

Seven Minutes, Seven Seconds

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Seven Minutes, Seven Seconds

by [headlessbaroness](#)

Summary

“Do that again.”

“Do what again?”

“Look at my mouth like you want to kiss me. You do that often.”

or,

Park Jimin is a cheerleader. Jeon Jeongguk is the rival school's all-star quarterback.

The tension between them is clawing at everyone's throats.

Jeongguk's brother decides to give them a little push.

Seven Minutes

Chapter Notes

Hi, hello.

This is my baby *Seven Minutes, Seven Seconds*. To be completely honest I have no idea how this story came to me or even when I started writing it. I was like “oh, I might start a new story!” and suddenly they’re with me 24/7. For the past four (almost five!) months, these two have been a part of my life and I’m really excited (utterly terrified) to share them with the world. I did my best to jot down the shenanigans of these two idiots in love, I hope you enjoy reading their story! ♡

p.s. [Show Me - Alina Baraz](#) is the song Jimin mentions as his favourite. It was on repeat the whole time I wrote this. I encourage everyone to give it a listen, it sets the whole mood!

Not beta read, all mistakes are my own. Please **do not** translate nor repost any of my works.

This story is a work of fanfiction. Names, places, incidents and events are products of the author’s imagination or used fictitiously.

Edited on October 6th, 2023. Fixed typos and missing tags.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

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When Yoongi pulls the bestfriend card on Jimin, he knows what the fuck he’s doing.

He knows Jimin is weak for his little pout and glassy eyes ever since they became friends, years ago, when Jimin was in high school. That’s how Yoongi convinced him to go to Namjoon’s birthday party *and* get ready for it at his flat—a large student condo on the outskirts of the UCLA campus.

Jimin doesn’t mind that Yoongi attends his rival school but, being who he is, Jimin avoids being on enemy grounds as much as possible. That’s why he shows up in a large nondescript hoodie that hides his newly dyed hair—he dyed it back to black last night—, backpack with clothes and toiletries slung behind his back.

He should’ve known there was more to it than just having a little get-ready-with-me bestie moment when Yoongi told him to be there around 5PM, stepping out of the elevator to a hallway smelling

heavenly of baked goods, loud music bleeding through the walls. He types in Yoongi's door code and the second he steps inside—

“Don't you dare say anything,” Yoongi screeches from behind a mountain of flour, eggs and cocoa powder. “I'll disown you if you do.”

“Wasn't gonna,” Jimin laughs bemusedly, toeing off his sneakers by the door, hurling his backpack onto the couch.

Yoongi is baking brownies because Namjoon isn't getting a cake for his birthday, and Yoongi *insists* a birthday is not a birthday without cake and that's why he's baking them—*not* because brownies are Joon's favorite dessert and Yoongi is madly in love with him.

And, as his best friend, Jimin is summoned to help with the not-a-gift gift. *Easy*. It's nothing compared to all the shit they went through growing up, or the countless times Yoongi saved his perky, mischievous ass from trouble. Well, what Jimin *didn't* expect was to spend an hour elbows deep in batter, an utterly ridiculous amount of brownies cooling on the counter, the flat reeking of chocolate and vanilla.

The sun set an hour or so ago and they're still here, Yoongi Wonka and his little Jimin Oompa Loompa, listening to a (quite good) playlist called *Gods of Sex* when Yoongi's phone lights up with a call, the letters KNJ blinking on the screen above Namjoon's smiling picture. He snatches it up with dusty fingers, using his shoulder to hold the phone tight against his ear.

“Hi, Joon.”

Jimin can faintly hear Joon's voice on the other side, not enough to make out the words, just that he's talking at an ungodly speed, as usual;

“Yes, almost done. It's the last batch—I told you I would do it, you can't *not* have cake,” Yoongi huffs, nudging Jimin aside to open the preheated oven. “Yeah—don't ‘hyung’ me, brownies count as cake.”

Jimin snorts, crossing his arms over his chest as he observes Yoongi's fair skin progressively turn a bright shade of red the more Namjoon speaks. The older boy, usually cool and nonchalant, turns into a blushing shy mess next to Kim Namjoon—President of the UCLA Student Council, broad chest and legs for days, as sexy as his brain; Jimin likes to call him Mr. IQ 148.

“I know we're late—yes, Jimin's here already.”

“Hi, hyung!” Jimin shouts behind a genuine smile.

Yoongi smiles like a lovesick idiot. “Joonie says hi.”

Jimin rolls his eyes at him good-naturedly, gagging, wishing nothing more for them to just kiss already.

“Yeah, I know. I...” Yoongi shoots Jimin a small reassuring smile, pointing at the timer as he moves away for privacy. “I thought—yeah, I *know*. But I think people will be respectful. No—I think it's gonna...” is all Jimin hears before Yoongi's shutting his bedroom door, cutting him out.

Jimin tries to focus on the batter he's supposed to be working on, accidentally adding more walnut chips than necessary, but it's not like he cares—his mind is elsewhere, the extra crunchiness is the least of his concerns. The phone call going on behind the closed door is more worrisome. They're definitely talking about him. But again, who isn't?

The video of Jimin nearly tearing the UCLA star player to shreds during the intercollege games last weekend is an online hit.

Hottest gossip.

Newest scandal—

Park Jimin, of USC's cheer squad and Jeon *fucking* Jeongguk, Bruins quarterback and official UCLA heartthrob, going at each other's throats during halftime.

It's an amazing video, really.

Jimin in his skimpy red get-up, pom-poms hanging from his wrists, a thick vein protruding from his neck as he yells as many insults as he can. And then there's Jeongguk, drenched in sweat, eye black running down his cheeks as he stands his ground, getting all over Jimin's face.

Jimin was simply talking to a photographer he recognized from previous games who was standing near the Bruins pitch and Jeongguk *fucking flipped*, saying Jimin was there to eavesdrop on their coach's instructions and tactics. As if he would stoop so fucking low—fucking Bruins, Jimin hates each and every one of them.

And to make things even better, as if Yoongi attending UCLA on a scholarship wasn't enough, he's now harboring the bane of Jimin's existence: Jeon Jeongguk himself.

Kim Seokjin, Vice President of the Student Council and star TA currently working on his masters is Yoongi's actual flatmate. He's outstandingly handsome and obnoxiously funny—an incredible person, really. But then he asked Yoongi if his little protégé could take his room while he's in New York and Yoongi accepted. Said Jeongguk needed to 'breathe some fresh air', whatever that means.

Jimin cursed Yoongi to the moon and back for even thinking this was a good idea, but his friend promised they'd never ever ever cross paths. So far, so good. Not that he cares or anything. Jeongguk can go fuck himself—Jimin won't stop seeing his bestfriend because the dimwitted asshole lives here for the time being. But now the place has all these bits and pieces of Jeongguk *everywhere* and it's annoying.

"Asshole," Jimin mutters under his breath, stirring the batter with brusque, irritated flicks of his wrist. It's so *irritating* how Jeongguk took over the flat even if he's barely been there for a week—why would he bring his own UCLA mug and why is it in Jimin's line of sight—*there*, sitting smugly on the drying rack amongst Yoongi's beautiful glassware. It's just as atrocious as he is, who the fuck drinks out of the university's merch mug? Tasteless. No wonder he's so self-centered. And rude. And conceited. And arrogant. And egotistical and and—and—and Jimin wonders how he can walk without tripping on his ginormous ego, the fucking *prick*.

The Spotify algorithm somehow detects Jimin is about to implode thinking of Jeon Jeongguk and switches to one of his favorite songs. The low, sultry melody and lewd lyrics immediately ease the frown marring his features, a small smirk tugging at the corner of his lips as he starts to sway his hips to the beat, licking some leftover batter off the spoon.

The party will do him good. Though an *UCLA* party is far from ideal after what went down at the stadium, getting high and drunk is a much needed distraction.

"Let's spice this one up."

Jimin flinches, startled by Yoongi's low voice and heavy hand on his ass. He turns around, arching

an eyebrow at his friend, pushing the spoon deeper into his mouth only to slowly drag it out with an audible pop. Though he's been exposed to Jimin's flirty antics for years, Yoongi's eyes still follow the movement, naively caught in the trap. When Jimin bites his lips victoriously, Yoongi shoves him aside with a grumble, setting a bottle of Hennessy on the countertop.

"Where did you even get this?" Jimin asks amusedly, reaching for the discarded cork seal, chucking it into the trash behind Yoongi. "You only drink whiskey."

"Jeongguk got it as a gift after winning the game," he answers, popping the bottle open with dexterity, whacking Jimin's hand away to pour a decent amount of liquor over the batter. "He's not gonna notice."

Jimin beams at the idea of stealing from *him*, so he snatches the bottle from Yoongi's hands and takes large gulps straight from the bottle, making sure to wrap his lips tight around the bore.

It tastes like triumph.

Yoongi rolls his eyes as he adds a bit more flour to the runny batch, expertly stirring it back to the correct consistency. Jimin pries one of his hands off the bowl, pressing the bottle into his palm, "Drink up, hyung."

"I'm driving," Yoongi protests, pushing Jimin away.

"Just a sip," Jimin insists.

"Are you trying to get me inebriated?"

"*Please*," Jimin scoffs, "it takes way more than a sip of cognac to get you wasted, hyung."

They're silent for a moment, Jimin stealing a few more sips while he watches Yoongi spread the last batch onto the buttered tray, eyes quickly checking the timer for the one in the oven—five more minutes.

"You can go shower if you want," Yoongi offers, quickly collecting and dumping all the dirty utensils in the sink, "I'll finish it up."

Jimin hums, setting the bottle down after a final sip. He grips the edge of the counter firmly, bending over with a grunt to stretch his back. And if he dips his spine a bit more than necessary so his ass pops up beautifully... no he doesn't.

"Okay," he sighs. "I need time to doll up—gotta look super hot."

"You always look super hot," Yoongi drawls, voice laced with a lazy cockiness.

Jimin lifts his head, looking up at Yoongi through his lashes, "I know, but I'll be *your* backpack. And if we're pulling up to a UCLA frat on your bike, it requires extra dedication."

"Oh, look at him using biker slang and all. Spoke like a pro rider."

"You've had several opportunities to see it for yourself," Jimin teases back, scanning Yoongi from head to toe, giggling when Yoongi tosses a kitchen towel at his face. He pulls back, a grin on his lips as he snatches it off the floor. "I think I'm gonna change playlists," Jimin groans, "we should listen to something more tame."

"Why? It's getting you in the mood?" Yoongi cackles, reaching for the heat-resistant mitts when

the timer goes off.

“Are you even listening?” Jimin whines as he rounds the couch, reaching for the remote on the coffee table. “The BPM in this one is the *perfect* rhythm to have a dick railing your—”

“TMI!”

Jimin laughs out loud at that, fidgeting with the SmartTV remote as he flips through the music app. “Don’t be a prude. You’re acting as if I’ve never sucked your—”

There’s a small rustling followed by a *beep* coming from the entrance and surely, a second goes by before the front door swings open. And there, standing in the doorway, is Jeon Jeongguk.

Jimin freezes.

The hallway lights are sharp against his silhouette, but it can’t be anyone else. The cool, cocky stance of a boy who spent a lot of time in the principal’s office during senior year—sitting slightly on a hip, shoulders rolled back, a loose hoodie teasing the lines of his muscles. His deep black hair seems much longer now that it’s not in a game-ready ponytail, curling behind his ears, still seemingly soft to the touch. A pair of black track pants clings to his thick thighs, the soft fabric matching the cozy cotton of the sleeves pushed up to his elbows, exposing the veins running down his arms.

Jimin pivots on the spot—heart slamming against his ribcage, blood rushing so violently in his ears he’s surely about to black out. He notices the slight change in Jeongguk’s posture when he realizes it’s Jimin standing there.

And it’s like swallowing lava, the way Jeongguk’s knuckles turn white around the doorknob. He already looks a bit frazzled—windswept hair, flushed cheeks and glazed eyes, still a bit breathless, the helmet in his hand a clear indicator he just parked his YZFR6 downstairs.

Like a curse, Jimin feels his brain flood with intrusive thoughts—fantasies he can’t control, flashes of his own fingers reaching forward, fisting Jeongguk’s hoodie to pull him inside, door slamming shut as he presses Jeongguk against it, a small *oof* of surprise escaping his lips—images of Jeongguk flipping them around, grabbing Jimin by the waist, his hands holding onto him instinctively.

“Can I kiss you?” he’d whisper, exasperated. And Jimin would lol his head back, unfocused eyes finding his uncertain ones. And he’d nod ever so slightly, fisting his sweatshirt tighter to egg him on, their lips crashing in a desperate kiss. Jeongguk would grip the hair at the back of his neck, fingertips pressing into his roots as Jimin arched into his touch, his own fingers busy grazing the curves of Jeongguk’s torso. And the younger would press further into his body, a hand sneaking down to hitch his leg up and around his waist—

Jeongguk closes the door with a small kick, another small *beep* announcing it’s properly locked.

“Baby boy scouts having fun?” he sneers instantly, eyeing the trays stacked on the countertop with sheer disdain, assessing the situation he walked in on. “How much for a dozen?”

Yoongi, who’s been silent, lets out a small noise of confusion, clearly taken aback by Jeongguk’s attitude. Though Jeongguk and Jimin have a history of being nasty to each other since their—*forced*—reunion, he’s never been disrespectful towards any of the hyungs.

“You could’ve opened a window, hyung. It fucking reeks of this shit,” he snaps at Yoongi, pushing aside the things on the counter, setting the helmet down with a harsh thud. His keys and wallet

follow.

“It’s just brownies, Jeongguk,” Yoongi snaps back, reaching out to steady a tray that Jeongguk pushed a bit too close to the edge.

Jeongguk huffs in response, turning his attention to Jimin, “The fuck you doing here?”

Jimin bristles, his unwanted fantasies now revolving all possible ways he could unalive Jeongguk. “I could ask you the same thing.”

“I live here.”

“Oh, right. Forgot you’re a parasitical freeloader.”

“Rich, coming from USC’s little *cheerleech*.”

“Why’re you so pissy, Jeonggukie?” Jimin pouts mockingly, eyebrows drawn up in faux worry. “Shoved the plug so far up your ass it’s clogging your throat?”

The brewing tension boils when Jeongguk takes two long steps, shoes and all, caging Jimin against the back of the couch, breathing down on him with burning eyes.

“I don’t give a shit if you’re older than me, *Jimin*. Disrespect me like that again and we’ll see what happens.”

“Who would’ve known it’s brownies that get under your skin.”

“Shut your mouth.”

“Thought you’d like it wide open.”

For a brief moment, something wicked flashes through Jeongguk’s eyes. His eyes flicker down to Jimin’s lips, the vision of Jimin’s mouth hanging wide open going through his mind at lightning speed. But then his fingers curl around Jimin’s hoodie in a tight grip, pulling him closer.

Jimin flinches. Even at the field, they never got physical.

“Maybe that’s what I should do,” Jeongguk growls, his breath hot against Jimin’s lips. “Stuff your mouth full until you *shut the fuck up*.”

“As if your dick is thick enough,” Jimin fires back, aware he’s basically dousing himself in gasoline near a blowtorch. His eyes burn from holding Jeongguk’s eye contact, heart beating wildly as the reality of what he just said sets in.

“Who said I was talking about my dick?” Jeongguk smirks, fist tightening on Jimin’s collar, forcing his head back ever so slightly. Jimin looks up at him with defiance, pupils ringed by a beautiful light brown glow. “That’s your first thought, Jimin-ssi?”

And Jimin is speechless. He can’t help but look at those doe eyes, now darkened with a glint of contained violence, hair parted messily and hanging over them. Jeongguk’s glare is hostile, so different from the sweet boy Jimin sees with his friends. His eyes burn, a knot in his throat as he stares into Jeongguk’s eyes, pupils shining brightly, holding galaxies in them. He glances down at the mouth downturned in a snarl, watching Jeongguk’s tongue dart out to wet his lips, waiting for the next insult—

But Jeongguk doesn’t say anything.

He just steps back, letting go with a flourish. He toes off his sneakers, chucking them towards the entrance hall. They smack loudly against the wall, falling haphazardly on the floor after leaving small rubber streaks on the white paint.

The shrill of the timer going off in the kitchen makes everyone flinch, the jarring sound cutting through the thick tension in the air. Inhaling sharply, Jeongguk shoots Jimin a last deathly glare, storming towards the balcony, sliding the door shut behind himself.

Jimin stands there frozen until Yoongi, who's been standing there speechless, breaks the suffocating silence.

"Minnie?"

Jimin heaves, unaware he'd been holding his breath, nervously pulling at his sleeves when Yoongi arches an eyebrow at him, flabbergasted.

What the fuck just happened?

"I'll go shower now," Jimin says, snatching his backpack off the couch.

Yoongi nods numbly, eyes darting towards the balcony doors and back to Jimin, "He said he wasn't coming home, Jimin-ah. I had no idea—"

"It's okay, hyung." Jimin interrupts, hugging the backpack closer to his chest.

"Still—"

"Just finish your goddamn lovesick brownies for your crush, you idiot," Jimin grunts, a tiny smile resurfacing on his gloomy features.

When Yoongi splutters indignantly, turning his back on him to hide his flushed cheeks while mumbling something about people imagining things, a flash of gold catches Jimin's attention, eyes darting to one of Jeongguk's jerseys thrown over a dinner chair.

It's been clearly abandoned there after practice—the light blue fabric is covered in mud and grass streaks, *JEON 13* written in gold letters.

His face lights up, the most stupid idea popping into his devious head.

Jimin bites his lip, trying to stop the demonic grin from spreading across his face but to no avail.

Oh.

It's evil as fuck.

Will make it worse.

Possibly to a life-threatening level of worse, but Jimin can't stop himself—nothing fuels him more than getting under Jeongguk's skin, than seeing the cracks on his good boy façade.

A quick glance towards the balcony—Jeongguk pacing outside like a caged beast. He seems furious, gesturing wildly while talking on the phone. Jimin can almost see the smoke wafting off of him.

Good. The little demon over his shoulder taunts him, urging him on. Jimin is weak. There's no tiny angel to counteract the temptation.

That's why Jimin, backpack in hand, bypasses the bathroom towards the ensuite.

Being the oldest, Jin got the ensuite by pulling the hyung card on Yoongi when they got the apartment shortly after graduating from undergrad. Not that Yoongi minded, they rarely had anyone over, preferring to hang out at the frat house or some other place. Jimin, Yoongi's *best friend*, had been to Jin's room only once or twice.

It doesn't look that different from Yoongi's. It's the same queen bed, same dark gray sheets and black furniture as the rest of the flat, but traces of Jeongguk's presence are all over the room already.

A massive suitcase sits open on the floor by the dresser, Jeongguk's gym and football gear scattered around the room. Jin's gaming chair disappeared under a heap of clothes, Jeongguk's school books gathered neatly on the corner of the desk, the PC running on standby.

Jimin grins devilishly, beelining towards the open bathroom door, quickly locking it behind himself. Not that Jeongguk couldn't tear it down with his bare hands but—

“No fucking way.”

If this is how archeologists felt when they uncovered the pyramids of Giza, Jimin understands their elation. Jin's large marble sink, usually empty save a few staple hygiene and skincare products, is completely covered in expensive sheet masks, creams and cleansers. An absolute ode to self-care.

“And he used to make fun of me for freaking out over sunscreen, fucking hypocrite,” Jimin curses, setting his backpack on the closed toilet lid. When he reaches out to turn the shower on, his eyes fall on something large and shiny on the shelf—a Dyson hair dryer. Jimin cackles delightfully, reaching out to run his fingers over the chromed equipment sitting prettily in its matte black case. Jimin knew the disheveled sex hair was carefully curated. He *knew it*.

Feeling giddy at all the newly acquired blackmail, Jimin shrugs off his clothes, feeling the air steam up around him, the bathroom starting to smell faintly of something sweet, the mirror fogging up on the corners.

A soft sigh escapes his lips as he steps under the stream, letting the scorching water sooth his muscles, cascading down his body. The past days were both physically and emotionally challenging and the turmoil took quite a toll on his body. Doesn't stop him from snooping around Jeongguk's shower, though. Jimin's hell bent on using every product, purposefully misplacing them on the shelf so Jeongguk notices.

He lathers his arms and torso, inhaling the sweet scent of Jeongguk's expensive body wash as he bends down to reach his legs. It smells faintly of peonies and amaretto, sweet and gentle but surprisingly sexy. How ironically fitting. Though he hates Jeongguk's guts now, Jimin isn't blind. There's a reason Jeongguk is as popular and desired as he is—he's really fucking hot. And smells fucking heavenly.

As Jimin runs his hands down his body, washing away the lather, it dawns on him that he's going to Joon's party smelling of Jeon Jeongguk. Everyone's gonna recognize it. Well, it's a sacrifice he's willing to make if it means Jeongguk's usual doe eyes will morph into the ones of a demon, hard and piercing and directed at him.

If it means another chance to get under his skin.

So Jimin lets himself bask in the sensations of numb lightness, deflating under the soothing water,

the hot stream running freely as he shampoos his hair, working out the knots in his scalp, strands soft and silky. He allows himself a moment to truly relax, not think or feel anything else other than the water running down his back.

The illusion shatters when a loud blow nearly rips the door off the hinges.

“What the fuck you think you’re doing?!” comes Jeongguk’s muffled voice, “Get out of my bathroom. Now.”

Oh, he’s mad. Jimin smiles wickedly, unable to hold back the awfully villainous laughter that echoes around the bathroom.

“It’s Jin hyung’s, actually!” he replies cheekily, rinsing the remnants of shampoo.

“Get the fuck out.”

“I know you think you own the world and all but—”

Another loud bang, another kick. The doorknob rattles nonstop.

“Get out!”

“I don’t think so, *Jeonggukie*,” Jimin sing-songs, purposefully splashing around to irk him more. “Besides, I’m getting to pamper myself with all this expensive skincare…”

The frustrated scream behind the door makes Jimin grin in victory. So easy.

“Don’t you dare touch my stuff!” Jeongguk screams hoarsely, the door truly about to fly off the frame with a harder tug. Somehow, in the furthest corner of his mind where all his unwanted fantasies about Jeongguk lie, the idea of Jeongguk ripping the wood apart to get to him doesn’t bother him that much.

Jimin hums a happy little song, looking through the skin products on the shelf, “Stop acting like a berserk ape, you’re gonna break the door like that.”

“*Fuck you.*”

“Awn, are you emotional?” Jimin taunts back.

The door slams against the wall, ricocheting back into Jeongguk’s open palm where he holds it open, standing there like a rabid beast. Jimin squeals, hurrying to cover himself. Not that he’s ashamed of his body or anything, but he’s pretty sure he’s about to die. *Naked*.

“Are you insane?!” he screams, shivering when Jeongguk storms towards him, kicking aside the clothes on the floor, “Jeongguk—what the fuck!”

But Jeongguk ignores him, sliding the shower door open. With nowhere to go, Jimin gets caught, Jeongguk’s fingers curling around his neck in a scruff to pull him away from the shower stream. Jimin flails, slipping on the wet tiles, slapping and hitting Jeongguk anywhere he can reach to try and free himself, but Jeongguk is unfazed. He tightens his grip, bringing their faces close together—he’s breathless, nostrils flared, a bead of sweat sliding down his temple.

“Yoongi hyung!” Jimin screams, fingers curling around Jeongguk’s wrist to try and pry himself free, “Hyung, help! HELP!”

“He won’t hear you,” Jeongguk straight out growls, his eyes burning Jimin’s own. “He’s

showering. Guess how I found out you were here, hm?”

“Let me go, you *psycho*!” Jimin curses, bringing a hand to smear suds all over Jeongguk’s face. He simply blinks, using his free hand to wipe it all away, the tips of his hair now damp, clinging and curling around his face.

“I’ve had enough of your fucking attitude,” Jeongguk grunts in a low voice, so close they’re basically breathing into each other’s mouths. “Do you hear me? *Enough*.”

“I don’t give a fuck,” Jimin spits venomously, letting go of Jeongguk’s wrist to stand limp in his hold, wet and very much naked. “So what?” he smirks, “You’re gonna put me in my place, hm? You’re gonna do that, Jeonggukie?”

Jimin sees the moment Jeongguk flips the switch.

His eyes no longer glow with rage—they soften, regaining their doe shape, crinkling on the edges when he smirks. He sees Jeongguk pull back, slowly loosening his hold around Jimin’s throat until his hand is slipping down his collarbones before leaving altogether. He takes a step back, all anger and irritation melting into a devilish, nearly manic grin.

“This is exactly what you want,” Jeongguk chuckles, running a hand through his hair, “And I’ve been giving it to you.”

Jimin scoffs, a self-conscious hand sliding down to cover himself, the other coming up to rub where Jeongguk’s hand had been. Without a single glance down Jimin’s naked body, Jeongguk smiles, backtracking towards the door.

“Don’t use the aloe conditioner, it’ll affect your recent dye,” he says, “If you wanna use the Dyson, the heat protector spray is in the second drawer.”

Caught in the whirlwind of Jeongguk doing an one-eighty, Jimin just stands there, stunned. He sways on the spot, very naked and very confused.

Picking up a few toiletries from the sink, Jeongguk throws over his shoulder a simple, “I’ll shower back at the frat.”

And with that he’s gone, gently closing the door behind him.

It’s Jimin’s turn to scream himself hoarse out of frustration. If this is the game Jeongguk wants to play, *fine*. Jimin will make sure to deliver.

With shaky hands and the weird sensation of feeling trapped still lingering on his skin, Jimin takes his sweet time showering, pretending he chose to use the Argan conditioner because he wants to use it, not because *someone* said the aloe would damage his colour.

He makes sure to use every single product he can, skin soft and glowing when he steps out of the shower. He ends up using Jeongguk’s towel because he forgot to get one from Yoongi. It’s a *clean* towel so it’s not like he’s rubbing Jeongguk all over him, that’s gross. He could yell Yoongi’s name and ask for a towel but he doesn’t want to bother Yoongi right now—he’s definitely having a mental breakdown trying to look cute so his crush will notice him, as if Namjoon hyung isn’t head over heels and all they need is to just stop dancing around each other and fucking *kiss*.

So yeah, that’s why he uses Jeongguk’s towel. And his moisturizing toner. And he uses the Dyson to style his hair because he *wants* to, and he applies heat protection because he doesn’t want to damage his hair.

That's all.

As the humidity fades from the bathroom, little droplets still clinging to the tiles, Jimin does his makeup, dolling up with extra dedication. He fills in his eyebrows and lines his eyes with a light brown, applying a little bit of eyeshadow to the corners to enhance his naturally sultry look. Jimin dabs a bit of cherry tint and some gloss on his lips to top it all off, popping them to achieve the soft, gradient 'popsicle' lip. He's attending a party on enemy ground, he's gotta represent and show these bitches USC has it hotter.

Walking back into the bedroom, Jimin purposefully leaves the damp towel on the bed and the discarded makeup wipes on the dresser, dead set on leaving his mark all over Jeongguk's stuff. However, the cherry on top is the last minute alteration to his planned outfit.

The leather jacket and sparkly top Jimin planned on wearing stay folded in his backpack, giving way to the sluttiest spandex shorts Jimin owns. He was gonna wear them to bed later that night, but the shorts are now paired with ankle-high white socks and Nike Jordans. And, of course, the star of the show: an oversized blue jersey that falls mid-thigh, *JEON 13* printed in bold golden letters on the back.

His shoulders fall back, chest out, a weird feeling settling in his stomach after seeing himself in blue. Wearing Jeongguk's jersey to UCLA is a statement—he's hunted a tiger and is now wearing its hide.

"It's actually kinda comfy," Jimin grumbles, checking himself in the mirror, engulfed in the cool fabric of Jeongguk's uniform. The downside is that if he thought smelling like Jeongguk was bad, wearing his clothes is way worse. His perfume is ingrained deep in the fabric—a rich, sensual scent that almost has Jimin backtracking on his plan. *Almost*—he won't let Jeongguk have the last word.

So, after an hour or so, Jimin walks out of the room to find Yoongi ready and dressed, finishing packing all the brownies in a backpack. When Yoongi looks up to him, his usually sharp eyes going impossibly wide, Jimin knows shit is about to go down in UCLA.

"No, you fucking didn't!" Yoongi nearly drops it all on the floor when he folds in half, laughing like a maniac. He manages to set it all down on the counter before his hands are flying to hug his stomach, head thrown back as he cackles loudly, tears gathering on the corners of his eyes, "Oh, f-fuck—I'm cramping!"

Jimin simply arches an eyebrow, leaning against the doorframe with his arms crossed, fighting off the smile threatening to betray his practiced scowl.

Yoongi looks really fucking hot, too. While Jimin is about to drop by Joon's birthday looking like an NFL wife, Yoongi looks like he came out of a housewife's bedside erotica. All black ensemble—leather jacket, combat boots and silver chains. His long hair is pushed back, a few strands falling in soft waves, curling down the junction of his neck and shoulder, eyes darkened with a little bit of light brown shadow.

That's why they're the perfect combo—Yoongi looks cold and calculating, with his badass motorbike and dark clothes when in reality, he's a soft goofball with a heart of gold. And then there's Jimin, with his cute puppy eyes and plump lips, the lamb skin disguising the absolute evil fiend he is.

"Jeongguk's gonna kill you on sight and I won't even try to save you," Yoongi manages to say, lightly dabbing his eyes with his knuckles, still taken by the aftershocks of a laughing fit, "You

deserve it.”

