

## Blurred and Numb

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# Blurred and Numb

by [autumnjade](#)

## Summary

Jimin misses him.

Sneak Peek:

*Jimin stared out at his foggy world and imagined he could hear his voice.*

*Imagined he could feel his touch. Hands wrapping themselves around his waist, lifting him up into the air, squealing and kicking as he was thrown onto the springy mattress of their bed.*

\*I DO NOT ALLOW REPOSTING OF ANY KIND\*

## Notes

Please read the tags, and don't read if you're not comfortable. I tried something different with this story, and wrote it for myself. Normally I don't write MCD, but this just had to be written.

I listened to [Before You Exit – 'Clouds'](#) on repeat while writing. (That's the song Jungkook recommended a while ago, yes.)

As mentioned in the tags, this is written non-linearly, and switches between present and retrospective without warning. So I don't recommend reading too quickly, or you may find yourself confused.

Anyway, I hope you enjoy reading~

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



### ‘Blurred and Numb’



Jimin rolled over in their bed, letting his head loll off of the edge. He stared up at the huge floor-to-ceiling windows, out at the world. It was sunny out in Seoul, with lovely puffy clouds floating across the sky, and the sun glittering off of Han River. Jimin didn’t see any of that, though. All he saw was fog and rain.

His shirt rode up, revealing his smooth, flat stomach. His muscles were all gone. Nothing but a shallow concave of silky-soft skin. He absently let the fingers of one hand trail along his belly. He didn’t feel anything. No tingle, no excitement, no arousal. Just the absence.

He slid his palm up a little higher, to cover his tattoo.

Jimin stared out at his foggy world and imagined he could hear his voice.

Imagined he could feel his touch. Hands wrapping themselves around his waist, lifting him up into the air, squealing and kicking as he was thrown onto the springy mattress of their bed.

Remembered how he would scramble up onto his hands and knees, crawling and giggling away only to be caught once again and pressed down into the bedding.

Burying his face in his favorite space by his collarbone, lips against his neck. Feeling lips in his hair.



It was hot, the air displacing itself in shiny wrinkles. But Jimin didn't feel the heat. With the air conditioner turned as low as it could go, he let the goosebumps pop up all along his skin. He dragged the blanket along behind him, wrapped around his shoulders.

It still smelled like him, a little.

He wrapped his arms and the blanket tightly around himself. Like a strong pair of arms coming around him from behind. A chin settled on his shoulder. The smell of coffee, or perhaps wine, at night.

He stepped over to the window, staring out at the fog. Dribbles of rain ran down the window, catching on the lights here and there. He saw clouds of fog spread across the window in puffs, fingers pressed so hard against the glass that his knuckles were white. He could hear his gasps and muffled whimpers.

He was bare below the blanket, cold but not shivering. Remembering the burn between his legs, and the wonderful ache afterward.

Closing his eyes to see the white splatter across the glass.

He sank to his knees, no one to hold him up from behind. He rested his cheek against the glass. Feeling lips on his, fingers between his own.



Jimin was tangled in the sheets. Lying upside-down on their bed. He rolled over and pulled the sheet tighter. He didn't feel anything. He was wearing *his* shirt; nearly worn out, the 'FG' faded from all of the washings over the years.

His phone buzzed from the other room. He didn't react.

He pulled the sheets tighter again. Wanting to feel something around him, holding him. Secure.



He closed his eyes.

Warm arms wound around him. Silly whispers in his ear. Dirty promises and fake threats he knew wouldn't be followed through.

He giggled and squirmed.

*“Hyung.”*

*“Jiminie.”*

They wriggled against each other and stole kisses upside-down on their bed, until a large hand found its way between his warm thighs, and abruptly they slowed down, movements becoming more purposeful.

He opened his eyes and stared up at the ceiling fan. He tugged the shirt up over his head and buried himself there, breathing in the old, fading scent.



*“Jimin-ah.”*

He was on the floor, doing yoga. Bent nearly in half.

*“Jiminie. Come 'ere for a second.”*

Jimin slowly unwound from the pose. He absently tugged at his leggings, letting them snap against his skin as he evened out the bunched up seams. He lifted the hem of his shirt to wipe at his face.

*“What is it?”*

*“I got you something.”*

*“No, stop—I'm all sweaty—!”* He giggled as an arm looped itself around his waist and he was lifted up for a kiss.

*“I like you sweaty.”*

*“That's 'cause you're nasty.”*

*“You like me nasty.”*

It was quiet for a few moments as they kissed, Jimin backed up against the counter. When he finally pulled away, feeling warm and tingly all over, cheeks flushed, it took him a moment to remember.

*“What did you get me?”*



Jimin leaned back against the window, not feeling the burn of the sun on his shoulders. His phone buzzed on the table several feet away, face down. He stared down at the chain around his neck, at the two rings hanging together at the center. They weren't supposed to be worn together like that.

They hung heavy against his chest.

He heard another buzz, far away.

Jimin was putting in his earrings, damp towel around his neck to catch the drips from his freshly washed hair. Outside it was foggy and rainy, rather chilly for the season. He smiled at his reflection, and buttoned up one more button on his black shirt. It was dressy but not overly so. A nice, silky material. He felt pretty, and it had been a while since he'd put in the effort like this.

*“Coming,”* he called absently.

His phone stopped buzzing just as he entered other room. As he picked it up, the dark screen lit up once more, and it began to buzz again. A familiar name across the glossy surface.

