” Jimin faltered. He lowered his voice further. “We woke up in the same bed together. Naked. With lube and condoms—”

He scowled. “Okay! Okay! Stop talking about it.”
Jimin blinked. Yoongi could feel him analyzing his face. “Here.” He offered the bag to Yoongi and he grasped it reluctantly. “Your clothes. They’re washed. You’re wallet and keys are in there too.”

Yoongi blinked. He checked the contents and sure enough there they were. Jimin was being his usual self-less self and Yoongi felt like a huge jerk. “…Thanks.” He cleared his throat, “Sorry about throwing up on your floor by the way.”

Jimin just shrugged.

Seokjin, now steady on Namjoon’s shoulders pushed Jungkook up but Jungkook couldn’t get a good grip and slid back down. His butt landed on Seokjin’s face and they almost all crashed to the ground. Namjoon shouted under their combined weight and Hoseok was nearly in a panic. Taehyung was laughing hysterically, forgetting at the moment his precarious position. Eventually Seokjin managed to use all his arm strength to push Jungkook off his face and higher up the tree. Jungkook successfully grasped the first branch and hoisted himself up. He climbed the rest with ease, reaching Taehyung. Taehyung unglued himself from the branch and grabbed Jungkook into a crushing hug refusing to let go despite Jungkook’s protests.

“How the hell did he get up there by himself?” Namjoon panted practically throwing Seokjin off his back.

“You need to let go of me so we can get down.” Jungkook’s voice was muffled by Taehyung’s jacket. Taehyung let go but kept a hand fisted on the back of his shirt. Jungkook looked down, completely unfazed by the height, “Now what?”

“Oh,” Hoseok laughed, “Actually I don’t really know.”

“What?!”

Hoseok paced around the tree. “Just, um, lower Taehyung down and we’ll grab him.”

“Then how will I get down?”

“We’ll cross that bridge when we get to it.”

Jungkook frowned, but moved to straddle the branch, replacing Taehyung’s grip on his shirt to his hands and despite panicked protest on Taehyung’s part managed to lower him over the side. Taehyung dangled from Jungkook’s arms, blubbering in fear. The others had their arms up ready to catch him.

Jungkook lowered him as far down as he could, body straining. “Hyung let go now.” He wheezed, but Taehyung’s death grip on his wrists remained steadfast, legs flailing in the air. Jungkook began to slip, his face turning red from exertion. “Hyung!” He tried to shake him off but only succeeded in slipping down further. Taehyung wailed. Somewhere in the back of his mind Yoongi thought that maybe this wasn’t such a good idea.

“Taehyung! We’re right here to catch you! Let go of—” At that moment they both fell, the crowd gasped. They screamed all the way down landing hard on the others, tumbling into a heap on the ground, a cloud of leaves cascading over their prone forms. If Yoongi wasn’t so distressed he might have laughed. Jimin took half a step forward, concerned.

“Everyone alive?” Yoongi called out. There was a unanimous grumble in response. Slowly they began to untangle their limbs and pick the leaves and twigs from their hair. So far the only casualty was Taehyung’s other shoe, the heel broken in the crash. Everyone, Jungkook specifically looked ready to strangle Taehyung, but all was forgiven the moment he flashed his
heart-melting squinty-eyed grin. The crowd seeing now that the event was over began to disperse.

Jimin laughed brightly. A moment passed. “So are we going to be okay?” He sounded hopeful.

Yoongi took a deep breath. “No, Jimin. I don’t think so.” He didn’t want to pretend to be fine with all this, not when every time he looked at him he was reminded of his mistake, his body flushed with shame and awkwardness filled the air. He didn’t want to constantly question his sexuality and everything about himself whenever Jimin decided to stop by or hang out. No it was better just to avoid each other from now on. Easier.

“What?” Jimin gasped. “Nothing needs to change. Nothing happened like you said. We can just go back to how it was before.”

“We can’t… I can’t.” He regretted this, he regretted everything about this.

“What do you mean? We can’t be friends anymore?”

“No.”

“Hyung I’m so sorry that it happened please—”

“I just can’t look at you in the face anymore knowing…” He drifted off, unable to voice the words. “It’s better if we don’t see each other anymore. At all.”

“You don’t mean that. You’re just in shock, you need time to cool down and forget about it. You don’t really mean…” Jimin shook his head, refusing to accept it.

Anger flared in him dangerously. Jimin just wasn’t getting it. “I really don’t want to see you ever again.” He growled, putting the final nail on the coffin that was their friendship. “Actually, I kind of just wish we never met.”

Jimin flinched and Yoongi felt like such a dick, but this was just something he could never forget or get over. Jimin had six other friends to harass when he felt like it. He’d get over this.

The others, now collected, limped towards them. Hoseok seemed to notice the tense atmosphere surrounding them—Yoongi’s scowl and Jimin’s morose expression, now on the verge of tears.

“You two okay?” He asked.

“Just fine.” Yoongi snapped.

“You guys want to stay for lunch?” Seokjin invited them, nodding towards the restaurant.

The rest responded with enthusiasm, hungry for nachos. Yoongi just shook his head, placed back on his snapback, and left without a word, not at all in the mood to stay any longer. He could feel Jimin’s gaze linger after him, but he dared not look back. He dug his hands in the pockets of his pajamas and kept walking.
Of Timely Revelations

Chapter Summary

Yoongi reflects on their relationship and comes to terms with what's really important.

Chapter Notes

A/N:

Wow did this get really long!! I wanted to go back and explore yoonmin’s relationship before moving forward, all the flashbacks are italicized. Just thought I should mention that this is going to be a slow build but if you stick with me there’s going be something special at the end... heu heu hue

I feel like I should also add this disclaimer: I am not an expert on the underground hip hop scene nor have I attended college (yet) much less one in Korea so forgive any discrepancies herein. Also, I am going by the Korean school calendar that starts in March and ends in February of the following year.

This chapter contains the mention of a suicide of an OC so don’t read if it’s triggering in any way.

Please comment, hearing from you makes me happy!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was a scorching June afternoon, late in the first term of Yoongi’s junior year. Yoongi had come down to the basketball court to work off the stress from midterms and stretch out his legs after long hours spent hunched over textbooks at the library. He loved the warmth of sun on his pale skin and the bounce of his surefooted steps on the rubber court. He dribbled the ball, practicing his three pointers and free throws, feeling the sweat stick his oversized t-shirt to his chest.

Yoongi was absorbed—away in his little world, having completely forgotten about the group of boys scrimmaging on the other side of the court. He was—like he is so often—out amongst others, yet alone. Not that he minded. This was something he preferred, cut off from the world with his headphones on, listening to his favorite songs while his heart seemed to thump to the beat, contemplating the weather or the future or the song lyrics or nothing at all.

It was perhaps because of this that Yoongi never heard the yells of warning nor the swoosh of the basketball as it flew at breakneck speed through the air until it smacked against his skull, sending him face first onto the ground. Only after Yoongi’s brain stopped ricocheting around his skull did he notice a guy crouched over him, his face framed by the azure summer sky. The guy was speaking but Yoongi couldn’t process his words. The world seemed to be spinning.

The guy smacked Yoongi’s face (how rude, he thought) and checked his breathing. He was repeating the same thing Yoongi noticed, and it was shortly after that the words trickled though.
“Are you okay? Tell me if you’re okay. Can you hear me?” He repeated this again, checking Yoongi’s eyes.

Yoongi pushed his hand away, finding his voice, “Motherfucker,”

The guy smiled, breathing a laugh, before halting Yoongi’s attempts at getting up. “I’m really sorry about this. Try to stay still okay?”

Yoongi grumbled. He was going to punch this prick.

“Just for a little bit,” He said in response, fingers running across Yoongi’s scalp, sending tingles down his spine. “Are you seeing ‘stars’, spots, or other visual anomalies? Any double or blurred vision?”

“Huh?” He sounded like one of those announcers for prescription drug commercials, the ones that announced a plethora of possible side-effects, talking much too fast to understand while actors walked happily down a beach.

He pulled back, “How many of me do you see?” He simplified.

Yoongi frowned, “One,” Just one stranger hovering close enough over him to block out almost everything else. He was muscular, his toned shoulders revealed by the loose Chicago Bulls jersey. A gold necklace dangled from his neck. He was built much like the meatheads that threw around weights at the campus gym (which would explain his ability to rocket basketballs at a hundred miles per hour at unsuspecting targets). Despite that there was still baby fat clinging stubbornly to his cheeks making him appear younger, almost boyish despite his very masculine build.

The guy nodded, almost sagely, “Numbness, tingling, or weakness in legs and arms?”

“No,” Yoongi really was going to punch him if he kept playing doctor.

“How was this relevant? “Not more than usual,” Yoongi answered honestly.

After a moment’s consideration he conceded. “Okay,” He grasped Yoongi’s arm, lifting him to his feet. “I don’t think you have a concussion but you should be careful and take it easy for a couple days, take aspirin for the pain and ice it if it starts to swell.”

The world still seemed at an odd angle and this guy was talking too fast but Yoongi just nodded, rubbing the back of his head gingerly. A crowd was gathered just a ways off observing him and his caregiver. They assessed him for a moment before breaking out in applause. His face went hot with anger and embarrassment. He wiped the dirt off his cheek with his shirt.

“Welcome back from the dead, we thought Jimin killed you for sure,” The tall one said, laughing.

“Shut up, Sehun,” Retorted the guy.

“You okay man?” Asked another who was wearing a snapback with the words ‘Wang’ written on the front. He looked extremely short next to the tall guy.

Yoongi was mortified, desperate to detach himself from the situation and lick his wounds and nurse his pride in privacy. But he did his best to appear completely nonchalant and dead inside, replying flatly, “I’m fine.”
“Okay, he’s good, now stop crowding him,” His caregiver shooed them away before turning back to him. “Park Jimin, pre-med,” the guy announced brushing back his sweaty hair (well that explained the medical talk), “And I’m really, really sorry about that. I don’t even know how that happened…”

Yoongi narrowed his eyes. Yeah, he really didn’t considering Yoongi was in the polar opposite direction of the net. “How did you even…?”

Jimin smiled sheepishly in response, scuttling past him to pick up Yoongi’s battered headphones, handing them back. “I tried to pass the ball and I overshot a little,”

“A little?” How could someone’s aim be that off?? And the ball happened to land exactly on Yoongi’s head like a bull’s-eye. An assassination attempt was more likely.

Jimin apologized again, bowing several times before escaping to the other side of the court under Yoongi’s burning glare. “Watch where you fucking throw things!” Yoongi shouted after his retreating figure, before grabbing his ball and his water bottle and returning to his dorm with his ears still ringing.

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Yoongi handed his won over to the cashier, nodding his thanks. He took his newly purchased pack of cigarettes, opening it and sticking one between his lips on the way out the door before he realized he didn't have a lighter.

He turned back around situating himself in line again. The cashier barely spared him a glance as Yoongi tossed the overpriced lighter and the rest of his cash on the counter. He looked around impatiently as she counted up his change.

"Misplaced your light?" She asked without looking up.

"No," He answered from around the cig in his mouth.

"First smoke then?" She picked two coins from the register.

Yoongi pulled it from his lips,"First in almost a year actually." He tucked the cig behind his ear, an old habit that had become nearly muscle memory.

She dropped the change into his palm. "Falling off the wagon?"

"I guess." He shrugged.

Yoongi stepped out into the cool air. He ignited the lighter, cupping the flame from the wind and lit the cigarette. He took in a deep breath feeling the warmth fill his lungs and spread out through his veins. He breathed out, the smoke billowing before him.

It had been more than a week since Yoongi had seen Jimin, though he was not far from his thoughts, what had occurred even less so. The anger had faded into shame and guilt. It seemed that everything reminded him of his embarrassment. The effort of avoiding Jimin (which was harder than one might think considering their small university and similar friendship circles) as well as studying and reviewing for his senior finals had Yoongi in a frazzled state.

His music, usually a stress reliever for him, had become a complete block. His produced beats sounded similar and bland, all his lyrics cheesy and unoriginal. Yoongi lacked inspiration to do any better and at this point he didn't even have the patience to do anything else but worry. His mistakes and frustrations seemed to fog up everything.
Usually he would escape with constant naps and procrastination. However, even in sleep he wasn’t free. His dreams were hellish. It seemed his subconscious was determined to throw everything he regretted right back into his face. Jimin's wounded gaze haunted him. His guilt wound tight around his throat.

Picking up smoking again had been a split second decision. He was supposed to be at the mart for milk which he’d forgotten about completely once he saw the rows of cigarette packs. Yoongi recalled the mellow feeling smoking provided and in desperation to end the whirlpool of emotions inside him, determined just one smoke for his nerves should be all right. It had been such a long time since he'd had one right? But of course you can't buy just one cig, you have to buy the whole pack, just like one mistake brings with it a batch of other problems. He'd just have the one and get rid of the rest he’d determined.

Yoongi reached the end of his cigarette, throwing it on the sidewalk and snuffing it out. The pack felt heavy in his jacket pocket and before he knew it, he was lighting a second one. Then a third. It was funny how just like that you could fall back into old habits and repeat the same mistakes without a moments hesitation.

***

The second time Yoongi met Park Jimin he nearly didn't recognize him. He was working the evening shift at the restaurant waiting tables. It was a busy night, the kind you only get during the late summer months when people were coming back to the university to settle in before the beginning of the next semester.

Yoongi and Jinyoung had their hands full even with Seokjin’s help. Yoongi was up to his elbows in salsa which had dried sticky to his skin and his apron was wet from where he’d spilled coke on it. About three tables had asked for more nachos and the fourth had asked to return their water because they didn’t like lemons even though Yoongi had specifically asked if they wanted water with lemon.

Despite the bustle, tips were shitty and Jinyoung seemed to be getting all the good tables. It was almost the end of his double shift and Yoongi was watching the clock like a hawk but it only moved slower.

Yoongi was distributing a burrito and a quesadilla to a couple on a date (why would you come here of all places for a date?? Yoongi wondered to himself) when Hoseok stepped in with some of his dance friends.

It was quite a crowd—it looked like he brought the whole dance club. Yoongi excused himself made his way to the host’s desk to try to bully Seokjin into seating them on his side. Big groups ate more and left more tips, if he could get this group tonight wouldn't be a total waste. He might finally be able to afford the new producing software he’d been saving up for for months.

“Hey guys,” Yoongi greeted putting on his best waiter-smile.

“Hi hyung!” Hoseok greeted. “Decided to bring the club for dinner after the first practice.”

“Yes I see a lot of new faces,” Yoongi was already grabbing the menus.

Hoseok greeted Seokjin as he arrived back from having seated a group of three. Seokjin smiled at the group, eyeing Yoongi suspiciously all the while. Yoongi raised his eyebrows silently begging. He relented, god bless him. “Take tables 32 and 33.” He crossed out the tables on the floor plan.

“Thanks, bro!” Yoongi sang, grabbing the napkins and silverware. “Follow me please,” Yoongi
said as he turned on his heel. He sat the group and handed out the menus.

“I’m Yoongi by the way. Take your time and call me over if you have any questions,” He was practically giddy. He left to take care of the other tables

In a little while Hoseok was waving him over. Yoongi came with a bowl of nachos and salsa for appetizer and the second he dropped it on the table the kids descended on it. They were ravenous it seemed.

Yoongi went around the table memorizing their orders without needing to write it down while they introduced themselves by name on Hoseok’s insistence (“Yoongi-hyung is the coolest you have to get to know him!” He’d said). He forgot their names just as quickly as they’d said them though one kid with orange hair stuck in his mind, Taehyung, who insisted on just a plate of fried pork. They ordered the usual—burritos, fajitas, tacos, all with extra beef. When Yoongi reached the end of the table there was one kid with dark hair shifting uncomfortably in his chair. Jimin, he’d introduced himself quietly with trepidation. Yoongi got this feeling of déjà vu.

“Alright, pick your poison,” He nodded towards the menu in front of Jimin. There was something about this kid’s face.

The kid blinked. Was Yoongi really so intimidating for him to act like this? Intimidation didn’t bring good tips so Yoongi flashed his most encouraging smile. Then it died on his lips as soon as he remembered. The assailant. He knew there was something fishy about Jimin. Yoongi pushed back his ridiculous orange hat, leaning on a hip and crossing his arms. His eyes narrowed, watching Jimin turn red. He must’ve noticed that Yoongi recognized him.

“Can I have a spring salad, no croutons and dressing on the side.” He began reluctantly. “Do you cook your beans with pork fat?” He asked.

“Yes but we can substitute vegetable oil if you like.” So he was one of those. Yoongi hadn’t gotten one in a while. Healthy minded people tend to avoid greasy tex-mex restaurants all together and go to the organic bistro across the street instead.

“Then I’ll have that and the grilled chicken with rice and beans.” Jimin said as he handed back the menu. “Um, please,” He added on as a second thought.

Yoongi assessed him once more before taking the menu. Jimin lowered his head repentantly. Yoongi really should let it go. So a kid knocks you out in front of the whole court. He’d apologized, no big deal right? Right. Except Yoongi was exceptional at holding grudges and something about this Jimin rubbed him the wrong way. The way he cowered in his seat under his glare didn’t seem to help his case, although if he’d been nonchalant about their reencounter Yoongi would’ve probably hated him more. At least he seemed guilty about it.

No one seemed to notice their interaction, too busy fighting over the salsa bowl. He went in the back and placed their orders, taking care to specify Jimin’s special order. The rest of the night went all right and Yoongi was too busy to pay much mind to Jimin or the rest of Hoseok’s table besides refilling their drinks.

“Bye Yoongi-hyung!” The whole group called out as they exited, no doubt again under Hoseok’s insistence. Yoongi looked up from where he was wiping down a table that had queso practically glued on it. He waved his rag at them.

He went to clean up their plates, pocketing the bills left behind as tip. His eyes widened as he saw two ten thousand won bills folded neatly and tucked just under Jimin’s empty plate.
He did a little dance, spinning around in a circle, suddenly feeling as rich as Jay-Z himself. He’d never been so happy about guilt-tripping someone. He was practically skipping with joy until his manager yelled at him. But that didn’t dampen his mood in the least. Grabbing his paycheck as he left, he tucked it beside the bills, his wallet feeling gloriously heavy. He decided he’d let Jimin off the hook from now on, as amusing as it was to see him squirm.

***

They walked across campus on their way to their morning classes. Taehyung was still moping about getting a B in his physics class. He’d almost failed, but the professor had gotten a kick out of his tree story and decided to offer him extra credit out of pity and also because he’d been an excellent student as of yet. It was basically just a couple more pages to his project report. The professor still deducted a lot of points for the sake of fairness, but the fact that she even still accepted it was a great mercy. He hadn't had much luck with the calculus professor. It was only due to his previous high grade in the class that he was scraping by, now that he’d taken a zero for the test. He was still nursing that black eye, too.

It seemed Yoongi wasn’t the only one having a bad week.

“Did you ask Jimin if he’s meeting us for dinner at the restaurant?” Namjoon asked.

“He said he couldn’t.” Taehyung adjusts the strap of his backpack.

“Again?” Namjoon huffs. “Did he say why?”

“Vague, as always.”

“It’s like he’s avoiding us.”

“Maybe he’s just busy, you know with dance and med school.”

“I don’t know. You don’t think he’s angry with us?”

“I mean, I don’t think I did anything.”

“Me neither.”

They look at Yoongi. He just shrugs. “He’s probably busy, like you said.”

***

Yoongi was splayed on the couch playing video games when Hoseok entered with one of his random friends. He barely noticed. Hoseok had a lot of friends that he constantly invited over to their room to hang out or chat, too many to keep track of honestly. Yoongi ignored them to focus on his game. He’d died several times already but was too stubborn to lower the difficulty from insanity.

Hoseok headed for the fridge chatting about something inane and his friend followed. Yoongi noticed him looking at him from the corner of his eye. He attributed that to his messy hair and wrinkled clothes that he kept re-wearing, too lazy to put them in the wash.

“That’s my wonderful roommate.” Hoseok stated sarcastically, seeming to have noticed his companions not so subtle glances. “You met him. He works at that restaurant we went to a while ago, remember?”

Yoongi raised his controller in greeting without looking. Sounds from the firefight drowned out
the others' conversation as they talked for a while more.

"Crap. I think I left my history book at the gym." Hoseok proclaimed suddenly. "I need it to read three chapters for tonight." He moved towards the door.

"Do you want me to come?" His friend offered. There was something about his voice...

"No, stay. I'll be right back." He stood in the door way. "Yoongi, remember Park Jimin yeah?"

Ah yes, the well-tipping-would-be-assassin, his mind supplied. How could he forget.

Hoseok leveled Yoongi with a stern gaze, "Be nice,"

"What are you talking about I'm always nice--shit!" He took a hard shot and his health depleted dangerously. He leaned forward, fingers smashing the controller as he tried to get his character back behind cover.

He didn't notice Hoseok leave but he did notice Jimin sit down on the couch gingerly beside him. It was silent apart from the sound of fire rounds and the video game's theatrical battle music.

"So how did you meet Hoseok?" Yoongi asked as he collected ammo.

"We have the same modern dance class and he convinced me to join the club," Yoongi glanced at him briefly before looking back at the screen. "Are you majoring in dance?"

"No, I'm in pre-med..." He said reluctantly as if he'd told Yoongi this before. He sure as hell didn't remember though.

"You fucking motherfucker!" Yoongi exclaimed. Jimin stiffened visibly, looking quite startled. A banshee closed in on Yoongi, threatening to impale his character and end all his hopes and dreams for saving the universe from evil god-machines.

"Um--"

"Shit! Fucking fuckity fuck," He managed to kill one when two more seemed to appear to replace it. His shields were kaput and his health was almost gone.

Jemin caught on that Yoongi was referring to the tv and not to him specifically, flitting his eyes between Yoongi and the screen. "Behind you!" Jimin warned, an incoming monster fast approaching.

"Ah!" Yoongi it's blew the head off before it got too close. He ducked and dodged and somehow managed to survive the enemy wave. A cutscene and dialogue ensued, Yoongi leaned back, triumphant, wiping his sweaty palms on the couch. "Thanks. Sorry about the cursing," he apologized, "I can be really intense."

"I can see that." He watched intently as the scene played out and Yoongi selected dialogue options. “Do you, um, remember me…?”

"Of course I do! You're that kid from the basketball court."

Jemin smiled sheepishly. “Sorry again about that.”

“Yeah. You're a dick.” He said flatly.

"I am not!" Jimin denied, opening his mouth in fake shock. He seemed to notice Yoongi wasn't
being too serious despite no indication on Yoongi's part. That was rare. People had a hard time
telling when he was joking or being serious. That's why he wasn't good at making new friends.

"Only dicks knock out unsuspecting targets." Yoongi surmised, pursing his lips as he paused the
game.

Jimin lifted a brow, "Maybe if you didn't have your headphones on you would've heard me yell
the warning."

"Maybe if you didn't have such shitty aim you wouldn't have had to yell anything in the first
place." Yoongi parried. "You almost killed me." He accused.

"I did not almost kill you." Jimin scoffed, "You didn't even have a concussion."

"I had a bump on my head for weeks!"

"Did you ice it like I told you to?" He asked.


Jimin laughed at that, taking his remark in stride. "I'm not a doctor just yet. Still need to get eight
years under my belt."

"Eight more shitty years." Yoongi raised his eyebrows. He didn't know anyone in the medical
university and he forgot sometimes how long it took.

"Yeah it is." Jimin nodded solemnly. "Expensive too."

"Well, you'll make a hell of a lot more money than I'll ever see."

"I hope so, for now I'm just worried about getting into med school."

“Yeah, well, keep studying I guess. Oh, thanks for that tip by the way.” Yoongi said before he
could forget, smiling.

The tips of Jimin’s ears turned little bit red. “No problem.” Apparently he was shy about thank
yous, Yoongi theorized. Jimin shifted on the couch, settling in more comfortably. “So, what are
you studying, Yoongi-ssi?"

Yoongi shrugged.

Jimin chuckled. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"It's mostly music, I'm not really sure yet."

"Aren't you in your third year? You don't already have a degree in mind?" Jimin was absolutely
shocked.

"I mean, I did. But I keep changing my mind. Nothing feels quite right." Yoongi shrugged
again. He usually didn't open up to people this easily, but Jimin was surprisingly easy to talk to.

"Doesn't that drive your parents crazy spending their money like that?"

"I'm paying my own way." Yoongi stated.

"Really?"
"Yeah I work the restaurant. And I have a second job."

Jimin nodded. "So if you're into music do you play instruments?"

"Guitar, piano, drums, saxophone."

"Saxophone??" He looked so impressed.

"Nah. I'm kidding." Yoongi couldn't help smiling a bit.

"Oh," Jimin giggled, his eyes narrowing into these little crescents, flashing a blinding smile brighter than the sun itself. It was difficult to look at for too long. "Hoseok didn't mention you were funny," He shifted closer.

"Yeah? He probably mentioned how I raid his oreo stash at midnight, right? He always complains to everyone about that." Yoongi smirked at him.

Suddenly, Hoseok burst through the door. "Whats this? Are we getting along?" He wondered, toting his huge textbook.

"Horribly," Jimin reported, smiling a bit at Yoongi. This kid.

"Really? What were you doing?"

"You know, having a nice chitchat." Yoongi tossed away the controller, standing up for the first time in several hours. Yoongi felt himself in a good mood. "Found your book?"

"Yeah it was where I left it." Hoseok threw it on the kitchen table and came to sit in the spot between Jimin and Yoongi's recently vacated seat. He glanced between them. "It's nice that my two best friends are getting along,"

"Jimin's your best friend??" Yoongi plopped on the couch, "I've never heard you mention him before. When did this become so serious?"

"You've never mentioned me?" Jimin asked, a bit insulted.

"What no of course I have!!" He put a hand on Jimin's shoulder reassuringly. "It's just hyung never listens to me. Remember I told you about that short kid I convinced to join dance team that turned out to be really good? I mentioned how nice and funny he was."

Yoongi frowned at him, trying to recall.

"I'm not short!" Jimin protested.

"Was it the one that makes weird noises while he dances?"

"No no! That's Taehyung."

"The orange haired kid? Oh then I don't know. But that's beside the point, when did he become your best friend?"

"A while ago." He informed.

"I thought I was your best friend." Yoongi crossed his arms.

"Well you're the best friend, but Jimin's my new best friend."
"What about Seokjin or Namjoon?" Yoongi asked, amused.

"They're my other best friends." Hoseok explained as if that made perfect sense.

Yoongi shook his head. "You can't have more than one best friend at once, that's cheating."

"Of course I can!" He said incredulously.

"You're such a friend-whore, Jung Hoseok." Yoongi scolded playfully.

Hoseok shrugged a bit like he couldn't help it. "You hungry, Jiminnie?"

Jimin who had been watching their exchange with a faint smile, nodded earnestly. "Starving, hyung."

"Jiminnie," Yoongi echoed, scoffing at the nickname.

"I'll order some pizza," Hoseok left the two on the couch to look for the pizza place's telephone number. "Pepperoni?"

He threw his feet in the space Hoseok left behind. "Hell yeah,"

"Uh do they have veggie?" Jimin asked.

"Veggie," Yoongi echoed again, not even trying to stop himself from laughing. Who asked for vegetable pizza except for vegetarian hippies and the middle aged?

"That's fine, I'll order half vegetable half pepperoni." Hoseok intervened, giving Yoongi a look as he dialed the number.

Yoongi grimaced. He could be a bit judgmental. It was something he was working on.

"Yoongi-ssi," Jimin asked after a moment, "Since you're in music do you compose?"

Yoongi sighed deeply. "Just a bit." He knew where this was going.

"So do you write songs??" He asked excitedly. "Can I listen to one?"

"No." Yoongi replied flatly. He could see Jimin's smile crumble slightly and he felt compelled to offer explanation. "My songs aren't good."

"What?" Jimin questioned with genuine curiosity. "I bet they're great,"

Yoongi snorted. "How would you know?"

"A feeling." He shrugged.

"Don't let him lie to you." Hoseok declared, returning from the kitchen. "His music is great, better than most I know. And he produces some sick beats. But he's such a perfectionist he doesn't show his songs until he's worked on them for months and even then he doesn't like them."

"It's because—"

"—there's always something to fix." Hoseok finished.

Yoongi glared at him.
“It's okay. You don't have to.” Jimin stated, smiling again. “I've never met anyone who composed their own songs.”

“Hoseok does too.” Yoongi tipped his head toward him.

“Really?”

“Well, only a bit. And with hyung’s help.” Hoseok admitted a tad embarrassed. “Hey... if you want to see us perform them theres this club—”

“Hobi!” Yoongi interrupted, scowling.

“What?! You always complain about wanting more people to come to our shows!”

“Yeah. People!” Yoongi gestured. “Just not people we know. Its too embarrassing.”

“What!?” Hoseok frowned incredulously.

“Yes!” He insisted.

Hoseok shook his head looking at Yoongi like he was crazy (and he probably was). “I’ll tell you later Jimin.” He fake-whispered, winking conspiratorially.

“What?” Now it was Yoongi's turn to question. “No.”

Hoseok smiled evilly at Yoongi’s continued protests, giggling as he dodged with ease the couch pillows chucked at him. He wigged his eyebrows at Jimin who just looked very confused.

Yoongi groaned. “I hate you. I'm going to smother you in you're sleep just watch.”

“Then who’s going to pay for the pizza?” Hoseok questioned.

“If it'll ever get here.” Yoongi grumbled.

Jemin laughed at his grumpy expression and Yoongi’s lips curled just a bit.

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"Can you stop brooding for five seconds and pay attention to what I'm telling you?” Seokjin sounded annoyed.

“Brooding? Me?” Yoongi asked, looking up from the speck on the wall he’d been staring at so intensely.

“Yes. Brooding. You're Mr. Broody.”

“I always brood.”

“Yeah, well, now more than usual.” Seokjin leaned back his chair. It was a slow afternoon at the restaurant, so they were slacking off and taking a seat at one of the tables. Manager Seokjin privileges. “I’ve been talking to you for the last five minutes and its like you not hearing anything.”

“Sorry hyung. I was just thinking.”

“’Bout what?”
“You know, the usual. Song lyrics. Class. Plans for world domination.”

Seokjin chuckled.

“So, what were you telling me?” Yoongi asked. This time he makes sure to pay attention or at least look like he is.

***

Months passed and Yoongi was busy between school, work and his composing. He’d see Jimin every now and then. Sometimes when Yoongi, Namjoon, Seokjin and Hoseok got together to hang out Jimin would tag along as well as that kid Taehyung. There were others that Hoseok would introduce, but only Taehyung and Jimin seemed to stick around. And so their small friendship circle expanded to include two more.

Yoongi enjoyed their company. Their youth was a breath of fresh air from their usual pessimism about increasing tuition fees and the bleak job opportunities that awaited them after graduation. Hoseok especially seemed to feed off their energy, practically jumping off the walls, wrestling and playing pranks with them. He picked up the habit of squawking strange noises from Taehyung and sometimes he grated on Yoongi’s nerves so much he had to escape to the library to keep from strangling him.

The three became inseparable and sometimes Yoongi felt like he’d acquired two more roommates. Jimin and Taehyung were always wrestling on his couch fighting over the remote or raiding the pantry for more snacks or giggling and tripping over themselves trying to memorize the dance from some random girl group’s new music video. They’d even shower in his dorm after their dance practice and Yoongi soon found the sink taken over by Taehyung’s collection of shampoos for his dyed hair and Jimin’s many colognes.

They’d sleepover often, sometimes spending the entire night giggling in Hoseok’s room, sometimes just crashing on the couch, heads hanging off each arm rest, their legs tangled together under the blanket Yoongi would lend them out if pity.

It seemed Jimin and Taehyung both hated their roommates, well actually Taehyung’s roommate hated him and his ability to sleep-talk (or more accurately sleep-yell) and Jimin didn’t have much in common with his. They were also in love with the spaciousness of Yoongi and Hoseok’s dorm. The underclassmen were usually housed in an older building with small two person rooms and community toilets. Yoongi’s dorm was one of the few actually decent ones around that actually had separate bedrooms and they’d only lucked out because Hoseok’s dad was a treasured alumni whose donations helped pay for the renovations. The rent was a bitch to pay for though.

Yoongi tried to kick them out several times though he didn’t put much effort into it besides a quip or a half-hearted threat. Taehyung and Jimin knew he wasn’t too serious and they tried to stay out of his way more or less, mostly out of respect for a sunbae and maybe a little bit because they were intimidated by Yoongi’s taciturn nature despite Hoseok’s insistence that he was ‘just lil marshmallow with a grumpy face.’

They were caught in that awkward phase between being good acquaintances and barely friends. He liked them, Taehyung was a good kid and Jimin was strangely charming but they were always Hoseok’s friends. Whenever he found himself alone with one of them, whenever Hoseok stepped out for class and the other was in the bathroom or somewhere else, there would be this uncomfortable moment that passed where they realized they really didn’t have much to talk about. It wasn’t so bad with Taehyung because that kid was a parrot that could talk the ear off a wall and Yoongi could just chuckle at what he babbled until someone came to save him. Jimin would just attempt small talk about the weather and Yoongi hated small talk and they would just
look at each other awkwardly as Jimin’s ears turned redder and it just seemed to get worse.

They eventually grew close to Seokjin and Namjoon as well, but kept respectful distance with Yoongi, though Taehyung seemed to be pushing it more and more these days to see what he could get away with. Once, he playfully punched Seokjin hard on the shoulder after Yoongi and Seokjin teased him for dying his hair (again) and nearly doing the same to Yoongi before he stopped himself with a bashful grin.

Namjoon especially seemed to get a crack at the two 95-liners still referring to him as ‘Yoongi-ssi’ or ‘sunbae’ or even as ‘sunbaenim’ but only whenever they got on Yoongi’s nerves. Hoseok would sometimes ask why Yoongi never hung out with Jimin and Taehyung when Hoseok wasn’t there. Don’t you like them hyung? You should get to know them better. And Yoongi would just shrug and say he hadn’t had the time. Yoongi was okay with keeping them at a distance.

Yoongi wasn’t too particularly keen on how Taehyung was practically stealing all of Seokjin’s fries, pouting shamelessly and whining ‘hyungie’ whenever Seokjin tried to bat his hands away and preserve any he might have left, though it was hilarious to watch Seokjin’s disgruntled expression.

They were having dinner at this american burger joint after watching the latest Avengers film and inhaling gallons of popcorn but that didn’t mean they didn’t have room in their bellies for a gallon more of fries.

“Did you see Hulk??” Namjoon exclaimed, “He just was like—ROAR!! SMASH!” He punched the air, fake-smashing the table, and growling, his eyes scrunched up and baring his teeth semi-unattractively as he flailed about. “BAM!” He brings down his fist on the table sending his fork flying in the air which Seokjin barely dodged. Yoongi snorted. “Monosyllabic green monster of pure destruction!! Coolest avenger, hands down. The others can suck it.”

There’s a dramatic gasp.

Here we go.

Taehyung’s eyes are wide as he pointed an accusatory finger. “Heresy!” He crammed the rest of Seokjin’s fries into his big mouth before the other can react. “Everyone knows Thor is the best!” He proclaimed as he chews.

“Thor?” Namjoon scoffed. “Hulk is easily ten times bigger than him.”

“But he’s just as strong! And he’s a GOD! So: immortal. And he can fly! And Mjölnir!” (Thors hammer. Yoongi’s not surprised Taehyung remembered the name, much less pronounced it correctly.) “Hulk is just a science experiment gone bad.” He chugged his soda down, waving his hand dismissively.

“C’mon everyone knows Thor is just a dumb blond. He’s so gullible his brother Loki is always tricking him and shit.”

“Thats because he’s the god of mischief!!” Taehyung argued, “His job is to trick people.”

“I think Hawkeye is the best.” Seokjin chimed in.

“What?”

“He has all these cool moves and he doesn’t need a bunch of fancy powers to kill the baddies,”

“Without the arrows he ain’t shit.” Namjoon stated.
“He’s probably the weakest.” Hoseok added.

Taehyung nodded in agreement.

Seokjin frowned in defeat.

“Anyways you’re all looking at this wrong.” Hoseok shook his head in disappointment. “Iron man is obviously the best avenger.” The others protested. Hoseok held up a finger to silence them. “I can’t believe you would consider anyone else! He’s got the brains, the tech, the money, as well as the personality! He’s the complete package. He makes the avengers!” As if to add to his argument Hoseok held his palms up and imitates the sound of Iron man’s hand rocket thingies. Do they even have a name?

“No no.” Namjoon wrinkled his forehead. “The same Hawkeye principle applies. Without his suit he’s chop suey.”

“But when is he ever without his suit?? He has like fifty, if one breaks he just puts on another one!”

“He relies too much on his technology, not his natural skills.”

“His intelligence is his natural skill! He makes those suits or do you think he picks them up at Walmart or something?”

Yoongi snorted and looked around for the waitress. Where was his goddamn check?

“Iron man might be cool but he’s a horrible team player!” Jimin entered the debate. “He’s always off doing stuff by himself and making things worse. He’s too arrogant.”

“But its his charm. Charming arrogance!” Hoseok insisted.

Jimin continued. “Honestly the avengers wouldn’t be anything without their leader Captain America!” The others groaned in disapproval. “Face it! Cap is the only one that can get them to work together!”

“That goody two shoes? He’s so boring.” Seokjin said that out of all people.

“Yes he’s so tortured. Like, yeah, you’re girlfriend dead get over it its been like sixty years, grandpa.” Namjoon scoffed.

“He loved her!!” Jimin cried out looking so shocked and offended.

“Christ.” Yoongi murmured to himself, barely hiding his smile.

“Its seems were at an impasse. We need a tiebreaker.” Taehyung announced sagely. He looks about the restaurant, before narrowing in on Yoongi. “Sunbae, who is the best avenger?”

The whole table fixed their eyes on him expectantly. Yoongi bit his lip pensively. “Black Widow.”

Silence.

“Really?”

“Yeah. She’s badass.”
“Ah forget it.” Hoseok made a noise in his throat. “He has a thing for Scar-Jo. We’ll need another unbiased party to settle this.”

“Its not just that.” Yoongi protested. (Thought that was part of it. He wasn’t ashamed to admit that.) “She’s a strong female character, you should appreciate her more.”

Seokjin grabbed another napkin. “She doesn’t have any powers though.”

“Yeah, the Hawkeye principle applies again,” Namjoon said.

“But she doesn’t let that stop her,” Yoongi said in defense of his favorite redhead. “And she does these flips and is good with guns.”

“I like her too.” Jimin agreed.

Taehyung grunted, shaking his head so hard his platinum blond hair goes flying. “But they’re all mortal!! Thor is the best!”

The debate went on for a long while even as they waited for the waitress to finally give them their bills (Yoongi liked to always leave good tips because he knows how hard restaurant work can be but he still pulled out several won from the tip, she was way too slow). They’re still chattering about it even as they take the bus back to the university and Yoongi honestly stops listening. Jimin tried several times to include him by asking him his opinion on so and so’s special power but Yoongi only managed to grunt disinterested replies.

It started to rain as the sun set. The thick color of a rainy day in Seoul. The racing cars, a crowd of jostling umbrellas… Yoongi pulls out his little spiral notebook, crumpled and worn from overuse, and his favorite pen, the end noticeably chewed on. He writes the words on the margins, feeling the lyrics flow to him along with the whisper of a melody.

“He wants to be your friend, you know.” Seokjin leaned closer so he wouldn’t be overheard. Yoongi startled, nearly dropping his pen. “Huh?”

When did he sit down next to him? A while ago maybe. Yoongi just didn’t notice. The others were still several rows ahead. Hoseok and Jimin were standing, leaning on the poles, trying to kick the other in the butt with their feet. Taehyung and Namjoon were talking animatedly, it almost looked like they were arguing—probably more superhero debates.

“Jemin. He wants to be your friend.” Seokjin elaborates.

Yoongi frowns, scratching out several words and replacing them with something better. “We’re friends.”

“You know what I mean.”

“No. I don’t.” Yoongi drags his pen hard across the page, crossing out another sentence. Sometimes his hyung felt it necessary to be his life-coach. It was very irritating.

“He follows you around like a puppy, haven’t you noticed? He craves your attention. Taehyung too.”

Yoongi stares at Seokjin. “So…?”

“I mean open up. We can all see you’re keeping them at arms-length.”
“Just because I’m reserved and don’t do horseplay—”

Seokjin levels him ‘the look.’

Yoongi glances at the pair in question. Taehyung was practically shaking Namjoon by the shoulders. Jimin manages to hit Hoseok square on the ass and he collapses on the nearest empty bench yelling dramatically as he grasps his bum. Jimin giggles. He glances at Yoongi and quickly looks away when he meets his gaze. What was that?

Yoongi grumbles as the bus comes to a halt. Their stop. No one had the foresight to bring an umbrella so they all resigned themselves to getting drenched on the way back. Yoongi pulls his hood up. He’s the last to step off.

He reaches into his pocket as the bus starts to drive off. Oh fuck.

“Wait!” He gasps. “My notebook!”

Before he could react, Jimin goes sprinting after the bus at full speed in the pouring rain, leaving Yoongi gaping after him. It was like something from the Olympics. He ran in short powerful strides, his arms bent at perfect right angles and swinging with each step, kicking up the puddles behind him. Shit, he was very fast. He dashed next to the bus to the end of the block following it as it turned right and out of sight.

The group exchanged shocked glances, unsure if they should go after him or stay where he could find them. The strong fall breeze made Yoongi shiver.

Moments later Jimin reappears, still running, if anything sprinting faster after catching sight of them and Yoongi wonders how much endurance he has. He didn’t look like he had the notebook. Yoongi’s heart sinks. All of his songs were in there. He’ll cry later. When he gets home. Yup. God, how could he have been so careless as to leave it behind. It was too much to hope that Jimin could’ve caught up to the bus.

Jimin comes to a halt before him absolutely soaked. His bangs cling to his face. He’s breathing heavily. “Sunbae,” He suddenly conjures a black notebook from his jacket, its only a little damp. Yoongi takes it, gasping up at him in amazement. No one had ever done something like that for him before. “Call me hyung.” He says as he stows it away safely.

Jimin blinks, a dazzling smile slowly growing across his face. “Hyung.” He states. “And you too,” Yoongi gestures to Taehyung before he could start whining.

As the others begin to rain praises upon Jimin, the savior of the day, a flash of lightning quickly followed by the bellow of thunder scares them all. Hoseok screeches, Namjoon does too but just pretends he didn’t. Jimin grasps Yoongi’s arm in his fear and Yoongi doesn’t brush him off. Taehyung starts wailing. Yoongi didn’t know why he was keeping them at arms length before, but he certainly wasn’t anymore. Jimin really wasn’t that bad, after all.

“C’mon” He announces, clasping Jimin on the shoulder. “Lets get inside before we all catch colds.”

They all got sick after that, of course, but at least he and the kids spent the majority of their flu splayed on the couch playing video games while Hoseok was literally passed out in his room. Jimin told him all about dance club gossip, his classes in the freezing biology lab and how his lab parter was always confused and how he hated scary movies and loved pears. Taehyung revealed
himself to be a secret genius judging by his classes and that he loved turtles and had three siblings and fourteen cousins, hated beans, and didn’t know how to swim. Yoongi told them all about his favorite songs and his favorite shows and how he absolutely loved cats but was allergic to them and still he didn’t let that stop him. They managed to have great fun even if Taehyung did manage to bathe them all in his spit whenever he sneezed.

***

Yoongi is sitting at his desk, doodling caricatures in the margins of his notebook, mouthing along to the lyrics of the song playing from his stereo, more or less bored out of his mind.

There’s a knock at his bedroom door. Hoseok peeks his head in. He’s dressed nicely, hair carefully styled. “Hyung? Were going to that new club Jungkook wanted to check out. Want to come?”

Yoongi shifts in his desk chair. The answer yes was on the tip of his tongue, he’d been desperate to do something, but there was something he had to ask first. “Who’s coming?”

“Seokjin, Jungkook, and um I think Jimin said he was coming too.” Shit.

“Actually,” Yoongi tugged at his earrings, trying to keep his expression neutral. “I just remembered I have this paper I have to finish by wednesday. I should probably work on it so Im not swamped tomorrow.”

Hoseok blinked. “Oh, okay.”

Yoongi nods as Hoseok leaves. He closes the door behind him.

***

“Watcha watchin?” Taehyung catapulted himself onto the couch with Jimin close behind.

“An american show.” Yoongi replied, absorbed by the tv. He stuffed more sour cream and union chips into his mouth, crunching loudly.

“Cool!” Jimin chirruped.

Taehyung reached over Jimin to offer up his palm and Yoongi deposited a single chip. “More!” He begged and Yoongi just threw him the whole bag which he hogged for the rest of the night. This is why Yoongi never made a habit of being nice to people. Jimin was able to sneak his hand into the bag a couple times and offered some chips to Yoongi while he munched.

The actors were arguing in english with korean subtitles scrawled at the bottom of the screen. Yoongi downloaded the episode last night, recently subbed by some kind soul (god bless) that was smart enough to be bilingual, unlike him.

The two settled in, with Jimin in the middle and Taehyung on the other side, recently returned from their shared lit class. Taehyung yanked on the blanket partially uncovering Jimin and taking it off Yoongi completely. Yoongi grumbled, yanking it back again, annoyed at the distractions.

The people, armed with assault rifles and axes were exploring an abandoned school that had blood and grime on the walls. Everything was quiet.

“Wait is this one of those scary shows…”

Right at the moment Jimin said that a mob of growling kid-zombies materialized behind the
group. Jimin jumped. Taehyung screeched ear-splittingly loud and continued to do so in between fits of giggles as the zombies gave chase to the group eventually snagging onto an unfortunate individual and ripping them to shreds as they screamed, blood and guts flying.

Damn, he liked that actress. Oh well.

“Hyung, hyung. Look at Jiminnie.” Taehyung cackled at Jimin’s horrified expression.

“Oh my god. You look pale.”

“I’m gonna puke.” He was cowering against Yoongi. It looked like he wanted to melt into the couch.

“Not on me please.” Yoongi requested. Not good with gore then. He decided to be merciful and change the show despite Taehyung’s protests. He’ll watch it later. It’s not like he could concentrate with Taehyung screeching like that. And Jimin was looking more or less like a sickened puppy, so he took pity. “All right.” He sighed as he channel surfed. A medical drama was on, that was more up Jimin’s alley right?

They watched that for a bit. Neither of them had watched this particular show before. It was all relative peace until an assault victim with stab wounds was wheeled into the ER. The doctors scrambled to operate, yelling directions to the nurses in dramatic fashion. Yoongi was growing bored and thinking of leaving when he heard Jimin groan, covering his face with his hands. He was still leaning into him. His body felt really warm and he smelled nice, something fruity, strawberries maybe?

“Again?” Yoongi asked exasperatedly. It wasn’t even that gory, only the red-stained towelettes they pressed into the victim’s wound. “This is your profession.”

“Why can’t we ever watch nice things?” He murmured, shaking his head.

Yoongi sighed switching to re-runs of Korea’s Next Top Model.

***

Taehyung’s snoring loudly from the couch. Jungkook was laying on the floor, phone in his hand as he scrolled through his twitter. Yoongi is busy eating his feelings, consuming a whole chip bag by himself and feeling horrible in general.

Hoseok bursts through the door, struggling to carry his laundry through the door frame. The noise disturbs Taehyung from his nap. He sits up, looking disoriented. Hoseok goes into his room with the basket to put his stuff away.

After listening to Taehyung’s sleep-talking for the past hour, he just had to ask: “Taehyung, I understand the whole sleep talking thing but what I don’t understand is the princess dragon dream and why I’m in it.”

He frowns at him groggily. “What are you talking about?”

“You mean, you forgot what you dreamt about?”

Taehyung shrugs. “I always forget what I dream about.”

