

**just for now**

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# just for now

by [notyoongs](#)

## Summary

jeongguk takes care of him like this: quietly, letting yoongi falsely believe *he's* the one taking care of jeongguk instead. makes it easier, he thinks, to accept it. to be okay with the quietness of it, and the gentleness, and how sometimes—it makes him want to cry.

## Notes

this is just a little something i was inspired to write by thinking about pet names,, and then this wasn't even about pet names in the end. oh well. we love yoonkook uwu

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

it's nearing eleven when yoongi becomes aware of someone outside of his studio—the disruption of light seeping in under the door, what can only be two feet. he notices only because he's taking a break from hunching over his keyboard and mixing the track, only because he's busy waiting for another pot of coffee to brew in the coffee machine jeongguk got him for christmas. *don't put it in your studio*, the card had said. *you'll die from the fumes and we'll find your body three days later, still clutching a mug*.

yoongi put it in his studio. now he's listening to the crack and gurgle of it, taking a deep breath as the familiar and comforting smell of coffee fills the small space. now he's noticing the light under the door, the disruption—he's aware of someone outside of the studio, just standing there. afraid to knock, maybe—everyone knows that it's not a good idea to interrupt yoongi when he's working, not unless they've warned him about it prior. but he's gotten no texts in the past few hours, and there's no reason for anyone to come check on him anyway—jeongguk was right, maybe, in assuming that yoongi *could* hole up in here for three days straight and no one would bat an eye. he's only been here for *one* day, and hoseok brought him dinner anyway, so.

the shadows tumble under the door—the person paces just slightly, unsure. like they've thought better of it and are going to leave, and yoongi thinks, *good*. he's stuck on the track, as he tends to get when he hasn't had enough coffee—or too much, but there's only one way to find out which is the truth. a distraction is a bad idea. a distraction is a vice grip around his creativity, and he's grasping at the last threads of some inspiration he found earlier in the day; he can feel them, *taste* them. if only he could grab them properly, and he knows he can. he can, if he's alone.

the person doesn't leave, though. he could take his guesses about who it is, about who would have the audacity to knock on his door—namjoon would drop by to ask him how the production is going, offer some advice. hoseok would hand him some food and leave. taehyung would demand some affection, just a little, claiming that his other hyungs haven't even bothered all day and yoongi is the only one he can trust now, even though yoongi knows it won't be for taehyung's benefit.

(yoongi is good at being alone. but sometimes he doesn't realize that he's touch-starved until he's got a lapful of taehyung or jimin and he feels this strange tug at his heart, realizes he doesn't want to let go. they always seem to know, though. always seem to play it off like they're the needy ones, even though they all know it's not the truth.)

yoongi knows, though, that the person outside isn't namjoon or hoseok or taehyung. he knows because, just when the coffee machine snaps off and lets him know that the pot is ready—there is a series of soft beeps from the keypad next to the door.

he knows, before the door carefully and quietly opens, just a foot or two, who is on the other side—and of course it's jeongguk. it's jeongguk, because jeongguk is the only one who knows the passcode, even now. yoongi claims that it's simply because jeongguk will show up anyway and knock and demand to be let in, and it's easier. yoongi claims that it's for his own sanity.

yoongi claims—a lot of things. not all of them are true.

he claims this, too: there is nothing inherently meaningful about jeongguk showing up at his studio and not bothering to knock and opening the door like that, careful and careful, like he's not sure what he'll find inside, and peeking his head in with his bottom lip caught between his teeth. sometimes yoongi doesn't even notice that jeongguk is here—not when he's focused with his headphones on and music blasting into his ears. he'll simply turn around and jeongguk will be asleep on the sofa, or sitting on the floor with pages and pages of lyrics spread out before him, and neither of them will acknowledge what that means—maybe neither of them really knows what it means, or knows if it has to mean something to begin with. jeongguk will just look up and say, *help me with this, hyung?* and yoongi will say, *what makes you think i'm taking a break?* and jeongguk will grin, knowing. he always *knows*.

their eyes meet for the first time, and yoongi knows that the little raise of jeongguk's brows, coupled with the upturn of his lips and the way his hand slips off of the doorknob means enough. means, *ah, there you are*. there's something about yoongi's attention on him that makes him—look like that. like he's finally found something he spent a very long time trying to find.

it makes yoongi's skin crawl.

“you're making coffee,” says jeongguk by way of greeting, stepping into the studio without being invited in. he already knows he's welcome, anyway. “i told you not to put it in your studio, hyung.”

“why would i want to leave my studio for anything, even coffee?” asks yoongi. it's strange, really, the way jeongguk sort of just—takes over the studio, how he expands to fit all of the available space. as soon as he closes the door behind him, it's like—this was always his. the studio, yes. yoongi, too, maybe. (yoongi's *heart*—certainly.)

jeongguk's nose scrunches, just a little, just enough to make yoongi look away. “can i have a cup?”

