**Kitten (A yoonseok fiction)**

by [N_volution](http://archiveofourown.org/users/N_volution)

**Summary**

Yoongi a feline needs to learn about things in this world. Hoseok is a mafia Lord willing to open up a whole new world to him.

They will build each other's worlds but consecutively break them down.

**Notes**

See the end of the work for [notes](http://archiveofourown.org/notes/11427024).
"You're nose is bleeding again." She held his head under the shower. She was the only one there to take care of him after a fight. Today was no exception.

"And this swollen lip?" She asked tracing her fingers over his lips earning a menacing stare as well as a hiss.

"Too many questions." He said stepping out of the tub and walking into his room. Or at least his side of it. He shares it with four others. Four other felines to be exact. He was the worst of them all. Rebellious does not cut it to describe how he has become after his older brothers and sisters left them in the horrid place to fend for themselves. He didn't loathe them though even if he expressed like he did. He secretly was waiting to run into them. To find them and see how they are doing. He knows they are doing just fine with all the anonymous money they are sent. Sometimes wads of bills would appear so they, even abandoned don't have to resort to becoming thefts in this cold, cruel world.

He was often found sneaking around mansions or other big building observing. Not for things to take but to watch what people do with their money and resources. His favorite was one fifteen minutes from home. It was enormous with 57 rooms double the bathrooms and a theatre that fit at least 100 people. Usually used for meetings as the owner was a big and famous CEO. But underground he ran even more than that; he was a mafia boss part of a circle of acquaintances that networked the whole world. He was intrigued in how they managed to work and often observed the meetings from a vent up above.

He longed for that. Money. Fame. Glory. Riches upon riches. Obedience. The list could go on forever. But there's a catch to all of this. He is a feline. Felines can't be leaders. Only humans could. Even if he could hide his ears and tail. The way he acted would eventually give it away so he quickly gave up on that dream. Also, not to mention most animal hybrids were used as a form of, how do I put this? Slavery? They were a form of disposable entertainment. Not considered much by society. Or so that's what he knew to be true.

Today, as he peered through the vents he himself widened slightly to view things better he noticed extra merchandise. Each of the leaders had their group of hybrids but they were elegantly dressed. There was also an extra seat. Did they get a new leader? He asked himself as he tried to gather more information about the situation. Minutes into the meeting instead of connecting with "Mr. Happy" the doors were shot open by two hybrids, elegantly dressed as well. Anxious to see closer he shifted closer to the vent, eyes peered through the metal slits. Then, a chic dressed tall figure walked in.

"Beautiful." He said looking at every feature the man could offer. Clean face, hazel eyes, brown hair with a couple of pink highlights. This man was a beauty.

"Long time no see." He spoke in a tone that made the felines tail stand up and curve at the end. As the other men greeted him, he found out who he was. Mr. Happy. The annoying and enthusiastic voice that updated frequently from the state's. He imagined a short and weak looking guy but got this beauty instead. It made him burn inside in acrimony. So much that he leaned too hard onto the vent and fell through landing on a seat. Soft like he imagined but loud nonetheless.

All eyes were on him, especially Mr.Happy's. In a split second all pets were sent after him giving virtually no chance of escape.

He was roughly pulled down to the middle where he was bound to die in. He himself knew how to fight, but these people were ruthless, not to be messed with at all.
"Who sent you!" The boss yelled landing him a punch right in the stomach earning a deep exhale.
"NO ONE." he exclaimed. He was not convinced and delivered more blows.

"I was just, ugh. Just looking around." He spoke with blood dripping down his nose and mouth.

"Lies." He yelled and pulled a gun from behind. "Do you know what happens to spies?"

He pulled the glock on the gun back certainly he was going to shoot. A second later, bang bang. Two one through the leg one right through his shoulder. The screams were petrifying. His small body was weak and delicate. Not for gun wounds.

"Why did you shoot!" Mr.Happy exclaimed. "He wasn't a spy!" He said going to his dying body and applying pressure to both wounds with the help of his skillful pets.