Yoongi stares. “Jungkook, you heard that right?”

“Heard what?” He asks, not even looking away from his phone.
Yoongi starts to wonder if he’s going insane.

“Is Jiminnie around? I have to ask him something.” Hoseok says as he comes back.

“Nope.”

“He hasn't stopped by in such a long time. I feel like I never see him anymore.” Hoseok mumbles. “Do you know what he’s doing Jungkook?”

“He's not at our room too much. When he is he just plays on his computer.”

“Really?”

“Yeah. Seems kind of depressed.”

That's like a dagger to the heart. Yoongi practically feels himself drowning.

“I wonder why.” Hoseok wonders.

Yoongi retreats to his room because he has to think about something else.

***

“Oh I like this song!” Namjoon danced a bit to the beat. He was in Yoongi’s room, helping out with some of his homework. They mostly just talked, getting distracted, rapping along to the song lyrics and discussing this or that.

The door was open, Jimin skipped in. “Hey hyung!”

“Hey Jimin-ah, break dance!” He pointed at him. The beat dropped.

Not unfazed in the least, Jimin merged to the melody, body moving smoothly and spontaneously to the tempo. He was really good.

“Ah yeah! Work it!” Namjoon encouraged, jumping up to bounce around.

Yoongi laughed, turning up the stereo even louder. The dorm room next door was going to complain but he didn't give a shit currently. Yoongi watches from his desk. He felt his eyes glued to Jimin as he danced, his movements sharp and sure. The confidence with which he moved his body was simply amazing.

The song ends too soon. Namjoon plops into the floor exhausted. Jimin only looks a bit winded.

“Not bad,” Yoongi compliments.

Jimin smile is like sunshine.

“How long have you been dancing again?”

“A while. It's always been something I've done.”

“Remind me why you aren't a dance major?” Namjoon implores.

Jimin shrugs. “It's just something that makes me happy. Nothing I could necessarily make a career out of, you know.”

“But you're so good!!” Namjoon insists.
Jemin smiles, but its a bit less. He smoothly changes the subject, asking Namjoon about that new Drake album and he’s off talking about other things. Yoongi notices though.

***

His phone is vibrating. He’s almost afraid for a moment (Is it Jemin??!) but then he notices the caller id. Hoseok.

“Yeah?”

“Hyung, are you still home?”

“I am.” He’s still in bed. Staring at the ceiling.

“I left my ipod in my room. I need it. It has our dance routine song on it. Can you bring it?” He sounded desperate.

Yoongi clears his throat, panicking a little. Dance team meant Jimin. And he couldn't face him yet. But what excuse could he give??

“You still there??” Hoseok asks.

“Uh, ahh— Okay.” He grumbles.

He takes longer than is probably necessary getting dressed. He doesn't want to look as emotionally compromised as he probably is. More importantly he doesn't want Jimin to know.

He grabs the ipod and heads across campus to their practice room at the gym. Its cool inside when he enters. He cant resist looking about the room. Boys and girls stand about the large area chatting with each other, dressed in work out clothes. In the corner he spots Taehyung and Jungkook giggling with each other. Jimin stands next to them.

He was wearing a sleeveless shirt and shorts. God was he always so muscular?? Yoongi wonders. He looks good. There are dark circles under his eyes and he looks so utterly disinterested, but he looks good.

Their eyes meet in the mirror for a short second. Jemin’s eyes widen a fraction then he looks away, turning his back to Yoongi to chat with a pretty girl with blonde hair. Well. He probably deserves that.

“Hyung!” Hoseok skitters over, taking the iPod. He’s over at the speakers, already plugging it in. The song reverberates through the room and people automatically start moving into positions. “Thanks.” He yells over the beat.

Yoongi nods, walking towards the door. But his gaze lingers after Jimin, who was still ignoring him. All the words, apologies, arguments, rebuffs, things he just wanted to say over this month bounce around his head.

“Okay!” Hoseok yells standing in front of the mirror. “Five, six, seven, eight!” The group starts to move in unison to a choreography. Hoseok moves with them, the co-captain, Jongin dances beside him. Jimin is dancing as smoothly as always, his eyes fixed on his own reflection with an almost angry intensity.

Now’s probably not a good time, Yoongi decides, chickening out. He walks out and tries to pretend he isn’t shaken by Jimin’s cold reception.
Yoongi watched the performance, bobbing his head slightly. The newbie was rapping to the beat of Drake’s No Tellin’. His lyrics were alright, he had potential. Too bad they’d slotted him so early, probably due to his rookie status. The club wasn’t full yet apart from the regulars that were always here and the other performers. No one was really paying attention.

That had been him some years ago. Oh the nostalgia.

He’d done some performing around Daegu, but Seoul was a completely different animal and it proved to be a tough nut to crack. Glad he did though. He pushed away his empty glass and Seunghyun, the bar tender with chunky glasses and bright teal hair, refilled it.

The place was called the Basement. Because it is, in actuality, a basement. A really big basement. You had to climb down two flights of dimply lit stairs to get to it. Kinda shady. It had a grimy, industrial feel to it and illuminated only by red lights, but really it was among the forerunners for the underground rap scene and it served some great drinks. It could get really hot, though, when the dance floor was packed with bodies.

“Hey, long time no see!” Yoongi felt someone smack his back, hard.

“Hey, Jiwon.” He greeted without looking. “And I saw you yesterday.”

“Its an expression, man.” Jiwon plopped into the bar stool beside him, flashing him a squinty eyed, snaggle-toothed smile. “How you been?”

“You know.” Yoongi shrugged, downing his drink.

“I heard you’re performing tonight.”

“Yeah, been a while since I had some new material.”

“So its true?” He leaned closer. “You have a new song?”

“You’ll see, I guess.” Yoongi smirked.

He noticed Namjoon making his way towards the bar. “Ill stick around for it then.” He said, slapping his shoulder again as he stepped away. “Ay! Song Minho!” He yelled, waving.

Namjoon took Jiwon’s former seat. The bartender passed him a glass almost immediately.

“What did he want?” Namjoon asked, eyeing Jiwon as he chatted animatedly with Minho and Hanbin. He and Namjoon didn’t get along much. Too many freestyle rap battles were waged between them for things to every be less than antagonistic.

“Just asked me about the new rap.” Yoongi drank again.

“Hmm.” He replied suspiciously.

Yoongi nodded at Jiho and Kyung seated at the other end of the bar.

“Picked a good night to showcase it.” Namjoon continued, “Its going to get busy tonight.”

Its true. It seemed everyone with a little bit of standing was here tonight. Yoongi felt at home here. At the university he was just a quiet unnoticeable upperclassmen with mediocre grades and bad social skills. Here, his music and talent spoke for him, he was well-known and well-liked. The thrum of alcohol and the adrenaline from performing made him energetic and outspoken.
Namjoon liked to joke that Yoongi was two different people. And Yoongi could admit he had a bit of a separate stage persona he seemed to morph into the second he stepped through those rusted doors. He asked for another drink.

“Hyung!” Hoseok called out. “Guess who I brought with me!”

Yoongi glanced up as he was taking a sip and nearly choked.

There was Park Jimin, dressed in ripped jeans and a loose tank, the gold chain necklace he always wore resting on his prominent clavicles, waving at him shyly and looking a bit uncomfortable in the unfamiliar surroundings. Of course Jimin knew he and Namjoon went out several times a week to this club and Hoseok had joked about bringing him before but he’d never actually expected...

“I decided he needed a break from all those medical textbooks, so I brought him here to have some fun with us.” Hoseok smiled.

“Hey Jiminnie!” Namjoon practically dragged him to the bar to sit between them. “Sit down and have a drink with us!” He waved at the barkeep.

“Where’s Taehyung?” Yoongi couldn’t help but ask. It was weird to see Jimin without him.

“He went home for the weekend for his cousin’s birthday.” Jimin replied looking reluctantly at the dark brown liquid in his glass. Yoongi could barely hear him over the blare of the speakers. Hoseok had left to mingle because if he was popular at the university then he was a shining star here.

“So this is where you guys perform?” Jimin looked around.

“Its not as dirty as it looks.” Namjoon joked.

In the corner, sitting on the long black sofa was Hyuna, Hyojin, Chaerin and the rest of the girls. Each had a drink in hand, long legs crossed almost seductively, laughing at something Eunyoung said. They noticed Yoongi and waved. Yoongi raised his glass in their direction.

Jimin followed his gaze. “Who are they?”

“They perform here too. I think they’re just hanging out tonight though,” Yoongi said.

“You know them?”

“Oh he knows them alright.” Namjoon chimed in.

“Shut up.” Asshole.

Jimin frowned for a second and then it was gone. He sniffed at his drink, taking a gulp, coughing a bit before downing the rest quickly.

More people were filing in to the club and the bar was getting crowded. Namjoon excused himself to start getting ready for his stage, not that his hair wasn't perfectly coiffed and styled with two cans of hairspray already.

“Hoseok-hyung was telling me how you met here,” Jimin began.

“Yeah. We were trying to break in at the same time. I was always slotted after him.” Yoongi recalled. “He’s improved a lot. Probably better than me now.”
“Really?”

“He approached me first and we talked a couple times. I suggested we collaborate a song together. I produced the beat. Um, Namjoon was already a regular on the scene at the time. He said he liked to work with us. Turned out we went to the same uni. Didn’t think we’d become friends or anything, but yeah.”

“What about Seokjin-hyung?”

Yoongi coughed. “Oh I met him at work. He doesn’t come here too often.”

“For some reason I thought he performed here too.”

He released a full-bellied laugh. Just the thought of Seokjin on that stage stuttering out whatever god-forsaken rap was hilarious to him. “No, no. He just comes for the drinks. You should see his traffic light dance when he’s drunk though.”

“So are you going to be…?”

“Yeah, Ill be on the stage.” He didn’t know why he felt so embarrassed. They were friends.

“I can’t wait to see it.” He flashed that sunshine smile of his and Yoongi hoped he couldn’t tell he was blushing in the red lighting.

“Uh. Yeah.” He needed another drink.

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“I’m not sure if that flows.” Namjoon scratches his scalp with his pen.

“I think it sounds nice.” Hoseok scribbles more words down in his binder. “Its some good word play.”

They were downtown at one of Yoongi’s favorite coffee shops, working together on their next collab diss track. Yoongi stared down at his blank page numbly, absolutely devoid of inspiration. Not even his affogato could aid him. He sipped at it feebly.

“How’s it coming, hyung?” Namjoon asks, glancing over.

“Nothing? Usually you’re already halfway done by now.” Hoseok frowns.

“What are you talking about? I’m always the last to finish my part. You are always the first one to finish.” Yoongi rebukes.

“You’re only the last to finish because you always keep editing it and stuff,”

Namjoon leans his face in his hand. “Is today just not a good day?”

Yoongi shakes his head, frowning at the white pages. Just sitting there, mocking him.

“Maybe you should just take a break. You can’t force this stuff.” Namjoon reasons.

“Yeah, take your time hyung. There’s no rush for this.”

“Sorry guys.” He apologizes.

“When its not there its not there right?”
His name was announced. He mounted the elevated stage, nodding his thanks to Tablo as he took the mic. He handed his cd to DJ Tukutz. Making his way to the very edge, Yoongi surveyed the large crowd. It was late and the Basement had filled up to full capacity, it seemed like everyone was here. Yoongi even spotted Jiyong, the owner of the club, on his way up.

He was nervous but he didn't show it. He stood tall, the mic loose in his grip. This was the hardest part. Moment of truth. Culmination of hundred of hours of hard work bent over synthesizing the same melody until Yoongi thought he might go insane. The track blared loud, the vibrations ringing hard through his bones. People started to bob their heads to the beat and Yoongi wasn't nervous anymore because he knew they'd be eating out of the palm of his hand.

He paced to the other side, swaying in cadence, haloed by the stage lights. He spit his rap, bursting with charisma, smirking, always gesturing with his free hand. He felt the poetic lyrics flow past his lips without much thought, striving to strike at the heart with witty rhymes and realities peppered with cussing and sharp comments, pouring out every thought and frustration. He gasped between each stanza, his lisp helping the flow stay smooth.

The crowd cheered, jumping up and down, throwing their fists in the air. Goddammit, he felt so alive. He swaggered across the stage feeling buzzed from their screams or maybe from the alcohol or maybe both.

Out of all the bodies in the room, his eyes locked with Jimin. He was towards the back, standing completely still, his mouth slack, amazement in his eyes. He stared unblinkingly at Yoongi’s moving lips. It occurred to him that this song was possible because of him. Jimin helped him pay for the producing software and heroically saved his notebook. It was weird to think about.

Yoongi finished, hard and perfect. He soaked in the applause, chest heaving and sweat dripping. He smiled. He hopped off, legs stiff. People came to compliment him, greet him, pat his back, and ask when he was going to release a mixtape with that song. He told them he wasn’t sure, he was still working on more songs and they got even more excited.

Yongguk mounted the stage and the people drifted away to watch the performance. Yoongi made his way through the crowd and climbed the stairwells to go outside. He gulped in the cold air, pacing and coming off his adrenaline high. He grabbed his pack from his pocket and lit a cigarette with shaky fingers.

“Hyung,” It was Jimin. “That was... amazing!”

Yoongi grinned. “Thanks.”

“I mean, wow!” He waved his arms. “I didn’t know you rapped.”

“Of course I do, what did you think.”

Jimin blinked. “I don’t know, I just thought—”

He laughed loudly, “Did you think I was going to go up there and break into song?”

“I don’t know, maybe, you never said you did specifically...” He mumbled. “But this was way cooler! So cool!” He exclaimed. “You're song is amazing.” He tried to rap some of the lyrics and messed up. “You should sell your songs! Go big!”

“Thats harder to do than you think,” Yoongi raised his eyebrows, amused by Jimin’s excitement.
“Of course, I-I know its hard. But you can make it hyung, I know it! Just like I knew you wrote great songs!”

Yoongi snorts, taking a drag.

“You’ll still be my friend when you’re big and famous right?” He blinks up at him, eyes wide. Yoongi rolled his eyes. Jimin giggled.

A moment passed. Jimin was staring at the cig hanging from his fingers.

“Hoseok said you smoked.”

“Did he?” He replied, disinterested. Here comes the pre-med to lecture him on the dangers of lung cancer. They’d managed to avoid the subject thus far but now…

“Yeah, but I didn’t…”

“What?”

“Nothing.” Jimin sneezed. “Why?” Was all he said after a bit. That was surprising. “Ah. It makes my voice raspy. It sounds good when I rap. And… I like it. I like smoking.”

Jimin was quiet. He sneezed again, rubbing his nose.

Yoongi took a final drag, flicking it into the nearby ash urn. “Let’s go get hammered.” He ruffled Jimin’s hair affectionately.

They hit the dance floor after more drinks. Yoongi felt practically euphoric, gyrating to the music. He spotted Hoseok in the middle of the crowd, popping and cranking with skill. Namjoon was doing… whatever that was. Jimin was nearby undulating his whole body to the flow of the music, running his hands through his hair, his muscles rippling as he moved with a dancer’s grace. It was mesmerizing.

Yoongi opened his mouth to yell a compliment at him over the din of the club, when a pretty girl in a tight dress sidled up close to him. He didn't know how it happened but he soon found the girl grinding up on him, her arms wrapped around his neck and his hands on her hips. Her lips found his neck and Yoongi groaned. Fuck. She stared up at him with hooded eyes and stepped away in direction of the women’s restroom, throwing a beckoning glance over her shoulder.

He hadn’t done this in a while. He’d grown disinterested in one night stands and quick fucks against bathroom sinks. Funny, how much meaningless sex one could take before starting to yearn for something more. Unfortunately Yoongi failed at relationships, his last three ending in disaster. He was stuck in this limbo of hating one night stands and being terrified of becoming involved in something more. And it wasn’t like he’d been interested in any girls recently.

But tonight, he was horny, he was a little lonely and just drunk enough to follow her. He caught Jimin’s quizzical gaze as he passed. He winked at him. He didn’t notice Jimin stare after him, too absorbed in the sway of the girl’s hips.

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The warm water drizzles on his bare back. Yoongi sighs, the sound bouncing off the shower walls. He starts to jerk off. His hand runs over his dick in quick precise strokes with the goal of a
quick release.

He closes his eyes. Heat prickled across his skin and it didn’t take long for him to become fully aroused. He groans, the image of a generic girl popping into his head, eagerly sucking him off.

The pace of his strokes steadily get faster. And he feels himself getting close. He keeps going, but release continues to elude him. He clenches his eyes shut tighter, but it just wasn’t working.

An image flashes in his head, out of no where and he doesn’t fucking know why. Before he can react he’s cuming so incredibly hard to the thought of Jimin on his knees, his strong arms holding Yoongi’s hips in place as he wraps those pink lips around his cock and sucks.

Yoongi gasps, leaning his forehead on the tiled wall as the aftershocks ripple through him. That was wrong. So fucking wrong. He’d just masturbated to the thought of a man sucking his cock. And his friend Park Jimin no less. Well, Yoongi didn’t know if they were friends anymore but still!! Creepy!!!

He splashed water in his face, as if trying to wash the act away. It was just a weird perverted fantasy from all stress and all the stuff happening between them, he tried to reason. He wasn’t gay. He was pretty sure he still liked tits. But it was so hot. Did he… like it? Maybe. But no. Yoongi turned off the water and tried not to think about it but the thought nagged at him.

***

One day a new kid showed up at Hoseok’s dance practice. His name was Jeon Jungkook and he was an exploratory major. He was really good at dance and it just so happened that he was Jimin’s mysterious roommate. He and Taehyung were thick as thieves in a matter of seconds and soon enough he was dragged everywhere Taehyung went, including hang outs with the group, which was how Yoongi met him.

He was shy. Tall for his age and somehow reminded Yoongi of a bunny. He was two years younger than Taehyung and Jimin, but was homeschooled at an advanced pace and scored high enough on the national exam to enter the uni early.

Jungkook was very quiet and taking into consideration Jimin’s horrible skills at small talk it wasn’t hard to guess why they didn’t know much about each other until now. He was cute and it was fun to tease him. He was especially doted on by Seokjin and Hoseok. Yoongi remained a tad bit suspicious though. Homeschooled kids were always nuts and Jungkook being so quiet only added to his suspicions. He thought it was so cool that Namjoon rapped though. He’d ask him to freestyle all the time and tried to mimic his swagger. It was cute.

Kookie, as he was fondly called, eased into their group with quickly and it was like he’d always been a part of their squad. He also settled the legendary avengers debate (iron man emerged victorious in this case). He only really started to come out of his shell a month after being awarded a firm position in their friendship circle and god he was weird as fuck. And a huge brat. He had this weird habit of slapping people’s butts when they were unawares. Only Yoongi wasn’t totally blown away by this side of him. He and Taehyung seemed to bounce of the walls with their strange antics and mischievous pranks. The two would playfully bully Jimin, who was too nice to tell them to back off. He’d always take it, but sometimes Yoongi would step in just to give poor Jiminnie a break. Sometimes Jimin and Jungkook would butt heads, but it was nothing too serious.

That was how Yoongi acquired a fourth roommate. Hoseok and the other three always snacking or laughing or wrestling and by now Yoongi was so used to it he didn’t even notice. But now that they were getting along more, Jimin stayed the night less, preferring to sleep in his own dorm with
Yoongi hops off his motorcycle, it farts a bit as he turns off the engine. It was an old model, but Yoongi had taken good care of it, even taking special care to redo the paint. He pats it affectionately. He stuffs the keys in his pocket as he walks to the cafeteria. He picks up a ham sandwich and is about to take it to go when he spots Jungkook sitting at a table.

He takes his plate, walking over when he sees Jimin coming from the other side with a salad on his trey. He sits down without noticing Yoongi, sitting across from Jungkook. Yoongi is about to turn around when Jungkook spots him. He waves. Jimin turns around to look and Yoongi feels himself blushing red.

“Yoongi-hyung.” Jungkook calls out, waving him over.

Yoongi approaches reluctantly, trying not to meet Jimin’s level stare.

Jungkook pulls out ten thousand won. “The money I owe you.” He states as he offers it to him.

Yoongi had forgotten that he’d even lent him money. He nods, saying his thanks. He searches the pocket of his leather jacket for his wallet. He takes out all of his pocket contents onto the table, picking out his wallet and putting the bills in it.

“Your smoking again?” Jimin. Jimin said that. The first words they’d spoken in weeks.

Yoongi was confused for a moment. Did he smell like it? When he noticed Jimin staring quite pointedly at the cigarette pack he’d recently vacated from his pocket.

“Oh yeah. Temporarily.” He finds it hard to look him in the eye. The whole shower-jerkoff flashes in his head and he starts blushing again.

Jimin just looks at him. He thought he saw him frown, but it was so fast, Yoongi could’ve imagined it. His lips were so pink. Were they always that pink?

“Are you gonna eat with us?” Jungkook asks munching on a baby carrot.

“No. Um. I have to take this to go.” Yoongi states.

Jimin gently picks up his motorcycle keys before dropping them on the table with a soft clang. “How’s the bike?”

“Alright. She’s been giving me some trouble lately.” He says truthfully.

“Its old. Maybe you should sell it.” Jimin says evenly.

Yoongi stares at him, unsure if he was being serious, or maybe he was being aggressive. How could he say that even after… He shakes his head. “I cant just sell her. She’s special to me.”

“Why? Its just a rusty bike.”

“You know why.”

Jimin narrows his eyes slightly (his eyelashes were so long), then looks away pursing his lips. His fingers play with the pendant of his necklace. Yoongi had no idea what he was thinking. Sometimes he wished he could read minds. Did he really want Yoongi to sell it??
Jimin doesn't say anything more. Yoongi decides this has been just awkward enough and announces his leave. Jungkook waves goodbye, seemingly engrossed in his hoagie. Jimin stabs his salad, munching angrily.

Things are so fucked up. And he has no idea what to do.

***

“You did what?!” Yoongi gasped, staring at the empty pantry.

Jimin groaned from the floor, surrounded by a mountain of candy wrappers. “My stomach hurts.”

“I can’t believe you ate all the fucking candy! You out of all people! Don’t you have celery to chew?!”

“There wasn’t anything to eat… and I was soooooo hungry.” He explains sheepishly. “It was only supposed to be one, but I hadn’t had sweets in such a long time. I couldn’t stop.” His stomach protested audibly and Jimin groaned again.

Yoongi walked over, looking down at him. “That was my candy! You deserve a stomach ache, I have no sympathy for you.”

“Hyung,” Jimin whines.

Yoongi sits crosslegged next to Jimin’s splayed body. He’s pouting up at him, sighing between whines. Yoongi shakes his head and despite what he said before, he falls trap to his puppy stare. He sighs and places a hand on Jimin’s distended stomach rubbing in tight circles. Jimin hums, closing his eyes and mumbling his thanks.

He looked so cute lying there that Yoongi couldn’t help smiling. “Feels better?”

Before he can answer, Jungkook wanders in. Yoongi quickly draws away. Jimin opens his eyes, trying to find where he went.

“What’s this?” Yoongi is worried for a bit, how was he going to explain that, but then Jungkook points to the wrapper mound.

“Jimin ate all the candy.”

“All of it?”

“Tragically.” Yoongi replies.

Jimin groans again.

“Get up.” He prods him with his foot. “You need to work off your debt. I’m conscripting you to come with me to the store.”

Jimin rolls over, slowly picking himself up.

Yoongi picks up the trash. “You coming Kook?”

“Sure.” He shrugs.

They take the bus to the grocery store.
“I want a motorcycle.” Yoongi announces looking out the window at the motorist waiting at the light next to them.

Jungkook hums. “Yeah, me too.”

“Buy one! You’d look cool hyung.” He was rubbing his own stomach awkwardly, burping occasionally. People were giving him looks.

“Maybe I should start saving up. Tired of taking these crazy buses.” As if to emphasize his point the driver accelerates, throwing the bus into another lane, cutting people off and causing Yoongi to go sliding around in his seat. “I suck at driving so I might kill myself though.” Yoongi says contemplatively.

When they enter the store, Yoongi rips the grocery list Hoseok gave him into thirds, handing them each a half and they split up. Yoongi grabs yogurt, eggs and some s’mores pop tarts. Jungkook’s always asking for those. He wanders down the aisle. He grabs some medicine for Jimin’s stomach and some pears because they’re his favorite. Then he pushes his cart to the cereal isle.

They moved his favorite cereal to the top shelf, just where he can’t reach. He checks to make sure the coast is clear before hopping up in an attempt to reach it. He almost grabs onto the corner of one when the shelf teeters and an avalanche of cereal boxes come crashing down. Yoongi curses, completely buried alive. He hears the sound of footsteps and he hopes whoever it is will just keep walking.

“Yoongi-hyung?” Jimin laughs a bit.

“Just… leave me to die.” He hears shuffling and scrambles to peak his head out of the pile. “No! Wait! I was just being dramatic.”

Turns out Jimin hadn’t moved an inch, he was just tricking him by stomping in place. He bursts out laughing so hard, he has to kneel on the floor to catch his breath. Yoongi can’t help thinking that despite his current situation, Jimin’s laugh is really cute.

Jimin crawls over and starts unearthing Yoongi’s body putting the cereals back on the shelves. He helps Yoongi up and then places two boxes into Yoongi’s cart, wearing a stupid grin all the while.

He stiffly pushes his cart. “Never speak of this,” He states as he limps off and Jimin just laughs louder.

Yoongi makes it to the next aisle where Jungkook is debating between two different dorito flavors. He glances at the contents of Jungkook’s cart, frozen pizzas, Taehyung’s specially requested animal crackers, and Yoongi’s favorite coffee. Jungkook seems to make up his mind and piles the cart full of doritos. He shrugs at Yoongi’s judgmental gaze. Yoongi rolls his eyes, grabbing some cans of tuna before wandering off again.

When they’ve all gotten what they needed they make a line at the register, each paying for their own cartful (Jimin took a bit longer because he was too busy flirting with the girl at the register). As much as they raided Hoseok and Yoongi’s pantry the others were considerate enough to pitch in often. Taehyung already promised to pay for their next takeout meals.

This was the hardest part, dragging all their bags into the limited space of the bus. Yoongi was an expert by now taking care that the bag and its contents didn’t go flying as the bus swerved around.

When they got back Taehyung and Seokjin were chilling. It was always nice when Seokjin could
take some time away from his busy schedule to hang out. He was graduating soon and working full time at the restaurant so he was real busy. Taehyung marveled at the goods they brought, already sneaking away the animal crackers. Yoongi gives Jimin his medicine and he smiles up at him gratefully.

Seokjin brought a movie for them to watch. He and Yoongi lay on the couch while the other two ran about, Jimin was having a moment in the bathroom. The movie previews rolled in the background.

“So, Kookie-ah,” Seokjin calls out. “How’s dance been?”

“Fun,” Jungkook supplies, smiling a bit.

“He’s really good!” Taehyung hops onto Kook’s back.

“Hoseok’s been real stressed out lately with dance and class.” Yoongi informed Seokjin. “He’s at Jongin’s, the co-captain. They’re still trying to choreograph the last bits, he said.”

“He’s so committed.”

“Yeah, it’s crazy.”

“And he’s still doing those performances in the underground?”

“He’s an all-rounder, what can I say.”

“Ow!” Taehyung yelped, he was cupping his cheek.

“Sorry!” Jungkook apologized.

“What happened.” Yoongi asked only half interested.

“I was imitating a fight scene off this anime I watched and accidentally hit hyung in the face.” Jungkook and his karate imitations.

Seokjin was cackling so hard that they couldn’t help laugh too, even Taehyung whose cheek was still red. They were still laughing as the movie started. Jimin came back from the bathroom looking so confused and left out.

“Hey! What did I miss??”

***

Yoongi runs his finger along the rim of his cup contemplatively. The Basement was alight with life. An upbeat club song was playing and people were bouncing to it drunkenly, pumping their fists in the air. Only he was unaffected. He was nestled in his own somber little world, staring at the liquor in his glass wondering why he was such an asshole.

He probably inherited the trait from his father.

A groupie sidles up next to him at the empty bar (everyone else was currently on the dance floor). “Yoongi-ah! When’s your mixtape going to drop?”

Yoongi sighs deeply. “Eventually.” He says for the hundredth time. “I’ve hit a bit of a writer’s block, currently.”

“Is Hoseok here?”
“No.”

“Where is he?”

Yoongi sighs again, leveling the groupie with an exasperated gaze. “He's out celebrating his friends birthday, okay? Now stop bothering me.”

The groupie steps away. “Asshole”

He rubs his forehead. He checks his phone. October 13th, 11:21 pm. Today was Jimin’s birthday. It was his birthday and instead of tagging along he’d just told Hoseok he was too busy. He didn't even call Jimin or send him a text. Didn't even buy a gift.

At the time he thought it better if he didn't show. Jimin hadn't invited him expressly and he figured his presence would just irritate Jimin, dampen the mood or make it awkward. And Yoongi had spoiled enough things. But now he was having his doubts. Would it’ve been better if he’d gone? Was Jimin wondering were he was? Was he angry at him?

He probably was. Yoongi was angry with himself to be honest. Everyone had noticed the rift between them. But hadn't said anything as of yet. Perhaps in the hopes that whatever blow had been dealt to their close friendship would eventually mend itself. Though as the months passed, it was becoming less and less likely.

And it made him feel worse.

And it made him want to get drunk.

And it made him realize he missed Park Jimin.

***

Min Yoongi hates everything. Really he does. Yup. Giant fuck you’s to everyone, thank you very much.

He tugged down on the hem of his skirt for the millionth time. Fucking hell.

He’d gotten the short end of the stick this year and had to work on the night of Halloween, which meant not only that he’d have to work until closing, but that he’d have to dress up in a ridiculous costume too. But Yoongi couldn't just pick his costume, no. He had to pick one from a hat in a drawing because the manager was a sadistic bastard. And so, here he was dressed as a french maid uniform, feeling a draft on the back of his bare thighs, contemplating mass murder and mourning the death of his dignity.

He’d been hiding in the back for the last ten minutes, steeling himself for the inevitable. Repeating the motivational words of our lord and savior Drake in his head he tugs up his stockings, readjusts his headband and bursts out into the cruel world because he needs the money and YOLO MOTHERFUCKER.

Fuck, this skirt is too short.

Seokjin is cackling at him from under his Chewbacca mask. Yoongi just glares at him. “I hate you.” He grumbles.

Jinyoung is laughing too. Damn him and his stupid sailor costume. Kibum and Kyungsoo had emerged from the kitchen to gawk. Kibum was loosing it while Kyungsoo just stared with his
enormous eyes smiling softly.

“Didn’t this ensemble come with some lipstick? Why aren’t you wearing it?” Kibum implored once he’d caught his breath.

“Shut up.” Yoongi stalked away turning tomato red, soothing the skirt over his butt because he was paranoid of it riding up. His evil coworkers laughed harder.

The restaurant was decorated with cobwebs, spiders, jack-o-lanterns and sugar skulls. Little ghosts hung from the ceiling. There was a discount going on for anyone who came wearing a costume so it was too much to hope that no one would show up. Yoongi busied himself serving the tables, ignoring the stares and the chuckles, thinking of nothing else but the big fat paycheck he’d get at the end of tonight. It was interesting to see peoples costumes though. The girls were dressed in an assortment of slutty cop, pirate, and nurse costumes. Yoongi even saw a slutty nun.

Yoongi wasn’t surprised to see his friends enter through the door, and of course Wookie-Seokjin seated them on his side. Yoongi came with their drinks on a tray (they came here all the time and always ordered the same drinks so he didn’t even have to ask anymore). Hoseok saw him first, bellowing with laughter. Jimin was getting up from the table, probably on his way to the bathroom, and cracked up so hard he collapsed on the floor pounding his fist on the tile whilst he gasped for air.

Yoongi stood there, hand on his hip (which only seemed to make them laugh harder) frowning in annoyance. “Laugh it up, you jerks.”

Namjoon had tears in his eyes. “Christ. How did they even get you to wear that.”

“Oh my god!” Hoseok exclaimed. Taehyung was practically on top of him, body shaking with silent laughter. Jungkook was ogling him in amazement and Yoongi swore he saw him pull out his phone and take a picture. Jimin somehow stumbled back to his feet.

They were wearing costumes too. Though not nearly as ridiculous as Yoongi’s. Taehyung had his blonde hair spiked up, dressed as Naruto. Hoseok was dressed like a mafia kingpin clad in a lined suit, with american dollar bills stuffed in his pockets and sucking on a fake pipe. Jungkook was dressed in all black and face powdered white like that kid ghost from the Grudge (quite the uncanny resemblance). Namjoon was dressed up as 1997 Justin Timberlake, wearing a wig that looked suspiciously like ramen noodles and an ungodly amount of denim.

Jimin had on a studded leather greaser jacket over a white tee, tight cuffed jeans that showcased the curve of his muscular thighs and red hightop converse. His black hair was slicked back, a single strand dangling in front of his eye. His shirt was so thin and tight it was almost transparent. Yoongi could see his nipples and the bulge of his six-pack.

Yoongi was staring. Why was he staring??

Its not like he hadn’t heard of Jimin’s six-pack before. It was famous, practically world-renowned. Hoseok had told him of it while he whined about his non-existent one. The whole group joked about it.

He’d even seen it. Once while hanging on the sofa (or couch talks as he liked to call them), Yoongi showcased his ability to make his stomach roll and he thought himself cool for five seconds until Jimin rolled up his shirt and attempted and succeeded flawlessly in something that took Yoongi many-a bored night alone in his room. He felt so self conscious about his pale flabby stomach compared to Jimin’s ripped one he was practically moping.
Hell, he’d even touched it, poking Jimin’s rock hard stomach many a time whilst teasing him. But something about seeing it now while he was wearing that tight fitting jacket mesmerized him in a completely weird way.

Ok.

He half expected to look up to find Jimin smirking at him flirtatiously. But of course, this was Park Jimin we’re talking about here. The kid was busy gulping down his soda, trying to get rid of his hiccups and wiping his lips messily on his sleeve. And so the illusion was shattered.

“Your legs look really nice.” Taehyung complimented after they’d all gotten their shit together and placed their orders. All their eyes zeroed in on his pale exposed legs. He couldn't resist pulling down the dress further.

“Hyung has women’s legs.” Said Namjoon. “Pretty and thin.”

Yoongi sputtered, and they all laughed at him.

“You look so pretty in that dress,” Hoseok flashed him a thumbs up. “You should consider wearing that style more often.”

Jimin was still admiring his legs, cheeks cherry red from laughing and occasionally hiccuping.

“I want to have you as my girlfriend.” Jungkook said appreciatively.

Everyone cracked up at that (even Seokjin who overheard from his host desk) and it was the last straw for Yoongi who whammed Jungkook and Jimin (for his incessant staring) on the back of the head with this server’s tray, before stalking off and ignoring them for the rest of the night.

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Yoongi searched the crowd. He spots Namjoon and Seokjin seated towards the very front of the auditorium. He walks over. They smile at him.

“Saved you a spot.” Namjoon pats the chair next to him.

“Thanks.” He sits down.

The dance team was finally having a recital to showcase their work. Hoseok had practically forced them all to come. Well, more like gave them threatening glares and asked them if they were coming in that terrifying tone that put the fear of god in them. Yoongi resigned himself to coming, rather than face his roommates wrath. Though if it were up to him he’d’ve sat way farther back.

He must’ve made it just in time, because only a couple minutes passed after his arrival before they cut the lights. When the stage lights flash on, they’re already in position, dressed in a variety of hip-hop attire ranging from sweats to snapbacks and Jordans.

The song starts and they move. Yoongi spots Jimin almost immediately, positioned front and center with Jungkook beside him. They’re dancing perfectly in unison and with the beat. They were all good, but he was particularly enthralled with Jimin and the sheer charisma he seemed to ooze as he moved across the stage, smirking and occasionally sticking out his tongue.

Yoongi’s heart starts to thump loudly in his ears at the thought of that tongue licking its way up his neck, or those strong hips gyrating against his crotch. He really shouldn’t be thinking about it but he cant help the heat that was pooling over him as he watched. At one point in the choreography,
Jimin lifts up his shirt revealing his perfectly toned abs. The crowd cheers and Yoongi feels absolutely lightheaded.

They must’ve danced to multiple songs, but it felt like it was over so quickly and Yoongi was left winded and half-hard. He crossed his legs, leaning his head back and taking deep breaths.

“How are you okay?” Seokjin asks over the sound of applause.

Yoongi just waves a hand and wonders what the fuck is wrong with him. He’d never thought of Jimin in that way before, but now after the incident, it seemed like he couldn’t stop.

Fucking Park Jimin managed to knock him from a solid zero on the kinsley scale to a shaky two. Maybe even higher if he kept smirking like that. He felt he should be angry about that but all he felt was very confused and afraid. Because even though he might admit it to himself and only in the darkest of times, it was quite another thing to openly admit that he, of all people, was gay for Park Jimin.

He says goodbye to Namjoon and Seokjin, “Tell the boys I said good job!” He dashes away before they can react, rushing home to take care of his hard on and mope about his life some more.

***

Yoongi excused himself from class to head to the bathroom. He’d nearly fallen asleep several times throughout the lecture. His music theory professor said everything in a smooth monotone that was perfect for napping. Stretching his legs out helped him wake up though. He entered the bathroom and was about to unzip when a moan emanated from one of the stalls, causing him to yelp in surprise.

There was another moan, louder this time. Yoongi scowled. Weren’t we past the exhibitionist phase of giving each other blowjobs in the bathroom stalls?? That was so high school. Jesus Christ.

He stepped away from the urinals. “Hey! Get a room you perverted fucks!” He pounded on the stall door only to have it fly open—it wasn’t locked.

There, crumpled on the floor was Park Jimin, looking noticeably pale and disoriented, and obviously not getting his dick sucked off.

Jimin getting sucked off. Thats a strange metal image.

“Jimin?”

He moaned again, hugging the toilet.

“How are you okay?”

He looked up blearily. “Hyung?” Then he started to heave.

“Whoa. All right, just breathe.” Yoongi pulled back his necklace so it wouldn’t get in the toilet and rubbed circles on his back soothingly as he hacked up whatever was left in his stomach, which wasn’t much. Jimin coughed harshly, shaking with each breath. Yoongi knelt next to him.

“What’s wrong?”

He just shook his head, gasping between breaths and trembling. “I’m gonna.. pass out.”

“I’m here. Just breathe.” He wiped away the cold sweat on Jimin’s forehead with some toilet
paper. He recognized the symptoms of a panic attack.

A while passed and slowly Jimin’s breathing began to deepen and even out. Yoongi continued to murmur encouragements and massage his shoulders.

“Hyung.” He finally managed to breathe out. There was some color returning to his face.

“Feeling better?”

“Hmm.” He ran a hand through his hair. “Help me up?”

He was still very wobbly. Yoongi looped his arms under Jimin’s arm pits and lifted him up, succeeding after several attempts. Yoongi grunted under Jimin’s weight. Yoongi was slight and weak while Jimin, although technically one centimeter shorter, was packed with muscle and it felt like he weighed twice as much. Yoongi nearly slipped as Jimin leaned the brunt of his weight on him. They managed to make it to the sink. Jimin grasped the edge, peering at his pale face in the mirror.

Yoongi let go when he was sure Jimin was stable. “What happened?”

“Its stupid. Im so embarrassed.”

“Shut up and tell me.” Yoongi said gently as he wet a paper towel and offered it to him.

Jimin grimaced and wiped his face with it. “We visited the anatomy lab. Professor was showing us the equipment and re-explaining procedures for our gross lab at the end of the month.”

“Gross lab?”

“Um, students call it that. Its cadaver dissection.”


“Some med students were there—sunbaes. They asked me to get them some soda from a refrigerator in the corner. And when I opened it…”

“What?” This sounded like something out of a horror movie.

“There were severed arms and a foot… some eyeballs too. One of the hands still had nail polish on it. I…” Jimin blushed. “…freaked out. They laughed at me.”

“Oh yeah. I’ve heard about that prank.” He’d completely forgotten about it until now. Got a good laugh out of it too. “They do it to all the new kids don’t worry.”

Jumin gave him a look. “You could’ve warned me about it.”

“Sorry.”

“Anyways, class finished right after that. I left feeling a little dizzy but then it just got worse. I kept thinking that was a person’s hand, a real life person who painted her nails because she wanted to look pretty and now there she is in a refrigerator like steak cuts.” He let out a shaky breath, rubbing his forehead “…I stumbled in here. Thanks for helping me.”

Yoongi frowned at him. “You don’t need to thank me. You’re feeling back to normal?”

“More or less.”
Yoongi could see he was still a little shaky. “Let me take you back.”

“Aren’t you in class?”

Yoongi shrugged. “Eh. I was asleep for most of it anyways, might as well skip. Let me go back and grab my things.”

They walked back in silence.

“Jimin,” Yoongi began, giving voice to suspicions that had been eating at him. “Are you scared of blood?”

Jimin stared at him like a deer caught in headlights. “What? Hahaha no!”

“You are, aren’t you.” Yoongi mused.

He sighed deeply, hanging his head. “…yes.”

“Then how the hell are you in med?”

“Im hoping it’ll get better with… exposure.” Jimin explained. “At least thats what I read online for squeamish students.”

“But you’re not squeamish. Its more like you’re terrified.”

“Im not,” He disagreed feebly.

Yoongi tugged him to a stop, looking at him squarely in the eyes. “Do you even really want to be a doctor?”

Jimin opened his mouth.

“And don’t bullshit me.” Yoongi added.

He closed it. “I want to help people.” He said after a minute.

“There are other ways to help people than cutting them open.”

“I know… but,” He sighed. “It doesn’t matter. My dad, my family. They all want me to be.”

“So what? Tell them you don’t want to.”

“Its not that simple.”

“Yeah it is. Just change your major.”

“No its not. Im not like you.”

Yoongi frowned. “Whats that supposed to mean.”

Jimin stuttered, “I-I mean Im pretty good at this, if I study a lot, I mean. The chemistry is really hard but I’m good at it. If I change majors I don’t know what I’d do…”

“So you figure it out.”

“But you still haven’t.”
Yoongi shrugs. “It beats being stuck in something I don’t like and being unhappy.”

Jimin shakes his head, frowning. “I can’t do that.” He repeats looking sullen, he walks ahead.

Yoongi breathes out exasperatedly, following him.

***

“And then he says, ‘I can’t do that’ and runs off.”

“Hyung…” Namjoon sighs.

“Im right, right?” Yoongi demands.

They’re at this hippie store Namjoon liked shop at. The kind that had vinyls, crop tops, flower crowns and scented candles. Jungkook was somewhere by the shoes trying on these weird moccasins.

“Im totally right.” He insists.

Namjoon turned away from the tiny buddha figure he was admiring. “All I can say is that not everyone is like you.”

“Jimin said that too. What does that mean?”

“It means, not everyone can just go against their parents and just cut them off like you.”

Yoongi is taken aback.

“Not everyone has the guts to take chances like you and study in something as dead-end as liberal arts. No offense. Its going to be your fourth year next year and you keep switching from class to class because you can’t pick a major. Again, no offense.”

“I’ll figure it out eventually.” He sounded more confident than he felt. He knew it was something in music but he just couldn’t narrow it down. The uni was already over charging him on tuition. If he can’t find a job as soon as he graduated he’d be dead in the water. But Yoongi didn’t like to think about that.

“All I’m saying is that a lot of people, Jimin included, can’t live with that insecurity and especially without parental support.” Namjoon pulls a hideous patterned sweater from the rack. “I respect you, really, and doing what you love is all well and good, hyung, but its just not practical for most people.”

Yoongi frowned. Namjoon was right. Damn. “Should I apologize?”

Namjoon shrugged. “I would just forget about it, you know?”

He sighs. He goes off to check the other side of the store. There are those weird bath bombs on display. Yoongi picks one up that looks like a cupcake that supposed to be strawberry flavored. He sniffs it, a particle goes down his throat and he’s choking. He coughs so loudly the whole store turns to look. He’s practically hunched over, pounding on his chest for air. When Yoongi finally succeeds in catching his breath and Namjoon and Jungkook are laughing at him instead of looking concerned like good friends should be.

Yoongi grumbles, grabbing five more bath bombs and a new pair of gold earrings, heading for the register. This place is so overpriced.
Fall comes to an end and the trees are all left naked and bare. There's some sporadic snowfall now and then. People start to pack to return home for winter holiday vacation.

Yoongi, however, is staying right where he is. Like he always does.

He sits on the couch, tv playing in the background as he watches Hoseok drag his suitcase into the living room. Hoseok starts packing, throwing in all his sweaters and jeans. You would think that with all he's packing, he's never coming back.

"I'm so excited!" He exclaims, throwing in his scarves. "Are you excited! Excited!!" He hops over, singing in his baby voice, trying to tickle Yoongi.

Yoongi just frowns, brushing his hands away.

"Aw, look at who's so grumpy-wumpy!" Hoseok laughs. "You look like a grumpy cat right now."

Yoongi rolls his eyes. "I'm just not that excited, currently."

"Cheer up! Don't be a douche!"

"It is I, the douchiest of guys." Yoongi says flatly. "And I will not cheer up."

Yoongi was expecting more childish cooing, but instead Hoseok just regarded him seriously. "What's going on between you and Jimin?"

"Nothing."

"You had a fight right? Because trust me, I see you both everyday and he is doing the exact thing you're doing right now—moping."

Yoongi looked away, not sure what to say.

"What happened?" Hoseok plops down on the floor next to his suitcase, grabbing one of Yoongi's feet and pulling on it. "You know you can tell me anything right?"

He noticed Yoongi's reluctance.

Hoseok continued. "You're both my good friends and I see you both having a rough time. I want to help out if I can." He frowns. "Whatever happened on one drunken night shouldn't matter and I'm sure you didn't mean it. You guys had a good thing going. It'd make me sad if you guys stopped being close."

"Thanks, Hoseok." Is all he says. Hoseok seems to think they had a really bad argument on the night of the incident and was absolutely clueless to anything else. He wishes he could tell him but he can't. Not only because it would embarrass Yoongi, but also in consideration of Jimin. Because it occurred to him that not everything in the world was about him and that Jimin was probably struggling just as much he was about his sexuality and what happened. And then Yoongi had to go and blame it all on him, ruin their friendship and make it worse.

Hoseok nodded, releasing his foot. "Okay, you don't have to tell me... You know a good first step is to apologize to him, right?"

"An apology?" What does an apology matter when you can't take what happened back and the
damage is too severe to ever be forgiven.

“Yeah. Nothing gets the ball rolling like an honest ‘I’m sorry’. And I know you’re sorry because I’ve been watching you mope around about it for the past four months.”

Yoongi looks down at his hands.

“At least think about it, yeah?” Hoseok says, zipping up his suitcase.

“I will.”

***

“So are you going home for the holidays?” Jimin asked cheerily, making himself comfortable on Yoongi’s bed.

“Nope,” Yoongi replied matter-of-factly, too busy mixing his new track to look away from the computer screen. His head bobbed with the beat and he nibbled on his lip thoughtfully. Something was off in the pre-chorus. Maybe he should change it to a lower chord. His fingers flew across the synthesizer.

“Oh? Why not?” Jimin flopped forward onto his stomach, leaning his face on the palms of his hands.

“Huh?” Yoongi hummed, glancing at Jimin like he’d forgotten he was there.

Jimin rolled his eyes. He could hear the trap beat clearly from the Yoongi’s headphones. Yoongi’s dark hair was messy as if he’d shoved the headphones on and off several times. One headphone was pushed behind his ear as per usual. He never wore both sides when he produced.

Jimin asked, “Why are you staying here for Christmas?”

“I’m Jewish.” Yoongi replied flatly, evading the question.

“Hyung,” Jimin protested.

“I’m not religious.” Yoongi sighed, “Christmas is bullshit anyway, just a scam created by billion dollar industries to get you to spend your money on things like glowing trees and deer antlers.”

