

Overtime

Your POV

"So, when do you get to meet your dance instructor?" I asked. Her eyes widen. "Crap!" She mutters and runs out of the apartment. I laugh as I watch her practically fly down the stairs.

Cordelia's POV

I completely forgot! I had gotten all my stuff moved in and I coincidentally moved into the same apartment building. After somehow getting a cab, I get to where my lessons would be.... Fifteen minutes late. I burst in the doors. "I'm so so sorry, I just finished moving into my apartment and my friend was being robbed and I lost track of time I'm sorry!" I ramble out trying to catch my breath. I hear a laugh and look up and freeze. No. Way. "You must be Ms. Cordelia Warriner. I'm--" he starts but my fangirl cuts him off. "Jung Hoseok. A world renowned dancer. Are you really my dance instructor for this dance program?" I asked. He laughs again. "Yes. I picked you a while ago." He responds. "You... Picked.... Holy mother of cheezits." I whisper. "Do you need to breathe before we get started?" He says with a laugh. I shake my head. "You're more laid back than I expected." I said walking to the center of the room. He laughs, then steps closer with a smirk. Now inches from me. "That's because we haven't started dancing yet." He responds. I blush. I'm screwed. "Shall we get started?" He asked moving away from me. "I uh... Yeah.. Sure whatever you say teach." I respond putting my bag down. "Are you really gonna dance in that?" He asks. I look down. He's not wrong. Not the greatest dance clothes. "Um.... No but...." I respond. He tosses me black tights, a light grey t-shirt that's definitely too big for me, and dance shoes. "Thanks." I respond. "No problem, wouldn't be the first time a student of mine has come in late, and unprepared he responds with a laugh. "Hurry, you're the dancer I'm most excited to work with. And call me Hoseok." He says as I walk out. I nod and leave. I get changed and walk back in.

Hoseok's POV

She walks back in, and I lock my jaw so it doesn't drop. Definitely one of my most attractive students, but I can't be unprofessional. I clear my throat and turn to her. "Shall we get started now?" I asked with a smile. She nods. "What should we start with? Hip hop, pop, tango, or..." I trail. "What do you want to start with?" She asks. I smirk. "Tango, but I think since it's a more intimate dance we should wait until we've done this a little longer. So, hip hop." I respond, fighting a smile as a blush rises to her cheeks. Flirting isn't unprofessional right? "S-sounds great." She stutters. "Let's get started then." I respond. So we do. We dance for hours, longer than I normally teach, must've lost track of time. I look at the clock and my eyes widen. "Woah." I whisper. "Well that does it for today's lesson." I respond breathing heavily. I avoid looking at her. She's covered in sweat, and that can't be good for my hormones. "Why? It's only been an hour. I thought these lasted for two and a half?" She asked. She got here at four fifteen. It's ten o'clock. "Um, Cordelia..." I trail finally looking at her. I lose oxygen. I knew I shouldn't have looked at her. "What?" She asks confused. I smile. "It's ten o'clock." I tell her. Her eyes widen and she looks at her phone. "Crap! The gates to my apartment building close at ten fifteen! I'll never make it." She mutters putting her face in her hands. Don't do it don't do it don't-- "I have an extra room you could stay there for the night." I say looking away from her. "Really?! Thank you so much! Why are you so nice to me we just met?" She asks. "Because I don't think you have anywhere else to go. You're not Korean." I respond, looking back at her. "Yeah... I guess that's true. You speak English pretty decently (pretend they're all fluent. All Angels are fluent in every language okay, back to the story)." She responds, with a laugh. Her laugh was cute. Oh geez you just met her. You can't do this to yourself again Hoseok. You know how long you were depressed last time, you don't need that again. "Shall we go?" I asked grabbing my stuff as I stand up. She grabs hers and follows behind me. We get into my car, and it's a silent awkward car ride full of breathing from all the hard dancing we just did. We arrive at my house and I let her in. I show her to the guest room and head to mine. "You screwed yourself over Jung." I whispered and went to sleep.

A/n shout out to Blind Choreography by [Jiminieisbias](#) it's a great book so far! I recommend to guys go check it out! 🎧 📖



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