

high up above and down below

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high up above and down below

by [darlingsky](#)

Summary

Lights guide Jungkook home; they guide him back to Namjoon.

Notes

okay. hi :))

i do *not* know what this is. i've been working on it for days because i've been feeling honestly terrible and i kinda felt the need to write some hurt/comfort but damn. my fingers slipped a bit with the hurt part dskhjdfkj. i kinda like it though so here it is! it's of course heavily inspired by bts' cover of [fix you](#) because the way i cried... unbelievable. i *know* i got the title wrong and it's "high up above or down below" but let's pretend i didn't<3

also honestly i wrote half of this while being drunk so that's where the frog comes from<3

anyways!! it's super late so i'm just going to drop this here and disappear!!<3

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



When you lose something you can't replace



Jungkook is lost. Figuratively. He has a place to stay—even if he'd rather spend as little time as possible there—good friends and is studying a career he likes. But, when night falls and Jungkook finds himself staring at his bed for minutes on end, it's as if nothing of that ever existed; it's as if he doesn't have anything. A loud kind of desperation makes itself at home in his chest and doesn't leave, doesn't relent either; and the next morning, when Jungkook wakes up only to find the other side of the bed still neatly folded, that same desperation numbs into something like a murmur and follows him around. To class, to the usual evening

meetings at the café with Hoseok and Jimin, to the gym, to his late-night walks around the neighbourhood. And then, when it's bedtime again—rewind and repeat.

Rewind and repeat.

All days are the same and Jungkook, stupidly, finds himself missing exactly what he ended: the warmth of a body next to his on the bed, the soft humming of someone making morning coffee in his kitchen, the cheerful waving to catch his attention and dimple smiles on the college hallways. Jungkook finds himself missing it all, and he isn't as surprised as he should've been. He knew this was coming, just—not like this. Not this hard.

“—kook. Jungkook!” Jimin's high-pitched voice sadly brings him back to reality. Jungkook frowns and looks at his friend, who has the same expression on his face as he huffs. “You weren't listening to what I was saying.”

Sighing, Jungkook nods and takes a sip of his hot cocoa. He's not exactly a fan, he only ever ordered it because Namjoon was and, at some point, it simply started to feel wrong to order something else that isn't hot cocoa with a glazed donut. Too sweet, if you ask Jungkook; just like Namjoon. “I'm sorry, Jimin. I've been zoning out a lot lately.”

“I have noticed.” His friend crosses his arms on his chest, brows still furrowed together as he scans Jungkook's expression, and then his whole pissed demeanor leaves him and he deflates. “It's been three months, Jungkook. And you were the one who broke up with him. I don't, I *can't* understand what's wrong. Why Namjoon seems to finally be swimming toward the surface while you just—keep drowning.”

Jungkook shrugs. “I don't know what you want me to say, Jimin. I'm happy—” He stops, eyes dropping down to his drink when he feels tears pricking his eyes. “I'm happy he's moving on. He should.”

“But that's not the point, Jungkook. The point is *why aren't you* .”

That's actually a good question, he bitterly thinks as he finishes his drink. He was the one to end things with Namjoon so why in the world can't he move on? He should've done it by now. Hell, he should've done it earlier than Namjoon. And still— *still*, he can't let it go. Jungkook can't let go of the memories of soft kisses on his nape in between his daily tasks; of late nights experimenting with make-up that was almost granted to end with a pleasant, dull ache in their stomach from how much they laughed; of a low, raspy morning voice speaking to the plants while Jungkook still sleeps. Speaking to their plants, the same plants Namjoon had made sure to take with him when he left the apartment. Jungkook can't let go of all those memories, Jungkook doesn't want to let go of all those memories. Ironically, he doesn't want to let go of Namjoon. The thing is, he kind of already has.

“I'm lonely,” is all Jungkook says in response to Jimin. And it's true, he *is* lonely. Despite having Jimin and Hoseok, Jungkook is lonely and it's not their fault. So, he adds, “It's not you, Jimin. It's not you or Hoseok or Namjoon. It's me. I'm lonely, and it's a *me* problem.”

The words *I'm the problem* are left unsaid, but Jungkook knows Jimin feels them, too, if the way his eyes fill with tears is anything to go by. But Jungkook is no liar, he has never been

and will never be, so instead of denying it, instead of telling Jimin what he wants to hear, Jungkook stands up and walks until he's in front of his friend, then kisses the top of his head and smiles at him. It doesn't reach his eyes, but no smile seems to do that lately.

"Jungkook..." Jimin begins, but the younger shushes him and, still smiling, takes Jimin's strawberry milkshake and uses the straw to drink a bit, snorting when the other complains.

Then, and because he's not ready to be alone just yet, he asks, "Do you want to come up to my apartment and watch *The Notebook* for God knows which time?"



