

hey, i like you a lot (not clickbait)

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hey, i like you a lot (not clickbait)

by [fruitily](#)

Summary

“why does yoongi-hyung hate me,” jungkook mumbles.

“we’re still on that?” jimin raises his eyebrows. “he doesn’t hate you. he just doesn’t like being in front of a camera.”

(jungkook is the only one yoongi won't film with and it just really bothers jungkook for some reason.)

Notes

buzzfeed yoonkook requested by [@cutieguks](#)! ♡♡♡ i hope you like it and that it's remotely what you wanted,,,it's got nervous flustered yoonkook and terrible/terrific friends and coworkers. i added in some bees i hope you don't mind. fun fact - right after adding the bees my home got invaded by a bunch of wasps. more on the situation on my twitter as it unfolds.

please enjoy!!!

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

“what happened to your hair?”

the office is quiet, near dead, because it's ass o'clock in the morning. not many people *choose* to come in this early, and the ones who do each have their own reasons; hoseok's already, like, halfway through his day, he's already gone running *twice* before coming in; jimin's sort of a workaholic; and jungkook prefers the early hours for that very reason - it's quiet and near dead. it's a lot easier to work with fewer distractions.

jungkook sets his bag down at the desk next to jimin's and sighs.

“we work at buzzfeed. do you have to ask?”

“a video, got it,” jimin snorts, turning slightly around in his chair, elbow propped against the desk and face in his palm as he peers up at jungkook's pink hair that's already fading from hot to bubblegum. “what kind of a dumbass dare was this?”

“we chose each other's hair colors by throwing darts at a color wheel.” jungkook leans his butt against the edge of the desk. “hobi-hyung's hair is this really weird seaweed color.” he sighs, a little bit frustrated, a little bit wistful. “i asked yoongi-hyung to do it with me first. i figured he might because he's always dyeing his hair, anyway. he said *no*. what's it gonna take for him to appear on my video? i can't figure it out.”

“you're still trying to get yoongi-hyung to guest star in your series?” jungkook startles at the voice coming directly from behind him. he twists around to look over his shoulder. taehyung's sitting with his feet up on his desk behind the low semi-wall separating the rows from one another.

“what are you doing here?” jungkook asks.

“i died in a tragic accident thirty years ago and now i haunt this place,” taehyung sighs. “it sucks because i can't leave but at least i don't have to use the elevator anymore. i can just float right through the floors. businessmen hate me.”

“i saw you come in this morning,” jimin says calmly. “you tripped in the stairs.”

“i meant, what are you doing here before noon,” jungkook rolls his eyes.

there are those who choose to come in early, and then there are those who choose not to show up until around noon, regardless of when their shift starts. they get away with it because they are sort of really good at their jobs and because this is buzzfeed and you can say shit like *i'm trying out a lifestyle where i meditate outside on the parking lot for four hours every morning* when in reality you were taking a nap in your car. taehyung usually belongs in this group. so does yoongi. yoongi stays late, though. his desk is always lit up when jungkook leaves in the evening. sometimes jungkook wonders if he actually just sleeps here.

“i'm trying something new,” taehyung shrugs, and swings his legs off the desk. “this is refreshing. i feel like my morning thoughts are different from my afternoon thoughts. do you think i should make a video where i set swarms of bees loose in the office?”

“why,” jungkook says.

“to spread awareness of bees,” taehyung says.

“they would definitely be aware of bees,” jimin nods. “clear goal, efficient execution. no constructive criticism, here.”

“why does yoongi-hyung hate me,” jungkook mumbles, feeling remarkably indifferent towards swarms of bees.

“we’re still on that?” jimin raises his eyebrows. “he doesn’t hate you. he just doesn’t like being in front of a camera.”

“he appeared on jin-hyung’s video,” jungkook frowns down at his hands fiddling in his lap. “the one where they essentially just got drunk on camera. *national liquors from fifty different countries* or whatever. and on hobi-hyung’s face mask video during *love yourself* week.”

“he’s appearing on mine, too, actually,” taehyung says from behind the semi-wall. “we went to a puppy shelter.”

“see?” jungkook gestures sharply with his hand at nothing in particular. “he’s appearing on everyone’s videos except for mine.”

“well,” jimin says slowly, “maybe if you made a *normal* video. one that doesn’t involve sharp objects being thrown or anything exploding or you nearly dying.”

