

Romantist No. 1

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Romantist No. 1

by [thedailygrind](#)

Summary

“Hyung,” Namjoon says, “what’s that?”

“My handsome face?” Jin says reflexively, and then glances down to where Namjoon is staring, “my broad shoulders and sexy body?”

“No,” Namjoon says, rolling his eyes, “your pajamas.”

“What about them?” Jin says, casually meeting Namjoon's gaze.

The whole act would be a hundred percent believable if not for the fact that Jin’s ears are turning a shocking shade of red.

Chapter 1

The first time Namjoon starts a pot is after that one People's Magazine interview.

It's just another day of press in America, one of dozens until the question, "Who in the group is the most romantic and why?" comes up, and Taehyung immediately puts his hand on Seokjin's shoulder and pipes up with an enthusiastic, ["I'm, I'm Jin!"](#)

It's kind of a weird thing to say. Namjoon can tell by the way their American producer raises an eyebrow off camera. But it's *Taehyung* so they all let it slide and Jin moves the topic along by humming the wedding march and ending the segment off with a cheesy hand kiss for the fans.

They should forget all about it once the director calls cut, but for some reason it stays on Namjoon's mind.

They've lived out of each other's pockets for seven years now, *seven!* He knows them well enough to declaratively state that Taehyung is the hopeless romantic of the group.

There's no two ways about it.

Namjoon going to prove it, and he's not going down without a fight.

Gathering evidence is hard work, but Namjoon finds his first opportunity when he's reading their autobiographies for Festa.

[*Taehyung permanently lives on my bed*](#), the centerfold reads in Seokjin's prim, neat handwriting and Namjoon freezes, and then goes back to reread it all over again.

"Is this true?" He asks Yoongi, foremost expert on Seokjin's living habits.

Yoongi gives him a *look*.

"They share a bed every night. Correction, they've *been* sharing a bed every night, for *years* now."

Namjoon blinks.

"Every night," Yoongi repeats, slower this time, like Namjoon's a particularly stupid child.

"But Jin hyung has a single," Namjoon says and Yoongi shoots him a long suffering look.

"Don't you think I know that?" he says, scowling, "but you know what Taehyung's like. He doesn't want to sleep apart when he can help it."

"That's romantic isn't it?" Namjoon wonders aloud, "which would make *Taehyung* the clingier and therefore more romantic of the two of them."

"I'm not getting involved in this," Yoongi says and goes straight back to his lunch.

As Taehyung's ex-roommate, Namjoon can attest to how much pining had gone on since Taehyung first laid eyes on Kim SeokJin.

Subtlety is not Taehyung's forte.

In their many years together, Namjoon's seen Taehyung jump through hoops - both figurative and literal - just to make Jin smile.

If that didn't cement him as Bangtan's number one romantic, Namjoon would eat his shoe.

As they get off the plane to Toronto, Namjoon's gaze drifts back to Jin and Taehyung who linger in the back, walking side by side. Jin stoops down to tie his shoelaces.

On cue, Taehyung picks up Jin's forgotten carry on, slinging it over his own shoulder without even looking.

"Why are you being weird?" Yoongi says, bumping his elbow into Namjoon's waist when he's stopped and stared too long.

"I'm not being weird," Namjoon says, but he averts his eyes from the sight of Taehyung brushing lint off of Jin's sleeve cuff anyway.

It's evidence collection, *evidence collection!*

Yoongi eyes him critically.

"Weird," he pronounces as he turns and heads toward the baggage claim. "Definitely weird."

It's a crisp Canadian morning and Namjoon's awake, enjoying much needed quiet time on the couch. He's catching up on his latest Kafka novel and it's just getting good because Gregor

very nearly gets stamped to death by his father. So it's obviously at the climax of the chase that the kitchen explodes into pure mayhem.

There's the sound of plates shattering, and then Taehyung yelps. Namjoon closes his book with a sigh. So much for his quiet morning.

"*Jimin*," Taehyung whines staring down at his pajamas which are now drenched in orange juice.

"Sorry," Jimin says.

He begins dabbing helplessly at the spill but that only seems to make it worse.

"I'll buy you another, Tae. Brand new and everything."

"That's not the point," Taehyung says sullenly, poking at his eye-catching teddy bear top. He looks genuinely upset, which is rare for him and therefore even more alarming. "I bought it as part of a set, it's not gonna mean anything if *you* buy me another."

Jimin's bottom lip starts to tremble.

"Hey," Jungkook says sternly, because their youngest has a weakness for sulky Jimin and rarely lets anyone get away with putting him in full pout mode. Jungkook ambles up to them, resting his hand protectively on Jimin's hip, "I'll put it in the wash. The stain might come out if we do it fast."