When you love someone, but it goes to waste



It's one of those days. It's one of those days when Jungkook wakes up and he doesn't want to. One of those days in which he has to find his pulse and press two fingers to it, then focus on the beating of his own heart to calm down. One of those days in which Jungkook opens his eyes to the face of anxiety smiling, looking down on him, mocking him and forcing him to call in sick for the day. A few months ago Namjoon would be there to help him battle it; a few months ago, if Jungkook hadn't fucked it all up, Namjoon would call in sick too and would stay with him, rub his back, make him lots of his favorite tea and, for once, indulge and watch a *Marvel* movie with Jungkook. Cuddle on the couch and check up on him every now and then to make sure he's feeling any better.

But a few months ago isn't now, and while he could still call Hoseok or Jimin, they're not Namjoon. They're not Namjoon and Jungkook—Jungkook wants Namjoon.

So, instead, he stays in bed all day. Sweating, crying, tugging at his hair and wondering *why he* did what he did. Why did he have to break Namjoon's heart and his own. Later on, even when his own sheets are wet with sweat, Jungkook doesn't move to lie on the other side of the bed. Because it's Namjoon's side, and Jungkook wants Namjoon. Because Jungkook wants what he can't have and it's his fault.

And when he wakes up the next day, limbs numb and eyes puffy and sore from all the crying, Jungkook wonders when did the world become so silent.



Could it be worse?



Jeongguk dries his hair with a towel, his eyes meeting his own reflection. A sigh leaves his mouth, lips downturned. There, in the cup, rests Namjoon's teeth brush.

He misses him. Missed the late nights when it was just the two of them, Jeongguk applying his face lotion while Namjoon brushed his teeth and flashed him a smile full of toothpaste. Jeongguk would grimace despite finding the action really endearing, and Namjoon would splash some water from the tap on him in defense.

Jeongguk sighs. He leaves the toothbrush there.



I promise you I will learn from my mistakes



Jungkook is *failing*. He can't believe his eyes when the teacher hands him his exam and he sees a *32/100*. He clearly remembers studying after failing the previous exam, he clearly remembers telling himself he couldn't afford another bad grade and yet here he is, holding proof of his failure on his hands. A copy of the original exam that the professor gave the people who would need to do an extra exam in order to at least *try* to save the subject. Jungkook could've never guessed he would've been one of them, for he has always been a good student; has always kept his grades up, was the first of his class in high school and didn't find it difficult to study. In fact, he liked studying.

Liked. Because right now, as he sits in the library with a worried Hoseok next to him, Jungkook doesn't like it. He's stressed, pencil hitting the page he's in repeatedly and making a soft noise each time.

"Jungkook," Hoseok finally calls him, hand coming to stop Jungkook's movements. "Are you okay?"

"Couldn't be better, hyung," he replies under his breath. "Why do you ask?"

Hoseok snorts, elbowing him softly. “Well, you’re looking at the textbook like you want to burn it. That’s *not* that weird amongst students, but it is weird coming from you. You’re always so eager to learn.”

“I’m just—” He sighs, running his hands through his hair and leaning back on the backrest of the chair. “I’m failing, hyung. I’m failing and I don’t know why I can’t concentrate anymore. It’s stressing the hell out of me and it’s all I can think of lately, along with Nam—” He cuts himself off, eyes wide as he looks at his friend like a deer caught in the headlights. Hoseok looks at him the same way, lips agape and brows furrowed in a deep frown.

“Wait a damn minute. You said you were over it, Jungkook,” Hoseok says, pointing an accusing finger to him. “Are you, perhaps, *not*?”

“This isn’t about Namjoon and me, okay? It’s about *me* failing my damn class, hyung.”

His friend scoffs, giving him a pointed look with a cocked eyebrow. “So you’re trying to tell me that the fact that you can’t stop thinking about Namjoon doesn’t have anything to do with you failing? Jungkook, I know you. I’ve known you for six years. You’ve been distant lately, don’t meet up with us as much as you did before and Jimin said you told him you’re lonely. Not to mention you look like a corpse, no offense.”

“None taken,” Jungkook says through a soft laugh, hands up in the air. “But yeah, I don’t know why you two seem to link everything with Namjoon, but I already told Jimin that this is *my* problem. I have to fix this myself, and... to be honest, this isn’t new. It has been *there* for a long, long time and it was starting to affect Namjoon. I couldn’t be happy with our relationship when I knew I was hurting him.”

“Hurting him?” Hoseok asks, confused. He takes one of Jungkook’s hands and caresses his knuckles, aware that this must be something hard for Jungkook to talk about; in the end, he and Namjoon broke up almost half a year ago and Jungkook never told them the reason.

“What do you mean, Jungkook?”