“it's late,” says yoongi. jeongguk looks at him—a little funny, like he's trying to decide something.

then he says, “when are you coming home?” there are unspoken things in it, much like there are unspoken things in everything jeongguk says to him. *when are you coming home* means *you've been here for a long time* means *the others have been asking about you* means *i miss you*. in the end, everything always means—*i miss you*. none of them do very well being away from each other for long periods of time, and yoongi used to wonder if maybe they were all a little co-dependent. it's been fifteen hours. jeongguk always misses him, even when he won't admit it.

but yoongi knows him—yoongi can tell.

in lieu of answering, yoongi gets up out of his chair and makes his way to the coffee machine. jeongguk is still by the door, back pressed against it. yoongi doesn't look at him when he refills his mug, breathing in the scent of the coffee again—almost that is enough.

something tells him that he needs to be awake for this, for whatever reason jeongguk is *here*. and there could be so many reasons; jeongguk didn't bring anything with him, so he's not here to work. he didn't lead with asking about the music, so he isn't here to help yoongi.

he's just—here. there's something dangerous about it.

“no coffee for you,” says yoongi, one question too late. he sips at his coffee, ignoring the small pout on jeongguk's lips before he takes his seat again, spinning back around to face his desktop. the song is unchanged from when he left it fifteen minutes ago, and he has no new insight. sometimes he thinks that perhaps these things shouldn't be so hard—not after this many years. sometimes he thinks he doesn't deserve the accolades, the prestige—not when he spends so many nights with the shakes, staring at an unchanging melody and needing—*more*.

once, when yoongi voiced these frustrations, jeongguk told him: *it took dr. seuss nine months to write the cat in the hat, and that book only had two hundred and thirty-six different words in it. it's sold more than sixteen million copies since it was published and dr. seuss once said it's the book he was proudest of.*

there was a lot to unpack from that, but instead of asking *what does that have to do with anything* or *how do you have so much faith in me*, yoongi just said: *why do you know that?*

jeongguk grinned wide and cat-like, almost, seemed appropriate: *it's good to know things. never know when they might be useful.*

now—he's thinking about cats and hats and the time it takes to write a masterpiece with only two hundred and thirty-six unique words. jeongguk doesn't ask about the coffee, doesn't ask about the song. they don't often talk about the songs, not when they're like this. yoongi has been teaching him about music production as well as he can, giving jeongguk advice on his own work, but sometimes. sometimes. it's easier this way—when yoongi puts down his coffee and takes a deep breath and just looks at his work. and tries to ignore how loud the careful shuffle of jeongguk's socked feet against the floor is, or how loud the quiet scrape of the piano bench is when jeongguk drags it to his side, or how loud yoongi's heart is when he knows.

they do this, they do. or—jeongguk does this. yoongi lets it happen.

“—hyung?” comes jeongguk's voice, soft and careful. *why are you here*, yoongi wants to ask. maybe he's afraid of the answer.

so he turns his head toward jeongguk, and jeongguk hasn't even sat down yet, is just hunched over a little awkwardly, like he forgot that he should ask. his fingers clutch the seat of the piano bench, the end almost pressed to the side of yoongi's chair.

“is this okay?” he asks next, all open and *wanting*. yoongi doesn't know what to do with all of it.

“yeah,” he breathes. “yeah, of course, guk. c'mere.” they do this, they do—jeongguk eyes are bright, tiny and shy grin on his lips as he sits on the other end of the bench and then turns so that he can lie down on it itself, back stretching over the cushioned seat of it. he scoots up,

and yoongi lifts his arm, and then jeongguk's head is in his lap, pillowed by yoongi's thigh. at first, he's facing upward, and yoongi sneaks a glance downward to see jeongguk blinking uncomfortably at the light shining in his eyes; before yoongi can offer to turn it off, though, jeongguk is shifting instead, rolling sideways so that his nose is pressed into yoongi's stomach. so that he can slip a hand between yoongi's thigh and the chair, just sort of—holding.

jeongguk breathes in. yoongi holds it for him, feels it expand inside of his chest—(how jeongguk expands to fit the available space. there's so much.) (for him.)