“Excuse me? He *almost* did kill me. Can’t believe you didn’t you hear me fighting for my life—”

“Oh, no. I did. I heard you.”

Jimin gasps, crossing the room to snatch the last tupperware from Yoongi’s hand, “And you didn’t come save me?!”

“Oh—please,” Yoongi snatches it right back, packing it with the others, pulling the backpack drawstrings shut. “I hoped you two were gonna—I don’t know, talk? Actually talk. Maybe angrily fuck each other’s brains out.”

“What did you just say?”

“You don’t hate him, Jimin.” Yoongi sighs, the tips of his fingers rubbing against his bottom lip. “Listen, I know what happened. I was there to pick up your pieces, but…”

“Don’t you dare say—”

“Honestly, at this point I think you’re just being stubborn—and emotionally constipated,” Yoongi lets out a small chuckle. His gummy smile appears and Jimin knows he’ll never hear the end of it.

“The tension between you two was bad but now it’s downright suffocating,” Yoongi continues, packing the bag with an obnoxious amount of disposable tupperwares full of brownies. “You want to forgive him but you’re too prideful for that, and Jeongguk doesn’t know how to approach you either, so you lash out like a trapped animal—you two are kindergarteners with a crush.”

“Excuse me?! That’s not true at all.”

Yoongi pats his butt, grinning. “Whatever you say, baby.”

“I mean it!” Jimin continues, defenses high up, knowing he’s just digging his own grave. “I hate him. I *despise* him.”

“Mhm.”

“He’s arrogant and rude and I can’t wait for him to be gone so your place doesn’t reek of Jeon Jeongguk!”

Jimin needs air. He’s hyperventilating and he just needs to breathe an air that doesn’t smell like *him*.

“Can we go already?” he nearly begs, sliding his ID and credit card inside his phone’s case, wedging his phone into the waistband of his shorts. His hands are trembling, and Jimin does his absolute best to suppress any memory of Jeongguk prior to their time in college. They hurt too much.

Yoongi nods, a knowing smirk still tainting his lips, “Yeah, let’s go.”

Backpack slung over his shoulder, Yoongi gives Jimin an extra helmet, snatching his own off the counter. He shoves it under one arm, takes Jimin’s hand in his and walks them out. The elevator ride to the underground parking lot is quick, and Jimin can’t help but feel adrenaline start to roam his veins at the sight of Yoongi’s chromed Kawasaki parked a few feet away.

It’s a beast, with chromed body and thick tires, all customized to Yoongi’s taste. At Jimin’s

request, he installed neon LED lights on the underside so it burns a bright cyan on the asphalt wherever he goes. Jimin told him it's because it would look cool, but the truth is he wanted it to look like the bike Dave Franco drives in *Nerve*—a film Jimin has watched about seven hundred times.

As they approach the parked motorbike, Jimin sets his helmet onto the seat and silently reaches for the backpack, pulling it from Yoongi's shoulder and sliding his arms through the straps while Yoongi pushes back his hair with ringed fingers, jamming the helmet with devil horns on his head and flipping the visor up to look at Jimin.

"Mind if we take a longer route?" he asks, taking the other helmet in his hands. Jimin shakes his head no, watching Yoongi unclasp the helmet's safety clip.

Jimin knows how to put on a helmet, has done it several times, but he bends his head forward a bit so Yoongi can slide the helmet onto his head nevertheless, letting him clip it on and give it a little wiggle to make sure it's secured.

"You look so hot right now," Jimin comments with a flirty lip bite, watching Yoongi step back and swing one leg over the seat, kicking up the side stand.

"So do you," Yoongi grins, patting the seat. "Hop on."

Jimin props himself up on the peg, swinging his leg high enough to hop onto the back, gripping Yoongi's shoulders for support.

"Do you trust me to go ballistic?" Yoongi asks, his voice muffled as he starts the engine. "I think we need to wind down a bit."

Jimin answers by wrapping his arms around his waist, holding on tightly. But he still nods, helmet touching the back of Yoongi's, the slanted seat making him automatically mold onto his back.

He loves it. The trust. The thrill of riding on the back of a powerful motorbike with his hyung, telling him it's okay to go crazy—like Jimin's own heart, rumbling like the metal beast underneath. He knows Yoongi would never put them in danger.

With a theatrical burn of rubber that echoes around the lot, Yoongi flips his visor down, revs the engine and takes off, swerving between the cars until they're out on the busy streets of Los Angeles.

The rush is something Jimin needed. The thrilling sensation of freedom—careening through the streets, tilting between the cars in traffic like a maze, the cold night air drilling through his clothes, biting his exposed skin.

When they stop by a red light, Yoongi's hand briefly comes down to squeeze Jimin's own, a quick reassuring gesture before they take off once more. He keeps his word, taking a longer route. Instead of taking the exit they need, Yoongi veers off into the avenue in the opposite direction.

That's when he truly goes ballistic.

The Kawasaki roars like a tiger, cutting through cars like a sharp blade, the wind whipping at Jimin's exposed skin mercilessly. His heart soars, racing just like them. He finally feels free, living this suspended moment that stretches like a Möbius strip—the cars pass by in a blur, following them along the way. His mind drifts, blood pumping wildly in his veins like a constant reminder that he's alive, the lull of the engine pulling him towards a single thought: Jeon Jeongguk.

He knows he's the one pursuing it, this rivalry. But there's something that just eats away at his sanity, a desire to have Jeongguk paying attention to him once again, even if he's fucking pissed and fuming; a desire to drive him mad and know he's the cause. And it's enhanced by a strange sensation burning into his skin—Jimin feels the slightly thicker part of the fabric on his back, where Jeongguk's name is etched on, and it's almost as if the ink is seeping through the threads, swirling over his skin to lay under his flesh, carving itself onto him.

Like Jeongguk does.

The sharp turn Yoongi takes up towards the beach breaks Jimin out of his reverie, and he opens his eyes to the beauty of the buildings' lights and the ocean to his left, the lights of the pier standing proudly against the night sky. They cross over Santa Monica Boulevard, taking the freeway back to UCLA.

Jimin's heart settles, soothed by the night and the roar of Yoongi's Kawasaki.

Sooner than expected, even though they're more than half an hour late, they veer off Westwood Plaza into the streets that lead to the college neighborhood. After a few turns here and there, Yoongi rolls up a side street and there it is—a mansion atop of the hill, beams of neon lights dancing in the air around it, people flocking the front garden with music and laughter.

The roar of the engine gets people's attention when Yoongi pulls over the curb with a quick drift, burning rubber until a thick cloud of smoke rises around them.

Jimin feels all eyes on them. On *him*.

Everyone knows Yoongi. School of Music's pride and joy, a star student and absolute musical genius. Yoongi's motorbike and horned helmet are a staple around campus. The infamous helmet with demon horns was a gift from Jimin after a scorned music critic wrote shit about Yoongi's music being "the Devil's shitty work".

But Yoongi showing up with someone on his back? Unheard of.

Still hidden behind the anonymity of a racing helmet, Jimin looks up at the house. He's seen pictures, of course, but in person the house is intimidating, reeking of money and connections, with four levels and a pool—if the loud splashing is any indicator.

The mansion before him is the fraternity ruled by the Kim Brothers. At least for the years they'll be here.

And Jimin knows them, of course.

Seokjin, the oldest. Yoongi's roommate and brilliant, absolutely gorgeous man.

Namjoon, extremely successful middle kid. Business graduate on his way to a masters and President of the Student Council who stole the heart of Jimin's best friend.

And then there's Taehyung, the youngest. He's in music school too, owner of the most alluring baritone. He's the same age as Jimin and an absolute menace. With a beauty that is out of this world, he's broken the hearts of half the campus. But he's also caring and loving, extremely fierce when it comes to his friends.

Taehyung is actually one of the reasons Jimin said yes to attending the party after all. "Enjoy the spotlight, baby. Everyone would love to be the center of attention," he'd said earlier that week, over a shared cup of bingsoo. "Most of all if it's related to Jeongguk."

So Jimin milks the moment, knowing that after the episode at the stadium, the USC cheer squad star showing up to a party at UCLA—at Jeon Jeongguk’s frat house of all places—is Diana’s revenge dress.

Slowly letting the straps of the backpack slide down his arms, Jimin hands Yoongi the bag full of brownies before he brings his hands up, unclasping the strap under his chin and pulling off the helmet. Jimin shakes his head to relieve the pressure on his hair, fingers running through the recently-dyed black locks, freeing the strands from the confinement they’d been in until they fall in long swirls around his face.

Yoongi cuts off the engine, both feet on the ground, still keeping the bike balanced until Jimin hops off, muscles still simmering with adrenaline. An obnoxious cat-call whistle lets him know people saw it—Jeongguk’s name on his back.

He meets Yoongi’s eyes, a smug smirk breaking his lips at the eye rolls he gets in return. He keeps his head high, watching Yoongi hang their helmets on the throttles and sling the backpack over his shoulder before he grabs Jimin’s hand and walks them up to the front door.

People stare unabashedly, eyes wide and mouths hanging open, a hush of low gossip settling like static all around them. Good. Soon enough, the words will reach Jeongguk.

When they get through the open doors, Jimin realizes the house is triple the size it seemed from the outside, neon bouncing off the entire ground floor. It’s not exactly what he expected. There’s no pompous Greek style, nor light, classic furniture. If anything, it looks contemporary, with sleek dark furniture and photographs adorning the hall that leads to the living room.

“You okay?” Yoongi whispers in his ear, his teeth shining a beautiful bluish white under the UV lights, the purple bouncing off his skin when he jerks his head towards what Jimin presumes is the kitchen.

Jimin nods as he follows, standing slightly behind Yoongi, shouldering their way through the already drunken crowd, the loud thud of bass vibrating through the walls around them. They pass by the kitchen, heading down a less crowded corridor, a few couples making out here and there. Yoongi stops short of the last door, hand hovering over the handle. It’s different from the other ones—it’s metal, with a crash bar and an emergency sign, a huge growling bear messily painted on it.

Turning back to Jimin with an excited bounce on his step, Yoongi says, “Welcome to the underground.”

The door swings open to a new universe.

First, it’s the sound.

As they make their way down the stairs, a different kind of music comes in a wave of powerful beats—it’s like a thousand heartbeats on a speaker, throbbing under Jimin’s skin, slithering up his veins like vampire venom, making his blood pump along the bass.

Then, there are the lights.

Strips of blacklight run in a maze over their heads, down the concrete walls, bouncing off of everything, turning the room a glowing fluorescent haven. Industrial pipes and vents run along the ceiling, the space extending beyond the upper floor. It’s huge, the basement turned into some sort of hide-out arcade, with gaming screens and machines, leather armchairs and sofas huddled

together in a makeshift common room, coffee table full of harder liquor, more expensive bottles and red solo cups spread around the smaller, VIP crowd.

Yoongi has a tight grip on Jimin's hand—a silent comfort Jimin didn't know he needed. The older boy drags him through the rows of gaming devices, nodding his head in greetings to those who aren't too engaged in their gameplays and turn to the newcomers, eyes flicking over Jimin curiously—some even flirtatiously.

Jimin can't lie and say he's not feeling the tiniest bit intimidated, even though he does meet the glares dead-on. Seemingly the only outsider, he can't help but feel like a human in a vampire's party. Even if he's being escorted by the most powerful of them, they're still vampires.

“Hyung?” he whispers discreetly as they walk through a couple Pump It Up cabinets, the familiar beeps and stomping feet filling Jimin's heart with bittersweet nostalgia. A few of the jocks on Jeongguk's team stand nearby, watching the players grip the safety bars and dance over the colourful platform.

“Mm?”

“There's a Pump It Up!” he gasps, unable to conceal his awe.

Yoongi doesn't answer, dragging Jimin to the other side, where people crowd around a billiards table. It's hot pink and lined with blue neon. Yoongi veers off in their direction and, creeping behind one of the men standing to the side nursing a drink, Yoongi lets go of Jimin's hand and full on kneads the man's butt, feeling him up shamelessly.

Said man turns abruptly, almost choking on his drink when he shrieks, “You're here!”

Jimin freezes on the spot. The man is none other than Jung ‘Hobi’ Hoseok—UCLA cheerleader and a famous choreographer from The Lab. Platinum hair shining a blinding cyan under the lights, but it's him nonetheless. All smiles and alluring eyes, Hobi is strangled in a bear hug, his legs coming up to wrap around Yoongi's waist.

Jimin can't help but stare, a bit stunned, as he watches someone else acting so chummy with his usually reserved best friend. There's a small pang of jealousy nibbling at his heart, too. Seems he isn't the only one who Yoongi doesn't mind the skinship.

No one else seems disturbed by their interaction, the game going on smoothly to the occasional hard clash of the balls over the chatter.

“Park Jimin on Bruin grounds, who would've thought.”

Jimin finds himself staring at Hobi—his face is open and his smile warm, glossy eyes assessing Jimin from head to toe. He too wears a school jersey, lithe and slim but still very much an athlete under the baggy shirt.

“Right?” Yoongi beams, taking a step back closer to Jimin. “I'm a miracle worker.”

“It's nice to meet you,” Jimin says, not knowing what to say. “I've seen your work, it's amazing.”

“You're not so bad yourself,” Hobi retorts in a beat, arching an eyebrow. “Could do better if you came to the dark side. You look hotter in blue,” he adds, shamelessly staring at Jimin's slutty choice of clothing. He doesn't comment on the fact Jimin is wearing Jeongguk's jersey.

Jimin relaxes his shoulders, more at ease with the little friendly jab. “I'll think about it.”

“Would you like something to drink?” Hobi offers, raising his own empty cup in question.

“Sure.”

“I want some whisky,” Yoongi comments immediately. “Have you seen the Kims? I brought brownies.”

Hobi frowns, squinting at Yoongi. “Brownies?”

“Birthdays aren’t birthdays without cake,” Jimin explains, following as Hobi gestures for them to walk away from the table.

Hobi laughs, eyes disappearing in crescent moons as he takes them further down the basement, slipping behind a marble counter full of cups and bottles. A couple sitting by one of the stools take a glance at them and immediately walk away, giving them privacy.

“Have you seen Joon?” Yoongi asks, as casually as possible, leaning over the counter on his elbows.

“He was here with the others,” Hobi explains, fumbling with something behind the bar. “Went up to check on the boys, he should be back in a few.”

As they fall into friendly chatter, Jimin takes the time to admire the commitment to the frat aesthetic—a massive wall of bottles and Monster energy drinks twinkle under the lights behind the counter, the private bar flanked by more beautiful graffiti, a whiplash of colour everywhere he looks.

“These are beautiful,” Jimin comments, pointing at the growling tiger with bloody claws surrounded by red flowers, muttering a small *thanks* when Hobi slides him a red cup with some punch. He sniffles it discreetly before taking a sip—very sweet and tangy, like strawberry watermelon.

Jimin knows he just cut off his tongue when Hobi exchanges a conspiratory glance with Yoongi, leaning in with a mischievous wink. “Jeonggukie did them.”

“Horrendous.”

Hobi grins so wide his lips are about to split, but he at least has the decency to try and bite it back for Jimin’s sake. “Not a fan of our resident artist?”

“He’s an asshole.”

“Careful, Park. Can’t go insulting my baby brother like that in the open.”

Jimin spins around in a panic, almost falling off the stool, the newcomer’s voice ghosting down his neck and chilling him to the very bone. Standing there, raven hair pulled back in a high ponytail, is the carbon copy of Jeon Jeongguk—Jeon Jeonghyun, mostly known by his American name, Ian.

Jimin knows him, of course. Jeongguk’s older brother.

They’re the spitting image of each other. Yet whereas Jeongguk has softer eyes and lips that bring a boyish aura to his looks, Ian is all sharp angles, with stronger eyebrows and a dangerous haze to his eyes.

Jimin hasn’t seen him in years. He looks different—not only older, but Ian looks a bit shorter now

that Jimin's grown up. Well, not enough to be taller than any of them, but Jeongguk is now taller than him. He has more tattoos, too, even if the older Jeon is more slender, less athletic than the youngest.

Still, Ian holds himself like he owns the room.

And he's sizing Jimin up and down like a predator.

The staple Jeon head tilt makes his earrings clink and stretches the tattooed skin of neck, a lewd smirk splitting his lips when he notices Jimin's clear loss for words. "Cat got your tongue?"

"No," Jimin retorts, glad his voice doesn't betray him. "I just have nothing to say to you."

"Ouch," Ian muses, tapping his bottom lip with two fingers, eyes glued to Jeongguk's number on Jimin's chest. "You used to be more polite."

He looks up, grinning when Jimin doesn't waver.

"I guess Jeongguk isn't the only Jeon you hate. I'm honored." With a little tut, Ian reaches out, chucking Jimin's chin playfully.

Jimin doesn't dodge the touch in time.

"Good to see you, Jimin."

And with that, he's gone.

"Wow, that was something," Hobi whistles, chucking.

Jimin turns in time to watch him slide Yoongi a red solo cup, both their eyes on Jimin.

While Hobi looks a bit amused, Yoongi seems worried—the silent, almost imperceptible head tilt that asks *'you're okay?'* has Jimin nodding, averting his eyes.

"So," Hobi chirps, taking a sip. "I heard someone brought brownies but I don't see them."

"They're probably crushed by now," Yoongi grumbles, blinking rapidly as he pulls the backpack up onto his lap.

"Did someone say brownie?"

"Joonie! Happy birthday!"

Jimin can't stop the smile from spreading across his face when he sees Yoongi freeze at the sound of Namjoon's voice, the birthday boy draping himself over Yoongi's back in a bear hug. The cup in his hand sloshes, a bit of his drink falling on Yoongi's thighs. He doesn't even notice.

Jimin whistles, feeling Yoongi's murderous eyes on him because the other knows that tone, he knows Jimin's about to throw him under the bus. "It's one of your birthday gifts, I suppose."

"One of? There's more?" Namjoon asks, pulling back. God, he's so hot—hair buzzed, thick thighs, dragon eyes, tall and broad with a heart of gold and a raspy voice. Namjoon is a walking wet dream. "Hmm?" he presses, the slur in his voice indicating that the cup in his hand isn't his first—or second—drink. "Tell me."

"Ask Yoongi hyung," Jimin shrugs, taking a sip of his punch to hide his smirk. If he didn't seem

about to pass out, surely Yoongi would jump up and strangle him.

Hobi hops on the counter like a cat, legs dangling on the space between the stools Jimin and Yoongi occupy. “Enough talking,” he smiles wickedly, tilting his cup a bit.

Face burning red, Yoongi pulls the small tupperwares from the backpack, setting them on the counter in a neat row. Namjoon immediately pops one open, stealing the top piece. Hobi goes in for a piece, too.

“You baked this?” Hobi asks Yoongi, eyebrows disappearing under his bangs.

“If it tastes like shit it was Jimin,” he mumbles in response.

They all laugh, Jimin grinning at Yoongi over the rim of his cup, having the time of his life seeing his best friend blushing so hard he’s turning a different shade of purple under the UV lights.

“Oh, no,” Joon shakes his head, reaching out for another piece. “Definitely not shit, wow.”

“Glad they’re edible,” Yoongi mumbles, avoiding eye contact.

“Edible? God, I’m glad you didn’t let me talk you down on this,” Namjoon says around a mouthful of chocolate, his teeth full of brownie bits. “These are the best I’ve ever had.”

“Now you’re just making shit up.”

“I would never!”

Downing the rest of his drink, Jimin feels his heart warm, a small joy bubbling in his chest from seeing Yoongi’s friends devouring most of the brownies in a few minutes, sharing them around. Taehyung drops by too, in a slutty outfit that rivals Jimin’s, the tight jeans hugging his ass like second skin. His hair is unkempt and wild, as if he’d been running his fingers through the brown locks—but the glossy eyes and swollen lips tell a different story.

“Don’t eat all at once, you’re gonna pass out,” Yoongi grumbles, prying a piece of brownie out of Namjoon’s hands, lips jutted out in a cute kitten pout. “That’s too much sugar, Joon.”

“But it’s so good—”

“No, give me that—”

Jimin’s heart soars watching small and tough Yoongi nearly leaping from his seat when Namjoon steals the last unopened tupperware, trailing after him in a hurry. They disappear amongst the crowd, Yoongi’s voice fading under the raucous drunken laughter of his beloved birthday boy. And here he is, sharing brownies and drinks with the UCLA Bruins, in the basement of Jeon Jeongguk’s fraternity.

With Taehyung’s arm slung over his shoulders and Hobi refilling his cup, Jimin feels like it’s just another night out with friends. A night like the ones he dreams of, drinking soju and munching on squid flavored snacks, alone in his dorm room after denying any invitations from the USC team.

“Are you still a master at Pump?” Taehyung asks after the lull in conversation, turning to Jimin when Hobi hops down the counter, throwing some random excuse and vanishing. “You used to play, right?”

“Me?” Jimin perks up, flashes of afternoons at the arcade dancing away the school stress flooding

his mind. “I mean, it’s been a long time.”

“I’m sure you still got it.”

“I—”

“Come on,” Taehyung beams, offering him his hand.

And there he is, trailing behind Taehyung through the packed basement. They almost bump into a dude when Taehyung freezes, tugging on Jimin’s sleeve to spin him around. Frazzled, Jimin follows his eyes, watching Namjoon drag Yoongi up the stairs that lead back to the main house, hand in hand.

“About fucking time,” Taehyung groans, nudging Jimin with a knowing smile. “I love my brother but he was driving me nuts pining over Yoongi hyung.”

“I’m pretty sure I had it worse.”

Something warm spreads in Jimin’s heart, a giddy happiness that overrules his new predicament: without his chaperone, he’s a little lost lamb in the wolves’ pack. He’s not gonna risk it. Maybe just a few more drinks with Tae and he’s out—Uber it is.

“Is there a reason why you’re wearing Gguk’s jersey?” Taehyung asks casually—too casually—as he guides them back to the rows where the Pump machines are set. A few of the students stare, hushed comments and gasps here and there. Jimin tries not to pay them any mind, pushing down the sensation of prey bubbling up his stomach and churning his insides.

“Mm?”

Taehyung chuckles, “I asked if there’s a reason why you’re wearing Jeongguk’s uniform.”

“There isn’t.” Too quick. Too defensive. “I mean, I’m at UCLA. Had to kind of—blend in.”

“I mean, after…”

“It was a necessity.”

Liar.

Liar. Liar. Liar.

“I see.”

“I had a mishap with my planned outfit—I got ready at Yoongi hyung’s flat because I was helping him with the brownies all afternoon.” *Why are you overexplaining?* “And you know, Jeongguk’s living there now and—whatever, it’s not like I had anything else prepared. All of Yoongi hyung’s clothes aren’t really my vibe, so this is the closest I could—” *Stop talking*. “It’s just a shirt. Fits with the place, doesn’t it?” *Jimin, shut up*. “I don’t care that it’s *his* shirt—it could be anyone’s shirt. It’s not like I have access to other—”

Jimin bites his tongue, feeling his lungs scream for air. Is it the stuffy air loosening his tongue or what?

But Taehyung just seems amused by his embarrassingly obvious rant, a playful glint in his eyes when he cocks his head, eyeing Jimin’s outfit once again. “Song?” he asks, gesturing towards the empty platforms they’re standing by.

Jimin shrugs, feeling awfully small after his word vomit.

And then there are the *stares*.

Jimin's used to attention. Thrives in it. But there's something about these strangers and the way they're looking at him that's making him feel a bit claustrophobic. He doesn't blame them though, he's the literal enemy in their midst, wearing Jeon Jeonguk's jersey of all people.

Jimin knew it was a bad idea but this is downright catastrophic. He thought it would look like a statement, a protection of sorts—an enemy parading the proof of his victory, like a beheaded head or something equally gruesome.

It's clearly translating a different kind of claim.

“Jimin?”

“What?”

Taehyung smiles, shoulders shaking a bit with his little giggles. “How much did you drink?”

“Barely a cup.”

Taehyung huffs, pinching Jimin's arm.

“Ow! What was that for?”

“Choose a goddamn song.”

“You choose,” Jimin grumbles, rubbing the stinging skin, glaring at him.

But Taehyung just smiles one of his boxy smiles, bright and warm, pulling down the zipper of his hoodie and shrugging it off. “Get ready, we're not doing *EASY*.”

Jimin groans, setting his cup on the nearest available surface while Tae drapes his hoodie over the R shaped safety bar behind him. The moment Jimin sets his cup down, a gentle girl standing nearby offers to hold it for him, her eyes actually on Taehyung. He acquiesces so Jimin lets her, glad the blacklights hide the absolute red of his cheeks when she drapes one of those no-spiking protection caps over it.

Taehyung steps up onto the platform, feet pressing down selections for two players. Jimin sees the screen flicker as the other goes through the songs to pick whatever he wants, a wave of nostalgia hitting him like a truck.

It dawns on him that he's standing again on a Pump platform again, arrows glowing faintly beneath his feet after a long time. It feels like diving into a memory, when he would look down and see his school uniform instead of his bare legs in slutty running shorts.

The colourful set-up, the powerful speakers, the glowing neon—it's all the same.

A familiar place, a safe space.

The monitor blinks *READY!* and the first note hits.

Jimin turns to Taehyung in awe, the intro beats to ‘*Butterfly*’ bouncing off the loudspeakers to a few cheers of the older students.

“We should start with a classic,” Taehyung declares, pushing his hair back, already a bit sweaty. He turns to Jimin, waits until he meets his eyes, and winks like a creep. “Hope you’re not a sore loser, because I’ll destroy your ass in *Butterfly*.”

The first arrows appear on screen and the retort dies in Jimin’s throat, his fingers flying back to curl over the safety bar, feet in position. It’s muscle memory—instinctual, like riding a bike. His feet never forgot the exact pressure needed on the switches, his eyes trained on the monitor, screen blinking brightly with each arrow hit.

And so he let himself get lost in the song, cheeks hurting from the blinding smile on his lips.

Everything else fades and there’s only that overwhelming bliss—like when you eat the candy you used to as a kid, or some smell that comes through and triggers a memory. Would this be what his life would have been like had he followed Yoongi to UCLA? A member of an Asian Alumni fraternity? Nights out with them, challenging each other on DDR, lungs screaming for air and sweat running down their spines because they aren’t as young anymore?

It feels like it.

Like a fresh log on a dying fire.

PERFECT! GREAT! PERFECT! COMBO! blinks continuously on his side of the screen, the arrows flashing up in a constant stream. Way too soon, it ends to a roar of cheers and applause, their points rolling up the screen. Taehyung curses loudly, hands on his hips, head thrown back as he tries to catch his breath.

“Did you let me win or are you just out of shape?” Jimin teases, face flushed red, his once beautifully styled hair plastered to his forehead with sweat. He too is panting like crazy, t-shirt clinging to his skin.

“Can you go another round?” Taehyung challenges immediately.

Jimin rolls his eyes at him, bringing his foot down on the arrow to start their rematch.

“Bring it on, *bitch*.”

After the fourth round ends in a tie, Jimin throws in the towel, Taehyung equally beaten. Somewhere in the middle someone procured Jimin a water bottle, sweat dripping down his nape, soaking the jersey through and through as he downs the water in huge gulps.

“How the fuck are you still so good at it?” Taehyung complains, grinning as they step off the platform, new players jumping on.

The girl who had been holding onto Jimin's cup approaches them timidly, handing over the cup without a word. Jimin thanks her with a small smile, still rather breathless. She smiles back, eyes twinkling beautifully as she leaves to join her friends.

“I’ll pretend you didn’t let me win,” Jimin confesses, following Taehyung absentmindedly, shivers rising on his skin as the powerful air conditioning catches up to his sweaty body. “But thanks, I needed that.”

“Anytime.”

Still holding onto the empty water bottle, Jimin chugs the rest of his drink—rather warm now, but he doesn't care—and follows Taehyung back up to the main house so they can get a refill from the secret stash. As they make their way through the crowd that took over the frat, meeting a completely different environment from downstairs, Jimin decides he's gotta pace himself and not get too drunk—tipsy enough to enjoy the party for a bit, but sober enough to make his way back home by himself later in the night.

Jimin feels the low thumps of bass bleeding into his shoulder blades from where he sits leaning against the wall, catching his breath while Tae rummages the island cabinets for the expensive vodka he hid before the party started.

He knows the exact moment Jeongguk steps into the kitchen.

The stifling air carries the fresh cologne and the hoarse voice—the same scent clinging to his skin through Jeongguk's jersey.

He sees the muscles on Jeongguk's back move under his shirt when he brings his hands up to tighten his ponytail, rounding the island towards Taehyung on the other side, unaware of Jimin's presence.

Against his better judgment, Jimin doesn't stop himself from devouring Jeongguk head to toe as he slowly rises to his feet. The long locks that curl down below his jaw, a single strand escaping to fall over his eyebrows; his profile, defined and sharp, high nose bridge the highlight of his inhumanly gorgeous features.

In gray sweatpants and a simple black t-shirt with a silver chain sitting prettily over his collarbones, Jeongguk rounds on Taehyung like a baby bird, hands falling to his pockets when he pouts, "Make me a drink too, Tae."

"Lazy ass."

It's out before Jimin realizes.

Jeongguk definitely notices him now.

He turns around, the playful smile fading, expression falling darker when his eyes meet Jimin standing there, flicking down his body and back up again, zeroing on the jersey.

Jimin had a plan.