Jimin, already accustomed to Yoongi’s cynicism continued undeterred, “Doesn’t matter, everyone goes home on winter break.”

“Not me,” Yoongi leaned forward to squint at the monitor, “I’m starting a new trend.”

“Won’t you miss your family?” Jimin asked quietly.

Yoongi’s lip curled at the pity in his voice. He knew he should say something along the lines of ‘I can’t, I have a project for this class I need to finish’ or ‘I should get a head start in the reading before finals’ or maybe even ‘I can’t afford to go home so my parents told me to stay’ but Yoongi was annoyed and done talking in circles.

He focused the full force of his gaze on Jimin and said coolly, “I’m not going home because my parents are assholes and the last thing I want to do is see them.”

He didn’t know why he said that. Perhaps he wanted to see the shock turn to embarrassment on Jimin’s face before he shut the fuck up and left him alone. Yoongi wasn’t in the mood. And the
last thing he ever wanted to do was talk about his family issues when he really needed to finish this song.

But instead of backing down, Jimin responded without a blink, suddenly serious, “Is that true?”

“Yeah,”

Jimin pushed himself back so he sat cross legged on the mattress. His fingers went to that necklace, pulling on the pendant. His eyes never left Yoongi, “When was the last time you talked to them?”

Yoongi shrugged.

“You should call them. Tell your mom you love her. You don’t have to do anything else.”

Yoongi scoffed. “I don’t need to do anything,” He rolled his chair back to face the monitor.

“It would mean a lot to her,”

“You don’t know her,” Yoongi clicked furiously across the screen, he wasn’t sure what he was doing but he needed to be doing something with his hands, keep him busy, make Jimin shut up. The beat still played distantly in his ear.

“All moms love to hear from their sons—”

Yoongi whipped around, pulling the headphones off roughly, “Look, you don’t know shit. You don’t know shit about her, about me, about my life. So shut up. Go back to your mom and tell her yourself if you’re such a fucking momma’s boy.”

Jimin looked so very somber, a frown pinching his brows. He looked down at his bright candy cane socks, his fingers fumbling frantically with the pendant of his necklace, drawing Yoongi’s attention to it and something began to dawn on him.

“That necklace—” He pointed, “Who gave it to you?”

“It was my mother’s,” Jimin said softly.

“Was?”

Jimin nodded.


He’d teased Jimin about that necklace before. He never took it off, and sometimes chewed on the chain obnoxiously. At first Yoongi thought it was from a girlfriend, something like a promise ring maybe. Or maybe it was just that he had very feminine jewelry preferences. Who had Yoongi been to judge? But fuck, now he’d messed up and he felt like a huge douche.

Jimin smiled. But not really. And Yoongi wondered if that was worse than seeing him cry, “It’s alright hyung.”

He blinked, feeling very uncomfortable and very, very out of his emotional depth so all he could do was say stupidly, “That sucks.”

Jimin laughed, but it was lifeless. “Yeah, sucks.”
An awkward silence passed between them and Yoongi was at a tremendous loss. Jimin was the first to speak, “Listen, you’re right. I don’t know shit. I’m sorry. That’s none of my business.”

Yoongi rubbed the back of his neck, the roller chair squeaking as he leaned back into it. He cleared his throat awkwardly, “Don’t worry about it Jiminnie. I’m over it.”

A moment passed. Yoongi was about to dictate that train wreck of a conversation over and roll back to his desktop when Jimin scooted forward to the edge of his bed. “Hyung,” He licked his lips, the sincerity apparent in his gaze, “If you ever don’t feel like spending Christmas here… you’re always welcome at my house. My family would love to have you.”

“Ah,” Yoongi found himself unable to look at Jimin, “Thanks.”

“Yeah,” Jimin smiled sweetly before padding out of the room.

Yoongi stared after him long after he left. Then he swiveled back to his music and tried to not think too much.

***

Yoongi was alone. In previous years he used to enjoy moments like this. Have a mini-vacation from everyone else and have the dorms all to himself. But now as he walked across the abandoned campus, he just felt lonely.

He enters his dorm, kicking the snow off his boots. He puts some popcorn to cook in the microwave. He turns on the tv and flips through the channels till he finds Home Alone playing on one of the main networks. He sits down, cracking open his recently bought bottle of wine straight from the bottle, determining to get drunk alone.

Hours pass and he’s only half watching the movie. He looks down at the floor, remembering last Christmas, when he and Jimin were still friends.

***

Thirty minutes into the train ride and Yoongi was beginning to regret everything. The train was suffocating, people packed close like sardines. Jimin was turned around so he could chat with Hoseok in the row behind them, talking loudly by Yoongi’s ear in order to be heard over the noise of the train and the chatter of others in the cabin. Yoongi turned up the volume on his earphones and leaned his head against the window.

Jimin had insisted on sitting next to his ‘guest’, Yoongi, instead of sitting next to Hoseok like a sensible person and now was practically yelling and laughing just as loudly whenever the latter made a joke. Jungkook and Taehyung were seated in the row ahead, their heads huddled close over Taehyung’s phone watching the new season of their favorite anime, making occasional oohs and waaahs as the characters battled each other. Yoongi closed his eyes and tried to focus on the lyrics of the song playing in his ear.

He’d begun the day abhorrently early, 4am to be exact. Yoongi had meant to go to sleep early, but then an idea for a song had come to him while he was drifting off. He had to write it down before he forgot it and ended staying up nearly all night. Hoseok had to push him out of bed, yelling we have to go we’ll miss the train! over and over.

Yoongi had gotten ready just in time before being herded out the door by Hoseok with their luggage in tow. They sprinted the bus stop where they met Jimin, Taehyung, and Jungkook. Hoseok, Jimin, and Taehyung chattered happily while Jungkook and Yoongi, the eternal lethargics of their group dosed off on the trip to the train station.
It was chaos in Seoul Station with everyone headed home for the holidays and they had to wait longer than usual to get their tickets. They ate at a McDonalds for breakfast and Yoongi was revived with the power of coffee. It took them a while to find their platform, assigning Taehyung to keep an eye on Jungkook who was still not functionally coherent and tended to trip over travelers and assorted luggage or otherwise lag behind. They were stopped along the way by three lost foreign girls asking for directions and it took them lots of hand movements and map pointing as well as whatever remained in their brains from high school English class to send them on their way. The girls had even bowed cutely before stumbling off on their way and Hoseok shook his head wiping imaginary sweat off his forehead. “But they were cute right?” He’d exclaimed with a smile before Yoongi noticed the clock and all but shoved him down the escalator.

They finally reached their platform with six minutes to spare and Yoongi was about to kill the next person who ran over his feet with their suitcase when Taehyung noticed his boarding pass was missing and Yoongi couldn’t decide if he wanted to strangle him or die from a heart attack. Jimin and Taehyung sprinted back to search for it.

Their train rolled up, waiting ten minutes for all aboard. With two minutes left Yoongi was about to rip out his hair when they flew back, Jimin galloping ahead, his black hair pushed back with the wind, ticket held above his head with a triumphant smile. “It slipped out of his pocket at the McDonald’s!” Jimin yelled. Taehyung lagged behind breathing hard, his backpack slapping against his ass with every step. Yoongi couldn’t help the smile that bloomed across his face. He couldn’t help the laughed that escaped either when Jimin tripped over himself.

“What are you doing?” Yoongi protested, but a smile tugged at his lips, “I don’t know you.”

Jimin laughed cutely, “Have you been to Busan before? You haven’t right?”
“Once when I was little,”

Jimin nodded. “Oh, as my guest,” he wiggled his eyebrows, “I’ll be sure to show you all the beautiful vistas of Busan, Haeundae beach, Busan tower, Sajik stadium, the aquarium!” He paused, looking at Yoongi seriously, “Honestly hyung I didn’t think you’d come.”

Yoongi looked down, taking off his snapback and pushing back his hair before replacing it on his head, “Neither did I,” He mumbled.

“It’s going to be so much fun I swear!” Jimin said earnestly, “My family will love you,”

“Of course they will, I’m Min Yoongi.” He proclaimed with false confidence.

Jimin giggled, “Yeah what’s not to like?”

An hour later, they said goodbye to Hoseok and Taehyung at Daejeon Station with Taehyung pretend-sobbing loudly into everyone’s shoulder and Hoseok promising to send them all pictures from Gwangju. Hoseok’s train departed first and Taehyung stuck around a little while treating them to the huge bagful of snacks he’d brought for the trip until his connection to Daegu arrived.

Jimin, Yoongi, and Jungkook had a forty minute layover to Busan. Yoongi left the two sitting on a bench, charging their cellphones and chattering animatedly about getting to go home and taste their grandmother’s cooking. Yoongi wandered around stretching his legs, observing the crowds and perusing the shops laden with holiday decorations. He had a cigarette in a designated smoking lounge away from the busy noise of the station, which was empty aside from an old ajumma, where he could think quietly for a moment. Yoongi bought himself another coffee, some pastries and a neck pillow from one of the stores on the way back. Jimin and Jungkook welcomed the muffins with much enthusiasm.

Yoongi took a nap shortly after the train took off and didn’t wake up until he felt Jimin’s warm breath by his ear informing them that they’d arrived. They walked to the bus terminal.

“Have fun on your honeymoon.” Jungkook teased, dodging Jimin’s swipe at him. “Be sure to impress the in-laws,” He giggled, dodging Jimin a second time but wasn’t so successful in avoiding Yoongi, who grasped him by the hood of his jacket and pulling him into a vice grip.

“You brat!” Yoongi ruffled Jungkook’s hair mercilessly, the youngest struggling in his grip pleading for mercy in between bursts of laughter whilst Jimin almost fell to his knees laughing hysterically. “Respect your elders,” Yoongi failed in keeping the laugher from his voice.

Jungkook roared, startling passerbys and drawing stares. Yoongi released Jungkook. The other two laughed at Jungkook’s futile attempts at smoothing down his tangled hair before giving up and pulling up his hood over his head, grumbling about being surrounded by crazies and stalking ahead.

“Aw Jungkookie come back!” Jimin called after him.

They followed him to the terminal, where his parents’ car was waiting for him. Jungkook moved to place his luggage in the trunk when a beautiful creature with short hair and legs for miles emerged from the backseat. She waved, brandishing a perfect smile, “Jungkook-ah! Let me help you with the bags.”

The boy stopped dead in his tracks and Yoongi swore he could see his face burning redder than a tomato. Jimin chuckled, Yoongi looked at him questioningly. “That must be the noona. Her and Jungkook’s fathers are really close friends from the army so they spend Christmas together.”
Jimin informed him. He cocked his head, leaning on a hip. “I knew he was lying.”

“’Bout what?” Yoongi watched Jungkook stiffly open the trunk.

“He told me they… did it.” It was cute how Jimin couldn’t even bring himself to say the word sex.

“He said that?” Yoongi raised his eyebrows.

“Yeah, he said that she was his first. That she was totally crazy about him but he broke up with her because she was ‘suffocating’ and she still calls him every now and then to try to get back together,”

“What a load of bullshit,” Yoongi shook his head. Jungkook was good-looking, Yoongi could admit, but he was timid and wore the same basketball shorts for three days. That noona was an absolute goddess and a full three inches taller than Jungkook. And judging by the way Jungkook seemed to gape at her as she helped throw his bags in the back and her utter nonchalance at his presence apart from a friendly smile proved Jungkook the biggest liar of the century.

“Come on,” Jimin grasped Yoongi by the elbow pulling them forward toward the car. Yoongi opened his mouth to ask what the hell Jimin was doing (the bus stop is that way) when he saw the look in his eyes and that was when Yoongi learned Jimin could be horrifyingly evil when he felt like it. And fuck that shit was scary.

“Yah! Jungkookie!” Jimin yelled.

Jungkook startled, eyes wide like a hunted rabbit. The woman turned, flipping her hair majestically like in a CF.

“Jeon Jungkook! How could you leave without saying goodbye to your dear hyungnims?” He scolded in a whiney tone.

“What?”

“Really, how rude are kids these days?” Jimin said to Yoongi, shaking his head wistfully. “Oh hello!” Jimin turned to the woman having just ‘now’ noticed her presence, and bowing politely, pulling Yoongi (who was still just as frozen as Jungkook) down with him. “I’m Park Jimin. This is Yoongi-hyung. We’re Kookie’s friends.

The noona glanced at Jungkook, before bowing her head. “Nice to meet some of Jungkook’s friends. I’m—”

“I think I know you!” Jimin interrupted, smiling dazzlingly.

She frowned slightly, “No I don’t think we’ve met…”

“Oh no we haven’t! But I’m almost sure Kookie-ah has mentioned you before.”

Yoongi could see Jungkook go as white as paper. He stuttered, “No-ah, um hyung, I—I think you’re confused about something else—”

Jimin shook his head. There was an evil glint in his eyes, his teeth appearing sharp like a wolf’s.

“I don’t think so,”

“She’s mentioned me?” She implored, oblivious to the situation.
Jimin seemed to smile wider and shit this was getting ugly. Yoongi pulled his snapback around so the brim covered most of his face, tucking his chin behind his scarf, preparing for the worst because this wasn’t Jimin, this was evil Jimin and he had no idea what evil Jimin was capable of.

Jungkook stumbled forward, grasping the sleeve of Jimin’s sweater. He looked ready to fall on his knees. “Please,” He begged.

Jimin ignored him, “Well, he’s said so many things… it’s hard to pick just one. I honestly didn’t think most of what he said was true.”

“Really?” She leaned against the fender, arms crossed expectantly.

“Jimin…” Yoongi intervened before Jimin could open his mouth. Jungkook could be an annoying brat but this was pure murder. The poor kid looked like he was about to collapse, pulling so hard on his tormentor’s sleeve for balance that Jimin’s bare shoulder appeared.

Jimin met Yoongi’s stony gaze with a mischievous smirk, and continued unfazed, “Jungkookie is such a sweet boy, noona!” (Yoongi cringed at Jimin’s forwardness) “He told me you were the prettiest girl in Busan, so nice and funny, athletic. You gave the best hugs and always took such good care of Kookie. He’d always check your facebook and to see what you were doing-- ”

The woman laughed, flattered. Jungkook sprung up, covering Jimin’s mouth with his hand. Although this was better than Jimin spilling Jungkook’s lies, it was just as embarrassing. The two struggled, Jungkook repeating “shut up, shut up, shut up” between Jimin’s muffled giggles.

The bleep of the car horn broke them apart. Mr. Jeon stuck his balding head out the window, “What the hell is going on back there?”

“Nothing sir,” Yoongi disentangled Jimin, pulling him close and out of Jungkook’s vengeful grasp.

“Hello Mr. Jeon!” Jimin waved. “Im Park Jimin, Jungkook’s roommate.”

The man squinted behind his glasses, “Oh yes, his roommate. That’s quite a sweater… Hello son, how are you?”

“Doing great sir,” Jimin approached the widow, tugging Yoongi along with him. “And you?”

“Well you know,” Mr. Jeon grumbled, “Trying to get home for Christmas Eve dinner at a decent time. Who’s that fella you got there? Can’t see his face with that silly cap he’s got on.”

Yoongi took off his hat and attempted his politest smile, “I’m Min Yoongi, sir. I’m a friend of your son’s.”

“Oh is that so?” The man nodded. He arched an eyebrow skeptically, “One of his hoodlum college buddies huh?”

Yoongi stuttered, “No sir… uh—I mean, yes sir?”

Mr. Jeon chuckled and offered his hand. “Just messing with you son, no need to sweat.”

Yoongi shook his hand, flustered. “Hurry up back there!” Mr. Jeon yelled suddenly, startling him. Jimin smiled at Yoongi, seemingly enjoying this for all its worth.

“In a sec!” Jungkook yelled back.
“By the time I get home all the kimbap will be gone I just know it.” He grumbled to himself, rubbing the steering wheel.

The noona slid into the back seat (the passenger seat was occupied by brightly wrapped presents) while Jungkook slammed the trunk.

“You headed home Jimin?” Mr. Jeon asked.

Jimin nodded. “Yeah, Yoongi-hyung is spending Christmas with us this year.”

Jungkook hopped into the backseat, attempting not so discreetly to sit as far away as possible from the goddess beside him.

“Oh is that so?” (This seemed to be a favorite expression of his.) “Well tell you parents I said hello.”

“Sure,” Jimin leaned in, smiling sweetly, using all of his charm, “maybe hyung and I could stop by this year for a bit?”

Jungkook shook his head fervently.

“Yes! Of course, son, you’re always welcome. Say,” He turned to the girl in the backseat, “Give him your number on that doohickey of yours and page him our address will you sweetie?”

They exchanged numbers, Jungkook’s objections largely ignored or overpowered by Mr. Jeon’s persistent questions about his trip and his college life to which he answered as tersely as possible. “Dad—” Jungkook began when he could get a word in.

“What the hell happened to your hair?” He interrupted, peering at his son’s tangled hair through the rearview mirror. The noona giggled, and he quickly shoved on his hood which had been pushed back during the struggle with Jimin previously.

“Noona,” Jimin called, his voice lilting flirtatiously, “You know how to make ‘brownies’ right?” He moved his lips strangely as he said it, as if the English word felt awkward in his mouth. She nodded shyly. Jimin lowered his voice conspiratorially, “I’m making my little sister some this Christmas for the first time. Can I call you if I have any problems?”

“How cute!” She remarked, “Yes! Call me,”

At that Jungkook narrowed his eyes, and Jimin winked. Yoongi was in awe.

“We should be going,” Mr. Jeon declared.

Jimin was relentless, “Say bye to your hyungs, Kookie!”

Jungkook was turning a dark shade of scarlet red, and not from embarrassment, “Bye.”

“Merry Christmas boys,” Mr. Jeon shifted the gears.

“Be sure to stop by!” The noona called out as they stepped away.

“Of course! Bye! Safe trip!” Jimin waved.

As they drove away, Jungkook stuck his middle finger out the window.

Jimin shook his head, looking after the vehicle. His contemplating was interrupted when he
noticed Yoongi’s open mouthed gaze. “What?”

“What the hell was that?” Yoongi gestured with his snapback before replacing it on his head.

Jimin scratched his head. “I dunno. Payback?”

“That wasn’t very Christian of you.” Yoongi remarked ironically.

Jimin shrugged walking towards the bus stop, adjusting the strap of his duffle bag. “Maybe not,”

Yoongi followed him. “May I ask why?”

Jimin paused, scuffing his toe against the sidewalk. “Was tired of him making me feel bad.”

“Bad?” Yoongi questioned.

He glanced at his hyung before looking away, “He’d brag about that noona. Was real proud about it. And I never—” Jimin shook his head, walking forward. He said after a pause, licking his lips, “He teased me about it too much. And to find out he’d been lying the whole time…”

“You never…” Yoongi blinked, thinking. “You’re a virgin?” There was shock in his voice.

Jimin scoffed, “I know. Pathetic, right?”

Yoongi chuckled softly not because he thought it was particularly funny, or something embarrassing to be laughed at, but out of sheer disbelief.

“Yeah, ha ha. Laugh at me all you want hyung.” Jimin mumbled, his face dark, cheeks flushed from shame, “I’m used to it by now.”

“No, no!” Yoongi scrambled to fix the situation. “I’m not laughing at you. I just wouldn’t have thought you…” He trailed off. Jimin’s sweater was still hanging limply off his shoulder; the sleeve stretched out, revealing tanned skin and toned muscle.

“I what?”

What was he going to say? That the way Jimin when he danced, absolutely sinfully, gyrating his hips like he just knew how to use his body. The way he flirted with anything that moved, or charmed himself into anybody’s favor, case in point the noona’s giggles and blushes just moments before—if that didn’t show any evidence of prior experience he didn’t know what did. And Jimin’s body, his strong biceps, firm thighs, and let’s not even mention those abs. He also wasn’t so bad looking face-wise Yoongi considered. He was also pretty nice too. That made Jimin the living definition of a perfect boyfriend and he found it hard to believe that any female in her right mind wouldn’t snatch that up. But Yoongi wouldn’t say that, it would go to Jimin’s head and he’d be hearing about it for weeks about how ‘hyung thinks I’m a sex god’. Hell no.

“Nevermind.” Yoongi said instead. (For the record Yoongi does not think he is a sex god. He’s just noticing Jimin’s aesthetic qualities.)

“I mean, I’ve had girlfriends.” Jimin defended himself. “And I’ve made-out… like a lot. I even touched a boob once.” He made grabby hands at the air.

Yoongi frowned, “Ew. TMI.”

Jimin giggled at his expression. “You have though, right?” He peered at Yoongi seriously, “Had sex, I mean. Of course you have, hyungnim is very handsome.” Jimin elbowed him playfully.
Yoongi waved away his flatteries. “I’m not a virgin if that’s what you’re asking.”

“Hmm. Hoseok-hyung mentioned you had things with girls at the Basement.”

Yoongi shrugged. He didn’t like to particularly brag about this type of thing. It seemed kind of douchey. But yeah, he’d been around. He’d done a lot of shit in high school and freshman year of college. He’d calmed down since then.

Jimin continued, “You’re not going to tell everybody now are you?”

“No. But what makes you sure Jungkook hasn’t already?”

Jimin hummed, “He hasn’t. But if he ever decides to, I have leverage,” Jimin waved his phone in the air.

“It’s not something to be ashamed of, Jimin.” Yoongi scolded gently. “Not everyone needs to lose their virginity.

“Doesn’t make it any less embarrassing,” Jimin kicked a pebble, his eyes glued to his feet, “I don’t know. It’s not like I wasn’t close to before… And it’s not because my virginity is something sacred to be preserved… I just—I just want to do it with the right person, you know? Not just anyone.”

Yoongi looked forward, somewhat embarrassed. He didn’t know why Jimin was telling him this, he hadn’t asked, and he didn’t think it was any of his business to know about Jimin’s personal things. Regardless, he nodded understandingly, laying a comforting hand on his (exposed) shoulder. “You’re young. Don’t sweat too much about stupid things like that,” He adjusted Jimin’s sleeve, “You’re sweater is messed up,”

Jimin looked at his shoulder, “Ugh,” He pulled it up higher, but it sunk down again after a moment, “The thread is stretched.”

“Damn,” Yoongi clicked his tongue, “I liked that sweater.”

“Really?”

“Yeah it’s charming, with the dancing reindeer and… the colors,”

“Jeon Jungkook, ruining my sweaters,” He raised a fist to the sky.

“Yeah, that punk.” Yoongi joked, “You really scared the shit out of him. Are you going to call that girl?”

Jimin shook his head, “Nah that was just to freak out Jungkook.”

“Really? You know she could solve your uh, virginity problem.”

“I don’t know. She wasn’t really my type.”

“Not your type?” Yoongi cried, “That woman was gorgeous what—”

Jimin shrugged nonchalantly.

Yoongi placed a hand on Jimin’s head, staring reproachfully into his eyes, a finger raised, “Park Jimin the reason you’re a virgin is because you’re too fucking picky. You’re gonna live the rest of your life jacking yourself off if that chick didn’t meet your sky high standards.”
Jimin shoved his hand away snickering, “Anyway… it was just leverage, if Jungkook ever steps out of line I’ll tell that noona what he really said. And then she’ll tell his parents and then he’s toast.”

Yoongi chuckled, “He’s not going to forgive you,”

“I told you I’d dominate him hyung.” Jimin said airily.

“Didn’t know you had it in you Jimmy.” He teased.

“Well there are a lot of things you still don’t know about me Yoongi-hyung.” He said playfully, giving Yoongi a flirtatious wink.

Yoongi sputtered and Jimin cracked up at his reaction, skipping ahead and leaving a grumbling Yoongi to catch up. Yoongi lit a cigarette, shivering a little at the dipping temperatures as the sun set. Jimin plopped down on the bus bench, checking his phone: a selfie from Hoseok on group chat of him in front of the snow covered hillsides, pouting his lips cutely, posing with a tiny snowman and the caption [GWANGJU SNOW] followed by a series of snowflake emojis.

Jimin lifted his phone quickly in Yoongi’s direction and a click resounded. Yoongi glared, Jimin smiled slightly as he tapped on his phone. Yoongi glanced down at his vibrating phone to see Jimin’s reply: a blurry picture of him in front of the city map, nose red from the cold and his snapback askew, the glow from the cigarette highlighting the scowl that wrinkled his forehead unattractively.

Immediately there was a reply from Taehyung, a selfie of him outside on the flat plains of the countryside, a large number of people looked to be chatting in the background (his family was immense), with a scowl similar to Yoongi’s on his face. Three seconds later, Hoseok sent one of himself lying in the snow, a ridiculous frown on his face, his eyes crossed angrily. Seokjin messaged a picture posing with his dog Jjangu still looking ridiculously pretty with a slight frown and angry pout in his best imitation of Yoongi’s ugly frown. Jungkook sent an [haha]. Soon after Namjoon sent one of himself and his grandfather, both frowning, with the caption: [Resemblance?] Jimin looked ready to burst, giggling cutely and stamping his feet on the concrete.

Yoongi opened his messenger,

TO : taetae1 , rapjoon , hobiisunshine , p.pr!ncess , maknae97 , jishit

FROM : $wag-hyung69

MESSAGE:

[ fuck all of you. ]

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It was only halfway through the thirty minute bus ride that Yoongi began to feel anxious. He jiggled his leg nervously and turned to Jimin who had been chattering aimlessly about everything from the smell of the bus to inane childhood anecdotes.

“—and so then I puked the three ice cream cones I ate right over there,” He pointed out the window. “And one time in the sixth grade I tied my new bike by that tree and when I came back it was gone! Someone stole it, can you believe it? My dad was so angry. It was such a nice bike, it was red with yellow stripes on the side—oh and over there was where this kid Dongwa dared me to lick the sidewalk for 5000 won—”
“Jimin,”

Jimin turned away from the window, blinking sweetly, “Hum?”

“Were minutes away from meeting you’re family, and I literally don’t know anything about them,”

“Oh! Okay!” Jimin shifted closer, their knees were bumping together. Yoongi recoiled reflexively and maybe that was rude but the kid had absolutely no consideration for personal space, something Yoongi treasured dearly. If Jimin noticed he didn’t give indication, but continued to blink up at him, eyebrows raised. “What do you wanna know?”

“Who is going to be there besides your dad and your grandmother?”

“Just my aunt and my sister. Our family is pretty small. Maybe some of the neighbors might stop by,”

Yoongi nodded. The less people he had to deal with the better. And if Jimin’s family was anything like him he might just have to take an aspirin. He kicked himself at that thought. These people had graciously invited him, no questions asked, into their home. The least Yoongi could do was think kindly of them. He was going to be nice tonight and act how he felt: grateful. He’d left his sarcasm and negativity in Seoul (as much as he’d miss them).

“Anything else I need to know?” He implored again.

He assured him. “Hey, just be yourself. They’ll like you. You’ll see.”

Yoongi wasn’t as sure.

Jimin’s home was plain, just like any other middle-class suburban home, decorated with lights and candy canes. There was a little garden wilted from the cold and a pink swing set. From outside he could hear the sound of traditional christmas music as well as the smell of fried beef. Jimin took out a key opening the door. Inside it was cluttered but not messy.

Many pictures hung from the wall. Yoongi could see a picture of toddler Jimin looking adorable and chubby faced on the beach with a sea star in his fist. Theres one of him from his high school graduation, before contacts, wearing rectangular glasses and a dumb grin on his face. One of a man, Jimin’s father Yoongi guesses, asleep, cradling a sleeping baby Jimin in his arms. There were more, of Jimin and other people he didn’t recognize as well as many of a little girl who Yoongi supposed was his sister.

Almost lost in the plethora of photographs was a very small picture of a woman with night-black hair, holding a baby wrapped in a pink blanket, with little Jimin peering curiously at the bundle. She had Jimin’s smile.

“Im home!” Jimin announced.

“In the kitchen, baby!” Replied a female voice.

Jimin and Yoongi took off their shoes and put down their bags. Yoongi suddenly felt very nervous. He took off his snapback, smoothing his hair.

Jimin grabbed his wrist, grinning. “C’mon, its this way.”

He was led down the hall, past an empty living room that had a fake christmas tree and was
cluttered with toys to a white kitchen that looked like it hadn’t been remodeled once since the 
house was made. A woman with brown hair that was greying at the roots and stress lines that 
wrinkled her forehead was bustling about, cooking several dishes at once. The counter space was 
cluttered with an assortment of side dishes and ingredients. It smelled incredible. She glanced up 
at them, smiling. Jimin goes over and gives her a tight hug. She pecks him on the head, hands 
ever stilling as she fries the vegetables and fish.

“Auntie, this is my hyung Min Yoongi.”

Yoongi waves awkwardly in greeting.

“Hello, young man. Jiminnie told us you were coming. Its nice to have you here. He says lots of 
good things about you.”

“Oh. Thank you for having me, really.” Yoongi gives her a tight smile.

“Now shoo! Out of my kitchen. I can’t cook with you two in the way.”

Jimin laughs but drags Yoongi away. They go outside to the patio. There’s a little bonfire, with 
plastic chairs around it. In one, is Jimin’s father, he recognized him from the pictures although 
his hair was now peppered with grey. He stands up from the chair hugging Jimin and then 
Yoongi, to his surprise, hugging him tightly.

“Was your trip okay?” He asked. He looked much the same from the photos, perhaps a bit 
heavier and paler, though there was always this melancholy in his eyes that didn’t go away even 
when he smiled or laughed. He had a kind face though. Yoongi didn’t know what he was 
expecting… something along the lines of an intimidating authoritative father who forced his son 
into med school against his will. But he certainly wasn’t finding that here.

Jimin recounted to him the story of their day, he listened intently, occasionally taking a rod to 
poke at the fire which helped keep them warm. His father asked about school and his other 
friends. Then he turned his attention to Yoongi, asking him about his major, to which Yoongi just 
said music production. He asked about his job at the restaurant and his interest in hip hop. He 
seemed to know a lot about him, which was disgruntling.

“I hope your parents don’t mind us stealing you for the holidays this year.” Jimin’s father says.

“No its fine.” Yoongi assures him. “Dad works and Mom always vacations to Europe on the 
holidays so they won’t miss me too much.”

Jimin’s father nods a bit. “Are your parents divorced?”

“No, they’re still married. If only for the sake of convenience.” Wow, did he sound bitter. He 
didn’t mean to say so much but under the disarming gaze of both Jimin and his father, he couldn’t 
come up with a reason to lie.

“Well I hope you can spend a nice couple of days here with us.” He pats his shoulder as he gets 
up to go inside.

Yoongi looks up from the fire to find Jimin looking at him. Really looking at him.

“What?” He asks.

“Nothing,” Jimin looks up at the clear winter sky. “They say it might snow a bit tomorrow.”

Yoongi grunts. His breath billowing out in vapor against the cold air. The fire is dying down.
There's a clatter coming from inside, and soon a little girl bursts outside screaming, running into Jimin so hard the chair he’s sitting in titters backwards.

“Hyung, this is my yeodongsaeng, Jihae.” Jimin says once he disentangles himself.

She was cute. Nearly the spitting image of Jimin when he was younger. She had a pink and white polka dotted hair bow in her short hair. The previously boisterous girl, goes shy as she looks up at Yoongi timidly, her eyes big and wide. “Hello.”

Yoongi clears his throat and attempts a friendly smile. “Hey.” He was always awkward around kids. She just looks up at him and Yoongi shifts uncomfortably, unsure if he should say something else. She suddenly darts away and Yoongi starts to wonder if he did something wrong, accidentally insulted her in that weird little kid universe, when she comes back holding an assortment of barbie dolls. “Oh, ah, thanks.” He says as she deposits them into his lap.

Yoongi analyzes each one before trying to hand them back. She shakes her head stepping back with a gap-toothed smile. She runs off, coming back with a teddybear, handing it to him. She was looking at him expectantly and Yoongi really wasn’t sure what he was supposed to do so he just smiled. She giggles back joyfully before running off again.

“She likes you.” Jimin laughs a bit.

“I have no idea what I just did.”

Jimin shrugs. “I guess you’re just a likable person.”

Yoongi wasn’t sure if that was true.

Jihae came back with more toys.

“Alright. Yoongi-oppa likes your toys, now take them back to your room. Go on.”

The girl pouts a bit before picking up her toys and entering the house.

“She usually doesn’t warm up to new people that fast.” Jimin comments.

Yoongi shrugs. “What can I say? I have a way with children.”

Jimin smiles and throws an arm over his shoulder as they go back inside.

Jimin’s grandmother was with his aunt in the kitchen, taking out groceries. Her and Jihae had just come back from buying more ingredients at the store. His father was setting the dinner table. Jihae was jumping around in the living room, dancing to the beat of jingle bell rock.

“Jimin-ah!” His grandmother scolds. Her hair was dyed a sandy blonde and permed. She had makeup on but it was applied sloppily, a sign of someone old enough to have failing eyesight but too stubborn to wear glasses. “You’re so thin! Too thin!” She says as she hugs him and smooths back his black hair. “Are you eating? Boys like you need to eat to stay strong and get the girls! This is why you don’t have a girlfriend.”

“Grandma,” Jimin complains.

“You’re not taking care of yourself. Why did you have to go to school so far away? Are you so desperate to get away from your grandmother? If you lived closer I could cook for you take care of you.”
“Grandma,”

“Don’t worry, I’ll stuff you up with my food so you’re nice and healthy for when you go back to that school.” She pats his cheek affectionately. If she thought Jimin was thin, Yoongi must be anorexic. Jimin had a good ten pounds of muscle on Yoongi.

“Grandma,” Jimin repeats. “This is my hyung from school, Yoongi.”

She squints up at him as Yoongi bows politely.

“You bring a friend home, but not a girlfriend.” She complains.

“Grandma!”

Jimin’s aunt chuckled as she mixed the noodles.

She grunts. She sure was surly. “Are you from Seoul?”

“No. I was born in Daegu.”

He seemed to have passed some secret test. She nods amicably. “My husband was from Daegu. We lived there for five years after we got married. Then my son was born and my husband had to take a job here.” She rambles.

Yoongi smiles, listening attentively.

“You’re so thin too!” She exclaims grasping his arm tightly. Noodle arms. “Do they even feed you there in that big city?”

“Granny can you help me with the rice?” Auntie saved them from further cross analysis.

A little bit after, the food was ready. They all knelt at the table for their Christmas Eve dinner, the entire surface covered with the assortment of steaming dishes and plates. Sitting next to Jimin, Yoongi was reminded of how long it had been since he’d eaten a home cooked meal.

Jimin’s father, seated at the head of the table, lead a prayer of thanks. Yoongi bowed his head respectfully, looking up to peek around the table. They all had their eyes closed in prayer, Jimin was mouthing the words silently, Jihae had her small hands clasped under her chin cutely. Yoongi’s household had never been religious and he didn’t really have an interest in it at all.

Jimin had told him before of how he’d spent most of his childhood Sundays at mass or hanging out at church with the other children or babysitting. Now he was too busy to go to church and said he hadn’t prayed in a while, but he admitted he still believed. And Yoongi respected that.

When they were finished, the grabbed their chopsticks and dug in. Little Jihae seated across from Yoongi watched him with wide-eyed curiosity as they ate. Yoongi would help out placing food on her plate when it was too far away for her to reach or when she struggled with her chopsticks trying picking up the slippery tteokbokki.

Jimin chattered happily with his family, slipping into Busan satoori that was sometimes difficult for Yoongi to keep up with, looking so incandescently happy it was contagious. He had the whole table giggling and smiling with him almost immediately. He would lean against Yoongi’s shoulder turning red as he laughed at his father’s animated retelling of some office mishap or his Aunt’s reminiscing of Jimin’s naked phase when he was four and refused to put on clothes, throwing tantrums whenever she tried to wrestle him into some underwear so she gave up and let him run around naked (That was Yoongi’s favorite he laughed real hard at that).
He ate so much. Just when he thought he was done, Jimin’s grandmother would pile more food on his plate, insisting he eat. Not to be rude, Yoongi ate it all, feeling like he might explode from how full he was, wondering if this was what it was like to have a doting grandparent. He half-expected her to scold him for his bad posture.

Soon the plates are empty, Jihae goes off to play with her toys and the adults exchange more stories. They made sure to include Yoongi, always asking him questions. Yoongi feels himself becoming comfortable in the relaxed atmosphere. They enjoyed the story about the time Namjoon put an egg in the microwave and almost burned down the dorms or that other time when he and Hoseok were recently arrived to Seoul and they wandered around lost for hours. They really liked Jimin and Yoongi’s genesis story, the one about Jimin knocking him out with a basketball. Yoongi’s dry delivery had them crouched over with stitches.

“So then he looks up at me so innocently,” Yoongi recounts, elbows on the table and hands clasped together. “And I said, Jeon Jungkook, if you do that one more time, I’m going to kill myself. Really.” He laughs.

Jimin chuckles once, then stops.

An awkward silence permeates and Yoongi starts to wonder what he did wrong. “Suicide is not something to talk about so lightly.” Jimin’s father states firmly, looking down at the table.

Before Yoongi can open his mouth to apologize, Jimin sidelines them into another line of conversation. Everyone seems happy to go along with it and Yoongi blinks, wondering what just happened. The atmosphere never really goes back to how it was before and Yoongi could sense the undertones of something else, something he didn’t know about.

Auntie and Grandmother start picking up the plates, refusing Yoongi and Jimin’s help as they clean up. Jimin’s father remains seated, staring off into the distance. They play with Jihae for a while helping her dress her dolls and chasing her about the living room. She insists that Yoongi-oppa pick her up and Yoongi indulges her until his arms get sore and his back cramps up. Jimin laughs revealing him for the gramps that he is.

“Jihae! It’s getting late!” Auntie calls from the kitchen, still busy washing the dishes.

“Ill tuck her in,” Jimin says back. “Jihae its time for bed. If you don’t go to sleep Santa won’t come and leave you presents.”

She stiffens up at that. “He won’t?”

“Yes and he’ll be here soon,”

She nods quickly, letting Jimin pick her up.

“Say goodnight to your oppas.” Jimin smiles, petting her hair as she pecks a kiss on his cheek.

“Yoongi-oppa,” She says reaching for him.

Yoongi leans down so she can place a wet kiss on his cheek. Jihae giggles. Jimin smiles even wider, his eyes joyful crescents.

“Wait, now oppas have to kiss.” She insists, tugging on Yoongi’s shirt and Jimin’s necklace.

“Oh, hyung you don’t have too…” Jimin shakes his head.

“No, its okay.” Yoongi replies. She was looking up at them with those big eyes and really it
wasn't such a big deal. Yoongi places a gentle kiss on Jimin's cheek. It was soft.

Jihae claps her hands in approval. “Wait, oppas have to kiss on the lips—”

“Okay thats enough.” Jimin announces, whisking her away, face red.

“But oppa—”

He talks over her. “Hyung, just grab the bags and settle in. My rooms the second door on the hall.”

Yoongi blinks after them.

“Jihae you are watching too many of Grandma's dramas!” He could hear Jimin scold.

He smiles.

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Yoongi takes a shower while Jimin tucks Jihae in.

Jimin’s bedroom looked standard of any teenage boy, painted blue with posters of Michael Jackson and Shaquille O’Neal on the walls, a skateboard and a small surfboard stacked in the corner. There was only one bed, so it looked like they were going to have to share. He was usually uncomfortable about that sort of thing, but now Yoongi couldn't bring himself to mind.

On the nightstand was a recent picture of him and Jihae and beside it one of that women with Jimin’s smile. She was sitting in the sand with a young Jimin in her lap, her cheeks burnt red from the sun, helping him construct a sandcastle. Jimin had this look of extreme concentration on his face, biting on his tongue while she looked down at him with such a loving expression. Yoongi never recalled his mother looking at him like that, with so much barely contained love.

Jimin’s room was connected to the patio by a sliding glass door. Yoongi opens it, stepping outside. The temperature was dropping. He smoked, listening to the sound of drunken neighbors singing to popular pop songs and the barking of dogs, contemplating.

When he goes back, Jimin is changing, hair wet from the shower and falling in his eyes. He catches a glimpse of Jimin’s toned ass as he pulls his pajama pants on. Yoongi pretends not to notice. He plops on the bed.

“You're having an okay time?” Jimin asks, brushing back his hair, still shirtless.

“Yeah. Your family is nice.”

Jimin grins. He fishes an old hoodie from his drawer, pulling it over his head.

“Jimin,”

“Hmm?” He settles on the mattress beside him, turning off the lamp.

“How did your mom die?” He asked quietly.

Jimin, sits up, rubbing his neck. “Is this about what dad said? Im sorry... I should have told you before. But its... its hard to just talk about.”

Yoongi remained silent, waiting patiently, watching Jimin’s shoulders heave as he sighed deeply. It was a while before he spoke.
“She was a great mom. The best. When I was little, she was my entire world.” Jimin kept his gaze fixed ahead, lost in thought. “But, she was sad a lot. Probably one of my earliest memories is of her spending the whole day while dad was at work, just sitting there, staring at the wall. I'd come over begging her to play with me, but, it was like she wasn't even there.

I used to think it was me. That I made her sad. And I'd try so hard to make her happy, make her laugh, to love her better. But it didn't matter what I did. She had everything, a home, friends, a husband who adored her, two children that loved her and needed her, but it wasn't enough, you know? No matter how hard you try you can't make people happy.”

Yoongi felt his heart drop at the thought of Jimin going through so much pain. He felt horrible. “It's okay. You don't have to talk about it. I shouldn't have asked.”

“No. It's okay.” Jimin turned to look at him. “I should talk about it with somebody. And I'd prefer it to be you, hyung.”

Yoongi just nods, feeling a lump growing in his throat.

“She, ah, overdosed on her prescription medication when Jihae was two. I was in middle school. I… found her. She didn't leave anything. Not even a note. I was angry for a while. I blamed my mom for leaving us, I blamed dad for not stopping her, I blamed myself for not being a better son. I thought if I didn't cry so much, if I didn't make so much noise, maybe she would've stayed.”

“It's not your fault.” Yoongi murmurs. “She was sick.”

“I know.” Jimin says thickly. “I was depressed for a long time after that. I wasn't sleeping. Turns out depression runs in the family.” He laughs bitterly, roughly dragging a palm across his cheek to scrape away the tears that escaped. “My dad put me in therapy. My doctor recommended I try taking dance classes at this studio. It was something to focus on and I became passionate about it. It helped me get good again.

But, when it was time to graduate, I told my dad I wanted to be a doctor, to save people. He was so proud of me. He hadn't been the same since mom and just knowing that I could have a secure future made him happy. Hyung, I know you're right about doing your passion. The more classes I take the more I regret being in pre-med. But I just can't disappoint my dad anymore. He's been through a lot and I don't want him to go through more or worry about me. If I become a doctor and get a lot of money I can support dad, Jihae, my aunt, everybody. Nobody will have to be unhappy anymore.”

It was unbelievable that someone as sweet and joyful as Park Jimin, who practically radiated happiness to the world, could ever be depressed or go through so much pain. It made Yoongi’s so-called ‘troubled life’ pale in comparison. He felt ashamed. Silly for thinking he had ever had it harder than everyone else.

Yoongi clears his throat. “I'm sorry I tried to tell you to switch majors—”

“No,” Jimin cuts him off, “You were just trying to help me.”

Yoongi continues, “And I'm really so sorry about your mom.”

“That's not your fault either.”

“I know but, I am sorry. I really am.”
Jimin just nods, sniffling a little. Yoongi rubs his back awkwardly but hopes he is providing at least some little measure of comfort to his friend.

“Hyung, can I ask you something?”

“Shoot.” After having revealed so much to him, Jimin could ask Yoongi anything and he’d tell him, if only just to return the confidence he seemed to have in him.

“Why don’t you talk to your parents?”


“It still affected you right? I still want to know.” Jimin insists, laying down.

Yoongi flops back, staring at the ceiling. “Good old mom and dad had yours truly in an attempt to please the in-laws as well as the rest of society, and also to save their failing marriage. You could guess how that worked out. Of course getting divorced, while sensible, wasn’t convenient for them, especially with me around now. Divorce would only spark the gossip in their upper echelon of friendship circles and disgruntle their business partners as well as cost them money.

So I’ve spent pretty much my whole life being resented for chaining them to each other for the rest of their lives. My parents are privileged members of the upper class so really I lacked for nothing except for basic love and affection from a parent. My mother was never meant for raising children and my father couldn’t be bothered between his work and his golf, so I was raised by several nannies without creating a single lasting emotional bond.

I always sought their approval, for the good it did me. But when I wasn’t getting it, I started to act out in high school. Private school of course. Parents didn’t really care as long as it didn’t effect their reputations. I found the club scene. Um. Did drugs, alcohol, orgies, stealing, the whole nine yards. Whenever I was caught father would sweep it under the rug with a bribe. When I somehow graduated, they wanted to put me in a private university in Daegu and study something respectable like engineering. I went for a while and literally felt it killing me from the inside. I took this bullshit creative writing class and found out I could make music. I mean, I’d always wrote before, poems and stuff, but I didn’t realize I could do something with it until then. I took photography, architecture, carpentry, electrical but nothing felt as right as music did. So I told my father, he refused, so I said fuck you and transferred to the university in Seoul. It was tough at first. They cut me off, I didn’t have any money or knew how to do anything. But I worked for it and here I am. And there you go, short and sweet version.”

Jimin just looked at him, his long lashes brushing against the pillow case.

“Yeah, I know lame right? Poor little spoiled rich kid me.” Yoongi sighs.

“No. I don’t think that.”

“Then what do you think?”

Jimin took a deep breath. “I think you’re very brave.”

Yoongi meet his warm brown eyes for a quiet moment. It felt good to let out. He’d told bits to Hoseok and Namjoon. He’d said even more to Seokjin. But Jimin was the first person he’d said everything to. It was nice.

Then he snorted, shaking his head. “Okay, but don’t tell anyone I went to a private school, that would destroy my street cred.”
“I would never.” He smiles a bit.

“Alright. So we’re done sharing sob stories?” Yoongi jokes.

“I suppose.” He props himself on an elbow. “Want a hug?” He raises his eyebrows.

“God, no.”

“Yeah, you do! C’mon here.” He croons rolling across the bed to hug Yoongi, but ends up pushing Yoongi, knocking him off the bed with a loud thud. Jimin gasps.

For a moment Yoongi just lays there with his cheek against the floor. Jimin bursts into loud, full-bellied laughter that is sure to wake up the rest of the household. Yoongi couldn’t resist laughing too. They laughed for a long time, till they were both sobbing for air.

He dragged himself back on the mattress. “If you push me off again in your sleep I swear,” Yoongi threatened, pointing a finger.

“I promise I won’t.” Jimin chuckles. “Sorry.” He adds as an after thought.

Yoongi scoots over, giving Jimin a tight, brief hug. He was warm like the sun.

Yoongi pulls away. They settle in, pulling the covers over their bodies. Yoongi lays on his back, arms crossed behind his head. Jimin is curled on his side, his back to him. For a while there is only the sound of their breathing.

“Yoongi-hyung?”

“Yeah, Jiminnie?”

“Thank you.”

“For what?”

“I don’t know, for just… being my friend.”

“That’s what best friends do right?”

“I’m your best friend?”

Yoongi didn’t know, maybe it was the dark room or the sleepover vibe or maybe because it was true but he found it very easy to confess. “Yeah, you are.”

Jimin squeals childishly and Yoongi chuckles.

They spend the next hours talking in the dark, giggling like young school boys, until Jimin drifted off mid sentence, and it wasn’t long until Yoongi fell asleep listening to the sound of his soft breathing.

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In the morning he finds Jimin sprawled over most of the mattress, his arm thrown over Yoongi’s chest, fist pressed into his cheek. Yoongi gently removes the intrusive arm from his person. Jimin grumbles slightly, rolling over.

Yoongi sits up, rubbing his eyes, sighing. It was late morning.
“Merry Christmas.” Jimin hums, eyes still closed.

