

falling in love (literally)

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falling in love (literally)

by [hotgay_\(orphan_account\)](#)

Summary

Taehyung did not expect to fall in love like this

Notes

I'm back baby! I saw this very adorable prompt and decided to write this little first meeting story. I hope you enjoy it lovies !!

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

Taehyung wasn't the happiest when Jungkook texted him merely fifteen minutes before they were supposed to meet, saying that he's bringing along a friend. Don't get him wrong, Taehyung doesn't have anything against Jungkook's friends but ever since Taehyung and Jimin graduated only a few months ago and started working while Jungkook still had another year left to graduate, the three of them have barely had time to spend together, even when Jimin and Taehyung were still living together, and Taehyung needs his weekly dose of Jimin and Jungkook. He doesn't want to spend these few precious hours by filling them with awkward conversation and tight smiles and "what do you do for a living? What did you major in?".

"Can you believe him?" Taehyung scoffs, pressing his phone against his ear.

"Yes I can" Jimin laughs on the other end, and Taehyung just knows he's shaking his head and his eyes are forming crescents, just like they do every time he talks about Jungkook "he did this on our first date too when he invited Hobi hyung because he was too nervous"

"Ugh, who even is this friend? I thought this was our weekly bonding time"

"He's Yoongi hyung's roommate I think" Jimin shrugs "I haven't met him but Jungkookie's talked about him a couple of times when he hung out at Yoongi hyung's"

"Well I don't care who's roommate he is, I just wanted to hang out with my two best friends"

"He sounds nice babe, maybe you'll end up becoming friends too?"

"I don't need more friends, Jiminie"

"Since when did you become so anti-social"

"Since Jungkook started inviting randos to hang out with us" Taehyung huffs out and he knows he's being childish but right now he doesn't really care.

“Taehyungie”

“Whatever, I’m almost there, walking down the street now, are you here yet?”

“Nope, still on the subway, I’ll be there in ten”

“Well hurry the fuck up”

“Sorry, I’ll tell the subway to go faster” Jimin replies sarcastically.

“You better”

“Bye Taehyung”

“See you soon, love you”

“Love you too”

Taehyung hangs up and pockets his phone, running a hand through his freshly dyed blonde hair. He’s let his hair grow a little, just enough that he can do little hair flips every now and then. He’s wearing a simple white round neck t-shirt over blue skinny jeans and one dangly earring in his left ear, messenger bag slung across his shoulder.

The café they’re supposed to meet at is a few meters away as Taehyung looks in through the glass walls, searching for Jungkook’s familiar face in the crowd. Within a few seconds he spots Jungkook within the sea of people sitting in the air-conditioned café, his bright red hair unmistakable. Jimin calls him “cherry koo”.

Jungkook is sitting at a table for four, talking with the friend he's supposed to bring. Taehyung's eyes shift to the friend and suddenly Taehyung thinks the summer heat is getting to him. He's probably going to pass out from a heatstroke now.

The man sitting next to Jungkook is breathtakingly beautiful. Taehyung is half-convinced that it's the summer heat causing him to hallucinate. Maybe all that time he spent reading greek god conspiracies is finally getting to him and he's somehow created the male version of Aphrodite.

There is no way that the person next to Jungkook is real, is Taehyung in a simulation? There's no scientific explanation to how perfectly the man's dark wavy hair falls over his intriguing brown eyes. How can Taehyung even tell they're brown from this distance? His jawline could probably slice Taehyung into half and Taehyung would thank the man for it. And those shoulders? No way are those real, he looks like he could carry all of Seoul on those shoulders and still have space for Taehyung to rest his head on them.

Taehyung misses Jungkook waving at him enthusiastically as he continues to stare at the man with the face of a model. He's about to walk into the cafe when something stops him. A loud clang sounds as Taehyung's forehead hits hard against the cafe's glass door and a sharp pain shoots through his head, everything around him going black as he stumbles back.

The last thing he hears before passing out is Jungkook shouting "hyung!" followed by loud, squeaky laughter.

Taehyung blinks as he stirs and looks around himself. He's inside the cafe now, sitting on a plush couch. His hand comes up to rub against his forehead, he feels a bruise forming.

"Hyung!" Jungkook cries and Taehyung moves to look at the younger, a smile gracing his face "you're okay, gosh I was so worried I thought you had a heat stroke or something"

"Jungkookie" Taehyung laughs as Jungkook offers him a glass of water "you won't believe but I think I just had a hallucination. I thought I saw the male version of Aphrodite sitting with you and he laughed when I walked into the glass"

Jungkook stares at him in confusion before he runs a hand over his face, huffing out a breath.

“Taehyungie, oh my god, are you okay? Jungkook told me you walked into the glass! Did your prescription change, are you not wearing your contacts?” Jimin cries rushing into the cafe. Taehyung shifts his gaze from Jungkook to Jimin and smiles a dazed smile.

“Oh no, did you smoke weed again?”