He would parade wearing Jeongguk's jersey like a hunt, a souvenir of a won battle, and get on his nerves.

Make him snap.

But Jeongguk's just staring at him, not a single word spoken. He arches an eyebrow, running his eyes over Jimin once again—it makes Jimin flush deeper, lungs screaming for air.

Under Jeongguk's piercing gaze, he might've been as well as naked.

Jeongguk rounds the island counter, head tilted to the side like a curious puppy, until Jimin's being forced to tilt his head up and look at him.

Bottom lip caught on his teeth, flashes from their heated quarrel rush to the front of his mind, Jimin forces himself to stand his ground. Jeongguk is trying to intimidate him, and he's not gonna fold.

Pushing his chest out a little further, Jimin brings a hand up to loosen up the damp hair plastered to his forehead, letting it fall softer around his face, raven locks framing his features.

Jeongguk follows the movement, barely blinking. “Why do you look like you just had some wild car sex?” he asks, the jab followed by an amused click of his tongue.

At that moment, the kitchen is flooded with drunken chatter, the approaching group falling silent once they notice the showdown.

The tension flares when the room’s flooded with a wave of teasing whistles.

Even if he doesn't dare take his eyes off Jeongguk, Jimin would recognize the commotion behind him anywhere—Jeongguk’s teammates. Their whistles and catcalls are basically a rite of passage everytime USC plays against UCLA, the cheeky tune nails on a chalkboard.

Jeongguk arches his eyebrow further up, discreetly leaning forwards, goading him.

Play the game.

Summoning his siren eyes, Jimin throws his head back and says, “Not a car. It was the hallway closet.”

Jeongguk’s sharp hiss steals Jimin’s attention to his lips—parted and glossy, the most enticing shade of pink. It would be so easy to just lean in. Just a sway of his body forward and he could feel Jeongguk’s lips against his own, the hot puffs of air falling on his parted lips a dangerous offer—a daring call to temptation that Jimin is slowly succumbing to. Jeongguk’s breath reaches him in hot swirls that smell of something sweet, probably from the usual strawberry vape.

He hums, a low throaty sound that has Jimin holding back a gasp the moment Jeongguk leans in, scorching heat radiating from his body—a heat that rivals his own, and brings a hand up to delicately trace Jimin’s cheek, fingers cold against his flushed, sweaty skin. He lightly runs them over Jimin’s bottom lip, all the way up to his temple, long fingers curling slightly over a sweaty strand, gently tucking it behind his ear.

Jimin can’t fucking breathe.

But Jeongguk is pulling back, taking his touch and his warmth with him.

Jimin’s eyes flutter open, dazedly searching Jeongguk. He’s met with a cold stare, pupils glazed over by a wicked glint.

“Enjoy the party, Jimin-ssi.”

And with that, Jeongguk’s gone.

—

Jimin’s a bit drunk.

Not to the point he’s incoherent, no. But he’s chugged some tequila and he’s feeling it—even if it’s not enough to drown the embarrassment of Jeongguk leaving him hanging in front of his friends and making him look like a complete idiot;

Not enough to quench the unwanted hints of lust thrumming under his skin, nor the bitterness of being alone—Yoongi disappeared with Namjoon, he can't find Taehyung anymore and Hobi's been busy making out with a dude by the pool for the last half hour.

Needless to say, Jimin doesn't know what to do.

He's on his way out, fishing for his phone to call for an Uber when he passes by the kitchen and sees it—a messy ponytail peeking over the top of the island on the other side of the counter. Jimin pushes his way through, a weird kind of anger boiling in his blood when he calls his name and Jeongguk ignores him.

He's squatting in front of one of the kitchen's cabinets, seemingly looking for something and Jimin has had enough. "You're gonna keep ignoring me, huh? I'm fucking talking to you," he snaps, smacking his empty cup on the countertop. "The silent treatment, really?"

Jeongguk freezes, and it is only when he slowly stands up and turns, that Jimin sees it—

"Wrong Jeon, darling."

Ian's broad frame shadows the lights of the kitchen as he towers over Jimin, driving him into the corner of the counter. The edge digs painfully into Jimin's back, knees buckling when he realizes one of Ian's hands is on his waist, the other flat on the counter behind him. And they just stand there, Ian caging Jimin between his arms, towering over him, staring him down.

This close, Ian looks even more dangerous and intimidating, but Jimin doesn't step back, refusing to break eye contact. From what he remembers, Ian and Jeongguk don't have the best of relationships. Yoongi had mentioned Ian briefly when Jimin asked why the fuck he agreed to let Jeongguk live with him for a while.

Not that difficult to put two and two together.

Jimin knows it's not okay—he shouldn't do that. But the drunk, scorned part of his heart decides to hit it where it hurts. And that's the only reason Jimin looks up and whispers, "Perhaps not."

Ian doesn't hide his surprise, not even when Jimin blindly reaches for the hand on his waist, bringing it down to his lower back, the older boy's fingers resting over the bump of his ass. Ian immediately tugs him closer. "Do I scare you?" he chuckles, raising his eyebrows when Jimin holds his breath.

"Why would you scare me?" Jimin murmurs, Adam's apple bobbing in anticipation.

"I'm not a softie like Jeonggukie is."

Jimin bites his lip when a shiver licks at his spine, Ian's slightly calloused fingers tracing the collar of his shirt, briefly touching the skin of his neck. The bold touch makes him hook a finger into the waistband of Ian's sweatpants and tug, whispering into his ear, "Good. I don't want you to be."

A surprised sound leaves his throat when Ian leans down, hot breath tickling Jimin's cheek as he whispers a wanton, "Come dance with me."

After a particularly hard shove by a tipsy girl passing by, Jimin tightens his grip on the back of Ian's hoodie, letting the older boy guide him through the house. When Jimin trips again, Ian reaches back for his hand, making sure he won't drift away in the crowd jostling them around.

The neon lights mingle in a purplish haze that engulfs the room completely, Jimin's eyes a bit

glazed from the shot Ian insisted they did before leaving the kitchen. The music is loud, heavy bass rattling Jimin's bones, coursing through his veins, swallowing him whole. The massive living room turned dance floor is dark and atmospheric, furniture pushed aside to make more room. It's soaked in smoke and sweat, the girls' glittery outfits sparkling under the flashing lights.

Ian drags Jimin to the very center of the crowd, pulling him close, a dazzling smile parting his lips when Jimin gasps, hands involuntarily flying up to Ian's shoulders.

"Jumpy much?"

"You're hotter when you *don't* speak."

Ian throws his head back in pure glee, his laugh loud and boisterous. He clicks his tongue, shaking his head. "You became a feisty little thing, didn't you?" he muses, hot breath grazing Jimin's ear. "Or are you acting like a 'pick me' twink because everybody here wants to fuck you?"

And Jimin sees it, in the eyes around them—glances of interest, glares of desire and want, jealousy and admiration, flicks of submission.

But none are the eyes he really wants on him.

"Looking for someone?" Ian asks, knowingly. "Jeonggukie, perhaps?"

"Fuck Jeongguk, I don't give a fuck." He's off somewhere getting his dick sucked, and here's Jimin, stopping himself from having a good time because of him. Fuck it.

Jimin searches Ian's eyes, tugging at the drawstrings of his hoodie, the older's hand coming to rest on the small of his back, curling around his waist in a possessive grip. He nearly whimpers when Ian brings his hand up his neck, cold fingers grazing his collarbone, a leg slipping between his. Jimin immediately responds to the action, blood rushing through his body, the buzz of alcohol kicking in.

Ian presses their foreheads together as they sway to the beat, skin thrumming in a warm, fuzzy feeling thanks to the alcohol roaming their bloodstream. The music feels like a living, breathing creature in a haze of flickering pinks and blues, suspended in the air, penetrating the pores boiling the blood, unhinging the senses. It's intoxicating.

"Fuck," Jimin gasps, feeling Ian's ragged breaths against his lips when the other grips the back of Jimin's neck, tilting his head up. The gleam of drunkenness tinged with lust in Ian's eyes sparks the heat curling in his core, the mere touch of his hand on his neck enough to have Jimin feeling hot all over, moving in a rhythm of hazy, inebriated greed.

Ian brings a hand between them, fumbling for something in his pocket. A moment later, Jimin sees him bring the vape up to his lips, the tiny red LED lighting up the bottom of Ian's fist. He doesn't even have to offer. Jimin surges forward to let the smoke drift into his mouth, inhaling the sweet smoke. Ian smirks, the haze swirling around them as he brings his hand up again, curling his lips around the vape, eyes on Jimin's eager lips. He puffs twice, tilting his head to exhale into Jimin's waiting mouth, letting him shotgun.

The effect is immediate—Jimin feels his brain grow a bit more fuzzy, the weightlessness setting in his bones as Ian puffs one last time before he slides it back into his pocket, pulling Jimin closer to blow the remaining smoke against his mouth.

The song grows into an even more sensual track, the moans in the background completely addictive. Ian's hands trail down Jimin's body, following the curve of his spine to grab his ass.

“You’re so hot,” he grunts, Jimin’s head lolling back to reciprocate his bedroom eyes. His touch is scalding, his clothed thighs rubbing against Jimin’s bare ones, his breath hot and sweet against his own.

Jimin straight out moans when Ian spins him around, a firm grip pressing him back to his chest, hands resting low on his waist, fingers digging into his hip bones, Ian’s boozy breath reaching his nostrils when he leans in, Jimin’s hand coming up to grip Ian’s hair tightly.

“If I wake up dead in a ditch, it’s your fault,” he rasps, lips brushing Jimin’s jaw.

“W-what?”

“Look up.”

Jimin opens his eyes to find the incensed ones of Jeon Jeongguk.

“*Fuck.*”

Jimin wasn’t expecting to see him again tonight, especially not dressed like this—*undressed* like this.

Jeongguk stands on the second to last step of the stair that leads to the second floor, a hand resting on the railing, the other clutching a red solo cup.

He’s shirtless, the waistband of his sweatpants a deeper shade of gray from the moisture running down his naked torso, and Jimin can’t help but moan unabashedly at the lewd view. It awakens an animalistic throb in his veins when he locks eyes with Jeongguk, holding the fiery eye contact, daring him to break it first.

Jeongguk’s hair is damp and swept back off his face, a single strand falling over his eye. Jimin bathes in the sheer fury in them. It goads him—he gives into Ian’s touch, letting it cloud his judgment, submitting to the caged beast beneath his skin. His eyes still on Jeongguk, Jimin catches his lower lip between his teeth, tightening the grip on Ian’s hair and pulling hard to make him groan in pain.

“Fuck, *Jimin*—”

Jeongguk’s fingers curl tighter around the railing, knuckles turning white. He’s breathing hard, the sweat on his skin glistening under the strobe lights, highlighting the corded muscles. He looks fucking unhinged.

Fueled, Jimin drops his head back onto Ian’s shoulder, neck muscles jutting out—a neck begging for a fist around it. “You wanna keep taunting him?” Ian laughs against his neck, hot lips brushing his erratic pulse.

Jimin responds by roughly grinding down onto him, music flowing through and between them. His lips part in a sultry puff of breath when Ian provocatively lets his hand run up Jimin’s bare thigh, jersey bunching up a little as his nails graze the heated skin. Jimin rests a hand over Ian’s, guiding his touch up and down his body, eyes still on Jeongguk.

All he sees is Jeongguk.

Jeongguk.

Jeongguk and the primal fire in his eyes, the heave of his chest, the way he’s slowly leaning over

the railing like a beast ready to pounce—the way he keeps his eyes on Jimin, not once following the movement of his brother’s greedy hands.

Jimin melts into Ian, ass pressed against his crotch as the other claws at his thighs, lips blowing hot air against his neck, leaving small kisses that tingle. Exploring fingertips coax grunts and gasps from each other, lured by the limbo of uninhibited sin, hidden in the darkness of a frat party night.

Ian bites down on his neck, whispering his name through gritted teeth, tongue laving wetly at Jimin’s pulse point. Jimin groans in response, heart leaping in his throat when Jeongguk bristles, a dark shadow falling over his face when Ian’s hand ventures under Jimin’s shirt again—this time falling hotly over Jimin’s crotch, cupping his clothed cock, the other arm wound tight around Jimin’s waist, holding him in place. Ian rocks his hips forward, rubbing his own hard-on against Jimin’s buttocks. Inebriated, Jimin bucks up into the touch, mouth falling open as he presses his back to Ian’s chest, chasing the warmth of his palm rubbing up and down on his cock.

“You think I’m not enjoying this?” Ian grins against his ear, rolling his hips, eyes trained on his brother.

Heavy smoke rises around them, hazy swirls tinted hot pink by the lights that bounce off their sweaty skin. Heart racing, Jimin watches Jeongguk’s tongue peek out to wet his lips when he finally breaks eye contact to chug the rest of his drink.

“Fuck—this feels good,” Jimin sucks in a breath, the heaviness of Ian’s dick sitting in between his cheeks deliciously. It’s intoxicating and Jimin can’t help but chase the thrill that takes over his system when Jeongguk *finally* rushes down the stairs, bumping and shoving people out of his way.

Jimin loses him in the crowd, blinking the haze out of his eyes as he scans the faces, searching for him. Ian pulls his attention back by bringing his hand up to Jimin’s lower stomach, teasing the soft patch of hair below his navel, the tip of his index finger running along the inner side of Jimin’s waistband.

“Are you looking for him?” Ian whispers, running a blunt nail up Jimin’s chest. “Seven o’clock.”

Jimin turns his head to the left, watching Jeongguk cross the room *away* from them, not once sparing the two of them a glance. And *that* hurts like a bitch.

Deaf to whatever Ian’s saying, too horny and too hurt to care about anything, Jimin swallows his tears. It was stupid of him to even think he—he should’ve never come to this goddamn party. Jimin feels so, so fucking stupid. Jeongguk doesn’t care, so fuck it—he’s gonna fuck his brother. Drunk, frustrated and aroused, Jimin boldly reaches a hand between their bodies, trying to feel Ian up, but Ian immediately grabs his wrist, keeping his hand at bay as he whispers, “I’m all for riling Jeongguk up a little, but we can’t go further than that.”

“Fuck you.”

Ian laughs, “You wish.”

The moment rips at the seams when Ian pulls back, warmth gone. Jimin’s eyes shoot open and he pivots on the spot, swaying, mind hazy with arousal, trying to come to his senses. “The fuck—?”

“I really had you going, huh?” Ian beams, running a hand through his hair to fix it, his cheeks flushed a deep red. Jimin shoves him aside, legs jelly when he tries to push past the bodies around them. He makes a few steps, Ian reaching out before he can get any further. He takes hold of his wrist, squeezing affectionately. “Jimin, wait—”

“Fuck off, Ian.”

“Jimin—”

“Let go of me.”

“Jimin, come on. I was kidding—”

“That was really hot.”

Soyoon is easy to spot.

In an off-white sweatsuit identical to Ian’s gray one, one of the hottest girls on campus comes to stand a breadth away from them, an arm coming up to wrap around Jimin’s waist rather intimately. Her eyes are a bit reddish around the edges, pupils blown by one of the pills being passed around like candy.

“Were you turned on, Soyoonie?” Ian throws back, pulling Jimin back into his arms, Soyoon’s hand falling limp to her side.

Her eyes meet Ian’s briefly as she brings her red cup up for a sip, a wicked smirk is hidden behind the rim. “I believe I wasn’t the only one.”

“Wanna dance with us?” Ian asks, a soothing hand making Jimin forget he’s supposed to be mad at him. How could Jimin stay mad when Ian’s drawing lazy circles against his hip bones, thumbs pressing against his hip possessively, and a hot girl is eye-fucking him?

Seeing the desire in her eyes, Jimin reaches out a finger to pull the cup down from Soyoon’s mouth. “Hm?” he presses, lazily circling the rim of Soyoon’s drink with his middle finger, the other hand caught under Ian’s hold.

She chuckles, a daring finger coming up to trace Jimin’s lower lip. “You’re a menace, aren’t you?”

“Everyone keeps saying that,” Jimin snorts, taking the drink from her hand. It sloshes a little, but Jimin guzzles the cold booze, hoping it would either quench or ignite the fire in the pit of his stomach. Hoping it would erase Jeongguk’s eyes from behind his eyelids, that it would stop his mind from reeling, from wishing the hands touching him were Jeongguk.

“Hey—slow down,” Soyoon laughs, taking the cup from Jimin’s hand. “Here, take this,” she says, shoving it into some random girl’s hand. Jimin pulls her in, feeling himself disappear under them.

When in hell, dance with the devil.

So Jimin does.

The floor beneath their feet trembles with the groovy bass, the song filling the room with lecherous lyrics and Jimin can’t help but swoon under their hands—there’s intention in each touch, each beat they swing to. When a beam of red light falls over them, Ian and Soyoon press themselves close together, caging Jimin between their bodies, staking their claim.

Soyoon takes Jimin’s hands in hers, bringing them up to rest on her shoulders as Ian’s hands snake tighter around Jimin’s waist, resting low on his hips, nose pressed into the crook of his neck. When Soyoon whispers, “Finders keepers,” Jimin can’t keep his eyes away from her. She carries a dangerous energy in her movements that’s frightening—captivating, a handcrafted animalistic energy that wafts off her pores in the rhythm she rolls her hips in sync with Ian, a sense of ease and

control deeply ingrained in the way they manhandle him.

It's terrifying to surrender to strangers, but it's what Jimin does. He shouldn't be here. He should've left the moment Yoongi left his side, yet here he is, taken by the hard hitting, intoxicating beat, letting his hands roam down Soyoona's back, fingers fisting the fabric of her hoodie, pulling her closer until she's mouthing at his pulse.

The AC fights off the sweat, but the lustful scent that dominates the house seeps through Jimin's clothes, driving him to forget everything but the hands on his body, the lips on his neck.

Soyoona alters her stance, shifting her weight on one leg so she can pull Jimin onto her thigh, Ian's legs tangling with theirs. Dazed with the heaviness of his cock pressing against her lower stomach, Jimin barely registers Soyoona's hand disappearing beneath the jersey. He does feel, however, her fingers dancing around his waistband—

“Can we have you tonight?” she asks.

“Can we, Jiminnie?” Ian's hand curls around Jimin's throat, pulling his head back, and Jimin goes easily, staring Soyoona down with his mouth hanging open—daring, inviting. Ian's lips are on his neck, Soyoona's teeth grazing his collarbone and Jimin is slowly forgetting everything. He lets himself be carried away by the music, by the groove Soyoona dictates, giving himself over to the absolute bliss of being guided through the ecstasy, handing over the reins, letting them tell him what to do.

There's so much sweat on his skin and not all of it is his—they're everywhere, hands all over his body, their breaths mingling with the sultry sounds around them even if they evade all of Jimin's attempts to kiss them. Jimin doesn't care—if they fuck him by the end of all this, nothing else matters.

He lets himself disappear, simply feeling the heat of their bodies sparking the most dormant of fires. But the moment shatters when a sudden outer force breaks them apart, Jimin stumbling into someone else's arms, flushed and breathless, trying to gather his surroundings. There are screams and yells and a wild commotion that jostles everyone around, but Jimin manages to turn in time to see Jeongguk pummeling his own brother to the ground.

In what feels like a second, the entire UCLA team is in the living room, broad backs and strong arms pulling and pushing. By the time Jimin manages to find his footing, Jeongguk has both fists on Ian's collar, face inches from each other. He looks absolutely feral, eyes burning with barely contained fury. One of Jeongguk's teammates attempts to pry them apart, trying to avoid a more serious physical altercation but to no avail. Jeongguk is unrelenting and Ian isn't really helping de-escalate the situation, a shit-eating grin splitting his bloodied lips. He doesn't even try to detach himself from Jeongguk's iron grip.

“What the fuck!” Jimin seethes, pushing people aside, throwing himself right into it. Jeongguk's eyes flicker over to him briefly before he's back to breathing down on Ian like a rabid animal, ready to rip his throat out.

Taehyung's face emerges amongst the crowd, out of nowhere, pushing Jeongguk back enough to slip an arm between them, another strong hand clawing Jeongguk's bicep to get his attention—Namjoon. He whispers something harsh through gritted teeth in full hyung mode, but Jeongguk is rock steady.

Jimin finally reaches them, reaching for Ian, worried at the sight of blood—a huge mistake. Ian shoots him a little sly wink with a flying kiss and it becomes a clusterfuck. He finally hits back.

There are insults and flailing limbs, the brothers growling curses at each other, a push and pull of boiling blood and egos. Ian manages to detach himself from Jeongguk, stumbling back into the onlookers, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. He's still bleeding.

"What the fuck is your problem?!" Jimin lunges at Jeongguk, punching his chest with both hands. He doesn't even budge. "Huh?! You don't—"

Jeongguk silences him with a death grip on his arm—his pupils, naturally big and doe-looking, are so dilated it looks like he's wearing sclera lenses. "Shut the fuck up," Jeongguk growls, pulling Jimin away from the scene. "*Shut up.*"

"Ow, ow—wait, you're hurting me—"

Taehyung immediately jumps in and tries to stop him, but Jeongguk easily pushes him away into someone's arms, turning sharply on his heels as he hauls Jimin through the house. The music stopped, the loud hush of voices silenced by Namjoon shouting to put it back on, barking something about *mind your fucking business* to the crowd.

Jimin slams into people, stumbling as Jeongguk drags him through the packed hallway. Near the stairs, Jeongguk pushes a chunky guy aside, revealing the door the poor dude was leaning against. "Seven minutes—time it," he orders, yanking the door open and shoving Jimin inside.

It's a miniscule cupboard under the stairs, full of cleaning products and an obscene amount of toilet paper. Some rolls fall when Jimin crashes against the shelves, wincing at the sharp pain that runs down his spine, the solid wood jabbing at his ribs.

"There. You win."

Jimin sees Jeongguk lock the door from the inside, the meek overhead light casting dark shadows over his face. Jeongguk looks like he's about to choke him, and not in a good way.

"What is wrong with you?!" Jimin seethes, still a little stunned.

"What the fuck is wrong with *you*," Jeongguk spits back, incensed eyes brimming with unbridled rage. The dimmed gold of the closet light bounces off Jeongguk's intense features as he leans forward in the constricted space, palms resting on the shelves on each side of Jimin's head.

"You're crazy—"

"You have seven minutes," Jeongguk says, his voice rough but surprisingly detached. "What do you want?"

"For you to go fuck yourself," Jimin spits, the air around them starting to feel scarce, stifling hot, fresh droplets of sweat beading around his temples. "Didn't you tell me to go *enjoy the party*?"

"Glad to know your definition of fun is whoring yourself to my brother," Jeongguk scoffs, tossing his head back mockingly. The chain around his neck dangles between them and Jimin finds himself lost to the sway of it, fantasies of it hitting him in the face while Jeongguk fucks him raw swirling to the front of his mind. It makes him weak in the knees—he's still inexplicably horny, his dick half hard in his shorts and he has Jeongguk shirtless in front of him. Recipe for chaos.

"You're just jealous your brother got the shiny toy," Jimin whispers viciously, arching into him, rolling his hips into Jeongguk's with a mocking chuckle. His hands come up to caress Jeongguk's forearms, the muscles contracting under his touch.

But Jeongguk smirks, ignoring the provocation, a hand coming down to halt Jimin's hip movements. "It's my jersey you're wearing."

"It was his hand on my dick."

"And your eyes on me."

Jimin's eyes fall to Jeongguk's mouth when he speaks, watching him swallow thickly, bewitched by the way his neck muscles work under the skin. He catches a whiff of Jeongguk's perfume, the same perfume clinging to his skin, under all the sweat, and it's overwhelming, a drug invading his senses—it coils in his lungs along Jeongguk's warm boozy breath, setting his senses on fire.

Your eyes on me.

Jimin reaches down, flattening his palm over Jeongguk's abs—a small sigh landing on his lips when Jeongguk jerks, startled by the bold touch. Jimin traces the ridges all the way up his chest, delicately running his fingers over Jeongguk's chain, lured by the way the metal heats up, reacting to his touch.

A frustrated groan floats around them when Jimin brings his hand up further, reaching the back of Jeongguk's neck to pull at the hair there—it's untidy, sweaty, coiling around his fingers when he tugs again, eyes lost to the sheen of spit glossing over Jeongguk's parted lips.

"Do that again," Jeongguk murmurs, fingers squeezing Jimin's waist warningly.

"Do what again?" he mouths back, meeting Jeongguk's cloudy gaze.

"Look at my mouth like you want to kiss me," he rasps, a gleam of hunger in his irises. "You do that often."

Jimin bites back a whimper when Jeongguk's clothed thigh rubs against his bare one, giving in easily into the rough pull. But he can't hold back the tiny moan when Jeongguk hoists him up on his leg, hissing when his crotch rubs against Jeongguk's hip, and he catches sight of the thick outline of Jeongguk's own cock under the gray sweatpants—he's getting hard, the light fabric stretching beautifully over it. "Fuck," Jimin pants, shamelessly writhing and seeking any kind of friction. He's getting cross eyed, inebriated with the lust that hangs around them like smoke—hazy swirls of desire, just waiting for them to fall into the trap and lead them into temptation.

They're nose to nose, lips brushing as they share each other's air, Jeongguk's free hand leaving the shelf to wrap around Jimin's throat in a firm grip, tilting his head up, tight like a snake subduing their prey.

"You're a fucking demon," Jeongguk snarls, faltering when Jimin's tongue peeks out, wetting his alcohol-softened lips. Jimin draws in a breath, relishing in the pressure of Jeongguk's fingers on the sides of his neck, his own fingers roaming Jeongguk's naked chest, rounding his shoulder blades—blunt nails scratching his scalp, coaxing small grunts.

"This is what turns you on?" Jeongguk laughs, his boozy breath clinging to Jimin's lips, a call to surrender, to simply move, surge forward and kiss him, taste his venom. Jimin thrusts into Jeongguk, a thrill shooting up his spine when the other immediately holds him down, clawing at his hip possessively—Jimin finds himself addicted to it, to the push and pull, the denial.

They're an unholy duo, dancing around a dangerous kind of lust, tethering on the precipice of surrender, deciding who should be the first to give in. To crash their lips together, messy and rough.

“Were you jealous?” Jimin breathes into Jeongguk’s mouth, voice dropping to a whisper, fingers clutching his sweatpants’ waistband, teasing the skin beneath it. “Hm? Were you jealous, Jeonggukie?”

“Shut up,” Jeongguk grunts into his mouth, the hand around his throat squeezing roughly, making Jimin’s eyelashes flutter.

Jimin grows desperate, heat pooling between his legs when he feels Jeongguk’s lips brush his own—a fluttering touch, almost imperceptible, the wet tip of his tongue touching Jimin’s upper lip, making him chase it—

Jimin crashes back to Earth when sharp knocks reverberate over the loud hum of music outside. “It’s been seven minutes!” someone yells, followed by some cackling and more playful taps. Before Jimin can ask if they’ll just ignore it Jeongguk pulls back, Jimin’s skin nearly ripping out with him.

His eyes snap up to Jeongguk’s face and, concealed under a haze of arousal, he finds a whirlwind of emotions in them. No amount of hatred could camouflage what Jimin sees—a vulnerability that also makes him feel exposed, the emotion in Jeongguk’s eyes burning like a flame, warming his insides, cascading down his throat to settle in his heart.

“J-Jeongguk—”

But Jeongguk is yanking the door open, the rush of fresh air cold on Jimin’s lungs when he grabs his hand and tugs, bumping shoulders and elbowing people to make way as he drags Jimin up the stairs to the second floor. They turn and climb another flight of stairs, the house completely empty this far up.

The squeaks of Jimin’s sneakers sound loud once they get there, rivaling the thundering of his heart when they stop by a door at the end of the hallway and Jeongguk is still holding his hand. The door swings open to a pitch black room, Jeongguk blindly reaching for a light switch. The lights are dimmed, barely there, but Jimin sees it—a bedroom that is essentially Jeongguk.

It’s quite small but *very* clean compared to frat house standards, with light walls and dark furniture. His desk has a massive gaming computer set, blinking a soft neon, books and a shit ton of stationary here and there. The queen bed is pushed to a corner, a mini fridge with shoe boxes on top of it to the left, a giant black punching bag to the right, gloves and hand wraps lying haphazardly under it.

Jimin expects Jeongguk to pin him against the door and finally kiss him—instead, he lets go of Jimin’s hand, turning to shut the door as he toes off his sneakers in silence. Jimin watches him cross the room and sit down on the unmade bed, knees spread, leaning in on his elbows with his hands clasped before him.

“You’re just gonna stand there?” he scoffs, tongue pushing into his cheek. Jeongguk looks up at Jimin standing frozen by the door, fidgeting, ridiculously trying to hide how his dick is still fucking *hard*. An eyebrow arch has Jimin toeing off his trainers too, crossing the room with small steps.

Not ready to face the implications of being in Jeongguk’s bedroom after willingly following him there, Jimin dodges the bed, going to stand by the wall-length mirror on the other side instead. He feels Jeongguk’s eyes on his back, their eyes meeting briefly in the reflection—*waiting*.

The party seems distant now, only the ruckus on the backyard reaching them on the third floor. All

Jimin hears right now is his own heartbeat, the blood rushing in his ears, the way his vision is blacking out in anticipation. And that's why he visibly flinches when Jeongguk says, "Alexa."

Jimin takes a deep breath, convincing himself it's the air conditioning raising goosebumps all over his skin and not the fact Jeongguk just locked them in a room after Jimin poked a beast with a short stick.