He laughs, albeit it’s hollow and dry. “Yeah. Sometimes... sometimes I feel so bad that I just let it all out on the wrong people, hyung. I scream and hurt them just because I *am* hurt and I can’t do anything about it. It’s like there’s a switch inside of me that turns on and off whenever it wants and I have no control over it. It’s when it’s off, after I’ve exploded and hurt the people I love, that everything hits me and I just—I’m always *apologizing*. I’ve hurt Namjoon way too many times, hyung. I had to stop somehow.”

“So you broke up with him?” he asks, and Jungkook nods. He feels a few tears rolling down his cheeks and Hoseok’s thumb wiping them. “Does he know, Jungkook?”

“Yes. I told him, but he didn’t understand. He kept saying he was okay with it, that what I needed was support and that he could give it to me. But I don’t think he ever truly understood that I was hurting him, yes, but I was also hurting myself by doing so,” Jungkook explains. He frowns, lifting his teary gaze from his hands when he hears a choked sob, and he can’t help the loud laugh that escapes him when he sees Hoseok desperately wiping at his face.

“Hyung! Why are you crying?”

“It’s just—Jungkook, you’re so strong,” Hoseok says, voice breaking middle sentence. “You’re really, really brave and I don’t think you know that. But I have to say it, Jungkook. I have to. You broke up with Namjoon because you didn’t want to hurt him, right?” Jungkook nods. “And you’re still in love with Namjoon, correct?”

“I love him like I loved him for the very first time,” he answers, bites his lip to try to keep the sob inside his chest. Because it’s true, Jungkook still loves Namjoon and he knows that’s *it*. That’s all there is to it; Namjoon is Jungkook’s first love and he will be Jungkook’s last, too. Ever since the moment he laid eyes in him at a flower shop and Namjoon shot him one of his dimple smiles without even knowing him, Jungkook knew he was never going to be able to love anyone the way he loves Namjoon. “With my eyes closed and my heart wide open.”

“Stop it, you dumbass!” Hoseok cries, softly slapping his arm as a few tears roll down his cheeks. “You’re *hurting me* with your words, oh my God.”

Jungkook snorts, giving his friend a smile that almost reaches his eyes. It’s almost there. “It’s not my fault you have such a big heart, hyung.”

Hoseok blushes and looks away, clearing his throat before saying, “Whatever, whatever. Back to topic. What’s the point of breaking up with Namjoon if you’re not going to go back to him?”

“Huh?”

“You took the first step, Jungkook. The right one. But just because you two are over *for now* doesn’t mean you have to be over forever. You didn’t want to hurt Namjoon anymore and that’s why you ended things, right? Well, then don’t hurt him.”

“Hyung, it’s not that ea—”

His friend holds up a finger, effectively silencing him. “Hear me out, Jungkook! I haven’t finished yet. What I’m trying to say is, you have a chance now. *Be better*. Stop wallowing in your pain or your sadness and do something about it instead. Work on yourself so you can go back to Namjoon, you idiot.”

“Hobi-hyung.” Jungkook sighs. “I don’t think Namjoonie-hyung will wait for me. Jimin said it himself; he’s moving on. I have no right to walk back into his life after breaking up with him and hurting him the way I did.”

“And what do you lose by trying?” Hoseok asks. When Jungkook doesn’t reply, he adds, “And what do you lose by *not* trying, Jungkook?”

Oh.

“Namjoon...” he mumbles.

His friend clasps his hands together and nods *way* too eagerly, which makes the younger laugh a little in the middle of his conflict. He knows Hoseok is right and definitely has a point; there’s nothing for Jungkook to lose by trying, but the fact that Namjoon can still reject

him scares the shit out of him. He doesn't want to imagine how he would feel if, after working so hard on being better for Namjoon, he was rejected.

He's sure everything would go to waste then, and Jungkook isn't sure if he's willing to risk it.

And, then—

“But don't do it for Namjoon, Jungkook,” Hoseok whispers, and that's when Jungkook notices he's being hugged. “*Do it for yourself.*”



But if you never try you'll never know



He passes his exam. Jungkook passes his exam and, thus, he passes the subject. He's so happy that he carries a bounce on his steps when he walks inside the café to meet with Jimin and Hoseok and tell them the news.

He has dark circles under his eyes because last night he broke down; wanted to *stop* whatever he was doing, wanted to go back to the place under his blanket in which loneliness hugged him and caressed his hair, and he couldn't see a purpose for any of this. But he called Jimin, and his friend had walked all the way to Jungkook's house at three in the morning just to sleep next to him and talk him out of it.

It's weird, a different feeling Jungkook had never experienced before—relying on someone who isn't Namjoon for the first time, that is—but it's not *bad*. Jimin had brought Jungkook's favourite plushie—a bunny from Hoseok, who is Jimin's roommate—with him and the simple gesture made the younger completely lose it, breaking down and crying his heart out while hugging the plushie and allowing himself to be hugged by his friend, too.