“that’s the whole point of the *dare* series.” jungkook finally flops down into his chair, and spins around sadly. “i’ve done normal videos. i did the ice bucket challenge and asked a bunch of people to join me and he wouldn’t even come near me.”

“the challenge that involves you dunking icy water all over yourself and getting all wet with your t-shirt sticking everywhere?” jimin shares a look with taehyung. actually he glances at the wall between them but jungkook bets taehyung is doing the same on the other side of it. “yeah, i wonder why he wouldn’t come near you.”

“i didn’t look that bad?”

jimin stares at him incredulously.

“yeah, no, you didn’t look *that bad*, it’s only the most viewed ice bucket challenge on the channel.” he sucks in a long breath through his nose. jungkook’s noticed in the years of knowing him it’s something he does when jungkook’s trying his patience. “say, why are you so... what’s the word i’m looking for... *obsessed* with having yoongi-hyung on your video?”

“i’m not -” he bangs his shin on the desk as he spins out of control, clenches his jaw, grunts low in his throat and doubles over to hold his leg while jimin looks at him like he’s thinking jungkook deserved that. “i’m not obsessed, i just... like a challenge, you know, and this is a challenge. he’s like a cryptid. whenever he shows up on someone’s video, the viewers go wild. i don’t know. i guess they think he’s cool. and pretty. and funny. whatever.”

“*they*,” jimin says tonelessly, “uh-huh. well, good luck, i guess. what do you have planned for upcoming episodes?”

jungkook starts his computer and pulls up some notes on his phone. a part of his series is that people can suggest challenges to him - *dare* him to do things, and he picks out the ones he wants to do.

“do you think he’d agree to be handcuffed to me for twenty-four hours?” he mumbles whilst scrolling. “or come to the piercing shop with me and watch me get my nipples pierced?”

jimin only looks at him with his lips slightly parted.

“do you hear yourself,” he says.

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in all honesty: it’s not because yoongi is a rare good luck gremlin whom the audience loves for some reason. well, jungkook knows those reasons, he sometimes reads the comments on his friends’ videos - although he wouldn’t *have* to in order to know yoongi is funny in a deadpan snarky sort of way; his misleading blunt exterior is actually just camera shyness that gets lost in translation and depending on whether you know this, he appears either really cool or really cute; and he’s not, like, terrible to look at either. jungkook can see it. he can get into the minds of the viewers, and he can see what’s so attractive about min yoongi.

people have a thing for his smile. the gummy one. like, it’s a whole *thing*. it’s about 80% of the comments under a video that has *ft. yoongi* or *ft. my 3 feet tall friend* or *ft. a cranky cat i found on the street* in the title. (seokjin gets creative with the names.)

after his feature on hoseok’s video, people were leaving comments like

is it weird to want them to be together?

+103

yoongi checking hoseok out when he gets up at 5:16... same...

+546

I WANT THEM TO ALWAYS MAKE VIDS TOGETHER AND MAYBE GET MARRIED LOL WHO SAID THAT

+139

which is just, well. it’s just a joke. it’s just people expressing they like them together. hoseok fake proposed to yoongi after those comments sort of blew up around the office and they were fake married for a day until yoongi divorced hoseok for coming back from starbucks with only one coffee for himself.

anyway.

it's not just that having yoongi on your video is like getting solid footage of bigfoot. it's not about the challenge or the views or anything like that. the reason jungkook seems so *obsessed* about this is because jungkook is the only one yoongi refuses to film with.

he doesn't mean to sound petulant or like he thinks yoongi owes him something, because he doesn't. it's just that when it's jungkook who asks, yoongi won't even consider it - like it's not about the content of the video, but jungkook. and it's just... a little bit weird. it's weird because jungkook knows yoongi doesn't *really* hate him. yoongi's not the type of person to spend time and energy on people he dislikes. he was one of the first people here who talked to jungkook; who helped him adapt and befriended him. he doesn't hate jungkook's videos or his style of producing and editing either. yoongi is also not the type of person to give out compliments when he doesn't mean them.

it's completely understandable that yoongi would turn down a video after a pitch that includes the words *extreme*, *mountain hike*, and *deadly*. but jungkook may have wanted to do the hair dye thing because he thought yoongi might do it with him.

it's not like he thinks about yoongi *a lot* or wonders what people would think of them together and whether or not they would get comments similar to the ones on yoongi and hoseok's video. it's not like any of that matters.

it's just a little bit weird.