A beast that leans in on his forearms, tongue running the inside of his mouth as he adds, "Play *Gods of Sex* on Spotify."

"Okay," the AI responds from somewhere in the room. "*Playing Gods of Sex on Jeon Jeongguk's Spotify.*"

The floor trembles beneath their feet with reverbs from the music downstairs—now muffled by the song that fills Jeongguk's room: clearer, uniquely for them. The song that fills the room with promises, the lights slowly turning red once Jeongguk whips out his phone, thought and intention behind each swipe of his thumb.

There's something captivating about Jeongguk that has Jimin's heart plummeting down his core—a handcrafted, animalistic energy deeply ingrained in his muscles, a sense of ease and control as he simply sits there, *waiting*.

He knows Jimin lost.

It's true, even if Jimin can't admit it to himself.

He played to lose.

Cheeks tinted pink, Jimin finds Jeongguk's gaze through the mirror. And he sees it—the hungry, bewitching glint in his eyes. The slightly damp fabric of the jersey clings to his chest when he bunches it up a bit, revealing the running shorts below—so fucking short the undercurve of his ass is out, spandex leaving nothing to the imagination.

Jeongguk's forearm muscles dance under his skin, a prominent vein descending from his biceps all the way to the hand cupping his crotch. Jimin's eyes flutter shut, the smooth R&B beats filling his mind with steamy lyrics, guiding him into a mindspace that's alluring, visceral—the fantasy he never indulged. He lets himself drown in the reverb, finding the beat with small sways of his hips.

There's the soft rustle of fabric and the nonchalant shuffle of footsteps, Jimin's chest growing tight, a knot in his throat burning with words left unsaid. Head tilting to one side invitingly, Jimin feels Jeongguk approach, goosebumps rising on the back of his neck when he feels Jeongguk blow at his nape. "Can I touch you?" he asks in a small, almost inaudible voice.

Jimin nods.

"Words."

Jimin whimpers, mouth falling open wantonly, uncaring if he already sounds desperate. "Yes."

Jeongguk inhales sharply, fingertips grazing Jimin's knuckles where they're curled tight over the bunched up fabric of Jeongguk's jersey. Jimin watches his movements through the mirror, mesmerized by the veins and tendons on the back of Jeongguk's hands, knuckles bulging when he interlocks their fingers together.

The sultry music, the red lights, the heat of their bodies—it all vanishes when a possessive hand

grazes Jimin's exposed hip and Jeongguk thrusts into him, eliciting a low groan from Jimin's lips when his cock slots in between Jimin's ass cheeks. He's already half hard.

"Jimin," Jeongguk breathes against his neck, "look at me."

He doesn't.

"I *said*," Jeongguk breathes into his ear, taking Jimin firmly by the jaw, fingers dipping into his cheeks, giving Jimin's head a solid shake. "Look at me."

Jimin mewls when that same hand cups over his mouth like a muzzle—he goes limp in Jeongguk's arms, eyelids fluttering open to meet his eyes in the mirror. He thrusts back, rubbing his ass over the front of Jeongguk's sweatpants, whiny and needy, feeling the thick length of his hardening cock through the fabric. It feels like he's going to explode, body aching to be touched.

Touched by *him*.

"What do you want?" Jeongguk asks, leaning closer—close enough Jimin can smell the musky notes of his perfume amidst the salt of his sweat, smell the alcohol on his breath when he says, "You wanted my attention? You have it now."

"Fuck you," Jimin spits breathlessly when Jeongguk lowers his hand.

"I think it's the opposite, *baby*. I think—" Jeongguk smirks, tightening his hold. "I think you want me to fuck you."

"Then fuck me," Jimin breathes. "Fuck me like you hate me."

"That's what you want?" Jeongguk asks, peppering small kisses along his neck, teeth nipping all the way up the soft skin behind his ear.

"Yes," Jimin moans softly, consent morphing into a hiss when the other bites down on his earlobe, hard. He feels one of Jeongguk's hands slide down his waist, gathering the hem of the jersey, dragging it up inch by inch.

His hand trails across Jimin's stomach, fingers playing with his shorts' waistband before slipping inside, cupping Jimin's cock. "No underwear?" Jeongguk chuckles, making Jimin shiver at his words, heady with desire.

He drags his palm up and down, forcing Jimin to rut into the touch, a blind hand coming to wrap around Jeongguk's wrist, nails digging into the skin, urging him on. Jeongguk grunts, dark and breathy, tightening his hold around the engorged shaft, rubbing his own dick along the cleft of Jimin's ass, precum soiling the front of his sweatpants.

"Jeongguk."

Jeongguk.

It's his name on Jimin's back, his name on his lips.

And Jimin desperately wants his mark on his skin.

Having had enough, Jimin breaks free from Jeongguk's hold, pulling his hand out of his shorts to pivot on his heels. His fingers drag up Jeongguk's chest, his breath warm against his lips, their noses brushing momentarily when Jeongguk tilts Jimin's head up to bring their foreheads together.

“Yes, Jimin?”

Jimin mewls, wanting nothing more than Jeongguk stripping him bare, ravaging him with hungry eyes and rough hands. He bites his lip, sucking in a sharp breath when Jeongguk takes his ass in a possessive grip and pushes, pressing Jimin against the mirror, following him with his entire body.

His lips graze the tip of Jimin’s nose, the air around them heavy and thick with words that died on the tip of their tongues, heavy with the desire to let go—to let their wings melt under the burning sun and plummet back into the earth.

Jimin lolls his head back, exposing the column of his throat, hooded eyes finding Jeongguk’s incensed ones—he’s slightly cross eyed, but those are the eyes he dreams of. The beautiful doe eyes he’s fallen for all those years ago.

Swallowing the lump of emotion lodged in his throat, lips parting invitingly, Jimin hooks a finger over Jeongguk’s silver chain and yanks him forward, stealing his name straight from Jeongguk’s mouth. He startles at the deep breath Jeongguk takes before diving in, a shiver kissing down his spine when their lips crash, rough and possessive, an insatiable hunger taking over the both of them.

They grab at each other, Jeongguk kissing Jimin messy and rough, darting his tongue over his bottom lip, craving more and more. Jimin obliges, savoring the growl that rumbles in Jeongguk’s chest when he lets him in, the sound lingering on his tongue, fading away into the moan Jimin feeds him. His hands wander from Jungkook’s hair to his face, feeling the movement of his jaw, reveling in the way his tongue is hot against his own, their kiss hard and bruising.

Jeongguk’s hands fly to Jimin’s face, palms sliding around to latch onto his nape, fisting the hair there, nails digging into the roots and Jimin arches into his touch, mouth falling open wantonly, already drooling all over himself. Jeongguk breaks the kiss, brushing his nose along the curve of Jimin’s throat, breathing in deeply. His mouth falls open over Jimin’s pulse point, but he doesn’t lick, doesn’t bite—just brushes his lips over it, the rush of Jimin smelling like him taking over his mind.

Hands seeking purchase in Jeongguk’s hair, a hoarse moan spilling out of his mouth, Jimin’s eyes roll into the back of his head, his toes curling against the carpet when Jeongguk sucks a harsh bruise on his neck, working the skin between his teeth. He claws at Jeongguk’s back, fingernails digging sharp crescents into his skin, pinkish scratches blooming over the defined muscle. Jeongguk kisses him again and again, biting down onto Jimin’s bottom lip, nibbling it a bit before letting it snap back into place. He smiles into the kiss when Jimin exhales into his mouth, putty in his hands, arching into him.

With one last bruising kiss that has Jimin shuddering under him, Jeongguk pulls back, breathing down his neck, latching onto the juncture between Jimin’s neck and shoulder and sucking, dragging his teeth over it, reveling in his taste, in the pulse under his lips, in the way Jimin moans in pain when he presses his tongue flat over it.

“Jeongguk,” Jimin calls breathily, humping Jeongguk’s thigh with jittery hips, silently asking for more. He’s going insane with the heat of Jeongguk’s skin against his own—all he can think about is the pleasure, the way fire keeps building within him, boiling him from the inside out. “Touch me,” Jimin begs, nosing along Jeongguk’s jaw.

Jeongguk doesn’t touch him.

No.

Jeongguk grabs him by the hair, tipping his head back before claiming his lips once more, worming his way further under Jimin's skin, taking over his system. But Jimin backs off, breaking the kiss, burning with desire.

"Fucking *touch me*," he demands, electricity racing along his veins when he drags his nails across hot skin, pinned under Jeongguk's hungry gaze. He loves how small he feels, trapped under the other, his hot breath fanning over his face. "Touch me, Jeongguk."

The *'please'* remains unsaid.

Tingles shoot down his spine when Jeongguk leans away, hands coming under the jersey to take hold of his shorts, yanking them down his legs, tossing them aside before he surges upwards, reclaiming Jimin's lips.

"You're so fucking entitled," Jeongguk groans, Jimin's hands exploring his body, blunt nails scratching the marbled muscles of his stomach, the air around them heavy with lust and desire. Jeongguk abandons the kiss to graze Jimin's ear, teeth tugging on the lobe, blowing a hot breath over the moist patch of skin he left all over his neck—it forces a high pitched whine out of Jimin, a weak *'it hurts'* fuelling Jeongguk.

He sucks greedily, nipping the flesh, marking him with deep purple bruises, coaxing moan after moan out of Jimin. Jeongguk slides a knee back between his legs and Jimin is a mess of whimpers, rutting against his thigh, whimpering when Jeongguk's clothed erection presses low into his navel, the heady scent of sex filling the steamy air around them.

"You drive me fucking insane," Jeongguk pants into Jimin's mouth, hooded eyes staring down at him rather reverently. He bends down slightly, hooking his hands under Jimin's thighs to hoist him up, swallowing Jimin's gasp of surprise with a hungry tongue. "God, *Jimin*. You're so hot—fuck."

Jimin eagerly seeks his mouth, licking at the seam, arms winding around Jeongguk's shoulder for support—his eyes roll back, cock throbbing between his legs, when Jeongguk's strong hands crawl up his thighs to grope his ass. Jeongguk kneads the flesh so greedily, digging into his skin so painfully, Jimin feels each blood vessel popping to form a bruise. He whines a needy, pitiful sound; hips faltering when Jeongguk pulls the cheeks apart.

Skin on fire, Jeongguk mouths at Jimin's neck like a starved man, leaving marks that will linger, fueled by the needy sounds of Jimin coming undone under his palms, determined to draw all these obscene sounds from him. Jimin floods his senses like a drug, leaving him dizzy with pleasure and want; dragging his tongue up Jimin's jaw, a trail of spit left behind when he smashes their mouths together, swallowing all the pretty little sounds.

Jimin rolls his hips insistently, dragging his own hardening length against Jeongguk's painfully hard cock, Jeongguk grinding into him with long drawn out thrusts, their loud panting mingling with the sound of Jimin's back hitting the mirror, the dull thud resonating in their ears.

Broken moans fall past Jimin's lips when Jeongguk's fingers brush along his rim teasingly, strangled cries of pleasure trapped in the back of his throat—it makes Jeongguk stagger away from the mirror, crossing the room with faltering steps until his knees hit the bed. In a blink of an eye, Jimin's laying on his back, blurry eyes focusing on Jeongguk kneeling between his legs, lips pink and swollen, Jimin's name still hanging on his breath. He tries to sit up, but Jeongguk stops him, closing a hand around his throat and pushing until Jimin falls back on the pillows, the younger's hand wrapped snugly around his neck.

The visual of Jeongguk above him feels like a fever dream Jimin doesn't want to wake up from. And he knows he looks equally ravished—hair a mess, spittle dribbling down his chin, legs still parted from where they were locked around Jeongguk's waist. Holding Jeongguk's gaze, Jimin bends his knees a bit more, all of himself on full display. He sucks in a breath when Jeongguk sits back on his haunches and starts working a hand over his own cock, palm rubbing fast and sure over the damp fabric, his eyes locked on Jimin.

Jimin knows what he sees—Jimin sprawled open for him, wanting, *willing*; the distinct shapes of his fingerprints blooming red on the fair skin of Jimin's neck and the damp jersey bunched up around his waist—

His jersey. His number. His name.

Jimin squirms impatiently, watching Jeongguk stroke himself with teasing long draws, and he can't hold himself back. He presses up against Jeongguk's pelvis like a bitch in heat, parting his legs invitingly, staring deep in Jeongguk's eyes until the edges start to blur.

And when Jeongguk swipes his thumb over the wet patch of precum gathered at the tip, staining his sweats, Jimin sits up expectantly. Jeongguk's hands wander from his cock to Jimin's face, cupping his cheek with a tender touch, running his wet thumb over Jimin's lower lip. Jimin leans into the caress, coaxing the finger into his mouth, sucking greedily at the digit, whimpering when Jeongguk drags it along his tongue, hooking over his bottom teeth and pressing down—"You were right, I do like it wide open."

Jimin's eyes darken at the action, staring up to see Jeongguk's eyes reflecting his own desire back at him. He lets Jeongguk's finger slip from his mouth, leaning forward to trail open mouthed kisses along his abs, a triumphant smirk parting his plump lips when he looks up at Jeongguk through his lashes, a thick string of spit hanging from his slacked jaw. He brushes his fingers along Jeongguk's stomach all the way down his Adonis belt, skimming over the waistband of his sweatpants until they land on the strings keeping them tied up. He tugs until they unravel, teasingly hooking his fingers over the waistband. But, instead of easing the fabric down, Jimin pulls at it lightly, letting it snap back onto Jeongguk's skin.

The red lights cast a dangerous glow on Jeongguk's face, visibly irritated. It has Jimin recoiling, his naughty giggle dying mute when Jeongguk's jaw tenses, a muscle jumping over his jawbone, right hand coming down on Jimin's cheek. It's not hard enough to hurt, but Jimin gasps at the sting, cock twitching in anticipation.

"You know your colours?" Jeongguk asks, a hint of apprehension behind the mask of annoyance. Jimin freezes, taken aback by Jeongguk's question. Even if they're both drunk as fuck, and Jimin already told him to be rough, Jeongguk's still making sure he has Jimin's consent. Whatever doubt left falls apart right there and then; nothing would make him say '*red*' tonight. So that's why Jimin stares him dead in the eye when he says, "I do."

"Use it if you need them. Now, turn around," Jeongguk orders, standing up. "Head at the edge of the bed."

Jimin doesn't move a single muscle, never once breaking eye contact. He seals his fate with a whispered, "Make me."

Jeongguk doesn't do anything, doesn't say anything.

He drags a hand down his chest, fingers fluttering around his cock, pants straining against an obvious bulge, a big wet patch of precum on the pale grey fabric. With a swift movement,

Jeongguk pulls his cock out, curled up towards his stomach, red and angry. Jimin stifles a moan, squirming at the delicious sight of Jeongguk's cock—it's long, a drop of precum running down the length; flushed, and so fucking thick Jimin feels his hole clench.

Something dark flickers through Jeongguk's gaze when he finally hooks his thumbs into the waistband, dragging his pants down the rest of the way, tossing them aside. "Alexa," Jeongguk says, lips twitching into a smirk when he notices Jimin hungrily taking in his naked body. "Set the volume down to seven."

Jimin whimpers when Jeongguk reaches out and grabs his face, palm pressed against Jimin's mouth, thumb digging into one cheek, the rest of his fingers pressing just as harshly into the other. "I still wanna hear you," Jeongguk mutters, chuckling when Jimin pushes his tongue in between his lips and licks Jeongguk's palm, keeping eye contact.

Defiant, still. But no matter how much he squirms, or how hard he pulls at Jeongguk's wrist, he can't fight the strong hold Jeongguk has on his face. It makes him feel incredibly small—a prey. And Jeongguk is his hunter.

"Turn around."

Jimin feels hot under his stare, the angry red imprints of Jeongguk's fingers blossoming against his pale skin when he lets go.

"I said turn around," Jimin swallows down a moan at the command, wincing when Jeongguk grabs his hair and jerks his head up. "Do I have to keep repeating myself, *Jimin*?"

Without waiting for an answer, Jeongguk pulls Jimin by the hair, tossing him around like a ragdoll until he gets Jimin on his back, upside down on the sheets. And with his head hanging off the end of the bed, Jimin's heart soars when Jeongguk towers over him, fingers curling around his throat.

He cries out when Jeongguk presses into his pulse—his eyes *burn*, two pools of black staring down at him, the younger pushing two fingers into his mouth. Jimin sucks on them eagerly, lapping the digits, tightening his lips around them. He arches his back, exposing his throat, when Jeongguk's fingers slip from his mouth wetly.

"Open up," he grunts, rubbing the smooth head of his cock over Jimin's mouth, glossy with precum. Jimin throws his head back further, tongue coming out to lick at the tip—small, kittenish licks that make the corners of Jeongguk's mouth twitch, eyes burning into Jimin's when he snaps, thrusting halfway inside with a sharp stoke, moaning loudly once he's fully engulfed in Jimin's warm, wet mouth.

The smooth length glides easily into Jimin's mouth, Jeongguk holding his jaw open, and Jimin moans unabashedly at the taste of him, breathing heavily through his nose when Jeongguk pushes in further, hitting the back of his throat. God, it's fucking heaven.

"F-Fuck—your mouth feels so good," Jeongguk praises, the gurgling sound of Jimin choking and gagging music to his ears. He eases the pace, letting Jimin heave in some air before he's pushing inside again, taking control and holding nothing back. He fucks into his mouth with vigor, feeling Jimin swallow heavily around him, lips stretched beautifully around the thick girth. "God, you're taking me so well—s-so good."

Seeking leverage, Jimin's hands come up to Jeongguk's thighs, hooking tightly around the legs on either side of his head, holding on tight while the younger pounds into his mouth. Jeongguk is hard and hot, the soft skin of his cock sliding easily along Jimin's throat, his toes curling inside his

socks each time he gags around Jeongguk, drooling all over himself.

“Breathe.” Obedient, Jimin heaves in a lungful of air, tilting his head when Jeongguk slips out for a moment, puckered lips shamelessly searching for his cock. Jeongguk gives in, pushing deeper and deeper when Jimin flattens his tongue, opening up to take more and more. This is everything Jimin wanted—Jeongguk’s hands cradling his head, fingers tight in his hair as they fill the room with the lewd, sloppy sounds of Jeongguk fucking his mouth over and over again.

Jeongguk slides all the way inside with a brutal stroke that makes Jimin squirm, stomach contracting when Jeongguk hits the back of his throat and stays, making Jimin choke and splutter around him. He gags and coughs, heavy tears streaming down into his hairline, but Jeongguk doesn’t pull back. Jimin’s throat spasms, coaxing a loud moan out of Jeongguk’s mouth. Seeing Jeongguk fold, Jimin swallows heavily, tightening his lips, trying to accommodate around the girth splitting his mouth apart. Nose pressed to the base of his cock, Jimin feels blood rushing to his face, lungs screaming for air, but Jeongguk’s unwavering grip keeps him in place until he’s drooling all over himself, choking on it.

A few of Jeongguk’s fingers dance along the column of his neck, thumb caressing the stretched skin, rubbing over the lump of his cockhead protruding off the other’s skin, feeling himself deep down Jimin’s throat. It’s loud and nasty, the wet choking that rivals Jimin’s loud coughs when Jeongguk finally pulls back, fingers dancing over Jimin’s collarbones as he whispers, “Breathe, baby. Breathe.”

Jimin does, spine arching off the bed with each frantic inhale. He fucking loves it—the dizziness, the strain in his jaw, the taste of precum coating his mouth, the raw feeling prickling the back of his throat, the way his head *spins*. Woozy and slightly disoriented, his lungs burn but Jimin pushes through, smiling dumbly when Jeongguk wipes the mess of drool dripping towards his eyes.

A small whine and an eager tongue has Jeongguk pushing into his mouth again, fucking him—*using* him. “Oh fuck, that’s it. God—Jimin, you just *know*—” Jeongguk moans, hips snapping forward, burying himself deep. “Fu-u-uck. That’s it, baby.”

The pet name has Jimin convulsing around Jeongguk’s cock, parting his own legs wider, a hand coming down to chase some relief. He’s so worked up it feels like he’s gonna explode any minute —

The sting of Jeongguk’s palm against his cheek registers after he’s pulled out, Jimin’s lips hanging open, the ghost of Jeongguk’s cock still on his tongue. “Did I say you could touch yourself?”

Reluctantly removing his hand from between his legs, Jimin draws his knees up, another needy whine pushing past his lips, “F-Fuck—Jeongguk, I need to cum.”

“No.”

Jimin sways back and forth lazily on the bed, looking up at Jeongguk with pleading eyes, tilting his head until the tip of Jeongguk’s dick nudges his lips again. His tongue flickers around the tip once, twice, and then Jeongguk’s hands are on him, manhandling him around until Jimin’s laying back on the pillows, gripping the sheets.

Jeongguk crawls over him, grabbing his thighs roughly, pressing his legs wide apart. Jimin’s cock curls up towards his navel, hot and leaking, caught under the jersey. Jimin bunches it up around his waist, meaning to take it off, but Jeongguk stops him. “No. Keep it on.”

“Ugh—fuck,” It’s such a hot command Jimin whines, planting his feet flat onto the mattress,

rutting up against Jeongguk, exposing himself. He's restless, the tightness building within him burning his insides, the world fading away until there's only Jeongguk.

Hovering over him, Jeongguk tentatively reaches for his cheek, cradling his face, thumb dancing across Jimin's lower lip. The heavy weight of his cock presses into Jimin's lower stomach when Jeongguk leans in and breathes, "Kiss me like you mean it."

With a tight fist on his chain, Jimin yanks Jeongguk closer, pushing their lips together. It's wet and messy, their cocks rutting against one another, Jimin's hips jerking up as he chases the feeling. A low chuckle bleeds into the kiss when Jeongguk slides a leg between Jimin's own, coaxing another moan out of him. They get carried away by the music, the scent of sex in the air, their mingled breaths and moans. Skin on fire from his touch, Jimin kisses Jeongguk like a starved man. They explore each other like uncharted territory; desperate—for touch, for intimacy. Trying to find the way home.

And from Jeongguk's goosebumps and ragged breaths, Jimin wonders if he feels the same.

They fall into a trance, lips searching one another, kissing until they run out of breath. "Oh, God. Fuck—Jeongguk," Jimin shivers, hands holding tight onto Jeongguk's hair when he feels blunt nails drawing down his stomach, heels pressed into the mattress, bucking up when Jeongguk's hand disappears between his legs.

"You're so fucking hot. So responsive—fuck, baby." Jeongguk murmurs against his lips, leaning down to drag his nose along Jimin's jaw, nuzzling the side of his throat. Jimin throws his head back with a sigh, eyes closed and lip caught between his teeth, pushing into the tight ring of Jeongguk's fingers. He is so fucking dizzy—it's like his mind shut down, the most dangerous sides of his psyche coming out; an incubus ready to feast on their lust.

Jeongguk drags his teeth over the pulse in Jimin's neck, expertly working his hand over Jimin's cock, running his thumb over the slit, spreading precum around the head, letting it drip between his fingers. He's leaking so fucking much.

An expert fick of his wrist has Jimin throwing his head to the side, muffling himself on the pillow, fisting the sheets; a choked sob spills from his throat when Jeongguk speeds up, pumping his cock faster. "Nuh-uh. Let me hear you," Jeongguk says, licking his way up Jimin's ear, a promise hanging between them. "Loud and clear, baby."

"Please, Jeongguk—fuck, *please*—" Jimin feels Jeongguk's cock against his leg, the younger rutting against his thigh, drawing his own line of precum on his skin. His toes curl, his loud moans blending with the lustful melody around them, the pull in his core increasing, an unbearable heat building low between his legs when Jeongguk's thumb circles around the head of his cock. Jimin arches into the touch, sliding his hand up Jeongguk's back, leaving faint pink lines. "M-more, more—" he pleads.

Jeongguk pulls back, nostrils flared, looking down at Jimin with fiery eyes. Jimin's cock twitches in his hand, burning a hot angry red when Jeongguk murmurs, "Look at me."

Jimin forces his eyes open, mind reeling, shuddering when a strong hand squeezes around the base of his cock, holding back the blissful delight about to surge through him. Jeongguk sees the beast thrashing and screaming inside Jimin—a demon kept on a leash reaching out to him. And he wants nothing more than to unbuckle the collar and let him loose.

"Fuck—Jeongguk, I—it hurts, i-it hurts," Jimin chokes out in desperation, eyes rolling when he feels Jeongguk's scorching touch under his shirt, fingertips grazing the skin where ribs soften into

chest, a blunt nail tracing around his nipple.

A slew of curses spill from Jimin's lips when Jeongguk purposefully lifts his hips, denying him the friction he craves. But Jeongguk is torturing himself, too. His skin burns hot, body clammy with sweat, dick so fucking hard it's leaking all over Jimin's legs. Sitting back on his heels, Jeongguk runs his hands over Jimin's thighs, dark eyes hungrily devouring the view before him.

Park Jimin—under him, cock hard and leaking, hole fluttering.

Park Jimin—in blue and gold, wearing *his* jersey, *his* number.

Jimin, with his legs parted in invitation, wanting him.

RSVP: Jeon Jeongguk accepts with pleasure.

With an iron grip on his ankles, Jeongguk pulls Jimin down a bit closer, diving down between his legs, running his tongue along the precum he himself has rubbed into his thighs, savoring the breathy curses to his name.

Jimin is a quivering mess, cursing incoherently, hands clawing the sheets, almost ripping them off the mattress. He bucks his hips impatiently but Jeongguk holds him down with one hand, biting several kisses into his thigh, leaving tender teeth marks behind.

“S-stop teasing—” Jimin gasps, thighs closing around Jeongguk's head when Jeongguk slides his nose against his hip joint, so fucking close yet so far, torturously dragging his tongue across the fold of Jimin's hip until he's pressing lightly at the base of his cock.

“Eager, aren't we?” Jeongguk murmurs, eyes flicking up to his face, watching Jimin almost chew off his bottom lip trying to keep quiet. “I wanna hear you,” he demands, lapping up the precum pooling at the base of Jimin's cock before he curls his fingers around the base. “Be as loud as you want, baby.”

The moment Jeongguk takes him into his mouth, Jimin nearly chokes on his tongue, crying out in pleasure. He tries to keep his eyes open, but the sight of Jeongguk's tongue digging into his slit almost has him coming on the spot. He thrusts up when the warmth of Jeongguk's mouth engulfs him, making Jeongguk gag—he sputters but doesn't pull away, blinking through the tears and relaxing his throat, pushing further down, wet lips gliding over Jimin's aching dick.

“Oh God, Jeongguk. F-fuck—yeah, *fuck*. Just like that, j-just like that,” Jeongguk's gaze snaps up to look at him and Jimin's stomach swoops at the absolute hunger in his eyes. His mind spins, one hand pressing onto the back of Jeongguk's head as he sucks and licks, taking Jimin all the way down his throat, determined to suck the absolute life out of him. And with Jimin completely at his mercy, Jeongguk takes him deeper, the obscene sound of choking and gagging floating amidst the lust blasting through the bedroom speakers. “Oh God, Jeongguk, don't stop. Don't stop, fu-ugh-ck,” Jimin cries out, the tightness in his lower belly coiling into something addictive—a promise of ecstasy that has him spreading his legs wider, panting and moaning loudly. He feels his body tightening, nearing the edge, the heat searing his insides. Close, so close—

Jeongguk pulls back, Jimin's cock slipping from his lips with a loud pop, a thin string of spit connecting the angry red tip of Jimin's cock and Jeongguk's lips, slick with drool and precum. He breaks it by running his thumb over his lip and sucking it into his mouth, eyes fogged up with hunger and lust.

“*Fuck*,” Jimin screams in frustration, arching off the bed, hips rolling of their own volition, chasing

the high slowly evading him. “Why—why’d you s-stop?”

“You cum when I tell you to.”

It’s the final trigger. Jeongguk there, kneeling between his legs with a glistening smirk and eyes heavy with need, awakens something in Jimin. A primal, animalistic kind of want that burns through him. He *needs* Jeongguk.

The world closes in on him when Jeongguk gathers a bit of the drool on his chin, two fingers slipping into his mouth, sucking on them down to the last knuckle for a moment before slowly dragging them out.

Holding his gaze, Jimin bends one leg at the knee, dragging his foot up Jeongguk’s thigh. His toes crawl up and up, teasing his hip joint before he presses his foot down on Jeongguk’s raging erection, smiling devilishly when Jeongguk groans, hips bucking up into the touch. He wraps his leg around Jeongguk’s waist and jerks, making him fall forward. It forces Jeongguk to brace himself with a hand on the headboard, grinding down on Jimin as if he’s already inside, staring down at where their cocks rub together. Jimin’s mouth waters at the thought of having Jeongguk’s thick cock inside him, fucking deep, pulling the most mindblowing orgasm out of him—cock splitting him open, making it *hurt*. Without another thought, Jimin reaches down, hand curling over the engorged length, reveling in the way Jeongguk’s thick cock twitches as he strokes him with quick flicks of his wrist.

“You’re gonna be the death of me,” Jeongguk whimpers, bucking into Jimin’s fist with sloppy rolls of his hips. Jimin smirks, enraptured by the vision of Jeongguk crumbling under his touch, eyes fluttering shut, mouth hanging open in a silent ‘o’ as he falls apart under his hand.