Crisis temporarily averted, Namjoon is contemplating the fragility of relationships when Gregor's parents finally abandon him to die, when Seokjin wanders in. He's humming, which instinctively makes Namjoon look up, and that's when he sees it — a pair of outrageously pink pajamas that have... *bear faces on them?*

"Hyung," Namjoon says, "what's that?"

"My handsome face?" Jin says reflexively, and then glances down to where Namjoon is staring, "my broad shoulders and sexy body?"

"No," Namjoon says, exasperated, "your pajamas."

"What about them?" He says, casually meeting Namjoon's gaze.

The whole act would be one hundred percent believable if not for the fact that Jin's ears are turning a shocking shade of red.

"Nothing," Namjoon says with a grin, filing 'matching pajamas' into his evidence folder. "They're cute."

Jimin, who emerges fresh from the laundry room, is much less subtle.

"Oh my god!" He exclaims, looking between Jin and Taehyung delightedly, like he can't decide who he wants to glomp first. "[Are you guys wearing couples pajamas?](#)"

“Yes!” Taehyung says proudly just as Jin shakes his head 'no'.

“Aww,” Jimin giggles, “that is too cute.”

Jungkook tugs at Jimin's sleeve and mumbles, "I could get you some, hyung."

“I think,” Namjoon begins triumphantly, because as a Korean man he can attest that there is nothing more romantic than procuring a couples outfit, “that's truly romantic. The epitome of romance, Taehyung, if you know what I mean.”

He glances meaningfully to Taehyung, because by all accounts Namjoon's *won* and Taehyung will admit that right about now that he's the hopeless romantic of the group, just like everyone thought.

Instead, Taehyung shoots him a sunny smile and says, “maybe, but not as romantic as Jin hyung though.”

Two weeks later, Namjoon's almost ready to admit defeat when he wakes up to his phone ringing off the hook.

He usually remembers to turn it off, when they do a V-Live for example, or when a new Run BTS! episode comes out. But it's a *Thursday* and he's pretty sure there's no reason for his phone to be pinging with this many notifications.

He blinks groggily, scrolling through his Twitter feed and finding nothing suspicious. None of the other guys have posted on Twitter or Weverse, so there shouldn't be--

Oh.

Oh no.

Oh no, no, no.

Someone's posted a candid photo of Jin and Taehyung from earlier today, walking through the airport in matching beige Fila tracksuits. It's not unusual for the boys to have the same clothes, given the sponsors they share, or to even be wearing the same pieces at the same time.

What makes the photo truly outrageous is that [Jin and Taehyung are wearing the exact same outfit.](#)

From top to toe.

Styled *exactly* the same way.

This would be nothing to mention, on a normal day. But like this, side by side in an airport, both their hoodies drawn up, it comes across looking deliberately couple-like.

It was their day off. Namjoon can't even convince their Twitter fans to blame it on their stylist.

"I told him not to do it," Seokjin sighs, when Namjoon flashes the photos at him the next day.

"It's a couples set," Taehyung says, "what's the point if we don't wear it as a couple?"

"Our careers for one," Yoongi says, mildly.

As leader, Namjoon is inclined to agree, but this once again proves that Taehyung is romantist numero uno, so he keeps his protests to himself.

"Fourteen thousand dollars?" Namjoon whisper-shouts the next time it happens, even though it's hard to keep feigning surprise.

Taehyung's gestures happen with such alarming frequency that Namjoon's given up on mentally keeping track of all of them. Instead he has a notebook labeled 'KTH - Romantic Gestures' which has filled up so quickly, Namjoon's already bought a second Moleskin just in case.

The fact that Taehyung has two such notebooks to Jin's none, is, in Namjoon's opinion, the clearest evidence that Kim Seokjin is most certainly *not* the most romantic. Period.

"Fourteen thousand dollars?" Namjoon repeats, just to be sure.

"[It's one of a kind](#)," Taehyung says, smiling dopily, "Jin hyung is one of a kind. It was perfect for him."

It's a sweet comment. Romantic even, Namjoon should probably note this down.

"Did you really have to announce that particular fact on camera though? Why couldn't you just have given it to him secretly or something?"

"I wanted everyone to see," Taehyung says proudly. "Now everyone will look at him and think, wow that's boyfriend material, but you know, *my* boyfriend material."

"Yeah but how are you gonna explain to the media why you bought him a ten thousand dollar gift?"

"Fourteen thousand, three hundred and sixty eight dollar gift," Taehyung corrects, "and why do I need to explain? I love him obviously."

Namjoon rolls his eyes.