“Hobi-hyung told me it's yours,” Jimin had whispered, pointing at the bunny and pressing a soft kiss on Jungkook's forehead. “He wants you to look at it and be reminded of us.”

There, on the floor of his living room, Jungkook had fallen asleep a little happier than he was before Jimin had arrived and the murmur around him seemed to quiet down for a little bit.

And now that the morning has come and he's passed his exam, now that he's heading toward his best friend with a smile that reaches his eyes for the first time in a while, Jungkook knows it's the right thing to do. He tells himself to hold on to these moments when he feels like giving up; tells himself to *trust* his own decision and go on.

Because when he's in the state he was in last night, Jungkook can't see things clearly and his choices are made impulsively. But when the morning comes and he feels something akin to hope light up in his chest; when he's being hugged by his friends and is reminded of Namjoon—that's when Jungkook can see, and it's the choices he makes *then* the ones he should trust.

He knows it's worth it when his eyes meet Namjoon's, who is sitting on a booth along with Seokjin and Taehyung, and the elder flashes him a tiny smile. It's a silent promise.

"Will you come back?"

"I'm trying."



Lights will guide you home



Jungkook doesn't stare at the bed before tucking himself in. Instead, he lays down on Namjoon's side for the first time ever since he left. And, when the morning comes, Jungkook hears the birds sing, and he allows himself to think they're singing for him. The world isn't so silent anymore.



And ignite your bones



Jungkook wakes up with anxiety following him closely, and even though he still calls in sick, he doesn't stay in bed like he used to do. Instead, he throws some clothes on, takes his wallet and his phone, and goes down for a walk at the park once the morning is well gone and he has had some time to calm down a bit. It's the middle of March and Spring has just begun,

flowers are blooming and everything is more colourful. Jungkook's favourite season has always been autumn and Namjoon's spring. Now, as he walks and lets the breeze brush some of his anxiety away, he thinks he understands. There's something beautiful about the way things and people live and die, something poetic about comparing life and death to spring and winter respectively. There's just *something* about the way seasons change, and maybe it has something to do with the way people change with them, too.

He stops in front of a flower shop he recognizes as the shop where he met Namjoon. Jungkook can't help but squint his eyes and try to see through the windows, a stupid hope of maybe seeing Namjoon since he remembers the elder used to work here. He deflates when he doesn't see him but enters the shop anyway, greets the workers and starts looking at the different flowers they have exposed. It's when he's bought a bouquet and he's turning to leave that he hears it.

"Jungkook?" He swallows, heart beating way too fast to be healthy, and turns to look at his ex-boyfriend. Namjoon looks as beautiful as ever, even in that ugly green apron that somehow isn't that ugly when Namjoon wears it. He's smiling at Jungkook, his eyes dropping to the flowers for a moment before his smile falters a bit and asks, "Oh, who are those for? If it's, uh, for a special occasion... you could've asked for help, you know. Meanings and stuff."

He snorts at Namjoon's nervousness and he feels so *light* when he steps closer, the tips of his shoes hitting Namjoon's. Jungkook doesn't know where the hell did that courage come from, but he holds the bouquet to his ex-boyfriend and smiles again. It reaches his eyes. "They're for you. I don't know much about meanings, but I remembered you liked Dahlias so... there's some in there." He scratches his neck, cheeks burning as the courage disappears and he's left with embarrassment. "I-I'm sorry, I—I know I shouldn't be doing this when I—*Sorry*, hyung."

"It's fine, Jungkook," Namjoon reassures him, smiling softly as he eyes and smells the flowers. "I really like them. Can we, uh... talk, though?"

"Yes," Jungkook replies way faster than intended. Blushing again, he focuses on his shoes as he kicks the floor with one foot. "I mean, sure. I wanted to talk to you, too."

"Okay. You're lucky because my shift is about to end." Namjoon chuckles and Jungkook checks the time on the clock hanging from the wall. He's right.

As he waits for Namjoon to get changed, Jungkook thinks about what he's going to say. The fear of being rejected again is really, really, really strong, but so far Namjoon doesn't seem to despise Jungkook and that's enough for him to take a step further. It's been almost a year since they broke up and, as expected, his love for Namjoon hasn't gone anywhere. It's healthier, though, or so Jungkook wants to believe; he still misses him with all his might, he still cries sometimes because of the same reason, but he thinks he made the right choice. And if Namjoon doesn't want to get back together, if Namjoon wants to remain friends or even just as strangers, then Jungkook will take it. Because his efforts weren't useless anyway, because now he can see without the fear of being alone clenching his heart.

So, when Namjoon comes back and they begin silently walking through the park, Jungkook decides to break the ice.