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“how's my hair look?”

yoongi looks up from his computer. hoseok looks like a benevolent bog creature. he looks like someone emptied an entire bowl of kelp salad on his head. he looks like he's been filming with jungkook.

“like i dodged a bullet, there,” yoongi says, tongueing at his bottom lip and turning back to the screen.

“ah, he asked you first,” hoseok hums. there's a strange pause. “and you told him no?”

“that's why your hair looks like dried sea lettuce and not mine.”

“you keep rejecting him,” hoseok states in a tentative sort of way that sounds like he's getting at something specific and makes yoongi shift in his chair irritably. “and he keeps asking.”

“again,” yoongi says stiffly, “i just don't wanna end up with seaweed hair.”

“not all of his videos involve a risk of some kind, and you know it,” hoseok remarks, taking a seat next to yoongi. it's not even his desk. “he did a damn try not to laugh challenge a couple of weeks ago. what's your excuse for turning that one down?”

yoongi stares the word doc down and works his jaw.

“there are records of people dying of laughter?” he mumbles. “asphyxiation and shit.”

hoseok lets out a mildly exasperated huff.

“don’t you think you might be appearing a bit mean,” he says. yoongi glances at him sharply, and he raises his eyebrows. “i’m just saying... he obviously really wants to film with you. don’t you think he might be feeling hurt? you’re clearly giving him excuses.”

yoongi opens his mouth. closes it. he feels the same pang of guilt and regret in his chest he feels every time he tells jungkook *no, i have to work* or *no, i think you should find someone else* and sees his face fall just a little bit just for a split second.

“i’m not trying to hurt anyone’s feelings,” he says quietly. a more accurate thing to say would be *i’m trying not to hurt anyone’s feelings*. a tiny difference in word order that shifts the meaning just enough for it to matter.

“well,” hoseok says just as resounding laughter carries from the other side of the office. he nods towards the commotion. “whatever it is you *are* trying to do, i think it’s time, again.”

the one laughing is seokjin. it’s sort of hard to be mistaken about that. he’s slapping his desk after something that almost definitely was not that funny going by the look on namjoon’s face. pointing a hand-held camera at them, 100% more pink-haired than usually, is jungkook. his face is scrunched up in that wide big-toothed grin yoongi’s found upsetting since he first saw it almost two years ago.

it does indeed look like jungkook’s filming for a new episode of his series. it’s the part where he goes around the office asking people if they want to join him in fighting tiger sharks in a cage underwater or whatever. it’s the part where he will ask yoongi and yoongi will tell him no like a fucking idiot and taehyung will end up doing the challenge with him and people will comment on how funny and perfect they are together. not that it matters at all or that yoongi even reads the comments.

“hyung!”

“yes?” yoongi and hoseok go in unison.

“yoongi-hyung,” jungkook specifies as he stops at yoongi’s desk. his camera is held at collarbone level and his long eyelashes fan out against his cheeks as he looks down at the monitor. yoongi tries not to look for too long. he’s acutely aware of the presence of the camera. “i dare you to cook dakbokkeumtang with me, yoongi-hyung.” yoongi’s fingers curl on the keyboard. he parts his lips, but before he can talk, he hears jungkook inhale. “before you say no... it’s not a bad video, i promise.” he says this softly and looking at yoongi directly instead of through the lense. “nothing is going to explode or catch fire...well, nothing should - it’s just cooking some food and eating it. i swear.”

yoongi stares back at him. his heart beats weirdly, and he wonders distantly if it somehow shows on camera. *he really wants to film with you*. fuck. he’s getting so bad at telling him no.

jungkook grins a little bit, then, and adds, “plus, you’re my last resort, hyung. no one else can come.”

“you didn’t ask me,” hoseok points out.

“*no one else* can come,” jungkook repeats pointedly. hoseok says something else, but it escapes yoongi. he breathes in, finds himself saying:

“okay.”

“y- did you say okay?” jungkook stutters, and drops his camera into yoongi’s trash bin. all three of them stare down at it for a solid five seconds, until jungkook curses out loud and hurries to pick it up while muttering, “it’s fine, it’s just paper waste.” he manages to scatter balled up pieces of paper all over the floor and yoongi’s desk and instead of annoying yoongi just finds it sort of vaguely amusing and... endearing, god help him.