He knows that, Jin knows that, now every single person on the planet knows it too.

“Taehyung,” Namjoon says long suffering, “don’t think that’s gonna look suspicious?”

Taehyung tilts his head. “Suspicious how?”

“All the presents you’ve bought us are worth a tenth of that.”

“Well *obviously*,” Taehyung says, “because I love Jin hyung way more than I love the rest of you, no offense.”

“Offense taken,” Namjoon says, nonplussed. “Look, can you just *try* to be more subtle?”

“Subtle,” Taehyung nods, smiling brightly at him. Namjoon gets the sinking feeling he’s being played. “I’ll try, hyung.”

Taehyung’s version of ‘trying’ goes like this.

“You said no couple outfits,” Taehyung says when he emerges wearing half of Anna Winter’s hanbok collection. Jin, who clearly had no prior knowledge of the scheme, is sitting on the couch wearing the other half. “It’s not a couple’s outfit.”

Namjoon sighs, rubbing his temples where he can feel a headache forming. “I know what I said, I just meant—”

He looks helplessly at their stylist. “Noona?”

“Taehyung-ah,” she coaxes, “c’mon you of all people should know what the fans will say.”

“We’re singing a duet,” Taehyung says, as if singing a love duet to *each other* isn’t obvious enough, no Taehyung wants to do it with the two of them wearing half of the same suit, which is if possible, even more obvious than wearing a couples outfit. “We should match.”

Their stylist begins to protest but Taehyung’s lips are pressed together in a way that brooks no argument.

She sighs, and looks helplessly at Namjoon.

“The fans are gonna think there’s a special meaning,” Namjoon says.

“There *is* a special meaning,” Taehyung says. “It’s a love song for Jin-hyung. Who I’d die without, in case you haven’t listened to the lyrics.”

“Tae,” Namjoon says, “I’m not saying you can’t share a suit, it’s a nice gesture. *Romantic, really.* Just not while you’re both singing to each other. That’s too much.”

He expects Taehyung to chuckle, for him to back down and announce that this was all a big joke, *haha, got you!* because he'd never go onstage dressed like that, *obviously.*

Namjoon waits.

Taehyung stares resolutely back.

“Why?” Namjoon asks, exasperated. “Why is it so important to you? He knows you already wrote him the song, Taehyung-ah. You show him how much you love him *all the damn time.* Jin-hyung doesn’t even wear that one-of-a-kind fourteen thousand dollar jacket you bought him.”

“Fourteen thousand, three hundred and sixty eight dollars,” Taehyung says and begins to laugh. His gaze drifts across the room, settling on Seokjin who’s on the couch, squabbling with Jungkook, completely oblivious to their exchange.

And then he smiles.

It's a really nice smile. The kind of smile, Namjoon imagines one would smile when looking at forever.

"I know he doesn't," Taehyung says, "but I'm head over heels in love with him and this is the only way I know to show him how much."

“You buy him couples clothing and write him love songs,” Namjoon says, "trust me, he gets the message.”

“You don't understand,” Taehyung says smiling that soft secretive smile of his, "it's not even half what he does for me."

And because Namjoon is secretly a hopeless romantic too, he lets Taehyung [get his way](#).

This is what Taehyung is thinking about when the question comes up.

Romance, Taehyung has always believed, is all about the big, outrageous gestures.

The kiss under the fireworks, the million dollar diamond ring proposal on the top of the Eiffel Tower, the whole shebang! Your one true love deserved nothing less.

It hadn't occurred to Taehyung that love could look any other way, not until he'd met Kim Seokjin whose idea of romance was quite the opposite.

The first time they clash is in the midst of shooting a music video for DNA.

They had been in the artist's room waiting for the crew to arrive. There were plenty of free couches, but Taehyung had headed straight for Seokjin's, curling up against Jin's side, while he idly scrolled through Weverse on his phone.

Jin had complained.

Loudly, scathingly, but Taehyung knew he didn't really mind, by the way his hand had migrated to Taehyung's neck, fingers combing gently through his hair.

It had been nice, until the rest of the film crew showed up and Jin abruptly stood up to greet them, deliberately distancing himself from Taehyung. When they finished the round of introductions, Jin picked the couch furthest from Taehyung, speaking in formalities that made Taehyung feel sixteen all over again, young and far away from him.

"Are you ashamed of me?" Taehyung had asked later, when they were alone in Jin's hotel room.

"What?" Jin's forehead furrows with genuine surprise, "of course not."

"But earlier today--" Taehyung begins, then shuts his mouth because he doesn't have the words to explain how much it had *hurt* when Seokjin had pulled away. When Seokjin had pretended they were nothing more than co-workers.