The boss had no regret in what he just did and was actually taken aback by his actions. Out of every cold blooded killer in the room, he was not the worst. Mr.Happy was. Mr.Happy would kill and do wicked things with his pets and even people he could get his hands on. He was a sadist and one of the worst. To be frank, it comes in handy with this line of work.

"Why are you helping him?" He asked putting the gun away.

Happy was intelligent and was not going to look weak in this situation. "Don't you see his face?" He asked, "It is small and just like porcelain. This little kitten is a fragile little thing." He chuckled.

"Perfect for your liking huh?" Asked a tall and broad shouldered man.

His other pets were ordered to send him down to the basement, quickly for treatment. He heard everything but it was becoming distorted now. The color to his face is nowhere to be found and his clothes are completely drenched in blood.

After lots of anesthesia and blood transfusions he was able to wake up. Slowly but surely he didn't die. He was fixed almost completely. The wounds were almost entirely healed and he wondered why.

As he looked around he noticed two other felines, four dogs and two birds surprisingly.

"What.... I'm still alive?" He asked sitting up.

"Well yeah. You aren't human." One of the felines said.

"That doesn't mean anything." He was confused.

They all looked at each other exchanging looks. "Yeah it does, you can regenerate."

His face lit up in confusion. Everytime he had an injury because of fights they took ages to heal. None of the people around him could heal either.

"No I can't. I'm not something supernatural I'm just a hybrid." He said getting up.

"You have lots to learn." A voice from behind said.

He was not content with Mr.Happy. anger flushed up again. The others walked outside at the snap of his fingers and closed the door behind them.
"Why did you do that?" He asked Mr. Happy.

"Do what?" He replied setting down the objects occupying his hands. "Save your life? Because you should be thanking me."

The feline was confused. He thought they were all the same. That they don't care about life. About lives of others. He didn't want to thank him. His pride is a little high.

"Okay, don't thank me." Happy noticed. "Let me help you shower though."

The feline's face blushed a light tint of pink. "What? No."

"What's your name?" Happy asked. Pulling an object out of his pocket.

"Yoongi..." the feline voiced in confidence even if he didn't like his name. It reminded him of his parents. Who were gone.

The other walked inches apart from yoongi. Took the object and Jammed it into his shoulder forcing him to scream in pain. "I am your boss as of now. Your love, protection, leader, enemy, and king."

His expression was dark. His eyes pierced right through him. A whole world different than what yoongi thought he was like. It was infuriating him. He was not going to follow anyone.
"Now, let's go shower." He voiced. He picked up the feline and the things towards the bathroom in that room. The bathroom was a series of smaller bathrooms. Six showers to the right and another six to the left. Then at the end was a big tub decorated in gold. He sat yoongi down and turned the water on waiting for it to fill he took his shirt off. It was long sleeved so he didn't want to get it wet.

Then, once the tub was half filled he went for yoongi clothes. They had become crusty from the second round of blood. Yoongi was not feeling the anger and just wanted the clothes off. And wouldn't be able to with the injured arm.

Slowly, he placed his hands under the other's shirt helped one hand in and then the other in order to not cause much pain.

"Just think about healing and it will." Said the boss as he threw the shirt onto the floor. He went for the belt of his jeans, took it off and did the same to the button and zipper.

Yoongi followed what he said and to his surprise it did heal. Slowly but surely. His skin weaved together closing completely. The blood that has dripped now seemed to come from somewhere else rather than his now healthy shoulder. He felt almost surreal. How can he, just a feline be able to heal, or regenerate or whatever it was. He wasn't even sure what to call it. Such things only happen in fantasy books and movies. Such things were myths. But it has just happened, twice to be exact. And he had questions piled upon questions to ask. His life might not be as simple as it appeared all along.

Once his soaked jeans were off happy stopped the water placed a purple liquid inside and helped yoongi stand on a step. "You have to take those off too."

