

## PAPER X HEARTS

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# PAPER X HEARTS

by [jungbiscuit](#)

## Summary

Kim Taehyung needs an English tutor, Jeon Jeongguk needs to get his mother off his back about finding a girlfriend and despite being mortal enemies; they seem to make things work.

# Of Stolen Hotteok And Man Buns

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

This wasn't a good idea. Then again, Kim Taehyung wasn't known for making particularly favourable decisions. He's known for his outrageous hair colours, boxy grin, positive attitude and clothing riddled with rips and tears... also the occasional paint splatter from where he'd been too lazy to apply his apron.

And yet here he found himself, balling the hem of his shirt in his fists as he approached the lone student in the corner of the library, his lip caught between his teeth and a lump forming in his throat. He stood in front of the raven haired male for a few minutes, rearranging his inner monologue before he was dragged from his thoughts by the boy who had yet to look up from his obnoxiously oversized book.

"*Kim Taehyung.*" He said sternly, still not taking his eyes off what Taehyung thought must have been the most interesting book about marketing strategy.

"Woah, spooky Gukie didn't even look up" The smaller laughed off as he sat down across from the younger, tapping his nails on the wooden desk top,

"I didn't have to. I knew It was your annoying presence by the way my mood suddenly went sour" Jeongguk spoke calmly, contrasting the abrupt hand that smacked on top of Taehyung's to stop the needless pitter patter of the older males fingers.

"Listen. Jeonggukie *dearest*. My good friend and reliable companion," Hearing this, Jeongguk finally graced Taehyung with the gift of his gaze, knowing full well that his arch nemesis needed a favour. He raised an eyebrow to which Taehyung sighed.

"I need you to tutor me in English" And for the first time in seven years, Jeongguk laughs at Taehyung. Much to the brown haired males chagrin.

"I'm serious! There's a role coming up from an original play by Jaehwan hyung, the character speaks mainly English and that would look so awesome on my resumé! You have to help me out. Please Jeongguk, you aced English in high school, you're my only hope" Taehyung finished with a dramatic slump forehead, face-planting the desk.

"Hire a tutor. There are plenty around the campus"

"But they aren't as good as you. You studied abroad in America for two years! Besides... I kinda don't have the money to hire an actual tutor" Taehyung flicked his eyes up to Jeongguk's own, hoping his kicked puppy expression would win him over. The older male *quite literally* had to check all of his pockets from every article of clothing in his wardrobe today, just to put together the few cents he needed for a packet of instant ramen. His college tuition alone was a pain in the ass; however, asking his parents for a loan would be an even bigger pain in the ass.

“So, you want me to teach you English *for free*?” Jeongguk’s glare only hardened, completely unfazed,

“Oh come on Guk. For me, out of the kindness from your... Piece of heart-”

“Forget it” and with that Jeongguk slammed his book shut and was slinging his bag over his shoulder, already exiting the library.

“Yeah, alright buddy! Good chat!” Taehyung yelled behind the retreating male and ignored the crude gesture he received in return.

...

“Tae Tae!” Taehyung scrambled and almost dropped his phone upon hearing the shrill voice of his roommate/best friend of seventeen years, Park Jimin.

“Jimothy! You near gave me a heart attack” Taehyung whined and clutched his phone close to his chest, aiming to calm his racing heart, to which Jimin just giggled in apology, eyes turning into small crescents, nose wrinkling and mouth agape; showcasing his crooked front tooth.

“How’d things go with Jeonshit?” He asked a little too loudly, excitedly tapping the taller’s shoulder.

“It couldn’t have gone worse. He flat out rejected me. My pride is still weeping”

“Hey now, don’t be too upset Tae... At least its hotteok Tuesday? Cheer up and lets go get our pancake on. My treat~” Jimin smiled again and rubbed the younger's back whilst he led the way to the cafeteria. Taehyung tries to pretend he can't hear bells and angel wings fluttering from behind the golden haired males back.

Upon reaching the front of the line he smiled eagerly at the elderly woman, the scent of honey and cinnamon invading his nostrils and causing his mouth to salivate; he could almost taste the sugary dough. The (currently) brunette haired male ordered his hotteok, sliding the money across the counter.

“I’m sorry, lad. The young fellow to your right purchased the last one just now. I’ll see you next week, yes?” Taehyung’s eyes followed the direction her finger was pointing until his gaze fell upon none other than Jeon freaking Jeongguk’s smirking face.

“Oh I am *so* sorry. Would you perhaps like to share?” Jeongguk spoke in perfect English just to taunt Taehyung further, evoking a growl from the elder,

“Whatever. I don’t need hotteok or help from your crusty ass.” Taehyung was practically seething when Jeongguk turned around and gave his own butt a slap before blowing a kiss and walking away laughing while simultaneously stuffing the whole pancake into his mouth.

...



It all started when the boys were in kindergarten, most yet to see six summers. The classroom was filled with cries from children refusing to leave their parents and even a certain older brother refusing to let 'Baekkie's little angel Tae' leave his side.

Jeongguk sat on train-track themed rug, cars long forgotten as he was building a tower to replicate the one his father had taken him to many times in the past. He ignored the chubby cheeked boy trying to stick his whole hand into a jar of jam and the pale boy who's glowering eyes just peeped past the giant kumamon plushie in his lap, glaring at the sticky-faced male on the bean bag, however, he couldn't ignore the brunette with the boxy grin who came and sat next to him on the mat.

"Hiya! My name is Kim Taehyung, I like to sing, draw and pretend! Let's be bestest best friends?" Taehyung beamed at the small boy with round doe eyes, thick, dark eyelashes and bunny teeth poking out, biting down on his bottom lip. The brunette grabbed a lego block to help the younger.