“Merry Christmas.” Yoongi replies. He checks his phone to find several similar messages from the others in the group chat.

Jimin breathes out, body going taught as he stretches, joints popping. “What time did we fall asleep?”

“Late.”

Jimin hums. He sits up, his hair completely awry, eyes still groggy from sleep, his mother’s necklace tangled about his neck.

“Nice bed-hair, sleepy-head,” Yoongi chimes.

“It trying a new look,” He runs his hand through it.

Yoongi chuckles.

“Wait a sec.” Jimin stumbles off the bed to fish something from his bag.

“What are you doing?” Yoongi asks.

Jimin doesn’t reply but comes back with a small package the size of a ring box. He sits next to Yoongi, their shoulders touching. He offers it to him.

“For you.”

“No, Jimin! We agreed no gifts!” Yoongi complains.

“I know we did.”

“I didn’t get you anything! I feel like a fucking jerk now!”

“And you don’t have to get me anything,”

“Jimin,” Yoongi groans.

“My gift is your friendship.” And they both laugh because that was some corny shit. “Seriously, though, take it.”

Yoongi glances at him, taking the box reluctantly.

“Open it now!” Jimin prods.

He rips away the wrapping paper. “You’re not asking me to marry you or anything are you?”

Jimin laughs. “No, I’d’ve bought you dinner first.”

“Aw, so no ring?” Yoongi pretends to pout.

“Sorry,” Jimin shrugs.

Yoongi pries open the lid. “Keys? Keys to what?” Jimin didn’t buy him a house did he?!

“To you’re very own motorcycle!” He proclaims.
Yoongi is speechless.

“You said you wanted one a while back. And before you can complain, I didn't spend any money. It was my dad’s when he was in college. He was going to throw it away but I saved it. Its old, but it still works. And you’re good at all that technical stuff so I figured you could keep it running.”

Yoongi is gaping at him like a goldfish.

“I... know you spend a lot of time commuting between school and the restaurant and the Basement. So I figured this would make you’re life a little easier and help you get to places faster so you’re not so late anymore.”

He lets out a disbelieving laugh. “Jimin—I... wow.” No one had put so much consideration into a gift for him. He felt so very grateful. And very guilty that a gift like this for Jimin hadn’t even crossed his mind. Yoongi was a shitty friend. “You didn't have to—”

“I know. But I wanted to.”

“...thank you, Jiminnie.”

“Sure, hyungie.”

They had pancakes while Jihae showed them the new clothes and dolls Santa had brought her. Jimin’s family offered him gifts, shirts and a pair of Jordans. They even had one for Yoongi, a helmet to go with the motorcycle that Yoongi knew he’d never wear but he felt grateful for it nonetheless. He apologized for not bringing them anything to which they just brushed off, saying how nice it was to have him here.

Jimin insists on a test drive, so they took the motorcycle down to the beach. It was a jittery ride, Yoongi was still a bit rusty and it took him a while to get the hang of it, meanwhile Jimin, properly helmeted, just grasped onto his shoulders for dear life, laughing whenever Yoongi cursed or stalled the bike. They walk down the seashore, abandoned in these winter months, feeling the crisp salt air against their faces. There was a bit of snow on the sand. Snow beach.

“Its nice here.”

Jimin nods. “Wanna take a dip?”

“No way.”

“Don’t tell me you don’t want to at least dip your feet into the water!”

“That water’s probably so freezing cold, my toes would fall off!” Yoongi stuffs his hands further in his pockets.

“Aw, you're no fun.” He complains.

Yoongi threatens to throw seaweed on Jimin, which has him running away screaming.

Jimin scoops a handful of sand, snow, and mud in his hand. He holds it menacingly.

“Jimin I fucking swear to god if you throw that—”

He lobs it at him, laughing evilly.

Yoongi manages to dodge it but not the second one that clips him on the shoulder. “You're
Yoongi manages to dodge it but not the second one that clips him on the shoulder. “You’re dead!” He yells, grabbing some sand-mush, and lobbing it at Jimin. It misses him by about a mile.

Jimin laughs so hard he’s on his knees. The surf comes up without him realizing it and half of his pants get soaked.

Yoongi cracks up harder. “That’s what you get you bastard!”

Jimin sprints after him, threatening to get him wet. He latches onto him, dragging Yoongi into the ground and the two roll across the sand wrestling and giggling like idiots.

They spend the rest of the Christmas vacation riding the motorcycle about Busan, spending the evenings with Yoongi’s family and playing with Jihae. As they leave on the last day Granny insists to Jimin to bring Yoongi back next year, and a girlfriend. They all had a good laugh out of that, and Yoongi promises to return. Yoongi feels like this is the best holiday he’s ever had. And it was all because of a certain boy with high-pitched giggles and a heart of solid fucking gold.

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The last two months of Yoongi’s junior year went flying by. Seokjin graduated and was promoted to manager, which made Yoongi’s life a thousand times easier (his last manager was a giant a-hole). He still remained close by in an apartment off campus attending graduate school in the afternoons.

Hoseok and Yoongi moved into the dorm across the hall, lucking out yet again on suite style housing. Jimin and Jungkook roomed together again. Taehyung was supposed to share with Namjoon, but he messed up on their roommate request form and they were reassigned. It caused big drama once the new school year started in March.

Yoongi’s senior year began. He started to feel the pressures of his impending graduation. He decided to settle on music production, but he was still a little unsure. Jimin still insisted he should be a performer, but Yoongi thought he was more fit behind the scenes.

During the summer break, Yoongi stayed behind with nowhere else to go really, while everyone went home. He kept busy writing songs, waitering, and performing every night. He wasn’t alone though. Jimin stayed to take summer classes to get ahead and they spent a lot of that summer scrimmaging on the basketball court. Somewhere along the line he stopped smoking. It was a personal decision which Jimin heavily supported. And Yoongi felt quite good about himself for it.

Yoongi burned a mixtape of his favorite songs onto a cd as a belated Christmas gift for Jimin. It was small, but it was what he could afford. Jimin seemed to enjoy the thought Yoongi put into it and listened to it often.

The year flew by faster than any other. Yoongi blinked at it was already the end of the year, trees turning colors as the fall months arrived. Jimin pulled him and Hoseok over while Taehyung was distracting Jungkook one week before the kids birthday to propose an surprise idea.

They were giggling while they discussed it and it almost seemed like they’d be good friends forever, way past when Yoongi graduated and into the years to come. But then things happened, stupid things, and they hit a bump in the road.

It was time to face things.

Jimin was bright but timid. Extremely considerate. He had a nice smile and was more competitive than you would think. His giggles were infectious. He complained about himself a lot which made Yoongi wonder how high his self-esteem was. He liked really cute things and
was very patient but sometimes lost his temper, though he always seemed to get over it in a few moments. He was stubborn but didn't hold grudges. He was driven and always worked hard. He always wanted the people close to him to be happy. He'd been through a lot but still came out strong. Jimin was Yoongi’s good friend. Even when he put up walls, even when he pushed him away. Jimin was special to Yoongi in a way he never thought a person could be. It was terrifying and awesome at the same time.

It was strange. He wanted Jimin. Not only in a physical way, but his presence. He wanted the warmth of his body as he sat beside him, he wanted the sound of his giggles as he laughed at something Yoongi said, but more importantly he wanted to make him happy. It was too much to hope that Jimin would ever want him in anything more than a platonic way. So Yoongi just focused on one thing.

Yoongi wanted to fix their friendship. But he’d understand that after all he’d done, if Jimin wouldn't feel the same. It’d kill him, but he’d understand. And he wanted to try. And more importantly he wanted to apologize. Because Jimin didn't deserve any of the pain Yoongi had given him. Especially since Jimin had been nothing but a decent person and a good friend to him.

On the night Jimin was supposed to arrive back on campus, Yoongi sent him a text, asking him come over. It was an agonizing twenty minutes before a reply was sent. An ambiguous ‘ok’ that had Yoongi unsure of what to think or of where he stood.

Another agonizing half an hour before Jimin appeared at his door, brushing the January snow from his jacket and smiling at him timidly.

“Hey hyung.”

“Jimin! Hi.” Yoongi gazed at him, his cheeks were red from the cold and there was bit of snow him his dark hair. “C-come on in. Sit down.”

“Where’s Hoseok-hyung?”

“He’s not coming back till tomorrow.”

“Oh. Did you have a nice holiday?” Jimin asked in a polite tone while Yoongi was in the kitchen heating up some peppermint hot chocolate.

“Uh, not really.” He said honestly. “Spent most of my time drunk watching old Christmas movies.”

Jimin snorts at that. Yoongi joins him on the sofa, offering Jimin a mug which he gratefully takes. Jimin holds the mug between his chilled fingers, sniffing at the chocolate before taking a delicate sip.

“How was—uh, your holiday?” Yoongi asks. “Is the family doing okay?”

“It was fine. The family is fine.” Jimin paused. “They all asked for you. Jihae especially.”

Yoongi felt a thousand pounds of guilt settle over him. “What did you tell them?”

“I just said you were spending the holidays with your family this year.”

“Oh.”

A quiet moment passed. They sipped their hot chocolate awkwardly.
“Jimin—”

“Hyung—”

They both started the same time. Jimin laughed a bit. He didn't seem as angry as before. Perhaps his holiday away had been as cathartic to him as it had been to Yoongi.

“Jimin.” Yoongi begins again. “I wanted to apologize to you. For everything. For what happened on Jungkook’s birthday, for taking your virginity, for how I reacted afterwards, making you think it was your fault, for avoiding you, for missing your birthday, everything.”

Jimin shakes his head, putting his mug on the new coffee table. “You didn't take my virginity. It takes two to tango and Im pretty sure I actively participated in… the act. So you didn't rob me of anything hyung. And afterwards… you were in shock. It was a lot to take in. What we did was really… surprising after all. I understand—”

“Doesn’t matter. It was wrong, the way I reacted about it. Totally selfish and ignorant. I’m sorry.” He takes a deep breath. “Ive been thinking a lot and I was wrong to let something that we don’t really remember ruin our friendship. I was stupid and confused, and I didn't realize how important your friendship is to me…” Yoongi felt like he was droning on. “Anyways, I guess what Im asking is, do you want to forget about all this and just be friends again?”

Jimin was quiet for a while. “We never stopped.”

Yoongi breathed out a laugh, smiling from ear to ear. He felt a weight lifted from his shoulders.

“Wait.” Jimin states. “I want to say something, before… I loose my nerve.”

Yoongi cocked his head at him curiously.

“Theres something you should know. And if you’re uncomfortable about it, and don't want to see me anymore, I’d understand. But I want to say it because I feel like you should know.” He sighs. “All this… time apart has made me realize that I… like you hyung. And not in a friend, way. In a romantic way. Maybe for a long time. I mean, maybe not at first. In the beginning I thought you were interesting and I just wanted to get to know you better.

When we became friends, I thought maybe it was a tiny crush. Something that didn't matter or would go away with time. And I knew you would never consider me in that way and I was afraid to bring it up or show too much because you might push me away. So I ignored it for a long time.

That Christmas spent with you was the best I’ve had since mom died and hanging out that summer, just you and me, was like a dream I didn't want to stop living. Everything was so perfect for a while and I thought I was fine with the way things were. But then Jungkook’s birthday happened and you were so angry at me. I thought I’d messed up. I’d ruined us, because I had a crush on you and I acted on it while we were drunk. I felt so horrible. Then I felt so angry at you for cutting off our friendship just like that. Angry at you for being so perfect and so damn unattainable.

But then I started to think how this might be so much harder for you, because you’d never even considered having sex with a man and you might be struggling with yourself. And I felt so sad because you were suffering and I couldn’t do anything to help.

But I realized while I was at home, in my old bed, remembering last Christmas, that what I feel for you isn’t just fondness or friendship or a silly crush. I like you, hyung. I wanted you to know that because you not knowing would be like lying and I cant ever lie to you. Not about this.” His
breath was shaky as he finished. He looked down at the floor with shame, eyes red. “So, I’m sorry. I like you, and I’m sorry.” His hands were shaking.

Yoongi placed his mug on the table. He felt dumbfounded, unsure if he’d heard correctly. Perhaps he was delusional, but Jimin just confessed feelings for him. Feelings that Yoongi only just barely realized and didn’t think would ever be reciprocated. It was as if the universe was finally sending some good luck his way. Jimin’s face turned red under Yoongi’s gaze.

Yoongi from a year ago would’ve gagged at the idea of being with another man. But Jimin wasn’t just another man. He was Jimin. Yoongi wanted him. He was done being in denial. Funny it took something like this to make him realize what he’d needed all along.

“I like you.”

“W-what?” Jimin stuttered, his eyes fluttering up to meet his.

Yoongi felt his heart soar. “I like you, Park Jimin.”

Jimin frowned, probably not believing what he was hearing. “You… Jimin—what?”

Yoongi surged forward, cupping Jimin’s face in his hands. Jimin gasped and reared back slightly but didn’t pull away, gazing up at him in utter shock. “I said, I like you, Jimin.” He ran his thumb over his cheek. “We can be something more than friends… if you want to.”

Jimin swallowed, a bright smile slowly blooming on those pink lips. He giggled, so absolutely giddy. “I… want to.” He throws himself at him, sending them both backwards slamming into the seat cushions. He kisses Yoongi hard and perfect. His lips so incredibly soft, young and incessant, hands carding through his hair. His solid weight on top of Yoongi a reminder that this wasn’t an amazing dream. The pendant of his necklace tickles Yoongi from where it dangles between their chests.

“You taste like peppermint and cigarettes.” Jimin murmurs.

Yoongi grasps Jimin’s neck tighter pulling him down so he can kiss him harder. Jimin groans, opening his mouth slightly. Yoongi swipes his tongue and they both groan as their tongues brush together. They kiss till they feel their lips bruise, holding each other tightly. They take a break, both panting. He feels Jimin’s warm breath by his ear.

“Wow.” Yoongi breathes, running his hands gently down Jimin’s sides.

Jimin laughs breathily, a wonderful blush on his cheeks. He leans down to kiss him again, Yoongi hums happily, so utterly content. Suddenly he notices Jimin shift, and feels his hands wander to palm at the bulge in Yoongi’s pants. Yoongi groans, lifting his hips into his touch until sense catches up to him.

“Wa-wait. Are you sure you want to go so fast?” Yoongi asks, completely winded.

“I know I don’t want to wait another second.” Jimin kisses his neck, suckling softly. “I don’t mind fast… unless you want to slow down?”

Yoongi shakes his head, his breathing came fast and harsh. Heat pooled in his belly. “No I don’t.”

Jimin smiles cheerily, like someone had just offered him some ice cream not fucking sex. It was such a strange contradiction, like many things about Jimin and if anything it just turned him on all the more.
Jimin wasted absolutely no time, borrowing his hand into Yoongi’s sweats and wrapping his fingers around his cock. Yoongi jerked, letting out a gasp. When Jimin meant fast, he wasn’t fucking kidding. Yoongi tried to unbuckle Jimin’s belt to jerk him off too, this relationship had been one sided for too much time already, but it was hard to concentrate on the buckles with Jimin squeezing his cock like that.

“Ji-Jimin, help me get this off.”

He kisses the corner of his mouth. “Don’t worry about me, hyung.”

“But—”

He pressed his thumb into the slit and Yoongi slammed his head down, letting out a choked moan, all previous thoughts gone to wind. His thumb circled the head, coated in precum. Jimin licked the soft spot behind his ear and whispered hotly, “I’ve wanted to do this for so long.”

“Fuck.” Yoongi gasped. His eyelashes fluttered as Jimin’s hand moved slowly down his length. Jimin’s eyes never left Yoongi’s face. He felt hot all over. Yoongi never would’ve thought he’d be this submissive and to sweet Jimin of all people, but shit, the way he was sucking at his neck, ravishing him so incessantly and with so much passionate fervor left Yoongi struggling to catch his breath, becoming an incoherent mess all but pliant under Jimin’s ministrations.

Yoongi slipped his hands under Jimin’s shirt, brushing his fingers across his hard stomach, feeling his abs heave with every breath he took. He brought his hands up along his spine, hiking Jimin’s shirt up to his pits in the process, pressing down on his strong shoulder blades, loving the feel of his smooth skin under his fingers. He thumbed Jimin’s nipples. Jimin moaned and started to pick up the pace.

Jimin twisted his wrist and Yoongi bit his lip, trying hard to swallow his whimpers but it was next to impossible as his stokes increased at an uneven pace, squeezing his cock. Hands dug hard into Jimin’s biceps, urging him not to stop. Yoongi bucked up into his hand, “I—”

Jimin bruised their lips together and Yoongi’s groan died in his throat. He broke from the kiss, his head reeling back, mouth open in a silent gasp, his eyes fluttering closed as Jimin pumped him through his climax.

“So pretty,” He crooned.

Yoongi exhaled shakily, his mind clouded as he looked back at Jimin, who was grinning at him sweetly. Yoongi felt so good and absolutely debauched. He lay there practically melted into the couch, limbs numb. Jimin leaned back onto his haunches, taking his hand from Yoongi’s sweats.

Jimin looked at his cum-covered fingers, then up at Yoongi, and he didn't know what he was expecting but it certainly wasn't that, because he felt his mind short-circuit and his mouth go dry as Jimin brought his hand up to suck Yoongi’s cum from his fingers. Fuck that was really hot.

Yoongi was shocked into silence for a moment. He propped himself on shaky elbows. “What the fuck was that?!”

Jimin frowned a bit as he swallowed.

“What kind of virgin gives handjobs like that?!”

He lets out a laugh. “Being a virgin doesn't mean I’m innocent. Not only did I watch a lot of porn, but I also became quite the expert on jacking off.”
“That makes a lot of sense.” Yoongi pulls him down for a kiss.

His hands successfully unbuckled his pants and Yoongi drags his pants and underwear down. Jimin’s dick is erect and flushed, pre-cum already dripping down his length. Yoongi wraps his hand around him and it felt so warm and smooth. And he almost couldn’t believe he was doing this.

Yoongi moved slowly down the shaft, applying firm pressure and paying special attention to the head. He’d never given another guy a hand job or watched much gay porn, so he just copied what Jimin had done as well as doing slow, slight twists while going up the shaft in the way he himself liked.

Jimin trembled over him, whining softly. His hands were twisting into the fabric of the sofa above Yoongi’s head. His eyes were glazed with pleasure. It was amazing to see him like this. Yoongi leaned up occasionally to sometimes peck kisses onto his lips and other times to kiss him deeply.

“I’m not… I’m gonna—I need,” He sobbed.

Yoongi has an idea. He takes one of Jimin’s hands, wrapping it over Yoongi’s, their fingers slotting together. “Help me make you come.” He murmurs.

Jimin’s breath spikes at that and he lets out a long moan. Their fingers drag over his throbbing cock. Jimin determined the pace, fucking himself into their hands, while Yoongi hummed encouragements. It wasn’t long before the friction was too much. Jimin groaned loudly, body convulsing. He quickly pulled his hand away to catch his cum in his fist while Yoongi milked him through his orgasm. Yoongi watched him with rapt attention. He was so beautiful while he came hard over Yoongi, eyelashes fluttering, his stomach muscles straining as his breath escaped in little hiccupy moans. Yoongi wanted to see him come like that, again and again.

Yoongi pulled his knees up so Jimin could lean back on them while he caught his breath. Jimin was blinking down at him in amazement. Yoongi smiled happily. Because he was happy, he really was. Jimin giggled, blushing.

After a moment, Jimin finally got off him, stumbling to the kitchen, where he washed his hands. He brought back a wet towel for Yoongi to wipe his hands and to clean up any stains they might have left on the couch. Yoongi went to his room to pick a clean pair of sweats.

When he came back Jimin was curled up, utter contentment on his face. “It’s kind of hot how you don’t wear underwear under those.” Jimin comments as Yoongi saunters over.

“Thanks for finding my sloppy-casual vibe so sexy.” Yoongi replies as he sits down. “Um, that was fun.” That sounded lame to his own ears. “Anyways you can stay here for as long as you like.”

“Good. I was planning to.” Jimin grins, scooting over to curl into Yoongi. He falters a bit. “Not to ruin this or anything, but I have to ask: what do you want to do when Hoseok comes back?”

“Oh,” Yoongi squeaks, “I don’t think we should tell anyone yet. At least not until I figure us out some more. Is that okay?”

Jimin nods slightly. “Yeah, of course. Take your time.”

“Thanks Jiminnie.” He lays down, spooning Jimin. “I’m glad you’re here.”

They cuddle for hours. Jimin channel surfs, making sarcastic comments about an actors mediocre acting skills or some movie’s convoluted plot. Yoongi listens, chuckling at his jokes, and nuzzling
into the back of his neck.

He finds the Notebook playing on this one channel and he grows silent watching it intently. Yoongi occasionally drifts off, basking in Jimin’s warmth. He wakes up to the sound of Jimin’s quiet sobs and Yoongi laughs at him, kissing away his tears as he blubbers on about the sad ending. Jimin loved these kind of movies as much as they made him cry. Yoongi thought Jimin was going to drown in his tears the last time the Titanic was on.

“Its so sad!” He cries.

“You are ridiculous.” Yoongi smirks, squeezing their intertwined fingers and kissing his temple. Jimin laughs, wiping away his tears, and snuggling himself closer against his hyung. “Yeah, I guess I am.”

Chapter End Notes

A/N:

So that was my first try at smut! Hopefully not too horrible! Please stay tuned, I have a couple things up my sleeve so please look forward to more angst and sexy times ;)


Yoongi’s cellphone chimed, disrupting him from his sleep and setting him in a bad mood. Yoongi frowned drowsily at the early morning light streaming through the blinds before throwing his forearm over his eyes. He rolled over cuddling close to his body pillow and praying to whatever gods that be that his phone would miraculously shut up without him having to move an inch more than necessary.

No such luck of course. Whatever gods existed had long forsaken him.

He tried for several minutes to drown out the sound and sleep through it and it worked for a time until he became annoyed with the repetitive sound ringing in his dreams. Yoongi growled and settled for grabbing whatever was closest: shoes on the floor, a basketball, headphones, pens, empty cups of ramen, and throwing them in the direction of the sound with the end result of knocking over his pile of hip hop cds and denting the lamp on his desk.

In the end his annoyance overruled laziness and he disentangled himself from his sheets to stumble towards the sound, he searched through the piles of clothes until he found the menace in the back pocket of his jeans where he’d thrown them off last night.

Not even bothering to read the caller id, he didn’t think twice in rejecting the call and waddling back to bed with the intention of sleeping till noon. Yoongi was about to smash face against his pillow when the phone in his grasp vibrated again. He scowled and rejected the call again only to have it ring again seconds after with annoying persistence.

He answered, sleep and anger graveling his voice, “I’m going to fucking kick your ass if you don’t stop calling, you twat,”

“Good morning, hyung!” replied a cheery voice, completely unfazed by his biting tone. “Time to rise and shine!”

Yoongi rubbed a hand over his face, practically growling into the receiver. The little shit would do something like this. “Jimin, do you have any idea what time it is?”

“Its time to get dressed and meet me at the gym!” Its just like him to be this disgustingly peppy at this early hour. It was 6:30 am, a time Yoongi wasn't even sure existed until now. More importantly today was his day off.

“I never agreed to this.”

“Oh come on! Don't back down on me now hyung,”
“No.” The last thing Yoongi wanted to do was go to that sweaty hell hole and actually exert himself, much less roll out the his warm little blanket cocoon into the harsh late winter air.

“Hyung!!” He whined. “It'll be fun! Please? For me?”

“No.” He said firmly but he could feel his resolve waning. Why did Jimin’s goddamn puppy voice make him so weak? Despite Yoongi’s adamant stubbornness they both knew it was all show. Yoongi was little less than putty in Jimin’s skilled hands. Yoongi found it hard to deny him anything.

“I'll help you shower down afterwards.” Jimin drawled with a flirty lilt.

Yoongi was quiet a moment. “Fine—but lemme sleep in for thirty more minutes.”

“We’re going now. Don't make me go over there and drag you out of bed.” Jimin threatened. He could be so bossy when he felt like it. “Meet you in fifteen. Muah!” He kisses into the receiver before hanging up.

Yoongi rolled over, sighing into the pillow. He considered going back to sleep but he knew if he wasn't at the campus gym soon Jimin would most surely make good on his threat. He got dressed in some basketball shorts and a worn t-shirt. He ambled into the kitchen. Hoseok was munching some cereal, an array of textbooks before him on the table.

“Whoa, you're never up this early.” Hoseok commented, looking shocked.

He grunted. “What’re you doing up?” Yoongi asked as he took a water bottle from the fridge.

“Cramming for the test I have in my eight o'clock class. And you? Where are you going?” He eyed him suspiciously.

Yoongi sighed. “Im going to the gym.” That sounded so weird coming out of his mouth.

“What?!” Hoseok gasped. “Like work out? Like actually move your limbs? Like actual physical exercise??”

Yoongi rolled his eyes.

Hoseok pursed his lips. “Jimin is making you do this isn't he.”

“He’s not making me do anything.” Yoongi denied.

“All the times I tried to get you to come with me and Jimin is the one that finally gets you off your ass.” Hoseok laughed. “Im glad you guys made up.”

“Yeah, its the fiftieth time you've said that.” Yoongi grumbled.

“Because its true!” Hoseok insists. Yoongi would be lying if he said he didn't feel the same.

“I gotta go.” Yoongi announced. “Good luck on your test.”

“Yeah! Have fun at the gym. Don't sprain anything, you're still up for laundry this week!”

When Yoongi enters the fitness center he wanders through the endless rows of assorted torture machines until he finds Jimin towards the back by a row of dumbbells, a nearby treadmill already claimed with a towel thrown over it.

Jimin sees him approaching in the mirror. He turns around waving animatedly and just being pure
sunshine in general. He had on track shorts that barely reached his mid thigh and a ridiculous tank with the text ‘*I flexed and the sleeves fell off*’ printed on the front—a thoughtful birthday gift from Taehyung. The corners of Yoongi’s mouth twitched up in a small smile despite his grumpy early morning mood.

“Hyung,” Jimin grasped his wrist, leaning in. Yoongi shifts his head so his lips land on his cheek, his eyes dart around nervously. Jimin stops him from pulling away. “Don’t worry, no one is paying attention to us.”

There were a handful of people at the gym, only the truly committed fitness freaks congregating at this hour before class. Most of them were facing the other wall at the far end of the large complex on their ellipticals. The closest two were still a ways away, and Yoongi didn’t recognize either of them. One of them a girl on a cycling machine, reading a book and the other a fit man ripping it hard on the rowing machine, completely focused on the small screen. Everyone had earphones in. It was almost impossible that they would be overheard. Jimin picked this secluded spot for a reason. Still, it was a risk.

Jimin tugs on his wrist and Yoongi relents allowing a quick peck on the lips before Yoongi envelops Jimin in a warm hug.

“Miss me?” Jimin murmured into his shoulder.

“Hmmm.” Yoongi hums back, breathing in the smell of him. It feels like too soon when Yoongi pulls back. He can’t help but check about the room, but everyone was still focused on their own workouts.

“C’mon,” Jimin tugs him towards the mirror, distracting him from his worrying. “Let’s get started.”

“Why do we have to do this so early?” Yoongi grumbled.

“Because it’s when the good machines aren’t taken.” Jimin supplies patiently. “And it’s good to do it early and get it out of the way.”

Yoongi complains. Jimin just brushes it off, insisting they stretch first (“Stretching reduces chance of injury, don’t you know, hyung?”) Jimin effortlessly twists himself into various forms of a human pretzel while Yoongi focuses on touching his toes—he settles for his ankles after a moment and makes it with Jimin’s help. Once Jimin determines them sufficiently warmed out, he directs Yoongi to the treadmill.

He taps on the screen, the buttons chiming as he pressed them. “Okay let’s start you with a basic cardio program to work up your endurance.”

Yoongi wonders when he acquired a personal trainer. “Um. Okay.” He peels off his jacket, hopping on.

Jimin brushes a hand suddenly over his forehead. Yoongi stiffens. They’re in public goddamn it. “You’re gonna want to put your bangs up.”

“My—wha…”

Before he has a chance to react, Jimin pulls a hair tie from his wrist, pulling Yoongi’s black fringe into a tiny ponytail on the top of his head. “So your sweaty hair won’t get into your eyes.” He explains. Jimin cocks his head and chuckles. “So cute.” He gently squishes the ponytail between his fingers.
Yoongi glanced at his apple hair in the mirror. “I look like an idiot.”

Jimin guffaws. “No! You look so cute!”

He glares at him.

“Ready, hyung?”

“No.”

“Good! Let’s start!” He presses the green button and the treadmill starts to move at a walking pace.

Yoongi takes a couple steps. “How long do I have to do this?” He was already done with this shit.

“Until it stops.” Jimin says evasively, stepping away.

“Where are you going?”

“It’s weights day for me today.” He smirks.

Yoongi’s eyebrows inched down slightly as he watched Jimin saunter over to the dumbbells. Jimin stretched his arms over his head, flexing. He took a bar weight, adding weighted disks on each side. He lifted it and eased the bar onto his shoulders, keeping his back rigid in what Yoongi assumed was proper weightlifting technique. He met Yoongi’s eyes in the mirror, keeping their gaze locked as he squatted down, leg muscles contracting gloriously. Yoongi couldn’t help but eye that wonderful ass, and he knew just what Jimin was doing.

The treadmill accelerated under him and Yoongi broke into a light jog. He could keep this pace for a while, he wasn’t completely out of shape—he played basketball after all. He could keep up with Jimin whenever they played for a good forty minutes before he had to speed walk from end to end of the court and catch his breath, his saving grace was Jimin’s shitty aim and Yoongi’s effortless three-pointers more than evened the playing field.

Jimin took the weight from his back, bending over in a ridiculously seductive manner. With knees slightly bent he pulled up the weight in a barbell row, shoulders and back flexing, glutes tight. Yoongi stared, mouth going slack. Jimin threw him a cocky smirk between reps, a smirk characteristic of someone that looked good and knew it and took advantage mercilessly.

The pace got faster and the incline rose. Yoongi ran faster, hands clasping the handle bars for balance. This was getting uncomfortable. His heartbeat was fast but his breathing remained steady. He could feel himself starting to sweat. He was feeling warm in other ways however, as Jimin peeled off his tank and Yoongi thinks he’ll never get tired of that six-pack.

As if reading his mind, Jimin picks up a large dumbbell, holding it to his chest as he twisted his torso back and forth, his stomach muscles rippling. Jimin then lifts the weight behind his head to work his triceps. Perspiration is accumulating on his shoulders, veins begin to show on his arms. This is really getting uncomfortable. Yoongi feels like he can barely breathe. His thighs are on fire. He’s sweating too much, its everywhere, dripping down his face and into his eyes even as he tries hard to wipe it away with the back of his hand. He’s wheezing, clasping the handlebars for dear life. He wants to stop, to turn down the intensity but Jimin is watching him like a hawk through the mirror.

He notices Yoongi struggling. “Just keep it up, hyung. You’re doing great.”
“I feel like I'm dying.” He rasps. “I can’t… breathe.”

“What do you expect when you fill your lungs with tar multiple times a day?” Jimin scolds, referring to his not-so-healthy smoking habit. “You can do it. It'll be a bit harder, but you can make it if you push.” He encourages.

Yoongi huffs loudly, wiping away the sweat.

Jimin picks up another dumbbell and alternates lifting one in each hand, his biceps bulging gloriously with each press. Yoongi finds himself distracted again. Jimin is smirking but Yoongi can’t bring himself to look away as a bead of sweat drips off his necklace, glides down between strong pecs, down defined abs, down, down to that wonderful V shape of his hips, and down…

The evil treadmill spikes into a sprint which Yoongi—in his distracted and compromised state—is completely unprepared for. He stumbles and is sent flying off the track and onto the gym floor with a harsh squeak of rubber on rubber.

Yoongi just lays there limply in defeat. Jimin, the evil one who caused all this with his stupid sexy body and his stupid sexy seduction, is laughing so hard his weight slips from his sweaty grip to land on his foot.

“Crap!” He yelps, hopping up and down on one foot before ungracefully falling on his ass.

Yoongi huffs a laugh, picking himself up to check on his dumb lover. "You alright, babe?’"

Jimin, who is busy cradling his foot and hissing between his teeth, does a double take. “Babe?” He kneels down beside him, ears turning pink at letting the endearment slip so easily. He doesn’t say anything else as he cradles Jimin’s injured foot in his lap. Jimin smiles widely at Yoongi, forgetting the pain for a moment. Yoongi just turns redder.

“I should take the shoe off to take a look.” Jimin says after a while.

Yoongi undoes the laces, gently prying the shoe off while Jimin occasionally twitches in pain. "If you broke something I'll just have you know no one is at fault but yourself.” Yoongi chides as he slowly peels off a sweaty sock.

"Don't pretend like you didn't like the show.” Jimin teases. He leans over running his fingers along the bones of his toes before gently flexing. "Don't think I broke anything. Definitely gonna bruise though." He wiggles his toes experimentally, feeling and blood coming back to his battered appendages. "It still hurts but it's getting less.”

"Here I thought I was going to have to carry you on my back,” Yoongi says wistfully.

"Who says you still can't?” Jimin laughs. He pauses, looking down at where Yoongi skid his knee. "You're hurt.” He states, wiping the blood running down Yoongi’s calf with his fingers. He looks down at his hand and starts to grow pale.

"No, stop.” Yoongi commands, putting a hand over Jimin’s eyes. "The last thing you need right now is a dizzy spell.”

"But you're bleeding, I should help.” His voice shakes.

"I'm fine, I can take care of it myself.” Yoongi gently takes his foot off his lap, standing up. "I'll be right back, keep your eyes closed.”
"This is pathetic." Jimin huffs, but keeps his eyes closed and his bloody hand as far away as possible because Jimin could smell the blood as weird as that was.

Jumin had gotten a lot better at dealing with this sort of thing in class. Whenever they did dissections or surgical observations in class Jimin would psyche himself up, mentally preparing himself days before so that on the day of he would be fine, if a little shaky. Surprise moments like these, however, still effected him greatly. Yoongi sometimes wondered how Jimin would handle the actual treatment of patients. Everyday was going to be a surprise, you didn't get a text message from the patient three days before to 'get ready because I'm going to come in with a two-inch deep cut from my cooking knife'. Yoongi knew Jimin was under enough pressure and most likely thinking the exact same thing so he never really brought it up. Yoongi just hoped he would adjust. The last thing he wanted was for Jimin to fail at something he was working so hard for.

Yoongi took the towel from the treadmill, patting down his bleeding knees that were beginning to throb slightly. He went over to Jimin making sure to wipe off all of his blood from his fingers.

“Okay.” Yoongi ruffles his hair affectionately. “You sure your foot’s alright?”

He peeks his eyes open, already looking back to normal. “Yea, Im good.”

“Well that was a disaster.” Yoongi comments, taking a sip of water. He pulls the hair tie from his hair. “I knew this exercise thing was a shit idea.”

Jumin scoffs, rolling his eyes.

Yoongi helps Jimin get to his feet. “So are we done for today, coach?”

“For now.” Jimin grumbles, pulling his shirt back on.

Yoongi cheers and cant resist giving Jimin’s ass a firm smack.

Jumin gasps and slaps his hands away, giggling.

They walk back, Jimin limps a bit at first, Yoongi frets but he swears he’s fine. Yoongi jokingly offers to carry him, but Jimin refuses, blushing and smiling timidly. They walk closely together, shoulders brushing, as they pass by the morning crowds, all on their way to class.

The second they walk into Yoongi’s dorm, they double check, even though they know it should be empty. As full as it was most of the time, there were occasions were it would reside empty. Jimin and Yoongi had practically mapped out everyone’s schedules secretly to determine what select hours per week they could have, completely alone.

Jumin’s dorm wasn’t much of an option. The room was small and lacked privacy. You could hear a person sneeze in the room next door, the walls were that paper thin. Yoongi wouldn’t risk it. Jimin’s bed was too small to accommodate them both anyways.

It was an operation, and there was still risk—someone could come back early or a class could get cancelled, but it was part of that danger that made sneaking around all that more exhilarating.

Things worked out a bit in their favor, recent dorm burglaries gave them reason to lock the door, which gave them fair warning whenever they were busy messing around. That didn’t work so much when that person had a key, like Hoseok, so they always had to watch out for him. They were good for today, though, for at least a couple hours, Hoseok’s test would keep him busy for a while.

Once they're positive the coast is clear, Jimin smirks at him, cocking a hip. “I guess it's time to
wash up. If only there was someone around to help me wash my back…”

Yoongi doesn’t reply but picks Jimin up bridal-style. Jimin shrieks and Yoongi almost tips over and sends them both to their deaths in his short rush to the shower, but they manage to arrive unscathed.

“So strong, I’m impressed.” Jimin compliments as Yoongi practically drops him to the ground.

He huffs a laugh, turning on the shower. “I’m stronger than I look.” Yoongi’s spine had cracked a couple times but at least he didn’t pull anything.

Jimin turns around to lock the door and as soon as he turns back, Yoongi’s lips are on his, needy and impatient. Jimin groaned, pulling him closer to deepen their kiss. His hands began to wander, roaming over his back and down his sides until he reached the hem of Yoongi’s shirt. Yoongi gasped at the feel of his warm hands against his flat stomach, leaving his skin burning with every touch. They broke the kiss as Jimin gently lifted Yoongi’s shirt up over his head.

Yoongi’s fingers dig into Jimin’s abdomen as he nibbled his collarbone and sucked the soft skin of his neck. Jimin groaned, running his hands through Yoongi’s hair and tightening his grip on his locks. The shower was steaming by now and mist was fogging the mirrors.

“Hyung,” Jimin breathes sounding impatient.

Yoongi kicks off his shorts and underwear. He walks backwards towards the shower and Jimin struggles to follow him while taking off his track shorts and maintaining their sloppy kiss.

They step into the shower. Yoongi sighs happily as the warm water cascaded over him, he brushes his wet hair from his face. They gaze at each other for a breathless moment. He takes in the hard curves of Jimin’s muscles, the soft tan of his skin, the smattering of freckles on his firm shoulders and the constellations of birthmarks, beauty marks, and moles. Yoongi felt heat rush through his veins at Jimin’s swelling erection and he could feel himself getting just as hard.

Yoongi grasps Jimin by the wrist to drag him under the drizzling water, they kiss passionately. Jimin loops his arms about his neck, tugs at his hair and pulls them so incredibly close together he can feel Jimin’s thundering heartbeat. His dick brushes against Jimin’s thigh and his breath catches. He spreads his legs slightly to allow Yoongi to slip his thigh between them. They rut against each other, their moans echoing off the tiled walls. Yoongi loves the feel of Jimin’s slick skin against his.

“Touch me.” Jimin sighs into the corner of his jaw, pulling him closer. Yoongi feels desire and lust surging inside him, his fingers digging into Jimin’s hip.

They both suck in a breath as Yoongi takes their throbbing cocks in one hand. His hand glides easily down their wet erections and Jimin felt so warm and amazing against him. Yoongi pumps faster. Jimin whines, harshly groping at Yoongi’s shoulders, and rutting their cocks together.

Yoongi leans down to nuzzle at his neck. Jimin tips his head to give him more access. He licks, tasting the water that drips down, just loving the taste of him. He sucks gently, then bites down hard. Jimin lets out a strangled moan, nails digging into Yoongi’s back. He pulls back to kiss his lips, Jimin opens his mouth for him immediately, so very wanton and pliant for him.
“Faster.” Jimin gasps out.

Yoongi picks up the pace, Jimin sobs, his thrusts growing uneven. Jimin looks amazing like this, face flushed, lips kiss-swollen, pupils dilated, body tense as he chases his climax.

Jimin was close.

“Babe,” Yoongi breathes into his ear. “Let go, baby,”

Jimin shudders, letting out a shaky moan, so quiet Yoongi might've missed it if he wasn't so completely enraptured by the sight of him, and cum's so beautifully it takes his breath away. His eyes flutter closed and he clings to him even more tightly as Yoongi leads him through his orgasm. Yoongi comes seconds later, leaning his forehead against his lover’s, struggling against the waves of pleasure with each shaky breath.

“Oh, fuck.” Yoongi sighs, mind slowly clearing, body still numb.

Jimin is carding his hands through his hair soothingly, waiting for Yoongi to come back from his high. He grins up at him, eyes narrowed into joyful crescents. Yoongi leans down to give him languid kisses that were dripping with affection. Jimin smiled into their kiss, giggling softly.

After a moment, Yoongi reluctantly disentangles himself, grabbing some shampoo from the shelf. “We should wash down before the water gets cold.” He hands the bottle to Jimin. He picks up the bar soap and begins to lather himself down.

“Hyung,” Jimin begins shyly, a blush reddening his cheeks. “Can I wash your hair?”

Yoongi blinks, taken by surprise. After a moment he nods slightly. Jimin smiles gratefully, squeezing some shampoo onto his palm. He approaches, reaching up to massage the it into his scalp. Jimin is so gentle, carding his fingers through the black strands, never pulling or tugging too hard, careful not to get any of it into his eyes. Yoongi moans at the wonderful feeling, finding it impossible to keep his eyes open.

Yoongi peeks a look at Jimin. He has his tongue out in concentration, a little pinch of a frown between his brows. Yoongi can't resist and swoops down to peck his lips. Jimin stiffens in surprise. Yoongi can't resist kissing him a second time.

“Stop distracting me,” Jimin grumbles, pushing him back, but there's a grin on his lips.

Yoongi rinses out the shampoo and adds in the conditioner before rinsing that out too and Yoongi feels so pampered. Jimin smiles gratefully, squeeing some shampoo onto his palm. He approaches, reaching up to massage the it into his scalp. Jimin is so gentle, carding his fingers through the black strands, never pulling or tugging too hard, careful not to get any of it into his eyes. Yoongi moans at the wonderful feeling, finding it impossible to keep his eyes open.

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Yoongi rinses out the shampoo and adds in the conditioner before rinsing that out too and Yoongi feels so pampered. Jimin grabs the soap and goes on to wash his body, Yoongi’s objections die on his lips as soon as he starts to dig his fingers into his skin, massaging his sore muscles.

“Jimin you're spoiling me.” Yoongi grumbles. His breath catches as Jimin makes his way down to his thighs and paying careful attention to Yoongi’s flaccid cock.

He smiles up at him when he's done. “You deserve to be spoiled.”

Yoongi grunts, deciding to return the favor and playfully pouring shampoo on Jimin’s head directly from the bottle. “I've been spoiled too much already by you.” Yoongi says, lathering the shampoo into his hair. He can't stop himself from laughing as he spikes Jimin’s soapy hair into a mohawk.

“What’re you doing?” Jimin asks suspiciously.

Yoongi shakes his head, laughing.
He pulls back the shower curtain to peer at himself in the mirror over the sink. He giggles at his reflection.

“Wait, what about this one?” Yoongi arranges Jimin’s hair into two spikes on top of his head.

Jimin laughs. “What is it?”

Yoongi cocks his head, “I was going for horns but now you just look like a cat-boy.”

“Really?” Jimin grins and makes a squeaky cat meow.

“Kind of adorable, really.” Yoongi admits, looking at them in the fogged up mirror.

Yoongi looked so thin and pale next to Jimin’s reflection. He felt a little self conscious. Cold air starts to drift in, causing goosebumps to rise on his arms. He whipped the curtain back in place. He smushes Jimin’s hair back to normal, rinsing and then lathering his body attentively. The water was starting to turn cold and by the time they stepped out, burritoed in their towels, their fingers prune.

“I haven’t felt this relaxed in months.” Yoongi sighs, collapsing on his bed after shoving on some sweats.

Jimin waddles about the room, wearing one of Yoongi’s oversized shirts. He picks through Yoongi’s messy cd stack. He grabs one that says ‘Jimin’s Mixtape’ and puts it in the stereo. The beats of a familiar song begin to drift through—it was the playlist Yoongi had made Jimin last Christmas, he’d kept a copy.

Jimin throws himself on the bed beside him. “How much time do we have?”

“Half an hour… maybe an hour, depending on if Namjoon goes to Starbucks or not.” Yoongi says confidently. It was kind of freaky how he knew everyones schedules to the T. He’d even made spread sheets and charts.

Jimin sighs. “Okay.” He throws an arm over Yoongi, snuggling close to his chest.

Jimin was always like that, close and warm, always craving the touch of constant contact. And although Yoongi would never admit it, he liked it a lot. He was well devoid of displays of affection in his household and Jimin’s constant hugs, pats, and cuddles served as assurances to Yoongi that yes, Jimin still liked him, Jimin was still his best friend, Jimin still wanted the grumpy, cynical, jerk that was Yoongi around.

Yoongi had to admit, he still didn’t totally understand why Jimin liked him so much. He wasn’t even a decent person. It nagged at him.

“Jimin. Why do you like me?” Yoongi asked after a quiet moment.

Jimin chuckles. “You mean you don’t know?”

“No.” He really had no idea how someone as perfect and sweet as Jimin could ever want a skinny, lazy jerk with bad posture like him who struggled to express his emotions, was often blunt to the point of rudeness, had a patent for self-destruction as well as pushing away those closest to him. It just didn’t make sense, not that he was complaining at all. But it bothered him. He couldn’t help thinking Jimin could’ve chosen someone better for himself.

Jimin shifted to peer up at him, resting his chin on Yoongi’s chest. “After everything we’ve been through you still don’t know?” He paused. “You have no idea how great you are, do you?”
“Great?” Yoongi was a lot of things. He wasn't sure he was that.

“Yeah.” Jimin assures him. He contemplates for a moment. “I don’t know. I guess I like how you’re so driven and passionate about music. It’s really… attractive. It makes me want to be as burningly passionate about something. The way you go forward to do what you want despite the obstacles before you, how you left behind everything you knew to follow your dream. And your talent, god, you’re so talented. The way you piece together words, the way you say them as you rap, you could shoot for the stars if you wanted to.

Not only that but, you’re really sensitive and considerate behind your indifference. You care a lot, even though you try hard not to show it. You’re a good listener. You’re so brooding and mysterious, it makes me always wonder what you’re thinking about, and sometimes you say things that make me think you have the oldest soul. That sounds stupid, right? I don’t know. But it makes me feel really special when you tell me what you’re thinking.

I think you’re really cute, especially when you’re grumpy. You have the best dry humor. You’re so thin and pretty. Your skin is so smooth, your hair always smells nice. Your gummy smile just makes me, I don’t know—happy. You make me happy. You’re my hyung. You’re like the little sweetness to my day. And they way you kiss me and hold me after we mess around just makes it all perfect.”

Yoongi blinks down at him, face red and completely flattered. He was so speechless that Jimin could ever think so much of him. It made him feel undeserving. He wanted to say so many things. But how could ever articulate it into words? For someone who made a small living as a lyricist, words evaded him so very often.

So instead he just said flatly, “You think I’m ‘cute’?”

Jimin giggled, “Yes. I do.”

“I’m not cute. Rappers aren't cute.”

“I mean, you're really hot too. Really sexy. Especially when your annoyed about something.”

“Annoyed? Really?”

“Yeah. I think so.”

Yoongi scoffs. He tugs Jimin back against his chest. He tucks his head back under his chin. This warmth just bubbled up inside him. He’d never felt this good before.

“I make you happy?”


Yoongi carded his fingers through Jimin’s hair. “Yeah, you do. For a long time now.”

***

He burst through the door to the cafe, ignoring the barista counter to storm to the table by the window where Namjoon and Hoseok were seated with their notebooks.

Namjoon saw him approach. “You’re late—”

“Suck it bitches.” He boasts, slamming his notebook onto the table with a loud smack.
“No way. You're done?” Namjoon gasps.

Hoseok snatches the notebook, eyes rushing across the page, his smile growing wider. “This is good.”

