

## Unfinished Story

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# Unfinished Story

by [styoongi](#)

## Summary

Jungkook is a fanfiction writer online who never gets feedback on any of his stories. Taehyung thinks he is doing what is best by commenting anonymously on his best friend's work but forgot to press anon the one time it mattered the most.

## Notes

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

It was another boring night to everyone else, but to Jungkook it was a night full of passion and motivation. He locked the door long ago and was fast to dig out his laptop to begin working. After a whole two weeks without any inspiration it hit Jungkook like a pile of bricks.

So as everyone lounged in the living room of Taehyung and Jungkook's apartment, Jungkook was nowhere to be seen. "Is he like this every night?" Jimin asked Taehyung. Tae just shook his head and focused on the TV.

"It's been a while since he had inspiration to write," Tae replied. "I just leave him be, he's happy."

The rest of the boys nodded, as if understanding. After the movie, the boys went home and Taehyung was left alone in the silence of his own home. It was deafening after so long so he found his way to Jungkook's bedroom where he knocked as he opened the door, allowing Jungkook to know of his presence. Instead he found Jungkook laying on his bed, his laptop left open and thrown messily to the side. Writing unfinished.

Jungkook was sniffing in the sheets as he tried to act asleep. Taehyung was quick to go to the bed and laid next to his best friend. "What's wrong?" Taehyung asked quietly, settling under the sheets.

Jungkook shifted in the bed. "I don't see the point anymore," he responded after a while. "I try so hard to upload all my writing online and I get so excited but..." Taehyung reached over and snuggled into Jungkook's back, as if securing him. "There are all these big accounts who get praised and have *so many* fans and I *never* get any feedback from anyone..."

Taehyung frowned. He always loved Jungkook's writing. It was thrilling and tugged at his own heartstrings. Jungkook had a way with words that stole his heart and ignited his unrequited love. Tae would always compliment Jungkook's writing as fast as he could, but it was all in person, seeing no point in saying it online when he *lived* with the writer himself.

"Doesn't mean you stop writing," Tae said. "You write for *you* and don't let this stop you."

Jungkook moved closer into Tae's chest. "I stopped tonight because I felt upset," he said, closing his eyes that were heavy with sleep. "I'll finish tomorrow." They fell asleep just like that. Tae's arms wrapped around Jungkook and Jungkook's back flushed against Tae's chest. Just friends.

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True to his word Jungkook finished his 10k word writing piece and uploaded it online. As expected nothing came from it. Jungkook wrote because he enjoyed it, but he posted it online so frequently in hopes of it being appreciated by *someone—anyone* at this point.

Taehyung could tell that it was bothering Jungkook for the next two days and he hated to see him like that. Trudging around the apartment and frequently checking his phone to see any notifications—there was none.

So Tae, sitting on the sofa opposite of Jungkook, took out his phone and opened to Jungkook's profile online, turned on anonymous, and began to write out a message. Once he hit sent he placed his phone off to the side and focused on the TV again, watching one of Jungkook's gory shows.

Minutes later Jungkook screamed in joy as he checked his phone. Tae just raised his eyebrows, acting like he did not know why. "Tae—*Taehyung!*" Jungkook hopped off the sofa and hopped onto Tae's lap and shoved his phone in his face. "*I got a comment!* They loved my writing! Oh my god!"

Taehyung laughed as he reread the comment that came from him.

*Your writing is out of this world! You're stealing my heart with your words!!! 꺾 꺾 꺾 - Xx*

It made Tae's heart swell with how excited the comment made Jungkook happy. Jungkook just couldn't stop smiling and Tae knew that he would do anything to make Jungkook this excited again. And Tae did just that repeatedly.

Whenever Jungkook would upload his work online Taehyung would eagerly compliment Jungkook in person and then hours later he would write an anonymous comment praising Jungkook the exact way he deserved. Jungkook was an excellent writer, Taehyung wasn't just praising him because he was his best friend, but because he deserved every piece of praise this world could give him.

Jungkook began to write more and more, always showing Taehyung the compliments that were given to him. Taehyung's chest dropped every time, feeling cruel for making Jungkook believe that strangers were giving him feedback.

*Your work is a blessing! Please never stop! Ah! - Xx*

*Why can't I have your way with words! You're killing me! - Xx*

*LEAVE MY HEART ALONE! YOU SADIST WRITER YOU! - Xx*

There were many more comments, some that made Jungkook blush and refused to show them to Taehyung.