"What's your name?" Taehyung asked, noticing the way the younger's cheeks turned rosy, contrasting with his milky white skin. *Cute*. Taehyung thought with a smile. Jeongguk didn't respond, only taking the brick from the others hands,

"Oh... You don't want me to play with you?" Jeongguk watched with wide, blinking eyes as Taehyung pouted and his eyes welled up with tears,

"Yeah? Well! You're a big stinky poo bum head!" Taehyung shouted with as much malice as a five year old could possibly muster. The younger's eyebrows furrowed and he stuck his tongue out at his newfound enemy. Kim Taehyung could not handle such disrespect. With one swift motion he'd knocked over Jeongguk's lego tower and before Jeongguk could cry out "*MMMOoOOOOoMmMMMMM*" Taehyung was being scooped up and lifted away, still muttering insults along the line's of 'meanie bum' and 'rotten egg'.

He now stood glaring daggers at Jeongguk from his place in the naughty corner. The raven haired boy mouthed the words '*you're not invited to my birthday party*' and that's all it took for Taehyung to snap.

"THAT'S IT! FROM THIS DAY FOREWORD, YOU ARE MY ARCH NEMESIS- ..."

"-Jeon Jeongguk" Jam boy informed,

"YOU ARE MY ENEMY JEON JEONGGUK AND THANK YOU KIND SIR. WE ARE NOW FRIENDS" He spoke the last part to the chubby cheeked boy who's eyes lit up like Christmas tree toppers. Jeongguk just shrugged. He didn't need Kim Taehyung. He didn't need anyone, so it came as a surprise to everyone when he warmed up to Yoongi, another boy from the class; quiet like himself and seemingly always eager for naptime.

They bickered their way through their education, even when Jeongguk studied abroad in America for two years. The second the younger stepped back onto home soil; the two were at each others throats, much to the teacher's dismay. Jimin will never forget the look that washed upon Taehyung's face or the growl that arose from Jeongguk's throat when they spotted one another at the university's orientation day.

“Please tell me you’re just dropping Jimeme off and then you’re leaving my life forever.” Jeongguk spat and Jimin knew he should have been offended but he was too busy laughing at ‘Jimeme’

“I’ll have you know that in fact, yes, I do intend on studying here. If you have a problem with it; the exit is right there” Taehyung spoke calmly with his nose pointed high in the air, causing Jeongguk to snicker

“What are you? Some lame-ass tour guide?”

“Yes,” Taehyung coughed to get the attention of a few passing students, offering a hand in Jeongguk’s direction,

“And now, students, if you look to your left, you’ll spot a little bitch” The students remained expressionless before they continued walking in silence spare Jimin’s over the top shouts of ‘oOO0hHHHhHhHhHHh!!!’ with one hand over his mouth.

“Whatever. Keep your head down, *hyung*” The honorific tasted sour on Jeongguk’s tongue and sounded like nails scratching down a chalkboard ringing in Taehyung’s ears, still cringing as it echoed throughout his being.

And that pretty much brings Jeongguk to where he sits as of today, just over a year later, in his dorm watching Friends re-runs on the couch which he and Yoongi had picked up from the universities ‘Bermuda Triangle’, a secluded corner where students could leave old furniture they no longer wanted and always, without fail, it would be gone within the hour. The couch itself was too old for use, the padding being worn out so much the raven haired male felt like he were sitting directly on springs and each time Jeongguk spilt soy sauce on the cushion, he’d flip it over only to find about seven more stains.

The sound of the door bell ringing loudly filled the living room, Jeongguk moved his eyes toward the door, weighing his options in his head, it could be important... however he just found that one comfortable spot after about forty minutes of trying, it makes Jeongguk question why he even bothers with the couch in the first place; the ground being a more comfortable option. The visitor began to grow impatient, ringing the bell relentlessly, forcing Jeongguk to roll off the couch and drag his feet to the door,

“What the fuck do you w- ...*Eomma*?” Mrs Jeon didn’t bother explaining herself as she immediately reached up to pinch her tall sons cheeks.

“Oh my, Gukie! You just become more and more handsome each time I see you!” she exclaims clapping her hands together excitedly,

“Tell your mother, what do your plans involve for this Friday evening.”

“I can tell you what my plans *don’t* involve; going on a blind date set up by my mother.” Mrs Jeon rolled her eyes.

“I just want you to settle down, you’ll need a pretty little wife to cook you meals and take care of you after you take your fathers position as the CEO of Jeon Corp. I want what’s best

for you, sweetie” Jeongguk knew she had purely good intentions but that didn’t make him favour the situation any more.

“I’m not compatible with any of those girls you’ve set me up with, sure, they’re all perfect. However, they aren’t for me. Doesn’t what I want matter?” She opened her mouth to reply but Jeongguk cut her off, *he wasn’t finished*.

“Mother I want to marry someone for love, not status. You could find me the most amazing and beautiful or intelligent girl in the whole world but all is fruitless. If I don’t have feelings for her, I’ll never be happy... and that’s what matters, right?” She nodded slowly. Her son was one of the most, *if not the most*, important person in her life. Jeongguk’s best interest was at heart at all times. After all, he was his fathers’ successor. Jeon Corp needed Jeongguk like Jeongguk needed a significant other to take care of him, love and bare her grandchildren; two boys and a girl. She’d shower the eldest with wisdom and knowledge as the future CEO after his old man, tell the middle child she loved him but would spare the fact that she couldn’t remember his birthday and the youngest, she’d teach to braid hair.

“I don’t know what you want, Jeongguk but I’ll tell you what you need, *what I want*. I want you sitting comfortably in the office chair of your building, leading Jeon Corp down the road to even greater success. Driving home in a luxurious car. You pull up in front of your house; white picket fence like you’ve always *craved*. Your wife greets you with a kiss on the cheek and takes your briefcase, telling you dinner is on the table. You eat with your children and tuck them into bed before going to your respective bed to cuddle with your wife, is that not what you *want*, Jeongguk?”

Emotions hit Jeongguk like a slap in the face, is that what I want? It sounded ideal... too much so. Jeongguk isn’t really one for normality. He likes different, he likes not being in a routine, not knowing what was going to happen next. In fact, his mothers vision isn’t what he wants at all. He doesn’t even want to become the CEO of Jeon Corp first and foremost. Although, disappointing his mother... That’s something Jeongguk just couldn’t do.