“Lemme see.” Namjoon slips it out of Hoseok’s grip, analyzing the words on the page. “Hyung! This shit is fire. Man!”

“Its done? No more editing?” Hoseok asks.

Yoongi shakes his head. “Nope, thats the final product.”

“That was so fast. You were struggling so hard before.” He says in disbelief.

“Yeah, well, I finished it this morning.”

“What did I tell you, hyung? Nothing like a nice break to stir up some inspiration. God I cant wait for you to spit this out on stage.” Namjoon gushes. “Its gonna be so dope.”

Yoongi laughs. “How’s yours going?”

“Hoseok’s done.” Namjoon states.

“I want to change one or two things, but yeah, nearly.” Hoseok assents.

“And you, Nams?”

“Ah well, you know.” Namjoon tilts his head, grinning slightly. “Still writing. I want to be all wrapped up with this by next weekend though. So Ill get it done.”

“All right, good.” Yoongi smiled, excited for their performance. It seemed things were getting back to how they should be. It had been a horrible couple of months. Yoongi was glad things were falling into place again.

***

Yoongi sat at the stop light taking the last drags of his cigarette before flicking it away. He revved the engine as the light turned green and took off, weaving his way through the traffic and lights of downtown. He made a left into an alley, the motorcycle jerking a bit as he parked it.

He entered the building, stuffing his gloves into the pocket of his leather jacket and unraveling his thick woolen scarf. He made his way down the dimly lit hallway, passing different doors, following the sound of off-tone screeches.

Opening the door, he entered the karaoke room where Hoseok was doing a spectacular rendition of *Party in the USA*. The rest of the group was already there. Seokjin was seated on the sticky couch that lined the wall, smiling and clapping along enthusiastically to the rhythm. Namjoon, seated next to him, looking like he was doing his best not to keel over laughing as Taehyung, Jungkook and Jimin danced around in chaotic circles. Hoseok sounded ridiculously nasal to imitate the original singer and every time he sang the lines ‘the butterflies fly away’ the three idiots dancing around him fluttered their palms together like butterfly wings. Judging by the collection of empty cans on the table, they were already way ahead of Yoongi.

“Yoongi-ah!” Seokjin cheered as he closed the door.

“Hyung!” Hoseok yelled into the microphone, Yoongi cringed, cupping his ears.
Taehyung and Jungkook echoed his name and scrambled over. Taehyung enveloped him in a big bear hug, lifting him off the ground and spinning him in a circle, as if he hadn't seen him just this morning. Jungkook smacked his butt, laughing when Yoongi jolted. They got really rough and handsy when they were drunk. Yoongi detached himself, ruffling their hair by way of greeting. Jimin gave him an shy wave, standing there awkwardly. Yoongi grinned at him, making his way to sit next to Namjoon. They were still trying to figure out how to act around each other in public without giving too much away.

It seemed that the theme tonight was old english hits, which was always fun because no one could ever pronounce all the words correctly and they would mumble along or spew nonsense words when it got too fast. The monitor played the music videos that went along with the songs, the lyrics highlighted across the bottom in english with hangeul pronunciation under it so they could at least attempt to keep up.

Hoseok finished the last lines and another song immediately started. Hoseok and the other three scrambled into position as Bye, Bye, Bye blared through the speakers. Seokjin tossed Jungkook the extra mic. The four of them danced earnestly to the song, matching the choreography perfectly while Jungkook and Hoseok sang. Yoongi, Namjoon, and Seokjin laughed at them, bouncing their shoulders to the beat and copying the hand waving motion and the end of the chorus.

They all clapped when the song ended, Yoongi nodded and flashed an appreciative thumbs up. Jimin threw him a subtle wink. There was a moments intermission as the boys got their drinks and Namjoon tinkered with the controller, scrolling through the song list.

“Drink, drink, hyung!” Jungkook shoved three beers into his lap. “You have to catch up with us.”

Taehyung was going around the room hugging everyone. He latched Jimin into a back hug and dangled from his shoulders, feet dragging on the ground as Jimin teetered to the door.

“Where are you going?” Taehyung drawled.

“I gotta pee!”

“Don’ leave me!” He sobbed dramatically, pulling Jimin down to the ground. Jimin latched onto the door handle and it croaked dangerously under their combined weight.

“Let go of me!” Jimin yelled.

“But I love you!” Taehyung belted. “I love all you guys.”

“If you love us so much you should get our names tattooed around your nipple.” Namjoon laughs too hard at his own joke. It wasn't even funny.

Yoongi shook his head, popping open a can and taking a sip. “By now I don't think Ill ever catch up.” It was only 7:56, how were they already this wasted?

“Hyung, sing this.” Namjoon offered Seokjin the microphone, giggling.

Seokjin smiled giddily, standing up before the tv.

Trouble by Taylor Swift rang forth from the speakers and they all collectively lost their shit, screeching like deaf cockatoos. Yoongi smirked, rolling his eyes and downed the rest of his drink quickly. He needed to feed them something or else they weren't going to make it to nine o’clock and there was no way Yoongi was going to be able to escort them all home.
“What do you want to eat?” He shouted over the noise of their combined screaming.

Hoseok frowned. “What?”

“Pizza!” Jungkook yelled currently piggybacking on Taehyung as they both spun around in circles.

“I want french fries!” Seokjin said fifty times into the mic just in case Yoongi didn't hear the first time.

Namjoon grabbed Seokjin’s hand, tilting the mic towards him, talking like he was waiting in a drive-through. “Hi, yes, I would like some mozzarella sticks.”

“I need to pee!” Jimin exclaimed, Yoongi’s scarf suddenly around his neck.

Yoongi pulled Jimin by the scarf. “C’mon, Ill take you.” He opened the door. “Everyone stay right here.” He ordered.

They didn't really seem to notice as Seokjin sidelined into Girls Just Wanna Have Fun, all skipping about the room ridiculously. As soon as he shut the door, Jimin wove his hands around his waist giving him a sloppy kiss.

Yoongi pulled away. “Alright, Jimin, you know we can't do this here.”

Jimin sighed loudly, leaning his head on his chest. “I know, I just wanted to.” He kept his arms tight around him, pouting slightly.

Yoongi combed his hand through his hair affectionately. “C’mon.” He led him to the restroom at the end of the hallway. He glanced at himself in the mirror, adjusting his beanie while Jimin struggled to aim at the urinal.

“Are you ashamed of me?” He asked suddenly.

Yoongi turned to look at him. “What the hell would make you think that?”

“Why are so afraid to tell people about us?” Jimin asked, zipping up his pants.

Yoongi sighs, rubbing his forehead. “Im not ashamed of you. Its just I’m worried how people will react. I don't want anything to change.”

Jimin wrinkled his brow. “But… nothing should change.”

“It will, believe me.” Yoongi pauses. “My family, my community growing up was so very conservative. I saw what happened to people when they didn't fit into their concept of proper. I don't want that to happen to us.”

“But were not in Daegu anymore. Were in Seoul! And its 2015!” Jimin drawls the last word out, waving his hand. “Stuff like this happens. People are different.” Jimin reasons, washing his hands in the sink.

“I hope so.” Yoongi sighs.

They don’t say anything more as they walk to the concessions and buy the food.

“I'm sorry. I-I don't want you to think Im pushing you or anything.” Jimin mumbles, grasping his arm when they reach their room.
Yoongi kisses him sweetly in the empty hallway. Jimin grins, teetering slightly. When he opens the door, Taehyung is doing a soulful delivery of *Kiss From A Rose* the others seated on the couch, swaying emotionally.

They all cheered when they saw the food. Yoongi drank some more beers as they swallowed it all down. Despite Jungkook and Hoseok’s bickering over pizza slices and Namjoon getting emotional over how much he loved mozzarella sticks, they all seemed to sober up a little. They all jumped right back into it and Yoongi, head now buzzing pleasantly, joined in enthusiastically.

They went around, taking turns picking songs for each other to sing. Jungkook, with his limitless talent at anything he touched, was a crowd favorite, perfectly singing along to *Bohemian Rhapsody* with Namjoon. Seokjin selected *Anaconda* for Hoseok and they all almost burst their lungs watching Hoseok jiggle and move his ass in attempt to twerk. Jungkook picked *Like A Virgin* for Jimin (perhaps as some form of revenge for what happened last year).

Jimin took it in stride, strutting across the room like he owned it and moving his hand over his chest and down his thigh as everyone cheered. He locked eyes with Yoongi several times and he could feel himself getting red in the face as Jimin gyrated his hips. He swallowed thickly, looking away. He thought he saw someone watching him out of the corner of his eye but when he looked back all the others were still happily clapping along, fixated on Jimin’s performance.

Hoseok picked *Bad Romance* for him and Yoongi mumbled to the lyrics, sashaying a little bit whilst the others yelled encouragingly. As a result he was cursed with Lady Gaga songs for most of the night.

It was Namjoon’s turn and he was swaggering around and rapping to *Gangsta's Paradise*, belting out, “As I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I take a look my life and realize there’s nothing left!!” Everyone pumped their fists in the air, impressed at his english rapping. At some point in the song, Jimin changed seats to sit beside him.

A while later, when everyone is tearing up at Jungkook’s beautiful singing of *I Will Always Love You*, Jimin leans over to him.

“This is fun. I’m glad we can all hang out like this again.” He whispers into his ear.

Yoongi nods, grinning. “Me too. I’m sorry, again.” He says, feeling guilty about those months they had to struggle to avoid each other.

Jemin shrugged. “We fixed it now, right?”

“Yeah.” Yoongi reaches for his fingers, holding his hand under the table without the danger of being caught in the dim light. “I’m glad we did, baby,” He says into Jimin’s ear.

Jimin blushed. “I like it when you call me that.”

The song rings its final verse, with Jungkook catching all the notes flawlessly. He steps over to them and Yoongi slinks his hand away. He holds up the two mics. “You two wanna sing?” He asks.

Jimin springs up and Yoongi follows him reluctantly. Jungkook selects the song and Drake’s *Take Care* starts playing.

“I like this song!” Hoseok stuffs one of the last french fries into his mouth.

The others cheer them on. Yoongi raps, stumbling on a couple words when it got too fast, but he
was proud of himself. Jimin sang the chorus, suddenly very serious, hands clutching the microphone tightly, eyes focused on the words at the bottom. Yoongi was blown away by how beautifully he could sing when he put in the effort. The song ended too quickly and Yoongi spent the rest of the night hearing Jimin’s voice over and over in his head.

Soon it was time to leave, they sang a cursory *Don’t Stop Believing* before making their way out the noraebang. They took a taxi back to campus, saying goodbye to each other as they broke off to make their way back to their own dorms. Yoongi locked gazes with Jimin, giving him a wave. Jimin gave him a broad smile, that made his heart flip, before turning to follow Jungkook.

Yoongi was still grinning as he kept an arm looped around Hoseok’s shoulder to make sure his friend wouldn't stumble in his tipsy state and set a reminder on his phone to get up early in the morning to pick up his bike.

***

“Stereoisomers are two structures with the same formula and the same connectivity. Enatiomers have the same formula but are non-congruent mirror images. Get it?” Taehyung points at the page.

Jimin blinked at the textbook dumbly. “Then what makes that different from diastereomers?”

“Diastereomers are congruent.” Taehyung states like its common sense.

Jimin groans, putting his face in his hands. “I don’t get this.


“The longer I look at it the less it makes sense!” Jimin cries.

They were both at the kitchen table, huddled over one of Jimin’s massive organic chemistry textbooks. The class was really whooping Jimin’s ass and Taehyung was nice enough to offer help. This sort of stuff was a breeze for him, though tutoring wasn’t. They’d been going at it for two hours and all it seemed to do was make Jimin panic even more. Taehyung would try to explain, in his strange roundabout way that made sense in his mind, but it went right over Jimin’s head. Yoongi wished he could help out but this was way, way out of his league.

Yoongi remembered from chemistry was that sugar is a compound.

Yoongi finished eating and threw his dish into the sink, heading to his room. He plopped on his bed with a recently purchased novel. He opened to his earmarked page and started reading. Yoongi had only gotten a couple chapters in when Jimin stumbled into his room, rubbing at his temples like he was fighting a migraine.

“You guys done?” Yoongi asks. “Do you get it now?”

“No. I still don't understand it.” Jimin sighs, fingers worrying at the chain of his necklace. “Taehyung had to leave to meet up with Jungkook. They were going to this anime premier or something.” Yoongi’s desk chair squeaks as Jimin collapses onto it. “I feel like I’m going to explode.”

“Stressed?” Yoongi marks his spot before closing the book.

“I can literally feel my heart having palpitations.”

“That doesn’t sound good.”
“It’s not.”

“Well, what do your all knowing medical textbooks say about stress relieving?”

Jimin shrugs. “Meditation, deep breathing, exercise.”

Yoongi scoots off the bed to stand before him. “Hmm. Funny. In some articles I read it says sex can be a great stress reliever. Your books didn’t say this?”

Jimin’s eyes turned sharp as they met his. “They might have mentioned it, yes.”

Yoongi leans over him, a hand on each arm rest, tilting his face inches from Jimin’s. “Would you like me to help you relieve some of this built up tension, then?”

Not patient enough to answer, Jimin closes the distance, meeting his lips hungrily. Yoongi kisses him back hard and with just a bit of teeth and Jimin groans. A thought runs through Yoongi’s head, one that’s been on his mind since the moment he woke up this morning. Before he knows what he’s doing he’s pulling away. Jimin starts to whine, but it dies in his throat as he watches his hyung sink down to his knees before him. His face flushes. “Hyung, what—”

Yoongi grabs his knees, rolling the chair closer. “Shut up, Jimin.” His hands go for the buttons of his jeans.

“Hyung—” His voice is dry.

Yoongi takes Jimin’s half-hard cock into his hand. He meets his eyes as he slowly strokes him to full hardness. “I’m going to suck you off.”

Jimin swallows thickly, grasping the arm rests in a white-knuckled death grip. “W-wait but—Hoseok,”

Yoongi frowns slightly until he remembers Hoseok had disappeared into his room to take a quick nap before his next class. “Well, I guess you’re just going to have to be quiet.”

His breath hitches but he doesn’t say anything else. This was something new. They hadn’t done much else besides jack each other off and rut against one another like rabbits in heat.

Yoongi glanced down at Jimin’s flushed cock, massaging it with his palm, his other hand digging into Jimin’s thigh, spreading his legs open. Up close, it was intimidating to look at, as funny as that was. It shouldn’t be, he’d seen it many (many) times already. He’d memorized the weight of it in his hands, knew how slick it would get with pre-cum, he knew where to touch to get Jimin so fucking breathless and where to caress to get him to moan loud and wanton. This shouldn’t be any different from before.

He was experienced. Besides fucking, oral sex was his absolute favorite. He loved getting people off with his talented rapper’s mouth and his flexible tongue. But still, he was nervous. He didn’t show it, but he was. He’d never done this sort of thing, to a guy at least. But he’d been on the receiving end of it enough to know what to do, roughly. Though, the way Jimin was gazing at him now, he could probably shove his cock down his throat like salami and he would still think it was pretty great.

But Yoongi didn’t want it to be pretty great. This was Jimin’s first time. He wanted it to be fucking amazing. He wanted to make Jimin to feel so fucking good he couldn’t even remember how to think. He breathed in the scent of his arousal. God, he wanted to do it. He wanted to
taste Jimin in his mouth. He wanted to feel pulsing cock against his tongue, to suck him in and pick him apart and swallow him all down when he broke.

Fuck. He’d become one of those ‘prick swallowing faggots’ his father used to always rant about and he loved it. It sent thrills through his body.

Yoongi glanced back up at Jimin, who was watching him with laser-focus. He’d barely touched him and he already looked half-way f**ked out of his mind. Yoongi smirked, keeping their eyes locked as he leaned down slowly to give the head a lick and a wet kiss. He moved down his cock, giving it light, teasing licks. Jimin was breathing in loud, ragged breaths, hips canting forward just slightly, searching for more. He let his warm breath caress his balls before he pressed his lips against it and gently sucked.

Jimin made a noise like he was dying. “Please—more, hyung, more,”

Yoongi hummed appreciatively, he licked his way firmly back up the shaft. He wrapped a hand firmly about the base and took the head into his warm mouth and sucked. He could taste Jimin on his tongue, tangy but not unpleasant. Yoongi took him in deeper, his tongue swirling along the throbbing shaft. Jimin sobbed loudly, eyes clouded, his hands moved uncertainly across the arm rests, trembling, searching for a way to stay grounded.

He pulled off, but kept his lips just brushing against the tip, hand still jerking him gently. Yoongi reached up with his free hand to catch one his hands comforting grip. “Jimin. Shhh. Breathe. I’ve got you. Okay?”

His eyes seem to come back into focus a bit. “Its just so much. Your mouth, its…” He drifts off.

“I’m glad I’m doing such a good job so far.” Yoongi smiles.

He gulps. “I’ve never… I’m not gonna last long.” Jimin murmurs.

“That’s fine. Just let me get you there.” Yoongi assures him. “I’ll take care of you.”

Jimin licked his lips, eyes smoldering. “You mean, you’re gonna—”

Yoongi was back to trailing his cock with sloppy licks, covering it slick with his warm saliva. “I mean, you taste pretty good so far. I think I want to swallow a little more. Maybe a lot more. Maybe all of it.”

Jimin lets out a long shaky moan at that, Yoongi could feel him twitch in his hand.

Yoongi takes Jimin’s hand and places it on the back of his head. Jimin immediately digs his fingers into his scalp. “Just remember to be quiet for god’s sake.” Yoongi reminds him with a stern look.

He takes him into his mouth with renewed vigor, going down until his lips meet his fist, sucking, twirling his tongue, hollowing his cheeks, trying not to choke as he took him in deeper, twisting his wrist and occasionally squeezing while his other hand teased his balls. Jimin groaned deep in his throat, eyes hazy and lidded, hips jerking forward with each firm suck. His grip on Yoongi’s hair slowly growing tighter as he climbed towards his orgasm.

Just when Yoongi was about to finish him off, Jimin wrenches him off with a strong pull on his scalp, his dick falling out of his hyung’s mouth with an obscene pop.

“Jimin, what the fuck—”

Yoongi’s tone softened, frowning in concern. Did he mess up? “Baby, did I hurt you? You wanna stop?”

“No.” Jimin shook his head. “Its just… I forgot to lock the door. We have to stop.” He points at Yoongi’s closed door with a shaky finger.

Yoongi stares at the door, then starts to laugh. “Oh my god. Thats why? I was terrified I was doing something wrong.”

Jimin frowned at him like this wasn't a laughing matter. God, he could be so ridiculous sometimes, Yoongi thought.

“Well,” Yoongi sighs. “I guess I’ll just have to finish you faster.” He flashed Jimin a smirk before taking his cock all the way down and sucking, hard.

Jimin bucked up, hands flying to Yoongi’s hair, the sound of his name catching in his throat. Yoongi feels Jimin’s cock pulse and he shatters. His cum shoots down his throat and Yoongi chokes a bit, because its just so much. Its thick and warm, he gulps down what he can, skin on fire. The rest dribbles out of the corners of his lips as Yoongi leads Jimin through it, his hips rolling up jerkily against his mouth.

With a short gasp, Jimin collapses limply into the chair, eyes closed, the picture of perfect bliss. Yoongi gently tucks his flaccid cock back into his jeans and climbs up into his lap. Jimin peeks open his eyes and turns red all over again at the sight of his cum on his hyung’s lips. Yoongi flicks out his tongue, licking his lips, to swallow down what remained.

He moaned. “You taste so good, baby.” He wraps his arms around his neck.

Jimin cups his face, leaning down to lick away what he missed, kissing him slow and deep. “I can taste myself in your pretty mouth,” Jimin murmurs, kissing him again so sweetly it makes his neglected cock throb in his too tight underwear. “That was fucking amazing.” Jimin says as he pulls away, nuzzling at Yoongi’s neck.

Yoongi’s pride soared at that. “Good. I want to do it again. I kind of liked sucking you off.” Yoongi admits. His jaw’s a little sore though.

Jimin kisses him again, hands drifting down to his painfully hard cock. Yoongi is about to let out a groan when he hears the squeak of Hoseok’s closet door being opened in the next room and the stomp of his footfalls on the carpeted floor. He’s snapped back to reality.

“Do you think he heard?” Jimin asks worriedly.

Yoongi shakes his head, “No way, he sleeps like a rock. Its probably just time for his class.” He glances at his clock. Fucking work. “Jimin, I gotta go.”

“Your working tonight?” Jimin looks more disappointed than Yoongi feels and he’s not the one with blue balls.

“I fucking hate my job!” Yoongi growls, pissed off beyond belief and he already knew it was going to be a shitty night. He climbs off Jimin, rushing to his drawer to pick out his uniform.

“Not even a quick one?” Jimin asks, watching Yoongi rush about.

“Im late I can’t. The bike’s working up so I have to walk so Im going to be even more late, shit.”
Seokjin wasn't his manager for tonight, so he didn't have anyone to cover his ass. He was going to have to sprint over there erection and all or risk getting fired. He gets dressed at lightning speed, smoothing down his messy hair, squirting on some hand sanitizer and popping a mint into his mouth.

“How late are you working?”

“Im closing tonight.” Yoongi puts on his hat. “So I wont see you later.”

Jimin pouts.

Yoongi gives him a quick kiss. “We’re just going to have to hit the pause button on this for now. I know you can figure out a way to make it up to me later.” He teases with a grin.

Jimin smirks at his hyung, flashing him a look that sends thrills down his spine. “Oh you can look forward to it.”

“Cant wait.” Yoongi chuckles. “Bye, baby. Take it easy on the studying.” He ruffles his hair before practically galloping out of the dorm and into the courtyard, wearing a dumb grin all the way to his stupid job.

And Jimin did make it up to him. About ten times over.

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The pretty melody drifts into the air as Yoongi strums his fingers over the strings of his guitar, a cigarette between his lips. It had been a while since he’d played, but today he felt the urge to feel the cords under his fingers. He was a little rusty and it took some time to tune the guitar but his fingers took to it, flitting over the neck like muscle memory.

He sat cross legged on a picnic table at the green, people stared as they walked by, some even stopping to listen for a little bit or to say a compliment. He nodded and smiled, but didn't pay them too much mind. Today he just wanted to play while breathing in some fresh crisp air.

He’d been on a roll this week, churning out songs for his mixtape, the door to inspiration finally opening to him and spilling ideas out like a flood. He was in a drive, sleeping little, eating less, spending every little second he had writing down this verse, or adjusting this ad-lib. It was a wonderful frenzy that left him exhausted, but exhilarated.

He’d finished the last song in the early morning and he’d listened to the whole mixtape all the way through, yet he still felt like something was missing. He strummed the guitar, old and dented from a second hand store, contemplating and yet at the same time thinking of nothing at all.

“Hyung,”

Yoongi recognized the voice and was grinning before he even lifted his head to look. Jimin smiled back, wearing those large glasses. He walked through the grass, throwing down his backpack and sitting down on the bench.

“Jiminnie,” His fingers stop playing. He takes the cigarette from his mouth to flick the ash.

Jimin puts a hand on his foot, glancing up at him. “Are you composing?”

“Sorta,” He replies, taking a drag. “How did class go?”

Jimin sneezes. “Reviewing, mostly.”
“When’s the mcat gonna be?”

“End of the year, the week of graduation.”

“Do you think you'll pass?”

Jin sighs, pushing up his glasses that were always falling down his nose. “Ive studied all I can…” He drifts off. “Anyways I don't want to think about that. Play something for me?”

Yoongi nods, putting the cig back between his lips, fingers flying over the strings to play some of the songs he knew. Jin listened quietly, watching the sun start to set orange over the university. He plays a rough cover of a song that was on the radio often these days.

Jin nods along, murmuring, “Ive heard this song.” And he starts to hum along quietly before singing along to the lyrics, his high voice range easily capturing all the high notes and falsettos.

“Pretty,” Yoongi compliments and an idea starts to hatch in his head. He stops abruptly. Jin stops mid-word, startled.

“Jimin.” He snuffs out he cigarette against the table.

“Yeah?” He rubs his nose.

“Could you maybe record a track with me?”

He frowns up at him, “What? But I cant sing.”

“Yeah, you can.” Yoongi states.

“Ive never recorded or anything like that.”

“Ill lead you through it, its not that hard.”

“But why me? Why not someone else?”

“Because you're perfect for it.” Yoongi hops off the table, slinging the guitar behind his shoulder. He grabs Jin’s wrist, pulling him off the bench. “C’mon.”

They walk back to Yoongi’s dorm and go to his room. Yoongi puts down his guitar and powers up his equipment, digging through the audio files in his computer to find a very specific one. Jin settles himself on the bed.

“Here.” Yoongi announces, clicking play. A track plays, slow and somber yet poignant.


Yoongi shrugs. “Its an old one. One of my firsts. Didn't know how to finish it till now.” He rolls his chair back, searching his messy desk for a pen that still has ink.

“Oh.” Jin replies blushing a little and Yoongi thinks thats so cute.

“Do you have a pen?”

Jin gives him a pink one from his backpack. Yoongi busies himself with writing down the words that are bouncing around in his skull, the track playing on repeat over and over. Jin settles his homework and plays on his phone while he waits patiently for Yoongi to tell him what to do. An hour passes, then a little more. Jin starts to fidget.
“Im gonna go eat something.”

Yoongi hums.

Jimin comes back with some takeout leftover in the fridge. He offers some to Yoongi, but he just shakes his head, hands too busy writing.

“Have you eaten today?” Jimin asks.

Yoongi shakes his head again. “Im fine.”

“You need to eat.” He insists.

He doesn’t say anything.

Jimin sighs. “At least drink this,” He offers him one of his on the go nutrition shakes that taste like chocolate.

Yoongi takes it, if anything but to ease Jimin’s mind and takes a couple sips, leaving it half full, not really hungry at the moment. Jimin starts picking through Yoongi’s cd pile, glancing at the covers. He grabs one of his favorite snapbacks and places it on his head.

“Can you stay the night?” Yoongi asks.

“Sure.” Jimin says.

Sounds burst from the living room of Namjoon and Hoseok bantering and of Jungkook and Taehyung roughhousing.

“You can go, baby,” Yoongi tilts his head towards the open doorway. “Ill call you when I need you.”

“Okay.” Jimin leaves and soon he can hear the sounds of his laughers intermingling with the others.

It’s several crumpled pages later when Yoongi peeks his head out of his room. The others seemed to have gone home. Hoseok and Jimin were sitting on the couch, Jimin’s head on Hoseok’s thigh as they watched the tv. After what he and Jimin had done together on that couch (and had done many times since) he couldn’t help but feel a little uncomfortable whenever someone sat on it, which was nearly all the time.

Jimin perks up when he sees Yoongi, quickly jumping off the couch, his snapback still on his head.

“So you're staying the night, Jiminnie?” Hoseok asks, glancing away from the tv screen.

“Yeah, I’m gonna help hyung with his song.”

“Ohhhh!” He croons. “He doesn’t usually collaborate. Don’t expect to sleep too much tonight. When hyung gets inspired he doesn’t sleep for days.”

“Goodnight, Hoseok.” Yoongi says over his shoulder, Jimin following him back to his room.

“Goodnight, cant wait to hear the song.” He replies, eyes already fixated on the show he was watching.
He locks the door and gets Jimin started, sitting him at the desk. He plays the song and shows him the chorus lyrics he wrote, explaining to him what he wants. Jimin nods, listening attentively. He teaches him how to record into the microphone and they’re at it for hours, Yoongi telling him to redo this or that because he was a second behind the beat, or singing this an octave higher. He imagines it starts to get frustrating, but Jimin doesn't complain, always listing to his advice and trying hard to adjust his mistakes.

Its 2am when Yoongi finally announces he’s satisfied. Jimin stands from the desk and Yoongi continues on without a minutes break to work the recording into the track, synthesize it and adjust the volumes. Then he records himself, adding his own rap the the track. Redoing it when he stumbles on a word or changing the words around when it doesn't flow the way he wants.

When he's finally done (though not completely content with it, he still needed to adjust some things before he considered himself totally finished with it) he turns around to find the early morning light streaming in to caress Jimin’s face. He was sitting crosslegged on the bed, face in his hands, glasses slipping off his nose, long since asleep.

Yoongi gently takes off his glasses and snapback. He rubs his shoulders murmuring to him softly, “Hey, baby. Lets move you under the covers.”

Jimin opens his eyes, still drowsy from sleep. “Yoongi?” He lets him guide him farther up the bed and under the covers. “Did you finish it?”

“Almost.” He plans to work on it a bit longer.

Jimin grabs his hand before he can step away. “Stay.” Is all he says, rubbing at his sleepy eyes.

Yoongi doesn't quite have the heart to say no. He climbs into the bed and Jimin immediately curls around him, holding him close against his chest. Yoongi suddenly realizes how tired he is, encircled in Jimin’s warmth. He drifts off thinking he doesn't mind being the little spoon every once in a while.

When he wakes up Jimin has a hand up his shirt. Its afternoon, judging by the angle of the sun through the blinds. He turns his neck and is startled to find Jimin, wide awake and staring at him intently.

“…hi.” Yoongi deadpans.

Jimin’s eyes wrinkle slightly, grinning softly. “Hey.”

“How long…? Have you been—”

“Ive been up for an hour now. No I haven't been watching you the whole time, Ive been on my phone, though you are really cute when you're sleeping.” Jimin informs him.

“Oh… is Hoseok—”

“Yeah he’s gone. He was talking about going to brunch with Seokjin-hyung yesterday so I guess thats where he went.”

Yoongi hums, turning around to face him. “So we’re all alone?” He murmurs, mischief in his tone.

Jimin flashes a crooked smile. “Looks like.”

They kiss and it tastes like lazy sunday mornings. They make out deep and slow and Jimin
pushes Yoongi’s shirt up, palms caressing the soft skin. His fingertips trace a horizontal scar just above his hip.

“I’ve seen it before, but I don’t think I’ve ever asked where its from.”

“That?” Yoongi asks because sometimes he forgets its there. “I got appendicitis when I was younger.”

“Really?”

“I remember it so clearly.” Yoongi begins. “I complained about how much it hurt, screaming and crying. It felt I was being ripped apart inside.” He paused. “They didn't end up taking me to the hospital until two days later. By that time my appendix had already burst.”

Jimin’s eyebrows shot up. “What? Why didn't they take you earlier?”

He shrugs. “My parents thought I was faking it to get attention.”

“But couldn't you’ve died?”

“Yeah.” He nods. “The doctors operated as quickly as they could. The infection spread anyways. I was in the hospital for more than a month recovering.”

Jimin brushed his knuckles across his cheek. “Wow, I’m… so sorry. Thats so horrible.”

“Its not a big deal.”

“But you could be dead right now.”

“But Im not.” He takes his hand. “I'm here with you.”

Jimin smiled a bit, still regarding him sadly. “You could get a tattoo to cover up the scar, I've seen people do that before.”

“Yeah, but I cant ever make a decision on something so permanent like that.”

“Really? I think I know what I’d want.”

“You?” He asks chuckling lightly. “You want a tattoo?”

“Yeah sure!” Jimin lifts up his shirt to reveal his toned belly. “Maybe something here.” He points to his ribs. “Or maybe here.” He says running his fingers down his side.

“What would it be?”

“I dunno something meaningful in chinese or maybe in english.”

Yoongi laughs. “You better double check nobody spells it wrong. I hear that happens all the time.”

“Well of course Ill double check! Do you like the idea?”

Yoongi smirks moving to straddle Jimin, pulling off his shirt all the way. He kisses him. “I think it would look really hot.”

Jimin squeals happily and Yoongi kisses him harder, passion flaring under their skins. They’re occupied for the rest of the morning.
Yoongi flicked his finished cigarette to the sidewalk, snuffing it with his heel just as his friends burst from the coffee shop. Namjoon handed him his order and they continued down the street feeling a bit warmer with the coffee in their bellies and the warm cup in nestled between their palms.

They'd spent the evening walking around downtown, exploring boutiques and edgy restaurants. Yoongi had some money to spend and now he carried several bags from the supreme store in one hand.

“Did you see the match between Busan and Incheon United?” Jungkook gushed.

“I did!” Jimin exclaimed. “Did you see that yellow card against Kim?”

“That was complete bull!”

Yoongi took a deep gulp of his coffee, he could feel it burn down his throat. He walked a couple paces behind the two, more or less absorbed in the sway of Jimin’s hips.

“So hows that new song coming?” Namjoon asked him, scaring him out of his skin and nearly causing him to drop his coffee. Namjoon laughed at him, patting his back.

“Its almost done.”

“Really?” Namjoon gasped. “That was fast.”

“Jimin’s easy to work with.” He admits.

“Its certainly an unusual collaboration.”

“What do you mean?”

“Nothing…” He watches the two walking ahead, they were chatting animatedly and imitating the football goals. “Its just, you went from not speaking to each other to making songs together.” He turns to analyze Yoongi’s face.

Shit. Namjoon was always smart and intuitive. But then again you didn't need to be a genius to put things together. They were being too obvious, reckless. But what else could he do? He couldn't keep the things between him and Jimin a secret forever. He shouldn’t.

Namjoon continued. “And you guys still wont tell anyone what it was you argued about or even how you made up. I just stopped by the dorm after coming back from break and you two were just hanging out like you weren't avoiding each other for months.”

Yoongi just shrugs.

“And, I haven't seen you work with vocalists before—wait does Jimin even sing? Ive heard him at karaoke but…”

“He was in his church choir when he was younger.”

“But he hasn't had any professional training or anything?”

Yoongi wrinkled his brow. “Have you?”
Namjoon chuckled a bit. “Touché.” He shrugged. “Well he must be good if you think you can do something with it. I'm excited to hear what you guys put together.”

“Me too… I think it's probably one of my best.”

“It's going on the mixtape right?”

“Yeah.”

“So when this song is wrapped up, you're done? Finally?”

Yoongi smiled. “Yeah. Fucking finally.”

Jimin and Jungkook halted suddenly, waiting for the other two to catch up. Jungkook was chewing happily, powder on his lips. Jimin pulled a donut out of a paper bag.

He offered it to them. “Hurry up before Jungkookie eats them all.”

Namjoon took it, practically swallowing it all in one gulp. Jimin fished around the bag for another one and noticing Yoongi had his hands full, placed it in his mouth, his fingers brushing against his lips as he pulled them away.

Yoongi worked to chew the whole thing in his mouth. Jimin giggled at his effort. Yoongi nearly choked. He noticed Jungkook was watching them, with that strange expression crossing his face, but the youngest quickly looked away when their eyes met, turning around to follow Namjoon down the street.

Now that Yoongi wasn't obsessed with sulking constantly like in months past, he was noticing Jungkook looking at him like that much more often. It was always when he was least aware, he would look up to find Jungkook ogling him with those wide eyes that made Yoongi think he had something on his face. Then Jungkook would look away so quickly it caused him to sometimes doubt if it had even happened.

Yoongi doubted it was because he suspected anything and Jungkook hadn't done anything to indicate he had any idea what was going on. He wasn't the only one watching them closely. Whenever he spoke to Jimin while the group was hanging out, he would often catch the others watching them carefully as if they still couldn't believe he and Jimin had made up so suddenly and completely. It was only that Jungkook's stare carried something behind it Yoongi couldn't quite decipher.

He asked Jimin about it, and apparently he wasn't the only one. Jungkook had been giving Jimin that look as well for probably just as long. But then again, Jimin had said 'Kookie tends to space out and stare at things intensely, maybe that's just what it is.' Yoongi still felt uneasy about it, but he was so busy with his other things, he didn't give too much effort into analyzing it. Perhaps it was just another one of those odd habits of his or maybe Yoongi really did have something on his face.

Jimin secretly offers another donut and they split it in half, chewing as they speed up to catch up to the other two.

“Kookie,” Jimin began, “Are you going to audition for nationals?”

Jungkook grunts, “Yeah, I was.”

“What's that?” Namjoon asks.
“Its a big competition a couple days before graduation.” Yoongi informs.

“The head dance teacher holds auditions to take a couple people from the club down to Daejeon to compete.” Jungkook says.

“Hoseok went last year, got first in his category, I think.” Yoongi adds.

“Oh I remember now.” Namjoon nods. “He mentioned he was going again this year, right?”

“Right.” Jungkook replies. “Taehyungie and I are going to do something together. Hoseok-hyung is helping us choreograph.”

“You two should tango.” Namjoon jokes.

Jungkook makes a face. “No, hyung. We’re in the freestyle category.”

“What about you Jiminnie?” Namjoon looks at him. “Are you going solo like Hoseok?”

“I’m not going.”

“Mcats are in the same week.” Yoongi informs before Namjoon can ask why.

“That sucks!” He sympathizes.

“Jimin-hyungie is really good at dancing. He probably could win if he went.” Jungkook compliments.

Jimin shrugs, making a face like it really couldn't be helped. He looks down at the sidewalk somberly. Yoongi gives him a subtle nudge of encouragement with his elbow. Namjoon complains some more about the unfairness of it all.

“Hey, Yoongi-hyung. Could you maybe mix us a track for our audition?” Jungkook pleads down at him with those huge eyes.

Yoongi smirks. “How much are you gonna pay me?”

“Hyung!” Jungkook begs, pouting.

He rolls his eyes, giving in. “Sure, just tell me what songs you want and I can put it together.”

Jungkook cheers, slapping his shoulder lightly and flashing a toothy smile.

Namjoon puts a hand on the back of Jungkook’s neck. “So how long will you be gone if you go?”

“I think its four days.”

“Ay, gonna have the dorm all to yourself Jiminnie?”

“Then I can finally study in peace.” Jimin mumbles.

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“Hmm, that feels so good, hyung.” Jimin leaned back into his touch.

Yoongi dug his fingers deeper into the aching flesh of Jimin’s shoulders, massaging out all the knots and kinks. Jimin let out a rumbling groan, letting his head flop back onto Yoongi’s naked
chest. He finds a particular tough spot and starts digging his fingers in. Jimin immediately stiffens, hand darting out to grasp at the edge of the bathtub.

“There, there! Right there!” Jimin encouraged breathlessly before drifting off into a long groan. He leans back into Yoongi with a wet slap, completely limp.

“Better?” Yoongi asks, pressing his nose into his damp hair, running his hands against the rest of his smooth, wet skin.

“Much. I was so sore.” Jimin rolled his shoulders slightly. “This new choreo has me tumbling all over the stage, its just killing my back.”

“Just be careful. You're no fun if you break your arm. Or your neck.” Yoongi says. The water sizzled, steaming and bubbling with pink suds. It smelled sweet, like a candy store. The bath bomb moisturized their skin, making Jimin feel so very soft, Yoongi found it impossible to keep from running his hands over him.

He runs his fingertips over the dips of his abs. Jimin’s belly twitched, ticklish. He takes both of Yoongi’s hands. “Sometimes I think you only like me for my abs.” Jimin teases, playing with Yoongi’s slim fingers, tracing the blue veins on the back his hand. He was joking but Yoongi could sense the undertones of Jimin’s fragile self-esteem.

Yoongi scoffs. “Don’t be ridiculous. Your thighs are pretty hot too.”

Jimin let out a laugh and Yoongi smiled.

“Really though, I’d still like you if you didn't have a six-pack or honey thighs.” Yoongi nuzzles into his neck and Jimin giggles as he tickles him with his breath. “You know why?”

“Why?”

“Because your smile my most favorite thing of all.” Yoongi singsongs, pinching Jimin’s cheeks into a smile.

“Hyung!” Jimin complains, swatting his hands away, blushing happily. “You're too cheesy.”

“Nah, you love it though.”

“No I don’t.” He denies, cuddling against him and throwing his arms back to interlock his fingers behind Yoongi’s neck. His back was so warm against Yoongi’s chest.

Yoongi presses his cheek against Jimin’s, loving the feel of Jimin’s naked skin against his. He squishes Jimin’s pecs with his hands and playfully tweaks a nipple. “You don’t? I guess I’ll be quiet then.”

Jimin snorts but doesn't say anything. They stay quiet for a long time, soaking in the warm water and enjoying each others steady presence. Jimin’s eyes drift closed, utterly relaxed. Yoongi leans his chin onto Jimin’s shoulder, occasionally cupping some water in his hand to pour over their chests or playing with the pendant of Jimin’s necklace, his other hand underwater casually caressing Jimin’s thigh ever so often.

Ever so slowly his hand drifts to the soft skin of his inner thigh. He barely runs his fingertips over the sensitive skin, slowly inching his way up higher. Jimin’s eyes gradually open, his grip on Yoongi’s neck tightening. He runs his hand up pressing firmly at where Jimin’s thigh connects to his crotch before running his fingers back down his inner thigh. Jimin’s mouth falls open and he starts to pant, shattering the quiet peace and just like that the air gets heavy with desire. Yoongi
continues to tease him, fingers ghosting up his thighs and just-barely-there caresses of Jimin’s stiff cock.

Eventually Jimin can’t take it anymore. “Hyung,”

“Yes, baby?” Yoongi asks sweetly, nosing Jimin’s cheek.

“Please.” His voice shakes, desperate.

Yoongi gives in, wrapping a firm hand around Jimin’s cock. Jimin moans, writhing into his touch. He gives him exactly what he wants, where he wants it and as fast as he wants it, trailing light kisses down his neck. He sucks at the skin, leaving behind a dark bruise that was sure to cause Jimin to wear his turtle necks for the next week. He licks at the mark before biting down hard into Jimin’s shoulder. Jimin jerks, letting out a breathless whine as his hands flying to grip at the edges of the bathtub. He thrusts into Yoongi’s hand, his ass slamming back against Yoongi’s hard cock. Yoongi groans into his ear and digs his nails into the meat of his thighs. With a wail, Jimin cums, thrashing so hard the pink water splashes out.

“Feeling good, baby?” Yoongi murmurs into the nobs of his spine as Jimin pants for air.

“Shit.” Jimin lets out a shaky breath. He suddenly turns around, kissing Yoongi with urgency, his hand on Yoongi’s dick.

He pulls away too soon and Yoongi grunts in protest. Jimin pulls himself up on his knees and tugs Yoongi up with him. They kneel in the water and for a heated moment Yoongi thinks Jimin wants to jack their cocks off in his grip when he takes his cock and nestles it between his warm thighs instead.

“Jimin…”

He crashes their lips together, wrapping his arms around his slim waist. “Fuck my thighs.” He whispers.

Yoongi’s fingers dig into his shoulders, fire sparking over his skin. “You—”

“Just do it.” Jimin interrupts, squeezing his legs together.

Yoongi chokes out a pant and, not needing to be told twice, starts to move. His cock glides between Jimin’s wet thighs easily. And its so warm and wet and Jimin presses his thighs so close together its just short of perfect and exactly what he needed. Jimin holds him close, moving with Yoongi’s thrusts and murmuring into his ear. It doesn't take long for Yoongi to come apart, his cum trailing down Jimin’s gorgeous legs. He loses his balance and flops back, accidentally taking Jimin with him and they create a bathtub tsunami, sloshing the water onto the floor.

“That was so fucking…” Yoongi drifts off, heart still pounding in his chest. “God, baby.”

Jimin kisses his jaw, the press of his chest against his like fire for his sensitive body. He gives him a sunshine smile. They stay tangled together, content, listening to the sound of each other’s breathing.

Yoongi is busy thinking how he’s going to pick up the second lake they created on the bathroom floor when Jimin breaks the silence. “Hyung, let’s have sex.”

“Isn’t that what we just did?” Yoongi asks, smoothing back Jimin’s wet hair from his face.

“No, I mean sex sex.” Jimin clarifies, blushing slightly.
Yoongi frowns then starts to panic as understanding dawned on him. “You mean, you want to…?”

“Yeah. I think I’m ready.” Jimin runs his palms down Yoongi’s arms. “You don’t have to wait for me anymore.”

Yoongi falters.

“I-I mean only if you want to.” Jimin stutters.

“It’s just I’ve never…”

“Yeah, I… know it’s a big step. But I think it could be a lot of fun. But if you don’t want to… with me that’s fine. Really.” He looked up at him with those brown eyes.

“I want to.” The words spill out before he can think too much because despite any hesitance on his part, he could never really deny Jimin anything he could freely give. “It’s just we have to think about it, you know, be prepared.”

Jimin nods slowly. “Okay.”

“First of all who’s pitching?” Yoongi needed to be sure about which part he was playing in this.

“What?”

“Who’s topping—doing the fucking?” He clarifies, blushing involuntarily.

“Oh.” Jimin frowns. “I thought it was going to be me.”

“You?” He says disbelievingly. Yoongi surely didn’t see himself as the submissive one in this relationship.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” He frowned, offended.

“Well, you’re the shortest.”

“But I’m stronger.” Jimin counters. “And I’m shorter than you by just one centimeter! You can’t tell half the time.”

“I’m older. I should do it.”

“You took it last time, it shouldn’t be a problem doing it again.”

“That doesn’t count we were drunk.”

“It’s still the same thing.” Jimin insists.

“Look, I’m more experienced in these matters than you.”

Jimin sits up, glaring at Yoongi. “You’ve never fucked a guy though. I fucked you doesn’t matter if we were drunk it still counts!”

“But—” Yoongi starts ready to argue about this to the end.

“This is stupid.” Jimin suddenly says, eyes clear. “We shouldn’t be fighting about this.”

Yoongi blinks, suddenly realizing how blown out of proportion this was getting. It shouldn’t be
such a big deal. But Yoongi really couldn't picture himself as the one getting fucked. At least not yet anyway.

Jimin takes a deep breath. “This isn’t about who’s the most aggressive or the most girlish.” He shoots Yoongi a look and he suddenly feels petty and ashamed. He still had things to figure out about his sexuality and his masculinity he realized. Jimin continued, “This is about being comfortable and making each other feel good, yeah? You’re not comfortable with bottoming?”

Yoongi shakes his head.

“I don’t really mind doing it.” Jimin states so mature and level headed like Yoongi should be. “So it’s settled. You’re fucking me.”

Yoongi gulps. “You sure?”

He shrugs. “Life’s about trying new things. I heard it feels amazing anyways.” Jimin smiles slightly. “And I’ve heard rumors you have a pretty great stroke game.”

Yoongi coughs, suddenly very embarrassed.

Jimin laughs at him and just like that their argument becomes nothing but a memory. “We need to get lube and condoms too.” He says leaning back into the opposite side of the tub.

“I’ve got condoms.”

“Oh okay, so just the lube.” Jimin stands up, water dripping down his body.

“Where are you going?”

“Let’s go get the lube while we got time.” Jimin says, wrapping himself in a towel and throwing one at Yoongi. His feet splash in the floor-puddles as he walks out of the bathroom.

Bewildered, Yoongi let Jimin urge him into getting dressed while he mopped up their mess. He didn’t resist as he dragged him to the corner store close by knowing Jimin was a force of nature once he set his mind on something.

Yoongi was more or less the reluctant one in trying new things to spice up their sex life (as if it needed any spicing up). It was usually Jimin who did the pushing for this sort of thing, and being young and eager, this sort of thing happened a lot. He distantly remembered the time Jimin practically threw him onto the bed, pulling down his pants with an evil smile, a can of whip cream in hand, while Yoongi just gaped open mouthed.

He was still unsure about doing this, but he’d be lying if he said he didn’t want to ravage Jimin absolutely senseless and have him moan his name over and over like a prayer. Yoongi from a couple months ago wouldn’t have been very keen on the idea of shoving his dick up a man’s ass. But then again Yoongi from a couple months ago probably wouldn’t have liked kissing a man and Jimin certainly changed Yoongi’s mind on that whole idea. And Yoongi would be a liar if he said the idea of fucking Jimin was less than arousing. So at the end of the day he was cautious, but not unwilling.

He was suddenly snapped back to reality when he realized he was standing in the family planning isle, staring at the various lube options, with Jimin still holding onto his hand. Someone passed by the end of the aisle and Yoongi threw Jimin’s hand away, heart rate spiking as he practically flew into the next aisle.