Heat pools between his legs as Jeongguk fucks into his fist, the wet sound loud in the room, Jimin’s face heating up when Jeongguk quivers, cock twitching in his hand, more precum dribbling down the head with each tug. His upperhand doesn’t last long, though. Pulling himself together, Jeongguk smacks Jimin’s hand away, that same hand coming up to grip his jaw, forcing his lips open, bringing their mouths together. Jimin convulses, eyes rolling into the back of his skull when warm drool dribbles past Jeongguk’s tongue, filling his mouth; it’s the hottest thing Jimin’s experienced—it’s possessive and nasty, white hot pleasure burning inside him at the feeling of Jeongguk’s warm drool swirling around his tongue. He fucking loves it.

Jeongguk’s hand slides down Jimin’s jaw, curling around his throat, “Swallow.”

He grins, feeling the immediate bob of Jimin’s throat under his palm, relishing in Jimin’s complacent behavior. He should’ve known better.

Out of spite, Jimin opens his mouth wide, tongue lolling out, eyes set on Jeongguk’s incensed stare.

Defiant, still.

But Jeongguk obliges, this time spitting more harshly, watching Jimin swallow obediently. “Brat,” Jeongguk grunts, falling further on top of him, parting Jimin’s legs with a lazy roll of his hips, letting him feel just how hard he is. Jimin’s retort is cut off by two of Jeongguk’s fingers pushing into his waiting mouth, massaging his tongue. Jimin sucks eagerly, coating them thoroughly, never breaking eye contact.

After a moment, Jeongguk pulls his fingers away, replacing them with his lips in a hot, bruising kiss, distracting Jimin as he slides his hand between his legs, wet fingers teasing his rim.

Jimin throws his head back, mouth agape but no sound comes; lips pink and swollen—all Jeongguk’s work. He squirms, impatient, when the wet fingers dance around his cleft, a nail teasing his perineum, circling down to his hole. It’s driving him insane.

“In-inside,” he manages to plead, legs quivering, cock throbbing with every fluttery touch. He’s probably ripped holes in Jeongguk’s bedding with how hard he’s fisting the sheets.

“Spread your legs,” Jeongguk demands hoarsely, fingertips tapping Jimin’s rim teasingly, watching the wetness of precum collecting on his navel, making a mess of himself.

Jimin obliges, spreading his knees as far as he can, pulling at his own hair when he hears Jeongguk spit, something warm trickling over his asshole, sliding down his crack. He hears a bit of shuffling, Jeongguk’s weight falling heavier on top of him as the younger reaches for the nightstand drawer, hastily roaming around it before he’s pulling back, lube in hand. Warm hands spread his cheeks apart, and the chilly bedroom air against his spit-coated hole makes him shiver, a thrill shooting up his spine when he hears the tell-tale snap of a bottle cap followed by Jeongguk’s slick finger circling his rim again, hole immediately trying to suck him in.

Jimin screws his eyes shut, hearing Jeongguk’s rough chuckle before he’s pushing a finger all the way inside, “Fuck, f-fuck—Jeongguk—”

“That feels good, baby?”

Jimin nods frantically, pushing his hips down to meet his finger, heart fluttering at the lyrics his ears pick up, the song echoing around them telling the words they don’t dare say—the words that sit in the air, stuck in their own stubbornness.

Jeongguk’s finger goes slow and deep, dragging over Jimin’s prostate over and over again. It’s maddening, Jimin reduced to a babbling mess as he pushes against Jeongguk’s palm, clenching hard around him, sucking his finger in, hot tension spreading throughout his body as Jeongguk works him open. At a particular deep angle, hot arousal blooms in his belly, muscles tightening to keep Jeongguk in—his finger pushing in and pulling out, over and over again, and it’s making him lose his mind. “Fuck—Jeongguk, ugh—f-fuck—nngh—oh, God.”

Two fingers slide inside him and Jimin can’t help the dry sob that breaks free; Jeongguk’s free hand presses down on his lower belly, keeping Jimin from squirming, pumping in and out at a steady pace. The air is damp around them—he’s soaking wet, the squelch of lube ringing around his ears and the room smells so much of sex Jimin can taste it on his tongue, lips falling open, a loud moan tearing from his vocal chords when two become three. He feels the stretch, the delicious mix of pain and pleasure as Jeongguk dribbles more lube over his hole, pushing all three fingers in, dragging the pads along the slick walls, watching his eyelids flutter, Jimin’s thighs quivering when he crooks his fingers, hole clenching tightly around them.

“There?” Jeongguk teases, running his fingertips over Jimin’s prostate, milking him, making him leak all over himself. Jimin breathes hard against his ear, urging him on, telling him how good it feels—Jimin feels like his skin is about to rip out of his bones, sensitive against the sheets. Over and over again Jeongguk touches that spot that has his toes curling, his back arching, his legs shaking.

Jimin moans brokenly, leaking all over, indistinct bodily fluids dripping down his sides. “Oh Go-o-od,” he sobs, whole body trembling, pleasure rippling through his entire body as Jeongguk’s skilled movements keep stimulating his prostate and Jimin can’t do anything but lie there and *take it*. He’s on fire and Jeongguk keeps dousing him in gasoline, building the flame until it’s scorching his insides. “I—I’m... I’m—”

Jimin's eyes snap open when the fingers are gone, empty hole clenching around nothing. Slightly disoriented, Jimin feels the world flip when his eyes leave Jeongguk's massive silhouette, finding the white sheets as he's manhandled on his stomach, Jeongguk's heavy hand pressing his face into the pillow.

"Ass up," Jeongguk gruffs, voice low and rough.

Jimin scrambles to his hands and knees with weak limbs, faltering when Jeongguk's hand slides between his shoulder blades, pushing his upper body back into the sheets. Without warning, a hand comes crashing down on Jimin's right butt cheek. "Come on, baby. You can do better than that, right? You're a cheerleader," the younger says, roughly kneading the tender flesh. "Ass *up*."

Another blow, twice as hard. It fucking stings.

Jimin gasps for air, crying out at the stinging pain, torn between fleeing the touch and asking for another. He looks back over his shoulder, taking in how fucking gorgeous Jeongguk is, smooth skin bathed in red lights, sweat dripping down his chiseled chest, cock standing proud and ready, whipping up and down when he shuffles forward on his knees. Jimin cries out when his head is yanked back, spine arching beautifully, Jeongguk's big body leaning over him. "Such a gorgeous ass all red like this," he whispers, nipping the top of Jimin's ear, the words shooting straight to his neglected cock. "Fuck, Jimin you're so beautiful—"

"S-shut up, stop talking," he whines, breaking free from Jeongguk's hold, dropping down on the pillows. Knees slipping on the sheets, he dips his spine—ready to be taken. "J-Just fuck me already."

Frantic, Jimin reaches back for the hem of the jersey, pulling it further up, exposing his ass and taking hold of his cheeks to pull them apart, huffing into the pillow, his own hot breath fanning back over his face. Jeongguk curses at the gesture, replacing one of Jimin's hands with his own, two fingers pressing inside easily, Jimin loosened up and ready, ignoring the complaint that reaches his ears once he pulls them out.

Hearing Jeongguk frantically rummage through the open nightstand drawer, Jimin turns his head in time to see a flash of golden foil in the other's hand. "N-no—no," he wheezes, snatching the condom from Jeongguk's fingers, tossing it across the room. "I know you're clean because of the t-team. I-I'm clean, too."

"Fuck—don't say that," Jeongguk groans, grinding his cock between Jimin's wet ass cheeks, droplets of his sweat dropping onto Jimin's lower back, running their course down his spine as Jeongguk's thumbs press into the dimples above his ass. "Jimin—fuck, a-are you sure?"

"Wanna feel your skin," he insists, pushing back, the head of Jeongguk's cock catching on his rim. They both moan. "Jeongguk, *please*. Please—"

"You want me to fuck you raw?" Jeongguk double-checks, pressing a sloppy kiss to Jimin's nape, then another between his shoulder blades where his name lies.

Jimin nods frantically, biting down on his arm to muffle his own scream when Jeongguk, fingers digging into his hip, takes his cock in hand and circling it slowly around Jimin's fluttering hole, spreading the lube all over him. And then finally, he pushes in, torturously slow. The moment he breaks past the tight ring, Jimin's whole body tenses, sucking in a breath through gritted teeth. His toys are good and keep him satisfied, but—

Jeongguk is fucking massive. And he's pulling out.

“Wha—”

Jeongguk shushes him, a hand coming up to thread into the sweaty locks in a surprisingly sweet gesture that throws Jimin for a loop. “Too dry, I don’t wanna hurt you.”

Jimin flinches when cold lube is poured directly over his hole, ears tuned to the squelch of Jeongguk working his lubed-up cock, hissing as he strokes himself a few times, a breathy curse falling from his lips. Jimin buckles forward when Jeongguk lets his forehead fall in the crook of Jimin’s neck, mouthing along his haywire pulse. “Take a deep breath,” Jeongguk orders, pushing in again.

It’s hot and messy and feels so fucking good, Jimin’s broken moans vibrating against Jeongguk’s chest as he’s stretched over his cock, splitting him open. At Jimin’s behest Jeongguk begins to move, dragging his cock out until the tip almost slips, each stroke punching little puffs of air from Jimin’s lungs. Jimin rocks back against him, letting Jeongguk take him however he wants, fingers clutching the pillow tightly. And Jeongguk does—biting down on the juncture of his shoulder; with deep strokes, rough and dirty, staking his claim.

Jimin mewls, Jeongguk’s thrusts turning rougher, each roll of his hips driving his cock further into him, the sounds of fucking—of skin slapping against skin—loud against his ears. At this point, Jeongguk has Jimin writhing, hands scrambling back, clawing at Jeongguk’s butt cheeks, urging him to go deeper, to fuck him harder.

Unable to tease any longer, Jeongguk spreads his knees, forcing Jimin’s own legs wider apart, and they fall forward into the sheets. Jimin fucking loves the sensation of being trapped under Jeongguk’s heavy body, a couple of tears trickling down his cheeks when Jeongguk picks up the pace, fucking the air out of his lungs—he pulls all the way out until the head of his cock catches on Jimin’s fucked out rim then plunges back, hips smacking the back of Jimin’s thighs with loud slaps.

Jeongguk mounts him like a beast, hitting Jimin’s prostate dead on, breathing down his neck, sweating on him—giving, taking. “P-please, please, p-please—” Jimin sobs, not sure what he’s pleading for. He’s lost all track of time, his mind floating, his body rocking into the bed, the delicious weight of Jeongguk’s body pinning him down while he fucks his brains out. His plea goes ignored, Jeongguk leaning back on his knees, pulling Jimin back on all fours, rolling his hips deliciously as he searches for his own pleasure.

“I’ll make sure—” Jeongguk grunts, tugging the jersey free from where it was caught under Jimin’s arms, “you never go—for anyone else—ever again.”

He pulls and twists it around his fist, the bunched up fabric tightening around Jimin’s torso like a leash. Jeongguk uses it for leverage as he pistons his hips, the pressure of his thick cock making Jimin babble incoherently, crying out in pain as his neglected cock whips up and down with each thrust, leaking all over the sheets.

“You heard me?” Jeongguk presses, yanking on the jersey to make Jimin bounce on his cock, crying out his name—the name printed on his back, the bold golden letters burning behind Jeongguk’s eyelids. “It’s *my* fucking name on your back, Jimin. *Mine*.”

“Jeongguk—fu-fuck!” Jimin shouts hoarsely, throat raw and burning. He screams even louder when Jeongguk tightens the hold on the jersey, the collar digging painfully into his already sore throat. He feels owned, claimed—like Jeongguk is searing his name on his skin, *branding* him inside out.

Jimin doesn't know he's drooling until Jeongguk's scorching palm smears it all over his face, thumb brushing across his bottom lip, pulling it down and letting it bounce back before Jeongguk's shoving three fingers into his mouth, hooking them over his cheek like a harpoon. Jimin's mouth falls open, drooling all over Jeongguk's fingers as the younger fucks him from behind, harsh and unrelenting, the wet sound of skin against skin louder than the music. It's maddening—the saltiness of Jeongguk's fingers, the stretch of his cock inside him, his labored breaths—boiling, burning; Jimin can't fucking *breathe*.

Desperate for relief, Jimin sneaks a hand down, curling his fingers around his cock—painfully hard and leaking, muscles clenching as he humps his own fist, chasing his release. Jeongguk doesn't let him.

“Jeongguk ph-lease, *please*—it hurts so much. T-Touch me, *do something*—”

Jeongguk pulls out abruptly, Jimin left gaping around nothing. “I wanna see you,” he hisses between clenched teeth, manhandling Jimin until he's spread on his back, hair a dark halo around his face, the damp shirt twisted tight around his torso.

“Jeonggu-uk...it hurts—h-hurts...” Jimin slurs, eyes unfocused, fuzzy and floaty as he tries to look at him.

Jimin's seen Jeongguk before.

Has seen him smile, has seen him cry after a game—has seen him drunk; that boisterous, almost childlike laughter ringing around the campus. Has seen him mad, absolutely fucking pissed. Has seen him lose it at his teammates. Has seen him discreetly paying for a friend that was short on money.

Jeongguk is fucking gorgeous. He's the guy all boys want to be friends with, he's the dream boyfriend all the girls swoon over. Jimin's seen it—seen him. But never like this.

Never like he's also seeing Jimin for the first time.

In some way, they are.

Blown pupils, raw lips, raven hair falling over his eyes in damp unruly strands—Jimin lets himself be held in Jeongguk's gaze.

“Claw my back as hard as you can,” Jeongguk murmurs against his lips, placing Jimin's hands on his lower back as he drapes himself over the other, settling back between his legs. “make it scar.”

At first, Jimin's touch is the complete opposite; feather-light, almost afraid as he runs his fingers up Jeongguk's back, feeling the erratic heartbeat pulsing beneath his palms—it seems Jeongguk's heart is about to burst out of his chest, too.

Jimin winces when Jeongguk slams back in.

It's different—looking into his eyes.

They're hazy, mesmerized. As if he can't believe Jimin is under him, around him, nails digging into his back as he sinfully moans Jeongguk's name like a mantra.

A gasp stutters in Jeongguk's throat, a desperate need bleeding into his movements as he loses himself to the blazing fire burning under their skin. He's faint and feverish, arms slipping where they're hooked under Jimin's arms in an embrace, clammy hands clamping down onto his

shoulders as he pounds into him, dragging out more of Jimin's sweet little sounds.

Sweat drops down his face onto Jimin's parted lips, his silver chain dangling between them, hitting Jimin in the face with every thrust, every jerk of their bodies over the sweaty sheets. Jimin clings to him—begging, breathless, murmuring nonsense against Jeongguk's lips. It's overwhelming, feeling him like this. It's more intimate, less casual and Jimin doesn't know what to do. A lump of emotion lodges itself in his throat, ready to explode. And when a rather pained cry escapes his mouth, Jeongguk opens his eyes, seeing himself reflected in those teary eyes.

Jimin's crying.

"Shh... shh," Jeongguk coos, searching Jimin's face as he slows to a stop. "Hey, hey, hey. Look at me. Jimin, look at me—are you okay?"

Jimin sobs loudly, face flushed, sweat beading his hairline as his body rocks with every shuddery breath, his lips quivering as he tries to bite back the broken whimpers bubbling up his throat.

"Did I hurt you?" Jeongguk worries, his eyes softening with concern, eyebrows drawn up in a frown.

Jimin shakes his head, screwing his eyes shut, more tears slipping past his eyelashes. His nails dig further into Jeongguk's back, pulling him closer, *needing* him closer. "I'm—I'm—I need you, please —"

"Jimin," Jeongguk's trembling hand comes up to push the hair from Jimin's face with soft fingertips, still breathless. "Should we stop?"

"No!" Jimin shouts, scrambling to pull Jeongguk impossibly closer. "No, no, no—please. No, I—I'm okay, I'm o-okay. I'm green—it's green," Jimin whispers, nuzzling into the palm caressing his face, wiping his tears, thumb rubbing soothing circles onto his cheek. "I—I'm okay. I just—need you. I need you—please, p-please."

A single word.

A single word has tears brimming in Jeongguk's eyes, tears he doesn't bother to hide. A cathartic word that has Jimin sobbing, hugging Jeongguk with all his might, inhaling the scent that's turning him into an addict, flowing through his veins, luring him in like the serpent of Eden. A word that has Jeongguk tightening his grip, falling forward over Jimin, afraid to let go. As if it's all a dream that's gonna flow through his hands like sand in a fleeting memory.

"I'm here," Jeongguk pants, fingers running through Jimin's sweaty hair. "I'm here."

Both gasping for breath, equally overwhelmed by the moment and the emotions it unearthed, they lose themselves in each other's eyes, something foreign blooming in between—something that's been dormant, lying in wait for the right moment.

Jeongguk's eyes flicker over Jimin's face, searching. There's so much in them, the same whirlwind of emotions reflected in his own. But then Jimin reaches up, trailing a finger over Jeongguk's cheekbone, eyes dipping down to his lips. Trembling all over, Jimin cups Jeongguk's jaw, bringing his face down until their ragged breaths mingle in hot swirls between them, both waiting for the snap that'll cease all pretenses.

"I'm okay," Jimin confesses into his mouth, rolling his hips down to take Jeongguk back in, heart pounding in his ears so loudly he can barely hear his own words. It makes Jeongguk whimper, pressing his nose into Jimin's cheek, a tender gesture before he lets himself be completely taken

over. He grazes Jimin's throat with his teeth, feeling the wayward pulse against his lips, the fire burning brighter, Jimin's exploring touches blurring Jeongguk's sense of reality.

The vibrations of Jimin's moans travel between them, the air thickening with the scent of sex as they melt into one another, riding the high with no brakes. Jimin sobs desperately, arching up the bed as Jeongguk pumps him viciously, fingers clawing the muscles covered in clammy skin, feeling the younger's erratic heartbeat under his palms. He holds on tight as Jeongguk pulls him onto his cock, hard and fast, tears flowing freely as he takes Jeongguk's unforgiving thrusts, legs dangling open, toes curling with each particularly hard push. He burns with the need for more, relishing in the heat of Jeongguk's mouth against his, the way they share the same hot breath.

Jimin looks at Jeongguk—truly looks at him. At the black hair falling over his face, the furrowed brows, the lips parted in small pained moans. Jeongguk, whose body is sculpted with muscles but still soft around the edges, whose veiny hands grab Jimin by the knees and part his legs ferociously. Jeongguk, who asked if he wanted to stop. Jeongguk, who calls him beautiful. Jeongguk, who offers a real fucking danger—the domestic intimacy and comfort Jimin yearns for on a silver plate—or rather, in a bundle of cozy cotton sheets.

Jimin cries because it's not the hate sex he thought it would be.

It's not a simple drunken fuck.

It's more than that.

It's always been more than that.

"J-Jeongguk—" Cold beads of sweat trickle down the valley of Jeongguk's spine, smeared by Jimin's hands. His nails scratching his back in desperation, urging him on. Jimin's sharp cry bouncing off the walls as Jeongguk picks up pace, fucking his brains out. He's nearly wheezing, vision blackened around the corners, air not quite reaching his lungs.

"I know, baby. I know," Jeongguk tells him, trapping Jimin's lithe body, core swarming with that well known heat that aches beneath the skin. He swallows Jimin's gasp, growing feral and frantic, thrusts turning rushed and sloppy.

"Jeongguk—please, oh God—Jeongguk," Jimin babbles, pouring himself into Jeongguk's willing mouth, filthy desire falling past his lips as they share the same breath, a string of spit connecting their lips. "I-I'm... fuck, I'm—"

Jeongguk grits his teeth and fucks him harder, snapping his hips, the slap of skin on skin drowned by Jimin's strangled moans. He tears his mouth away to latch on Jimin's throat, sucking harshly on the skin—harder when Jimin's head lolls back on the pillow, a possessive grip on his hair prompting him to be meaner about it, blunt nails scratching the roots.

"Come on, baby," he encourages, feeling Jimin clench around him, a scorching white heat pooling low in his belly, boiling with this overwhelming *need*. Hot blood rushes in his ears and Jeongguk feels lightheaded, engulfed by the blissful sound of Jimin coming undone, visceral lust rolling off of them in waves.

Bruises bloom on Jimin's hip bones in the shape of Jeongguk's fingertips, hands sliding to his thighs, fingers digging painfully into the muscles to keep him where he wants. Their breaths mingle in an open kiss—it's more teeth than lips, nipping and biting, scraping their lips raw when Jeongguk breaks it, pouring into Jimin's mouth the words "C-can I come inside you?"

“Y-Yes, fuck—yes—yes—yes—” Jimin whimpers in between kisses, chest heaving in a lustful blissfulness that scorches Jeongguk’s skin, lube dribbling out between them. Jeongguk growls, a fresh wave of possessiveness tingling his skin when Jimin thrashes under him. “I’m—’m so close,” he moans, fingers trembling, eyes glassy and lost in pleasure. “J-Jeongguk...”

Jeongguk picks up the pace, grinding into Jimin, dragging his cock out at an angle so Jimin can feel every inch of it. He thrusts back roughly, angling his hips upwards, and all air slams out of Jimin’s lungs, his brain fuzzy and mushy, his entire lower body tingling.

Heart leaping at his throat, Jimin feels a sharper tug, stomach bulging slightly with each stroke, the outline of Jeongguk’s cock pushing taut against his skin. Jeongguk is so deep inside him, hitting his sweet spot over and over again, that Jimin’s reduced to a mess of moans and whimpers, seeking out one of Jeongguk’s hands, guiding it down in between them, splaying the other’s palm on his lower belly and covering it with his own, pressing down until Jeongguk feels it.

Jeongguk groans, feeling Jimin’s muscles tensing and relaxing with every roll of his hips, cursing loudly at the sensation of his cock poking his own palm. Jimin flails, hands buried in Jeongguk’s hair as tear after tear slides down his temples. He feels so full, so fucking stuffed he can barely breathe. Jeongguk is crammed so tight inside him that he can feel every twitch of his cock dragging along his walls, crying out when Jeongguk puts even more pressure over his belly, black spots dancing in the corner of his eyes.

“O-oh God, Jeongguk—” Jimin cries, gasping for air, barely able to keep his eyes open when Jeongguk asks him to, the younger searching Jimin’s eyes in the dimly lit room, reaching for his neglected cock. Jimin’s legs snake around his waist with renewed purpose, teetering closer to the edge with every hit to his prostate. “Jeongguk, oh God—I can’t, I c-can’t—”

He chokes on a scream, snatching a fistful of Jeongguk’s hair to push his face up into his neck, chanting Jeongguk’s name as he’s broken apart on his dick. “Gguk, ‘m gonna come, I’m g-gonna come—’m gonn—”

“Fuck—*hyung*,” Jeongguk grits out, mouth falling to Jimin’s collarbones as his fingers crawl up to curl over his neck possessively, the air so thick with arousal he’s gagging on their own scent.

Jimin cums with a blood curdling cry, just a few tugs and he’s spurting thick white ropes all over Jeongguk’s hand and jersey, biting his lips to stop the words from rolling over his tongue. He sobs into Jeongguk’s mouth, rutting into his fist uncontrollably, cock jerking violently in Jeongguk’s hold. He moans loudly, thighs straining, the room taken by the obscene wet sounds of skin on skin and words that are nothing but a jumbled string of vowels and curses.

“That’s it, that’s it...” Jeongguk encourages with whispered praises, hands sliding down to Jimin’s ass, kneading the flesh, spreading Jimin’s cum all over it, the sound of his moans stuck to his ears, the vision of him cumming etched on his brain. “Come on, baby—that’s it...”

Feeling Jimin spasm around him, Jeongguk tightens his grip and speeds up, thrusting with all his strength, desperate to keep Jimin clinging to that high until he’s crying in overstimulation, choking on his own tears. His movements turn faster, more erratic, cock buried deep inside as he chases his own high—drilling into Jimin with such forceful thrusts the slap of their skin stings.

Jimin scratches his back and arms, completely out of his mind, fingers coming up to pull Jeongguk into a blind kiss, dazedly worrying his lip with his teeth and soothing it with his tongue. He’s crying, the overstimulation almost painful, but he keeps on whispering needy encouragements against Jeongguk’s lips, cracked words a symptom of his fucked-raw throat. And all Jeongguk needs is the sound of Jimin’s voice calling his name, soppy hole clenching around his cock—his

body locks, the orgasm wracking through him at the speed of light. Every nerve ending is on fire, the erotic sensation of Jimin milking him dry driving Jeongguk over the edge, pleasure spilling from his lips as he rides wave after wave.

Air knocked out of his lungs, Jeongguk stills, every twitch of his cock spurting more and more, Jimin babbling nonsense as Jeongguk fills him up, cock twitching with each spurt of hot cum. Jimin, still shaking all over, brings their foreheads together, fingers lost in Jeongguk's hair as the other slams his cock inside one last time, riding out the high, white spots dancing behind his eyelids.

Jeongguk collapses heavily into him, heart hammering in his chest, the heavy weight bringing a blissful smile to Jimin's lips, his brain fuzzy and fucked, caught on the sensations of Jeongguk, Jeongguk, *Jeongguk*.

Both out of breath, they curl into each other, Jeongguk sliding his forehead down to the crook of Jimin's neck, the hot puffs erupting goosebumps on Jimin's sweaty skin. Jimin nuzzles closer, nose buried in Jeongguk's damp hair, taking in his scent with labored breaths.

It takes them a couple minutes to come down, body thrumming with post orgasm bliss, warmth spreading throughout their exhausted limbs. The fog clears a bit, Jeongguk's brain struggling to get a grip back on reality. "Jimin?" Jeongguk whispers, voice laced with exhaustion. Jimin goes lax under him at the sound of his name, face crumbling when Jeongguk gently cradles his head, swiping a thumb along his cheek. Fresh tears fall hot against his finger, Jimin whining in discomfort when Jeongguk pulls out slowly, grimacing at the obscene amount of cum all over them.

When Jimin makes a tiny broken noise, curling into himself away from Jeongguk, Jeongguk shushes him with a tender kiss, brushing his hair back with careful fingers, searching his face. He stares at him until Jimin finally opens his eyes to meet his gaze, a single tear sliding down the corner, disappearing into his hairline.

What have we done?

Avoiding his eyes, Jeongguk winces, sitting back on his heels, reaching for the hem of Jimin's soiled jersey, easing it off slowly. It's a bit difficult, given how sweaty they are, but he manages to pull it off, Jimin's arms coming down to curl over his chest. Jeongguk uses the shirt as a makeshift cloth to wipe them down, running it over Jimin's stomach with a surprisingly timid touch.

"I'm—I'm so sorry," he voices hoarsely. "I don't have anything better here to clean—my wet wipes are in my gym bag, I forgot—I don't have an e-ensuite and we can't really shower right now because it's—it's out in the hall," he rambles awkwardly, not looking up at Jimin.

"s okay," he hears, Jimin's voice low and raspy, his soft fingertips caressing the back of Jeongguk's trembling hands.

Jeongguk continues to clean him as best as he can, feeling Jimin's eyes on him as he runs the dirty fabric over Jimin's thighs, in between them; they're heavily bruised, marked up, Jimin's entire body blooming with bruises in the shape of his fingers.

"Does it hurt? Did I—did I hurt you?" he asks, feeling Jimin's legs spasming under his touch. "I'm ___"

"Jeongguk."

When he finally looks up, Jeongguk sees the hickeys sprinkled around Jimin's neck, angry red bruises spreading all the way down his collarbones. His throat feels dry, tongue tied when he tries to speak—to apologize. The haze in Jimin's eyes is gone right away, he's sobering up and—

“Don't let your mind go there,” Jimin whispers, watching Jeongguk start to hyperventilate, staring him dead in the eye. “I'm okay. We're okay.”

When he opens his arms, Jeongguk crumbles. He collapses with his full weight on Jimin, seeking his embrace, letting Jimin ease him back to reality. Jeongguk buries his face in Jimin's neck again, feeling Jimin's equally erratic heartbeat against his chest, their sweaty, naked bodies stuck together with cum. He doesn't care.

Skin buzzing, mind racing, Jimin grabs the ruined shirt from his hand, tossing it aside carelessly—Jeongguk didn't even notice he was clutching it so tight. Dizzy and overwhelmed, he closes his eyes, letting his own tears trickle down his eyes onto Jimin's neck, breathing him in, letting Jimin bring him back with little hums and gentle touches.

“You're with me?” Jimin asks after a few minutes, running a hand up Jeongguk's spine. Jeongguk nods in response, nuzzling further into his neck, dragging his nose up Jimin's ear, clinging to him tightly. His limbs feel heavy but Jimin keeps on touching him, hands fluttering up and down Jeongguk's back, making Jeongguk drift.

The rise and fall of Jeongguk's chest soothes him too, consuming his entire body with this foreign feeling. His hands fly back to Jimin's waist and he presses closer, sore lips searching for him. This kiss is chaste and soft, yet more intimate than the sex they just had, and Jimin desperately wants to hold onto it and never let go.

Jimin kisses him softly, fingers light as feathers brushing across his cheek, scratching his scalp, tracing along his closed eyelids, up the slope of his nose—a gentle reassurance that has Jeongguk exhaling loudly, parting his lips to utter, “Alexa, all off.”

The sudden silence is easily replaced by the muffled music and loud laughter coming from the party below, a jarring reminder of where they actually are. A call back to reality.