“Enough. I’ve been talking to Youngmi, you remember little Minah, don’t you? Well, she’s become quite the lady. I’ve arranged for y-”

“I can’t!” Jeongguk yelled before he could stop himself,

“The thing is... I’m kinda- I’m already in a relationship!” Lies continued to tumble from Jeongguk’s lips, unable to stop himself. Mrs Jeon arched her thin eyebrow,

“Oh? Gukie, sweetheart! Why didn’t you tell your dear mother sooner! Where is she?” At this point, Jeongguk really wasn’t thinking.

“Uhm... T-That person right there!” Jeongguk pointed in the direction of a skinny male attempting to catch a kitten across the street.

“...Its... A he? Well. Invite your *boyfriend* over, Jeongguk” the raven haired male could practically see her waving goodbye to the grandchildren he hadn’t even conceived.

“That’s not necessary. He’s busy and all that but you’ve seen him and now you can stop harassing me about settling down. It was nice seeing you bye.” Jeongguk tried to scramble back inside but was stopped by his mother dragging him to her side by the back of his shirt collar.

“I won’t be satisfied with merely *seeing* him. I must meet him, go now, bring him over” and with that she pushed her son in the direction of his so-called ‘boyfriend’. Jeongguk barely having enough time to catch himself, stumbling on the small steps in front of his dorm.

“H-Hi there. Sorry to distract you from what looks like a *very* important task but I really need you to help me out. Like bro. Do your fellow bro a solid,” He pleaded with the slim male who had just looked up from the drain he was crouched over, the cat disappearing beneath it moments before hand.

“So you want me to help you out, *for free*?” the brunette mimicked Jeongguk from earlier that day, still upset with the taller male.

“Taehyung!?”

“Jeonggay!?”

“What? Where are your bangs?” he pointed at the pony tail atop Taehyung’s head, most of it being streaks of silky teal green from where the older had tried dying his bangs only the previous week. No wonder I didn’t recognise him, Jeongguk thought.

“I got sick of my fringe. Threw it in the trash. *Where do you think my bangs are???*” Taehyung spat sarcastically, violently ripping the hair tie from his fringe and pointing to his forehead.

“Look that’s cool and all but, oh my god this is embarrassing, I really need your help,” by now Jeongguk had already pulled Taehyung up, dusting him off and making sure his hair was in place as he led him back to his dorm where his mother stood, waiting.

“And what will I get from it?” Taehyung’s interest had indeed been piqued.

“I don’t know. A high-five? Do you want a sparkly sticker that says **‘YOU DID IT!’**? I’ll do anything, just do me this *one* favor.”

“Be my tutor. Teach me English and I’ll do whatever you need” Jeongguk sucked his teeth as he thought, again weighing options in his head.

“Fine-”

“Free of charge.” Jeongguk rolled his eyes,

“...*Fine.*”

“Pinky Promise” The taller looked down to see Taehyung’s extended pinky, reaching for his own hand. He wrapped his pinky finger around the brunette’s slimmer finger, about to pull away when Taehyung brought their knuckles together, pressing the pad of his thumb to Jeongguk’s.

“You have to lock it” Taehyung shot Jeongguk a quick smile and withdrew his hand, looking back at the ground. By now they were standing in front of Mrs Jeon, Jeongguk’s arm still awkwardly remaining around Taehyung’s shoulders.

“Eomma, this is Kim Taehyung. He’s my” Jeongguk inwardly cringed,

“...*Boyfriend*.” The speed at which Taehyung’s head snapped up to stare at Jeongguk through eyes the size of saucers was enough to make Jeongguk think he may have accidentally pulled a muscle in his neck, absently rubbing the pad of his thumb in circles along the smaller male’s jugular vein.

“Oh my goodness! He certainly is a looker, isn’t he? Pleased to meet you, lovely. I’m Jeon Jiwoo, however, you may call me ‘eomma’ if you want to,”

“Y-Yes... Nice to meet you too, eomma” Taehyung said with a nervous laugh, extending his arm to shake Mrs Jeon’s awaiting hand. Sensing an awkward vibe in the air, Jeongguk’s anxiety was rising, he unintentionally tightened his grip on Taehyung’s shoulder .

“O-Ouch, *babe*, you’re hurting me” Taehyung emphasized the word ‘babe’ and raised his eyebrows at Jeongguk, silently telling him to pick up his act.

“Yes Jeongguk, save that for the bedroom” Mrs Jeon sent a wink in Taehyung’s direction before digging into her bag. Jeongguk watched on as Taehyung’s face heated up, turning a cute shade of pink before completely transforming into a beautiful hue of red, blooming across his cheeks and dancing on the tops of his ears.

“*Taehyung ah*, you absolutely have to come over and have dinner with us sometime next week! I’m dying to know more about you. When are you free, my lovely?” she slipped her glasses on and opened her diary to next week’s dates, ready to plan.

“Eomma, Taehyung is very busy. *Extremely busy* all of next week and the week after. Please, just drop it”

“Nonsense Guk, I’m free on Wednesday evening. Eomma, please cook an American style dinner” Taehyung said with a bow.

“Aigoo! Of course, if that’s what you want” She giggled, giving her son a pinch on the cheek,

“I like him! We’ll see you both next week!” And two smooches on the cheek later she was being escorted back to her car and driven home.

“*Explain.*”

Jeongguk slowly slid his hand off Taehyung’s shoulders, scratching the nape of his neck.

“My mum has been on my back about me getting a girlfriend, I thought if I told her I already was in a relationship, she’d give up... But I think I just added fuel to the fire” Taehyung crossed his arms over his chest and began to tap his foot.

“Yeah, thanks for the context. You’re just lucky that I’m such a fantastic actor and I’m well acquainted with the conventions of improvisation.”

“Okay. But why the fuck did you agree to dinner?” Jeongguk turned and gave the smaller a shove.

“Hey, if I can get a free baked dinner out of this, so help me Jeon Jeongguk, *I will*.” “This was supposed to be a one time thing! You were meant to get my mum off my back!”