“hyung?” jeongguk asks again, voice muffled by the fabric of yoongi's hoodie. “hyung, is this okay? hyung—”

“yeah,” breathes yoongi, and it is. it is. it's not the first time, won't be the last. and his heart betrays him anyway, does that funny thing he can't put words to—it's only jeongguk, though. it's always only jeongguk. “yeah, guk-ah, of course.”

jeongguk hums low in his throat, a noise of contentment. he squeezes the inside of yoongi's thigh just lightly, too close for comfort, and then nuzzles his face a little more into yoongi's stomach. there are layers and layers between them—more, maybe, than there should be. maybe not enough. yoongi can never decide, not when jeongguk is this close—closing his eyes, letting out all of the breath that he's been holding throughout the day. yoongi can practically see the stress leave his body, sinking into the piano bench and yoongi's thigh, and it shouldn't be comfortable—his legs are awkwardly dangling toward the floor where he's curled into a vague fetal position. the piano bench is too small. this would be easier if they were on the sofa, but—yoongi can't work on his desktop if they're on the sofa.

and jeongguk doesn't ask to be more comfortable—never does. he never thinks about himself first, not when it comes to yoongi, and yoongi asked him once, the first time—*doesn't that hurt?* jeongguk grinned, a little sad, said: *not where you think*. he's realized, a little belatedly as yoongi tends to notice things, that it's not about physical comfort for jeongguk. he doesn't hold his emotions in his body, not the way yoongi does, yet it's a physical thing that affects his emotions the most. sometimes it's less about missing yoongi and more about needing him, more about being tethered.

once, after yoongi finally came home after being in the studio for forty-eight hours straight, seokjin came into their room to find jeongguk already wrapped around yoongi like a koala, fast asleep as yoongi read a book. *he missed you*, seokjin had said. *and you didn't?* yoongi had joked. and seokjin grinned, quiet. knowing. said: *he gets antsy when you're gone. he burned himself trying to make lunch and snapped at jimin when he tried to help*. and yoongi wanted to say something about that not being his fault, that jeongguk is just too chaotic for the kitchen sometimes, but he sees it anyway—that lost way jeongguk wanders around the dorm when yoongi has been gone too long. the way he reaches and reaches—

“hyung,” jeongguk mumbles again, sounds on the verge of sleep even though that's not supposed to be the point. and what is the point, anyway? his free hand moves, searching blindly above him for what yoongi knows is his own hand. and yoongi grins, soft and secret even if jeongguk can't see him, as he lets his hand fall onto jeongguk's head.

jeongguk makes another pleased sound, drops his own hand. yoongi slowly begins to card his fingers through jeongguk's hair, still a little damp from the shower that jeongguk must have taken earlier. *is this okay, is this okay*—no, yoongi thinks. no. he scratches his fingers over jeongguk's scalp, listening to the low rumblings that jeongguk makes in response—like he's purring, like if he had a tail it would be happily curling over yoongi's wrist, keeping him in place.

he watches jeongguk, just for a few moments, just for the precious few. he wants to ask why he's here, but it might just be—*i miss you. if you won't come home to me, i'll come to you. i don't like when you're alone. i don't like when i'm alone. let's be alone together.* it might just be—*i love you, i love you and i don't know how to say it so this is it. this is the only way i know.*

this is jeongguk's face pressed into him, and yoongi pretending it's more for jeongguk's comfort than his own. and jeongguk does miss him, does get a little lost when yoongi isn't around to gently guide him—he does this, he does. he comes here, he fills yoongi's studio with the scent of flowers and vanilla and gentle words, and he curls himself into the space of yoongi's body, doesn't take up more room than yoongi already occupies. most times, yoongi tells himself it's because jeongguk needs him.

but just as taehyung and jimin will very loudly love him so he can very quietly love them back—here is jeongguk. he loves quietly. here, he's not trying to mask yoongi's, but merely trying to coax is out. trying to take its hand, trying to let them co-exist. yoongi doesn't realize, at least until jeongguk is lying there with his head in his lap and yoongi's fingers slowly curling through jeongguk's hair, that he needs this. it won't finish the song, but it'll do something more important. jeongguk takes care of him like this: quietly, letting yoongi falsely believe *he's* the one taking care of jeongguk instead.

makes it easier, he thinks, to accept it. to be okay with the quietness of it, and the gentleness, and how sometimes—it makes him want to cry.

for now, he turns back to his desktop. jeongguk doesn't say more, because there's nothing more to say—not after all this time, when yoongi already *knows*. *when are you coming home*, jeongguk asked, and now yoongi has much less reason to bother leaving, not when *home* is already here—a boy made of stars in his lap, humming an unfamiliar tune that trails off into heavy breathing, and dreams, and so much more—

yoongi doesn't finish the song. that's not quite how it works, no matter what romantic things he wants to attribute to jeongguk's presence; more often that not, he's more distracting than anything else. and he's calming, too, and gives yoongi an excuse to stay awake, to take breaks to merely look and touch, gentle, shy. but it's something.

at two, yoongi finally concedes that there's nothing more to do, not for now. he saves and exits the song, and looks down to see jeongguk sleeping with his nose pressed to yoongi's stomach, hand slack on his thigh. body twisted at an awkward angle, and it'll hurt when he gets up. but he has to get up.

gently, yoongi threads his fingers through jeongguk's hair again, tugs just barely. jeongguk doesn't stir, ever the heavy sleeper, and yoongi finds himself grinning despite his own

tiredness. his fingers carefully trace the side of jeongguk's face, the side he can see—over his eyebrow, over the bridge of his nose, over the corner of his mouth.