*“Hyung, did you manage to get—”*

He stopped talking.

*“...No—yes. Yes, I am.”*

The rain hit the windows like tiny pebbles being thrown at the glass.

*“Is he...?”*

He slowly let his arm drop from his ear. The phone slipped from his fingers and hit the floor with a loud clatter he didn't hear.



Jimin walked along the sidewalk, pulled along by the firm hand at his back. He didn't notice the sweat dripping down his forehead or his spine, and he didn't react when a handkerchief was dabbed against his skin.

“The others will be so happy to see you again,” Taehyung said. His hand moved up to grip Jimin’s shoulder. “They’ve missed you. Jeongguk said he couldn’t get a hold of you.”

The rings hit his chest with every step. He wanted to stop and take them out from under his shirt where they were hidden.

“Come on; we’ll be late.”

*“Come on; we’ll be late.”*

*“We’re not going to miss anything.”*

*“We are. They’ll start any minute now.”*

Jimin caught his left wrist, his old Rolex between both hands, and tugged, urging him to walk faster.

*“Come on, hyung!”*

*“We really don’t need to hurry, you know.”*

There was a whistling screech far off ahead, and Jimin turned around just in time to look up and watch as the first firework rocketed into the sky and exploded into a burst of color with a loud boom.

Arms suddenly enveloped him from behind, and a mouth pressed up against his ear.

*“See? No need to rush, Jimin-ah. We should watch from here. Fewer people. I can hold you as long as I want.”*

The arms tightened around him, and Jimin leaned back to rest his head against the crook of his shoulder. He didn’t argue as another two fireworks went off. A shower of gold and a multi-colored sphere lit up the sky above the river.

They remained like that for the entire show, standing silently in the shadows between the street lights lining the river. The dull murmur of the crowd chattering around street stalls just barely reached them, but didn’t bother them so being far away.

*“We can find the others after the fireworks end,”* he heard in his ear. *“Right now I just want to watch them here with you.”*

Jimin wasn’t sure why, as the finale drew close to its climax, he felt so overwhelmed that he had to turn around and wrap his arms tightly around his neck.

*“Love you,”* he mumbled. *“Love you so, so much.”*

He could feel a smile against his cheek.

*“Love you, too.”*

“Oh. Jimin.”

Jimin choked on a small sob as he was enveloped by Taehyung’s arms. He buried his face in his best friend’s chest, clutching at his shirt.

“I miss him,” he gasped. “I miss him so much.”

“I know.”

“It hurts. I don’t know what to do. *I don’t know what to do.*”

He felt Taehyung sigh heavily against the top of his head.

“It will take time. We’re all hurting. But I know you’re hurting the most. I know.” He paused, hand rubbing at Jimin’s back. “Take tiny baby steps. Consider today the first step. You don’t have to try hard today. Just say hello to everyone. Just *be* with us. When you’re ready, you can take another step. We’ll be there for you whenever that is.”

Jimin didn’t respond, pressing his face in hard until he was forced to pull away to breathe. He wiped at his cheeks and tried to smile, but couldn’t.

“It’s okay,” his precious friend reassured him. “It’ll take time. But eventually you’ll feel the pieces start to mend.”

“I don’t want to forget him,” Jimin whispered, terrified that once the words left his lips, it would make them come true.

Taehyung smiled softly. “You won’t. He’s too much a part of you to forget. He’ll always be with you, in here.” He tapped his fingers on Jimin’s temple. “And here.” He pressed his palm to Jimin’s chest, over his heart.



“*What did you get me?*”

Jimin couldn’t help the teasing smile. He was still pinned to the counter, and he wouldn’t have it any other way.

“*I know you were mostly joking about this when we talked about it that one time—*”

Jimin watched as he reached into a bag and pulled out a smaller, fancier bag.

“*And I know this isn’t especially romantic—*”

He suddenly had a feeling what was going on. “*Wait, are you—?*”

*“This isn’t a good place, is it—”*

Jimin caught his hands as they pulled a square box the size of a grapefruit from the bag.  
*“Bedroom.”*

As they lay together with the afternoon sun streaming in through the corner of one window, Jimin didn’t care if it hadn’t been an elaborate presentation. He lay naked against his favorite man in the entire world, playing with their fingers, where their new rings were displayed.

When he felt his chin being tilted up, he automatically turned and connected their mouths, reaching up to weave his fingers into his hair as they licked into each other’s mouths. He loved the way he was held tight but so gently, the way he was moved as lips traveled down his jaw to his neck. Stealing his breath away with their attention and care for every part of his skin they traversed.

*“Hahh—hyung.”* He gasped as fingers stroked and massaged his body, slow and gentle, yet firm.

*“That feel good, Jiminie?”*

*“Mmhh. Wan’to touch you, though.”*

*“You have plenty of time for you to touch me. I want to love **you** right now, though.”*

Jimin whined, hiccupping slightly when he touched a particularly sensitive spot, toes curling on the bed.

*“But I want to, too. Don’t be—hahh—selfish.”*

He felt a chuckle against his lower stomach, the rumble shaking his insides. A quick, wet kiss was pressed just below his belly button.

*“We have all the time in the world. I’m not going anywhere.”*



The End

## End Notes

If you made it this far, thank you so much for reading. I cried a lot while writing this.

I purposely didn't use Yoongi's name even once. I hope that didn't make the story too confusing.

If you're new, you can find me on twitter here: [autumnjadefics](https://twitter.com/autumnjadefics)

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