He wasn't prepared to be completely naked in front of someone."No.."

The boss expression hardened a little. "Okay, let's take them off in the water then." He said then helping him inside.

Yoongi was small and lean. He couldn't seem to gain weight at all. He was so small compared to the other.

"What is your name.....boss?" Yoongi asked adding the boss hesitantly.

"Its..Hoseok." he replied pleasantly surprised. He wasn't expecting that so early on. He happily managed the shampoo into Yoongi's hair. He was just sitting there in the water under his grip. He began to feel something on his head.

"Woah, your ears are coming out." He said. The other was flustered not knowing why they were appearing.
"T-they shouldn't..." he said pulling away from the others grip.

"You've...never been touched..?" Asked Hoseok pulling him back. He wondered how he even lived not knowing things like healing. How did he survive? He scratched between his ears earning a small pur.

"Why would I need to be touched? I don't even know why this is happening." Yoongi said almost melting under his hands. He would be lying if he didn't enjoy it. But he felt submissive and hated it.

"You need lots of teaching." He said tracing his hand down his head to the back of his neck. Yoongi sighed deeply. He went lower down his back causing him to curve it and close his eyes. Hoseok fixed himself so yoongi could hold onto him before proceeding to touch his tail. It was silver just like his hair. Yoongi held onto Hoseok's shoulders. This was something he never felt before and greatly enjoyed it. He's sure nobody in his house had learned about these things.

Hoseok's lengthy hands massaged the soap out of his hair, sending him to nirvana. It pleased him that he was able to pet such a beautiful creature. He couldn't wait to go further but he needed to wait. He needed to introduce him into everything slowly.

He slathered conditioner into his hair. Then went onto the body wash. He noticed the other's face become a little stern but he needed to get thoroughly washed. He began with his chest and back when he was ready to move forward he didn't even need to ask. Yoongi placed his head onto his shoulder and wrapped his hands around his neck. Hoseok slowly pushed his underwear down and washed the area with no intentions other than to clean him.

When they finished hoseok pulled him out in a towel and dried him as well. He placed his head through one of his thick sweaters and saw his cute little ears go through first. He helped him slip the socks on and then his underwear. He took some from one of his pets although he didn't have any jeans for him. He loved the way the oversized sweater looked on him. Yoongi thought he looked ridiculous. He was convinced everyone would laugh at him.

"We are leaving right now so nobody will see if you'd like." Said hoseok cleaning any spilled water as well as putting his shirt back on. Before letting yoongi go he took another thing out of his pocket. It was a black band. He took Yoongi's hand and clipped it on. "Wouldn't want you to escape right?" He said. "This will only be unlocked with my voice. It will track your whereabouts 24/7."

"What about my family?" He asked.
He wasn't actually too worried for them but he didn't want to just abandon them either.

"They will be fine. You can even send money to them if you want." He replied picking everything up and walking to the entrance.

Yoongi followed behind him through the halls. He's only creeped through them avoiding to be seen before, but now it's different, he can actually walk through them freely.

In this day and age the world was cold. Yoongi knew that but not like this. He'll soon find that he truly has a good heart and might not be fit for the life he was pursuing after.

Chapter End Notes

How's this? I just published the first chapter yesterday and it has so many views already.
I myself am shocked. I'm thinking about posting once or twice a week, sounds good?
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Yoongi is still getting used to his new situation.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Yoongi pov

We left town in a couple of trucks. I didn't get to ride the same one with Hoseok. I learned a few names and they showed me to the room for the night. My room wasn't all that big or fancy but I liked it. Even if I can't see my siblings anymore. They were probably expecting me leaving anyways. Ruka will miss me, probably. Not like we were going out or anything, we were just friends.

It's been a few days. Not much has happened since Hoseok stayed back in Korea. I would have never imagined that I would come over seas as well, but here I am.

His house was significantly smaller than the other one, just enough for us and a few extra rooms. It was way more comfortable than the other one. Not sure if it was because it was American or just the ambient everyone gives it. I've helped pick fruit from the orchard for some pies, crawled into some vents to rid them of mice and helped cook dinner last night.