“jeonggukkie,” says yoongi, quiet but loud. like jeongguk—the word the act in itself, the word the *thing*. “jeonggukkie, c'mon. time to go home.”

jeongguk stirs, makes an unappreciative sound as he just turns his face even further into yoongi's skin, nuzzling into the juncture of his hip and thigh. yoongi thinks—*i am very much in love*. it's not new, not the belated sort of realization he's used to. it was a belated realization at one point, surely, but not now. now, it's as worn through as every other fact of his existence, something else he tucks away for safe-keeping.

“c'mon,” yoongi says again, tapping at jeongguk's cheek. “bed will be much more comfortable. you can sleep in mine if you want.” jeongguk's not awake enough for it, but he moves away, stretches his legs out as he wakes up, and yawns as he turns his face away from yoongi's stomach. yoongi smiles, endeared, and gently sweeps jeongguk's bangs away from his forehead. looks at his sleepy face, at his hazy eyes.

“comfy,” murmurs jeongguk, thick with sleep. he smacks his lips a few times, eyes barely open as he looks up at yoongi. he hums, then, turning his face back into yoongi's skin, burrowing there like he can. (and he can—yoongi would let him. yoongi lets him.) “warm.”

“thank you,” muses yoongi. “bed will be warmer. c'mon, bun, up.” rubs a thumb over jeongguk's cheekbone as he says it, and he feels jeongguk shiver, just slightly.

hears him mumble, “again.”

“hm?” asks yoongi.

a pregnant pause, heavy in the silence—“say it again.”

“bed will be warmer?” says yoongi, like a question, unsure; jeongguk lets one of his hands fall near his face, curls it into the end of yoongi's shirt. tugs, just careful, and yoongi knows what it means—thinks that he could tease. he likes to tease jeongguk, likes to see that fight flash in his eyes before he either decides to be a brat or give in entirely, whining for yoongi to stop being *mean*. he could, he could—but jeongguk is soft and pliant in sleep, nosing into yoongi's stomach and tugging on his shirt and murmuring, “hyung.”

“bun,” whispers yoongi, and feels jeongguk shiver again, just a little. sees that careful lilt of his lips, hears the hum that he makes. he knows that jeongguk likes pet names, likes the soft, careful ones. yoongi doesn't use them often, because he's afraid of his own reaction to them. afraid of the *weapon* of them, and he rubs over jeongguk's neck, jawline, lets his hand come to rest on jeongguk's neck.

“time for bed, bun,” says yoongi, and ignores the flush on his own cheeks as he says it. “gonna come to bed with me?”

jeongguk nods into his stomach, but makes no move to get up. but it's enough—yoongi is gentle as he manhandles jeongguk up into a sitting position, and then up into a standing

position. he's asleep on his feet, head hanging low and fingers curling into any part of yoongi that he can get a hold of. he fits himself into yoongi's space like this, making himself smaller to fit, and yoongi doesn't mind.

at the door, he helps jeongguk slip his shoes on. turns off the light. takes jeongguk's hand to keep him from wandering.

"alright, baby, let's go," he murmurs, testing the word out on his tongue—jeongguk is too asleep to react properly, even though he hums again and then plasters himself to yoongi's side, turning his face upward and blinking through bleary eyes. yoongi pauses here, at the door—moves jeongguk's bangs out of his eyes and grins down at him, lets himself have just this one thing.

"missed you, hyung," whispers jeongguk. "don't like when you're gone."

"i know, baby," says yoongi, and leans down enough to press a kiss to jeongguk's forehead. "missed you, too. let's go now?"

jeongguk hums in agreement, letting yoongi guide them out of the studio and lock the door before they begin down the hallway. jeongguk's hand is warm in his, fingers threaded together not just physically. there's always always always more. jeongguk says, "again?"

and this time, yoongi knows—feels all sorts of horrible fondness burst in his chest as he grins, turns his head to press a kiss to the top of jeongguk's head as he says, "baby."

jeongguk's face is pressed to his shoulder, but he can feel the smile anyway—maybe more awake than not now, steps careful. feels like the first steps into something new, and not just going home—not just into the bit of snow that has fallen since he left the dorm that morning, but something like maybe yoongi isn't going to be afraid to admit his feelings. something like maybe he likes it as much as jeongguk, and maybe there's something to be said about jeongguk showing up like that anyway and not doing much but *existing* together.

"again," he murmurs, and yoongi hums this time. *again again again*—jeongguk doesn't even have to ask. he never does.

## End Notes

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