

daisy, you got me

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daisy, you got me

by [elfseokies](#)

Summary

squinting at jungkook, yoongi stares and when he doesn't look away, jungkook, flustered, says, "hyung, what are you— stop looking at me."

yoongi smiles, "you told me to only look at you, baby. so that's what hyung is doing. besides, i'm too lazy to look away and the view here is pretty nice."

his breath hitches at the affectionate pet name, but jungkook tries his best to ignore it as he tries to tease back, "oh, is—is that so? hyung, are you calling me pretty?"

chin in his hand, eyes hooded from leftover sleepiness, yoongi replies, voice dripping honey, "you're the prettiest, bun."

(or jungkook falls in love slowly but falls into misunderstandings fast. yoongi just wants to spend his birthday with him)

Notes

took me way too long omg but its finally out! can you believe when i first started this fic it was meant to be for jungkook's birthday lmaooo but life got in the way so here it is!! happy belated birthday koo sjdhfsj

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

“jungkook ah, what do you want for your birthday?”

“the biggest, best gaming system in the market right now, please, hyungie”

—

tired from a day packed with lectures and tutorials, jungkook sighs as he opens the door to the apartment he shares with his best friend, his yoongi hyung. he strains himself trying to listen closely, but there’s no sound from inside that would indicate yoongi being in or awake.

it’s not that late in the evening, with the sun only just starting to gently dip down past the horizon, painting the sky in blazing orange. the orange light streams in through the open windows, draping everything in the living room with a golden glow—including yoongi, who’s laying on the couch.

curled up into a tight ball with his hands between his thighs, yoongi looks like the epitome of cuddly. his eyes are closed, face relaxed and lips pouty even in sleep, and jungkook sighs. he’s seen his hyung passed out on their couch from exhaustion too often nowadays. with midterms starting to creep up on them and yoongi’s internship on top of that, it seems like he never gets the rest he needs and it’s slowly starting to worry jungkook.

he creeps closer to yoongi, gently dropping his bag onto the floor to make as little noise as possible. crouching next to the couch, jungkook watches yoongi take deep even breaths as he sleeps, with a soft whistling sound that’s caused by him exhaling through his slightly crooked teeth.

unable to stop himself, he raises a hand to yoongi’s forehead, softly brushing his hair away from his eyes. yoongi shifts in his sleep, snuffling closer to the warmth of jungkook’s hand, and he’s impossibly endeared.

his little hyung who always works so hard and cares so much for all his friends, jungkook thinks.

he leans forward slightly, unknowingly, before catching himself with a start. his heart races in his chest as he holds himself back from giving yoongi a kiss on the forehead.

he shakes his head as if to remove the want to smooch yoongi and heaves himself onto his knees and up.

walking over to yoongi's room to grab his blanket and pillow, he notices all the crumpled pieces of paper strewn over the floor and yoongi's laptop in sleep mode. jungkook approaches yoongi's laptop, waking it to see his music applications and lyrics documents still open. quickly, he saves them and shuts down the computer before walking back to the living room with the goods in his hands.

yoongi seems to have shifted positions slightly—his hands are no longer between his thighs, but next to his head, as if he was reaching out to jungkook. smiling softly, jungkook tucks the pillow under yoongi's head and drapes the blanket over him.

yoongi glows in the late afternoon light, soft and cosy bundled up in his blanket, and jungkook can't hold back this time. he quickly ducks down to press his lips against yoongi's forehead, before darting away to his room and locking the door.

his cheeks are red, even though he doesn't understand why.

it's a friday evening, one of the last few they'll have before the madness of midterms descends upon them, and jungkook is determined to enjoy it.

jimin and taehyung have come over, armed with snacks and alcohol and cheerful dispositions. the boys are all crowded around jungkook and yoongi's ancient television, mario kart set up and running. they're all in worn but soft and warm sweatpants and sweatshirts as the september weather starts dipping colder and colder. controllers in hand and cider warming them from the inside, they good-naturedly yell insults at each other whenever they get hit with an item.

in the chaos of their game, jungkook almost misses it when yoongi comes out of his room, dressed in a deep green sweater with his signature black skinny jeans. it's nicer than his usual wear, and jungkook is so distracted his peach gets pushed off the track by jimin's luigi.

he abandons the game then, much to the yells of displeasure from jimin and taehyung, and pads out to the kitchen where yoongi stands, rifling through their refrigerator for a bottle of cold water.