“D-Do you know male frogs croak to attract female frogs?” he blurts out, closes his eyes the second his words leave his mouth and thinks this is it, but he knows Namjoon. Jungkook knows Namjoon and when he hears him laugh, steps halting, he can’t help but join. “I’m sorry, I’m *really* nervous.”

“I knew that. Also, you always do this when you’re nervous,” Namjoon says, looking fondly at him with a smile plastered on his face. “Blurt out random facts, I mean. I used to find it really endearing,” he explains. “I still do.”

“Hyung, I—”

“I know.”

“What?”

“I know, Jungkook. I understand why you broke up with me and I’m not mad at you but grateful.”

“Grateful?” Jungkook asks, head tilting slightly to the side in confusion. Namjoon’s smile widens and he presses his index to the tip of Jungkook’s nose like he used to, making the younger’s heart do something that feels like gymnastics.

“Yes. I’m grateful that you did the right thing, Jungkook. Seeing you smile again, seeing you look so *alive* again... I’m so happy and grateful that you gave yourself a chance. And I understand now that, in order to do that, you needed to leave me. I know now that hurting me was also hurting you, and I’m incredibly proud of you for taking a step in the right direction. Even if it broke my heart to be apart from you.”

Jungkook feels tears pricking at his eyes already and he wipes at his eyes nervously, sniffles and looks right into Namjoon’s eyes. Says, “Hyung, I’m so sorry I broke your heart,” he begins. Swallows, looks at the flowers Namjoon has in hand. “But maybe I can— *maybe* I can put it back together? If you let me.”

Namjoon seems a bit taken aback, lips agape and brows furrowed together when he whispers, confused, “Jungkook, what...?”

“I still love you, hyung. I know I’ll love you forever, and I’m better now. I’m a better person, I’ve learned to fight loneliness and I’m sure I can—I can be a good partner now, if you let me. Without snapping at you. Just me and you and your plants and, uh, a lot of kisses? I like kissing you,” Jungkook all but rambles, feeling so nervous that his palms sweat.

What if Namjoon says no? What if he laughs at you? But Namjoon wouldn’t do that. Namjoon —

“Then let’s start again.”

Jungkook blinks at him, head tilting a little to the side in confusion. “Uh?”

“Aren’t you going to ask me to go on a date first, Jungkook? Wow, you’re moving quite fast,” the elder jokes, giving him one of his dimple smiles and Jungkook—Jungkook *breaks*, unable to keep the tears at bay anymore because at this point he can’t believe what he’s hearing. He thinks he must have saved a whole nation in his past life or something to deserve Namjoon in this one. “Hey, Kook. Don’t cry, please.”

Namjoon and he didn’t end their relationship on bad terms; sure, Namjoon had a hard time accepting it at first but he *did*, and the two of them agreed to not holding grudges against each other. Their friend group, though, did split. Taehyung and Yoongi sometimes text him, ask him how he’s doing and they have a little chat, but that’s about it. They decided to stay by Namjoon’s side and Jungkook *understands*, because in the end, from an outsider’s point of view, it’s Namjoon’s heart the one that had been broken. Hoseok and Jimin, though—they saw through Jungkook’s attempts at faking normalcy. Seokjin, on the other side, didn’t take sides. He just told them to fix their shit and kept hanging out with both of them.

It still makes Jungkook feel guilty to this day, the fact that the group split because of him. He wants to make it better now that he can.

“Hyung,” Jungkook cries, fingers twisting the fabric of Namjoon’s shirt rather tightly. He doesn’t know how or when he ended up in Namjoon’s embrace, but he *is* and he feels so at ease in there, feels like he’s just arrived home after years of longing. “Hyung, I’m sorry. I’ll fix it. I will fix *us* .”

Namjoon smiles, patting Jungkook’s back, and says, voice barely a whisper, “You don’t have to.”



And I will try to fix you



Jungkook stares at his friends in front of him. At *all* of his friends in front of him. It’s not only Jimin and Hoseok anymore; Taehyung is sitting there, too, with a boxy grin that tells Jungkook he *knows* and that he’s listening. Yoongi and Seokjin both are looking rather proud of him, shiny eyes waiting patiently for Jungkook to start talking. Namjoon is sitting next to him and smiling softly, silently encouraging him to do it. Jungkook takes a deep breath and lets it out.

“I’m sorry,” he begins, looking down at his hands on his lap, “for the way I treated all of you in the past. I know it’s been a while, but I—I think you deserve to *know* what happened.”

“We will listen,” Seokjin reassures him with a tiny smile.

Jungkook nods. “I was... I was going through a hard time back then. I never told you about it, I think. Not even Namjoon-hyung. I just kept it to myself, thought it was silly because nothing bad had really happened; there was *nothing* I could be sad about, and yet I still was. It frustrated me a lot and, eventually, it got worse. I wasn’t sad all the time, but when I was, it made me feel so *hopeless*,” he explains, his eyes filling with tears and his voice wavering a bit. “Like—Like it would be that way *forever* and I didn’t want that. I got frustrated and started taking it out on Namjoon-hyung, and then on all of you, too. I was really scared, I felt so lost, I didn’t know what to do but there was something telling me I couldn’t tell you.