“yeah, i said okay,” yoongi says, flicking a crumpled post-it note at jungkook. “you asked me... so don’t act so surprised. when are we shooting?”

“thursday, um - you can do thursday, right?” jungkook fiddles with the camera.

“i’ll move things around,” yoongi promises quietly.

“okay,” jungkook breathes. he meets yoongi’s eyes, and gives an absolutely devastating small happy smile.

“okay,” yoongi repeats weakly. jungkook lingers for a few more seconds, before he seems to remember they’re here to work or at least do some form of pseudo-journalism, and turns away, eyeing the camera displeased, and mumbling, *i can’t use any of this*.

“kook,” yoongi calls after him. jungkook halts immediately and whips his head around quizzically. “i like the hair.”

jungkook blinks his big eyes a couple of times; smiles almost hesitantly like he’s not sure whether yoongi really means it.

“thank you,” he says, and almost trips over a trash bin on his way. yoongi lays his head right there on top of the keyboard once he’s out of sight.

“despite third wheeling super hard just now,” hoseok says, “that was the sweetest, most awkward interaction i’ve ever witnessed. and i share a desk with namjoon. i see sweet yet awkward interactions *daily*.”

jungkook considers the lights that are still on at a single desk in the back of the room. he licks his lips, adjusts the strap of his bag on his shoulder.

yoongi's got his headphones on, one knee drawn up to his chest while his other foot bobs gently against the floor. he doesn't notice jungkook until jungkook touches a hand to the desk next to his keyboard.

yoongi blinks up at him, confused eyes wide, perpetually pouty mouth parted. people like to call him a cat, or a kitten, that's another recurring thing - and sometimes jungkook thinks, *yeah, i can see why*; sometimes he thinks, *cute* -

jungkook gives a smile and raises a hand in a hello. yoongi's fingers wrap around the headphones and lower them around his neck.

"hello," jungkook says.

"hey," yoongi says in a quiet soft voice. he still looks a little bit perplexed. "i didn't think anyone was here anymore."

"i'm just leaving." jungkook rubs at the back of his neck. "usually i like to edit in the morning because everything is quiet and sleepy and still but... this is kind of nice, too." he's not sure what he's getting at. maybe something like, *if you ever want company*... he scrunches his nose. "plus, tae's been coming in early, and it's unsettling. he keeps... talking about bees. morning taehyung is honestly sort of scary?"

yoongi snorts softly. he's looking up at jungkook - not like he wants him to fuck off but like he's waiting for him to get to the point. jungkook feels sort of... flustered in some way. or nervous? he grips the bag strap.

"i just wanted to make sure... you're okay with this. that i'm not... forcing you to be on camera. it's not that important. i mean - i want to film with you, obviously - just, not if you're uncomfortable - um."

yoongi looks at him strangely for a moment.

"i'm okay with it," he says then. "i wouldn't have said yes if i didn't want to." pause. "thanks... for making sure."

"of course," jungkook mumbles, bites his bottom lip. "ah, i'm... glad. okay. um - see you tomorrow, hyung. don't overwork yourself, okay?"

"see you tomorrow," yoongi says quietly. when jungkook's already walking away, he adds, "get home safely."

it's almost like an afterthought, and really, just a polite thing people say; but it feels like a meaningful sentiment to jungkook and he's not sure why.

on thursday afternoon, jungkook picks yoongi up from his apartment.

“i’ve got a camera with me, so be nice, hyung,” he quips behind the wheel as yoongi plops into the front seat, pointing a thumb at the backseat where a camera and a sound guy dwell.

they’re going to be filming the whole time, then. that’s completely fine.

just yoongi and jungkook and two to three cameras pointed at them at all times. what the fuck could go wrong.

“i’m always nice,” yoongi mumbles, digging a hand into the pocket of his jacket and clutching his takeout coffee cup with the other.

jungkook looks good. it’s gloomy outside, they’re driving at the edge of rain, but jungkook looks vibrant despite that, or maybe because of that... or maybe that’s just how he is, always, regardless of the weather. he’s this fierce speck of color, but he’s also - whatever there is on the opposite end of that color spectrum.

that’s the thing with jungkook. he’s full of opposites and contradictions in a way that’s endlessly fascinating to yoongi. he pulls daredevil adrenaline junkie stunts for a living but few people know he likes the post-production part the most, spending hours just editing in some quiet comfortable nook. his videos are all bright and loud but he comes in early because he likes the way things are calm and asleep. yoongi can’t tell, sometimes... whether they are more alike than different, or the other way around. it’s a miracle in its own right that they became friends. they almost seem like day and night at a glance - but when you think about it, yoongi supposes, one’s just a continuation of the other; they too meet, blend, bleed together, at sunrise and sunset.

yoongi hates his ridiculous faded bubblegum hair and the way he drives with his sleeves rolled up and one hand on the gear stick. yoongi knows only about five seconds of this drive is going to end up in the video but he makes it a point to keep his eyes on the windshield and drink his coffee because he doesn’t want those five seconds to be him looking at jungkook’s arms.