“Hyung?” Jimin followed him, surprised and confused.
“Do you have any idea how that looks?” Yoongi whispers harshly.

“What looks?”

“You and me, holding hands, debating lubricants? Come on.”

“Oh.” Jimin blinks realization dawning on him.

Yoongi looks around quickly. “Not to mention people from school work and shop here.” He notices the tall cashier, leaning on the counter, texting on his cellphone. He carried an aura of childish innocence as he squinted at his phone screen, brushing back the blonde bangs that covered his forehead. “Shit.”

“What?”

“He’s friends with Hoseok.”

“He is?”

“Everyone’s friends with Hoseok.” He states matter of factly. “If he sees us here buying lube he’s gonna tell Hoseok and if Hoseok finds out…” Yoongi can feel himself panicking as he stares down the rows of toothpaste.

“What should we do?” Jimin asks. “We need this lube.”

Yoongi rubbed his forehead. They did need it. “One of us is going to have to buy it alone.”

Jimin brushes his hair back. “Well I didn't bring any money.”

Yoongi huffs, all he had was his credit card which required his signature. “Fine Ill buy it. Just go back and pick the one you want.”

Jimin nods, apologizing quietly before disappearing into the other isle. He comes back with a bottle that says ‘Slippery Stuff, Extra Glide’ on the front and a box of tissues.

“Tissues?” Yoongi grunts.

“You were running out.”

“Jimin, Im going to look like such a pervert buying this.”

“How?” He was just too naive sometimes.

“Who buys just tissues and lube. People are going to think Im a creep that stays locked in their basement mastrubating to My Little Pony.”


“But Im not a loser that spends my time whacking my dick around—”

“—anymore,” Jimin interrupts smirking.

Yoongi chooses to ignore that comment. “—Im getting laid.”

Jimin arches an eyebrow, all too amused by this. “So what're you gonna do?”

He bites his lip, thinking fast. He stalks away, rushing about the store picking up products that
will mask his dilemma. Jimin drifts to the card rack near the register, watching Yoongi out of the corner of his eye as he peers at various cards with adorable kittens and puppies on the front that jingled a tune once you opened them.

Yoongi steels himself, walking over to the register. He deposits pink, fuzzy, moisturizing aloe socks, mascara, tampons, light calorie strawberry yogurt, the tissues, as well as extra large bag of sour cream and union chips and buried underneath all of that is the lube.

The cashier—Yugyeom his name tag says—greets him and starts scanning the items. Yoongi feels around his pocket pretending his phone was ringing. He puts it to his ear. “Hey, honey.” He says quite loudly. Yugyeom glances up, thinking Yoongi was speaking to him when he notices the phone. “You said you wanted the tampons that came in the pink box right?” He pauses, pretending to listen. “Yeah I got them. No problem anything for my girlfriend.” He hears Jimin chuckle behind him, he ignores him. “I got you all the stuff on the list you gave me, so Ill be home soon. Bye, sweetie.” He tucks the phone away.

Yugyeom smiles up at him, scanning the yogurts and putting them in the bag.

“Can you get me some marlboros?” Yoongi gestures to the display behind the counter and he can practically feel Jimin glaring holes through his skull. Ill quit next week, he tells himself. It doesn't hurt to distract the cashier even more, he might not even notice the bottle. It honestly looks like sunscreen.

“Oh yes!” Yugyeom rings up a pack. He's almost done and Yoongi thinks he's going to make it through this ordeal unscathed, when Yugyeom bumps the lube with his hand as he reaches for the mascara and it goes rolling off the side.

“Oh!” He exclaims, bending down to pick it up.

Yoongi risks shooting a wide-eyed glance in Jimin’s direction. He looks set to burst with laughter. Yugyeom comes back up, glancing at the bottle on his hand. “Oh.” He says involuntarily, staring at Yoongi. Yoongi just deadpans. The boy blushes bright red and hurriedly scans the item.


Yugyeom scrambles. The machine beeps again, loud enough for the whole store to hear. “Error. Please remove personal lubricant from register area and place on the conveyor belt. Error—”

The cashier boy scans it again but the machine doesn't comply. “Erm, I-I don't know why its not working.” Yugyeom lets out a nervous laugh. He tries again with no results. “You know what—I just… take it. Its free on the house.” He stuffs it into the bag with the rest of the things, his face bright shade of tomato red.

Yoongi swipes his card and Yugyeom practically throws the bag at him, flashing an awkward smile. “Enjoy your weekend.”

He nods stiffly, resisting the urge to break out laughing, and takes the bag, walking out fast. Jimin follows him out seconds later, giggling so hard his body shakes. Yoongi shoves him the bag as they walk back. “You better hoard that lube like gold because Im never going back to buy it again.”

Jimin snickers. “Poor cashier boy.”

Yoongi laughs a bit. “He looked as embarrassed as I felt.”
He slips his hand into Yoongi’s jacket pocket. “So when do you wanna…”?

Yoongi clears his throat. “Next time we’re alone I guess. Just let me do some research.”

“Research? Is this a lab experiment?”

“No. But I don't want to hurt you or anything. I need to know what I'm doing.”

Jimin shrugs. “It can’t be too different from the regular stuff. I'm sure it’ll be fine.” He peers into the bag. “I want you to quit this shit. It'll kill you.” He holds up the cigarette pack before throwing it back in.

Yoongi smirks. “I will, I promise.”

Jimin grumbles. He rummages around a bit more. “What are you planning to do with the mascara and tampons?”

“Shit, I dunno.”

Jimin grins up at him. “Can I keep the socks?”

Yoongi rolls his eyes.

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He had started out determined to do his homework. He really had. But somehow one google search lead to another and here he was squinting at a video of gay porn and taking down mental notes, cringing a little at the sex position of the couple in the video because there was no way a human being was meant to bend like that. He clicks on another video. Two white males were moaning in that annoying way only porn stars do. The larger one fucking the skinnier one with red hair quite enthusiastically. The red head looked like he was really loving it so maybe the whole prostate thing wasn't some urban myth.

Yoongi clicked to another tab he had opened, scrolling down the page to read where he left off. The article was called ‘Don't Be Anal About Anal: Beginners Guide to Awesome Anal Sex’ and while it was a little pretentious, it provided some useful diagrams that the Cosmopolitan article didn't have. It didn’t seem that much different from the usual stuff. Just more preparation. Which he wanted to make sure he could do right.

He reads: The lubrication process should be lengthy and ceremonial. The objective is to pleasure and relax the nervous rosebud. Yoongi rolls his eyes. An asshole looks like a lot of things but definitely doesn’t look like a rosebud.

The moaning was getting louder, so Yoongi clicks back to the other tab. His facial expression is so neutral you would think Yoongi was watching a golf tournament and not ridiculously rowdy and graphic porn. But that didn’t mean it wasn’t doing things to him. He shifted in his chair, dick half hard at the thought of Jimin being sprawled like that under him.

It had been embarrassing to watch these at first, Yoongi had only ventured into the heterosexual or occasionally the lesbian genres until now, but now that he'd gotten over it he could admit they were actually kind of hot?? And besides he needed to make sure he could do this right. If anything he just wanted to make Jimin feel so good.

The red head blows his load and the video finishes. Yoongi clicks on the next one, clasping his hands under his chin observantly, face turning decidedly redder as he imaged himself making
Jimin scream like that and claw at the sheets.

Theres a knock followed by Jungkook’s entrance and Yoongi smashes his fist on the power button. What was the point of knocking if he was just going to burst in anyways??.

“Hyung.” Jungkook stumbles in, laughing. “I need your help.”

Yoongi scowled, crossing his legs to hide his bulge. “What did you do this time?”

“Its not my fault this time I swear.” Jungkook cant keep the giggles from his voice.

He sighs. “What is it?”

“Its Taehyung.”

Yoongi shakes his head. That kid was always getting himself in trouble. Yoongi begrudgingly gets up, grateful for his baggy sweats that would hide his hard on.

Jungkook leads him downstairs to the common room. Taehyung is slouched on the floor, half of his arm shoved up the vending machine receptacle, looking completely and utterly defeated. Jungkook looses it when he sees him, breaking out into another round of laughter.

“Wha—” Yoongi laughs. “What did you do?”

Taehyung rushed to explain it all so quickly the words seemed to run together. “My funyuns wouldn't come out of the vending machine and I got angry because this thing is always stealing my money so I tried to stick my hand up to grab it and now its stuck and please stop laughing at me this is very serious my hand is going numb and Im going to cry.”

“Jesus Christ, Taehyung!” Yoongi says between laughs. “Sometimes you can be the biggest idiot.”

“Just help me!” He begs, pouting at the other two angrily.

“Sorry, hyung.” Jungkook wipes away his tears.

Yoongi collects himself, more or less. Still giggling occasionally. He squats down next to him, analyzing the wedged limb through the glass. He pulled on his elbow, Taehyung cried out. It looked pretty grim.

He stands up. “Well, shit. You sure got yourself into a real predicament here Taetae.” He was going to need some axes, crowbars, saws, various hydraulic tools and air chisels to free him. All of which wasn't at his current disposal.

Taehyung whined, thumping his head against the machine. “My arm will be locked in an unholy embrace with this vending machine forever.”

“Does it have wheels? Maybe we could just wheel you to class for the rest of your life.” Jungkook jokes.

“No that won't work, Im left handed.” He tries to shift but remains stuck.

“I guess you'll just have to learn to write with the other hand. Your hand writing cant get any worse.”

“Im stuck in this machine of doom and your making fun of my handwriting. Low blow Kook-ah.”
Jungkook tugs hard on his arm.

“Ow! Ow!” Taehyung exclaims.

Just at that moment Junhwe decides to come down, ipad in hand. But as soon as he spots the two kneeling on the ground before the machine, he whips around on his heel to go back up the stairs.

Yoongi snorts.

“Kookie that hurts!” Taehyung shouts and Jungkook stops pulling.

“We're going to have to tug it out hard or else you're staying there forever!”

“There's gotta be a better way,” Yoongi reasons. He peers at Taehyung’s hand, it was just an inch away from the coveted funyuns and was turning decidedly red. He didn't know if that was a good sign or not. Jimin would know, probably.

His phone vibrates. Speak of the devil. Jungkook looks at him.

He picks up the phone, stepping away out of earshot. “Jiminnie?”

“Hyung!” Jimin coos. “Watcha doin’?”

“I was watching porn.” He murmurs flatly, “But now I'm trying to get Taehyung’s arm out of a vending machine.”

“Ah. Sounds like fun.”

“Eh. It'd be more fun if you were here. And you what're you doing?”

“Just chilling on a bench between classes.” Jimin replies. “Got bored. Wanted to hear your voice.”

Yoongi blushes bright red, without sass or a witty rebuke. Jimin chuckles brightly in his ear.

“Your voice is really nice you know? It's really smooth and how you just drawl words together when you're really tired makes my skin tingle. Sometimes it's so deep I think I can feel the… vibrations…” Jimin drifts off coyly.

Yoongi starts to feel hot and just when his hard on was starting to soften.

He quickly changes the subject. “Have you talked to your dad?”

“I'm trying to seduce you and the first thing you do is change the topic to my dad?” There's mirth in his voice.

“Because I'm not in the best place right now for this type of conversation.” He sits down on a nearby couch and watches Jungkook crawl around the machine to look for possible weak points while Taehyung hangs backwards limply by his pinned appendage.

Jimin laughs. “Yeah, I called him last night. He says grandma is sending some kimchi for good luck. The tupperware is probably too big for my mini fridge. You don't mind if I keep it in yours?”

“No at all. If your granny’s kimchi is as good as it was last christmas I'll probably end up eating it all.”
Jimin chuckles. “She always sends too much. Ill be surprised if you can manage that.” He pauses. “Dad said I’d do well on the exam. I hope he’s right.”

“You'll do great, baby. Stop worrying.” Yoongi comforts quietly so only Jimin could hear. At the vending machine, Jungkook is wiggling his arm into the machine in an attempt to pull Taehyung’s arm from another spot.

He still sounds unsure. “Yeah, well. Hows the Taehyung thing going?”

“Still stuck.” Yoongi reports, standing from the couch. Jungkook struggles, panicked look crossing his face, while Taehyung points and laughs. “I think Kook is stuck now too.”

Jimin giggles hard and Yoongi feels butterflies in his stomach. “Good luck with that. I should get going.”

“Alright. See you.” He tugs on Jungkook’s shoulder, freeing his arm with a pop.

“Bye hyungie. Muah!” Jimin smooches into the receiver before hanging up.

“This thing sucks you in!” Jungkook exclaims, cradling his arm.

“Who was that?” Taehyung asks.

“Jimin. His granny’s sending kimchi.”

“Aw yeah!” He cheers, then his face darkens. “Which Ill never get to eat because Im dying here.”

Yoongi rolls his eyes. “No ones dying here.” He squats down. “Jungkook get ready to pull on Tae,”

“I swear, hyung, its always me that ends up saving you.” Jungkook complains. Jungkook scoots up behind Taehyung, so his chest is flush against his back and wraps his arms around his abdomen, nestling his chin on his shoulder.

“Jeon Jungkook you're my hero.” Taehyung singsongs, flashing a square smile.

Jungkook rolls his eyes with a small smile.

Yoongi grabs a pole from one of the pool tables, jamming it into the receptacle to force back the flaps. “Now.” Yoongi orders.

Jungkook leans back towards the floor, pulling Taehyung with him. Taehyung grunts, bracing his elbow with his free hand.

“He’s not… budging…” Jungkook pants out.

Yoongi jams the pole up higher. “Pull harder!”

Jungkook hauls backwards with a succession of yanks and jerks that whoosh the air out of Taehyung’s lungs. His arm is freed with a loud crash. The younger two lay prone on the ground, with Taehyung laying over Jungkook’s body, pinned close to his chest by Jungkook’s strong arms. Before Yoongi can comment, piles of chips come clattering out of the machine and bury them. Jungkook groans.

“Jackpot!” Taehyung exclaims.
He sits through class not hearing a single word, all the things he had to do were mixing up in his head and he was starting to panic, big time. He stares numbly at the long list of assignments and essays he had to wrap up before the end of the year. On top of that busy season was upon them at the restaurant and Seokjin kept asking him to work shifts. All that with the added pressure of finding time to clean up his mixtape and practice his diss (it needed to be flawless for their performance but he kept tripping over this one verse).

Class is over before he even realized it started, he asks Jaebum for his notes, stops for a quick chat with Seungyoon about their upcoming project before mechanically walking back to his dorm, lit cigarette in his mouth. He stops at the on campus starbucks for a venti java chip frappuccino with an extra shot (because treat yo self). The barista gave him a weird look because people didn’t usually order cold coffee in the late winter but Yoongi needed a nice pick me up.

“Kookie-ah.” Yoongi calls as he steps into the dorm, sucking on the straw. “I need to know how long your choreo is going to be if I’m going to mix your audition track.” He pauses. No loud noises. No shouting. No sounds of car chases or gunfire. The dorm was empty. Yoongi frowns looking around, hoping this wasn’t some surprise party thing or the end of the world. “Hello?” He wanders around, slurping the frap. “Anyone?”

A voice drifts from his room. “In here, hyung.”

“Jiminne,” Yoongi grumbles, padding to his room. “I thought you were going to be busy toni— wha…” He drifts off when he sees him, mouth falling open.

There was Park Jimin dressed in the maid costume from halloween last year wearing tight thigh-highs that barely fit the strong muscle of his legs, a headband, and a pair of heels. He was on the bed laying his side seductively, a smirk on his lipstick stained lips.

“I only said I was busy to give us the night alone.” He purrs.

Yoongi’s jaw worked but no sounds came out as he gawked at the scene before him. Eventually he managed to say in a shaky tone, “Kinky,”

Jimin giggled, blushing pink. “Surprise!”

Yoongi swallowed, recollecting himself. He puts down his drink and peels off his jacket. “Where is everyone?”

He grins. “I told them you were staying at the library so they'd go out without you.”

Jimin had lit candles about the room, on the desk was two cans of beer and some oreos were thoughtfully piled on the plate into a pyramid in attempt to look fancy. He spots the bottle of lube and his box of condoms on the nightstand. And wow did his night just get a whole lot better.

He saunters towards the bed with a smirk on his face. He knew this was supposed to be a heated moment but he just couldn't keep the laughter out of his voice when he says, “Where did you find those heels?”

Jimin pouts a bit about being laughed at but replies, “I stole them from dance team’s prop room.” He grins. “I found the dress in your closet though. Were you planning on using it for something?”

Yoongi scoffed. He didn't return it to his ex-manager out of spite, he was planning on doing
something with it, maybe burn it or rip it to shreds, but he never got around to it so it stayed buried in the back of his closet. He had no idea how Jimin found it but Yoongi was kind of glad he didn't get around to destroying it now.

He plopped on the bed. “Sure, Jimin. But I have to ask, why are you wearing this?”

He shrugged. “Thought you'd like it.”

“I do, but…” He didn't expect this out of Jimin at all.

Jimin seemed to understand what he was getting at. “Tonights going to be our first time doing it consciously and not hammered out of our minds. I wanted it to be memorable.” He explains, fingers playing with the lace of his skirt. “I also thought maybe it would make you more comfortable.”

“Comfortable?” He brushed his hand over the small patch of exposed skin in between the skirt and his knee highs.

“Well, you've only had sex with girls before so I thought that maybe if I dressed more feminine —”

Yoongi starts laughing, shaking his head slightly in disbelief.

“Hey!” Jimin frowned, so very offended. “What's so funny?”

“You. You're so ridiculous.” He made a face. “What do you mean?”

“Baby, you don't have to dress up as something you're not to make me feel better.” He wipes off his lipstick with his thumb. “I like everything about you, especially your dick.”

Jimin blinked. “Oh… so then do… you don't like this…?”

“Do you like wearing it, baby?” Yoongi asks him.

He flushes, licking his plump lips. “The lace… it makes me feel pretty.”

His skin prickles hotly. Yoongi kisses him. “You do look pretty in that dress… but I think you'll look even prettier getting fucked in it.”

Jimin groans, pulling Yoongi over him. He parts his lips, letting Yoongi explore his mouth. Yoongi’s hands comb through his hair as he kisses him deeper, nocking off the headband. Jimin’s hands wander to palm at his hyung’s ass. Yoongi sits up and quickly pulls off his shirt before crashing their lips back together.

Yoongi shifts and Jimin stutters out a breath as their groins brush. Yoongi smirks into their kiss, grinding his hips down, feeling Jimin’s erection through the thin fabric of the skirt. His fingers unbutton the front of the dress to run his hands over his chest and massage his nipples.

Jimin breaks from the kiss. “Hurry up,” He whines, canting his hips up impatiently.

Yoongi kisses his neck, then bites down by way of reprimand and Jimin jerks up letting out a desperate moan that lights his skin on fire. He scoots down and gently takes the heels from his feet. Jimin sighs a bit wiggling his feet (the shoes were probably too tight) and he can't resist squeezing his toes. Jimin screeches and tries to pull his feet away, but Yoongi grabs on tickling
him till he's writhing across the bed, gasping for air. He cries for mercy and Yoongi obliges, smiling down at him.

He pulls down the thigh-highs that looked fit to rip against Jimin's thighs. Jimin smiles happily and Yoongi runs his palms over his legs, helping ease back any circulation. He kisses the side of his knee then the inside of his thighs and Jimin shivers. He pulls the skirt, Jimin holds it up, smoothing the poofy lace against his chest so he can watch Yoongi.

He's mesmerized by what he sees. He stares at Jimin's lacy panties, contrasting against the strong masculine curve of his thighs, straining against his bulging cock, the front already stained with precum. He can almost feel himself drooling.

“Fuck, Jimin.” He breathes, looking at him with wide eyes, pupils blown.

Jimin lets out a shaky giggle. He bites his lip as he watches Yoongi slowly lean down to press his mouth against his clothed erection. He breathes in the scent of him, hands pushing Jimin's thighs wider apart as he starts to writhe under him. He lets his breath caress his cock, brushing his cheek against it and sucking at the thin fabric.

“Hyung,” Jimin sobs, hands fisted in his skirt.

Yoongi hums, giving his erection one last kiss before pulling down his panties with shaking fingers. Jimin groans as his cock springs free, flushed and heavy. Yoongi tosses the panties away and wastes no time wrapping his lips around the head. Jimin whines, surging up into his mouth. Yoongi holds him down, fingers digging into his hip, sucking him off slowly. The sound of Jimin’s frenzied pants and Yoongi’s slurping fills the room.

“Hyung,” Jimin reaches down, digging his nails into his shoulders. He's sweating so much in that dress. “Please.”

“What is it, baby?” Yoongi teases, sticking out his tongue to circle the head like a lollipop. “You taste so good.”

He lets out a shaky breath, fingers digging in harder. His mouth is working but he seems to be having trouble letting the words out. Yoongi decides to help him out. A finger moves down his balls, past his perineum, to press gently against his hole. Jimin’s whole body shivers.

“This what you want?”

He sucks in a breath. “Yes.”

Yoongi kisses the inside of his thigh. “On your hands and knees, baby.” Leans back to grab the lube off the nightstand.

It takes a moment for Jimin to comprehend, mind slow and clouded with arousal. He stiffly flips himself over, leaning on his elbows, dress falling down to pool around his armpits. Yoongi groans, heat pouring over him at the sight of Jimin’s firm ass in the air, his cock heavy and dark between his legs, all bare and exposed just for him. He grabs a handful of his ass, squeezing it so tightly Jimin lets out a whimper. Yoongi soothes the red mark left behind with a kiss.

“You look so good.” He runs his palms over the soft skin of back of his legs, laying light kisses over the base of his spine. He pushes his legs farther apart. Jimin’s legs start to tremble, skin sweaty and flushed. He squirts some lube warming it between his fingers.

This was the tricky part and he wanted to do it right. Grasping a thigh tightly in one hand, he presses a finger, gently massaging his hole. Jimin sighs softly, sinking down, spreading his legs
“Thats it. Just relax.” Yoongi encourages, slowly easing in a finger. He was so incredibly warm and tight, Yoongi couldn't even begin to imagine what it would feel like to have his cock inside him. “Shit.” His voice shakes a little.

“God, I hope not.” Jimin murmurs.

Yoongi freezes, slowly meeting Jimin’s eyes because did he just? Jimin blinks back at him. An awkward moment passes. Then the tension suddenly breaks and they both erupt into voracious, half-crazed laughter till their sides hurt.

“Oh my god, Jimin.” Yoongi gasps out still trying to catch his breath.

“Yeah I know, the worst joke I could ever make in a situation like this.” Jimin says unable to resist breaking out into nervous giggles, a blush reddening his cheeks. “Im sorry. Did I ruin this?”

Yoongi shakes his head, the corners of his lips inching upwards despite himself. “Park Jimin you are so ridiculous.”

Jimin laughs again. “I guess Im just nervous.”


Jimin gulps, pushing the lace fringe of the skirt out of his face, meeting his gaze intensely. “I know you do.” And just like that the atmosphere turns hot and heavy again.

He makes a soft noise as Yoongi wiggles his finger inside him, slowly pulling in and out. “You okay, baby?” Yoongi murmurs, mouthing at his ass cheek.

Jimin grunts and Yoongi adds a second finger. His walls clamp down on his fingers and Yoongi waits as Jimin gets used to the feeling, wiggling his fingers slightly. Jimin relaxes and he starts to pump them in and out, stretching his hole. He starts to reach in deeper.

Jimin stiffens up so suddenly it startles him, popping up to lean on his hands, raising his head and letting out a whimper. Yoongi presses harder, scratching his fingers against the bundle of nerves and Jimin looses it, hands fisting in the sheets, back arching, hips grinding back into Yoongi’s fingers, moans spilling out of his mouth and Yoongi loves every second of it. He adds a third finger easily, stroking his walls and landing sweet kisses on the small of his back.


Yoongi feels like he's been set on fire. “Jimin,” He swallows thickly, the hand on Jimin’s thigh tightening involuntarily.

“Now.” He repeats, throwing a smoldering glance over his shoulder.

He makes a small noise as Yoongi pulls his fingers out. Yoongi hastily takes off his pants and underwear. He rolls on a condom and spreads on the lube with shaky fingers, gasping a little as he touches himself. Jimin watches him hungrily the whole time, eyes hazy with lust.

He grabs Jimin by the hips, pulling him closer. He lines himself up against his hole. “Ready?” Yoongi asks breathlessly.
“Wait,” Jimin pulls the crumpled dress off over his head. “It was too hot.” He leans back against Yoongi’s cock. “Okay.”

Yoongi leans over and kisses the back of his neck. He pushes in gradually and its like someone doused his nerves in gasoline and set them on fire. Jimin was so incredibly hot and tight around his cock Yoongi couldn't help but let out a long groan, digging his fingers bruisingly into his skin.

“You okay?” He pants into his ear, leaning over him. He watches Jimin’s body for any signs of pain or discomfort but currently he's as rigid as a board, unmoving except for the shifting of his ribs as he pants unevenly.

“Mmm, just… gimme a…” His hands curl tighter into the sheets. “I feel so full.”

Yoongi hums, bringing his hands up to rub at Jimin’s chest and shoulders soothingly as he waited for him to adjust to being stretched. A moment passes filled only with the sound of their labored breathing.

“Go,” Jimin finally says.

Yoongi starts with shallow, barely-there thrusts that gradually get harder and deeper with each stoke. He keeps it deliberate and measured, relishing in the feel of Jimin’s heat surrounding him.

“Fuck, baby, you feel so good.” He groans.

Jimin starts to protest, reaching a hand back to grasp at Yoongi’s ass, pulling him forward, urging him to go faster. With a grunt, Yoongi gives in, angling Jimin’s hips and shifting until he finds the spot that makes Jimin forget where he is. He fucks him faster, finishing each stroke with a hard thrust. Jimin collapses onto his elbows, back spasming, babbling nonsense and crying out, fingernails scratching at the sheets.

He moves his hand to Jimin’s shoulder for a better hold. Jimin wakes a strange rumbling noise in his throat and his whole body trembles. It takes Yoongi some seconds to realize he's pressing down on his tangled necklace, choking him slightly. He quickly moves his hand away.

Jimin whines, “Don't stop.”

Yoongi frowns. “Wha—” He gasps out.

“Pull on it,” He orders fiercely.

Yoongi complies after a moment, wrapping his fingers around the gold chain and pulling up slightly, being so very careful not to tug too hard. Jimin rasps out a moan, arms giving out, flopping face first onto the bed. Fire burned in his veins and Yoongi felt possessed to fuck him senseless.

With a growl, Yoongi lifts him up, pulling his back flush against his chest so that they're touching in every way possible. He fucks up into him, not loosing a beat, hand still fisted around the chain of his necklace. Jimin sobs, hands reaching out blindly for purchase before feeling back to grasp tightly at his lovers neck. Yoongi kisses his temple, brushing back Jimin’s sweaty fringe from his face. Jimin twists his neck and kisses Yoongi, desperate and sloppy, rearing his hips to meet each thrust.

It was all so very intense, Yoongi felt like he was half out of his mind. He felt so very close to Jimin as he moved inside of him. It didn't feel like he was just fucking him, it felt like the other way around. Jimin’s heat enveloped him, holding him, pulling him in until Yoongi felt himself getting lost inside him with each intoxicating moan that drips from his lover’s lips. He cant last
too much longer.

Jimin keens when Yoongi wraps his hand over his neglected cock. He fucks into him in time with the pumps of his cock. Jimin sobs into their kiss. He pulls away, gazing up at Yoongi, mouth open, his heated breath caressing Yoongi’s face, eyes hooded, unfocused, and yet still overflowing with unbridled fondness.

With a hard thrust and tight pull of his necklace, he shatters. His eyes crush shut, he arches back into Yoongi, nails digging into his neck, walls clamping down hard as he spills his cum over the sheets. Yoongi’s thrusts go jerky and uneven as he fucks Jimin through it. His name spills from Jimin’s mouth like a prayer, reverent and delirious. Yoongi moans and burrows in deep, biting down on Jimin’s neck as he cums so exquisitely hard inside him, it takes him a long time to even remember how to breathe.

When he comes back, he has his arms tightly wrapped around Jimin’s chest, holding him close as Jimin sags limply into him, head on his shoulder, utterly spent. He kisses Jimin under his jaw, on his cheek, his temple then gently guides him onto the mattress. They both grimace as he pulls out. Jimin watches him numbly as Yoongi throws away the condom and grabs a tissue box, wiping them both down. He moves the oreos and beer from the desk to the nightstand for easy reach. He drags Jimin under the covers with him, their chests pressed together, arms wrapped around each other.

Yoongi presses his face to his hair. “You okay, baby?”

“Yeah.” Is all he says.

“Yeah?” Yoongi asks, amused.

Jimin smiles drowsily. “You seem to have fucked the sense out of me, hyung.”

“Good. Then it means I did it right.”

“Oh you did it right, all right.”

Yoongi grins. “Want something?”

“Thirsty.”

He reaches over for the beer, popping the can open and hands it to Jimin. Jimin sits up a little so he can drink it. He offers the can to Yoongi and it feels good to drink something cool after their recent strenuous activities. Between them, they finish the can, collapsing back onto the mattress. They stare at each other silently for a comfortable moment, Jimin holding tightly onto him, palms pressed against his shoulder blades, while Yoongi traces patterns over his cooling skin.

“Was I good?” Jimin asks timidly.

“You were amazing.” Yoongi says honestly. “Probably the best lay I’ve had in years.”

“Really?” Jimin giggles happily.

Yoongi scoffs. “Yeah, you kinky bastard. You’re always throwing me for a loop.”

“Was it the dress?”

“The dress, the cursing, the ordering, the choking,” Yoongi drawls.
A blush stains his cheeks. “Oh. I don't really know what that was.”

“You're carnal inner self?” Yoongi supplies. He shrugs. “It's really fucking sexy.”

Jimin laughs softly. He kisses him languidly then nuzzles into the dip of Yoongi’s shoulder. It's late, their eyes start to get heavy from exhaustion. They drift off, holding each other so tightly, Yoongi dreams about it.

Yoongi wakes up with a start, “Fuck.” He says in a panic, looking around for the clock.

“Hyung?” Jimin asks sleepily, his body curled around Yoongi.

“We fell asleep! The others—they're probably back already!” He scrambles, pushing away the sheets.

Jimin sighs, rubbing his face. “They texted me. They're crashing at Seokjin’s.”

“Oh.” He says dumbly as Jimin drags him back into his embrace. “Why didn't you tell me?”

“You were already asleep. You look so cute when you sleep. Didn't want to wake you.”

“Well you could've saved me a heart attack.” Yoongi grumbles, heart still thundering in his chest.

“You worry too much.” He murmurs, eyes sliding closed.

“I worry just enough.”

Jimin is quiet for so long Yoongi thinks he's fallen asleep again. “When are we going to tell them?” He suddenly says.

“What?”

“That we're together. We've been together for almost two months now. I'm getting tired of sneaking around.”

“Soon.” He mumbles.

“Soon? When is that hyung?” He asks exasperatedly.

Yoongi really didn't want to argue about this now. “I don't know! This is hard for me you know.”

“It's hard for me too!” Jimin shoots back. “That's why I want us to do it together.”

“How can I just tell them that I'm sleeping with a guy?”

“A guy?” Jimin repeats. “Is that all I am? Some guy you fuck on the side?”

Yoongi turns his head to face him. “No your not. Your not that and you know it.”

“Do I? Because you never really seem to say anything about what I am to you.”

Yoongi frowns mind working to piece together his jumbled thoughts and complicated feelings.

“What am I to you, hyung?” Jimin repeats, face burning with anger.

“I-I dont...” He sighs softly. “You're special to me, Jimin.”
Jimin glares at the ceiling. “That's not going to be enough for me anymore.”

A moment passes. Yoongi rolls onto Jimin’s chest, looming over him so that he can’t look away. He meant every word of what he said. “I’m sorry, baby. It’s just—I've never felt this close to anyone before so it's hard to say what I feel most of the time. You are special to me, in a way nobody’s been before. If you can just give me a little more time… wait for me a little bit longer… I’ll figure out how to tell everyone, I swear I’ll tell them—before graduation. I promise, baby.”

Jimin blinked up at him, the scowl on his face softening. He suddenly latches his lips onto his. He kisses him deeply with so much passion it makes Yoongi’s toes curl. Jimin shoves Yoongi off his chest roughly, pinning him to the mattress with hungry, open-mouthed kisses.

“Jimin,” Yoongi rasps as he slinks down his body scattering angry hickies over his chest, licking the line of the scar at his hip. Yoongi reaches for him but he swats his hands away, launching himself back up to crush his lips against his.

“I want to feel you all over me,” He whispers hotly in his ear. “I want to ride you. I want feel you inside me, filling me up, while I fuck myself hard on your thick cock.”

Yoongi moans. “Fuck, Jimin, where did you…?”

“Been watching a lot of porn,” He admits sheepishly, reaching for the nightstand.

“God.”

Jimin smirks, rolling a condom onto Yoongi’s dick and slicking it up with lube while Yoongi grunts and rolls up into his touch. Without a moments pause, Jimin lines himself up, sinking down easily onto his cock, still stretched out from before.

They both groan as he seats himself completely. Jimin starts to move, circling those dancers hips sinfully. Yoongi holds on to his hips panting, lifting up to meet his thrusts. Jimin whimpers, stomach muscles fluttering, fingers tangling into Yoongi’s hair. Jimin grinds down on so him hard and fast that the bed starts to rock with their thrusts, his cock bouncing against his belly. Yoongi’s palms run hungrily over his lovers heated skin. Their moans mix in the air, both driving towards a quick and sharp release.

Yoongi reaches up, entwining their fingers together. Jimin leans down to kiss him, all teeth and tongue, clenching his walls around him. Yoongi lets out a small moan against Jimin’s mouth as he cums, hands squeezing their fingers painfully hard.

Jimin croons, kissing his neck, pulling away a hand to jerk at his dick, eyes on Yoongi’s face while he fucks himself desperately on his cock. “Yoongi, Yoongi,” He mewls, body trembling.

“Cum for me, baby,” Yoongi murmurs, squeezing his hand, ecstasy washing over him at watching Jimin ride his over-sensitive cock.

He hiccups out a moan, eyes fluttering as he spills his cum over their stomachs. He heaves out a breath, collapsing limply on top of his hyung. Yoongi swears sex with Jimin gets impossibly more mind-blowing every time.

Jimin rolls off after a minute, and they clean up their mess. Yoongi flops back bonelessly when he's done. Jimin stuffs a handful of oreos in his mouth, cheeks adorably full like a chipmunks, throwing himself on top of Yoongi again, tucking his head under his chin. Jimin kisses his throat. Yoongi hums contentedly. Too exhausted to say anything else. They sleep till morning and Yoongi swears it was the best sleep of his life even if Jimin did kick him in his sleep a couple
times.

In the morning Yoongi made breakfast, or at least attempted to. He burnt the pancakes and the boiled eggs were undercooked and he sliced his finger cutting the pears but Jimin loved it anyways smiling widely and eating the pancakes like it was the best thing he’d ever eaten. Jimin left before the others came back, giving Yoongi a quick kiss, and heading back to his dorm to freshen up and get a change of clothes, saying he would he back in the evening.

Yoongi smiled after him long after he left, floating around in a trance, showing up so giddy for work Seokjin looked startled. When he got home, Hoseok teased in incessantly, asking Yoongi if he was sick or if he’d hit his head. Jungkook did that staring thing that always made Yoongi feel paranoid, like they could smell the sex on him (which he knew for a fact was false after a vigorous shower and several spays of his colognes).

Jimin came by later, glowing so brightly like sunshine that Yoongi could just barely tear his eyes away. They sat at the kitchen table together, chatting happily about this or that as the others played cards against humanity on the floor in front of the sofa, recounting their fun night and how Jimin and Yoongi ‘just had to be there’.

There was a moment that night when Jimin got up to grab iced tea from the fridge.

“Jiminnie why are you limping?” Taehyung asked, head peeked over the head of the couch. Jungkook popped his head up too, eyes wide.

“Oh… I think I pulled something during my jog this morning.” Jimin says studying the inside of the fridge attentively, but his ears were turning red.

“Be careful!” Hoseok chides. “Dance team needs you. Its forbidden to break anything!!”

“Ill…” He darts his eyes to Yoongi for half a second before looking away quickly. “…be more careful.”

Yoongi rubs his neck awkwardly. God.

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“Why did you ask me to meet you here?” Jimin asks as he approaches, eyeing Yoongi suspiciously as he leans back on the motorcycle. He’d texted Jimin to meet him at the back of a faculty building. There was no one around.

Yoongi smiles. “Hey sweet pea! Just thought we should go out and have some fun.”

“Don’t call me that.” Jimin groans, rolling his eyes.

“What’s that honey buns?” Yoongi smirks as he fits the helmet over Jimin’s head.

“Hyung,” He begs, pink blush coloring his cheeks.

Yoongi chuckles, conceding. “Alright.”

Jimin climbs on, seating himself behind Yoongi, their thighs brushing. Yoongi kicks off the stand and the engine roars to life.

“You're sure this thing is safe?”

“Of course she is! Ive been taking care of her after all,” He pats it fondly. “Rides like a dream.”
Just at that moment the engine farts, faltering slightly, before roaring loudly again.

Jimin snorts. “Where are we going?”

Yoongi throws a smirk over his shoulder. “Just hold on.” He revs the engine, sending them flying down the street out of the university grounds and into the bustling streets of downtown Seoul. Jimin gasps, clasp tightly to Yoongi’s shoulders.

He speeds through the city, weaving through the lanes, jerking around corners. The wind pushes his hair back, whistling past his ear. Jimin clings tightly, hands wrapped around his small waist in a vice, whimpering into his shoulder whenever Yoongi takes a sharp turn or cuts a car off. Yoongi chuckles, loving the warmth of him against his back as he races recklessly past a yellow light.

When he finally parks, Jimin is practically glued to him.

“We’re here.” Yoongi announces, amused.

Jimin unclenches his stiff fingers from Yoongi’s jacket and nearly trips getting off the bike. “I can’t believe I forgot what a horrible driver you were.”

“Hey, did you want to get here fast or spend the whole afternoon in traffic?”

“I want to get here in one piece.”

“And here you are, in one piece.” Yoongi smirks.

Jimin huffs, taking off his helmet and his hair is a mess. “A park?” Jimin asks looking around at the green foliage and trimmed hedges.

Yoongi tips his head, leading him to a small Parisian cafe at the edge of the park. They sit at one of the cute tables outside, taking in the smell of flowers and the sound of cafe’s classical music, watching the people stroll leisurely by. It was a sharp contrast to the hustle and bustle of the polluted city.

A waiter comes and Yoongi asks for some red wine and a basket of bread.

Jimin narrows his eyes at Yoongi once the waiter is gone. “Okay what is this? Who did you kill?”

“No one yet.” Yoongi chuckles. “It’s… it’s our first date.”

Jimin blinks. “Oh.” His face starts to turn red, a small smile on his lips. “Are you buying me dinner?”

“Ostensibly.”

He laughs, glancing down at the menu. “Wow this is…”

Yoongi shrugs. “Who says I can’t be romantic when I want to be?”

Jimin raises his brows. “A twilight dinner at a French cafe?”

“I realize it’s a little cliché.” Yoongi admits.

“You sure are pulling out the big guns.” He leans forward on his elbows, grinning cooly. “You’ve already gotten into my pants what more could you try to seduce from me?”
“Nothing at all. I just wanted to treat you. Any sex that may result from this is just a nice side-bonus.”

Jimin laughs, “You sure know how to make a guy blush.”

The waiter comes back with the bottle of wine and bread. Yoongi pours their drinks as Jimin stuffs his mouth with baguette. He peers around, they were mostly alone, most of the costumers choosing to sit inside during these late winter months. They weren’t cold, however, a patio heater was situated close by the table keeping them warm as the sun set and the stringing lights glowed to life.

A young mother and her toddling son passed by on their evening stroll. He was bundled up in a puffy jacket, scarf wound around his neck, little hat perched on his head. His mother held onto his hand tightly was he waddled. She flashed him a loving smile, praising his steady strides.

Jemin watched them walk by, lips curling into a somber smile. Yoongi felt his heart lurch.

“Cute.” Jimin let out a short, almost bitter laugh, turning back to him.

Yoongi searches his face, he knew he was thinking of his late mother. “Do you miss her?”

“Sometimes.” Jimin replies, leaning his his chin into his hand, twirling the stem of the wine glass before picking it up to take a sip. “It’s not something you can ever really get over, you know? It just hurts less, the more time passes. I won’t think about it for a long time and I think I’m okay and then it just comes crashing down on me and its like I cant even breathe and how… god, I wish she was still here… all the things Id love to tell her about if only I could.”

“What would you tell her?” Yoongi asks gently.

Jemin runs a hand through his hair. “Everything. I’d tell her about how hard school is, about how beautiful autumn is here… that I miss the baejjims she used to make… about this funny joke I heard on tv, she always liked funny things… Id tell her that Jihae is growing up so prettily to look just like her and…” He paused, meeting his eyes, “I’d tell her about you.”

“Me?” His heart stutters in his chest at Jimin’s mesmerizing gaze.

Jemin smiles softly. “Yeah. She’d like you, I think.”

Yoongi gulps the wine, unsure of what to say. He knew he wasn’t a likable person as Jimin liked to believe he was. Sometimes he couldn’t help but feel that Jimin thought too highly of him, sees the good qualities that really aren’t there. Yoongi wasn’t a good person. He honestly didn’t know what Jimin saw in him sometimes.

“But it doesn’t matter.” Jimin continues. “She’s dead and talking about it during our date isn’t going to change a thing. So lets focus on the now, yeah?”

Yoongi frowns in concern. “It’s alright to talk about her, Jimin.”

“Yeah, I know.” He smiles a bit. “Doesn’t mean it isn’t hard.” A gentle silence passes. Yoongi gives Jimin a reassuring smile. He smiles back, “So what are you getting?” He picks up the menu, changing the subject. Yoongi decides that that remaining bitterness is just something Jimin will have to work through in time. Besides he didn’t take Jimin out just to talk about sad things.

“Niçois ravioli, maybe.” He replies.
“That sounds good.”
“What about you?”
“Dunno.” He peers at the menu. “What’s canard?”
“It’s duck.”
Jimin frowns. “Okay nevermind that one. Saumon is salmon right?”
Yoongi nods, a grin playing at his lips.
“Then that one.” He puts down the menu, triumphant.
The waiter comes by a little while after, quickly taking their orders.
“So how’s our song coming?” Jimin asks once they’re alone again.
“Finished it yesterday.”
“You wrote that so fast.” He says, amazed.
Yoongi smirks. “I had inspiration.”
Jimin flushes, fingers playing with the white tablecloth. “When do I get to hear it?”
“When I perform it this week.”
“You’re—you’re gonna perform that?” Jimin stutters. “It’s such a slow song, for a club.”
Yoongi shrugs like he couldn’t give a shit about that technicality.
“Am I… do I have to sing it?” He asks, wide-eyed.
Yoongi snorts. “No, your voice is recorded into the track… unless you want to perform it?” He questions, raising his brows teasingly.
“N-no. I’m fine with just watching, thanks.”
“You have a nice voice, Jimin. Really. I bet you could do it live.”
“Maybe. But I’ve always danced. I’ve never sung on stage. It’d just be too different.”
The waiter comes back with their plates, wishing them bon appetit before rushing away to attend the other customers. They enjoyed their food, chatting while they ate. Yoongi finished first, a light eater, he left more than half of his huge portion of ravioli. Jimin was more or less a bottomless pit, wiping his plate and Yoongi’s completely clean.
“I like this a lot.” Jimin says, mouth full of food.
“Yeah me too.” He pauses. “We’ll get to do this a lot more when we tell everyone. Won’t have to sneak around.”
Jimin hums. “You figured out how we’re gonna do it?”
“ kinda. Seem to be having some trouble with the wording.” Yoongi jokes. “Should I start out with ‘You know it’s crazy but Jimin and I are both bisexual and we’ve just been seeing each other
in secret for the last two months. Surprise!”

Jimin nods, putting down his fork. “I like where you're going with that. However… Im gay, hyung.”

“You—Oh.” Yoongi stares, floored. He lets out laugh. “You didn't know?”

“W-well, I mean,” Yoongi stutters. “You said you had girlfriends.”

“And why do you think I was still a virgin until you came along?” Jimin raises his eyebrows.

“Shit, I dunno.”

The way Jimin admitted that so freely was so… awe inspiring. It took Yoongi four months to come to terms with his attraction to men but he still had trouble voicing it aloud. He'd only just decided he fit into the category of bisexuality only after taking hundreds of online quizzes and exploring all the porn genres. Even then he was shaky about it. If someone asked him right this moment, he would be pressed to not deny it. It was still a point of shame for him. He knows it shouldn't be… but…

“Don’t get too much into the details.” Jimin advises. “Just say we’re together and thats that.”

“So… what are you… what about your family?”

He heaves a breath, “Im not gonna to lie… Im really scared about that too.” Jimin rubs his neck. “The last thing I want to do is disappoint dad, but, I think… I think he’d understand? Or I hope he will. I mean they love me so they’ll understand right? Thats what they're supposed to do. I think Auntie knows, but Grandma will be upset. And Jihae… I don't know.” He sighs. “B-but its who I am right? I just have to tell them. I cant lie all my life.”

“You're right.” Yoongi agrees. “Its just… ugh. This is so hard.” The moment he tells everyone he just knows he’ll be treated differently. The looks he'd get at school, as word spread across their small campus. His friends acting awkwardly around him, unsure of how to act around their bi friend, afraid he'd come onto them at any moment like the crazy queer they expected him to be. The people at the Basement… his reputation would be reduced to little more than ‘that fag’. He could just imagine the boos from the crowd and hear the diss tracks now, ‘this faggot just takes it up the ass’ or something along those lines. He'd worked so hard to make it to the top. It scared him that he could be shoved right back down to the bottom because of what he was. And his parents. God if they ever found out, they would just sneer, finding satisfaction that their horrible son was every bit the degenerate in every possible way just like they’d said. A waste. Worthless.

“We’re in this together, right?” Jimin reaches for his hand, pulling him back from his panicked reverie. “No matter what.”

Before he can respond the waiter comes back. Yoongi pulls his hand away. If Jimin felt hurt he didn't show it. The waiter picks up their empty plates and brings them dessert, a chocolate crêpe.

“Have you been to Paris?” Jimin suddenly asks once the waiter is gone. He takes a bite out of the dessert.

“Yes. Its beautiful there.” He thought back to the month he would spend there once a year, while his father conducted business, the nannies taking him on strolls by the river while his mother spent whole weeks shopping at the boutiques, never stopping by once to check on him. He’d entertain himself, free to roam about, no longer trapped in a mansion, taking pictures of the old architecture,
getting lost in the seas of rushing people speaking that fast foreign tongue, and wandering the car-crowded streets. He could still remember the constant smell in the air of fresh bread, coffee and smoke. “I want to go back someday.” Yoongi eats some crêpe, it was delicious but not as good at the ones in Paris.

“Maybe we can go. Together. I can get a job and save up some money. We can go there this summer!” Jimin smiles, eyes alight with the brashness of youth. “Ive always wanted to leave Korea.”

Yoongi wipes some chocolate from Jimin’s lips, as always unable to deny him a single thing. “Id… like that a lot, baby.”

Jimin giggles, already unbelievably excited. They finish their meal and pay, taking a stroll along the empty park and marveling at the bright city lights, already planning their trip to Paris’ museums and boat rides along the Seine. Yoongi grumbles about having to brush up on his language skills. Jimin laughs, hooking his arm through his, and leaning his head on his shoulder and Yoongi starts to wonder if this is what forever would feel like.

***

It was raining. Hard.