Sleeping has been hard without the comfort of my room. Everything was set perfectly. The pillows the objects in my side of the room. Even the way I slept was always in order to avoid nightmares. But in this new room I had them consistently.

That night repeated and repeated. I always look for a different outcome but it's always the same. They die. My parents were lovely people only to die brutally that night. I always feel guilt. If I hadn't pestered them to get to the play, they would still be here. None of my older siblings would have left and I wouldn't be here, a slave. I couldn't handle it anymore and reached for the glass of water on my nightstand. It was early morning, still a few hours left before I need to go fetch groceries. I almost jolted to the door as I felt something beside me.

"W-what are you doing in my bed?!!" I yell, probably a little too loud for having just woken up and still being hazy from the nightmares.

"Do you always get these nightmares?" He asked reaching for my hand and pulling me into his chest ignoring my question completely.

"Uh....yeah." I said wiping away the still wet tears I just noticed I had. Hoseok tucked me under the blanket and pulled me into his bare chest.

When did he even take that off? I guess I yearned for some warmth because I didn't resist at all. I dug my head in the warm space between the pillow and his neck. My lips were right on his Adam's apple. He reached for the extra blanket and wrapped me in it for even more comfort. I fell asleep almost instantly.
"Do you always get these nightmares?" I ask. I got here just thirty minutes ago. He was fine then. He looked so peaceful and beautiful unaware of anything but suddenly he just began to squirm. He scrunched his face in sorrow and began to cry. I wasn't sure if I should wake him up.

"Uhh...yeah." he said wiping away some tears. I tucked him under the blanket and pulled him close. He didn't resist at all. I'm sure he just wants to actually rest instead of having nightmares. The past few days must have been hell for him in this new setting. He dug his face into my neck. Rubbing circles on his back I waited for him to fall asleep before I did.

I was lucky enough to let him sleep in, skipping his chores. He just slept so peacefully in my arms I couldn't wake him up. I would have never imagined that I would go from seeing him sneak around headquarters to having him in my arms. I want to teach him everything possible. I want to show him the world.

I reach for the top of his head as he begins to open his eyes. Instantly his face blushes as his ears begin to pop out. His hair is just so soft, it's hard to hold back. He covers his face with the blanket as I slowly stop.

"D-don't stop.." he voiced lowly. Digging my fingers in to get a better scratch he lets out a low groan.

"It feels good, doesn't it?" I ask chuckling a little.

"Why?" he asks, pulling the blanket down but avoiding eye contact.

"Why what?" I ask in response.

"Why does it feel so good." he replies.

"Because there's sensitive nerves behind your ears?" I ask. He couldn't be this clueless right?

"Not that, my parents used to scratch my ears too but it never felt like this." 

"Because it's me, duh." I say pulling my hand away. He sits up and looks around as if still not used to the room.

"Have you not had your own room before ? " I ask. I'm assuming I could make him talk since he's not acting mischievous at the moment.

"No..." he said looking down.

"Well," I reach out and pull him into an embrace. "You will have lots of things from now on."

"Why are you so nice? Aren't you guys evil? I'm supposed to be your slave. Why am I letting you hold on to me like this?" he blurted question after question. Did he live under a rock?

"Look, I've had my eye on you since a while back, I've been dying to own you. I wouldn't treat you so bad right off the bat. And like I said it's because it's me, duh." I say letting go and standing up as someone knocks on the door.

"Sir, here are the things you asked for last night." said a girly voice.
"Come in, Mei. Set the things right over here will ya." I say opening the door with a smile.

She blushed as soon as she saw me. "My, oh my Sir. such things a lady should not see."

I loved getting her embarrassed. Her light pink cheeks were too adorable. She ran out as soon as she set the things down.
"Brunch is ready by the way, Sir."

"Well go shower across the hall and hmm.." I trail off handing him a new towel and looking for a good outfit.

