

Feelings

Namjoon's POV

Kc comes back into the room and wipes her eyes. She's been crying Jungkook walks in not long after. His nose is red, his eyes are purple. He has to look away as his eyes go between Kc, and elsewhere. He's torn now. He doesn't know how he feels. He looks at Marisol, then back to Kc. He shakes his head and walks back out of the room. "The longer the we wait the longer she's in danger, why can't we look for her now?" Cordelia asks. "You heard what the Officer said Cordelia, we can't." Hobi responds. She glares at him. The tension is about to snap. There's a lot of it. "We can't do a lot of things can we Mr. Jung." She spat. He winces. "Cordelia--" He starts. "No! You keep telling me there are things we can't do, but you don't seem to give me a reason!" She shouts. Everyone in the room just watches. She's hurt. "Cordelia--" He whispers, fists clenched, head turned and eyes shut. "No! Can you give me an explanation? For anything? Or are you going to just keep telling me what to do?!" She yells. He opens his eyes and turns his head to her. "You think I don't want to give you an explanation?! You think I don't want to be able to tell you everything?! That's the issue Cordelia, I. Can't." He shouts back, tears streaming down his face. Her eyes widen, and everything goes quiet. She runs out of the room, going upstairs. He follows.

Cordelia's POV

"Cordelia-- CORDELIA!" He shouts grabbing my wrist as I ran into (Yn)'s bedroom. I turn to him as tears start forming in my eyes. "What? What do you want Mr. Jung I--" I start but he cuts me off, grabbing both of my shoulders and slamming the door behind him. "Don't call me that!" He shouts. "You don't get it do you?" He asks, staring at me intensely. "Get what, Jung? What don't I get!" I yell. "Stop yelling at me! I want to explain and tell you everything but I can't!" He yells. "Why?! Why can't you!?" I yell back. "Because I just can't! Okay?! I just-- its not... I can't okay?" He responds so softly. "But why can't you? Why is this so hard for you? One minute you're protecting me, kissing and the next you're pushing me away. Why?" I ask, my voice a whisper. He lets go of me, and turns his back to me. "I don't want to get hurt again... What that would do to my well being..." He trails. "Hur?" "What do you mean? Get hurt again?" I asked. He glanced back at me. "I've fallen for a student before.... I didn't want to do it again... I saw your audition and, even though I saw this happening... I picked you anyway." He explains. His shoulders slump, and his head drops. "What do you mean you saw this happening? What happened?" I asked. He turns to me, a sad smile on his face. Then turns away again. "I fell in love with you Cordelia." He responds. "But I already said---" I start. "Yeah, I know... I've heard it before.... She said it too... Then when she didn't need me anymore, she let me go for someone.... Someone better.... I got fired from my job.... It took so long to recover.... I didn't want to do it again... But I did anyway." He whispered. "Hobi..." I whispered. His body tenses. "Y-yes?" He stutters. "I... I love you..." I whisper. He whips around and faces me.

Hobi's POV

I scanned her face. She had to be joking "You don't...." I whispered. "I love you." She whispers again. "Take it back. Take it back right now." I said. "There you go again telling me what to do without an explanation." She says looking down. "Why can't you just accept that I love you?" She asked. I looked at her. Screw it "Cordelia." I start. She looks up at me. I smile. She means it. "Kiss me." I command. Her eyes widen. "You're telling me what--" She starts. "Kiss. Me." I state. She hesitates. I roll my eyes and I kiss her, pressing her against the wall.

Jungkook's POV

I was going insane. Why were these feelings coming to the surface now? Why weren't they there before? I hear footsteps. It had to be her didn't it "J-Jeon?" She asks. I hum in response as she walks closer. I grip the counter in the kitchen harder. "You've been in here awhile. Are you okay?" She asks. I laugh shallowly. "Why are you laughing?" She asks. "I'm laughing because you're asking if I'm okay... I..." I trail, another shallow laugh releasing. "Are you?" She asks again. I turn to her. "No." I respond. "What's wrong?" She asks. I again laugh. I look at her. "You." I respond. I hear her eyes widen. "Wh-what?" She stutters. I reach my hand forward and yank her toward me crashing our lips together.

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