*You're as pretty as your writing! – Xx*

*Stop it! You're making me swoon you heartthrob!- Xx*

*Your lover is going to be blessed because you'll keep lighting up his day with your stories! - Xx*

Then there was some lengthy messages that Jungkook would screenshot and keep on his phone so he can look at them even without internet connection. But soon Jungkook was becoming sad again, whining and ranting to Taehyung.

"How can they be doing this to me!" Jungkook's eyes were heavy with sleep as he continued to type on his laptop in the living room. Taehyung was busy organizing their movie stash



under the TV. “They keep signing off the messages with double x’s so it has to be the same person. I just want to get to know them.”

Taehyung didn’t look over his shoulder to his best friend, afraid of giving himself away. He never imagined that he would find himself in this predicament. “Maybe he’s afraid.”

“He?”

“Just an assumption,” Taehyung covered up his mistake too quickly.

Jungkook didn’t notice though and soon shut his laptop with a sigh. “Finally done,” he rubbed his eyes. “Cuddle tonight?”

Taehyung could never turn down that offer. So, he nodded and stood up, ready for bed but Jungkook was reaching both arms out toward Taehyung. “I’m tired.” Taehyung’s heart swelled but let Jungkook crawl onto his back and carried him into Taehyung’s room and laid him on the bed.

Taehyung stripped off his shirt and changed his pants before he crawled into bed next to his love. Jungkook was quick to blindly reach out and wrapped his arms around Taehyung, eyes already shut with sleep. “You’re so good to me,” Jungkook murmured.

Taehyung chuckled and held him. “Goodnight kook.”

Jungkook slept so peacefully. Taehyung couldn’t.

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Jungkook posted his fic the next day and if Taehyung was being serious, it was the best one Jungkook had written thus far. Jungkook was obviously proud of it and was waiting for the double x’s comment.

Taehyung restrained himself, telling himself that he needed to stop because it was going to hurt Jungkook. So he went the day without commenting on his work but it obviously took a toll on Jungkook who was now noticeably sad.

“Your work is really good!” Taehyung tried.

“Thanks hyung,” Jungkook muttered. Uninterested.

Taehyung was beginning to be annoyed at this. Why wasn’t his compliments good enough? Why did he have to hide behind a stupid *emoji* for Jungkook to be happy. “You don’t sound very thankful,” Taehyung voiced. “Why is this stranger’s compliment worth more than mine?”

Jungkook whirled toward Taehyung, furious. “You’re obligated to like my work! To even *read* my work! This person isn’t! They’re taking their own time to sit down and enjoy my work!”

“I love your work Jungkook!” Taehyung yelled. “I read it because you’re an amazing writer! Not because I’m your—” Taehyung clenched his fist in anger.

“You’re my *what?*” Jungkook hated when people didn’t finish voicing their opinion.

The word felt like a fire on his tongue. “*Best friend!* God dammit!”

“You just don’t understand how it feels Tae,” Jungkook turned and began to walk out of the room, still bitter.

“Then help me!” Taehyung yelled, slamming his fist down on the kitchen counter. Jungkook turned, sure that Taehyung was going to have a nasty ass bruise on his hand. “Help me understand!”

Jungkook didn’t reply when he left the room.

Clawing at his thigh Taehyung then gave up, walking to his bedroom before pulling out his phone to write his stupid comment. *Fine, if this person meant so much more to Jungkook than Taehyung then so be it.*

*I think I am in love with you - Xx*  
**SENT.**

Taehyung then grabbed his car keys and left the house. *Let’s see how Jungkook responds now.* Taehyung knew how’d he respond. He’ll blush and suddenly be ecstatic once again. He’ll then want to cuddle and cling onto Taehyung as if nothing happened because he was now happy which meant he had time to be with Taehyung and not be angry.

Taehyung went out with Hoseok for a couple of hours before he went home. The door was locked when he came home, which meant he was making a lot of noise when he opened the door this late at night. It must have been almost 11 o’clock.

When Taehyung walked further in the house he noticed that all the lights were out except the kitchen. With a sigh he walked into the kitchen to turn off the light because if he didn’t then the light bill will be even more expensive.

“Tae...”

Taehyung flinched as he saw Jungkook sitting at the kitchen table, his phone the only thing in front of him. It was late for Jungkook, he had early classes tomorrow morning and he always went to sleep early on Sundays and Tuesdays. So Taehyung dropped his bag and keys on the counter before hopping up and sitting next to his things, not looking like his happy self.