“All of you have always thought of me as someone sweet and happy. I didn’t—I didn’t want to *disappoint* you. So it just kept getting worse and worse and worse and suddenly I couldn’t take it anymore. I felt so lonely even though I had all of you with me, it was so *stupid*,” he cries, wiping furiously at his eyes and now wet cheeks. “I’m sorry. I never meant to hurt any of you. That’s—That’s why I broke up with Namjoon-hyung, too. Because I didn’t want to hurt him anymore. I’m sorry.”

There’s silence for a few beats and Jungkook doesn’t dare to look up. He can hear Jimin sniffing and Taehyung whispering sweet nothings to him, and he can see the way Yoongi’s leg keeps nervously bouncing. He’s the first one to break the silence, whispering, “I should’ve noticed.”

“No,” Jungkook quickly says, looking up and meeting his hyung’s eyes. They’re teary and by the way Yoongi’s tongue keeps hitting the inside of his cheek, he’s trying really hard not to cry. It breaks Jungkook’s heart a little more.

“I should’ve *known*, Jungkook,” Yoongi insists. “I went through the same shit and yet I didn’t fucking notice.”

He thinks of his words carefully. Shaking his head, Jungkook simply says, “You didn’t notice because I didn’t want you to.”

That seems to break Yoongi completely, because the second Jungkook closes his mouth, a tiny sob—barely audible—escapes his lips and tears start rolling down his cheeks. And it *hurts* because Jungkook knows Yoongi understands exactly what he means with those words and that all of this is probably bringing him a lot of bad memories. One would think hiding this kind of thing is hard, but it’s the opposite; you don’t *have* to hide it, you can simply pretend it’s not there. Ignore it until you can’t anymore, until you reach your breaking point and it all explodes in your face. It’s a scary thing, but Jungkook knows Yoongi understands. Yoongi understands and that’s enough for him.

“Are you better now, though?” Taehyung asks then, head tilting a bit to the side. He’s holding Yoongi’s hand while Seokjin rubs his back. “You do look better than a few months ago.”

Jungkook hums. “I’m trying,” he says. “It’s all thanks to Hobi-hyung, really. If he hadn’t knocked some sense into me, I’d probably be still moping around.”

“You know it’s not, Jungkook,” Hoseok says softly, but he’s smiling proudly at him. “This is all your own doing. I can’t force happiness on you; you have to do that yourself.”

“I always kinda knew something was off, but I kept telling myself that you would come to me when you were ready. You didn’t.” Seokjin laughs sadly and shakes his head, giving Jungkook a blinding smile again, his cheeks puffy. “I’m really proud of you. I know we all are. You should’ve relied on us, that’s true; there are ways of doing things and we would’ve been there for you through it all, but you also just showed not only us but yourself how strong you really are.”

He lets out a shaky breath and relaxes a bit when Namjoon intertwines their pinkies. It’s the first time they’re holding hands in a way since their breakup, and it’s a touch really soft and feathery but Jungkook’s heart swells. He feels tears falling non-stop from his eyes when he smiles brightly and asks, voice broken, “Can I have a hug from all of you?”

And it’s when there are six pairs of arms holding him and they all are crying together that Jungkook feels the happiest he’s been in a while. It’s ironic, but it’s them. They’re seven again, and Jungkook wouldn’t have it any other way.



Their second first date isn’t something fancy. It isn’t even *outside*, to begin with, the two of them agreeing in settling at Jungkook’s apartment to simply watch a movie together. And Jungkook really wants to leave a good impression, as stupid as it sounds, so that’s why when Namjoon knocks on the door—an habit of his, because why use the doorbell when you can be traditional—he has to open it with his elbow and greet Namjoon with dough on his hands and parts of his face.

“Jungkook?” Namjoon asks through a laugh. “What are you doing?”

Jungkook pouts, closing the door with his foot once Namjoon steps inside, and turns around to return to his open kitchen. He points at the counter with his chin. “I was trying to bake some cookies for you,” he replies. “Plant-shaped cookies, actually. But, uh...”

“They’re black,” his date deadpans right before laughing again. Namjoon laughs with his whole body, and then he walks closer to Jungkook and hugs him loosely, trying not to get dough on himself too. “You’re so cute. This wasn’t really necessary, Kook.”

“But I wanted to do it. I wanted to impress you, but the stupid oven just won’t cooperate with me.”

Namjoon hums, pulling away from the hug and smiling blindly as he boops Jungkook’s nose and then brings the same finger to his mouth. Jungkook looks at him wide-eyed, frozen in place. “You had dough on your nose,” he explains sheepishly. “It tastes good. Maybe I can help you?”