Jeongguk's lips find Jimin's once more when the room falls in complete darkness, only a little bit of light peeking through the open window. Jimin melts under him, a tired smile blooming in between their kisses. It's intimate and thrilling—Jimin can't get enough. If tomorrow morning they have to face whatever this was, then tomorrow they'll face whatever this was. Jimin lets himself be taken under the spell—even if it lifts after midnight, taking him away from the evanescent fairytale, he hands over the reins back to Jeongguk, letting the younger guide him, exploring his mouth with newfound fervor until they're both dizzy from the lack of oxygen.

A gentle whisper, a soft touch— *affection*.

“Psst,” Jimin whispers into his mouth after what feels like forever.

“Mm?” Jeongguk mumbles back, noncommittally.

“Round two?”

Jeongguk explodes in laughter, the bed shaking with his delighted guffaw. Jimin can't help but laugh with him.

“You're crazy,” Jeongguk groans, pulling Jimin into his chest. Jimin goes easily, sinking into his arms; limbs heavy, body tingling, still buzzing with aftershocks. He wraps his arms around

Jeongguk's waist, easing his grip when the other tenses, hissing out loud.

"You really tore my back open," Jeongguk mumbles, the tips of his fingers pushing into Jimin's tangled locks, gently scratching his scalp.

"You asked," Jimin smiles sleepily, biting down on Jeongguk's chain and tugging, forcing Jeongguk to shift his weight to lay more on top of him. They're sticky and clammy and it's kind of gross, but the skin on skin contact is reassuring—needed. Little pleased noises bloom between them, Jeongguk playing with his hair so softly that Jimin can no longer feel the bed beneath them.

It's not silent—the party is still going strong, music and laughter floating in the air around them. But it's as if they're suspended mid-air, coexisting in the same space yet vibrating in a different frequency. A small bubble in a parallel universe where they're just Jimin and Jeongguk.

Just them.

No past.

And no future.

Fighting off the knot in his throat at the thought, Jimin melts into the warmth of Jeongguk's arms, letting himself slip into a quiet, safe place.

"Worth it," Jeongguk slurs, tilting his head, lips pressing gently over Jimin's closed eye in a fleeting kiss. Feather light, barely there, but speaks volumes.

Jimin drifts quickly, the mayhem outside and Jeongguk's steady heartbeat lulling him to sleep. He's in that limbo of consciousness, body shutting down, but Jimin still feels Jeongguk sink deeper in the bed beside him, nose buried in his hair, inhaling deeply.

A drowsy voice whispers something against his lips, and Jimin wants to ask Jeongguk what he just said, but sleep is already laying its claim on him.

Chapter End Notes

I know it's hot because it's fiction but please wear the appropriate gear when riding a motorbike, especially if it's one designed for road racing. Condoms, too. Safety first!

:)

Seven Seconds

Chapter Notes

Here we go, chapter two!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

—

It's not often Jimin wakes up feeling like he's been run over by a big Mack truck.

Everything hurts.

His body feels like lead, skin cakey and gross, hamstrings screaming at him.

Slowly slipping out of unconsciousness, brain still muddled, Jimin winces at the rawness of his throat, mouth tasting of something rotten. He feels *awful*.

With some difficulty, Jimin blinks his eyes open, vision blurry as he takes in his surroundings. He notices the different room—bright, without his usual blackout curtains, a ray of sunlight beaming across the white ceiling, the first call of day peeking through the blinds.

Muscles still numb from sleep, he tries to roll over only to find someone else in bed with him.

Jeongguk.

He's passed out on his stomach, face smushed into the pillow, lips jutting out cutely in a pout and very much *naked*. He's frowning a bit, eyebrows drawn together, as if he's having a nightmare or just a restless sleep.

Eyes running over Jeongguk's passed out frame, Jimin notices the claw-like marks all over Jeongguk's shoulder. Against his better judgment, Jimin reaches out, running his fingers over the angry red marks that go all the way down Jeongguk's back, feeling the raised little bumps of irritated skin.

Jeongguk doesn't budge, still sleeping soundly.

I hope it doesn't scar.

A little pleased sound forces Jimin to look up, his heart missing a beat or two when he sees the frown slowly dissipating, a soft smile hinting at Jeongguk's lips the more Jimin touches him. He looks so beautiful, even with crusty eyes and messy hair.

Jeongguk has always been beautiful.

“Gguk?” Jimin whispers, barely audible. No response.

Carefully, Jimin brings his hand up, delicately pushing the hair out of Jeongguk’s eyes, fingertips tracing his eyebrow, his cheek, his nose—

Jimin knew he’d fall in love with Jeongguk.

Not overnight. Not after a party at UCLA.

No.

It happened much earlier, many years ago, in middle school.

Jimin knew he’d fall in love with Jeongguk when the boy barreled into the art club classroom drenched head to toe, face burning the deepest shade of red. The bang of the door was muffled by the storm and the teacher’s surprised yelp, but all Jimin could hear was his own heart about to burst inside his chest, the blood rushing in his veins, the foreign feeling blooming under his ribs.

He knew the awkward boy would steal his heart just like he stole his breath when Jeongguk broke in a string of stuttered apologies, soaked to the bone, and proceeded to introduce himself before the teacher sealed Jimin’s fate with a single sentence; *‘Go sit with Park.’*

It took Jeongguk seven seconds to find him amongst the classmates. And Jimin knew, the moment Jeongguk met his eyes, that the boy standing there clutching his drenched backpack would make a home in his heart.

‘Sorry, I’m so sorry,’ Jeongguk kept muttering in English, dripping all over their shared desk, trying to wipe it down with an equally drenched hoodie sleeve. *‘Oh God, I’m sorry.’*

Jimin just smiled, tuning out the lecture, their classmates, the world. At that moment, all he saw was Jeon Jeongguk. And he desperately held onto the moment that would turn out to be his favorite core memory.

‘It’s okay,’ he whispers in Korean, pulling his own sleeve over his hands and wiping the desk. *‘Take that off,’* he adds, nudging Jeongguk’s shoulder.

Jeongguk freezes at the words spoken in his native language, looking up with teary eyes, hands hovering over the desk. And when Jimin reaches into his own backpack and finds the sweatshirt he wears for P.E, offering it to him, Jeongguk’s timid smile says it all.

Friend?

Friend.

Jimin knew he’d fall in love with Jeongguk. How could he not?

Jimin fell in love with Jeongguk over the day and over the years. He just never knew what it was.

His new friend.

Jeongguk spends his first day at the art club glued to Jimin’s side. They eat together before going home—Jimin shares his snacks with him, insisting he tries his mom’s kimbap, giggling when Jeongguk throws a used napkin at him.

Jimin is lonely.

Maybe that's why he's so enraptured by the prospect of a new friend. A friend who doesn't call him names. A friend who keeps smiling at him, these little bunny smiles, nervously tucking his wet hair behind his ears, lower lip jutting out as he munches on a cookie, mumbling to himself.

'Is that a little bit of satoori I hear?' he giggles. That gets Jeongguk's attention, the boy looking down at his food, ears bright red.

Jimin finds out he's also from Busan, but his family has been living in the United States for eight years now, nearly his entire life, so Jeongguk has no memories of Korea left. His Korean is on point, *satoori* included, because his family speaks their mother tongue at home and the dialect slips when he's angry, overly excited or frustrated.

He also finds out Jeongguk has an older brother. And that Jeongguk kind of misses the chaos of New York, where his family used to live—they moved to LA because of his dad's work, and they've been here for a week now. He's younger, and that's why Jimin hasn't seen him in class during school hours. His smile is bright but his eyes are a bit sad; Jimin kind of wants to reach out and hug him, maybe ask if Jeongguk wants to go home with him, so he can show him his cool collection of shells his grandparents always bring him from Busan. They sometimes have pearls—he's found seven already. Maybe he could give Jeongguk one of them, maybe it would make him happy.

So he asks. He asks if Jeongguk wants to drop by.

They walk home side by side, and Jimin finds out Jeongguk's new home is two streets from his own. They have a dog, his name is Duke.

He finds out Jeongguk hides his ears when he's embarrassed because he's blushing furiously the moment his family shows up to the Parks with a casserole and warm smiles later that weekend. Knows he's loved by his family when Mrs. Jeon smothers Jeongguk with kisses whenever Jimin drops by to bring Jeongguk out to play, the boy's bread cheeks burning a bright pink every time.

Only a week goes by before they ditch the bus, choosing to ride their bikes on the way to school every morning. And every morning Jimin has Jeongguk all to himself.

Jeongguk's hair is growing past his ears now and his knee is scraped, band-aid covering the bruise he got trying to climb Jimin's window past curfew just so they could watch Iron Man.

Jeongguk's bunny smile comes out when he's truly happy. Jimin sees it every day.

He gives Jeongguk his lucky pen when his first exams come by. Jeongguk buys him ice cream after class with the money his grandma gave him.

He discovers Jeongguk is shy but competitive, growing moody and pouty when he loses. He looks absurdly cute when his baby teeth fall off a little belatedly, his little lisp even more pronounced.

They meet in the morning on the way to school, part their ways in the hallway, only to meet up again after class. On Thursdays they stay behind for art club.

Most of the time, Jimin watches Jeongguk rant cutely, stressing over homework and stuff. He gives Jeongguk his old tests to study for midterms, helps him out on the weekends—Jeongguk jokes that he only gets good grades because Jimin is his academic guinea pig. Jimin knows it's because he dreads the end of the school year, when eventually Jimin goes to high school.

Jeongguk cries all the way to the hospital when Jimin breaks his arm in a stunt, ditching class to accompany him, completely ignoring the teacher that told him he couldn't be there. He paces outside the emergency room regardless of Jimin's protests, and promises to cover the cast in the most amazing drawings.

And he does. Jimin's new cast is covered with several Sharpie-drawn cogs and wires, looking like a robotic arm. *'Now you look even more like a badass'*, Jeongguk had said, wiping his runny nose on his shirt, gentle hands supporting Jimin back to his room.

He carries painkillers on his backpack for months, even after Jimin has the cast removed; he knows Jimin's arm still hurts even if he says it doesn't.

They go to the art museum on Jeongguk's birthday.

Jimin steals Jeongguk's Iron Man hoodie, sleeps with it for most of spring break when Jeongguk spends a week in Korea visiting his grandparents. He never gave it back.

Time goes by like a leaf in the wind.

They're growing. Both in high school now.

Time for raging hormones and teenage shenanigans.

Jeongguk has new friends, grows into his body over the summer.

He's more muscular after another growth spurt, standing a little under 6ft. His jaw sharpens, his eyes darken, eyebrows strong and defined. His voice is deeper, too. Jimin grows as well. Not much in height—he's still tiny as fuck next to Jeongguk—but his body is less child-looking now. His muscles are lithe and slim, but his shoulders are strong and his bubble butt looks hot in tiny shorts when he finally joins the cheerleading squad.

He slowly grows self-conscious too; Jimin avoids taking his clothes off in front of Jeongguk because it brings a fluttering feeling to his stomach, the idea of exposing himself to his friend is arousing, and Jimin doesn't want to feed into that. Jeongguk doesn't even notice, keeps on walking around him with as little clothing as possible.

Sometimes Jimin wonders if he does it on purpose, knowing it brings a light flush to Jimin's cheeks. But he knows it's just that Jeongguk feels comfortable in Jimin's presence—his best friend, his ride-or-die.

The pool in Jeongguk's house becomes Jimin's worst nightmare. He doesn't know when it started—the transition between the innocence of childhood and their teenage, hormone ridden years. But it's here, and Jimin feels it;

In the dip of Jeongguk's hips under his wet swim trunks, in the ripple of muscles on his back.

In the way Jeongguk carries Jimin over his shoulder as if he weighs nothing, in the way Jeongguk slouches on the couch in gray sweatpants.

Hot and athletic, with a heart of gold and a beautiful smile, Jeongguk becomes popular—desired. He's sweet and gentle, a little cheeky. The guy all boys want to be friends with, the dream boyfriend all the girls swoon over.

He's also the top student in P.E.; not even a month into the new term, the coach asks Jeongguk to try-out for the football team. Needless to say, by the end of the month Jeongguk's walking around

school with his new jacket, name and number embroidered on the back. When Jeongguk takes it off the moment they meet outside on the field, draping it over Jimin's shoulders and the fabric still carries the warmth of his body, Jimin feels as if heaven itself had taken him in its arms.

'You look so cute!' Jeongguk had said, chucking his chin playfully before he jogs all the way back to the field. He now has practice after class, and there are days Jimin can't stay to wait for him.

Almost everyday Jimin goes home wearing it, a sob caught in his throat, heart hammering inside his chest, the name *'Jeon'* burning his back.

Jeon .

Jimin clings to it like a lifeline.

Jeongguk becomes the team's quarterback. Youngest ever. He drags Jimin to parties, starts hanging out with the cool kids. *'It's not the same without you,'* he says, *'You're my best friend.'*

His words keep the knife lodged inside Jimin's chest. They don't ring as true as they once did.

Jeongguk's teammates start picking up on him, teasing him about Jimin. And Jeongguk always plays it cool, laughs it off; says *'it's not like that, stop being an ass.'*

But he doesn't hear them whispering to Jimin as he passes by—

'I know you're in love with him, it's so fucking obvious.'

'Is this why you joined the cheer squad? So you could parade that delicious ass, Park?'

'I see the way you look at him.'

Jimin stops attending the parties. Jeongguk doesn't seem to care.

Still, on a night he calls Jimin in tears, drunk out of his mind, Jimin drags a passed out Jeongguk out of the bushes outside someone's house, holds his head while he pukes his guts out on the sidewalk. He hugs Jeongguk to his chest, sitting under the frigid shower spray of Jeongguk's ensuite, murmuring soothing words while Jeongguk sobs into his neck, drenched in his own vomit.

They don't go to the museum on his birthday anymore.

They don't get to watch the new Marvel film together because Jeongguk went with his teammates the day before.

'I need to keep a good relationship with them if I wanna play in college, I'm sorry. We can go next year.' They don't.

The team wins school regionals. Jimin's there, of course. First row, wearing Jeongguk's spare jersey. He gave it to Jimin—it doesn't fit him anymore.

The second the whistle blows, Jimin sprints out of the stands. Jeongguk is drenched in sweat but he doesn't care—Jimin hugs him with all he has, legs wrapped around his waist, whispering in his ear *'I'm so proud of you'* before someone snatches Jeongguk from his arms.

Some other rich kid from the team with a fancy house and a pool throws a party to celebrate. *'You have to come to this one, Jimin-ah!'* Jeongguk begs, euphoric.

That night, Jeongguk kisses Sienna, the head cheerleader—it's a dare. And she knows.

Jimin cries himself to sleep.

Broken, broken, you're broken.

Come morning, he takes the bus to school. He takes the bus every day after that and Jeongguk doesn't say anything.

They don't sit together at lunch anymore. Jeongguk sits with his girlfriend and the rest of the team.

'It's like the films!'

Heartbreaks are like the films, too. Hurts like a bitch.

Jimin quits the cheer squad and art club that same afternoon, taking the Metro to Downtown LA, wandering through Koreatown way after the sun has set. He looks like a fucking mess—hair a bird's nest, eyes swollen and bloodshot, hoodie stained with ketchup. He bribes an older girl to buy him a bottle of booze, the girl lecturing him on underage drinking but still buying him a small bottle out of pity.

He meets Yoongi that night, an angel sent to protect him. Yoongi approaches him pretending to be his friend, driving away a creep that was eyeing Jimin at the convenience store.

'I like you, kid. Come on.'

His days are now filled with Yoongi's music and gummy smile, the college kid dragging along the depressed senior to hang out with his friends. His days are bright again.

But the Jeongguk-sized hole in his chest is still there, hurting; an unhealed wound Jimin learns to ignore.

He starts dancing again. Yoongi writes songs about his feelings.

Jimin kisses a boy for the first time the night Yoongi takes him to a gay club, handing him a fake ID and an extra helmet. His bike is simpler, one he uses delivering food to earn some extra cash.

Yoongi helps him find his style, teaches him how to not give a fuck; dyes his hair a shocking pink in his dorm room, plastic bags taped around Jimin's shoulders to protect his shirt.

His parents start to be less affectionate, his mother not bragging about him to her friends at brunch once he stops looking like something she could be proud of. She denies it, of course. *Just a phase.*

Come October, for the first time in years, the little pile of presents with Jimin's name on it is missing one. And the wound in his heart he'd been nursing back to health splits open, bleeding all over his hands. His parents worry, walking on eggshells around him after Jimin breaks down in hysterics at the innocent *'Isn't Jeonggukie coming for your birthday dinner, hon?'* his mom asks that night.

Jeongguk's name is now taboo in their household.

Later that week, Jimin wakes up to an icy gust of wind taking over his room, a low curse echoing in the darkness. A strong hand clamps over his mouth, silencing his scream.

Jeongguk's eyes. Jeongguk's beautiful, teary eyes.

'What're you doing here?!' Jimin manages to ask when Jeongguk pulls back, hurrying to close the window. *'How the fuck did you get here?! Get out.'*

'You say as if I've never climbed your window before,' Jeongguk answers in a whisper, dusting off his thick coat.

Jimin doesn't know why they're whispering, his parents aren't even home. It's almost as if they speak any louder, the illusion will shatter what this is.

Jimin sits there, clutching his blankets, trying his hardest not to cry. Trying his hardest to keep the band-aid over the gaping hole in his chest, cracking open the more Jeongguk stands there.

Jeongguk with his doe eyes and bunny smile.

Jeongguk with his runny nose and messy hair.

Jeongguk.

He hasn't been in Jimin's bedroom in years and yet it feels as if he's always been there, filling the walls with his aura, leaving his fingerprints all over Jimin's life.

'Here.'

Jeongguk hovers beside the bed, not meeting Jimin's eyes. He thrusts a small box into Jimin's hands—his hands are so, so cold.

'The fuck is this?'

'Your birthday present.'

Jimin scoffs, pushing it back into Jeongguk's hand.

'Jimin.'

It's like getting shot. Jimin hasn't heard his name from Jeongguk's lips in what feels like a thousand years and yet, right now, it sounds like being welcomed home.

Against all rationality, Jimin pulls the ribbon and opens it. It falls apart easily, revealing an empty box. He shoots up, cheeks burning with humiliation, but Jeongguk is already leaning down, reaching inside the box, fingers together in a little pinch, bringing it up to his lips as if to swallow it. And then Jeongguk's fingers are curling gently in his hair, holding him like a rare gem, and Jimin goes easily, his lips parting to feel the closest to heaven he'll ever be.

'Jeongguk,' he says in a strained voice, a single tear running down his cheek.

Jeongguk's breath is hot against his lips, and when he leans in, every wall Jimin has built crumbles, nothing but dust settling around his heart as Jeongguk kisses him.

Before he can even think to back away, Jimin grabs Jeongguk by the waist and pulls roughly, falling back into the sheets, lips parting in a gasp as the younger takes his mouth in a desperate kiss, hands frantically digging into his sides, teeth tugging his bottom lip, a soft moan escaping the back of his throat.

So many times Jimin dreamed of kissing Jeongguk, tempted to just hold him and kiss him until they ran out of breath. And it's on this late night that he has Jeongguk on top of him, gasping into his mouth, eager fingers bunching his shirt up, seeking warm skin. It's on this cold night that Jimin has Jeongguk's thigh between his legs, arching into his body, fingertips grazing the skin of his ribs, clutching Jimin painfully, almost as if he's afraid he might disappear.

Jeongguk—

Highschool heartthrob.

Star quarterback.

Sienna's boyfriend.

Jimin's first love.

Jeongguk.

Snapping back to reality, Jimin screams against Jeongguk's lips, the sudden lacerating pain so excruciating he can't feel anything else.

His palm stings, the red imprint still on Jeongguk's cheek.

Catching his sobs before they leave his lips, shoving them deep down so the words have room to come out, ruthless and piercing, Jimin manages to say what he wishes he never would, *'I wish I'd never met you.'*

Jeongguk scrambles back to his feet after Jimin pushed him away, taking a step closer, but it feels like he's drifting farther away, a small dot about to disappear over the horizon.

'You just destroyed whatever good memory I had left of you,' Jimin sobs, letting his tears flow freely, washing away the bandages he'd kept over his heart, letting his heart bleed out on his sheets, broken.

Broken, broken. You're so broken.

'Jimin, listen to me, please—'

Don't.

'Leave.'

'Jimin—'

He's mocking you.

'You've done it before, do it again.'

'Will you listen to me, please—'

He never loved you.

Stupid.

You're so fucking stupid.

'Jimin—'

'Goodbye, Jeongguk.' Jimin murmurs, squeezing his eyes shut, arms wound tight around himself.

He stays like that until his door opens and closes. Jeongguk leaves, taking all the shards of Jimin's heart with him.

Come the new year, Jimin loses himself in his new life—he gets into USC, joins their cheer squad, blooms out of his shell.

He's popular.

He's lonely.

He's always surrounded by people.

He has friends—classmates, the squad. He has his roommate Taemin; he's nice and caring—they're friends, of course, but it's not the same.

He has Yoongi, his lifeline. Every possible moment, Jimin crosses LA to be with him, watching Yoongi hunch over his computer rambling about music and snares and 808 beats. Jimin wouldn't be alive without him. That's what he says when he showers the older boy in love, bear-hugging him until Yoongi utters that annoying string of '*Why, why, why, why!*' that is all smiles and affection.

He has the Kims too, even if they jokingly call him 'the enemy'. Jimin likes them—they're cool and funny and always try to make him feel included, taking '*Yoongi hyung's foster kid*' under their wing when he's away.

And he has the aching wound in his heart, a wound that festers when whispers of '*Jeon*' reach USC; a new UCLA player that has the team agitated. A boy on an athletic scholarship who has the faculty fawning over him, the walking dichotomy of Art School student and team quarterback, total campus heart-breaker.

By the time the first USC versus UCLA game rolls around, two years after that night, Jimin sees a familiar face amongst the Bruins. The simmering hurt boils into something nasty.

Jimin performs their routine with a burning passion, knowing Jeongguk's eyes are on him—feels them burning into his back, willing him to turn and look at him. He doesn't. Jimin blocks all thoughts of Jeongguk, just like he did with his number, his socials—all he could do to try and stop the memories from escaping the Pandora box he's confined them to.

But the game ends with the Bruins victory and Jimin beelines to the changing rooms blinded by an inexplicable rage, the sound of Jeongguk's cheerful laughter and the delighted yells of his teammates acting like nails on a chalkboard.

Jimin never understood why the wound never healed. Even the waning love of his parents didn't hurt this much. He's lost friends, people who came and never stayed—some becoming Instagram acquaintances that Jimin keeps up from time to time, some disappearing into thin air. And though they star in his memories, their absence never left an open wound like Jeongguk did.

That's why when Jimin sees a sweaty, mud-covered Jeongguk take off his helmet and flash him that nervous bunny smile, he strikes first. It's childish and vile, but Jimin can't help it.

He sees the honesty in Jeongguk's eyes—sees the same pain, the same yearn, the void Jeongguk left in his life by drifting away. Slowly, then all at once.

Still, he yells at him. Strikes him with a wicked tongue until Jeongguk's confused stammering turns into vicious comebacks. Hurt people hurt people. He knows where to strike, just like Jimin does.

They become gossip. Entertainment. Students who knew them from high school spilling the tea,

whispers on his sexuality being their breaking point—

'Maybe it was a failed confession.'

'Kinda rude of Jeon to not be friends with him just because he's gay. Weren't they friends since middle school?'

'Jeon's an idiot. Have you seen that ass? Hell, even I'd be a little gay for Park.'

'Maybe it turned things awkward.'

After all, Jeongguk is straight. He broke up with Sienna before Christmas, and proceeded to have every girl who wanted him, never looking back.

'Jeon's been a fuckboy since senior year.'

'He did a complete one-eighty—went full basketcase. He was in detention almost every day.'

'I guess they didn't lie when they called him God of Sex.'

'Can't wait for him to play in the NFL, I wanna be his sugar baby.'

Jimin hopes the only time he has to see Jeongguk is during the games, where he can pretend he's just another jock, another idiot with a leather ball.

But in some sick, sadistic twist of fate, Jeongguk makes his way back into his life. Slowly, then all at once.

Jeongguk starts on the sidelines, slowly crawling through the cracks—he shows up in Jimin's socials, in photos and videos of his friends, the cursed algorithm showing Jeongguk's new account with a joyful *'people you may know'*.

The pain of seeing him everywhere starts to morph into something else—a spark of yearning that Jimin douses with hatred, feeding lies to the voice that asks him to reconsider.

To the voice that whispers *'maybe...'*

'What if...'

On a night he's drunk and feeling stupid, that longing gets through him and Jimin unblocks his number, the nondescript gray icon turning back into the picture Jimin had saved as Jeongguk's contact—

Jeongguk; smiling his cute bunny smile, holding up an ice cream. He looks so young.

Jimin took it on Jeongguk's birthday, on a bench outside the LACMA museum, palm trees and Urban Lights behind him. It was the day Jeongguk said *'I'm gonna be an artist, and my Mona Lisa will be a portrait of you.'* He's never painted him.

Jimin thought Jeongguk was gone, just like that promise. But now he's here and there—everywhere.

Every night out, every hang out, every fucking birthday party? Jeongguk's there. Taehyung's midterm musical performance? He's there, first row. The day Yoongi moved in with Jin? There, kneeling on the dusty floor, setting up furniture. Yoongi's birthday? There.

And now he's here, sleeping peacefully beside Jimin, cocooned in their little bubble, with Jimin running his fingers through his hair, watching him snore softly just to tease him about it once he wakes up.

An illusion of what it could've been all this time.

Hit by an overwhelming wave of feelings he doesn't want to tap into, shame and guilt crushing his chest and making it hard to breathe, Jimin peels his hands away from Jeongguk's face, fighting off the tears and the strains in his muscles as he slowly makes his way out of bed, wincing at the soreness of his bottom and throat—Jeongguk did a fucking number on him.

He carefully looks around for his clothes, finding his shorts hanging over the desk and the jersey on the floor; definitely a biohazard at this point. He picks them up anyways, cautiously sliding the second drawer open to find something to wear. There's no way he's wearing cum covered clothes on the Uber ride home—it's bad enough he won't get to shower until he gets back to the dorm.

Jimin slips on the first sweatpants he gets his hands on, rolling up the waistband a few times, and a white t-shirt that dwarfs him, snatching his phone off the floor and the radioactive bomb off the dresser. He bunches it under his arm, running a hand through his hair only to have his fingers caught in a sticky knot. Jimin nearly gags at his own pitiful state, dreading his walk of shame.

Jeongguk stirs, a low groan echoing in the small room and Jimin fucking *panics*, grabbing his sneakers off the floor and rushing out of the room. The leftover effects of the party are immediate—the wooden panels are kinda sticky under his socks, empty cups on all available surfaces and the most random shit strewn all over the second floor. Limping, Jimin makes his way downstairs, the living room an absolute clusterfuck but thankfully void of any human.

His phone vibrates softly the moment he sets foot on the hallway, and though the little alert is just the reminder to take his vitamins, a quick glance at his notifications and Yoongi's name pops up amongst the others, with a few unread messages from last night.

[Demon Kitty, 00:33AM] wtf was that????? wt?f was thaaaaa at

[Demon Kitty, 00:37AM] wh ere r u

[Demon Kitty, 00:52AM] did gguk murder u

[Demon Kitty, 01:52AM] im worried u two been awol for a long time i hope ur getting railed

[Demon Kitty, 02:17AM] OHSDLJSHjdh LMAO Adk K DEFINITELY GETTING RAILED

[Demon Kitty, 04:01AM] im happy for you minnie

Jimin locks his phone, swallowing the anxiety stirring in his chest, ignoring how the last message makes his vision blur.

He inhales deeply.

Once.

Twice.

He'll deal with this shit later—it's a problem for when he isn't covered in sweat and cum.

Jimin goes to sit down on the last step to put on his shoes and get the fuck out of this fucking house when a sharp pain shoots up his spine. He curses out loud, reaching to support his weight on the handrail, the heap of clothes falling from his arm. His legs are fucking *shaking*.

"Fucking hell," he grunts, eyes squeezed shut, mouth hanging open. How the fuck is he gonna get home like this—

"Damn."

Jimin whips around at the sound of another familiar voice, muscles protesting at the abrupt movement. And there he is, leaning against the kitchen doorway, nursing a steaming cup of coffee, clad in just some sweatpants that hang low on his hips—Ian. Sporting a massive black eye, the purple bruise going all the way down to his cheekbone.

Seeing Jimin freeze, beet red and mortified, he chuckles wickedly. "You look like you got mauled."

Jimin stands up fully at that, hands flying up to cover his neck, as if that could hide the absolute disgusting state he's in.

"Your face..."

"*Pfft*—I'm fine," Ian snorts, waving a hand dismissively. "You want some coffee?" he offers, gesturing towards his own cup.

"No," Jimin answers, horrified at the way his voice cracks so obviously. "Thanks."

"You sure?"

"I want to get as far away from this place as physically possible," Jimin huffs, bending slightly to pick up the clothes, ignoring the way his muscles scream at him. God, he feels *disgusting*. "And a goddamn shower."

Ian smiles knowingly, shuffling back into the kitchen. Jimin hears him rummage around for a bit, his return followed by the crinkle of plastic. "For your clothes," Ian cackles, offering him a Target plastic bag. Jimin snatches it quickly, shoving the soiled clothes inside, bundling it up under his arm.