“are you sure all we’re gonna be doing is cooking? in a kitchen, at a cooking studio, and not, like, out in the wilderness after we’ve hunted our own food and fought a pack of raccoons?”

“your lack of trust in me wounds me, hyung,” jungkook remarks, “not all of my videos involve a near-death experience of some kind.”

“i’m pulling out the statistics right now,” yoongi tells him and takes out his phone to scroll through pictures of his dog, lets the camera catch it. “yep, it says here you almost die in 89.2% of your videos.”

“well, i suppose the outcome today really depends on how well you cook,” jungkook grins, flicking the turn signal, “do you cook well, hyung?”

“that sounds like a challenge, jeon.” yoongi chances a glance to quirk an eyebrow at him. the cocky little smile on jungkook’s lips feels not unlike a punch to the lungs.

“that’s what this is all about,” jungkook says as he pulls up to the cooking studio.

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“how was shooting with yoongi-hyung?” jimin asks, setting a venti-sized coffee down on the desk in front of jungkook with a clank that startles him. jimin plops into his own chair and quirks an eyebrow. “you okay?”

“yes. no.” jungkook grabs the coffee jimin brought him and throws back half of it despite it being scalding. “it was a mess. i was a mess? there was a mess somewhere, there.”

“explain,” jimin simply says.

“i kept messing up,” jungkook huffs, “the only part that’s scripted is the part where i, like, explain what’s happening, but i kept... fucking it up. we had to do so many takes of me just saying ‘let’s get it’ because i somehow couldn’t get it right. it’s just three fucking words? that i’ve said a million times? it’s like i was more nervous about this than fucking bungee jumping. there’s so much unusable footage... and i was, like, so red the entire time and no one told me...”

“are you editing it right now?” when jungkook nods, jimin rolls over in his chair. “can i take a look?”

“usually i only need one take,” jungkook mumbles, fiddling with the coffee cup while jimin takes over on the computer, putting jungkook’s headphones on, “two, tops. i don’t know, it... i couldn’t concentrate. at one point i noticed i’d been just *staring* at yoongi-hyung’s hands for minutes without saying anything.”

“mm-hmm.” jimin smacks his lips, glances at jungkook from the corner of his eye. “and why do you think that happened?”

“i -” jungkook’s fingers press into the cup. “i guess... he has... nice hands? and he, uh. the way he moves is so... elegant in a way. he’s very... captivating to look at. do you know what i mean? i’m not really sure what it is about him exactly. he just... stands out to me, always. like, there could be twenty, a hundred people in the room and my eyes would go to him. and, like, when i talk to him... i feel like i could talk forever. or not even talk, i could just... sit quietly with him while we both work or whatever. he’s so incredibly *calming*. but other times i feel so nervous around him, like my heart just sets off. and i want to do well when he’s around. i want to make him smile. the gummy smile that makes his eyes crinkle... or any smile, really. the small gentle one that makes him look so kind. or the one that’s kind of shaped like a three and looks like a cat’s mouth. are you okay?”

jimin has lowered his face into his hands. jungkook thinks he might be feeling sick.

“i do know what you mean,” jimin says, dropping his hands and looking jungkook very intensely in the eye. “because i feel that way about my boyfriend. whom i am dating and in love with.”

“okay,” jungkook says, a bit confused. “congratulations? but i’m not dating or in... love... with...”

“there you fucking go,” jimin mumbles, sagging against his backrest, “jesus god. good fucking hell. that was an operation.”

“in love with yoongi-hyung,” jungkook whispers, staring blankly at a thing of markers on the desk, his eyes beginning to water because of how long they’ve been open wide. actually they might just now be opening. holy fucking shit. “i wasn’t in the viewers’ minds. when i was thinking that i get why they find him attractive. i was in my own mind.”