And no, Jungkook hasn't forgotten how clumsy Namjoon is, let it be cooking or existing; but he looks so cute and endearing with his shiny, expectant eyes and his lips slightly parted in anticipation that he simply can't say no. That's how, ten minutes later, they sit on the couch with dough everywhere and eating cookies that taste like carbon because *of course* they wouldn't be successful. But it's fine, because Namjoon's hand is holding Jungkook's and the movie they're watching is actually interesting.

"This tastes awful," Jungkook comments as he munches on a cookie. He grimaces. "Why are we even eating them?"

Namjoon chuckles, moving his eyes from the TV to Jungkook. "Because they're made with love?"

"You don't sound too sure of your own answer, do you?"

"I mean, they *do* taste terrible. I'm not sure there's anything I can say to make up for the flavour."

"There isn't."

"Well, thank you. I forgot yours were much better," Namjoon says with a roll of eyes, and Jungkook giggles, nose scrunching. When he turns to look at Namjoon, he's already looking at him with fond eyes. "You're so beautiful when you're happy, Jungkook."

His breath hitches and he tries his best to come up with something to reply with, but instead, all he can muster is, "Are you implying I'm ugly when I'm sad?"

Namjoon laughs airily, giving him an amused look. "C'mon, you know I'm not. You're always beautiful, but when you're happy—truly happy, it just... it's breathtaking to see you," he explains. Then, his smile fades and he frowns, looking down at their hands and rubbing Jungkook's knuckles with his thumb. "I was so scared I would forget, Jungkook. Even when we were still together, I couldn't see *this* anymore. I was so scared I'd forget the way you seem to shine on your own when you smile. When you *truly* smile."

Jungkook gulps. He feels tears prickling his eyes but he blinks them away, not wanting to cry on their second first date. Instead, Jungkook brings their intertwined hands to his lips and presses a lingering kiss on Namjoon's before looking up and smiling. He can see Namjoon's eyes are teary, too. He whispers, "I won't let you forget it. I'll make sure to show you every single day, hyung. You make me so happy."

"You know I don't kiss on the first date," Namjoon whispers back, "but I really, really want to kiss you right now."

"Well." Jungkook scoots closer, presses his forehead against Namjoon's and marvels at the way their breaths mingle together, the way their eyes connect and there's so much *love* even after everything. "We're lucky this *technically* isn't our first date, is it?"

And when Namjoon smiles and starts laughing softly, Jungkook presses a chaste kiss on his lips and pulls away the slightest bit; looks at him with big eyes, basically begging him to take

him back in and let him make a home in his heart again. And when Namjoon lunges forward and captures Jungkook's lower lip; when his hands come up to cradle his face and their hands are still intertwined and when Jungkook parts his lips in a silent offering that Namjoon takes, Jungkook gets his answer.

You don't have to, is what Namjoon says. *You never left my heart in the first place.*



"Be my boyfriend," Jungkook blurts out on their second third date. They're having a picnic at a park and he has been watching Namjoon interact with the different dogs that approach them for at least an hour now. This isn't something bad, but Jungkook is so endeared that he simply can't keep his mouth shut. His heart swells whenever Namjoon coos at a dog, uses a high-pitched voice to pet them and then smiles and bows at the owner, who does the same.

"What?" Namjoon asks as he turns around, eyes wide.

"Be my boyfriend," Jungkook repeats as he fidgets with a thread on the sleeve of his hoodie. "I—I know we said we'd start again but oh my God, hyung," he says, "I really can't wait to be able to call you mine again."

Namjoon giggles. "You know, even if we're dating I'm not *yours* —"

"Hyung," Jungkook whines, slapping Namjoon's thigh softly and pouting. "You know I don't mean it like *that*. I know you're not mine, and I also know you're getting my point. Don't be a meanie."

"Rude," his *date* mumbles, and Jungkook scrunches his nose and turns around so his back faces Namjoon, arms crossed on his chest as he takes something to eat from the tupper. "Come on, are you mad?" Namjoon asks, but Jungkook can hear how much fun he's having with this so he just squirms a little in his place, sitting on his heels. "You look like an angry bunny right now. I'm sorry but I can't take you seriously."

"What?" Jungkook turns around with a frown. "I'm mad and you're comparing me to a *bunny*?"

"Jungkook, *baby*. You're eating a carrot."

His eyes move to his hands and he gasps when he realizes that he is, indeed, eating a carrot. It's a tiny snacking one, but it's still a carrot and Jungkook feels his cheeks heat up as he puts the whole thing on his mouth and swallows. He tries to act nonchalant when he says, "Whatever. You're not gonna answer me?"