"hyung, you don't wanna join us tonight?" jungkook asks and surprised, yoongi turns around quickly and smacks his knee against the dining table. he hisses in pain and jungkook quickly pushes him to sit on a nearby chair.

"you can't give your hyung heart attacks like that anymore, jungkookie. i'm an old man already, yeah?"

"you're like a year older, but okay. are you going somewhere?"

jungkook watches yoongi flush pink at the question and avert his eyes. jimin and taehyung have stopped yelling for him and turned their energy into yelling at each other, and it *should* make him nervous about noise complaints and go out to tell them to shut up. it should but he can't, too distracted watching yoongi fiddle with his fingers. he reaches up a hand to bite at the skin around his thumbnail—a nervous habit that jungkook hates seeing, so he stops him, holding onto yoongi's thin wrists tightly.

yoongi laughs at his actions, his smile wide as he says, “jungkookie, you hypocrite. let me go i won’t bite anymore.”

“*hyung!* where are you going? you promised you’ll stay with us tonight.”

jungkook whines out his words and pouts, knowing yoongi was weak for him when he did that and that yoongi knew it too. and exactly as he thought, yoongi softens, tugging his hand out of jungkook’s to intertwine them more comfortably. he thinks over what to say for a while, before he carefully answers, “i’m going out with seokjin hyung. for dinner and shopping.”

jungkook pauses, thumb frozen where it was slowly rubbing across the back of yoongi’s hand, disappointment welling up in him as he says, “aww, we’ll miss you tonight, hyung. have fun.”

he refuses to show it to yoongi, but he’s *sad* that yoongi will go out instead of spending the night with him and he’s confused. he’s *never* been sad about yoongi spending time with their other friends, often wanting his hermit hyung out and about getting sun, even if it’s not with him.

jungkook is trying to ignore that thought when he hears the volume level in the living room rise even more. he untangles his fingers from yoongi’s and tugs at a strand of yoongi’s hair affectionately as he walks back out to the living room, seeing jimin and taehyung looking like they were only seconds away from pulling each other’s hair out.

he clenches his fist, feeling *warm, warm, warm* where yoongi’s hand had held his.

—

“ *answer me properly please, jungkook.* ”

“hyung, be my model and muse for everything i do from now on.”

jungkook gets an assignment, where he has to draw flowers and portray their ephemeral nature or something. it's not worth much, grades-wise, and since he's only doing art as an elective, he wants to get it over and done with as quickly and easily as possible.

there's no florist on campus, so he has to catch a bus out into the next town over to buy a flower crown, pink and blue and red flowers fully bloomed and fragrant in his hands. he holds it carefully on the commute back, making sure he doesn't crush the blossoms and ruin them before he can even draw them.

when he gets home, opening the front door slowly so as to not jostle the precious cargo in his hands, the first thing he sees is exactly the person he needed and a fond smile grows on his face.

yoongi, seated on their couch, laptop open in his lap and fingers quickly typing away, looks up at the sound of the door opening. he quirks an eyebrow at the flowers in jungkook's hand, cheeks flushing slightly that he tries to hide by turning to put his laptop away. jungkook toes off his sneakers and walks in, butterflies in his stomach.

yoongi watches, confused and pink-cheeked as jungkook walks over to him and gently places the flower crown on him.

“what's up with the flowers, jeon?” yoongi asks, one hand reaching up to pet the soft blossoms on his head. jungkook is standing way too close to yoongi—so close he can see every eyelash framing yoongi's pretty, cat-like eyes, his petal lips pink, the soft flush at his ears.

craning his neck up to see jungkook, yoongi looks exceedingly gorgeous—all exposed neck, pale skin, dark eyes and rosy flush. jungkook can feel his heart racing and he shakes his head, stepping back.

“i need you to model for one of my art assignments, hyung. that’s why— uh, the flowers,” jungkook says, hands waving around nervously.

yoongi smiles shyly, looking down and away from jungkook as he murmurs his assent, “you want to draw me, kook? i— okay.”

he gets startled when jungkook quickly walks away, grabbing his pencils and sketchbook from his room. coming back to the living room couch, jungkook carefully positions yoongi, making sure he catches the pale afternoon light nicely and is comfortable, before moving back to sit on the ground.

he has yoongi in a position that still lets him do his own coursework on his laptop, so the sounds of keys clicking and pencils scratching on paper enclose them in a bubble of comfort and warmth. yoongi slowly relaxes into the position, eyes growing sharp as he types, and jungkook thinks—

he looks like home.

