

Crayons Can Melt On Us For All I Care

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Fandom:	방탄소년단 Bangtan Boys BTS
Relationship:	Jung Hoseok J-Hope/Min Yoongi Suga
Characters:	Kim Seokjin Jin , Min Yoongi Suga , Jung Hoseok J-Hope , Kim Namjoon Rap Monster , Park Jimin (BTS) , Kim Taehyung V , Jeon Jungkook
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by [berelain_notes](#)

Summary

This is basically just a place to dump all of the drabbles I write on tumblr. Ships and other tags will be added as needed!

Notes

'Deck The Halls, Bruise Your Hand' - Yoonseok

This drabble was written to fill a ship meme request.

Based off of the prompt - “Don’t you dare throw that snowba-Dammit!”

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

Thump. Thu-thump.

Namjoon and Yoongi had made the wise decision to stay inside the company van while their members filmed a snowball fight out in the radio station's parking lot. Their safety and silence had been guaranteed until Jin had retreated to the van as well, voicing complaints of his aching fingers and joints.

Thump. Thump thump. Thump th-thump.

However, the loss of a teammate had spurred the kids into assaulting the van's windows with snowballs, in some weirdly misguided way of drawing out another potential player. Out of frustration probably, if Taehyung's annoying war cries and Jeongguk's loud taunts were anything to go by. Sadly enough, it was starting to work too. Yoongi couldn't remember the last time he had such envy for Namjoon's ability to remain completely zen amidst the most rambunctious moments. He remained entirely engrossed in his English book, the title too long and complex for Yoongi to make heads or tails of.

Thump. Thump. Thump.

They were relentless. How the *fuck* was Yoongi supposed to work on lyrics with this kind of distracting noise?

"Fuckin' brats," he said under his breath, grumbling as he got up from his place in the backseat and walked, awkwardly hunched over, to open the side door with vigor. Throwing caution to the wind, Yoongi stuck his head and shoulders out of the van, yelling, "Yah!"

At once, the maknae line dropped the snowballs in their arms, immediately straightening their collective posture and trying to put on an innocent face with their hands clasped behind their backs. Some were arguably more convincing than others, but none of them were angelic.

"If I wanted to freeze my ass off and get bruised up by a bunch of ice rocks I'd already be out here with you. Stop throwing the fucking snowballs at-"

Thump.

Yoongi's right cheek burned red from the impact; the cold.

And as strong as his internal indignation was in that moment, it was nothing but white noise when compared to the noise level of howling laughter that followed. The amused high pitched squealing of a back stabbing dongsaeng.

Boyfriend or not - Jung Hoseok was a dead man.

End Notes

cry with me on tumblr @ holdmetightsuga

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