"Isn't it obvious, though?" Namjoon asks as he scoots closer and places his hands on Jungkook's waist, turning him around so they're facing each other. Jungkook involuntarily sits on Namjoon's lap—involuntarily, okay? It's because his legs hurt from sitting on his

heels for too long. “It’s a yes, Kook,” he says when Jungkook simply blinks at him, a smile growing on his face.

Jungkook hums. “Okay. That’s good,” he says, and smiles when Namjoon starts leaning in. They’re about to kiss, their noses touching each other, when Jungkook suddenly slips a carrot between Namjoon’s lips and smirks, getting off Namjoon’s lap and lying down on their blanket, laughing loudly at the way Namjoon is still frozen in place.

“You’re the worst,” he says after a while, lying down next to Jungkook.

“You know I’m not,” Jungkook counters, turning to lie on his side and noticing Namjoon is already doing that. He smiles and leans in, placing a kiss on Namjoon’s button nose before whispering, “boyfriend.”



Eventually, Namjoon starts spending more time in Jungkook’s apartment than on his own again. It’s almost as if everything was repeating, but this time way healthier. One evening, when they’re sprawled on the couch after a heavy make-out session, Namjoon tells Jungkook he’s hungry and Jungkook, on instinct, moves to the kitchen and opens the cabinet where he always kept all of Namjoon’s favourite sweets stocked up.

“When did you buy all of those?” Namjoon asks with a frown, still sitting on the couch.

Jungkook gulps, turning around to Namjoon with teary eyes because of the sudden realization, and mumbles, “I never threw them away in the first place.” He looks up to Namjoon and walks closer, snacks in his hands.

“Why not?” his boyfriend asks, voice tiny and sounding almost as if he’s scared of the answer.

“Just in case you would come back,” Jungkook replies softly as he situates himself between Namjoon’s legs, lying down on top of his boyfriend’s chest and opening the bag of chips. He slips one between Namjoon’s lips and watches him munch. “I’m glad I did, though.”

“And why is that?” Namjoon asks, but the shine on his eyes tells Jungkook he already knows the answer even before Jungkook replies.

Jungkook smiles, leaning forward and grazing Namjoon’s lips with his own. He presses their lips together, head tilted a bit. It’s slow and there’s no tongue involved, no rummaging hands; just Namjoon’s on his waist and Jungkook’s on his face, and their two hearts beating together at the same rhythm.

“Because you did. You came back.”



“Hyung,” Jungkook whines, foot hitting Namjoon’s knee. “Come on, it’s not an ugly name.”

“Jungkook, baby, you’re trying to name him Pedro.”

“So what?” he asks, resting his cheek on his boyfriend’s shoulder as the two sit on the couch and stare at the animal in front of them. “It’s a frog, Namjoonie-hyung. He won’t care.”

Scoffing, Namjoon shakes his shoulder and laughs when Jungkook’s head falls a bit. He sticks out his tongue to Namjoon and pouts, picking at his arm playfully. “C’mon, hyungie. You know you want to call him Pedro, it’s a funny name.”

“I don’t want to call our frog Pedro, Jungkook! He’s like our child. Would you call our child Pedro?” he asks with a cocked brow. When Jungkook opens his mouth to reply, Namjoon raises a hand and shakes his head. “Actually, no. Don’t answer that.”

Jungkook giggles and throws a leg over Namjoon’s lap, straddling him and looking at him with his best puppy eyes and a remaining pout that Namjoon doesn’t hesitate to kiss away. “Please? I promise we won’t call our child Pedro, but can we call our frog like that instead?”

Namjoon sighs, hands resting on Jungkook’s waist as he pulls him closer and kisses his jaw once, twice, and then pulls away. “Okay, we can call him Pedro. But you’ll need to pay for it.”

“Oh, yeah?” Jungkook arches a brow, squirming a bit on his boyfriend’s lap and smirking when he hears him gasp. He kisses his cheek innocently and asks, “How?”

“Wait,” Namjoon mumbles, pushing Jungkook to the side so he gets off his lap. Then he holds out a hand. “Not in front of Pedro, Jungkook.”

Giggling, Jungkook takes the hand and lets himself be dragged toward *their* bedroom. Sometimes he still has days when he feels lonely, days when he wakes up with the wrong foot and can’t help but to cry in Namjoon’s arms. But he always gets back up after that, calls his friends and they all gather together either at the café or at the bar to play pool. And it’s hard and most of the time he doesn’t feel like doing it, but Namjoon is there to encourage him and, in the end, he never regrets it.

It's all worth it.



“Lights will guide you home,” Namjoon had sung to him one day before their break-up.

And he was right; lights guided Jungkook to Namjoon.

(Again.)

End Notes



hello! i tried to realistically deal with loneliness and everything i've written is from my own experience with it. despite it being different for everyone, i hope i did an okay job hehe.
thank you for reading! kudos and comments are always appreciated ♡

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