—

jungkook’s just finishing up the sketch, drawing in all the little details like the sparkles in yoongi’s eyes and the *tiny* mole on his nose when yoongi’s phone rings.

yoongi looks at jungkook and waits for his nod before stretching out of his position and reaching for his phone on the coffee table, blaring out the default iphone ringtone loudly. he picks up the phone, smiling as he says, “seokjin hyung?”

jungkook tries not to listen in to their conversation, focusing as much as he can on sketching in yoongi’s eyebrows, but yoongi keeps smiling and laughing into the phone, conversing easily with seokjin.

there’s a lump in his throat and burning in his chest, and jungkook keeps swallowing, trying to push away the jealousy bubbling up because *they’re his hyungs, his friends, right?*

he grips the pencil in his hand tightly when he hears yoongi say, voice whiny and lips pouty, “i’m not going to forget, hyung. i’ll see you tonight, okay?”

he doesn’t know why, but he feels like he’s losing yoongi. because yoongi’s been so busy with his final year in school and his internship at the music company that he barely has time to breathe. recently, all of the free time he does have, he’s been spending outside with seokjin or on the phone with seokjin.

it feels like sand slipping through his fingers, that no matter how hard he tried to hold on, yoongi would leave him eventually.

he doesn’t know *why* he’s so sad and jealous, but what he does know is *i don’t wanna lose him.*

—

“that’s it? nothing else? hyung will buy, you know?”

“if hyung will pay, then a penthouse apartment? i want one with the best view in seoul.”

—

jungkook had just finished his lecture and walked out of the lecture hall to see yoongi waiting for him. he immediately smiles, eyes lighting up and feeling the stress of lessons melt away at the sight of yoongi standing there, black hair tousled and bright red flannel over what looks like one of jungkook’s white t-shirts. he’s typing on his phone distractedly with one hand, brows furrowed, with the other somehow holding the base of two starbucks cups at the same time.

feeling energised, jungkook bounds towards yoongi, who looks up as if sensing jungkook’s presence.

“hyung—”

“where—”

they both try to speak at the same time, stumbling over their words before jungkook nods his head, signalling yoongi to speak first. yoongi gives a smile before handing over one of the drinks to jungkook—white chocolate frappucino with soymilk and whipped cream, just how he likes it. jungkook takes a long sip, closing his eyes and humming as the drink cools him from the inside, freshening him up after sitting through lecture after lecture for hours.

“where do you want to go for dinner, kook? i cleared my schedule for tonight. it’s been a while, hasn’t it?”

it has. it’s been so *long* since yoongi could go out to eat with him and jungkook’s beyond thrilled. happiness fills every pore of his body and his smile grows and grows, nose scrunching as he bounces ahead of yoongi.

turning around, he asks, “lamb skewers, please, hyung? let’s get some!” while walking backwards. when yoongi nods his assent, jungkook jumps and almost crashes into someone along the way, yoongi pulling him back to walk normally next to him with a hand on his bicep.

they walk in silence for a while, before jungkook, growing slowly restless and wanting to tease his hyung, reaches over and presses the lock button on yoongi’s phone mid-text, and yoongi yelps in surprise.

“i was texting seokjin hyung about something important, brat,” yoongi huffs, eyes narrowed on jungkook.

jungkook grins at finally having yoongi’s attention—despite the way his heart skips a beat at hearing seokjin’s name—and grabs yoongi’s hand. swinging their connected hands between them as they walk, he says, voice loud and whiny, “pay attention to *me*, hyung. look at *me*. jin hyung can wait.”

yoongi’s ears turn pink as he stares at their hands between them and when he looks up at jungkook, there’s a small smile on his face. he just shakes his head, exasperated, before tucking his phone away in his pocket.

“i’m always looking at you, baby,” yoongi replies casually, and jungkook’s face immediately flushes red at the pet name. embarrassed at his reaction, jungkook marches forward, determinedly *not* looking at yoongi as he drags him along to their favourite skewer place.

jungkook’s ears are tinted red for the rest of their dinner, that night.

they're eating breakfast together, one morning.

it's early, watery dawn light filtering in through their curtains as they eat soggy cereal next to each other, shoulders knocking together as they shift around.

glancing out of the corner of his eyes, jungkook sees yoongi sagging into his bowl, fluffy black hair sticking up at the back and eyes puffy. yoongi has notoriously always found it hard to function in the morning—he's a light sleeper, so he wakes easy, but it takes him a *long* time to get up from bed and get ready, unlike jungkook, who sleeps so deeply it's near impossible to wake him, but once he is awake, he's like an energizer bunny, full of energy and good cheer.