"Oh, okay and put these on."

He stood up and did as said. In less than fifteen minutes we were on our way to the patio. Today was a bright day great for eating outside.

Chapter End Notes

Ahh, I haven't posted in over a week sorry guys. I needed to brainstorm a good back story for everything that way I don't forget and am able to be a bit more flexible without worrying if my ideas go with the plot or not.

Anyways, if you don't like that Yoongi and Hoseok are going to be together please stop reading. I get that some people might be disturbed about reading about someone having a relationship with someone with animal characteristics.

Also, I know it somewhat seems that these hybrids are slaves and some might also be disturbed about that, just wait to read more. I will try to fit in the history and complete settings of my story as soon as possible.

One last thing, I don't have the same idea in mind where I want the story to go now as to when I wrote the first chapter so, it might be more light or it might be more brutal.

Just saying, this is going to most likely become a very dark story. Hopefully I am able to put out a good solid fic.

Any questions please ask
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Yoongi's punishment

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Yoongi pov

Nausea was coming up me as I rip the tags off the clothes Hoseok handed me. I wasn't even nervous, but I really felt sick. If I told Hoseok I didn't want to eat. I fear he would do something. He seemed kind, but he was surely hiding something deep. So off we were to eat.

It was some type of sandwich thing with some fruit on the side. We weren't alone, three others sat with us. Two seemed to be types of snake hybrids and one was a wolf. They seemed almost exotic. Their white hair and red eyes, as well as their nicely fitting clothes on their slim bodies.

"Hey, is this the cat boy?" one of them asked.

Hoseok chuckled, "Yes, I need you three to train him."

I took a bite of the sandwich questioning what he meant by train him.

"He seems so timid, are you sure he can withstand it?" the wolf asked. What does he even mean?

"Oh no, he is very sneaky. I'm sure once he gets used to everything he will become a handful." Hoseok said taking a sip of his drink.

"Can you pass me the ketchup, Yoongi right?" he asked. I handed him the bottle as I shook my head yes, our fingers touching for a second.

"Woah he's freezing." he says setting the bottle down and quickly reaching for my hand. He intertwined our fingers. "He's ice cold."

"Are you cold, Yoongi?" Hoseok asks as he gets closer.

"I'm perfectly fine." I say. I didn't feel cold at all.

"Well, this is weird," one of them say taking a hold of my other hand. Her irises become completely red before letting go of my hand. It took everything inside me to not run out, was she some witch? "There's something flowing uniquely in him."

"What do you mean?" Hoseok asks, he stopped eating and now has a stern expression.

"I think," she says looking into space. "He might be able to become a knight." To that Hoseok's face lit up.

"My fourth knight then, huh?" he says. "Just train him regularly for now." We began to eat again, well they did.
"I...I can't eat." I stutter. All attention was on me, as if was not already for the past ten minutes.

"What?" he asks, once again his face stern.

Before I could say anything I was up and running. I needed a bathroom or trashcan, but a bush would do. Once I was behind a wall I managed to throw up near some bushes. I leaned on the wall for support as one of my eyes teared. It's excruciating when you need to throw up but having nothing but a few bites in your stomach.

The breeze was cool so it helped me cool off a bit. Why did this suddenly happen though? Why did Hoseok want to train me? He's probably out looking for me actually. He seemed mad. I knew he was all talk. One wrong answer and he looked ready to bark orders.

Looking around the bushes I actually haven't been to this part of the property. I was right at the edge, where they told me to never go by. There was lots of land for us, and even buildings for us to do various activities in but never have I seen other property owned by other people. It's as if this area was for humans who owned lots of us. Why would humans do such things? I'm sure we were born to be something better than slaves for humans.

Blurred by rage I jump the twelve foot metal and concrete fence. I didn't know where I was going but away. Not one moment while I ran away did I think of the consequences of when Hoseok finds out.