“i’m really grateful to be a part of this epiphany you’re having,” jimin says, already actively removing himself from the situation by sliding back to his own desk.

“i absolutely want to kiss him,” jungkook continues in awe, “a lot. all the time.”

“good for you, i’m really happy for you.”

“want to kiss him with tongue. and i want to hold his hands.”

“really very happy for you. maybe go tell -”

“i want to touch his butt,” jungkook says. “and i want him to touch my butt. i want to pick him up and push him against a -”

“jungkook,” jimin cuts him off. “i am clearly signaling with my body language and the fact that i’m fake typing on my computer that i wish to be removed from this conversation.”

“okay, okay, just - what do i do? should i edit it into the video?” jungkook feels frantic.

“should i confess to him with the video?”

“he would hate that,” jimin says flatly, “and you would get fired. so yes, i’d say go for it. can i have your parking space?”

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in the end, he doesn’t do a dramatic video confession, public for all internet to see. no matter how much jimin tells him he’ll pay jungkook to name the video *I Force My Coworker To Hang Out With Me And Realize I’m In Love With Him*. the video he releases is just another episode of the series. the thing is that he can’t really edit his feelings for yoongi *out*. they are

there in the looks he gives yoongi and the way he smiles at him and that one bit where he almost drops the frying pan because he's so flustered.

in the end, he confesses in a perfectly normal, drama-free fashion; in a semi-dark supply closet, with the sounds of people screaming in terror and fleeing from the bees filtering in through the door.

it's not like he *meant* for it to happen this way. but when the first person yelled out, *bee, there's a bee*, thus launching mass panic that snowballed in seconds, yoongi grabbed his arm before he could be swept away by the hurtling masses, tugged him into the closet, mumbling, *bees are friendly and harmless unless disturbed, fucking morons*. jungkook was really very touched that yoongi chose to save him, but now he is also trapped in a dark closet with him and what the fuck is he supposed to do if not confess his recently discovered undying love to him.

"did you see the video?" jungkook attempts to casually inquire over the sound of seokjin screeching in falsetto and using rather office-inappropriate language to address taehyung. there's a meter between them when they stand with shelves digging into their backs. jungkook's heart beats wildly as yoongi's cat eyes watch him in the dim light.

"yes," yoongi says, low and soft, and bites his bottom lip. "you did a good job. i saw... some of the comments. people liked it a lot, right?"

jungkook nods gently. people did like it, them together, which made him feel really good before making his heart sort of ache. (when he quickly visited the comments, the distribution was something like: 60% yoongi's gummy smile, 20% shit like *i want jungkook to whisk me like he whisked that seasoning paste*, 15% comments similar to the ones yoongi and hoseok got - and a whole lot of people asking he do the handcuffs challenge with yoongi.)

"people really like you," he says, and pauses. "i hope you know - that i didn't only want to film with you because people like you - that i don't think you're just, like, a trophy - i really like working with you. you know, right?"

"i know." the corner of yoongi's mouth tugs up just a bit. he looks - almost shy, but it's hard to tell in the lack of light. "i like working with you, too. i... had fun. people were commenting on the fact that i, um... smiled a lot. so there's... that."

"they are always commenting on your smile," jungkook says, "it's sort of a gorgeous smile." immediately upon realizing he just said that, he feels himself flushing. he stares at yoongi, who stares back. he adds, in a whisper, "objectively speaking."

people are still screaming and running. something or someone hits the door with a thud. neither of them pays any attention. they don't even look away from each other.

"jungkook -" yoongi starts.

"i like your smile," jungkook blurts. and then, sort of, just keeps going. "and i like your laugh. whenever i hear it around the office, i feel better, no matter how shitty my day is. i like your voice. i like your hands. i like how much you care, and how you show it constantly with

these quiet, considerate gestures. like when hobi-hyung was sick and you kept leaving lemon tea on his desk. or when that girl wrote to you about having social anxiety and you stayed up all night writing back to her. i like how kind and sweet and passionate you are. i... like you.” jungkook closes his eyes and breathes in. “i like you. so much that i can’t believe it took me this long to realize it. you don’t... even have to say anything. i - shit. i probably shouldn’t have done this while we’re stuck in here.” he laughs a little bit. “sorry. i made it awkward. if you’d rather walk out into the bee apocalypse, i understand.”