Yoongi stood under the awning, staring at the pouring rain. He'd just finished his final paper after spending the whole night at the library. He had less than an hour to turn in the paper hardcopy or he was going to fail the class. For the fiftieth time, he willed for the rain to stop. Today was such a fucking shitty day.

He sees someone walking through the downpour, carrying an umbrella. Perhaps he can ask that kind soul to share it… wait was that Jimin?

“No! How did you know—?”

“Sometimes things just aren’t as great as you think they’ll be. Like your entire life.” Jimin quotes. “Why is it raining. I hate everything.” Jimin flashes a crooked smile. “Im subscribed to your tweets you know.”

“Oh.” He had gone on twitter to rant a bit. Perhaps he'd been a little dramatic. But he was in a pissy mood, that was true. “I thought you were in that study group session.”

Jimin nods. “I was. I can go back if you don’t want to be rescued.”

“No, no.” Yoongi grabs onto his shoulder. “Im not refusing. I need rescuing. Desperately.”

Jimin lifts up the umbrella and they walk huddled together across the abandoned campus. Yoongi held his paper close to his chest, trying to keep it from getting damp.

“I hate the rain.” Yoongi complains. “I hate this dumb ass class. I hate my professor. I hate this fucking paper. I hate this school.”
“Seems you hate a lot of things.” Jimin comments, smirking a little.

Yoongi wraps his hand over Jimin’s adjusting the angle of the umbrella so its more on his side. “I guess do I hate a lot of things… but I never really seem to hate you.” He admits.

Jimin chuckles at that. He waits for Yoongi outside as he rushes inside to turn in his paper. “Thanks.” Yoongi breathes when he comes back out. But his expression is still sour, his mood not lighting up one bit.

“Where to?”

“My dorm, I guess.”

They start walking.

“Is something else bothering you?” Jimin asks. Trust him to notice right away.

He doesn’t answer, eyeing his feet as they trudge through a puddle.

“Hyung,”

Yoongi meets Jimin’s eyes. He scowls, “Don’t do it. You better not do it.”

A dazzling smile grows slowly across Jimin’s dumb face, eyes narrowing into tiny crescents and Yoongi is no match, he cant help the small curl of his lips in response. Damn Jimin and his stupid smile that could literally light up the world and cause world peace. Jimin giggles and fuck, Yoongi is so whipped.

He feels a little bit better, if only just.

Jimin drops him off at the entrance. “Well, I gotta go back. See you later?”

“Yeah,” Yoongi watches him go.

***

A couple days later, when Yoongi comes back from a particularly rough practice exam to find Jimin bustling about his kitchen, a mess of bowls, flour and batter mix covering the counter tops.

“What’s this?” Yoongi asks, frowning.

Jimin looks up from stirring cookie dough vigorously. “Oh hey, hyung!” He exclaims excitedly. “It’s our surprise date!”

“A date?” He throws down his bag, kicking off his shoes. “Aren’t you supposed to be in bio lab?”

He splats little balls of cookie dough onto the trey. “I skipped. Don’t worry I made sure to get all the reading and notes. I won’t fall behind.”

Yoongi peers around. There must be four different things baking in that oven. It smelled delicious. “Why all this?”

“I noticed you were down recently. I’m making some treats to cheer you up. I know you like sugary things.”

Yoongi was speechless. He plops down at the kitchen table, watching Jimin bustle about,
cracking eggs and stirring the ingredients. Jimin had some music playing on Yoongi’s stereo, the
volume loud enough to be heard through the dorm. It was R&B music Jimin used for his
choreos... it's different from what Yoongi usually listened to.

“You didn't have to do all this.” Yoongi finally says. He knew Jimin was busy enough with his
things. He didn't need to coddle Yoongi and hold his hand.

“I wanted to.” Is all Jimin says. Jimin pops the tray into the oven, pulling off his mittens. He sits
in the chair across from him, chocolate stains on his shirt. “How was class?”

Yoongi shrugs. There's a moment of silence. Jimin analyses his troubled face.

“What’s eating you?” Jimin says with concern in his voice. “You can tell me anything you
know?”

Yoongi rubs his forehead. After a while, he grabs a piece of paper from his backpack, throwing it
onto the table. It was wrinkled, as if Yoongi had crumpled it angrily in his hands several times.

Jimin frowns and takes the paper.

His eyebrows raise in surprise. “A letter from your parents?”

“It’s not a letter.”

He reads a bit more. “They sent you a copy of their will?”

Yoongi doesn't respond.

Jimin’s face gets darker as his eyes read farther down the page. “‘In the event of our untimely
deaths, we hereby disinherit our only son and heir Min Yoongi from receiving any and all of our
grand estate...’” His eyes snap up to meet his. “How... how could they do that?”

“They’ve been threatening to for a long time.” Yoongi leans back, crossing his arms. “I hoped
they wouldn't actually go through with it... but I can’t say I’m too surprised.”

“This is horrible! How could they just cut you out like that?” Jimin clenched the paper in his
hands, eyes alit with anger. “And then they just sent it to you? Why?”

He shrugs. “So that I know not to expect anything from them. I don't think I ever did, really.”

“Damn them!” Jimin spat. “You have every right to be angry. You haven't done anything to
deserve this.” Jimin abhors, throwing down the paper. “Maybe you can get a lawyer, fight the
will!”

Yoongi shakes his head somberly. “I'm not angry. I'm just sad.” He says weakly.

“Hyung...” Jimin says quietly and he looked so very distressed for him. Yoongi wonders what
he did to deserve someone so compassionate.

“When I was little I used to wonder what it was about me that was so unlovable. I'd watch the
families on tv and wonder why my parents never looked at me like that, cared about me like that.
Id try so hard to impress them, to be perfect. But it didn't matter what I did, I was always going to
be a disappointment in their eyes.” Yoongi took the will, ripping it in half. “Fuck them. I'm not
going to spend the rest of my life screaming on the inside trying to be what they planned me to
be. Let them rot with their money. I don't want it.”

“You don't need them anyways.” Jimin crumples up the scraps of paper, tossing it away. “Me,
Hoseok, Namjoon, Seokjin, Taehyung, Jungkook, we’re your family now.”

Yoongi gives him a tight smile. “I know… Its just, this made me realize I really am on my own. I mean I have been for years now… but there was always the chance they would take me back. But now… I can’t lie, Im scared to graduate. Ive taken so many loans for this, if I can’t get a good job soon, Im scared Im going to get crushed under my debts.” Yoongi leaned his elbows on the table, his head in his hands.

Jimin grabs his wrist. Yoongi looks up to meet his warm eyes. “Ill help you in any way I can, hyung. I promise.”

Yoongi refuses. “I cant take money from you or your family, Jimin.”

“Shut up, hyung. The last thing I'm going to do is let you drown in debt.”

Yoongi let out a short laugh, biting back the tears that threatened to spill over. Jimin gave him a wide, encouraging smile. How could such a sweet person exist in this fucked up world? Yoongi thought.

“Hey I like this song!” Jimin chirrups, suddenly. The song rang through the air, slow and soulful. He jumps up and rushes over to Yoongi. “Dance with me?”

“Uh—”

He doesn’t wait for a full response, grasping his hand and pulling him close by the waist. “Ill lead.” Jimin grins, no doubt trying to cheer him up. He Waltzes them about the kitchen while Yoongi stumbles and steps on his feet but Jimin doesn't seem to mind smiling and giggling so much, Yoongi can't help but laugh at himself. Yoongi is surprised when he unexpectedly dips him and Jimin is just having too much fun with this.

When Jimin pulls him back up, Yoongi kisses him, cupping his face in his hands, overwhelmed by the fondness he felt for him. Jimin pulls him closer, fisting his hands into the back of his shirt. He tilts his head, kissing him deeper and Jimin lets out a small groan that makes his blood run hot.

“You're such an amazing person, Park Jimin.” Yoongi murmurs.

Jimin giggles, blushing, then yelps as his legs are suddenly scoped out from under him and his shoulders meet the kitchen table with a crash. Yoongi climbs over him, his lips hungry and incessant against his. Jimin moans, hooking his ankles behind his back and pulling him in closer. Yoongi pushes his shirt up to his arm pits, running his hand over his torso and thumbing his nipples.

“Baby,” Yoongi smirks down at him. “Can I eat you out?”

“Yes.” He gasps out breathlessly, a blush tingling his cheeks.

Yoongi quickly pulls his pants and underwear off his legs. Jimin grasps onto his knees, shamelessly spreading himself wide for Yoongi. Yoongi curses. He yanks Jimin’s ass to the very edge and seats himself on a chair before him like Jimin was a delicious meal just for Yoongi to taste. He pulls Jimin’s legs over his shoulders and keeps his hands on his hips to keep him in place as he leans down, ignoring his dick for his tight hole.

His breathing stutters as Yoongi licks against his hole, occasionally licking a stripe all the way to his balls. He looks up to watch as Jimin writhes desperately against him and he can't help but smirk.
“H-hyung—” Jimin stutters out as Yoongi’s tongue swirls in lazy circles around the ring of muscle before pushing in. Yoongi watches as Jimin pants, squirming against his touch, hands clasped tight at the table edge.

Yoongi’s licking up into him now and Jimin moans loudly, rutting his hips against him as he goes deeper into that smooth heat. Jimin hiccups a sob, hands flying to dig into Yoongi’s hair as he pumps his tongue in and out. He fucks him with his tongue till Jimin shudders and cries out, his walls clamping hard around him, cumming all over his stomach.

“Oh…” Jimin breathes out, laying there bonelessly, brushing his hair from his sweaty forehead.

Yoongi gives his hole one lass kiss then he leans down to kiss the inside of his thigh, then his knee before pulling away with a satisfied cat-smirk. He wrinkles his nose, it smelled like something was burning. Oh fuck.

Yoongi scrambles to the oven, shoving on the mittens and pulling out the assortment of cake, cookies, muffins and brownies from the burning heat. Jimin sits up shakily, gasping at the burnt pastries.

“Its ruined!” He cries out.

“No its not!” Yoongi denies. “They're just a little… crispy thats all.”

Jimin gives him a dubious look, looking absolutely amazing sitting half-naked on his kitchen table.

“They're just fine,” Yoongi insists, picking up a charred muffin. He attempts to bite into it and almost ends up breaking his teeth. “Okay maybe not that one.” He admits, putting it down. “But this is just fine!” He takes a bite of a cookie. “Its not bad once you get past the burn parts on the outside.”

Jimin puts out his hand. “Let me try.”

Yoongi hands it to him, grabbing a napkin and wiping down the mess on Jimin’s belly while he chewed contemplatively. “This is crap.” He says after a moment.

“I know, its my fault. You don't have to say it.” Yoongi grumbles, forlorn.

Jimin stares at him intensely. Then his cheek twitches and he snorts and breaks out into hysterical laughter, doubling over so far he nearly falls off the table. Yoongi can’t help laughing with him till his cheeks hurt and his sides are sore. He sighs happily. Jimin just made everything so much better. He loved that about him.

His heart swells with fondness as he smiles back at Jimin’s shining face. He couldn’t resist leaning in for a kiss. Jimin kisses him back, wrapping his legs around his waist, unable to stop giggling against his lips.

“Did I ruin our surprise date?” Yoongi asks.

“Hmm,” Jimin contemplates, running a hand over his arm. He smirks at the tent in Yoongi’s pants. “Maybe I’ll be able to forgive you if you fuck me hard on this table.”

A shiver runs up Yoongi’s spine. He doesn’t say anything more as he disentangles himself, rushing to his room for the stashed lube and condoms. When he comes back, Jimin has already peeled off his shirt and was palming at his already hardening erection. Yoongi slapped his hands away with a growl, tugging his hips up so that Jimin’s back fell back onto the table with a thunk.
He poured lube on his fingers. Jimin gasps a bit when he pushed them inside. It took less time than usual considering he was already stretched out from his tongue, but he wanted to make sure Jimin was wet enough for his cock.

“Hyung, hurry up.” Jimin complains, lifting his hips up impatiently.

“Shut it.” Yoongi scolds. Jimin whines under his breath.

He takes his fingers out, pulling his pants down just enough to take out his dick. He groans a bit as he rolls on a condom, it felt good to touch himself after so long, and slicks himself up with lube. Jimin’s locks his ankles behind his back and draws him in, hands reaching out for him. Yoongi teasingly circles the tip around his entrance before pushing in all the way to the hilt, both groaning.

Jimin gasps, eyes fluttering as he fists his hands in Yoongi’s shirt, pulling him down for a slobbery, passionate kiss. “Do it hard.” He whispers against his cheek.

Yoongi complies, thrusting his hips and fucking him fast and hard and just the way he likes it. Jimin throws his head back, moans spilling form his lips as his nails claw at the fabric of his shirt, the zipper of Yoongi’s jeans biting into the soft skin of his thighs. Yoongi learned that Jimin loved this the most, naked while Yoongi remained fully clothed, fucking him senseless against anything and everything.

Yoongi kissed his exposed neck, breathing hard into the crook of his shoulder. The table groaned under their weight, the squeak of Jimin’s sweaty skin gliding across the flat surface as Yoongi fucked him so hard, it was only his vice grip on Jimin’s hips that kept him from sliding towards the edge.

He shifted his thrusts, hitting his sweet spot. Jimin arched off the table, babbling nonsense and variations of Yoongi’s name as he pounded mercilessly into him. He cums suddenly with a whimper, still sensitive from before. Yoongi shatters as he fucks Jimin through his orgasm, his walls clamping down on him. He moans, collapsing on top of him, head nestled against Jimin’s heaving chest. Jimin holds him, carding his hands through his hair, and humming contentedly.

Yoongi picks his head up. “Whats that, baby?”

Jimin smiles sweetly, shaking his head once. “Nevermind. Tell you later.”

***

“Hey Jiminnie,”

“Hum?” Jimin grinned up at him as he jogged. Jimin had given up on dragging Yoongi to the gym, but he was still able to convince him to go for a jog around the track every once in a while if he pouted enough. They were just now halfway through their regular route.

“Do you still want to fuck me?”

Jimin’s eyes widened at that, he stopped in his tracks. “You—I… what?”

He slowed to a stop next to him. “Im offering to let you fuck me.” Yoongi clarifies as if he wasn’t ridiculously blunt the first time. “Hurry up and say yes before I change my mind.”

Jimin clears his throat, eyes flitting around to everywhere but Yoongi. “Um. Yes, I do. Do-do you want to?”
“Didn’t you once say life’s about trying new things.” Yoongi shrugs, curling his lips into a smile. He was kind of in the mood to try something new. The way he’d caught Jimin staring at the sway of his hips as he jogged seemed to help Yoongi come to that decision. Jimin had helped him through a lot recently and Yoongi had grown to trust him with everything about him, so why not this too? He’d grown to become so special to him, he wanted to give something back to him. Yoongi tips his head, signaling Jimin to follow him as he took a shortcut back to their dorms. Jimin followed, jogging a bit to catch up with him.

He asked low, so only Jimin could hear. “You bought more lube, right?” After his last traumatizing experience purchasing personal lubricant at the mart, Jimin had agreed to buy it from now on. They’d run out recently after fucking on just about every furniture in the dorm, even the bathroom floor. The only place that was spared was Hoseok’s room, because Yoongi wasn’t that asshole.

“…Yeah.” Jimin says after a moment, still stunned by the current situation. “I put it in your drawer. But, what about everyone else?”

“Today’s their audition, remember? So they’re going to be gone for it most of the day. Namjoonie’s studying for his calculus exam tomorrow and Seokjin-hyung’s working. We’ve got the day, today. Trust me.” Yoongi flashes one of his mischievous cat-smirks. He’d been thinking about this a lot, apparently.

Jimin gulps hard, already turning red in the face. And Yoongi can’t help but find it sweet and ridiculously cute. They rushed inside, the air-conditioned air felt good on their damp skin. Yoongi interlocked their fingers, walking backwards as he lead Jimin into his room.

He sat down on the bed, pulling Jimin down with him. Yoongi leaned in for an open-mouthed kiss. Jimin made a small noise, hands running over his upper-body, hungry for more contact. Yoongi pulled off Jimin’s shirt to reveal his perfect body, his necklace laying on his perfectly toned pecs. He quickly pulled off his own, meeting Jimin’s lips again urgently. Jimin was still too reluctant.

“Don’t be a pussy, Jimin.” Yoongi murmured into the corner of his mouth.

Jimin’s hands went from roaming his body to cupping his hips. Before he knew what was happening Jimin raised himself higher on the bed, shifting Yoongi’s head for better access. Jimin nipped at Yoongi’s lip and quickly swallowing Yoongi’s gasp as he surged forward, tugging his hair, running his tongue over his lip soothingly before licking deeper into his mouth. Yoongi couldn’t help but groan as Jimin kissed him harder and deeper, letting Jimin push him back gently onto the mattress.

Jimin straddled him, carding his hands through his hair before leaving his lips to kiss his neck. His necklace tickled his skin. Jimin kissed his way down his chest, licking, biting, sucking, and Yoongi swore he felt his skin was on fire. He ran his thumbs over his ribs and his scar before leaning forward to suck on a nipple, circling it with his tongue and using just a hint of teeth, enough to make Yoongi squirm.

He caught his lips again, his fingers pinching his nipples playfully. Yoongi skated his fingertips over Jimin’s heated skin feeling his heart race. He was debauched in a way only Jimin could make him, brows furrowed, face flushed, breathing harsh, eyes intense and a little distant, tracking Jimin’s every move. Jimin grinds his hips down and a moan escaped from Yoongi’s mouth, his hands gripping tightly at the arms bracketing his head. Jimin leaned down, smiling into the kiss, before thrusting again. Yoongi’s body jerked and their foreheads connected painfully. Yoongi cursed. Jimin reeled away, rubbing at where there was sure to be a bruise tomorrow.
“Sorry! I’m sorry!” He reached up to rub soothingly at the red mark. He was sure he’d completely ruined the atmosphere. Stupid, so stupid.

Jimin chuckled, grasping his hands and breathing an “It’s okay hyung,” into his palm. He kissed each hand before gently pinning them above his head, giving Yoongi a look that went straight to his dick. He loomed over him, strong muscles tensed almost predatorily before resuming right where they left off of his stomach shifting with each slow thrust.

Yoongi bit his lip, wanting, needing more, more friction more pressure. His arms pulled reflexively against Jimin’s grip wanting to be in control, to get things the way he wanted. But Jimin just tightened his grip and Yoongi grunted feeling prickles all over his body.

“Stop… teasing,”

Jimin hummed, thrusting and leaning down to crush his mouth over his. He kissed desperately into Yoongi’s pliant mouth, pulling away only when the world began to spin. They both gasped for air, mouth and chins spit slick. Jimin reached over to the nightstand for the lube and a condom. Yoongi’s freed hands roamed over his body hungrily, tracing the lines of his abs as they shifted with his erratic breath. Jimin gave him a chaste peck before crawling down, too soon out of arms reach.

He smirked at Yoongi’s despondent sigh. He pulled down his sweats, catching Yoongi’s legs before he could snap them closed and spread them open. Yoongi could feel his cheeks turn red with embarrassment for no reason as Jimin spread his legs, his eyes running over him, but that was soon forgotten when his callused hands closed around his cock.

Pleasure sparked through his body. God it felt so good to have Jimin’s hand pumping him and that flick that he did with his wrist was about to drive him crazy. “Hmm—ah,” His eyes fluttered and he breathed out harshly as Jimin’s warm mouth closed around the head of his cock.

Jimin sucked, hard. Yoongi’s hips jerked up reflexively, another breathy moan escaping. He took him in deeper, choking slightly and Yoongi stayed as still as possible, body tense, in order to make it easier for him. His tongue rubbed against the underside of his cock as he trailed back up swirling the head, flicking his tongue against it. His hand replaced where his mouth had been running his hand along the shaft at a rapid pace while he pressed the flat of his tongue against the sensitive spot on the tip. Yoongi slammed his head down on the mattress with a deft thud. “Fuck,”

He was so overcome by the waves of hot pleasure that he didn’t notice Jimin pulling his legs up over his strong shoulders, nesting himself more comfortably between his legs, or even the lube-covered finger circling his entrance until it began to gently push its way in. Yoongi snapped himself up, completely surprised despite plenty of forewarning on Jimin’s part.

"Wait,” Yoongi propped himself on his elbows, looking down at the younger with a panicked expression. Jimin released his cock from his mouth exposing it to the cool air and causing Yoongi to shiver.

“Hyung, it’s okay.” His lips were swollen and slick with spit. A flush painted his chest and face, his pupils blown.

“Yeah, wait… I just,” He struggled to collect his thoughts.

“Do you still want to do this?” His lucid eyes displayed his full sincerity. If Yoongi said no, then Jimin would stop, he knew, no ifs, ands, or buts about it, and they would settle into how encounters of this nature usually went without further interruption.
But did he really want that? The whole point was to try something new. Yoongi didn’t want to disappoint Jimin, who, despite his best attempts could not hide his excitement at their change in bedroom dynamics.

“No,” Yoongi began and as soon as the words left his mouth Jimin began to slide away a disappointment coloring his eyes despite his reassuring smile. Yoongi locked his legs, pushing Jimin down and pinning him to the mattress. “Where the fuck are you going?”

“But–” A cute little frown puckered between his brows and god he was just so dense sometimes.

“Lemme finish will you? I said, no i don’t want to stop.”

Yoongi could see the wheels turning in Jimin’s head, which took longer than usual but Yoongi attributed that to all the blood having rushed to the conspicuous tent in his track shorts. A most dazzling, shit-eating smile bloomed across his face.

“Wipe that smile off your face you idiot.” Yoongi groaned but couldn’t fight the smile that was tugging at the corners of his lips.

Jimin attempted to hide his smile, but ended up looking like a maniac. Yoongi laughed and Jimin giggled back, eyes narrowing into joyful crescents and Yoongi felt his heart thump in his chest. He relaxed his legs, leaning back, and Jimin situated himself again.

“Now where was I?” Jimin mumbled, an exaggerated look of contemplation on his face.

“Your mouth was on my cock,” Yoongi supplied.

“Ah yes,” He nodded, “How could I forget?”

“Just shut up and suck me off–”

Jimin gasped his cock giving it a firm squeeze, cutting off Yoongi’s complaint and just like that igniting Yoongi’s arousal. He massaged his dick, lapping at the head with kitten-licks. This time Yoongi noticed the finger circling his entrance, and he stiffened again without meaning to.

“Hey, relax.” Something was so weird about hearing Jimin repeat the words Yoongi had said so many times before. His voice was soothing. “Its not like we haven’t done this before,” Jimin joked, referring to that unfortunate (but also very fortunate) situation when they’d gotten shitfaced drunk.

“Hmm, doesn't count if you don’t remember it.” Yoongi disagrees.

“Of course it does. It must’ve been great, right? Maybe you don't remember because I fucked your brains out.”

Yoongi laughed, “Or it was so fucking bad I fell asleep.”

Jimin snorted, “Alright…. allow me to redeem myself.”

He pretended to think about it and Jimin pouted up at him like a lonely puppy. He conceded, “Okay, just one more chance.”

Jimin smiled triumphantly. “If we’re going to do this you need to relax.” He mouthed into the soft skin of his inner thigh.

“Right,” Yoongi breathed.
“Relax,” He repeated and the muscles under his lips loosed slightly. “Its not going to hurt if you just relax.” He sucked at the skin, then licking the bruise that bloomed easily on the pale skin. “I’ve got you.”

The finger that had not stopped circling began to push slightly against his hole. Jimin nuzzled at his balls and Yoongi breathed out just as the first finger entered to the knuckle.

“Does this feel okay?” Jimin asked, eyes no doubt trained on his face searching for any signs of pain or discomfort.

A frown ghosted across his face. “It literally feels like I have a finger up my ass.” He replied dryly, only just barely registering Jimin’s guffaw in response.

What was he expecting? Singing angels from above? Because there was nothing euphorically mind-blowing about this so far. Actually it felt really weird. His muscles clenched experimentally at the intrusion and he heard Jimin quietly moan. This drew him out of his thoughts and he lifted up his head to see Jimin biting his lip.

“You’re really warm.” He offered by way of explanation and he flushed all over again.

Yoongi nodded and Jimin wiggled his finger before sliding out then back in, just to the second knuckle, teasing the nerves at the rim. After a while an unexpected heat began to pool at his belly, his legs twitched with each drag of Jimin’s finger. He pulled out, getting more lube before slowly adding a second finger. Yoongi felt the feeling intensify as he moved his fingers in and out partially only pulling all the way out to add more lube. His other hand pumped lazily at his cock in a way that had him tense and aroused but not enough to give him any of the relief he needed.

Jimin noticed that he began to squirm. “You okay?”

“…yeah,” He breathed out, “Just feels weird.”

“ Weird good or weird bad?”

Yoongi blinked, eyes trained on the ceiling, “Dunno.”

“Hmm…” He pushed in deeper, curling his fingers upwards scratching around for… oh, Yoongi knew what he was looking for, his—holy fuck.

Yoongi’s spine went rigid and he might’ve forgotten to breathe.

“How ‘bout now?” Yoongi would wipe that smug look off his face if he wasn’t so occupied with remembering how to inhale. He opened his mouth to respond when Jimin pressed his fingers down again banishing all his thoughts to the wind.

“Feels good, right hyung?” He whispered, his hot breath caressing the head of his cock. He increased his pace and all Yoongi could do was grasp at the sheets.

This was a hundred times better than any of the thousands of times he’d jerked himself off. It was like getting hit by a bus—but it a good way—and shit, this is what euphorically mind-blowing falls like. The waves of pleasure continued to pulse their way under his skin and his cock was so hard it was practically spilling pre-come over Jimin’s fist. His arousal won over his pride and words tumbled out, “Nggh ah, yeah…! Feels….” He suddenly he began to ache for something bigger, thicker. His hips ground against Jimin’s fingers and he felt himself getting close. “Fuck! Baby—if you don’t…I—”

Jimin got the message, the hand at his dick stopping to grip the shaft tightly, fingers slowing
before pulling away, leaving him feeling open and empty. Yoongi breathed harshly trying to recover while Jimin waited, holding him together.

“You’re a piece of shit,” Yoongi said, still out of breath and without much bite.

“Yeah, sure.” Jimin smirked. “You look really hot like this by the way,”

Yoongi hummed. No doubt he was a sight—how embarrassing, but he couldn’t necessarily bring himself to regret anything.

“Hey…” Jimin paused, “…so do you want to keep going?”

Yoongi paused. He’d been curious on how being fucked would feel on occasion but never to the extent of attempting. So he went more or less into this with the mindset of self-sacrifice because he really liked Jimin—his pride and comfort coming in second to making his lover happy. But now that they’d started, it became less self-sacrifice and more like fucking hot sex, that could be contributed in part to Jimin’s spectacular performance so far (Yoongi liked to think he’d learned from the best). And know, although he could only bring to admit this to himself, he wanted nothing more to be fucked senseless by Park Jimin. Shit.

“Yeah,” He said after a slight hesitation, “You?”

“Hell yeah.” He smiled Yoongi’s favorite smile.

He released his dick so it lay on his stomach, leaking and heavy. Jimin poured more lube onto his hands though there really wasn’t any need for more. He entered two fingers easily, and then a third without any resistance.

“I’m ready, Jimin,” Yoongi murmured, “Take your pants off already.”

Jimin stubbornly held on for a moment, wriggling his fingers and making sure Yoongi was stretched enough for him. When he was satisfied and after several impatient protests from his hyung, Jimin launched himself off the bed to shimmy off his shorts on wobbly legs almost tripping over himself several times. Yoongi managed to pull himself stiffly into a sitting position, wincing slightly at the strange pull of his ass as he shifted.

He watched in amusement as Jimin liberated himself of his shorts and impatiently flung it away with his foot. Jimin leaned over the bed to search for the forgotten condom that had become buried between the sheets, his dick, dark and incredibly hard. He instinctively reached out to grasp it in his hand. It twitched in his grip and Jimin choked slightly.

“Let me,” Yoongi took the recently found condom packet from Jimin’s feeble grip. He ripped it open with shaky fingers and slid it on quickly. Then he snatched the lube, warming it between his palms when he suddenly noticed a familiar scent he’d missed before when he was preoccupied with… other things. He sniffed at it, staring at Jimin incredulously. “Jimin is this… strawberry scented??” God did that bring back a lot of awkward memories.

Jimin burst into laughter.

Yoongi scowled, jerking roughly at Jimin’s cock as his giggles turned into moans. “You bastard.”

“It was… on sale,” He gasped, grasping at Yoongi’s shoulders for support.

“Unbelievable. I’m going to reek of it after–”

Jimin scoffs.
Yoongi released his cock, wiping his hands unceremoniously on his lovers abs before flopping onto his back with a huff. Jimin followed, crawling over him, pulling his necklace back so the pendant wouldn't dangle in Yoongi's face.

"They're going to notice, we're going to get caught," He grumbled.

"No one is gonna notice, don't be so paranoid. It'll come off when you shower anyways," Jimin leaned in to kiss him. It felt like forever since he had his lips on his.

"Hmm," Yoongi conceded, too aroused to get angry properly.

Jimin ran his hands down his body, making his way down, he kissed the side of his knee before spreading his legs further apart. Yoongi gripped the sheets, preparing himself. Jimin pressed the tip against his hole and paused.

"Why'd you stop?" Yoongi demanded, annoyed. Everything was such a process with Jimin.

"Do you want me to put it in a little at a time or--"

"Just shove it in, c'mon," He pulled at Jimin's arms.

He frowned, "Are you--"

"Yes, I'm sure, Jesus Christ." He blabbered, the feeling of Jimin pressing against the nerves of his rim driving him delirious. "Jimin I need you--like right now--so please just put it in, I-I need..."

Jimin's eyes glazed over and he cursed under his breath. Grasping Yoongi's hips he surged forward until he was completely seated into that incredible heat.

Yoongi crushed his eyes closed. His mouth fell open. He felt so incredibly full almost to the point that he might rip apart at the seams. Signals bounced around and mixed in his brain, and it felt so weird but kind of good at the same time. Any pain receded quickly, replaced by the amazing feeling of being stretched by Jimin's cock.

He let out a shaky breath he hadn't realized he'd been holding and opened his eyes to find Jimin looming over him, bright eyes searching for any signs of discomfort. Yoongi blushed because of course Jimin would do this.

He asked softly, "You okay?"

Yoongi nodded, face hot, overwhelmed by the intensity of his gaze. "Stop starin' so much," He mumbled. He never felt more vulnerable in his life than he did now.

"Maybe I'm staring because you look so beautiful right now,"

Yoongi was left speechless, open-mouthed. Did he just?? Their eyes met for an awkward moment before Yoongi snapped and broke into boisterous laughter. Jimin couldn't keep his smoldering expression any longer and they both laughed themselves breathless.

"That was so disgustingly cheesy. You are shameless." He reached up to brush Jimin's fringe from his sweaty forehead. Their relationship was less than conventional in a lot of ways but perhaps that's what made it so unequivocally perfect. Anybody else would've been long gone--driven away by Jimin's terrible habit of telling cringe-worthy jokes in bed. Perhaps Yoongi had gone off the deep-end because he thought it was ridiculously charming, different from the usual makeout-fuck-bail dynamic of his past relationships. He somehow made it fun in a way that wasn't before.
Jimin kissed his forehead while Yoongi was still laughing and began to move, their giggles blurring into gasps and breathy moans. Yoongi locked his legs around his lean waist raking his fingers down his sides gasping softly by Jimin’s ear with each thrust. Jimin kissed under Yoongi’s jaw, keeping his thrusts slow and deep.

“You feel so-so good, Yoongi,” The arms bracketing Yoongi’s head were shaking.

Yoongi groaned, pulling his legs in to draw him closer. “Faster,”

He gradually increased his pace, still measured and controlled. Yoongi met his thrusts eagerly. Hands grasped at his undulating shoulders, “F-faster,”

Jimin grunted, shifting slightly and Yoongi lost it, unable to pronounce anything but half-formed syllables and moans that drifted off into silence. Nails clawed at his back and Jimin seemed to lose any semblance of his previous control, fucking into his hyung hard and fast.

The sounds they were making were practically pornographic: wet sounds as his cock pounded in and out of him, the slapping of skin, Yoongi’s harsh breathing, Jimin’s half-groans and the creaking of the bed as it protested under their weight.

Yoongi was so hot, so hot he couldn’t even think. All he wanted was to touch, to grasp as much of Jimin as possible. He pulled him down, hand knotted in the hair at the base of his neck, sweaty chests gliding against each other. Jimin buried his head in the crook of his neck, biting the skin.

“Oh god,” He managed to say, his body tensed. Prickling feeling in his belly began to build with intensity, with every thrust he felt himself on the verge of pain and pleasure. He grabbed harder at Jimin’s nape, his other hand snaking between their bodies to pump at his cock. Yoongi babbled, words or nonsense he didn’t know, Jimin’s name mixed with curses and endearments.

Jimin sobbed, his lean muscles convulsing and from the constipated look on his face he knew he was close. His thrusts became wild and erratic, his voice broke as he came, riding it out with thrusts that were just at the right place with the right amount of pressure that Yoongi’s orgasm hit him almost immediately, body clamping down on Jimin’s cock in a way that made him cry out. Yoongi rode out his orgasm with his mouth open in a silent moan, back arched, limbs thrashing, occasional hiccup groans escaping as wave after wave crashed over him, hand pulling feverishly at his dick as cum spilled over both their chests.

Jimin waited for Yoongi collapse limply onto the mattress, eyes glazed and blissed out before flopping on top of him. It was hard to breathe but Yoongi didn’t mind as he carded his fingers through his dark hair, spasms shocking through his sensitive body. Jimin forced his arms underneath Yoongi’s back, tucking his head under his chin, hugging him closer. A long time passed before they could find their voices again.

“Holy crap.” Jimin murmured.

Yoongi hummed back, eyes closed, basking in the afterglow and the warmth of Jimin’s skin, feeling his dick soften inside him. There was something nice about way their bodies seemed to melt and fit perfectly into each other (god was he always such a sap?? he blamed it on the post-orgasm haze).

“So am I redeemed?”

“Hmm, I guess.” He was kind of disappointed he didn’t remember their first time, but he’d definitely remember this. He sniffed Jimin’s hair. He smelled good.
“Do you want to do this again?”

“You want round two already??” God. All Yoongi wanted to do was smoke a cigarette and take a nap. He was pretty damn satisfied. For once in his life sex was the last thing on his mind.

“No, I’m exhausted. I mean next time.”

“Sure. Maybe once in a while.”

“Really? So you wanna do that then?”

“Yeah seems fair,” Yoongi shrugged. And he knew that Jimin knew that Yoongi had enjoyed it far more than he’d ever vocalize but he was open to doing it a lot more often. Not only that but Yoongi liked that they were going to take turns, that kind of versatility made it easier for them to stand on equal terms.

“Fine by me.” Jimin kissed his neck.

They lay like that for a little while, until Yoongi felt too gross to not clean up. He smacked Jimin’s ass with his clean hand, “‘Kay lets clean up,”

They were already practically glued together by his cum which was super gross but Jimin didn’t seem to care. He rolled off him and off the bed, taking off and tying the condom wrapping it a tissue before tossing it in the trash under his desk. He disappeared into the bathroom to look for wet wipes. His back was red with scratches. Oops.

Yoongi grabbed a loose cigarette from the nightstand drawer, putting one between his lips. “Hey can you get my lighter?” He asked Jimin when he stepped back in. He pointed at the floor, “Should be in the pocket of those jeans,”

Jimin made a face. “Do you have to smoke?”

Yoongi rolled his eyes, “Just think of it as a complement, I just had mind-blowing sex and I need to cap it off with a smoke,”

He scoffed, bending down to pick up the pants, “Can you smoke in here?”

“Yeah just open the window. I do it all the time.”

Jimin walked over to pry open the stiff window letting in the humid early spring air. He tossed the lighter, saying nothing as Yoongi lit it and took a drag. He straddled him on the bed, wiping down his belly. Then Jimin offered him a wipe with which he cleaned his sticky hand. Jimin looked up at him flatly.

“I know you don’t like it. I’ll try to quit soon okay?”

“It’s not that I don’t like it. It’s not good for you.”

“I know.”

Jimin plucked the cigarette from his lips kissing him quickly before placing it back. “Okay,” He moved over to sit next to him, wiping himself down, and then burring himself under the sheets. He wiggled close, nestling in the crook of his arm and throwing a leg over Yoongi’s waist.

Yoongi flicked the ashes into an empty soda can, one of many discarded on the nightstand. He took a couple more drags feeling the smoke hot and heavy in his lungs. His other hand traced
invisible patterns on Jimin’s arm, feeling the other’s warm breath against his throat. He took a last deep drag, stubbing out the cigarette before breathing it out. Looking down, he found Jimin sound asleep.

He chuckled softly, closed his eyes and listened to the sound of their breathing for a bit until he began to drift off. It felt like only five minutes when a hand pawed at his cheek, disrupting him from his nap.

“Hyung, I’m thirsty,”

“So get up.” He grunted back.

“Too tired,” Jimin whined, “Please,”

“Excuse me, but I was the one who got fucked. Shouldn’t you be doing things for me?”

“Actually I did all the work,” Jimin shot back, “You just laid there.”

Yoongi snorts.

“Puhleezeee?” Jimin sang.

Yoongi huffed— he’s just unbelievable—and Jimin could tell he’d won. “For such an athletic person you’re a lazy bastard,” He couldn’t help chiding. Yoongi slid out from under Jimin’s weight. His joints popped, he was going to be sore tomorrow.

“Yay, thanks hyung!” Jimin clapped his hands.

Yoongi grumbled back like an old ahjusshi. He was doing this because he wanted to stretch his legs. Definitely not because he didn’t know how to say no to Jimin anymore. Nope definitely not that. He half-slid on an old pair of red converse that were lying around because he hated walking barefoot on the cold floor and limped to the fridge, grabbing a water and a coke for himself.

“I’m hungry too.” Jimin called out, “Got any kale chips?”

“No I don’t have any damned kale chips. All I got is three-day old sushi, your grandmas kimchi and—” He crouched lower, “—an union.” He closed the fridge in defeat. He really needed to go grocery shopping. “Want some ramen?”

“Do you know how bad that is for you?” Jimin shouted back, “It has so much sodium you might as well have a heart attack. Or kidney failure.”

“Well starve then, Jesus.” Yoongi rolled his eyes. Pre-meds.

He could hear Jimin whine in protest, “Hyung!”

“Lets go out then. Where do you—” He paused, frowning. There was a thud at the door and the jingling of keys. The door knob moved.

Fuck.

He sprinted, drinks still clenched in his hands, skidding into his room just as the front door opened. He slammed the door only to find his fallen converse pinned in the door frame. Yoongi kicked out the shoe, pulling the door closed and running about the room in a frenzy.

Jimin was bundled in the sheets, looking up at him like a startled puppy. “What—“
“Get up, get up, get up!” He whispered harshly, pulling off the sheets and shoving him face-first to the floor.

“Hey! Ow! Who—”

“I don’t know!” Yoongi rushed about the room in a panicked blur, throwing the wipes and box of condoms into a drawer and the lube under the bed while tripping over the various discarded objects on his floor.


“Hoseok.” Yoongi groaned quietly.

Jimin put his hands on his head, “Hyung! What should I—”

“Get dressed you idiot!” Yoongi interrupted, throwing him his briefs. Jimin struggled to put them on quickly, while Yoongi searched the room for his discarded shirt and track shorts.

Hoseok was just outside his door. “Hyung?” He called, suspicion in his voice.

“Damn it!” Yoongi exclaimed.

“Do I just walk out??”

“No! He’ll notice for sure.” Yoongi looked out the window for inspiration. Wait. That’s it. “Go out the window.”

“What!??” Jimin gasped.

Yoongi grasped him by the shoulders, steering him towards the window.

“Wait no, no!” Jimin’s hands clutched at the curtains.

“You’ll be fine we’re on the second floor--just make sure to land with you’re knees bent!”

There was a knock on the door. Jimin gave him a pained look but complied, putting his feet through to sit on the window sill in nothing but his underwear. There was another series of knocks.

“I’m coming!” He yelled at the door. “I’ll text you later.” He whispered to Jimin then proceeded to shove him the rest of the way out without warning. Jimin yelped, sliding down the awning and into the air, arms flailing the whole way down, and landing on his feet like a cat. Yoongi chucked his sneakers and clothes after him. The shoes bounced directly off his head throwing him forward onto the grass, the clothes fluttered down landing gently on his prone body.

He slammed shut the window. Jimin rolled over onto his back leveling Yoongi with a flat glare. Yoongi waved, flashing an apologetic smile before drawing the curtains. He turned around but suddenly reconsidered, sliding back the curtains and re-opening the window, throwing down the water bottle so it landed next to the as of yet unmoved Park Jimin. Without a second’s pause he closed the window and the curtains.

“I’m coming, wait a sec.” He called out again. Searching, he successfully found his sweats and pulled them on. He was about to unlock the door when his eye caught his reflection in the dresser mirror. On his neck was an enormous hickey the shade of grape soda and Yoongi swore he was going to kill Jimin if the fall didn’t. Thinking quickly, he wrapped one of his thick scarves around his neck and opened the door.
Hoseok narrowed his large eyes. “What were you doing?”

Yoongi flashed him a wooden smile, cheeks burning. “I don’t know what you mean.”

“I’m taking about you walking around the dorm naked except for red converse.”

Oh no. “You saw that?”

Hoseok nodded, stepping inside. “Yeah I saw your little butt before you disappeared into the room. You know, in all the years I’ve known you I’d never guessed you were a nudist.”

“I’m not a nudist.” Yoongi growled. “It’s just hot here.”

“But you’re wearing a scarf.” Hoseok pointed.

Yoongi blinked. “My, uh, throat got cold.”

Hoseok chuckled a bit, crossing his arms. “If you’re cold why don’t you put on a shirt?”

“I wanted to tan my chest. It’s very pale.”

Hoseok laughed, shaking his head. He seemed to find this it amusing rather than anything suspicious. “You’re tanning indoors?”

“Um yeah?” Yoongi was reminded of one of Jimin’s useless factlets from when he payed attention that one time. “About 8 in 10 skin cancers are caused by direct sun exposure.”

“Wow really? Where’d you learn that?”

Yoongi looked to the side, “Looked it up online.”

Hoseok raised his eyebrows, “I didn't know you were so health-conscious.”

God he’s killing him with all these damned questions. “Well who says I shouldn't start now right?” He snapped.

Hoseok nodded, slightly confused.

“So are you done cross-examining me? What did you want anyway?” Yoongi demanded wanting to shove him out the door.

“Oh,” He said, suddenly remembering. He moved to sit on the bed and Yoongi’s back stiffened. If only he knew what had occurred on that bed thirty minutes ago. He probably wouldn't come within miles of him or the bed. Better he didn’t know then.

Hoseok continued, “I just wanted to tell you that I passed my audition!! Jungkook and Taehyung passed theirs too so were going to be gone next week…” He drifted off, wrinkling his pretty nose. He sniffed and Yoongi felt his legs might give out.

“Is that...” He could smell it, the strawberry-scented lube. It’s over. He’s done. Say goodbye to his friendships and former life. “…cigarette smoke?”

Yoongi breathed out in relief. Thank god.

“Were you smoking in here? Hyung! If the smoke alarm goes off again we’ll get kicked out for good.” Hoseok scolded, leaving the room to retrieve a bottle of fabreeze practically bathing the room in it. “Smoke outside will you? You’ll set the bed sheets on fire.”
“Yeah you’re right.” Yoongi conceded too relived to put up much of an argument at the moment. He scratched his head, congratulating Hoseok on his audition and that he’d be out in a minute after he took a (much needed) shower.

Jimin was pissed off at him for most of the next day after that, but he forgave him because he always did.

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They were announced, the huge crowd cheered, chanting their names. Word had spread about their new diss and everyone had come out excited to see the top three rappers spit fire to the new beat.

The three huddled close, making eye contact and bumping their fists together. Yoongi was the first to hop on stage and the crowd cheered louder at their entrance. He grabbed the mics from the DJ passing them to Namjoon and Hoseok. He adjusted his snapback and pulled his bandana up over his nose, the mic firm in his grip. He felt so pumped, so fucking ready. Yoongi surveyed the crowd but couldn't find Jimin in the sea of people.

The beat exploded from the speakers and the crowd went wild. They soaked up all that energy, bouncing around, half-crazed and without inhibitions as they let the music flow through them. Namjoon’s verse began, starting them out strong. He huffs his verses into the mic, riding with the rhythm and playing with the beat as the other two pace the stage, pointing and urging on the crowd. Namjoon moves casually about, totally in control, winking as he weaves clever word-play and throws witty jabs, finishing off his diss with several lines of pure english and the crowd screams.

Hoseok flows in seamlessly, showing off his skill, teasing the crowd as he speeds up his words and then slows down, his words always falling in harmony with the beat. His rap is coy. He paces about the edge of the stage to peer at the crowd, his body swinging in cadence with his words. He infuses what he says with pure energy and it feels like the club might be literally on fire. Yoongi catches sight of Taehyung in the crowd, dancing so hard he might just break his neck, Jungkook beside him pumping his fist enthusiastically in the air, Seokjin is holding up his phone to record and yet still screaming along with the crowd. Then there he finds Jimin, eyes bright with a burning fire, bobbing his head, face scrunched into a scowl, feeling the beat so hard. When he catches sight of Yoongi he smiles, sticking his tongue out. Yoongi smirks. Hoseok growls out the end of his rap.

Then it was his turn to finish them hard. Yoongi cuts out his words, sharp and precise like the edge of a knife. Namjoon and Hoseok are there, backing him up and echoing his words. The crowd is bouncing, their cheers seep into his veins and the lights flash across his eyes. He swaggers across the stage, sweat dripping, eyes always going back to Jimin’s and he seemed to burn brighter with every glance. He pours everything he has into these verses, rude comments and relatable frustrations about saying a giant fuck you to anybody who ever thought less of you or didn't believe you could become anything greater.

The anger and sheer power, pour through his mouth as his lips move progressively faster, and this is what he excels at, this is what he lives for, as the words come out faster and faster but never blurring together or loosing their force. He spits his rap until his body starts to cry out for more air, but he goes on, pushing past his limits as he goes to the very end the beat crashing at that very moment. He heaves in that desperate breath for air and then starts to laugh because fuck yeah, he did it. The crowd cheers so hard he thinks he might go deaf and it was so amazing to be up here, he thought he would like to do it forever. He glances at his friends, they smile at him wearing his same euphoric expression and he knows they can feel it too. They wave, throwing their arms over
each other’s shoulders and just soaking in their applause.

After a while, Namjoon and Hoseok start to make their way off stage, leaving Yoongi to stand there alone. Yoongi pulls the bandana from his face, waving his hand to urge them to be quiet. They rowdy crowd goes silent almost immediately, it makes his skin tingle.

“So how’d you like that?”

The crowd yells in response.

“Oh yeah?” Yoongi nods. “Good… So, ah, as some of you may know, I’m releasing my mixtape today. Worked very hard on it. My guys over there are handing the cd’s out,” Yoongi points to Seokjin and the others. “Hoseok and Nams are also helping me out with that, so go to them if you want a copy. As you’re probably all wondering, yes this song is on there. Its called the Cypher and I’m really glad my boys and I could work to put that together.”

Yoongi clears his throat, easing his mic into a mic stand. “Ah. Before I hand this mic over, I’d like to do one more song. Its a lot different from the usual here, but its also very dear to my heart. A good friend of mine helped me put this together. Its really all thanks to them that this was even possible.” He smiles.