laughing softly, jungkook takes away the half-eaten cereal from in front of yoongi, in case he accidentally faceplants into it, and stands up, taking both their dishes to the sink. washing his hands quickly, but deciding to leave the dirty dishes be for now, he turns around just in time to see yoongi's head starting to tip forward onto the table.

before he can hit the table with a thud, jungkook jumps forward and hurriedly places his hand in between yoongi's sleepy head and the table top, cushioning his head from the bruise that would have decorated his forehead. he hisses in pain when his knuckles bang painfully against the table and yoongi jerks backwards, looking much more awake from the sudden movement.

squinting at jungkook, yoongi stares, making steadfast eye contact with jungkook. when he doesn't look away, jungkook, flustered, says, "hyung, what are you— stop *looking* at me."

yoongi smiles slowly, a small uptick at the corners of his mouth as he says, voice rough from the early morning, "you told me to only look at you, baby. so that's what hyung is doing. besides, i'm too lazy to look away and the view here is pretty nice."

his breath hitches at the affectionate pet name, but jungkook tries his best to ignore it as he tries to tease back, "oh, is—is that so? hyung, are you calling me pretty?"

chin in his hand, eyes hooded from leftover sleepiness and hair resembling a bird's nest, yoongi looks pretty ridiculous but jungkook can't help but think *oh my god, he's so hot*, especially when yoongi replies, voice dripping honey, "you're the *prettiest*, bun."

it's too early in the morning, and jungkook can't do anything but yell an embarrassed *hyung!* and smack yoongi's arm, before rushing away to his room to hide his red face.

was that flirting? was yoongi flirting with him? jungkook wonders, before brushing it off, *he acts cute like that for seokjin all the time.*

—

smack! "jungkook, be serious!"

"i'm dead serious, hyung. if not in seoul, then one near my mom. i miss her."

"oh, kook..."

—

"jungkookie?"

jimin's voice is clear, not all slurred despite the copious amounts of alcohol he's consumed. jungkook doesn't turn around, just leans further out from the railing. the night air is cool against his heated face, more than a little tipsy, and he can feel his mind calming, quieting.

it's the day before jungkook's birthday, and all of their friends are over at his and yoongi's apartment to celebrate, with lots of alcohol, on par for college parties.

light footsteps get closer, before a hand catches the back of his shirt to pull him in, away from the fire escape railing. they both sit with a thud onto the staircase, hissing at the impact but giggling.

turning around, jimin cups a hand around jungkook's jaw, patting his cheeks lightly as he asks, "now, why are you sad?"

"hyung..."

before jungkook could deny it, jimin shakes his head firmly, "i *know* you, jungkook. i've known you for how many years by now? talk to me, please."

sighing out a great big breath in a steamy cloud, jungkook slumps against the stairs. the steps dig into his back painfully, *but it's nothing like the pain in his heart*, he thinks, rather dramatically. jimin is watching him with concern, eyebrows furrowed.

"you can't tell anyone, okay?," jungkook says, waiting for jimin to nod back before finishing his words in a rush, "i *like* like yoongi but i think he's dating seokjin and now i can't do anything about it, i've lost my chance."

tilting his head slightly, jimin stares at jungkook as he processes the slew of words jungkook expelled. his expression turns from deliberation to confusion and he asks, "yoongi is dating *seokjin*? why do you think that?"

pouting, jungkook thinks back to every instance he's caught yoongi texting, or on call, or out with seokjin in the past months and how yoongi never told him what he was doing or lied badly about it. he tells this to jimin, whose eyebrows just rise higher and higher at every recalled memory.

nodding to himself, jimin stands up, reaching a hand out to jungkook to haul him up with him. he darts forward to give jungkook a quick squeeze before telling him firmly, “i think you should talk to yoongi about this, kook. i *promise* you it won’t be as bad as you think it will be.”

jungkook smiles back at him weakly and jimin pushes them both back into the warmth of the apartment, where their friends have devolved into playing cards with an alcoholic twist like teenagers.