“Chill fam. We’ll go on Wednesday, act in love, have a good time and then we’ll have a tragic break up, *‘Its not me... Its you’* - that type of thing. It may take a bit for you to move on but I think you’ll be fine in the long run if you just stay strong” Jeongguk sucked on his bottom lip, a habit he developed for when he was nervous.

“Whatever” Jeongguk sighed, opening his door, *if I walk quickly I might be able to catch the end of this episode*, Jeongguk thought. Leaving Taehyung at his doorway.

“Hey! Asswipe! Don’t forget that you promised to tutor me!”

## Chapter End Notes

Ew. I am the epitome of trash, i'm so sorry

also!! this is v short, i know. i'll try make the next chapter a little longer and it'll be posted when i get my life together :^) probably not soon but probably not too long //who knows//

# 'Someone Has To'

## Chapter Summary

I RLLY HOPE Y'ALL AREN'T LACTOSE INTOLERANT BC THIS IS CHEESE AF  
MSORRY

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Jimin, punch me in the face”

“No”

“You hate me.” Taehyung whined as he flopped down face-first into the couch which was currently occupied by a glasses clad, tea holding Jimin and his small army of textbooks.

“Yah! Tea! Hot Tae! *Wait- Fuck-*” Jimin yelled, quickly sitting up to avoid the feet that were aimed for a place resting in his lap,

“So you don’t deny it?” Taehyung turned his head to glare at his roommate, his cheek squashed into the couch.

“*Yes*, I hate you. That’s why I went out of my way to buy you hotteok from a street vendor this morning and I’m going to eat it if you don’t start taking your stupid shoes off at the goddiddy darn door!” Again, Taehyung willed away the sound of angels singing or the thought of an ethereal light forming around Jimin’s small body

“Stop looking at me like that or I really will punch you, I’ll punch you in the knee-cap. I don’t even care”

“Ooh, *savage*. Anyway, thanks Jimothy! You’re the bestest” Taehyung quickly sat up and made a beeline for the kitchen, his stomach still craving hotteok from the previous day.

“*Best*,” Jimin corrected.

“So, funny story. *Hilarious actually*. Jeongguk, you know our pal Guk, right?” Taehyung babbled while breaking apart pieces of hotteok with his fingers and eating them.

“Where are you going with this?” Jimin raised his eyebrows at Taehyung who had joined him back on the couch. Of course he knew Jeongguk; he had been the bane of Taehyung’s existence since before Taehyung even knew what that sentence meant, ultimately, making him the bane of Jimin’s existence too.

“He’s coming over... Tonight” Jimin’s eyebrows furrowed, silently telling his best friend to explain himself.

“I did a... *favor* for him. In return, he agreed to tutor me; free of charge too” by now Taehyung was shuffling around, cleaning the apartment in an attempt to rid himself of Jimin’s questioning gaze.

“Did you suck his dick? Because if so, Kim Taehyung I swear to G-”

“Oh God no, Jimin! Get your head outta your ass” Taehyung continued rearranging their anime cabinet, focusing on keeping his back to the elder so he wouldn’t detect the blush that was creeping up his face.

“Then what? I know that assbrick. He wouldn’t have just suddenly had a change of heart” Jimin let out a small huff of laughter at the thought of Jeongguk being nice to someone for a reason other than his own personal gain; a situation like that was just too unbelievable.

“Well, we found ourselves in a strange situation, you see. I had to be his boyfriend, his mother’s haircut makes her look at least ten years younger but it’s strange because on anyone else it’d look like a dead cat on their head and yeah he agreed to teach me English. *Oh!* I also got Peaches on Neko Atsume...Did I leave anything out?”

“*You what?!* You and Jeongguk... Are?” Taehyung tapped his index finger against the base of Jimin’s chin, closing the boy’s agape mouth.

“Still enemies. He’s just gonna tutor me a little, I’ll go play house with him on Wednesday and then things will be back to being shitty as normal”

“Taehyung, why do you do this to yourself? And! What the heck did you leave in your yard to lure Peaches?! I’ve been trying for a goddamn month!”

“I don’t know, Jiminnie. Maybe I subconsciously like challenging myself? And she isn’t fussy when it comes to goodies. Everyone knows this. Try using the cat pancake”

“Thanks bro”

“Anytime bro”

They were all too soon bought out of their moment by a harsh knocking at the door, Taehyung immediately straightened his back, biting at his bottom lip,

“Well, you kiddies have fun now. Hoseokie hyung wants me to help out with his dance class tonight,”

“Jim-bob, what if he *murders* me?” Jimin sighed and tried to shake off the hand that holding onto his sweater sleeve.

“You’d have a funeral... And I’d probably save a few dollars every week because I wouldn’t have to constantly buy you banana milk” Jimin smiled innocently, causing Taehyung to playfully punch the elder on the shoulder,



“Look, if he gives you the crazy eyes- I’m only a call away. I’ll pull out my secret move, yeah?”

“Yeah, alright, *you’ll punch him in the knee-caps*, got it. Now get out of here before Hoseok calls” Jimin clicked his tongue, the final part of their trio was indeed a worrywart. If Jimin were even five minutes late he knew the older would assume the worst-case scenario.

“Alright, I’m off. I’ll pick up some pizza on my way home” The shorter male shouted back as he picked up his keys and opened the door to Jeongguk who had now taken a seat on the ground and was scrolling through his twitter feed.

“Took you long enough. What, did you have to tuck him into bed before you left?” Jimin shrugged. *Yeah*, he did baby his best friend, and there was no denying that.

“Someone has to, *why? Are you jealous, Jeon?*” Jimin scoffed making his way down the hall before the younger could make his comeback.

“*Tch*. As if” Jeongguk picked up his stack of books and fixed his bag on his back before showing himself inside and shutting the door behind him; shutting out the less than pleasing thought of tucking a sleepy Taehyung with rosy cheeks and pouty lips into his bed- *what the fuck, Jeon?*

“Honey, I’m home!” he cooed, snaking a teasing hand around Taehyung’s slim hips to which the elder turned around and hit him with the book he was holding.

“Don’t get handsy with me, mister” Taehyung shot him a pointed look, making his way toward the small table in the living room.