And then they're just standing there, staring at each other. Jimin doesn't really understand why he's not bolting out the door—he can hear some shuffling upstairs and though other boys live here, he doesn't want to face Jeongguk right now. Or anyone. It's bad enough he's run into Ian, who's looking at him with this almost fond expression on his beaten up face.

After a moment, it seems Ian decides to end Jimin's misery, setting his cup down on the counter. "Gimme a second, I'll grab a shirt and drop you off at home."

"It's not neces—"

"It's fine," Ian cuts in, shaking his head. "I'm going home, I can drop you off on my way there."

"You don't live here?" Jimin frowns.

"Not anymore. I live in Oakwood."

“That's the opposite direction of—”

“Jimin.” Ian levels him with quite a hard stare, hands on his hips. “I’m not gonna jump your bones, if that’s what you’re worried about. You don’t look like you’re up for another ride.”

Jimin sputters, face going bright red.

“Relax, I’m just fucking with you,” Ian laughs, hand reaching for the sneakers by Jimin’s feet. “But really, save the Uber fare—and the poor driver from seeing you like this,” he adds with a little smirk, pulling at the laces until they loosen up.

Jimin can’t even say anything about that.

“Here,” Ian offers, setting the Nikes by Jimin’s feet, laces loose. “Just shove your feet inside.”

“Why are you being so nice?” Jimin rasps, confused. He puts on his shoes anyways.

“I *am* nice,” Ian protests. “Me being an asshole last night was a deliberate choice.”

“Fuck, whatever. Go get your stuff then, I don’t wanna stay here anymore.”

Ian chuckles, nodding. “I’ll be back in a second.”

Jimin doesn’t have time to overthink anything because Ian’s back before he knows it, wearing a fresh shirt and a baseball cap that conceals most of the bruising on his face. He tosses Jimin a water bottle, nodding towards the door with his car keys, “Let’s go.”

Silently, Jimin follows him outside, downing the water in two seconds, the chilly liquid soothing his sore throat. He’s definitely gonna need some soothing spray.

The front yard is a complete mess, some dude passed out on the porch clutching an empty vodka bottle. Someone was nice enough to drape a large jacket over him.

“How are you not hungover?” Jimin asks, watching Ian type away on his phone as they walk to his car, probably parked a couple of houses down.

“I didn’t drink much,” he replies, a bit distracted. There’s a small beep sound and Jimin looks up, seeing the blinkers flick on a black Hyundai Palisade.

“*That’s* your car?” he can’t help the words tumbling out of his mouth.

“Regret choosing the younger Jeon, now?” Ian teases, biting his lip. At Jimin’s insulted look, he rolls his eyes. “Jesus, I’m just joking. Technically, it’s dad’s—he bought it. But I use it all the time so it’s mine. Why?”

“I guess I expected you to have a bike too,” Jimin comments, trying to ignore how Ian slows down once he notices Jimin limping. “You know, the staple bad boy ride to go with your looks.”

A devilish smile paints Ian’s wounded lip, and Jimin’s brain is too hungover to notice he’s just given Ian some free ammunition. “Should I get a Yamaha, then?”

Jimin bristles. “Yeah,” he agrees, cold and sarcastic. “Racer boys are the worst. Personal experience.”

Ian breaks down in laughter, rounding the car to the driver’s side. “You’re funny, I get why Gguk likes you.”

Likes.

Jimin nearly drops his phone, fingers scrambling for the door handle, forcing himself to yank the door open and let Ian's comment fly over his head. The car smells of fresh lavender and the leather seats are smooth, the fancy car smell still ingrained in the fabric. Jimin almost feels bad for sitting on it smelling like sex.

"I'll try to go slow over the bumps."

"Can you fucking stop?" Jimin shoots him a deathly glare, trying to conjure the most affronted expression to mask how embarrassed he actually is. "*Fine*—I had sex at a college party and everyone knows," he hisses through gritted teeth, feeling his face burn. "Thanks for reminding me, but I can still *feel* it."

Ian simply laughs, shaking his head endearingly as he fixes the rearview mirror. "What's your address?"

"I think Yoongi hyung slept over," Jimin sighs, defeated. Sliding back into the seat, his eyes flick over to Yoongi's Kawazaki still parked in front of the house, both helmets hanging from the throttles. Right next to Jeongguk's YZFR6. "You can drop me off at his place, I left my stuff there."

"Sure, no problem. Here," he says, giving Jimin his phone already open on Maps. Jimin quickly types in the address, taking the liberty of placing Ian's phone on the holder clipped to the air vents while the other clicks on his seatbelt.

And then they're off, some pop song playing low on the speakers.

Jimin manages to endure exactly one minute of excruciating silence before he blurts out, "This is so fucking awkward."

"It doesn't have to be."

"You saw me grow up, it's weird."

"And?"

"*And*," Jimin scoffs, bringing the bag in his lap closer to his chest. Only to remember what's in it, quickly letting it fall to the car floor between his feet. "We were literally making out last night."

Ian tuts, glancing at Jimin for a brief moment, "I didn't *actually* kiss you, I'm a good brother."

"What does that even mean?"

Ian shrugs.

"Ian, you had your hand on my dick."

"Technicalities."

Face burning with embarrassment, Jimin sinks further into the seat, wincing a bit when his ass drags over the leather. "Honestly, I always thought you were straight."

When Ian stiffens, Jimin backtracks. "I mean, at school..."

But Ian hums pensively, doing that I'm-deep-in-thoughts pout that Jeongguk does too. "I'm dating

a girl right now,” he eventually admits, “but I’m definitely bi.”

Jimin whips around to look at him, eyes wide. “Dating—wait, did you *cheat* on her with me?”

“Nah,” Ian smirks, a throaty chuckle slipping past his lips. “She was actually very into you.”

Jimin frowns, confused for a moment, before it dawns on him. Soyoona.

“Oh.”

“Yeah,” Ian confirms behind a bashful smile. Jimin finds himself tilting his head back, glancing up at the sunroof, watching the sunrays and the trees overhead.

“I’m sorry,” he says, not sure what he’s apologizing for.

Maybe for ruining Soyoona’s desired threesome, maybe for being the reason Ian has a massive bruise on his face. For using him.

He doesn’t really know.

“Whatever for?” Ian eventually asks. Jimin shrugs, averting his eyes to the window. Ian doesn’t insist.

Silence falls between them, heavy but not unbearable, just the radio playing some random tune to fill it. When they veer into the highway, Ian speaks up again.

“So. I’m bi,” he says, staring straight ahead. “And it seems I’m not the only one.”

Jimin remains silent, watching the street pass them by in a blur, the morning sun twinkling wherever it hits a window, painting the early autumn trees a beautiful orange.

He doesn’t prod even if he desperately wants to.

Everyone knows Jeongguk is a campus lover, but he’s never been with a man. At least, not publicly. And last night he literally wrestled Jimin out of his brother’s hands, taking him upstairs to the eyes of several classmates and other acquaintances.

It’ll be a miracle if the gossip hasn’t made it to the USC hub already.

That reminds Jimin of Yoongi, and he quickly sends him a text saying he’s okay and going to his place. Yoongi doesn’t see it immediately, which is unusual in a normal setting, but Jimin doesn’t think much of it, a small smile creeping on his lips at the idea of his friend finally getting to tell Namjoon the truth and confess his feelings. As if it wasn’t obvious enough that they’re head over heels for one another, it feels nice to think they’ve finally acknowledged it. Jimin knows how much Yoongi loves Joon, and knowing Joon feels just as much warms his heart, quenching the pang of jealousy hidden behind it all.

“You’re quiet.”

“Just thinking,” Jimin mumbles, trying to mask how vulnerable and exposed he feels. He also notices how Ian’s actually taking a slightly longer route to Yoongi’s place, having missed the exit indicated by the GPS twice already. He turns to look at him, watching Ian’s profile as he focuses on the road, bobbing his head along the catchy song on the radio.

“You know, me and Gguk are quite the textbook example of sibling rivalry,” Ian starts, twiddling his fingers on the wheel. “But I love him. I really do.”

Jimin looks down, fidgeting with his phone, pretending he's more interested in swiping through the home screen, cleaning up his notifications, putting it into power saving mode—only 7% of battery left.

“Though I'm five years older, we basically raised each other—with our parents being career-focused, busy and all. Why am I even bothering saying that? You've seen it firsthand.”

Jimin nods, trying to ignore the words that prod open the box where he stored all his childhood memories—locked away in the darkest corner of his mind.

“I would give Jeongguk a kidney without a second thought, but I'll eat the cake he saved for later just to spite him—that kind of thing.”

“Being an ass is a deliberate choice,” Jimin whispers, throwing back Ian's words at him. Though he's looking down, Jimin sees Ian nod, amused; hears the smile in his lips when he continues, “He's my brother. I know Jeongguk better than anyone, no matter how much he likes to say otherwise.”

When he feels the heaviness of Ian's eyes on him, willing him to look up, Jimin collects himself and meets his eyes, the car slowly rolls to a stop at a red sign. His eyes are intense, the message crystal clear—this isn't just small talk.

“We have our problems—sure, many of them. But I'll always want what's best for my brother, even if he can be an idiot sometimes. And, for his own good, I'll push as many buttons as I need to.”

—

Ian drops him off at Yoongi's flat, shooting him a little wink when he sees Jimin walk off limping. Jimin gives him the middle finger, unable to hold back an incredulous chuckle—whatever's writing his life got some really fucked up plot ideas.

He watches Ian drive away, pushing all his words to the back of his mind for the time being. He focuses on making it up to Yoongi's flat without running into anyone, and he almost does, until the elevator doors open and he's face to face with another college kid.

The scandalized looks of an elderly lady he can ignore, can even say he was bullied by his classmates or something, but not another student who knows exactly what happened to him.

The girl steps to the side to let him in, averting her eyes to the phone in her hand. Jimin quickly pushes the button to Yoongi's floor, shuffling to the corner on the opposite side. He keeps his eyes down but feels her eyes on him, on the hickeys littered across his neck, on the deplorable state of his hair.

“Rough night?” she can't help but ask.

Jimin sighs, feeling the embarrassment creep up on him, neck and cheeks growing warm. “Yeah,” he chuckles, a little flustered. He purposefully keeps his eyes down, resisting the urge to look at his reflection in the mirror. He knows he's gonna break down as soon as he sees himself.

“Do you need some concealer? I think mine will match your skin tone,” the girl offers, patting her

backpack.

“It’s okay,” Jimin shakes his head, a hand coming up to feel around his neck. It’s so sensitive he can’t help but wince.

The elevator stops on the fifth floor and the girl steps forward, holding a hand to the sensors to keep the doors open. “Cheer up, it looks like it was worth it,” she smiles knowingly, shooting him a thumbs up before the doors close on her little giggles.

Jimin groans, letting his head fall back against the wall with a thunk, the long stretch of his throat bobbing with a hard swallow, jaw clenching. A moment or two later the elevator stops at Yoongi’s floor and Jimin stumbles out, barreling down the hall, the little crinkle of the plastic bag in his hand eating away at his sanity—a constant reminder of what’s in it.

Jeongguk’s jersey.

Covered in their cum.

“Fuck, what were you *thinking*?” Jimin mutters to himself as he types in Yoongi’s passcode.

The door opens to the flat exactly as they left it—still smelling faintly of brownies, the TV on standby, a huge heap of dirty dishes in the sink.

Activating his avoid-and-deflect mode, Jimin quickly slips out of his shoes, shuffling to the couch to pick up the remote, filling the silence with something other than his thoughts.

He immediately clicks out of *Gods of Sex*, ignoring how the words burn behind his eyelids, and selects a random 2000s pop playlist. A famous hit starts blasting through the speakers the moment Jimin presses *PLAY*, turning the volume up so he can hear it from the bathroom—but first, he’s gonna deal with The Biohazard.

Plugging his phone to the charger Yoongi keeps in the living room and grabbing the bag from where he’s left it on the counter, Jimin beelines to the washing machine. He pulls open the little compartments, adds the correct amount of soap and softener, dumping the clothes in. The flash of blue and gold brings a knot to his throat, the phantom sensation of the collar digging into his neck as Jeongguk—

“No!” Jimin yells to himself, pulling at the hem of the shirt he’s wearing, throwing it in too. He stands up, wincing at the sudden movement, and kicks off the sweatpants and socks, quickly pushing them inside and slamming the door shut, a small beep announcing the start of a cycle.

The rush of water mingles with the upbeat music, Jimin watching the little splashes against the round glass door, soap bubbles dancing around. And he’s finally forced to face one of the more lingering pieces of evidence—his own shaky legs doing their best to support him, the smooth expanse of skin covered in bruises; a deep, angry red, in the shape of Jeongguk’s fingerprints.

Jimin bursts into laughter—it’s manic, almost hysterical, tears brimming his eyes as he stands there clutching the counter, fully naked in Yoongi’s kitchen. It’s ridiculous, really. He knows he can try and ignore it but his body tells the story.

And no matter how much he showers, scrubs his skin raw, it won’t erase Jeongguk’s touch from his skin.

The bruises will fade with time but the memory of his hands will remain—deep into his bones, crawling in his veins, a constant reminder of the night they surrendered. And no matter how much

his heart screams at him that this is their chance to fix things, he knows it's just gonna spiral into more rancor.

There's too much history between them. Too much truth left unsaid, too many wrong words spoken.

Irritated, Jimin rubs the back of his hand over his eyes, wiping the tears about to fall. "Don't you fucking dare cry," he tells himself, taking a deep, shaky breath. "It's gonna be fine, just shower it off."

That's what he does.

With *Queens of Pop* blasting through the small flat and totally ignoring the bedroom to the left, Jimin makes his way to the bathroom, leaving the door cracked open to let the music in. A shaky hand curls around the faucet to crank the shower on, and while the water heats up, Jimin does what he's been dreading ever since he woke up in Jeongguk's bed: looks at himself in the mirror. With a shaky exhale, the air growing steamy from the running shower, Jimin takes in the visible evidence of his deepest desire.

Now he understands what Ian meant by *mauled*—his neck and collarbones are full of hickeys, splayed over his skin like a love-bite necklace. His hair is all over the place, chunks of it stuck together by God knows what; lips puffed, eyes a bit swollen. Several small and round bruises cover most of his hips, going all the way down his thighs—Jeongguk's fingers.

Jimin can't hold the tears in.

They trickle down his cheeks, unbound, sobs pushing up his chest as he stumbles into the stall, letting the scorching water soothe his body—letting it wash away Jeongguk's touch. And it hurts, it really does.

The knot unravels in his throat, splitting the cracks in the dam that's bursting out of his chest. His knees hit the tiles as his body doubles forth, the next breath coming out as an earth shattering wail. A long-held scream fights its way out through the thick tears, harsh on his sore throat, vocal chords crumbling to shreds that rival the shards of his heart raining on his lungs, splinters tearing him from the inside out.

Jimin cries because he knows he's the one to blame. He knows it's his own fault the future he desperately wants is gone.

Jeongguk fights him because that's what Jimin wants. Because he *wants* to hate Jeongguk—it's easier to write it off as hate when he's terrified of being left behind. Of feeling that same pain all over again.

Jimin goes to therapy, he knows his own flaws and traumas, knows what happened altered him to his core. Knows they were both teenagers—lost and confused, struggling to find themselves. Abandonment is something he struggles with, he *knows*. But knowing doesn't make it any fucking easier.

Jeongguk *left* him. He still fucking left him. So what prevents him from doing it again?

Jimin fucking hates him. Hates himself. Because he knows Jeongguk doesn't, no matter how many times he disguises his sweet actions with foul words. That's what hurts the most—Jimin saw a glimpse of it last night. Felt it. Experienced it. He let his walls down and Jeongguk crawled the last yard towards his heart, as if he hasn't fucking claimed it already, the day he barreled into the

classroom like a drenched puppy.

He does it, over and over again.

With an *'Above-average midterm grades? Wow, your brain is capable of retaining useful information besides pop lyrics and rehearsed insults—congratulations,'* when his own parents didn't reply to his text message.

With a *'Here, you can have the last fruit cup or whatever,'* when Jimin's coach had him skipping meals.

With a *'Too dry, I don't wanna hurt you,'* when Jimin's been torn before.

I don't wanna hurt you.

Jimin laughs bitterly. He can still feel the warmth of Jeongguk's skin imprinted amongst the lines, the weight of his body, and no matter how much the water runs over his hand, scurrying down the drain, the feeling never leaves him—if anything it seeps further and further into him, engraved, skin to bone.

Curled in the corner, Jimin lets out a broken, strangled scream. The tiles bounce it back at him, echo feeding him his own pain, filling in the hollow in his chest with so much regret he can barely hear the music over the rush of water, the rush of his own blood in his ears.

Jimin slumps against the wall, boneless, eyes open but not seeing, mindlessly caressing the bruises in his body, willing the hot water to boost the blood flow in them. His eyes, heavy and swollen, drift towards the open door. He isn't sure how much time has passed, but the sunlight peeking through the slit feels warmer now, more golden. He'll have to give Yoongi some money for the water bill, maybe donate to an environmental NGO to soften his guilt.

Pushing himself out of the shell of self-pity he's crawled into, Jimin weakly grabs a washcloth, lathering it with Yoongi's soft scented body wash and starts scrubbing himself clean at a snail's pace, letting the water get rid of Jeongguk's phantom.

It takes him another hour to pull himself to his feet, fingers pruned, skin flushed. He brushes his teeth, towel dries his hair. He waddles back into the hall with little droplets running down his chest, soaking the towel wrapped snugly around his waist.

He knows what he needs to do—go into Yoongi's room, get himself some comfortable clothes and get out. But the door Jimin pushes open isn't Yoongi's.

It's exactly as he left it.

His untouched backpack sits on the floor near the dresser, as he left it. The towel on the bed.

Jimin fights the fresh tears but they find their course down his cheeks nonetheless.

"Fucking stop," he hisses. "Stop crying, stop crying," he keeps on chanting, fishing a pair of fitted boxers from his backpack, damp towel unraveling from around his waist, pooling by his feet. Standing in the bedroom that still carries *his* traces, a new wave of guilt washes over Jimin, throwing him against the sharp rocks of his heart as he takes in the mess all over the room.

There's him there too, now. The wet towels, his hoodie on the bathroom floor, the used makeup wipes on the dresser—all scattered amidst Jeongguk's things.

How it could've been.

His eyes fall to Jeongguk's unmade bed, the askew pillow still flaunting ghostly indentations of his head. Moth to a flame, Jimin topples over, knees buckling as he falls face first onto the sheets.

They smell like him.

Jimin lays there, curled in Jeongguk's bed, a few leftover tears silently streaming down the side of his face as he gazes at an empty area of the wall, mindlessly acknowledging he's never seen the room from this angle before. He pulls the blanket tighter around his shoulders, going limp against the pillows, shamelessly burying his face in them, desperate for the smell that's already dissipating from the covers, leaving the threads of cotton bare of the sweet scent of shampoo and sweat.

Turning his head towards the door, Jimin stares at it until his vision blurs, ignoring the voice in his head that screams at him to give it a chance, to trust Jeongguk won't run away again. He wants to scream at it to shut up but his throat feels raw, every breath is like inhaling lead—

He tried. He tried to fight off the wave, keeping it at bay, but lying alone in Jeongguk's bed, lulled by the smell of him—Jimin can't fight it off anymore. The loneliness.

Jimin doesn't feel himself fall asleep. He simply disappears under the blankets, feeling everything until he can't feel anything at all.

When he opens his eyes, it's dark and silent.

He's still lying on Jeongguk's bed, still buried under fluffy blankets, heart bled out on the sheets beneath him. Jimin groans, body protesting the moment he tries to sit up, gently rubbing at his swollen eyes.

Maybe I should go.

There's a distant sound. A *beep*.

Jimin freezes, a futile glimmer of hope welling in his chest for a brief and cruel moment.

It's Yoongi—it's just Yoongi coming home.

Jimin sits up fully, blankets pooling around his waist as he mutters a weak, "Yoongi hyung?"

Silence.

Bang!

The sound of something heavy against the wooden floor.

Keys.

Heavy, hurried footsteps—

"Jimin."

Jimin doesn't hear the sound of his name; he sees it form in Jeongguk's lips, eyes burning when he chances a glance up, finding eyes as swollen as his own.

Jeongguk has been crying too, his eyes bloodshot and puffy yet still big and sweet. Still holding galaxies in them. He looks like a mess—hair all over the place, bruised knuckles wound tight around the chain hanging from his neck. He opens his mouth several times, about to say something, but nothing comes out.

Mortified, Jimin leaps out of bed, half naked and barefoot, yanking his backpack open to pull at least a t-shirt—his hands are shaking, his lip quivering and he can't grab the fucking zipper—

“Jimin.”

Jimin freezes, whipping around to see Jeongguk push the bedroom door open all the way, knuckles turning white where he grips the doorframe. “I—I wasn't feeling well, I just laid down for a moment—I'll go now,” he says, backpack falling to his feet, arms coming up to wrap around his waist, feeling awfully naked under Jeongguk's gaze.

His voice seems to snap Jeongguk out of a daze, the other stumbling further into the room, pushing the door close. The soft click sounds like a gunshot to Jimin's ears.

Jeongguk, still a bit stunned, crouches down next to his suitcase, reaching for a soft black t-shirt, gently offering it towards Jimin's quivering figure. He stands back up as Jimin dons it on, the heavy cotton falling like a hug over his shivering frame, his fingers twisting the hem with nervous jitters, trying his best not to break down.

Jeongguk isn't any better—he's shaking when he takes a tentative step towards the bed. And another. Until he's standing *right there*.

Jimin recoils, eyes squeezing shut, Jeongguk's small ‘*oh*’ tearing whatever's left of his heart.

“I'm so sorry,” Jeongguk whispers, voice cracking painfully. Jimin pries one eye open, a small tear clinging to his eyelash when he sees Jeongguk's hand hovering over his collarbones, eyes glued to Jimin's neck.

“It doesn't hurt.”

Jeongguk lets his hand fall, searching Jimin's eyes. “You just... left.”

“I should've never stayed.”

“Don't say that.”

“What do you want me to fucking say, Jeongguk?!” Jimin snaps, wiping angrily at his eyes, mad at himself for crying *again*. “It was the biggest fucking mistake.”

Jeongguk closes his eyes, face scrunching up. “It wasn't,” Jeongguk says— *affirms* .

“It was—it was. We were drunk, right? I mean, it's college and—a-and...”

The pain in Jeongguk's eyes is a slap to his face.

“I can't do this anymore,” Jeongguk says, finite. “I can't, Jimin.”

Jimin swallows the remorse crawling up his chest, ready to refute, but Jeongguk cuts in. “I can't keep *pretending* ,” he says, choking up on his words.

“Jeongguk—”

“You said *‘fuck me like you hate me’*, and I couldn’t do it, Jimin. I couldn’t. You know why?” Jimin squeezes his eyes shut, the gesture spilling the tears down his cheeks, as if that could stop him from hearing Jeongguk say, “Because I don’t.”

“That’s not true.”

“It is. I could never hide it—and neither can you,” he accuses, a single tear escaping. “I see the truth in your eyes.”

The words ring true and Jimin lashes out, hands coming up to try and push him away, but Jeongguk takes his wrists in a firm grip, holding him steady. “I see the way you look at me,” he confesses through gritted teeth, yanking Jimin closer, breathing hot against his face. “And it terrifies me,” he finishes in a small voice, letting go.

Jimin sinks against the dresser, looking up at him openly, letting Jeongguk see the hollow in his chest. “Then why did you do it?” Jimin asks. “Why did you leave me?”

“I never—”

“You left me. You *left* me.”

Jeongguk runs a trembling hand through his hair, stepping away from Jimin. “I didn’t mean to—”

“More than the boy I had feelings for, you were my friend. You were my *friend*, Gguk.”

“You never let me explain myself!”

“Okay—fine. Then tell me,” Jimin turns to Jeongguk, eyes burning him. “The problem—”

“Is you!” Jeongguk screams, fingers about to yank his hair out by the roots, breathing down on Jimin with fiery eyes. “The problem is *you!* You fucking *ruined* me, Jimin.”

Time stops.

Stunned, Jimin watches Jeongguk dash for his pocket, frantically swiping at his phone with one hand while the other rubs at his eyes ferociously.

A second goes by and he’s pushing his phone in Jimin’s face, the bright screen sharp against the dark room, some light bleeding in from the window.

And there, in Jeongguk’s phone staring back at Jimin, is his own face. It’s open to a picture of a bedroom Jimin knows well.

Jeongguk’s childhood bedroom is the same as in his memories—a nightstand peeking on the right corner, almost out of frame, a stool and what looks like a cart full of art supplies beneath a gigantic canvas.

And in that 5ft canvas is Jimin’s face, emerging from a deepwater lake, little droplets clinging to his eyelashes, hair swirling around his face like a halo, surrounded by red peonies.

“W-what—”

“I painted it the night of your birthday,” Jeongguk says with a dry chuckle, tears brimming his eyes. “Nearly got run over pedaling all the way to the crafts store. Had to call Ian and ask him to get dad’s car and help me b-bring it home,” he laughs in disbelief, panic seeping through his words. “It almost didn’t fit in the car.”

Jimin reaches for the phone but Jeongguk pulls it back, clicking the screen off before he tosses it on the bed, bringing his hands up to cover his face.

He breathes in deeply, once. Twice.

“I just locked myself in until I finished and I—” Jeongguk interrupts himself, struggling to keep the dam from bursting. “I cried so much. It made me realize how I was lying to m-myself. Trying to force myself to—I hadn’t seen you in so long, i-it felt like every detail of your face was fading from my m-memory,” he sobs into his hands.

A tear finally escapes Jimin’s hold. “Jeongguk...”

Jeongguk turns his back on him, pacing furiously in the small space between the dresser and the end of the bed. “A-all I could think about was how I couldn’t find a way to capture that sparkle you had in your eyes whenever you l-looked at me, how you smiled at me—I was so fucking mad at myself for it, J-Jimin. Mad at *you* —” Jeongguk doubles over, a choked breath evolving into a muffled sob, tears spilling freely from his eyes.

It’s a different kind of pain, watching Jeongguk cry openly. Jimin’s heart tightens at the sight of him so vulnerable, his mind struggling to process everything.

“I couldn’t stand being near you without holding myself back, without wanting t-to kiss you,” Jeongguk laughs bitterly, tilting his head up with a shudder. “That night Ian told me to just accept I was in love with you too. T-that I could pretend all I wanted but he saw right through me. I punched him. N-Nearly broke his nose.”

“Jeongguk—”

“I did it because he was right,” he continues, unable to stop now that the dam was bursting. “He threw the truth in my face and I felt so—he was right. All I could think about was you. And I thought... I thought if I finally painted you it would go away but it d-didn’t,” Jeongguk draws in a breath, falling to his knees by the foot of the bed, staring at Jimin with unfocused eyes. “It d-didn’t.”

Jimin’s heart shatters all over again when he sees himself in Jeongguk. The young Jimin trembling head to toe, crying all over himself as he drunkenly confessed to Yoongi hyung he’d kissed a boy. He’d kissed a boy thinking of someone else. In a stupor that makes his vision blur, Jimin sinks to his knees beside Jeongguk, his own face crumpling, eyes burning with fresh tears. “Jeongguk...”

“I was terrified,” Jeongguk whispers, his voice cracking. “I... I had all these feelings and desires, I started seeing you d-differently and I kept thinking of you in—a-and all I could think was what if I was—what if I w-was—”

“Attracted to a man?” Jimin fills in, barely audible.

“I tried to ignore it. I t-tought—my dad noticed. He noticed and h-he said things to me. H-he—I was scared. I was so scared he was gonna do something—he-he hit me. He hit me, J-Jimin.”

Jimin kneels there, sniffing, more tears trickling down his cheeks. His heart aches, in more ways than one.

“But that night I was gonna say ‘*fuck it*’,” Jeongguk admits, looking Jimin dead in the eye. “I was gonna f-fucking tell my father to go to hell and—”

“Gguk...”

“But you pushed me away,” Jeongguk continues, a trembling hand covering his mouth. “And—and I knew I’d lost you. It was my fault. B-but it fucked with my head when you left for good. I-I just... I didn’t care about anything. M-my parents flipped when they found out I almost lost the athletic scholarship w-when I tried to withdraw the piece submitted for evaluation.”

The painting.

‘I’m gonna be an artist, and my Mona Lisa will be a portrait of you.’

“I’m sorry,” Jimin whispers, reaching out a tentative hand.

Jeongguk jolts, grabbing his hand and bringing it to his lips, holding Jimin’s hand between his in a tight grip. “I knew it. I knew how you felt and ... I h-hurt you, Jimin. I’m sorry, I’m so sorry.”

There’s this agonizing, breathless pain seep into Jimin’s skin from the words whispered against his palm, Jeongguk’s ragged breaths against his knuckles, his tears dribbling in between his fingers—a pain he knows too well.

In that moment, Jimin sees a human who’d experienced the same kind of pain he did, that was scared and judged—cornered into the jail of expectations. And Jimin knows that the boy in front of him right is him, his Jeongguk. He’s here, breaching the surface, reaching out to him.

“I’m... I’m sorry too.”

“You have nothing to apologize for,” Jeongguk chuckles wetly, finally looking up at him. “As you said, I was the one who left you behind.”

His eyes tell so much, and Jimin is scared of losing him.

He lets his heart talk.