—

he doesn’t ask yoongi then.

he puts it off, thinking that he shouldn’t confront him in front of all their friends and embarrass himself, as will inevitably happen.

but later that night, just a bit before the clock turns 12 and jungkook officially turns 21, the two of them lie in bed—yoongi’s, because his is infinitely softer and more importantly, smells like the peaches of his body wash and the mint of his aftershave, and something uniquely him.

they share a pillow, foreheads almost touching as they share breaths quietly. the moonlight streaming in through the window is softly highlighting yoongi’s features—his cute nose bridge, the cupid’s bow of his soft pink lips, his long eyelashes. jungkook’s tracing his face with his eyes, mesmerized when he realises that yoongi was speaking. sheepish, jungkook whispers, “sorry, hyung. what did you say?”

pouting, yoongi stares at him before asking again in a soft whisper, “what do you want for your birthday?”

jungkook doesn't know why they're whispering, but the atmosphere around them seems too intimate to break with loud conversations. the way they've got the blankets pulled up to their shoulders, the way jungkook's hands are playing with yoongi's under the covers, the way all sound seems muffled in the room, the way yoongi's breathing softly, watching him with shining eyes, waiting patiently.

jungkook scrunches his eyes closed and takes a deep breath before saying, "yoongi, i like you."

receiving silence, he cracks open one eye only to see yoongi smiling fondly at him. he brings one hand up to brush through jungkook's bangs, pushing them up and away from his face as he keeps smiling.

panicked that yoongi misunderstood him, jungkook quickly rushes to add on, "like, i *like* like you, hyung. like *romantic* like you."

yoongi just raises an eyebrow, still smiling, as he casually drops a bomb, "i'd hope you romantic like me, kook ah, considering i'm your boyfriend."

huh?

confused, jungkook sits up in bed, the blanket falling to his hips as he stares at yoongi, trying to find out if he's joking. but yoongi looks up at him seriously, eyebrows furrowed in his own brand of confusion. and jungkook realises that *yoongi's being serious*.

"what do you mean 'boyfriend'? what about jin hyung?"

"what about him? i'm dating *you* jungkook, what's going on?" yoongi asks, finally acknowledging jungkook's odd reactions.

forgetting about jin, jungkook crosses his arms and huffs, "but you didn't even ask me out!"

“yeah, baby. ‘cause *you* did. three weeks ago? we were watching that movie, with the franco guy.”

jungkook thinks back, trying to recall that night. he remembers coming home late after class, tired to his bones, to see yoongi with pizza ordered and steaming on the coffee table, some random sci-fi movie loaded up on their netflix. he remembers cuddling into yoongi and dozing off, cold nose tucked against yoongi’s neck. he thought he imagined it, murmuring about how much he liked yoongi to yoongi that night, but *clearly not*.

he immediately flushes a deep red, hands coming up to hide his face in embarrassment. *so that’s what jimin meant*, he thinks, before cold fingers come up to pull his hands away from his face. he keeps his eyes scrunched closed so he doesn’t have to face yoongi—so he doesn’t expect it when yoongi sits up and presses light kisses all over his face, tickling him into a burst of giggles.

they calm down, sitting quietly with their hands intertwined, when jungkook says shyly, “so you *like* like me too?”

“kook—”

“kidding! i’m kidding.”

yoongi’s phone suddenly lights up with a notification and catching the time, he asks his original question again, “so, what do you want for your birthday, jungkook?”

feeling too happy and tired, jungkook flops back onto the pillow, breath whooshing out in a rush as he says, “just you.”

“oh my god, you’re so corny. i guess you don’t want these then?” yoongi reaches under the pillow, jostling jungkook and making him whine. he pulls out some paper before reaching out to switch his reading light on and thrusting the paper into jungkook’s face.

blinking, jungkook sits up and takes the papers, freezing when he realises he's holding train tickets for two to busan for tomorrow morning.

“hyung what?” he breathes out, and yoongi explains quickly—that’s what him and seokjin have been trying to work out for the past weeks, meeting professors to get jungkook and yoongi time off, fighting about who will pay for what and who gets to tell jungkook.

“you’ve been missing your mom right? happy birthday, bun,” yoongi says, gently placing a hand on jungkook’s shoulder, only to get pushed back onto the bed as he jumps on him in a tight hug.

grunting as he moved jungkook into a comfier position, yoongi gently rubs his hand down jungkook’s back. when the clock on his phone finally turns 12, he murmurs a soft happy birthday into jungkook’s hair, and they both sleep, just like that.

tomorrow, or later that day, to be exact, they’ll board a train that’ll take them to busan and when jungkook introduces yoongi to his mother as his boyfriend, yoongi will feel like pulling him down and peppering kisses all across his face. they’ll cuddle in jungkook’s childhood bed, yoongi as the little spoon to jungkook’s big spoon.

but that’s a story for another day.

End Notes

thank you for reading!! kudos and comments will make my day hehe

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