“jungkook.” jungkook opens his eyes. it takes a few seconds to get accustomed to this shade of darkness again, but once he does - yoongi has something fierce in his eyes and his brow furrowed like he’s angry... or in pain. jungkook sees him swallow. “i hate you so much,” yoongi mumbles, and reaches out, his fingers catching on jungkook’s shirt on his waist, “why aren’t you kissing me already?”

jungkook blinks, eyes wide, mouth falling open.

“you -”

“yes,” yoongi says frantically, “why do you think i avoided filming with you for all those months? i was being *careful*, i was so sure you and everyone would immediately see - i like you too much, have liked you since forever -”

“oh,” jungkook breathes, “you - because -”

“really want you to be kissing me right now.” yoongi’s hands claw at his waist, and jungkook sort of surges forward. it works out, because jungkook really wants to be kissing yoongi, too.

yoongi tastes kind of how you’d expect him to taste - a little bit bitter, like coffee; a hint of sugar, too; and something else, something jungkook’s not sure has a name, something he immediately can’t get enough of. he kisses yoongi against the shelves, hands on his jaw, in his hair, yoongi wrapping arms around his waist, pulling him closer still, making tiny low noises into his mouth. jungkook can’t tell whether the chaos outside is still unfolding, whether it’s quietened down - he can only hear yoongi, and distantly, something getting knocked over on the shelf.

“oh my god,” yoongi gasps when jungkook’s hands venture down his back, to his ass, and *lift* - jungkook picks him up, presses him up against the shelves, continues kissing him, tugging at his bottom lip with his teeth, and yoongi groans, locks his legs tightly around him -

light floods the closet as the door is wrenched open. jungkook isn’t immediately oriented enough to put yoongi down, but he does pull away - they both squint at a mildly traumatized namjoon in the doorway.

“wow, okay,” namjoon says, “i just wanted to inform you that the bee situation is mostly over and you can come out now. i regret that decision very much and if i could go back to ten seconds ago to make this less uncomfortable for all of us, i would.”

“leave, namjoon,” yoongi says.

“that would be great.” he begins to close the door, then stops. “congratulations, i’m so glad you’re finally getting on with it.” he closes the door; opens it once more. “you should really talk to HR though. you know, standard procedure.”

yoongi reaches behind his shoulder, and flings a binder at him.

/

“what the fuck. were. you. trying. to. achieve.” seokjin punctuates each word with a slap to the back of taehyung’s head.

“ow, ow, ow.”

“i don’t know,” yoongi muses, “i think it was an efficient way to raise awareness of bees. they are vital to our planet, and they are dying, you know.”

“of course *you* liked it,” seokjin glares at him, and gestures accusingly at jungkook, who a moment ago plopped down on yoongi’s lap like it was the only seat available in this office. “you were making out in a closet for the entire duration of it. fucking typical, by the way. i was *dying* out here. *and* you missed my double pun. i asked tae ‘what’s buzzing?’ because we work at buzzfeed and because he was emitting a mysterious buzzing sound. of course it turned out to be because of the mayhem and death he had in his pockets but in that moment it was *hilarious*. so fuck you.”

“there was only ever one bee,” taehyung complains, “how was i supposed to know you’d go ape shit over one bee, jesus.”

“i can’t believe there was only one bee,” jungkook snorts, and the laughter catches, spreads around the small semi-circle; eventually even seokjin joins. yoongi buries his smile into jungkook’s shoulder.

“i’m going home,” namjoon shakes his head, “it’s been a long ass day.”

“i’ll walk with you.” jimin gets up, too, grabbing his bag and his jacket draped over the backrest. yoongi catches him grinning at jungkook, giving him a tiny two-fingered salute, which jungkook returns.

one by one, the others clear out with *goodnights* and *see you tomorrows*. jungkook doesn’t get up from yoongi’s lap.

“are you staying?” he asks, twisting his upper body to look at yoongi.

“i was going to,” yoongi hesitates, “but...”

“i’ll stay with you,” jungkook says, blinking at him softly. “if you don’t mind the company?”

yoongi smiles, happy.

“on the condition that you stop bringing up the handcuffs challenge,” he mumbles, “i can’t concentrate.”

“no handcuffs for now,” jungkook grins mischievously, and dips down to touch his lips to yoongi’s. “got it.”

jungkook is quite the near-death experience himself, yoongi thinks. the only one he’ll ever want.

End Notes

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