“What should we start with?” he continued, taking a seat and shoving the one next to him with his elbow, showing Jeongguk where to sit.

“I’m thinking the alphabet, unless you’ve given up your ambitions of learning English in which case, we start by me going home”

“Alphabet it is!” The brunette chirped excitedly taking one of Jeongguk’s books and flipping to the first page,

“I know this will most likely be a negative but how much, *if any*, do you remember from high school?” Jeongguk mumbled, removing his laptop from its protective case and setting it on the table.

“Oh- Uhm...” Taehyung was about to reply with ‘*close to nothing*’ before he was interrupted by Jeongguk’s phone flashing with a text from his brother.

### **Shoulders Hyung- 5:26pm**

Jeon Jeongguk! Why didn’t u tell ur handsome hyung that u r in a relationship??? >:( I’ll come ova there and slap the McShit outta u son! Give me the deets!!

**Shoulders Hyung- 5:26pm**

Also Joonie says hello~ :)

**Shoulders Hyung- 5:34pm**

Kid, I kno u r reading these. Ur phone is always in ur hand :(((( don't make me call u bc I will.

**Golden AF- 5:35pm**

I'm busy.

Jeongguk slammed the phone screen-down on the table to avoid any more disruptions from his brother, facing Taehyung with a frown. *God*, the only thing he hated more than Taehyung was being disrupted,

“As you were sayi-”

***PRINCESS\_PREACH92 HAS SNAPCHATTED YOU!***

***KIM SEOKJIN HAS POSTED ON YOUR WALL.***

***DIRECT MESSAGE FROM MARIOSBF.***

***KIM SEOKJIN HAS POKED YOU.***

***NEW EMAIL FROM: KIMJIN@HOTMAIL.COM.AU***

***TWITTER: '@JEON\_CENA ANSWER ME U LIL BINCH'***

***MARIOSBF HAS MENTIONED YOU IN A POST.***

Message after message appeared on the screen and Jeongguk contemplated what would finish his phone quicker; throwing it out of the kitchen window or flushing it down Taehyung's toilet. *The window is closer...*

He arose from his spot at the table, ready to throw, when he recalled the phone having a 'power off' feature. Jeongguk let out a nervous giggle to himself until the mobile began vibrating; ringing loudly in his ears as Seokjin's caller ID appeared on his screen. He hastily switched off the device and slammed it back on the table- beginning to seethe,

Seokjin was being unreasonable. The elder practically thrived off of gossip. Bickering about anything and everything, ranging from Youngmi's butt not fitting into those jeans correctly to McDonald's not making nuggets like they used to. *Luckily*, Seokjin had settled down with a mellow guy- Namjoon hyung. Namjoon was kind and used philosophical words Jeongguk didn't always completely understand but would nod along to anyway. His chilled out persona usually evened out Seokjin's, making the eldest male easier to deal with. Today, however; no such luck.

Within three minutes Seokjin had realized Jeongguk's phone had been switched off and had executed part two of his grand plan,

***Skype: Seokjin&Tonic is calling you!***

Taehyung watched on as Jeongguk raked his fingers through his hair, harshly tugging on the onyx strands. *He sure was getting annoyed by the constant notifications on not only his phone but now his laptop too?!* The brunette thought mischievously with a shit-eating grin. *I like Seokjin already.*

"Answer him, *dick breath*. The guy obviously wants to talk" Taehyung shoved Jeongguk's knee with his own and furrowed his eyebrows at the younger,

"You don't get it, *wank stain*. This guy is my brother- he's gonna have so many fucking questions and I'm not in the goddamn mood. Not now, not ever" Jeongguk flipped the younger off and went to reject the call, failing to stop Taehyung's hand from flying across the mouse pad and clicking 'accept'. The elder sat back in his chair with his tongue poked out to which Jeongguk muttered his umpteenth insult in the time frame of 1.9 seconds before looking up and smiling brightly into the webcam

"Hey, hyungie" the exchange made Taehyung giggle from his spot off camera. The raven haired male's personality just did a complete one-eighty and the sudden contrast really was spectacular.

"Jeon Jeongguk, I am so disappointed in you! Why did you not notify me earlier that you were in a relationship?!"

"I- You see- It's..."

"It's not good enough, that's what it is, Jeon Jeonggu- *wait Joon! You can't put that bowl in the microwave, its metal you damn manchild!*" Seokjin rubbed his temples before exhaling and looking back at his younger brother through the screen of his computer.

"Mother said he was lovely, very good looking too, Guk. I'm happy for you" he said with an earnest smile and Taehyung pretended he didn't just see the man flinch as a loud '*bang!*' was heard in the background, accompanied by a deep groan and what sounded like a mumbled '*my lasagna...*'

“He-He’s okay... I guess” Jeongguk said awkwardly, trying very hard not to stroke his supposed boyfriend’s ego,

“Don’t be modest! If you’ve found a keeper; *flaunt him!* Gosh! I wanna know all of the details- tell me everything you love about him, all of his qualities! *The things that really make your heart skip beats*” Jeongguk swallowed.

“Gukie, I can’t wait to meet him- *fuck, really? Ok, hang on.* Sorry Jeongguk ah, Joonie thinks he singed his left eyebrow off again. I’ll call you back?” and with that he held up a peace sign and ended the call,

“Again?” Taehyung turned to the younger with wide eyes, unconsciously patting his eyebrows and thanking his lucky stars that they were, in fact, still on his face.

“Namjoon hyung is... *Destructive* for lack of a better word. Nice guy though,” Jeongguk snickered at the memory of the first time he lost his dear leftie; lighting candles in the bedroom, you know, to *set the mood* and all. Let’s just say, Namjoon with only one eyebrow did *not* put Seokjin in the mood.

“*I’m lovely, very good looking too.* Oh! how lucky you are to have me as a boyfriend” Taehyung cooed, twirling a strand of teal green hair between his slim fingers.

“Get fucked” the younger scoffed and smacked his head on the table. *Well that could have gone worse...* Jeongguk thought. He just has to be thankful for the small things. Like Namjoon being a complete doop and accidentally singeing off his left eyebrow... Again.