Was that all they were? Taehyung wonders, *had he gotten it all wrong, too busy stumbling over his feet falling in love with Seokjin, while Seokjin...*

He doesn't say anything more, but Jin takes one look at his face, and understands.

"Tae," he exhales, his mouth curving around Taehyung's name like a kiss.

On a different day, Taehyung would have leaned in to kiss him for sounding like that, but today he doesn't know if he's allowed.

"Tae," Jin says, more insistently. He interlaces their fingers, squeezing gently until Taehyung looks back at him. "I'm sorry about today. It's not--I won't do that again, if you don't like it."

"I don't like it," Taehyung says, and Jin nods, dark eyes warm and understanding.

"I won't do it again."

Taehyung hadn't expected things to change just like that. But in their next interview, Taehyung loops his fingers around Seokjin's belt as Namjoon babbles on about their tour and life in America.

He feels Jin stiffen against him, his eyes darting to the cameras. Taehyung feels his heart sink, but then, as quickly as it had begun, Jin stops, relaxing against his side.

When the interviewer moves on to the next question, Jin shifts until his knee is pressing up against Taehyung's and leaves it there.

There it stays, for the rest of the interview.

Taehyung meets Seokjin's parents, properly, after the concert in Chicago.

He knows how much Seokjin's been looking forward to their visit, has seen the spring in his step all day, the eager way his eyes flicker back to his phone.

When they finally appear backstage, Seokjin stills next to him, his eyes riveted on his mother. They walk toward each other, and Seokjin pauses, once they're close enough to hug, the longing in his eyes evident.

He expects them to, but instead Jin bows, his back ramrod straight as his mother smiles sweetly at him and asks him if he's been eating enough. The centimeters between them feel like oceans, a gulf too wide to cross. When Seokjin reflexively reaches for a bag of gummies, his mother frowns and Seokjin immediately retracts his hand to scratch his cheek, his ears going red.

It's so jarringly different from Taehyung's easy banter with his own parents that Taehyung spends the rest of the evening staring at Jin; trying to reconcile the warm loving Seokjin he knows, with this polite, stilted Seokjin who speaks in platitudes and sits with his hands clasped in his lap.

Seokjin's mother leaves close to midnight, her eyes red but dry. She's left them a gift basket of fruit, and a large bouquet of flowers. The gesture feels cold and impersonal but Seokjin looks so thrilled, Taehyung can't bear to mention it.

It's at this moment that Taehyung starts to think of all the little things he would have never noticed before; the way Jin *never* breaks protocol but the way he so rarely reproaches Taehyung when he slips into *banmal*, the way Jin's shoulders stiffen when Taehyung clings to him on camera, but the way he also doesn't push Taehyung away. The way Seokjin loves his mother exactly as she is, even when she brings him fruit he doesn't eat and flowers that give him allergies. The way Jin loves Taehyung like that too, without expectation and without wanting.

When they get back to the hotel, Taehyung follows Jin back into his hotel room, pushes him flush against the door and kisses him.

When they finally pull apart, Jin blinks at him.

"What was that for?" He asks, "not that I didn't enjoy it. But I'll need to know specifically, so I can do it again. Preferably more than once."

His mouth is pink and swollen, and his palms are firm, and warm around Taehyung's waist. It's been seven years and he is still the most beautiful thing Taehyung's ever seen.

"Thank you for loving me," Taehyung says and kisses Seokjin again before he can respond.

Kim Seokjin is probably not the first name that comes to mind when it comes to the word, 'romantic'.

He frequently forgets their anniversary, picks lousy gifts and complains when Taehyung buys them matching clothing.

But when Seokjin loves, he loves with the depth of his entire soul, with every fiber of his being. He loves with so much of himself that he's moulded himself to fill the spaces of Taehyung's life, sanding down the rough edges until they fit so perfectly, Taehyung believed they had always been this way.

Taehyung doesn't know how to love him like that, so he does the only thing he can do. He loves Seokjin the way Kim Taehyung loves; by showering him with outrageously expensive gifts and cheesy couples outfits, with kisses under fireworks and a five string quartet playing Canon in D in their living room.

He knows what his big gestures look like to everyone else, but at the end of the day what Taehyung gives Seokjin are just *things*.

So when the prompt, "Who in the group is the most romantic?" shows up, Taehyung is thinking about Chicago when he puts his hand on Jin's shoulder and says decisively, "Jin. I'm Jin."

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

“Of course I’m sad,” Taehyung grumbles, though less grudgingly than fifteen minutes ago, “why would I buy us couples pajamas if we can’t wear them as a couple?”