“Fuck off, I’m fine,” Taehyung says pushing him away and Jimin sighs in relief. Jimin places a brief kiss on Jungkook’s lips before they both settle down at the table and Taehyung turns to face the table as well. Then he notices the fourth person, and his mouth hangs open in surprise.

“Oh, you must be Yoongi hyung’s roommate,” Jimin says when he sees him “I’m Jimin”

“Kim Seokjin” the man replies shaking his hand “or as your friend here put it, the male version of Aphrodite”

“My favorite part of this story is Taehyung’s blind ass walking into the glass” Yoongi laughs as Taehyung playfully punches him in the arm.

“Blinded by my beauty” Seokjin adds, doing a little imaginary hair flip.

“Can you both please shut up? This story is really embarrassing” Taehyung says with a pout.

“It’s also very cute Taehyung-ah,” Hoseok says rubbing his back.

“Also very hilarious” Namjoon smiles, dimples appearing.

“At least it’s better than Jungkook and Jimin’s story,” Seokjin says, to which both Jungkook and Jimin object instantly with a “hey!”

Jungkook and Jimin had first met through Taehyung when Taehyung had invited the shy guy from his 3D animation class to come over for a round of overwatch. Jimin had stretched his hand out when he introduced himself and for some reason, Jungkook couldn’t fathom how small Jimin’s hands were. He cupped Jimin’s hand with both of his, repeating “so small” and “I must protect” over and over while Jimin stared between Taehyung and Jungkook in utter confusion and panic, and a hint of endearment. Taehyung has almost busted a lung looking at this interaction.

The rest of the evening is spent like this, the seven of them pulling up some old stories and laughing, grilling meat, and drinking soju and beer, or in Taehyung's case, coca cola. Taehyung feels happy and warm here, he feels safe and loved, with his six closest friends, sitting in his living room, talking about old memories. One hand resting on his boyfriend’s thigh, the other raising a glass with his friends.

Hours later, the others have all gone home and Seokjin is in the kitchen, putting away the dishes when Taehyung finds him, a little sleepy and a little drunk.

“You can do that in the morning, baby,” Taehyung says this, but he knows Seokjin won’t be able to fall asleep unless he gets this done now, he’s always been a bit of a clean freak. Taehyung quietly wraps his arms around Seokjin’s waist, head resting on his shoulder, chest pressed to Seokjin's back.

“I’m almost done” Seokjin replies as he dries off a plate “why don’t you go to bed? I’ll be there soon”

Taehyung hums in response but doesn’t move. He closes his eyes and breathes in the similar scent of Seokjin’s shampoo.

“Did you have fun tonight?” Taehyung asks after a few moments.

“I did” Seokjin smiles, pressing a kiss against Taehyung’s forehead. Taehyung hums again as he opens his eyes.

“I know I said I think it’s embarrassing” he starts nuzzling into Seokjin’s neck, pressing a kiss there “but I’m really glad I walked into the glass that day”

“Are you?” Seokjin laughs as Taehyung presses another kiss to his neck, lingering a little longer this time.

“Uh-huh. I’m glad I said those things, it made you wanna take me out on a date”

“Baby I would’ve asked you out either way, you’re too pretty,” Seokjin says, drying the last piece of tableware before placing the rag on the counter. Taehyung continues pressing kisses against Seokjin’s neck as Seokjin turns himself around in Taehyung’s arms so they’re now standing face to face “and you’ve got a pretty okay personality”

Taehyung laughs against Seokjin’s skin before pressing one last kiss there and looking up. He pulls Seokjin in a kiss, lips molding against each other.

It’s moments like these that Seokjin likes the most. Taehyung has a flair for the dramatic, he’s more of a big romantic gesture kind of person and it’s one of the many things Seokjin loves about him. In their first week of dating, Taehyung had sent him multiple bouquets, on their first anniversary he had arranged a movie night on the rooftop of their apartment building complete with a pillow fort, fairy lights, a projector screen, snacks, and Seokjin’s favorite ghibli films. On one of Seokjin’s birthdays, Taehyung had even got his entire friend group of fifty-something people to send him birthday wishes in the form of personalized videos.

And Seokjin loved Taehyung for all of this, but it was these small, domestic moments that he loved more. He loved when Taehyung would sleepily kiss him goodbye before work, how Taehyung’s hands instinctively lace with his whenever they’re close enough, how Taehyung hates coffee but never forgets to make some every morning for Seokjin.

“I love you,” Seokjin says as he pulls away and Taehyung starts pulling Seokjin towards the bedroom and Seokjin can tell how sleepy and tired he is by the way he drags his feet. Soon

enough, they're both changed into pajamas and sliding into bed, Seokjin's arms wrapping around Taehyung, leg draped over the younger's waist. Taehyung softly pressing their foreheads together and he's already half asleep.

Seokjin smiles in the dark when he hears Taehyung whisper "I love you too Mr. Aphrodite"

End Notes

So what did you think???

here is my [curious cat](#) if you would like to request something or have any ideas, I'll try my best to write it :)

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!