“Okay, Kim. Let’s get our story straight so we don’t get caught off guard next time” he turned in his chair to face Taehyung fully, who in return gave him a firm nod,

“We met online” the younger started

“Pfft, I ain’t no tinder surprise... We met in a café. When ‘caramel macchiato’ was called out, we both stepped forward to grab it- as we had both ordered the same thing. You thought I was cute so you let me have it,”

“It was obviously mine.” Taehyung just rolled his eyes at the younger, *theoretically, you asshole.*

The brunette bit back an insult and instead motioned his hands for Jeongguk to continue the story. *Some things just aren’t worth fighting about.* This thought in itself made Taehyung’s eyes widen in realization. Did *the* Kim Taehyung just refuse the opportunity to fight Jeon *goddamn* Jeongguk?! Taehyung didn’t know why, he didn’t know what was going on but he did know one thing; he didn’t like it.

“We’ve been dating for about 3 months, give or take”

“Open relationship?”

“No”

“Are we physical?”

“Yes” Taehyung blushed slightly,

“H-Have we...”

“I doubt they’re going to ask- ok scratch that. *No, we have not.* I’m an innocent child of the lord in the eyes of my father and it’s staying that way” The mere thought of a pure Jeongguk made Taehyung scrunch his nose in annoyance; everyone knew about this guy’s track record, with guys and girls alike- *he probably invented the root and boot.*

Taehyung saw a look of constipation mixed with something akin to anxiety dance across the youngsters’ features, noting the way he sucked on his bottom lip, he deduced that this was his thinking face, on anyone else he would have found it kind of endearing but seeing Jeongguk wear the expression just made Taehyung’s skin crawl. He decided to help the kid out to remove it as quickly as possible. *They also still had to finish the tutoring session.*

“Alright, Jeon. As much as I *do not* care; we need to know the basics about one another so we don’t come across as complete strangers” Jeongguk raised his eyebrows and shrugged, accompanied by a small nod, *at least the elder was being helpful.*

“Not bad. Twenty One questions?”

“You’re on”

...

“Milk goes into the tea when?”

“Teabag, sugar, hot water, milk. Don’t fuck with the system” Jeongguk replied smugly to which Taehyung sighed.

“*Oh thank fuck.* I thought I was going to have to fake-dump your ass,” He giggled reassuringly as Jeongguk took his time thinking of the next question.

In the time span of one hour, Seokjin had failed to call back but Taehyung had learnt many new things about his arch nemesis;

*Unlike himself,* Jeongguk preferred the cold weather because he could wear beanies, drape himself in fluffy blankets and snuggle- *to which Taehyung teased him about not seeming like a snuggler, causing Jeongguk to mumble a small ‘shut the fuck up’.*

He has to take over his father’s position as CEO of Jeon Corp when the time arose, much to the raven-haired male’s dismay. Taehyung watched the spark flit across his eyes as he told the elder of his desire for dancing and simply moving his body to a rhythm, how when he was younger he aspired to open his own institute of dance. Taehyung’s grandmother had always

said that one becomes almost a hundred times more beautiful whilst talking about something one is truly passionate about; once again, she wasn't wrong.

He learnt that Jeongguk likes showering with the water too hot, his favourite colour is red, he has a habit of mumbling while he reads, sucking his bottom lip when he's nervous, he dislikes children and his guilty pleasure was watching late night Sex & the City re-runs with Yoongi as they hotboxed the latter's bedroom.

"Cats or dogs?" Jeongguk finally spat, clicking his fingers

"Dogs, obviously. Cats don't give love back, they're all assholes"

"*YOU'RE PATTING THEM WRONG!!!!* It's not the cats! It's you!! You *filthy* dog people are all the fucking same. Cats have so much love to give, if you're not receiving any; *you're* doing something wrong." Jeongguk finished his rant by fetching a picture of a small black and white kitten on his phone and held it out to Taehyung,

"Okay, look at this and try telling me it's not fucking adorable" Taehyung's eyes ran over the picture, taking in the big, round yellow eyes- they weren't sharp and calculating like most cats he had experienced, rather doe-like.

"I guess it's pretty cute. Yours?" A small bunny-like smile crept onto Jeongguk's face at hearing this. He nodded his head fondly,

"Her name is Spooky. I got her after coming back from America... She stays with my parents now though, can't stand Yoongi for some reason"

In the time span of one hour, Seokjin had failed to call back but Jeongguk had learnt many new things about his arch nemesis;

Taehyung still cries in every sad movie he watches, children's films never failing in reducing him to a pool of tears on Jimin's lap. *'I cried three consecutive times in Big Hero 6. Shout out to Tadashi Hamada for breaking my heart'* *'You're such a baby.'*

Taehyung had lived with his grandma on her strawberry farm from the small age of eight months old due to his parents not being financially stable enough to support him. His grandma, however, had died in his last year of high school, causing him to move in with Jimin until the pair were accepted into the universities dorms. He now pays off his tuition and rent with the money he receives from his job at a quaint café just five minutes off campus.

The brunette thinks old people are adorable. He once drunkenly passed out in the bathtub with a slice of pizza in hand (which he ate when Jimin tried to take it away from him the following morning) He never skips the crossword in the daily newspaper, has an irrational fear of storms, the time 12am and losing teeth. He collects key chains, has scarily good hands when it comes to knitting, his bedroom houses twenty three candles in total and he'll stop listening to Party in the U.S.A when it stops being a jam (*so never*).

Jeongguk's lips turn upwards when he thinks about his new revelations, never had he taken the time to get to know Taehyung, perhaps if he had; he would have discovered that he was

kinda okay... verging on interesting. *They could have been friends.*

"*'The Dress' was white and gold.*"

*Ok. Fuck that.*

"You're officially insufferable! *The Dress was black and blue* you goddamn douche canoe" Taehyung narrowed his eyes at the dark haired male in retaliation, throwing an eraser at the latter's head,

"Fight me"

"Right here?"

"Right now."

...