He motions to the Dj to start and the melody plays, dark and moving. Jimin’s voice starts the chorus, somber and almost haunting. The crowd stares transfixed as Yoongi starts his rap, closing his eyes and infusing it with feeling and regret as Jimin’s voice echoes in the background, complimenting his steady voice. He talks with colorful imagery and poetic symbolism about realizations and changes, a melancholy awareness of the impermanence of things, the gentle sadness at their passing as well as a longer, deeper sorrow about this reality of life: how nothing is permanent and everything is always changing. How you spend most of your life racing to catch up and then its over. He grasps at the mic tightly, his rap ending perfectly full of meaning and heartache as Jimin’s voice finishes with a final falsetto and a crescendo of the melody.

There’s a moment of utter silence, then the crowd erupts into stunned applause, utterly moved by his performance. Yoongi grins tightly, eyes searching the crowd for that one face. He spots him, smiling with a shaky smile, stealthily wiping away stray tears as his friends cheered loudly beside him.

Yoongi bows gratefully. As soon as he jumps off stage he’s swarmed by the crowd, complimenting his music, his performance, the lyrics, begging him to sign their cd. It takes a while for Yoongi to thank all of them and when he finally makes it back to where his friends are, all busy, several people crowding around them to get a mixtape. Yoongi had burned two hundred copies, and at the time that seemed more than enough, but now it seemed like they were quickly running out of what little they had.

Jimin saw him as he handed out the last cd. He rushed over, giving him a quick hug that was over much too soon, but Yoongi knew here of all places the eyes were all on him and image was everything. He greeted his friends as they made their way towards him, their boxes all empty of their previous contents. They compliment his song as well as Jimin’s singing, gushing about the amazing diss track and their crazy performance. Yoongi laughs, smiling so much his cheeks hurt.

“Oh! Excuse me.”

Yoongi turns around. It was a man in his late thirties, dressed expensively and with an air of professionalism. He certainly stood out from the rest of the people here. He offers his hand and Yoongi takes it, giving it a firm shake. He gives his copy of the mixtape and a sharpie for Yoongi to sign.
“That was good.” The man compliments. “Did you produce that track?”

“Yes, I did.” Yoongi writes down his signature, handing back the cd.

“Well, then, you're quite talented. You might have some real potential in the business.” The man offers out his hand again, but this time holding a business card. Yoongi takes it, reading a name and the words* Talent Scout* written in bold under it as well as a phone number.

Yoongi gapes at him, open-mouthed.

“I'd still have to show this to my boss, but I think you've got the skills, Min Yoongi. Call me if you're interested.” The man disappears into the sea of bodies before Yoongi can react and he just stays there, frozen, wondering if all that wasn't just some hallucination. But no, the card was there, still in his hands. He glances around at his friends in shock.

“Holy shit!” Namjoon exclaims.

“You just got scouted! Oh my god!” Hoseok jumps up and down.

Taehyung gasps. “No way!”

“Wow hyung!” Jungkook gushes. “You're going to be famous.”

“Congrats, Yoongi-ah,” Seokjin grins fondly.

Jimin giggles, cheeks a happy cherry red, his smile as bright as sunshine.

Unable to contain his joy, Yoongi breaks out into a scream, waving the card around. The others join him, swarming to crush him in their embrace and Yoongi thinks this just might be the best day of his life.

“Drinks are on me!” He yells and they all cheer as they race towards the bar. They drink chattering happily and Yoongi can't keep himself from grinning over at Jimin for constant reassurance that* fucking yes* this was real.

They hit the heated dance floor soon after that, moving joyfully to Chaerin’s performance, hearts soaring. Yoongi gets lost in the sounds, buzzed on alcohol and lets himself go completely, not even caring how he looks as he dances about with abandon. He watches Jimin move in the red light, body moving in sink to the music and Yoongi can't help but think how he'd just love to ravish him right now.

Jimin motions that he's going back to the bar to get more drinks with Seokjin. Yoongi nods and continues to dance along to the trap beat, occasionally bumping into other bodies on the crowded dance floor. A girl approaches him, moving a long with him. Yoongi smirks at her and she smiles. They dance together and it seems like the bodies are crowding them closer and closer together because pretty soon her ass is brushing against his thigh as she grinds back into him.

He catches sight of Jimin making his way back through the crowd towards him. His expression turns from giddy to murderously dark once he sees Yoongi and the girl. Jimin turns on his heel, enveloped in the crowd. Oh, fuck. Yoongi brushes her off, following him. He can't find him and it takes Yoongi a while, searching around desperately. He finds Hoseok and Seokjin at the bar.

“Have you seen Jimin?” He asks breathlessly.

“He was just here a second ago.” Seokjin replies. “Said he didn't feel too good. He went to the bathroom. Probably drank too much, poor thing.”
“You should check on him, hyung.” Hoseok suggested.

Yoongi nods.

“Text us if you need help.” Seokjin says, getting up. “We’re going back to dance.”

Yoongi watches them go, then heads to the men’s bathroom. He knocks on the locked door. “Hey, Jiminnie. You feeling okay?” He asks meekly.

The door suddenly wrenches open and he's yanked inside.

“Bastard.” Jimin growls as he slams Yoongi back against the door, fists gripping his shirt. He didn't seem sick at all apparently. It was all just a ruse to get Yoongi somewhere private. Though he was very angry judging by the way he was scowling at him.

Yoongi tries to explain, eyes wide with surprise, meeting Jimin’s stony gaze. “Jimin, Im sorry. I don't know how it happened, we were just dancing—”

“Did her ass happen to fall into your hands?” He growls. Jimin was too close, blurring out the rest of the world. Heat radiated off of him, burning Yoongi’s skin. Jimin’s intense gaze bored into him.

“Are you jealous?” He couldn't help smirking, Jimin’s expression just got darker. “Look, baby, there's nothing there. She’s just a nobody at the club. It doesn't matter.”

“It matters to me!” Jimin’s aggression had caught him off guard and now the younger seemed to tower over him, while Yoongi felt really small. Yoongi couldn’t come up with a way to react, his senses over flooding his brain with Jimin’s smell, Jimin’s voice turned rough with anger, Jimin’s warm body pressing into his, Jimin’s fists bruising his chest, Jimin’s breath caressing his face, Jimin’s eyes trained hard on his, and just Jimin, Jimin, Jimin. Yoongi was drowning in him.

“Why?” Yoongi’s heart beat galloped hard in his chest, his fingers digging into Jimin’s strong biceps.

“You're mine!” His warm breath fanned across his face, tickling Yoongi’s lashes. His voice was hard and deadly like his expression. “And I hate having to pretend that you're not. I hate having to watch other girls climb all over you and pretend it doesn't matter to me.”

There was a spark in his veins and a fire burning in his chest at his words. Yoongi blinked, a blush burning across his cheeks. “Jimin…” He rasps out.

Jimin crashed their lips together before he could say more. Yoongi moaned, pulling him closer. It was sloppy, desperate kissing, only pulling away to gasp for breath before crashing together again. His smell clouded Yoongi’s brain, his knees going weak with each lick into his mouth, heat pooling in his belly.

“Its only you, baby.” Yoongi murmurs against his mouth, fingers threading in his hair.

Jimin’s hands began to wander, roaming over his back and down his sides until he reached the hem of his shirt. Yoongi gasped at the feel of his warm hands against his flat stomach, leaving his skin burning with every touch.

“I want you to remember how good I can make you feel.” Jimin nibbled his collarbone and Yoongi groaned tightening his grip on his locks. “That I’m the only one that can make you feel like this.”
Fuck, Jimin—” His mind short-circuited when Jimin suddenly falls to his knees before him, undoing the button of his leather pants.

There’s a tiny voice in the back of his head that tells him doing this here, in the bathroom of a seedy club, with his friends and fans just a door away, isn’t a good idea. But he was drunk on alcohol as well as his lust for Jimin and he found himself throwing his worries to the wind as Jimin licked the head of his flushed cock.

Yoongi groaned. His eyelashes fluttered as Jimin’s tongue moved slowly down his length, his eyes never leaving Yoongi’s face. He felt hot all over. He sealed his mouth around his dick, taking him into his warm mouth. Yoongi threw his head back, letting out a chocked moan, hands tugging on his hair. He always loved how pretty Jimin’s lips looked with his cock in his mouth.

He pulled back much too soon, licking his lips and meeting Yoongi’s heated gaze, hands playing with his balls. “Fuck my mouth. Fuck it till all you feel is me.”

Yoongi panted. “Jinmin, whaa—”

“Just do it.”

He shakes his head feebly. “I-I dont wanna hurt you.”

“I love the feeling of your thick cock down my throat.” He flashes him a wolfish grin, “Haven’t you learned that I like it a little rough?”

Yoongi exhaled shakily, fingers tightening their grip on his black locks. It was amazing how Jimin could turn a switch and turn from cute and innocent to sexy and aggressive. It was like getting whiplash, but in a good way.

Jinmin stuck out his tongue, circling the head teasingly. Yoongi bit his lip, his hands curled into his hair and pulled him back down. Jimin moaned in encouragement, sucking him in, not stopping even as he chocked. Yoongi lost all control, his breath fast and ragged, pressure building in his belly, as he jutted his hips forward.

The muffled music of the club mixing with the filthy sounds they made as Yoongi pounded in and out of the wet ring of his lips, Jimin’s deep moans around him as he pushed deeper into his throat, and Jimin’s gasping breaths when he managed to breathe around him while he buried his nails into Yoongi’s thighs urging him to move faster.

“Baby, I’m—” Yoongi sobs, feeling himself close to shattering.

Jinmin takes him in deeper and hums around him, the vibrations around his cock was the tipping point. His thrusts stutter and he groans low. His head hits the wall, his mouth opens in a silent gasp, eyes fluttering as his cum poured down Jimin’s throat. His hands fall away as Jimin swallowed it all down eagerly.

“You're mine.” Jimin murmurs hoarsely into his hip.

“Yeah,” Yoongi agrees quietly. His legs give out and he slides down to the floor. He reaches for Jimin and their lips meet. He kisses him gently, tasting himself on his tongue. Yoongi presses his forehead to his, thumb tracing circles into his neck. “You okay, baby?”

Jinmin shrugs, wiping the spit from his chin. “Jaw’s sore. But I feel good.” He laughs a bit, lips red.

Yoongi gets up on wobbly legs, tucking his dick back into his pants and pulling Jimin up with
him. He loops Jimin’s arm over his shoulder. “C’mon. If you’re not feeling good I should just take you home.”

Jimin frowns before comprehension dawns on him. He smirks, eyes bright as he leans on him heavily. “You gonna take care of me?”

“All night, baby, all night.” Yoongi squeezes his ass playfully, then opens the door, the din of the club washing over them.

***

“Okay, okay, so,” Namjoon begins, talking over everyones chatter. The conversations die down and they all turn to look at him. He holds up his beer. “Just want to say a quick congrats to Yoongi-hyung for getting scouted, I always knew you had the makings of a real star! And also to Hoseok and the maknaes on qualifying for the national dance competition. I've got some pretty talented friends.” He flashes a dimpled smile. “Oh and good luck to Jimin on his medical exams, he's gonna pass for sure!”

“Hear, hear!” Seokjin grins.

“Cheers, everyone!”

They all raise their beers, clanking the bottles together. Yoongi took a big gulp of his drink, then leaned back contentedly, looking over at the Han river stretched before them. They'd gone downtown to walk along the river with two packs of beers and some fried chicken to enjoy the city lights reflecting off the river at night and just hang out. Yoongi was sitting on a bench, with a pack of beer between him and Hoseok, the chicken had already been voraciously devoured. Seokjin was on the bench beside theirs. Taehyung had his head leaning on his shoulder, a rowdy Jungkook sitting on his lap, arm looped around his shoulder. Namjoon and Jimin were perched precariously on the railings at the river’s edge, laughing and sipping their beers.

Jimin looked so beautiful, giggling and haloed by the twinkling city lights. The swell of emotions inside him were so intense, it positively scared him. All the things he felt were just too immense to process, so he shoved them down his throat like he always did and gulped down more of the beer.

Jungkook teased, “Jiminnie hyung, you're going to be my doctor right? Take care of all my wounds.”

“Sure,” Jimin smirks. “I'm going to still charge you though.”

“Not even a friendly discount, Dr. Park?”

Jimin shrugs, a smile playing on his lips.

“Wow, Dr. Park. Sounds so official.” Seokjin grins.

“Um.” Jimin hesitates, the smile falling from his lips. “I actually don't know.”

“Don't know what?”

“…If I'll be one. My professor has been giving me suggestions of other things I could do that don't necessarily mean going to medical school.”

“You don't want to be a doctor?” Hoseok asks, surprised.

“No, not anymore.” This was news for Yoongi. He knew that Jimin was having a tough time,
but he hadn't told him any of this. Yoongi didn't want to stress him out by asking about it too much and Jimin hadn't brought it up. It had been his decision to make anyways regardless of what Yoongi thought. Though it seemed he was telling him now, because his gaze fell on Yoongi every once in a while before flitting back to the can in his hands.

“It took you the end of your pre-med to decide this?” Namjoon frowns.

“Well pre-med isn't a degree. I just majored in biology with a psychology minor.” Jimin states matter of factly.

“You're only taking the MCATs for your dad.” Taehyung concludes. Most of them knew Jimin was doing this for his family.

Jimin smiles sheepishly. “Until I can figure out what to tell him.”

“So what will you do?” Yoongi asks, fixing Jimin with a concerned gaze.

Jimin grins and shrugs. “I think I'll figure it out. It beats being stuck in something I don't like and being unhappy.” He was echoing Yoongi’s words from before, when he’d first confronted him about all this, and all Yoongi could do was shake his head softly in disbelief.

Yoongi couldn’t help but ask, “What made you change your mind?”

“I was talking with Auntie the other day, and she said that what would make them the happiest was seeing me do what I wanted in life, not what someone else wanted.”

“Your aunt is a very smart lady.” Namjoon murmurs.

“Well, pass or fail, doctor or not, were proud of you Jiminnie.” Trust Seokjin to get sappy. The others murmured in agreement.

Yoongi laughed softly to himself, suddenly so relieved. Jimin was going to be okay.

“You could've still gone to nationals if you wanted to.” Jungkook states, shifting in Taehyung’s lap.

“No, this was a recent decision. But I'm not upset. I can always go next year right?”

“Of course!” Hoseok declared loudly. “We can do a duet dance!”

“When do you guys leave for that?” Namjoon asks.

“We’re taking the train tomorrow morning.

“You're gonna win, right?”

“Oh yeah! We’re kicking ass!” Taehyung gushed.

Hoseok pointed at the pair. “Jungkookie and Taehyungie’s routine is very good!”

“I want to see it!” Seokjin demanded.

The two immediately hopped up. Jungkook counted out the beat and the two moved together in perfect synchronization. The dance looked difficult, it involved a lot of jumping around and sharp finishes and it looked like it required lots of endurance, but the two were less than breathless once they finished. Taehyung flashed his square smile as everyone clapped their applause.
“Very good.” Yoongi compliments.

“It is.” Jimin agrees with a sunshine smile.

“Hey so did you call the scout guy?” Seokjin asked Yoongi suddenly. Taehyung and Jungkook plopped down beside Seokjin again, with Jungkook sitting on Tae’s lap. Jungkook picked up his feet, throwing his legs over Seokjin’s lap, so he was effectively laying over them both.

“Oh, yeah. We’re going to meet after I graduate and talk about ‘my potential’. I dunno what that means.”

“Maybe its a good thing!” Seokjin smiles, pulling Jungkook’s legs higher into his lap so they won't slide off. “I'll really miss working with you at the restaurant though.” He pouts.

“Yeah, who else is going to trash talk the customers wardrobe selections with you?”

“You did that?” Taehyung asks, “You didn't talk about me right?”

Seokjin ignores him. “Make sure to stop by when you're famous. The restaurant could use a popularity boost.”

“'When you're famous'” Yoongi repeats. “You guys all say that like its inevitable.”

“Because it is!” Hoseok bleats loudly. “You better put in a good word for me along all your celebrity friends.”

“I don't have any celebrity friends.”

“Oh but you will!” He wiggles his brows.

“He’ll probably score some really hot celebrity chicks too.” Namjoon predicts.

“Girls never can resist the rappers.” Taehyung winks.

Jungkook laughs.

“You better save some pretty ones for me, yeah?” Namjoon tilts his can towards him. “Never forget who it was that helped you reach the top.”

Yoongi rolls his eyes.

Hoseok laughs. “But hyung already has a girlfriend…” His eyes widened as he said that. He clapped his hand over his mouth. “Crap. I wasn't supposed to say that!”

The others jumped on that snippet almost immediately.

“What!”

“No way!”

“Girlfriend?!”

“Hyung has a girlfriend??”

“Who is she??”

“Yoongi-ah! Why didn't you tell me??”
“Hyung!” Hoseok cried, voice muffled from the hands still clasped over his mouth. “I'm so sorry, it just slipped out!”

“Doesn't matter! You let it out, now you have to tell!” Taehyung insists, wrapping his arms around Jungkook’s waist as he leaned forward to peer at Yoongi.

Yoongi felt his heart thunder in his chest, his expression turning deadly. He resisted glancing at Jimin when he asked, “Hoseok, what makes you think—”

“I know it was supposed to be a secret, I'm sorry.”

“How… what…?”

“I’m your roommate. You think I wouldn't notice you sneaking around all the time? And you're actually washing your bedsheets now and cleaning up your room and you're music has gotten ten times better! You're working out now! And I swear I wasn't snooping around, I was just borrowing a cd but I knocked over a bag that had mascara and tampons in it and Yugyeomie said you were talking on the phone with a girl a while ago while at the store. And then the other day I caught you walking around the dorm naked and acting all funny, and I know those things on your neck aren’t bruises, so don't try to deny it!”

Shit.

Hoseok continued. “I-I don't know why you're keeping her a secret! She must be amazing because you’re so much happier now and sometimes you just stare off into the distance smiling like they do in the love movies so it must be really special girl!”

“I knew something was up.” Seokjin murmurs, grinning.

The others nodded in agreement, their eyes all trained on him for a response, a confirmation, the promise of an introduction. Jimin was staring at him with an intense gaze, and Yoongi knew this was it. This was the moment he'd been putting off for so long, it was time to admit their relationship. It was only a matter of time, really, before this would have to happen.

“Well, is it true, hyung?” Namjoon prods. Jimin shifts beside him.

His heart is thundering in his ears and he feels like he might be hyperventilating and all their gazes were trained on him bearing him down and scorching his skin and the words blurted out of him.

“Yes. I have a girlfriend.”

“Wow!” They all exclaimed except for Jimin who remained as stiff as stone.

Taehyung grins. “I bet she’s real pretty!”

“She… she is.” Yoongi says feebly, feeling weak. His eyes flitted to Jimin’s unreadable expression, his eyes hard.

“What's her name?”

“Um, her name is…” Yoongi began and just then Jimin threw his can of beer to the ground, jumping off the railing with a snap and storming away, leaving everyone shocked and surprised.

God, Yoongi was such a fucking coward.

“What the—?” Namjoon begins.
Yoongi sprints off after him, running desperately fast to catch up. “Jimin! Jimin wait!”

“Fuck you.” Jimin spits over his shoulder, walking even faster down the abandoned riverwalk.

Yoongi pulls on his shoulder, wrenching him to a stop. “No! S-stop! Jimin I’m sorry. I don’t know why, I just couldn’t say it! Im sorry.”

“Im done with your excuses, hyung.” Jimin shrugs him off.

“W-wait.” Yoongi sidestepped into his path, blocking him. “I cant! I don’t… I don’t know what you want from me!”

“I want more!” Jimin screams, face contorted with rage. “I want more than what you're giving me!” He heaves a shaky breath. “I want to be able to wake up in your bed on sunday mornings. I want to hold your hand without you pulling yours away whenever someone walks by! I want to kiss you when I want, wherever I want! I want to go on dates and spend the whole day with you without having to come up with an excuse to everyone else! I want to not have to hide or lie anymore! I want more than what this is right now!”

“J-Jimin,” Yoongi stutters, reaching for him.

Jimin steps back. “You say you don’t give a shit about what other people think, but you do! You care so fucking much! Why?! They don't matter! Me, your friends, they matter! But you're too afraid to even tell them!” He sighs, running a hand through his hair. “It was supposed to be you and me against the world, but I guess we really aren’t in this together. I cant do this anymore. I cant be your dirty secret. I cant pretend you don't mean anything to me. I cant.” He tries to step around him.

“No,” Yoongi shakes his head, putting a hand on his chest. He feels like he's drowning. “No. Don’t. I need you.”

“Do you really?” Jimin asks dully, eyes lifeless. He scoffs. “What are we even doing anymore? I mean. What even am I to you? Just a fuck buddy?” He pulls Yoongi’s hand from his chest. “I cant accept that anymore.”

“You're not. You're… you're my best friend. You can’t…” Yoongi’s throat tightens. “I… I…” The words get lodged in his throat.

Jimin smiles bitterly, tears spilling gently from his eyes. “Goodbye, Yoongi.”

“Jimin, no. Jimin.” Yoongi calls out weakly as he watches Jimin walk away. He tries to stumble after him, but his legs aren’t working, tears blur his vision. He grips the railing, choking down a sob. Jimin was gone. He could barely breathe.

He reaches for his cigarettes with trembling fingers, putting one between his lips. His finger struggles with sparking the lighter. After the fifth try, Yoongi growls in frustration, throwing the lighter into the river. He spits the cigarette from his mouth. Then he chucks the rest of the pack into the river.

“Fuck!” He screams. “Fuck!” He buries his hands in his hair, pulling on the roots painfully as tears stream down his face. He clasps onto the railing, leaning on it as he puts his face in his hands. “Fuck me!” He sobs. He cries, feeling his heart breaking, the lights of Seoul’s skyscrapers twinkling in the distance.
When he finally stumbles back to the dorms the next morning, Hoseok was already gone. He flops onto the couch, staring numbly at his phone. He had various missed calls from all of them. Except for Jimin. Yoongi dials his number, but Jimin didn't pick up.

Trust Yoongi to fuck things up again.

He screams into a pillow.

***

“Jimin.” Yoongi pounds on the door of his dorm. “It's me. Please let me in.”

“Go away.”

He thunks his head against the door. “Please, baby, don't shut me out.”

He doesn't respond.

Yoongi sinks down to the floor, sitting by the door for hours until the RA came to kick him out.

***

Today was Jimin’s MCATs test. He tried to call him, to stop by his dorm, but Jimin continued to avoid him. He was graduating, would he ever see him after that? Yoongi was at the end of his rope. He felt like he was about to crack.

***

“Yeah?” There's the sound of music and loud speakers in the background.

“Hoseok.”

“Hyung! I've been trying to get a hold of you! What happened?”

Yoongi sighs into the receiver and Hoseok seems to put two and two together.

“Is there something going on between you and Jimin?” He says gently, no disgust or revulsion in his voice like Yoongi expected.

“He's mad at me, I don't... I don't know what to do.” Yoongi chokes back the sudden tears. “I think I love him.”

Hoseok is quiet for a long time.

“Then tell him, you idiot.” He finally says.

“I—”

“Look, hyung, I gotta go. I'm performing in a couple of minutes. I know you can do what's right.” He hangs up, and Yoongi is left staring numbly at his hands.

***

“Here, do you like these?” Seokjin held up several shirts and some sweaters, the kind Yoongi usually liked, but today only glanced at to feign polite interest. Seokjin was being nice enough to take Yoongi out after work in an attempt to distract him from his crumbling life. Too bad it wasn't working.
Seokjin knew he and Jimin were fighting and he was probably suspicious that there was something more going on but he didn't pry and Yoongi was grateful because the last thing he wanted to do was answer more questions.

Yoongi just nodded, taking the clothes and walking with Seokjin to the fitting rooms. He tried one or two on but couldn't bring himself to like any no matter how long he stared at the mirror. He gave up, throwing off the shirt and plopping shirtless onto the velveted chair while he waited for Seokjin to try on his assortment.

“How’s it going?” Seokjin called out. Yoongi could hear the jangle of the clothes hangers and the thumps of Seokjin’s elbows against the walls as he changed in the small space.

“Good.” He lied. Sighing deeply to himself.

“Let me see one!” He heard the door to Seokjin’s stall open. Soon he was knocking at the door.

“Wait, gimme a sec.” Yoongi scrambled to put on the shirt again amidst Seokjin’s protests that he was taking too long. “I don’t think I like this one.” Yoongi said in an attempt to sound involved.

When he stepped out Seokjin gave him an odd look, clad in a pink pullover and white shorts. “That doesn’t look right.” The collar was nearly choking Yoongi and the logo was missing. Seokjin reached under his chin finding the tags. “You’re wearing it backwards. Didn't you notice?”

“Ah.” Yoongi murmured, drawing his arms from the sleeves and moving it around without taking it off. “That makes sense. Looks nice.” He said quietly, looking in the mirror.

Seokjin gave him a knowing look, seeing right through his fake enthusiasm. “Do you want to go home?”

Yoongi smiled a bit and nodded relieved that he wouldn't have to keep this charade for another hour. Seokjin shook his head. “You should buy that pullover, hyung.” Yoongi offered by way of consolation. “It looks good on you.”

“Hmmm.” Seokjin responded noncommittally, closing the door to his stall.

Yoongi sighed again, staring out the boutique’s large windows to watch the bustle of people on the streets. Then he spotted a face in the crowd, the same one he saw every time he closed his eyes. Who during these past four days, had always been at the forefront of his mind, polluting his dreams and ruining all his favorite songs, making him a wreck of yearning and regrets.

Yoongi bolted out of the store ignoring the yells of the store manager. He threw himself onto the streets barely glancing at the cars as they honked and swerved to avoid him. He reached the other side shoving past people on the sidewalk, his heart exploding in his chest, sprinting as fast as he ever thought possible as though his life depended on it, and maybe it did because a life without Park Jimin in it was one he couldn't imagine living.

“Jimin! Park Jimin!” He yelled out, people were staring but he didn't give a fuck as he yelled louder.

He seemed to hear him, looking around before stopping suddenly. Yoongi wasn't able to stop fast enough and he bulldozed straight into his back, sending them both tumbling onto the sidewalk as Jimin yelped in surprise.

“Are you okay?” Yoongi asked frowning in concern, still on top of him.
Jimin rolled onto his back under him, his expression turning from annoyance to surprise to confusion to something indiscernible. “Hyung?” There was a scrape on his chin. Yoongi apologized profusely, wiping away the gravel and the blood. Jimin pushed his hands away, “Yoongi, what—”

“Jimin, just listen I’m…” Yoongi grasped his face. Here he was, tangled with another man on the sidewalk in the middle of a busy street, people staring as they strode past. A year ago he would’ve been absolutely mortified, but now, as he gazed into those beautiful brown eyes all he could bring himself to be ashamed of was of how such an idiot he’d been.

“I’m sorry. Sorry for being ashamed of you, sorry for everything. I’m such a fucking idiot and I’m sorry and….” He’d imagined what he’d say in his mind a million different times in a million different daydreams but every single one forgotten in light of Jimin’s presence.

He was here, breathing under the weight of his body looking at him with bewildered eyes, a slight blush creeping on his cheeks and the waves of emotion crashed over him. Instead of holding them in, he destroyed the damn letting the words flow past his lips.

“God. Park Jimin, I love you. So fucking much, sometimes I feel like I don't have enough room in my chest. Just thinking about you makes me so unbelievably happy. Just loving you has changed me for the better in so many ways and you’ve taught me so many things. I love you, Jimin. You’re such an incredible person and I won’t ever deserve you not in my whole entire life but I love you.” He took in a shaky breath. “And I know that after all the shit I’ve done to you I cant ever expect you’d still feel the same, but if you could ever forgive me….” He drifted off. “I’m not perfect, at all. I’m actually a pretty fucking horrible person. I don’t even like myself.” Yoongi laughed bitterly. “But I like who I am when I’m with you.”

There was a pause. Jimin just blinked up at him, his face decidedly redder.

Yoongi kept going. “I suck at relationships. I suck at expressing my feelings. I’m messy and obsessive and moody and being with me is going to suck at times. We wont be perfect. I probably wont be able to make you as happy as you deserve Park Jimin, because you deserve all the happiness in this entire fucking world and someone a thousand times better than me. But if you could ever give me a chance… I would try every day to make you as happy as I possibly can, it wont be enough it, I wont be enough, but I’ll still try every single fucking day because I love you Park Jimin. And I want to be with you.”

Yoongi breathed out feeling like a weight had been lifted from him. He’d finally confessed. Now all he could do was wait for a response. His heart thundered in his ears as Jimin’s stared, taking it all in. It felt like an eternity and Yoongi just wanted to be put out of his misery. There was no way Jimin was going to take him back, but still the hope persisted despite Yoongi’s attempts to smother it. But why would anyone as great as Park Jimin want someone as damaged as him? Jimin would shove him off any second now and Yoongi would never see him again but at least he knew how he felt and Yoongi thinks he could try to live with that. Yoongi started to pick himself off Jimin, ready to walk away when strong fingers wove themselves into his hair and pull him down into a passionate kiss that made the world spin so fast that he needed to grasp at Jimin’s shirt to keep from flying off.

“You are enough. You’ve always been more than enough.” Jimin whispered, touching their foreheads together.

“You… You still…?” Yoongi felt giddy. Was this just a wonderful dream?

Jimin laughed, sweet and bright. “I’ve loved you all these years, I certainly cant stop now.”
Yoongi laughed cupping his face and pecking loving kisses on his forehead, eyelids, cheeks, paying careful attention to his battered chin while Jimin giggled and he could feel tears of joy prickling at his eyes because this was real. He was Jimin’s.

Suddenly there was applause and cheers. Both of them looked up, startled to find a crowd gathered around them. The people were smiling, whistling and congratulating them, witness to their reconciliation. They quickly disentangled themselves, both turning bright red with embarrassment. Yoongi kept a grip on the back of Jimin’s shirt, not ready to let him go for a single second even under the scrutiny of half of Seoul. Some girls were quipping that the display was better than all the dramas on TV, while others giggled and the men chuckled. Others had their cells out recording their dramatic confession that would no doubt make its way back to the university but Yoongi couldn’t particularly bring himself to care about that, not when Jimin grabbed the hand at the back of his shirt to hold in his warm hands. Jimin bowed, apologizing for their indecency.

Yoongi analyzed the crowd and everything he’d imagined about coming out publicly—the glares of disgust, insults and hatred—none of that was present and as cynical as he was Yoongi couldn’t help but be a little amazed at humanity. He smiled a little.

He spotted Seokjin in the crowd giving him this sappy grin and Yoongi groaned internally because he was going to have to hear Seokjin recount this story to anything that moved with certain embellishments added to boot. Seokjin seemed to notice what he was thinking and gave him one of his awkward winks and Yoongi knew his friend was happy for him.

A cop burst through the crowd with the store manager not far behind. She was pointing at Yoongi looking absolutely pissed.

“Oh crap.” Yoongi groaned. Jimin looked startled, squeezing his hand tighter.

“Sir,” The officer began, resting his hands on his belt. “The woman over there is accusing you of stealing her merchandise.”

“Hyung?” Jimin gasped along with the crowd who seemed to have drawn closer with the appearance of the officer.

“Well, uh— I didn't mean to, I swear.” He said in defense of himself but even he knew it sounded weak.

“But you still ran out of the store with a shirt you didn't pay for, regardless.” He said gesturing towards the price tag that hung from the sleeve.

“I dont want it! Here, have it back— ” Yoongi began to take it off, but the officer stopped him, raising a hand. “Or I can pay for it??” Yoongi begged.

The officer shook his head. “Im afraid not, sir. That particular item is worth 300,000 won.”

Yoongi’s eyebrows shot up and he turned to glare at Seokjin who just waved apologetically.

The cop unclipped the handcuffs from his belt. “Im going to have you detain you for petty theft.”

Jimin let go of his hand reluctantly and the cop handcuffed Yoongi whist the crowd gasped and booed. “Wait this has to be a mistake.” Jimin protested. “Yoongi…”

Yoongi didn't say anything. There was nothing that could be done in his defense and insisting would make it worse. So Yoongi just shrugged and smiled reassuringly, “Want to go out for coffee later?”

Jimin blinked, a grin playing across his face. He nodded. The officer began to lead him away. Jimin suddenly jumped forward, grasping his face and kissing him hard, the crowd whooping in
“Alright boys, disassemble before I arrest you both.” The officer grumbled without much bite.

Jimin stepped back, the tips of his ears red and a goofy smile on his face. His hair was mussed up and there was still some dirt on his chin but there was this bright sparkle in his eyes and Yoongi couldn’t help thinking how beautiful he was. He didn't take his eyes off him, peering over his shoulder as the officer dragged him off.

“See you later hyung!” Jimin called after him, laughing.

Yoongi was smiling even as the officer placed him in the backseat. As the car drove off the crowd waved. Yoongi raised his handcuffed hands and waved back best he could locking eyes with Jimin at the edge of the sidewalk and an indescribable joy washed through him (in the back of a cop car of all places.)

“That your boyfriend, huh?” The officer asked, peering at him through the rearview mirror.

Yoongi laughed, smiling. “Yes. Yes he is.”

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Chapter End Notes

Hey, If you made it all the way down here! Thanks so much for reading this long-ass fic. Funfact: its longer than the other two combined lolz.

Sorry if its a bit meh at parts because I really wanted to be done with this before I go back to school.

HOWEVER ITS NOT OVER YET. im thinking of adding on an epilogue in the next couple of days to wrap things up a little better and there will be a TWIST *gasp* so stay tuned for a little longer.

Also, what was your favorite part? It can be smutty, fluffy or funny im just curious.

Anyways remember I love you and yoonmin loves you too<3
An Epilogue (and a Twist!)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Yoongi spent a couple hours in lock up until Seokjin convinced the store owner to not press charges. Jimin was waiting for him when he got out and joked that he now had a convict for a boyfriend. Yoongi just rolled his eyes and kissed him again. He made good on his promise and they spent the afternoon at Yoongi’s favorite coffee shop and holding hands on the table.

Jimin passed his exam with one of the highest scores possible and while he wasn't interested in applying to any medical universities, Yoongi could tell he was proud with himself. He eventually mustered up the courage to call his father with Yoongi holding his hand the whole time for support and told him of his plans to become a dance therapist for children with special needs. Yoongi liked that idea. Jimin was always good with kids.

His dad took it well. He said he was sorry to ever make Jimin feel pressured into doing what he wanted and that it had never been his intention. “After your mom, all I ever really want is for you to be happy with yourself, son. Don't worry about us. We’re happy just seeing you grow and live your life.” He’d said.

Jimin started crying and his father cried with him and Yoongi couldn't help but cry too as he watched and it was probably the most emotional thing he's ever seen. God he’d’ve been so glad to have a father as great as Jimin’s. After a moment Jimin also confessed his orientation as well as his current relationship with Yoongi. His father was quiet for a while. Then he said, “I love you Jimin thats all that matters to me. Bring Yoongi home with you this summer break, we’d love to see him again.” Jimin just sobbed in relief.

When nationals was over and the others came back victorious, Yoongi and Jimin gathered them all together and told of them of their relationship. They just rolled their eyes and said this confession was long overdue. They’d all had their suspicions for a long time and were glad that they’d finally sorted it all out so things could go back to normal.

It was surprising. Everything Yoongi had expected about coming out, the resentment, the rejections, hadn't come to fruition. It was hard, yes, especially when people he wasn't close to found out, but it wasn't world shattering and he realized he’d just been blowing it up in his head and overthinking it all this time. It felt good to not have to worry and hide anymore, to be free to be who he wanted and do what he wanted and to let Jimin hold his hand in public and kiss him whenever he felt it.

They even had lazy sunday mornings now. Jimin would spend weekends or whenever he wasn't busy with class at Yoongi’s new apartment that was purchased with the money he’d earned from his producing job at the record label. He was good at his job, and there were whispers of a job transfer to L.A, or even rumors of letting Yoongi publish his own rap album. But for now, Yoongi was just fine where he was, waking up in his boyfriend’s arms, sometimes fucking him rough and passionately, sometimes Jimin making love to him slow and lovingly, sometimes just spending the whole day napping and watching tragic love movies.

He loved Jimin. He loved him so much, every blush, every giggle, every smile, or teasing quip. And his heart soared every time Jimin said he loved him back and he’d ask him to say it again and Jimin would giggle and say it again just to spoil him.

Yoongi graduated in the early spring and all his friends were there to see him walk the stage. It
was all very overwhelming, but once he felt the weight of the diploma in his hands, he realized he really fucking did it. Jimin came out of nowhere afterwards to envelop him in a spine-crushing hug that whooshed the breath out of him.

Afterwards they all went to celebrate at the Basement. They sat on the worn black couch in the corner, each with a drink in hand, giggling about the valedictorian’s horrible speech. Jimin leaned a head on his shoulder, cradling Yoongi’s hand in his lap, seemingly happier than he’s ever been.

Jiwon and Hanbin came over with smiles on their faces.

“Congrats on your graduation!” Jiwon says.

They notice Jimin, and instead of throwing him off or pulling away his hand as he would've done before, Yoongi just holds him closer.

“Hey, I’ve seen you around a lot but I don’t think we’ve been introduced.” Hanbin says to Jimin.

“Oh.” Jimin smiles. “Park Jimin. Im—”

“He’s my boyfriend.” Yoongi butts in.

“I’m Hanbin.”


They shake hands.

“You two look good together.” Jiwon comments, flashing his squinty eyed smile, never one to shy away from speaking his mind. Hanbin nods in agreement.

“Thanks.” Jimin grins back.

“Are you staying to watch our performance?” Hanbin asks.

“Sure,” Yoongi smiles.

Their faces light up. “Its gonna be so cool, you're gonna love it!” Jiwon gushes.

Yoongi laughs and they rush away. His newfound sexuality seemed to be overshadowed by his newfound fame as a producer for a label. And also there was so much acceptance among the progressive youth of Seoul. It wasn't all easy, there were always ignorant people and they always made their opinions known even though no one asked, but they were in the minority. Yoongi could handle their scrutiny, he found. And his friends always had his back.

Somehow the conversation went back to Yoongi’s recent arrest (for like the hundredth time). They just couldn't stop laughing about it, as if he hadn't gotten enough shit already considering the video spread through social media like wild fire.

“You should’ve seen the way Yoongi just sprinted out the door! I’d never seen him move that fast, ever.” Seokjin recounts.

Hoseok laughs.

“Okay but the real question is why was Jimin walking downtown in the first place?” Namjoon wonders.

Jimin shrugs. “I just wanted to take a nice long walk to clear my head. I didn't think…”
“Didn't think Yoongi-hyung would come out of nowhere to tackle you in the middle of the street?”

Jimin chuckles, “No, I didn’t.”

“So you had no idea where hyung was and you just randomly decided to take a walk that just so happened to pass by the store he was in?”

“Yes, why does this bother you so much?” Yoongi grumbles.

“Just the sheer coincidence! Its fate!”

“Maybe.” Jimin flashes him a small smile.

Yoongi rolls his eyes, sceptical as always.

“Anyways, we’re just glad you guys finally worked things out. You're a great couple.” Hoseok grins at them.

Seokjin agrees. “You two were always really close, so I couldn't say I wasn't too surprised. I hope you're happy together.”

“You two are so cute!” Taehyung exclaims.

Yoongi starts to blush. “Thanks guys—”

“So have you done the no-pants wang-tango?” Taehyung asks suddenly.

He sputters.

“Tae! You cant just ask people that!” Hoseok scolds.

“I can’t?”

“No!”

“Oh sorry.”

“Hey Tae,” Jimin calls. He winks at him, nodding and wiggling his eyebrows towards Yoongi.

“You have?!” Taehyung gasps.

Jimin smirks. “Lots.”

“Okay. Shut up now.” Yoongi orders, turning red as the others laugh.

“Ah, Yoongi hyung! I miss having you as my roommate!” Hoseok pouts.

“I still see you almost every day.” Yoongi says flatly.

Hoseok pouts even more. “Its not the same.”

“I miss you too.” Yoongi comforts. “But not too much.”

“Oh you're such a dick.” Hoseok complains, laughing.

“Actually, I might be the new roommate.” Jimin announces.
“Really?” Seokjin asks.

“Yeah, I might be moving in.”

“Wow, you two are really serious.” Namjoon says, amazed.

“Well, it’s not official yet.” Yoongi corrects. “But it’s one of the things were going to talk about with Jimin’s family when we go down to visit before the trip.”

“I still can believe you’re going to Paris this summer!” Taehyung leans his head onto Jungkook’s shoulder, looking off into the distance dreamily.

“That’s so cheesily romantic.” Namjoon comments, flashing a dimpled smile.

“Are you sure I can’t tag along?” Seokjin jokes.

Jimin shakes his head, grinning as cuddles closer to Yoongi.

He caught Jungkook giving him that odd look again, the one that made him feel like he had something on his face. He’d been doing it so much more often lately. And he’d been really quiet so far. Jungkook quickly flits his eyes away to stare at the ground. What even was that?

“Okay. But I just gotta ask. When did this all start?” Namjoon asks, gesturing towards them. “Not that I’m not happy it happened, I’m just really curious.”

Jimin perked up, a crooked grin on his face, “Once, two summers ago, I was passing a the ball during a basketball game and it hit hyung straight on the head—”

“Not that far back.” Yoongi shakes his head, smiling at him fondly.

Jimin giggles. “I know I was just messing around.”

“Well?” Seokjin prods.

“It all really started on Jungkook’s birthday.” Yoongi began. “We went out for drinks, remember?”

“Oh yeah I remember that.” Hoseok recalls. “You came back super late and you were acting all funky,”

“You guys had an argument or something right?” Namjoon asks.

“Not quite. We… actually, while we were drunk we slept with each other.”

Hoseok gasps, “So that’s why you didn’t speak for months!”

“Yeah. It was kind of my fault. I was having… trouble coming to terms with it.”

“Of course you would.” Seokjin deadpans.

“Why didn’t you just tell me what happened!” Hoseok demands.

“I was… I was too scared.” Yoongi explains. Jimin squeezes his hand comfortingly.

“Wow, I can’t believe you slept with each other out of nowhere like that!” Namjoon shakes his head.
“You can’t believe it? Imagine how I felt!” Yoongi chuckles. “So—” He continues.

“It didn’t happen!” Jungkook blurts out suddenly, face red.

Jimin frowns. “What?”

“It didn’t happen that way. Not the way you think.”

“What are you even talking about—”

“You didn’t have sex that night.”

“Jungkookie?” Taehyung looked at him questioningly.

Yoongi gave him a level stare. “Jungkook, what are you saying.”

“I’m sorry it was supposed to be a stupid prank, but then you took it so seriously, I didn’t know what to tell you and then you started seeing each other so I didn’t even know if I should just let it go or just tell you but I feel so guilty I just needed to say it.” Jungkook rushed out so fast the words blurred together.

“Okay.” Yoongi says evenly. “Just tell me from the top, what the hell are you talking about??”

Jungkook gulped. “W-when we were drinking, we were already really drunk and I got angry—”

“Why?” Jimin cut in.

“Because you told Taehyung about the noona and last Christmas and it was stupid, but I was drunk and embarrassed so I wasn’t thinking straight. We really did lose Taehyung, that part was true… but you didn’t lose me. We made it back to my dorm and you two passed out on Jimin’s bed, which is why you can remember anything…”

Yoongi blinked, feeling his whole body start to go numb.

Jungkook continued. “So I thought at the time it would be a funny joke to make it look like you slept together, just to mess with you. I’m really sorry! I meant to tell you but…”

“But, the cum on my stomach… the strawberry lube…?” Jimin mumbles, eyebrows lowered in confusion.

“That was eggs.” Jungkook cleared his throat. “I broke raw eggs on your stomachs and pulled you clothes off. The lube was mine, I smeared it on. I went to Hoseok’s after. I didn’t remember what I did until the morning. And then, I lied.”

Everyone was shocked into silence.

Jimin blinked, eyes wide. “Oh my god. So we never…”

Jungkook flushed with regret. “I’m so sorry.”

“Kookie how could you!? That’s so evil!” Taehyung gasps.

His expression turned murderous. “Jeon Jungkook, I swear I’m gonna kick your ass.” Jimin threatened.

“Wait, why do you have strawberry lube?” Seokjin interrupts.
“I… uh.”

“Well??”

“Tae… Taehyung and I use it for when we…”

“For when we mess around.” Taehyung finished, without any embarrassment or remorse.

*Oh my fucking god.*

This was unreal. Yoongi felt like he was floating, in another dimension, flying into outer space, because he just couldn't fucking believe this.

“You-you two are…” Hoseok’s jaw fell slack. “Why didn't you…?”

Taehyung shrugs. “Didn't think it was anybody else’s business. Besides, weren't we being really obvious a lot?”

“I mean, yeah but I never thought…”

“This is so shocking.” Seokjin clasps a hand over his mouth.

All along these two were fucking, and they were being so obvious about it and no one else ever even suspected. It was like a blindspot or hiding something in plain sight. Unbelievable.

“So… so you're dating too?” Namjoon asks. God, this was such a gay fest. When did this become such a gay fest???

“No,” Taehyung frowns. “We’re just friends, but we mess around sometimes. Its not a big deal.”

“You're friends with benefits.” Seokjin clarifies.

They both nod.

“Well, fuck.” Jimin says bluntly.

Yoongi stiffly gets up, walking on wooden legs towards Jungkook, his face scarily blank, hands curled into fists at his sides.

“W-wait, hyung, don't do anything!” Jimin stutters out, reaching out to stop him but Yoongi just brushes him off.

“Hyung… I know you're angry right now… I’m sorry I’ll make it up to you I swear!” Jungkook begs, certain that his end was near.

Yoongi clasps hard onto his shoulders, staring him down. Jungkook looks terrified, almost certain he's about to be mauled into a pulp. Taehyung, sitting beside him, looks reasonably concerned as well.

Then just as suddenly, Yoongi envelops him into an airtight hug, crushing the air from his lungs. “Thank you, thank you so fucking much.”

“Uh… okay? You're welcome?” Jungkook wheezes out.

“I love you, Jeon Jungkook.” Without getting that certain push, Yoongi would've never ever realized his feelings for Jimin. Jungkook had been their matchmaker in a strange, roundabout way.
“Thanks?” Yoongi lets him go and Jungkook gasps for air.

He rushes back to a bewildered Jimin, kissing him silly because, wow, he was so beautiful and he just loved him so much. Jimin holds him close and he tastes just like warm sunshine and lazy naps on sunday afternoons and the satisfaction of spitting a rap perfectly without mistakes, like future promises and countless days spent together, like everything that had ever made him happy and everything that might make him happier still.

Everyone erupts into laughter, because sometimes this life was just so ridiculous.

And sometimes it was just perfect.

Chapter End Notes

omg this monster of a fic is finally done!! I actually wrote this fic backwards. I knew how I wanted it to end and how I wanted to start it but not the middle. I think I got a little carried away LOL but I finally arrived in a roundabout way to the end and Im afraid the twist lost its power a little bit?? But *shugs* Im pretty happy with how it is.

I also didn’t mean to put the side taekook in there but my friend (ugotnobams) pointed out to me what great chemistry they have and I couldn't resist slipping them in as the second surprise! Hope you like it G!!<3

This wasn't originally supposed to be longer than a two shot but whooomp. I only read smutty one shots before writing this but I was possessed (by a demon or by my love for yoonmin who knows??) so i just wrote down everything I ever wanted in a yoonmin fic for myself but Im so glad other people seem to like it too. As my first ever fic I wasn't sure how good it would be.

I think I’ll write other things in the future but not for a while, I'm so burned out (I literally spent days doing nothing but writing) and uni is starting next week so I need to get my shit together, but can always find me on my twitter, @minyoongz

tldr; Thank you so much for reading this long thing. I hope you had as much fun reading my story as I had writing it. Id like to make a shoutout to anyone out there who struggles with their sexuality, or who struggles with what your parents want/expect you to be or even what society wants/expects you to be, you're not alone.

Ok I should stop preaching.

And as always, yoonmin is precious please always appreciate them and the rest of bts<3

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