

Crumbling House

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Crumbling House

by [styoongi](#)

Summary

The man sat in the corner of the bookshop, notebooks scattered on the table while he types aggressively on his laptop. The glasses on his nose slowly slid down and he paused typing for a split second to push them up. His black hair fell into his eyes and he would shake his head every few minutes to allow his eyes to see properly.

He was dedicated to his work.

“That’s Jimin,” the barista told the singer. “He’s an up-and-coming author. He’s working on his book.”

Jungkook did not take his eyes off the man and just tilted his head, curiosity coursing through him. “I’ll take two of his usuals.”

OR Jungkook is a famous singer who is on the run from his life and meets Jimin, a boy with big dreams and an even bigger passion.

Notes

So I had an idea and I haven't posted in a while so... here you go.
Tags will be updated and added as the story goes on.

The roomed seem to spin the moment he left the stage. The mic was quickly taken from his hand and arms guided him into a seat. Everything was a blur as his head was tilted back, water pouring into his mouth. Others around him were fanning him with whatever they found in the area. Folders, papers and even their hands.

It did not do much, but Jungkook did not want to tell them that.

Most people felt some sort of adrenaline after a concert. The rushing feeling coursing through their bloodstream, giving them the energy they might not have. Jungkook felt that his bones were heavier after shows, and the adrenaline on stage soon faded into nothing the moment he left. All the energy and adventure suddenly disappeared, and he was grounded in reality. A reality that he is not always surrounded by those who love him. A reality where he is alone.

He loves being on stage. He loves performing for everyone. Many think he loves it because everyone is shouting his name around him, boosting his ego. It was not that though. It was the fact that he was doing what he loved to do. He was singing with so much passion and life to people who genuinely liked what he did.

He would always do music, no matter what anyone else thought. The fact that people liked what he composed though, gave him some sort of purpose.

“You did well today kid,” his manager patted Jungkook on the back with a smile. A smile that banked off the singer’s success.

Jungkook just nodded his head, taking the water bottle from one of the stagehands and began chugging the contents. Was it a bad idea? Yeah. But he wanted to ache in his bones to stop.

This had been the last show in his tour and the next few months would be spent in a studio, writing and composing and producing new songs. Something he enjoyed doing very much. He did not have much control over what happened in that room though. Most writing was done without him or without his opinion, writing Jungkook would do would get a nod of acknowledgment and a sigh.

“We have professional songwriters to write your songs,” his producer would shrug. “And they have not failed us yet.”

But you never gave me a shot.

Tour was one thing he had control over. Not the dates or the setlist really, but his actions on stage. There was choreography in place, but sometimes Jungkook would run across the stage, shouting at the audience to sing along or to cheer. He loved the small introduction he always did. Where he thanks everyone for coming and makes small talk. It made everything more personal.

“We have a meeting on Tuesday at nine a.m.,” his manager tells the singer. The singer nodded, still hunched over with a now empty water bottle in hand. “We get on a plane in two hours and head back to L.A. We head straight for the airport now.”

Jungkook nodded again. He would get two days to get readjusted to the timezones and to settle down. Allow himself to unpack his bags and catch up on the lack of sleep in the past few months.

“Okay.”

Jungkook had fallen asleep on the plane which was no surprise. He put on his earphones and dozed off, not wanting to talk to any of the staff that constantly surrounded him. They were always pushing for a conversation about work or favors. They seemed to be all about work until they wanted a favor, never forming a personal relationship with the singer.

When Jungkook got back to L.A., he was quick to get back to his house. He wanted to be surrounded by something familiar, something permanent. He was tired of tour buses and hotel rooms. He wanted to stay in one place for an extended period of time, and just...stay put.

It was something he always craved for, even in his childhood. His family was constantly moving, never settling down. At some point, Jungkook would watch everyone unpack all their things from bags and boxes and decided to not even unpack his things. Within months they were moving again.

There was a guard at the gate of the community. He always seemed bored and lonely, just pushing a button for the residents who enter or calling the residents to allow a guest in. He always recognized Jungkook and made very little side talk.