"Jiminnie~ wait for me to finish up here and I'll walk you home," Hoseok cooed as Jimin slung the strap of his duffle bag over his shoulder, quickly shaking his head with his usual gummy smile on his face.

"No, hyung. Its okay, really! You live in the opposite direction and I have to rush off anyway- I have a hungry Tae awaiting pizza back at home" Hoseok nodded his head accompanied by a hum as he rolled his aux chord, saluting Jimin and moving back to his bag.

Jimin took his leave, quietly slipping out of the dance studio and heading toward the pizzeria on campus. The cold, early night air felt amazing dancing across Jimin's heated skin, he'd always liked the feeling of breeze against his body after a work out. If he weren't in a rush he would stop and take a seat, admiring the beauty of the arts department- *which evidently felt like a second home to him now*, considering how much time he spent there and how the array of trees and surrounding benches had a calming effect on him.

The buzz of a notification on the short male's phone reminded him of his roommate and the predicament to which he had left him in; *alone with the enemy*. He wasn't kidding, Taehyung surely knew that, all he had to do was call and Jimin would be home, ready to pull out his secret move.

"Seriously, what would you do without me, Kim Taeh- Oh shit! I'm so sorry!" It all happened so fast, one second; the tips of his fingers were brushing against the surface of his phone as he fished around for it in his bag, the next; he's being harshly shoved to the ground and the

echoing sound of plastic cracking filled his ears, along with the sound of someone's possessions thudding on the ground as they fell.

"Fuck, *J-... Kid*, watch where you're going." Jimin looked up to see a small-ish man, taller than Jimin himself, however that wasn't hard to achieve. His voice was deep but somewhat held a velvety quality to it, his hair glowed mint green in the low moonlight and although he wore a grumpy expression, *Jimin thought he was cute*. He looked stern, folding his arms-trying to appear scary, Jimin would have believed him too, had he not heard the man mumble a small, barely audible '*What if you hurt yourself...*'

"I'm so sorry, I wasn't thinking, I should have been more alert, this is all my fault- *sorry*. Oh man...your stuff- *fuck sorry*-" Jimin quickly scrambled to pick up the box the taller had dropped, a few vinyl records still sitting snugly in the bottom, the rest either thrown across the courtyard or in pieces around the two males.

"Chill. Its okay... they were oldies anyway. Life goes on" Jimin's bottom lip started trembling at the man's kindness. Of course Jimin would fuck up in front of what happens to be the most insanely hot guy he'd ever taken pleasure in laying his eyes on. He ignored the hand offered to him by the stranger in favour of picking up the fallen items, to which the man simply sighed and knelt to his level, he began to put his records back into the box.

"I-I'm Jimin by the way... Park J-Jimin. Dance major" The smaller started, a small blush creeping onto his cheeks, *God*. At least the other didn't pick up on his stuttering, either that or he didn't say anything.

"Min Yoongi, Musicology major" Jimin nodded, that would explain the abundance of records. Looking through some of the tattered casings, he could make out some records belonging to music legends, ranging from an early record from David Bowie to The Beatles, even a Red Hot Chili Peppers vinyl, with many others in between, a lot Jimin hadn't even heard of.

"You have a pretty epic music taste, Yoongi-ssi" Jimin said fondly stroking a Nirvana cover as Yoongi threw a broken ABBA record into the box.

"Thanks, I guess." An awkward pause hung between them.

"Hey, Jimin. Call me *hyung*. I don't like 'Yoongi-ssi' it makes me sound like I've got something shoved fair up my ass" Jimin giggled and gave a small nod.

"Why do you assume I'm younger? I could be *your* hyung for all we know" Jimin's called with a lilt to his voice, giving Yoongi a playful shove with his shoulder.

"O-Oh... I... um, your cheeks... they're chubby. So I just assumed" Jimin's smile faltered slightly, he looked around and saw no more records so he stood, dusting his palms on his basketball shorts.

"Well, nice meeting you-"



“*They’re cute! Y-Your cheeks... its not an insult, its...*” Yoongi’s wide eyes trailed down from Jimin’s face to the hand he had unconsciously wrapped around Jimin’s wrist to stop him from leaving, he grimaced slightly and let go, completely caught off guard when Jimin started giggling, all crescent eyes and crooked-toothed grins. It even bought a shy smile to Yoongi’s pale face.

“I’ll see you around, *hyung?*” The younger spoke happily, more of a statement than a question. He turned around before Yoongi could formulate a response and continued his trek for pizza. Leaving Yoongi alone, box in hand with one single thought:

“*God, I hope so...*”

...

As Jimin arrived back to the dorm he shut the door and turned around just in time to see a pillow flying in his direction and duck, narrowly missing the cushion and tightening his grip on the pizza box.

“Give up”

“NEVER!”

He heard obnoxious shouts coming from the small living room; he looked to the floor to see Taehyung kicking his legs up, in an attempt to knee the boy atop of him in the back. Jeongguk had Taehyung locked between his sturdy thighs, the elder’s arms tucked securely under his shins, he crossed his own arms over his chest with a smug smirk blossoming across his face.

“Jeongguk get off Taehyung, you’re going to hurt him” Jimin said as he sat at the table, opening the pizza box and taking a slice into his mouth.

“*Isn’t that the point?*” the raven-haired male raised an eyebrow, reluctant to let his victim free,

“Okay Jim Jam! ‘*Secret move*’ time! Kick his ass for me!” Taehyung chanted, sticking his tongue out at Jeongguk because, he *knew* what was coming next.

“*Please,*” Jimin corrected as he shoved Jeongguk’s shoulder with his socked foot, effectively pushing the younger off the brunette who pouted at his friend’s lack of compassion.

“I won” Taehyung chanted, awarding himself by downing a slice of pizza on top of another slice of pizza, creating a pizza sandwich.

“You have a fucking warped view of what winning looks like” Jeongguk sneered back, reaching to take the last slice of pizza. Seeing this, Taehyung grabbed it, shoving it and the slice he was already holding into his mouth simultaneously.