Jungkook furrowed his eyebrows as he saw his best friend like this. “Anything you’d like to say?”

“You want me to apologize?” Taehyung scoffed. “Sorry I’m not as important as your double x’s stranger.” He crossed his arms over his chest.

Jungkook was fuming. “*A stranger* now?” He snapped. “You fucking idiot! Why would you *do this to me!*”

“Do *what?*”

“Be the one to comment on my pieces!” Jungkook screamed in rage. “You are the *stranger!*”

Taehyung flinched back, caught red-handed. “How did you find out?” His voice was lower, eyes hooded in shame.

Jungkook rubbed his eyes with the heels of his hands. “Your last message...” Jungkook sighed deeply. “You didn’t turn anon on.”

Taehyung felt his heart shatter. How stupid of him. He rushed to write the message and forgot. He never hated himself more than in that moment. “You were sad,” Taehyung looked away, ashamed. “And I hated seeing you that way and you deserved the praise but it wasn’t enough that I was the one giving it to you...the anon comment meant more to you.”

Jungkook was silent but kept looking at Taehyung. “I’m so used to your comments,” Jungkook said. “I’ve been listening to them over four years—way before I even posted online. It’s just different when someone else does it... I don’t know how to explain it.”

“It just made me feel like you didn’t need my opinion anymore, you had someone else,” Taehyung brought his legs up on the counter with sad eyes.

Jungkook then hopped on the counter next to Taehyung. “Did you mean everything you wrote?”

“Of course,” Taehyung look at Jungkook so honestly it made Jungkook beam inside.

“And your last message...”

Taehyung instantly looked away. “I’m sorry,” Taehyung muttered. “I shouldn’t have done that.”

Jungkook looked at Taehyung with sad eyes. “Tae...” Taehyung felt like his ears were bleeding from the sound of rejection. How foolish was he? Thinking that Jungkook would return his love.

*I think I am in love with you - Xx*

Taehyung felt tears burn his eyes and he buried his face in his knees, not allowing Jungkook to see him cry over him. He felt Jungkook touch his shoulder and cheek, as if asking his to look at him. Taehyung just let out the first ugly sob. *Idiot.*

“Please look at me,” Jungkook tried. Taehyung shook his head and tried to pull away but Jungkook kept him in place. “Tae, please?”

“I’m sorry,” Taehyung cried, lifting his head but looking away from Jungkook. “Fuck, I’m so sorry. I’m so so sorry.” Taehyung couldn’t stop crying.

Jungkook finally got a hold of Taehyung's face and turned him towards himself. "Please listen to me," Jungkook's voice was as soft as silk. "Don't be sorry."

"I—I just pushed my feelings onto you," he hiccupped. "And I know I shouldn't have. I'm so stupid."

"No," Jungkook's voice cradled Taehyung. "It just took you so long."

Taehyung rubbed his eyes. "What do you mean?"

Jungkook leant forward and kissed Taehyung's cheek and didn't pull back all the way, keeping their faces close. "God I'm mad at you for the anon comments but Jesus Christ I had feelings for you for since I met you."

Taehyung was still hiccupping and getting over his tears that it took a few seconds for him to soak it in. "What?"

Jungkook leant in and kissed Taehyung on the lips, stealing Taehyung's breath away. "I've loved you for so long but I thought you were straight," Taehyung muttered after they pulled away.

Jungkook rested his head on Taehyung's shoulder. "No. I was in love with you," Jungkook replied with a smile and threaded their fingers together. "That's what inspired me to write so much."

Taehyung smiled, tear stains running down his cheeks and his eyes bloodshot. He looked ridiculous but Jungkook thought he looked beautiful.

A secret document (buried in the depths of Jungkook's computer) was the story of the two of them. Both under different names and settings. But it was about an unrequited love that was his best friend. Jungkook didn't think he would ever finish the story, it was for only him and his eyes alone. It would always remain an unfinished book but felt like the climax just begun.

## End Notes

based of [this](#) post!

@otpprompts: Person A of your OTP writing (being it novels, fanfiction, w/e). They don't feel like their writing is good enough because they don't get any comments or fanart (and comparing themselves to people that do), and they've ended up crying multiple times because of this. Person B knows about this, and they start to read Person A's works and leave small comments on them, always using the anonymous option. Person A doesn't know it's them, until one day Person B forgets to go on anonymous.

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