“My daughter loves your music,” he said when Jungkook first met him. “You helped her a lot.” It was something that warmed Jungkook’s heart, knowing that he helped someone. He found out English was not the guard’s first language and ever since then tried to talk to him more. To congratulate him for trying and putting in so much hard work to learn a new language.

“Is my house okay?” Jungkook smiled at the guard.

The guard smiled back with a laugh. “It is untouchable!”

The guard then opened the gate and waved Jungkook in. “Welcome home!”

Jungkook smiled and drove towards his home, waving a thank you towards to guard. The streets were filled with massive houses, all grand and beautiful. Some were worth millions of dollars and were barely resided in. It was all for show.

Jungkook settled for a less expensive, yet still grand, house. It was not at the top of the hill but still established him. He was excited to buy the house a few years ago when fame had gotten to his head, and he believed he needed the most expensive things he could afford. Fortunately, he did not have enough to buy a couple million dollar house but settled with something smaller. Something more realistic.

The grand entryway was almost cliché, exposing a staircase to the second story and a chandelier hanging from the tall ceilings. The room was encased in darkness though, hiding the beauty and exquisite features the room possessed.

He did not bother turning the lights on as he jogged up the stairs, ready to collapse in bed. His assistant would arrive in a matter of hours, making sure everything was still in order and to bring back Apollo. He smiled at that thought.

His assistant did not go on tour with him, having family issues that required her attention. The company was furious and nearly fired her for her lack of dedication, but Jungkook waved them off, saying it was acceptable and she could miss the tour. Somin, his assistant, took care of Apollo as a result.

Apollo was Jungkook's favorite being in the world. He was a small needy corgi that demanded all of Jungkook's love and attention. Leaving Apollo behind is one of the only downsides of touring. He could easily bring the dog, but Jungkook did not want to put the small pup under so much pressure. Flying and driving constantly, and Jungkook would never be around anyways to care for him.

Jungkook wrapped his duvet around his body as he collapsed into the soft California-king bed, sleep taking over within seconds.

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It was not the added weight to the side of his stomach that woke him, but the aggressive licks to his face that had him hiding under the blanket. The pup did not find that acceptable and jumped on the other side of the singer, now licking the back of his neck.

Jungkook groaned before flipping over, Apollo instantly jumping on his chest and began licking him again. Jungkook started laughing, scratching Apollo in all of his favorite areas. "Aw, missed me?"

"He cried every frickin night."

Somin was leaned against the bedroom door, hair tied in a knot above her head while she wore classic leggings and a t-shirt. The glasses that sat on her nose began to fall, and she quickly pressed them back into place. "He's a loveable ball, but he also can cry forever."

Jungkook pouted and began to pet the pup, who now laid in his lap peacefully, tongue out and everything.

"How's your mom?" Jungkook looked back up.

Somin shrugged. "She's doing okay," she said. "She's going through chemo, but doctors are hopeful."

Jungkook frowned. "I'm sorry again."

Somin shook her head and sighed. "It's alright. You must be glad you don't need to look for another assistant."

“I don’t know if I would ever find someone who curses me out more than you do.”

Somin placed a hand over her heart. “That is the sweetest thing you have ever said to me.”

Jungkook scoffed before laying down again. “It was very quiet on tour,” he said. “All boring managers and stagehands.”

“I’m still surprised you did not take Taehyung with you,” Somin laughed.

Jungkook groaned overly loud. “I would never. Do you know how fast he would be sent home? Almost instantly.”

“Give him some credit.”

Jungkook sat up fast and gave Somin a look that begged her to reconsider her statement. She crossed her arms and gave him the same look back, challenging.

“He almost burned down the shed out back,” the singer argued.

“He apologized,” the assistant countered.

“You just have a soft spot for him.”

“Guilty,” she agreed with a shrug. “How can you not?”

Jungkook laughed. “Because I’ve known him for years, eventually that soft spot disappears.”

Somin shook her head with a laugh. “Well, you got two days off before you’re back to work. I would enjoy it if I were you.”

Jungkook sighed and ruffled the corgi’s fur again. “I know.”

He was not looking forward to sitting through meetings, acting as a figurehead with no power over anything happening. But that is what he traded for success.

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