“Tae! I fucked up *royally* this evening” Jimin suddenly spoke, forgetting all about the third presence in the room. Taehyung, having a mouthful of pizza, was unable to reply so just grunted in response; urging him to continue.

“Okay so, I wasn’t looking where I was going and there was this guy, I accidentally bumped into him. *And it wasn’t a cute moment like in the movies where the guy helps the girl pick up the papers either*; I fucking broke half his shit. And- *Fuck*- Tae- I swear to God. He was the hottest guy I’ve ever seen”

“That’s impossible, I’m the hottest guy you’ve ever seen.” Taehyung scoffed, gently dabbing his mouth with a napkin as if he hadn’t just *inhaled* four pieces of pizza at an inhuman speed. *And Jeongguk’s mother didn’t raise him a liar; it was honestly the most disgusting thing he’d seen in his entire life.*

“Yeah but he’s hot in a completely different way, *Jeez, the things I would let him do t-...*” Jimin glared at Jeongguk, who’s presence had been forgotten by the short male up until this point.

“Yeah, let’s talk about it later. I’m off to take a shower, have fun studying kiddies,” Jeongguk didn’t bother waving goodbye. Instead, thinking about the information he now held. *I can’t tell Yoongi hyung... He’s been in such a good mood lately, if he finds out Jimin’s got his eye on another guy, he’s gonna go through an emo phase again... and I can’t live through another emo Yoongi phase.*

“Studying! Shit Jeongguk! You spent all of our studying time being a little bitch and I still know next to no English!”

“Next to no... *meaning none?*”

“Yes!” Taehyung threw his hands up in exasperation, causing Jeongguk to sigh for the umpteenth time that night. He stole a quick glance at the time on Taehyung’s microwave, 8:30pm. He sighed again. *Sometimes, Jeongguk hated himself for being such a nice person.*

“Okay, we’ll get in a few quick hours of studying, then I’m going the fuck home” he said walking back over to the table, missing the way Taehyung’s boxy grin lit up his face, also skipping back to the table. This time Jeongguk double checked his was turned completely off, returning his laptop to its safety case and even going so far as confiscating Taehyung’s phone and turning it on silent mode.

“Okay. First thing’s first; Alphabet. I know you say you don’t remember anything but maybe my flash cards will jog your memory?” he picked up the first sheet of yellow cardboard, donned with the letter ‘F’.

“I do remember this one! It’s an F! I remember because its like a backwards version of ‘ke’ in hangul” he said excitedly, accompanied by a deep giggle.

“Nice job, loser. Lets do some more” They continued like this for a few hours, as promised. Eventually Jimin bought them out a box of pepero before going to bed, they decided to make

a game out of it, every time Taehyung answered correctly; he received a pepero stick as an award, however, every time he answered incorrectly; Jeongguk ate one.

The game went on for about half an hour before Taehyung got frustrated about all of the pepero being eaten, swiftly taking them and locking himself in the bathroom, where he sat on the closed toilet lid and happily ate, ignoring Jeongguk's insults being thrown at the closed door about him being *'immature'*.

At approximately 12:07, Taehyung's head finally hit the coffee table they were now sitting in front of, leaning their backs on the base of the couch. The younger stifled a yawn and looked over at the brunette, noting his eyes being closed for longer than usual, he shoved the boy on the shoulder with his own, causing Taehyung to mumble a small-

*"No, jimothy. Five more minutes"* The side of Jeongguk's mouth lifted up into a lazy grin, half smiling, half wanting to go to sleep himself.

He stood, walking to the table and packing up the textbooks, returning them to his bag. As he reached the door, he hesitated for a second before dropping his things and padding back over to the sleeping brunette. He placed his arms on Taehyung's slim biceps and harshly tugged him up to a standing position, startling the elder awake.

"Oh... Gukie, its just you. *Hey*, do you think Namjoon is okay? Seokjin-ssi never called back..." He pouted and leaned his weight on Jeongguk's form as his eyes began to fall to a close.

"Never mind that, which one is your room? You need to get to bed" He shook Taehyung in his grasp and Taehyung just smiled nervously, eyes still shut.

"Do you think he'll like me? *I like him already*. What if he thinks I'm weird?... What if he thinks I'm not good enough for you?" Jeongguk sighed at this. *Okay, couch it is then*.

He not-so-gracefully let Taehyung fall backwards onto the couch, the brunette drowsily mumbling something stupid about *'rude bunnies'* or *'just wanting to help build the lego tower'* or something along those lines. Another thing Jeongguk learnt about Taehyung tonight- when he's sleepy; he mumbles random, unintelligible crap he probably won't even remember the following morning.

Looking at Taehyung, who was lying with his face squished into his folded arm, (*which he was using as a makeshift pillow*) he noted how his long eyelashes fanned across the tops of his cheeks, that were now turning rosy in colour and the pout on his slightly parted pink lips.

He noticed his slim shoulders shuddering and a family of goose-bumps dancing across the skin of Taehyung's arm; quickly deducing that the older male was cold. He saw a blanket placed conveniently under the coffee table and suddenly Jimin's words about tucking Taehyung into bed were refreshed in his mind.

*"Someone has to"* He mumbled, draping the blanket over Taehyung. Sparing the elder another longing glance before shaking his head and storming out of Taehyung and Jimin's shared dorm, soon turning into a sprint when he reached the buildings exit.

*“You can’t catch me, gay Taehyung thoughts”*

## Chapter End Notes

wowowowow,, that took me ages to update!! i'm v sorry!! but hELL0 yoonmin :^)

//TBH I DON'T KNOW HOW TO TEACH ENGLISH// but when i started learning Korean, the first thing we learnt was the alphabet so i assumed it would be the same in reverse?? IDK. Anyway! this chapter is such a fucking filler i cri. i'm not particularly proud of it but heyyy,, thats life pal.

Also!! Spooky is a legit kitten that does exist!! i adopted her about a month ago and she's so h ec KING CUTE!!! so if you guys want pics, i'll happily oblige B)

aight!!! i'm going to go 2 bed now bc i may be smiling but don't be fooled, i am ded inside :]]]]]

see you guys next time!! (hopefully soon) xxx

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