Jimin slips his hand from Jeongguk’s grasp, leaning forward and wrapping his arms around his neck, burying his face in his shoulder and hugging him as tightly as he can. Jeongguk immediately slumps into the embrace, arms crawling around Jimin’s torso, clinging for dear life. Jimin feels his hands trembling against his ribs, Jeongguk’s choked breaths against his neck, the loud sobs of someone breaking apart—Jeongguk hugs him tightly, hands scrambling for whatever they can reach, sinking into Jimin’s arms in search of solace.

He cries.

“It’s okay, let it out,” Jimin whispers against Jeongguk’s hair, a hand cupping the back of his neck gently as his tears soak Jimin’s t-shirt. He begins to shake harder, heartbreaking wails muffled against Jimin’s shoulder as he goes lax in his arms. So Jimin hugs him closer, wishing he could rid him of such crippling agony, nevermind his own broken heart; he knows how this feels.

“I’m so s-sorry,” Jeongguk sobs into his neck, shaking his head vehemently. “I’m so sorry, I-I was a coward. I distanced myself from you because I c-couldn’t be honest with you. I’m sorry. I never—my d-dad...”

“Shh, shh—it’s okay, just breathe,” Jimin shushes, pulling back slightly, letting his forehead rest against Jeongguk’s. “Jeongguk, breathe,” he says, bringing his hands to his face, brushing away his tears with his thumbs, gently pushing the hair away from his forehead.

“That’s why I d-don’t blame you f-for hating me,” Jeongguk cries, refusing to relent. “I never—I n-never wanted to, and it pains me so much to think—*fuck*, I’m sorry. I’m so-sorry—”

“Breathe—hey, hey, hey. Jeongguk, *breathe*.”

Jimin leans back, resting against the end of the bed, pulling Jeongguk with him; Jeongguk goes easily, nuzzling further into his chest, arms around him in an iron grip, ear pressed against his hammering heart. He cries harder when Jimin runs his fingers through his hair, gently pulling back the strands matted to his temples. Jimin’s eyes fall shut and his own tears well up, alongside his own painful memories, as they stay there for what could’ve been hours, Jeongguk crying in his arms, Jimin lulling them back and forth.

The apartment is silent, no more music, no lights on—but it holds a raging storm. Behind his closed eyelids, Jimin is seeing red. It takes every ounce of his self-control not to give into this wild rage and go back to the Jeon’s home in Calabasas and—

He can’t shake off the image of the man spitting hateful words at Jeongguk, implying he’s some sort of freak, his hand crashing down on Jeongguk’s face—

Jimin swallows the lump in his throat and focuses on the boy in his arms. On the warmth of Jeongguk’s body, on his heartbeat slowly coming back to a normal rate.

“Your pecs are a great headrest,” Jeongguk whispers jokingly, breaking the silence, the corners of his mouth pulling up against Jimin’s chest, hinting at a smile. He smiles fully when he hears the rumble of Jimin’s chuckle against his ear, Jimin’s hand stilling in his hair.

“Ten out of ten?” Jimin smiles weakly, letting out a little breath of nervous laughter. Jeongguk nods, meaning to pull away.

For a second, Jimin locks his muscles, keeping him close. But then he relaxes, letting his arms fall to his sides, watching Jeongguk scoot away from between his legs. He watches him get up, swaying on the spot, running a hand over his puffy face.

Jeongguk extends a hand and helps him up, eyes falling to his neck when Jimin meets his eyes. “I’m sorry I was so rough, it must be painful,” he apologizes again, eyes roaming Jimin’s face.

“They’re hickies,” Jimin smiles timidly, finding his footing. “It’s just a bit sore.”

Jeongguk nods, growing a bit awkward. His eyes are bloodshot, cheeks damp and dusted red, eyelashes stuck to each other, lips juttied out in a small pout. Jimin can’t see anything but the beautiful man before him—

The boy who barged into the principal’s office in tears asking for help because Jimin had broken his arm;

Who saved months of allowance to take Jimin to see the National Ballet performing *Black Swan* ;

Who was a prisoner of fear and indoctrinated homophobia;

The boy who was his friend.

“Hey...” Jimin says softly, drawing a small breath of courage. “I... I appreciate what you’ve told me, but—there’s more to it, isn’t there?”

Jeongguk nods, resolute. “I’ll tell you everything, I promise. I just—”

“No, not right now,” Jimin whispers, hand tentatively reaching for Jeongguk’s arm, fluttery fingers dancing down his forearm until he intertwines them in a gentle grip. The voice screams at him like

a ravaged demon desperate to break the leash and reach for what Jimin craves the most, for the love of the boy he longs for.

Jeongguk stomped all over his heart—made Jimin hate him. Jimin tore himself to pieces in the process of doing whatever it took to keep his heart safe. He spent years denying his dreams of feeling Jeongguk's touch again, of his arms embracing him, the soft heave of his chest as he slept soundly beside him.

His name is caught on Jeongguk's throat; the strained voice of someone who'd rather hurt than hurt again, when Jimin takes a single step closer, toe to toe—

“Right now, I want you to kiss me.”

Jeongguk does.

Without hesitation, Jeongguk grabs him by the waist, Jimin's lips parting in surprise as he takes his mouth in a sweet kiss, a warm hand coming up to cradle Jimin's face with reverence. It's clear, in the way he struggles, how many times he's dreamt of kissing Jimin again, tempted to just take him in his arms and kiss until they run out of breath.

Jeongguk chuckles, the movement causing Jimin to end up kissing his teeth.

“Why're you laughing?” Jimin says into his mouth.

“This is the best we've communicated in years,” Jeongguk smiles, lips moving to kiss Jimin's cheek, gentle fingers tucking his hair behind his ear. “Got used to you roasting me.”

“I can still be an ass publicly,” Jimin jokes, but the trembling of Jeongguk's hand and the hitch of his breath shows he too is one breadth away from crying again. So Jimin clings to him, to his Jeongguk, allowing himself to find the crack in Pandora's box and let hope out.

“I know what's at stake for you, but if we do this... I don't wanna be a dirty secret, Gguk.”

“You won't be,” Jeongguk promises, pulling back to take Jimin's hands in his. “I won't hide you,” he whispers, bringing Jimin's hands up to his lips, landing small kisses all over his knuckles. “I knew what I was doing when I ripped you from my brother's arms.”

Jimin can't stop the endeared smile from splitting his lips, shaking his head.

“That's what I should've done all along,” Jeongguk confesses, eyes searching Jimin's. “Let everyone know.”

All traces of smiles vanish when he lets go of Jimin's hand, leaning back a bit, hands gripping the back of his own collar to pull the shirt over his head, tossing it aside.

His hands fly back to Jimin's waist, pulling him closer, letting his head fall against Jimin's shoulder, planting cautious wet kisses up his neck as he backs Jimin up until his legs hit the bed. Jimin falls back onto the sheets, heart in his throat when Jeongguk climbs after him. “Thought I'd never get to see you like this,” Jeongguk whispers, hypnotized. “Like you want to be mine.”

Jimin slides his hands up Jeongguk's bare shoulders, nails scratching lightly. He sighs in delight, eyes fluttering when he feels Jeongguk's hand slip up his t-shirt, fingertips grazing the skin below his ribs. His lips trace Jimin's ear, blowing hot breath as he confesses, “I missed you.”

Caressing the dimples on his lower back as he leans forward, Jimin presses a kiss to Jeongguk's

collarbone; another further up, to his throat, the last on the corner of his mouth. “I missed you too,” Jimin confesses, lips grazing Jeongguk’s swollen ones; “My Jeonggukie.”

He’s caught off guard when Jeongguk hoists him further up onto the pillows and kisses him like it’s the first time. Jeongguk kisses him like a starved man, desperate for touch, for intimacy—he parts Jimin’s legs with a roll of his hips, letting him feel how hard he already is.

“Oh God, Jeongguk,” Jimin groans, gasping for air. He’s out of breath and Jeongguk barely touched him.

Jeongguk pulls back, their lips parting with a loud smack. He glances down at the boy he’s loved for a decade, dark eyes hungrily devouring the view beneath him.

Home.

It feels different.

Last night, they fucked each other senseless.

Jeongguk has the sound of Jimin’s moans stuck to his ears, has the vision of him coming etched into his brain and still—still, it feels like uncharted territory.

But it’s an adventure they’re willing to take, eager to see where it would take them.

Terrifying.

Exhilarating.

He lets his forehead fall against Jimin’s, taking a moment to breathe each other in.

An oddly familiar warmth starts bubbling in Jimin’s heart when Jeongguk’s arms wrap around him in a careful, shielding embrace, running his fingers through his hair. Safe.

“I’m not hiding anymore,” Jeongguk says, letting the words spill out of his mouth. “I don’t wanna live in fear. I don’t wanna hold back the things I wanna say.”

Jimin whimpers, eyes closed; he hears the truth in his voice—a lullaby that reverberates through his ribs, watering the seeds in his heart. Hears it in the way Jeongguk’s voice forms, and it’s as if Jimin is inside his lungs, coiling in the air that waltzes in and out, dragged around his vocal chords until the sounds become words.

The world is spinning, there isn’t enough air in his lungs, and before he can even ask him ‘*what exactly*’, Jeongguk beats him to it.

“I love you, Park Jimin.”

—

[+1 310 555 0113, 00:13AM] if i knew that’s all it’d take for you to stop being stupid i’d have fondled your ass sooner

[+1 310 555 0113, 00:14AM] i’ll mention this on my speech at your wedding tho be warned

[+1 310 555 0113, 01:35AM] thank you jimin

[+1 310 555 0113, 01:35AM] you've always made him happy

It takes time, of course.

They have years of bottled up feelings, miscommunication and resentment to work on. But all the dirty laundry that's meant for a high spin heavy-duty cycle is done on delicate-wash and tumble dry low.

Come morning, the gossip is on fire.

The details get a bit twisted and melodramatic the more it spreads but the most important detail remains the same: Jeongguk and Jimin got together, and it was quite a sight to see.

Seokjin returns from New York in time for Jimin's birthday, the party to be held at the frat house on that same weekend. They gather at the flat for a homecoming dinner, Jeongguk's bags piled up in the corner next to Seokjin's luggage and little Duty Free shopping spree.

"I'm disowning you," Seokjin cries out dramatically over a glass of soju. "I can't believe you profaned my sacred space."

"I told you not to let the spawn of Satan into your home," Jimin jokes, leaning forward on the couch to drape his arms over Jeongguk's shoulders, the other boy sitting on the floor between his legs. Jeongguk huffs, a hand coming up to caress the arms around his neck when he feels his boyfriend's lips brushing his cheek.

"He was celibate when I left," Seokjin scoffs, face contorting in disgust as he fake gags—a dramatic flair that rivals Taehyung's usual antics. "And now you tell me he's living up to the 'bunny' nickname!"

"He is," Yoongi chuckles, reaching over the coffee table to place a piece of meat on Namjoon's bowl. The other thanks him with a shy, dimpled smile. "Had me looking for soundproof wall panels on Amazon at 3 in the morning."

"We did not!" Jimin protests, leaning further onto Jeongguk's back to pick a piece of meat. "We were very considerate."

"You bought me earplugs," Yoongi deadpans, kimchi hanging from his frozen chopsticks.

"Again, *considerate*."

"Oh God," Seokjin groans into his hands. "I'll have to burn my bed."

Jeongguk laughs at that, and Jimin feels it rumbling under his palms, his hands crossed over his chest. It makes him smile. "I promise I washed everything this morning," Jeongguk says cheekily, trying to contain his laughter. "But you're right, maybe I should buy you a new duvet."

“You better buy me a new mattress at this point,” Seokjin whines, unable to hold back the laughter that bleeds into his reprimand. “You defiled it.”

“I prefer the term ‘christened’,” Jimin smirks, meeting Seokjin’s eyes over Jeongguk’s shoulder. “It’s a sacred act, hyung.”

Hobi, who’s been immersed in answering some work messages, laughs loudly at that, bringing the massive pint of beer to his lips—his face is already burning bright red, the alcohol already getting him feverish and flush. He’s been hanging around them more, and Jimin’s glad for that. Not only is Hobi sunshine personified, he’s given him several tips on cheerleading and introduced him to some people from The Lab.

Jimin glances around the table, at the food and booze being shared, the friendly banter filling the air alongside the lo-fi tunes playing in the background.

His friends.

His love.

He isn’t alone.

There’s just one person missing—

They all flinch at the sudden shrill of the doorbell.

Speak of the devil.

Yoongi hops to his feet to answer it, the others all staring expectantly at the door. The seventh piece is here.

“Who is it?” Yoongi calls playfully, gummy smile on full display as he leans in to check the peephole. The annoying, incessant buzzing proves it couldn’t be anyone other than Kim Taehyung.

“The stripper!” Taehyung yells from the other side of the door.

“Don’t let him in.”

“I heard that!”

—

On Friday, a day before his birthday, Jimin is surprised with balloons and a cake after practice. He cries.

The entire cheer squad teases him about how he’s ditching them for dick, choosing to hold *the* party on enemy grounds. He makes it up to them by inviting everyone out to the restaurant next to campus, Taemin and his partner joining them for some drinks and fries.

As they lose themselves in the game playing on TV, Jimin excuses himself for a moment, ditching the host role to sneak into the small bathroom. After taking care of his bladder, he sends Jeongguk a suggestive, slightly naughty booty picture of him half sitting on the counter, still in his little spandex shorts.

[Jimin, 20:48PM] ;)

Jeongguk reads it immediately. Yet, instead of the three little dots foreshadowing his response, Jimin's phone lights up with an incoming call.

He changed Jeongguk's profile picture last week. Now it's a picture of him smiling, a little bit of Jimin's thighs showing from where Jeongguk had been lying on his lap, his big doe eyes shining brightly, Jimin's hand cradling his face.

"Hello?"

"You're evil," Jeongguk hisses, his voice muffled and a bit distorted under the helmet, the bluetooth mic picking up the rush of wind and the low rumbling of the R6. *"Can't believe you're riling me up like this—"*

"Don't talk on the phone while you're riding," Jimin immediately cuts in, his smile dropping.

"I pulled over."

"Jeongguk—"

"I mean it!"

Jimin's about to lecture him when his phone vibrates—a FaceTime request.

The moment Jeongguk's face comes up on screen, a blinding smile takes over Jimin's features again, an innocent giddiness bubbling in his chest at the absolutely enamored glint in Jeongguk's eyes. God, he's so in love.

"Hi, baby."

"Hi."

There's Jeongguk, visor flipped up, his cute bunny smile tainted with hints of lust that brings a flush to Jimin's cheeks, the first kittenish licks of arousal fluttering down his spine.

"Wanna tell me more about the pic I just got?" Jeongguk prods, lowering his phone as he leans over the bike, resting his arms on the fuel tank. "Mm?"

"Felt like it," Jimin shrugs, as nonchalant as possible. He leans back against the sink, eyes roaming Jeongguk's features, taking in the red lights sporadically bouncing off his face. In the background, someone shouts something in Korean, and that's when he notices the Korean words on the building behind him. "Wait, are you in K-Town?" he frowns, squinting at the screen.

"I am."

"Weren't you attending a late-night lecture at Fowler?"

"I was."

"You're being really vague and avoiding my eyes right now," Jimin accuses, eyes narrowing skeptically. "That's suspicious."

“And why is that?” Jeongguk rolls his eyes, amused.

“Because tomorrow is my birthday.”

“Egotistical much, aren’t we?” Jeongguk teases, shaking his head.

“What are you up to, Jeon Jeongguk?”

“Nothing good,” Jeongguk replies with a wink and a goofy shoulder shimmy.

“Jeonggu-u-u-u-uk!” Jimin whines, pouting.

“Wha-a-a-at?!” he pouts back, eyes sparkling. “Wait—where are *you*? I don’t recognise that bathroom.”

Jimin picks up the phone, the image a bit shaky as he spins a bit in the small cubicle. “The team surprised me with cake because they say I’m ditching them for dick tomorrow.”

“You are.”

Jimin shushes him, glaring at the phone. “Anyways, I’m making amends by hanging out with them tonight.”

“And yet here you are, on the phone with me,” Jeongguk grins, the cheekiest bunny smile on his face. “My already overblown ego has been unreasonably fed.”

“Shut up!”

“Where are you?” Jeongguk asks again.

“It’s just a restaurant here at the Village, near the entrance,” Jimin says, waving him off, eyes flicking when he hears someone speak outside the door, a few knocks rattling the cheap wood. “Oh, sorry! Coming out in a second!” he shouts, giving himself a last onceover just to be sure.

Jeongguk just smiles at the screen like a lovesick fool.

“I’ve gotta go,” Jimin frowns, glancing at the closed door. “I’ve been in here for too long, they’re gonna think I’m *pooping*,” he hisses, a bit embarrassed.

“It’s fine,” Jeongguk chuckles, already flicking his visor down. Jimin sees the phone mirrored on it, his own face dancing in the reflection as Jeongguk moves around. “*I’ll call you later tonight, okay?*”

“Okay,” he nods with a little huff. And then, “Maybe I’ll snap you a few more pictures.”

Jeongguk laughs, his voice once again muffled by the helmet. “*It’s your birthday, not mine.*”

Jeongguk's here.

Jimin would recognize that loud rumbling anywhere—

Three consecutive shifts to the throttle that Jimin would notice from miles away.

It drowns the chatter, the noise, the traffic—all he can hear is Raven.

Jeongguk is here.

He's out of his chair in a second, backpack falling to the ground when his chair topples over with the sudden movement. His friends are calling his name, alarmed, but he doesn't stop. He nearly runs into a waitress as he dashes out the door, head whipping back and forth frantically, eyes scanning the Village in search of him.

There he is.

The students, the cars, the buildings—it all disappears. There's only Jeongguk, still leaning over Raven, his R6.

Once he notices Jimin there, he revvs the engine playfully, drawing attention from everyone out and about. Jimin rolls his eyes, mouthing *'show off'*, and even with the helmet obscuring his face, Jimin knows Jeongguk is smiling at him.

He waves him over, but Jimin's rooted to the spot.

Yoongi's bike is intimidating, the horned helmet Jimin gifted him makes it even worse, but nothing compares to the dangerous aura Jeongguk exudes with Raven. A danger he craves.

A danger that hides, beneath all the black leather and chains, Jimin's little goofball with a bunny smile and sparkly blueberry eyes.

Jeongguk and Raven are a sight to see. Thick tires and chromed mufflers, purple LED lights running beneath the frame and a custom matte black finish, Raven is an ominous shadow slicing through the night of Los Angeles. And she brought Jeongguk to him.

As he runs, Jimin watches Jeongguk hurry to take off his helmet, hair a complete mess underneath when he pushes it up his head, turning in time to catch the body barreling into his.

"You're here?!" Jimin beams, covering Jeongguk's face in kisses, eager fingers running through his hair incredulously.

Jeongguk's happy laughter is everything. He quickly hooks his helmet on the handle and turns his upper body to catch Jimin in a proper hug, the leather of his jacket crinkling with the movement. He almost rips his gloves as he pulls them away, desperate to touch, fingers seeking Jimin's red hoodie, burying his nose in the crook of his neck.

"Hi, there."

"You're here, you're here!" Jimin nearly screams, pulling back with wide eyes. "Oh my god, baby?!"

"Surprise!"

"What are you doing here?! How did you—oh, do you wanna come meet them? We're watching the Jets play—no wait, what the fuck am I saying?! Fuck that! I'll go grab my bag and we can go," Jimin rambles frantically. "Did you bring my helmet?"

"Jimin baby, slow down," Jeongguk cackles, gently taking Jimin's face in his hands. Jimin hops up and down like a little kid, leaning forward on his tippy toes to catch Jeongguk's lips in a gleeful kiss. It's more teeth than lips—they just can't stop smiling.

"I just wanted to be with you when midnight hits," Jeongguk says, pulling back. Jimin pouts so he

leans in for another quick peck, curling the unruly strands behind Jimin's ears. "We can stay and watch the game, I don't mind."

"Fuck the game."

Jimin can't stand still; an electric rush of happiness has taken over him—Jeongguk's *here*.

"Don't you want me to meet your friends?"

Jimin waves him off. "They know who you are."

"I mean *properly*."

"I know what you mean," Jimin nods, tracing Jeongguk's face with reverence. "But that can wait."

"It's your night out with them, you don't have to prioritize me," Jeongguk counters, leaning into Jimin's touch. His face is cold from the wind and Jimin's warm palm thaws more than just his skin.

"I know," Jimin whispers, leaning forward until his forehead rests against Jeongguk's lips. He sighs when Jeongguk's fingers curl a bit tighter in his hair, nails scratching his scalp. "But I just got you back."

The words ring around them like little flakes of dust swirl in the air—suspended, like time.

Jeongguk brings Jimin closer, burying his nose in his raven hair, "I know." He closes the distance between their faces, brushing his nose along Jimin's, voice quiet when he says, "I'm here."

Their kiss is soft, gentle.

Until Jeongguk starts laughing, that is. He's laughing so hard Jimin ends up kissing his teeth.

"What is it?" Jimin asks, chuckling a little bit himself.

"You taste of stale beer," Jeongguk teases, a hand sneaking under Jimin's hoodie to pinch him.

"And you let me kiss you like that?" Jimin draws back, cringing.

"I didn't say it was bad."

"Idiot," Jimin grunts, voice cracking with a poorly hidden smile. It makes Jeongguk lean down for another kiss, but Jimin jokingly exhales onto his face, blowing a raspberry against his lips.

Jeongguk absolutely loses it.

Euphoria looks good on him.

"Come on," he pats Jimin's butt. "Go grab your stuff then."

"Okay, I'll be back in a second."

Jimin spins on his heels, mind spiraling with what to say to his friends, rattling his brain for a somewhat decent excuse that won't make them hate him for all eternity, when a familiar face makes him halt.

There's Taemin, leaning against the wall outside the restaurant, Jimin's backpack hanging from his

shoulder. The devilish look in his eyes and the shit-eating grin on his lips tell Jimin everything he needs to know: they're fine with him ditching his own birthday party but he'll never hear the end of it.

"I *swear* I didn't—"

"Save it," Taemin interrupts, rolling his eyes fondly. "Go get your ass pounded."

"*Taem*," Jimin whines, embarrassed. "Don't say it like that. It's crass."

Taemin just shrugs, smug as fuck. It makes him look silly, the alcohol flush burning his cheeks a deep red, giving him a cute boyish look. "Here's your bag," he says, handing over the backpack. "*And* your phone."

Jimin, knowing Jeongguk's watching, does the little trick they used to do at school—he grabs the straps, one on each hand, and flips it up and over his head, arms slipping through as the bag falls heavily on his back.

As expected, he gets a loud, delighted laugh.

Giddy, he reaches out for his phone next, taking it from Taemin's outstretched hand. And then he stops.

"You took a bazillion pics doing obscene gestures, didn't you?"

"You know us so well," Taemin grins triumphantly, reaching out to pull at Jimin's hoodie strings. "Now, go. *Shoo*. Get the fuck out of here."

"Are you sure it's okay? Wait, I didn't pay—"

"*Jesus*, I'll cover your bill. Now go, for fuck's sake. Your boy is waiting."

He spins Jimin around, giving him a little shove before disappearing back into the restaurant.

And there's Jeongguk, gloves back on, holding out Jimin's helmet.

Jimin is so, so in love.

"Can't believe you still do that," Jeongguk comments, swatting Jimin's fingers away from the helmet, gesturing for him to come closer.

Jimin knows how to put on a helmet, but he still lets Jeongguk do it. He keeps staring at him the entire time, taking in his '*I'm concentrated*' face, even if he sneakily keeps finding Jimin's eyes while latching the clip under his chin, a tiny dimple appearing on his left cheek when he tries to hold back his smile.

"There, all done."

Jimin grins, pleased. He pulls the straps of his backpack, making it sit tighter on his back for the ride, the oversized hoodie getting a bit bunched up under it. He pulls at the hem, fidgeting until it's comfortable, watching Jeongguk slide his own helmet back on.

"Ready?" Jeongguk asks, flipping his visor up, gloved hands falling to the handles as he kicks up the side stand.

Jimin nods, a hand seeking Jeongguk's shoulder for support as he props himself up on the peg,

swinging his leg high over the seat. And if he arches his spine and pops his butt like a slut, no one can blame him. He's in booty shorts on the back of his boyfriend's badass racing bike—he's allowed.

He pulls the sleeves of his hoodie down to cover his hands, wrapping his arms around Jeongguk's waist, holding on tightly.

"Not so tight," Jeongguk groans playfully, bringing a hand down to intertwine their fingers.

Jimin tightens his grip even more just to hear him laugh.

"You good? Can we go?" Jeongguk asks, glancing over his shoulder the best he can, voice muffled under the low hum of the engine on standstill. "Jimin?"

Jimin inhales deeply, taking in the warmth of Jeongguk's body, the bite of the late night wind on his bare legs, the happiness that takes over his heart when he says, "I love you."

He feels Jeongguk's chest expand with a deep breath, feels his heart beating under his palm through the thick layers of his clothes—feels his voice blooming when he says, "I love you, too."

Jimin hugs him tighter for a moment, needing him closer, and Jeongguk lets him.

"I've got you, baby."

Relaxing his hold, Jimin nods slightly, his helmet rubbing lightly against the leather of Jeongguk's jacket. He lets his body fall forward with Jeongguk, molding to his back as they lean over Raven.

His eyes fall shut when Jeongguk revs up, gently pulling off the curb, hand coming up quickly to flip his visor down. Heart soaring, they take off South Hoover Street in a blur of purple, cutting through the night like a sharp blade, city lights passing them by like shooting stars.

—

When four zeros hit the clock, neither of them notice.

Face pressed into the pillow, legs spread wide, Jimin lets himself be led into a trance. Jeongguk mounts him like a beast, nails harsh on his scalp, strong fingers keeping his head down as he pounds into him from the back, pulling the most debauched sounds out of him.

With a hand between his shoulder blades, Jeongguk feels Jimin's moans resonate against his palm; each contraction of his muscles when he squirms, reveling in the way his breath hitches. Jimin moans loudly when his fingers curl over his jaw, thumbs pressing down on his bottom lip to pry his mouth open, yanking his head back until their lips meet—it's the perfect mix of sacred and profane, mind slipping away into the temporary oblivion of ecstasy.

It's raw, intoxicating—Jeongguk snatches a fistful of hair to pull him closer, tugging at some knots, Jimin's head bending backwards accordingly, neck muscles jutting out to expose his throat. And just like that, Jeongguk carves himself inside him, a whisper in his bones, lips resting against his ear, hot puffs of air that tingles his skin. Jeongguk caresses the parts that are bruised, heals the wounds with his mouth, murmuring raspy promises that guide his dive into delirium.

Mind hazy with an animalistic urge that clouds his judgment, Jimin thrashes under him, side to side like waves onshore, pleasure gnawing at his strings, Jeongguk playing him like an instrument—skilled hands that dissolve all fears, a dance in the sheets; riding with no brakes, skin to skin.

Tomorrow.

Tomorrow they'll wake up to a broken headboard and a beautiful day. Jeongguk will take Jimin to LACMA, helmet in one hand, Jimin's hand in the other.

They'll wander the galleries and Jeongguk will tilt his chin up and catch him in a soft kiss in front of everyone. Jeongguk will tell him a secret—Jimin's portrait was acquired by the university, will show him a video of it being installed at the Hammer Museum, a key piece in their upcoming exhibition.

They'll cry. Happy tears, at last.

And after a perfect day, they'll return to find the frat house at full swing, drowned in LED lights and good music. They'll walk up to the house hand in hand, *JEON 13* once again plastered over Jimin's back. This time, he'll have no doubts about what it means.

The surprise his friends prepare will make Jimin cry, and he'll complain about his eyes looking swollen in all the pictures. He won't stop smiling at the absurd cake they prepare for him—*birthday is not a birthday without cake*.

Yoongi will hold it out for him to blow the candles—an enormous tray of brownies, topped with the tackiest possible designs, all drawn with cheap frosting. His favorite present will be the tacky mug with a heart design, *Jimin&Jeongguk4ever* written on it in mismatched Comic Sans. Ian's idea.

He'll feel loved.

So, so loved.

And by the time the next USC versus UCLA game rolls around, no one will be surprised to see a dot of Trojan red in the Bruins blue sea.

When Jimin submits a transfer application to UCLA the next year, no one will bat an eye. Neither will they care if Jimin drops the invitation to join their cheer squad to enroll in a post-grad program that'll end by the time Jeongguk graduates.

No one will be surprised when they move in together, either.

True to their story, they'll end up going viral again, many years later, when Jimin climbs down the VIP booth of SoFi Stadium, pushing through the cheering crowd until he's sprinting across the field swarmed with confetti.

Jeongguk's team has won the SuperBowl. You may guess what happens.

The future holds many gifts—

Their home, their dog, the art studio that'll become a safe place for Jeongguk to fall back once he stops playing professionally.

A life together.

But that's for them to find out when the time comes.

Tonight, it's them.

Just them.

A night of Jeongguk worshiping Jimin, writing a brand new sonata on his skin, a piece to be played in communal ecstasy, dwelling into this delirium only they can reach, up until the last note echoes around the room.

And it's in the arms of the man he knows he's loved in every possible way that Jimin allows sleep to claim him, knowing that, after years of doldrums, the winds blew him back home.

Luck has found them.

Chapter End Notes

I don't know what to say, it's a weird feeling, typing *The End*.

Best let it be an *Until Then*.

Thank you so much for reading. Kudos and comments are highly appreciated ♡

– Plum.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!