# Twitter Thread by ■



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@vmipj

**volleyball players vmin that more often than not, release their pent-up stress on each other**

“Nice serve out there, Park.” Taehyung slams the locker that’s next to his shut and Jimin would be damned if he lets himself flinch.

Taehyung keeps his body close, so close Jimin can hear his low pants leaving his mouth from exhaustion. Jimin curls his hands into fists at his sides as he takes a deep breath.

It’s just the two of them in the lockers, the rest of his team having left to grab a bite after a long match. Jimin told he just needed to get something from his locker and made sure he plastered a smile while he did, not wanting to worry any of them.

Of course, ‘them’ not including Taehyung. As if he gave a single fuck about him.

Jimin is aware he cost them the game. If it hadn’t been for his poor serve, they could’ve still clutched the second set to go to a third. He fucking knows, so he doesn’t really need Taehyung reminding him.

Any other day Jimin would’ve indulged the other, but not today. He doesn’t think he can take it without breaking into a crying mess in the middle of it. And the last thing Jimin wants is to cry in front of Taehyung, him of all people.

“Shut the fuck up. I’m not in the mood.” Is all he says, his jaw set tight, only because he doesn’t want his voice to crack.

“Ah, that’s a shame, because I am.” Taehyung’s airy laugh tickles his neck and for fuck’s sake, why does he have such a strong effect on him?