“Because we’re technically the biggest boyband in the world and are partially successful because our fans think they could potentially date us?”

“I know that,” Taehyung sighs, “I just wish you weren’t so reasonable all the time.”

Taehyung is sulking on the couch as he scrolls through feeds featuring their matching pajamas on Run BTS, which match no more, thanks to The Terrible Incident of Jimin and The Orange Juice.

“Why are you sulking?” Seokjin asks softly, sitting by him.

Taehyung sighs, rearranging himself on the couch so he can press his cheek to Seokjin’s chest.

Seokjin waits until he gets comfortable and then cards his fingers comfortingly through Taehyung’s hair. “Are you still sad?”

“Of course I’m sad,” Taehyung grumbles, though less grudgingly than fifteen minutes ago, “why would I buy us couples pajamas if we can’t wear them as a couple?”

“Because we’re technically the biggest boyband in the world and are partially successful because our fans think they could potentially date us?”

“I know that,” Taehyung sighs, “I just wish you weren’t so reasonable all the time.”

Seokjin shrugs, his fingers stalling against Taehyung’s scalp.

“Does it really bother you so much?” He asks, when Taehyung remains quiet.

“Yes,” Taehyung says, sighing, “no. I don’t know. I just wish there was some way that people knew that we belonged to each other.”

“We do though,” Seokjin says, turning Taehyung’s chin so he can look into Seokjin’s earnest eyes. “I’m yours, and that won’t change whether or not anyone else knows, and whether or not we wear matching clothing.”

“Yeah,” Taehyung says quietly. “I know.”

Seokjin interlaces their fingers, tracing his hand over the back of Taehyung's palm, then up.

Taehyung shivers.

"But just so you know, and just so I know, there's this."

There's a soft clink, and the cool touch of metal against his wrist and when Taehyung looks down there's a [silver half bracelet](#) looped around his wrist.

Seokjin interlaces their fingers, and there's the matching clink of metal against metal when their hands meet.

"I got us these," Seokjin says, he's still looking at Taehyung's wrist, where the silver band complements his tanned skin. "To remind you that I'm yours forever, Kim Taehyung."

And even without looking, Taehyung already knows what's inscribed on the bracelets, two initials and one date, two boys and one quiet sandy beach in Hawaii, the wedding march playing softly in the background.

"You're mine," Taehyung says, smiling, "and I'm the only one who needs to know."

Extra 1: The Shower Incident

“What do you mean you just ‘let him in’?” Yoongi demands.

Jin blinks at him.

“I mean...” He says slowly, thinking over his word choice, but there’s really nothing else he can say. “I... let him in?”

“You let him in?” Yoongi repeats disbelievingly.

Jin is starting to feel defensive now. “I mean what was I supposed to do? Leave him out there?”

Yoongi stares at him.

Jin stares back.

“Yes?!”

“But he knocked on the door!”

“You don't just open the door to anyone who knocks,” Yoongi bellows, "would you open the shower door to a delivery man?"

"Depends what he's delivering," Jin says and shoots Yoongi two little finger guns. Yoongi looks unimpressed.

Jin deflates. “I mean, what was I supposed to do?”

“I don't know," Yoongi says, ticking off his fingers, "tell him to wait his turn, ignore him, finish showering quickly so he can have the bathroom next. Your pick!"

"And just so we're clear, letting him in, that's a no go."

"For the last time hyung," Yoongi says, "do *not* let him in."

So the next time Taehyung tries to follow Jin into the shower, Jin turns around and gently stops him at the door.

“Tae,” he begins and Taehyung looks back at him with those big, shining eyes.

“Yes hyung?”

"I." Jin hesitates, "I don't think we should um. Shower together."

Taehyung looks bewildered. "Why not?"

"Because.. Um the shower is really small."

"You can have most of the shower, hyung," Taehyung says, generously, "I'll stand out of the spray."

"That's not even... aish..."

"Then what?" Taehyung is still peering at him with those goddamned baby deer eyes that are doing funny things to Jin's chest. Oh God, he should have thought this through. "If i'm not in there who's gonna help hyung scrub his back?"

Jin doesn't say, I've been doing it fine on my own the past twenty years, but he definitely thinks it.

Taehyung wilts visibly as the silence stretches. "Is it because... you don't like me?"

His bottom lip wobbles.

"No!" Jin says, panicking, "of course I like you."

"Oh," Taehyung says relieved, "I like you too. Let's shower together!"

"But--" Jin protests, but it's too late because Taehyung is already walking him into the bathroom, locking the door securely behind them both.

"C'mere hyung," he says cheerily, "I'm going to take off all your clothes."

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