I climbed a huge willow tree after tiredness overcame my legs. The view was great, almost sunset. Reminded me of the time before everything turned to shit at the beach. Both mother and father took us all to the beach to camp. We had S'mores and hot dogs and freshly squeezed lemonade. No deaths. No slaves. No abandonment. Just pure happiness. Pure bliss.

"You should get back now, Yoongi." a voice said from below cutting me away from my daydream.

It was the wolf guy. "No."

"Hos- Lord is extremely furious at you." he says in a sigh.

"You call him lord?" I ask.

"To us knights he is lord." he replies.

"Is he so selfish to not care about us? I could have been dying." I say hoping off of the tree in one swift movement.

"He cares, more than you think. He's not mad at that, he was worried. But you basically ran away, that got him mad." he said motioning for me to walk.

The walk back was longer than I expected. "He's going to torture me isn't he?" I ask.

"Uhh...probably..just don't make him even more mad." he says motioning for the front gate to open.

He dropped me off in front of what I'm guessing is his torture chamber.

"My names Michael by the way," he says waving goodbye in a quirky way. "And that's his room."

I take a few deep breaths before I open the doors. The room was bigger than I imagined. His bed was in the middle with the headboard on the wall. To the right was a whole living room set along with coffee table and tv stand. To the left was a six seat table with his computer at one end, and
beyond that were two doors to what I assume lead to the balcony. The whole room was decorated in various red decorations as well as a giant painting of two horses with a bird in the middle. All three animals popped out nicely as if made separately.

"You should obey rules, Yoongi." He says emerging from the two doors on the left. He wore a red silk robe draped down to the floor.

"You should reply to my words as well." He said raising his voice at the end.

"S-sorry." I stutter. He just seemed so intimidating right now, I didn't know what else to say.

"Do you know what people like me do to slaves?" He asked emphasizing the word slave in an almost gross way.

I shook my head slowly, no. I lied though, my parents and older sibling always told me stories of friends or even themselves being tortured by humans for fun before bed. It didn't cause me nightmares. I always dreamed about finding a way to destroy the humans so we could all be free.

"I really wanted to keep a good image in front of you, Yoongi." He said walking to a drawer and pulling out a box. "I just didn't think you would go and do that right off the bat."

"Now, come here." Every word sending chills down my spine. I was really going to get it tonight.

He motioned me to come over to where he was sitting on the bed.

He took the hand with the band. "Off." After the command it simply popped off. With his grip still on my hand he took another one out of the box. It was wider and silver. "I won't disgrace you tonight. But, I will have some fun."

As the band clicked he let go and grinned. "Take off your shirt, will ya."

Without even thinking I did as told. Whatever technology the band had it seemed to be working.

"Lay."

Again, without thinking I lay on the bed with my hands stretched above my head.

"Now, here's a little secret." He said rattling inside the box in search of something. "I'm one for pain, both receiving and giving."

Afterwards, he ran both hands over my back, sliding them down my sides and avoiding the tail. He fixed himself placing his knees at my sides His fingers ran over my skin as if giving a massage, relaxing.

Then, a stinging sensation ran down my back causing me to hiss into the bed sheets. One, two, three, four, five long slashes down my back. It burned but not much. It was more of a tingle. He slid his fingers over them and eagerly chuckled. "Even though it should hurt it doesn't, huh?"

I hummed low in response. "It took me a few years to figure, not too deep, not too shallow for the perfect amount of-

He leaned down, lips touching my ears. "Pleasure."

He hovered his fingers over the cuts. He was right, it did feel good after a while. The tingling sent waves around my body. I felt alive for once.
"But pressure counts a lot." He said digging his fingers into my back. I moaned into the covers at the sudden pain. He shifted his body weight onto the palm of his hands forcing me to claw at the bed covers. By the time he was done I was in tears. The pleasure turned to torture. It felt like it lasted for ever. My thoughts were mush. He stood up to his bathroom, probably to wipe off all my blood. I couldn't move in fear of causing my back pain. I remembered being able to heal back when I was attacked. Thinking about it the stinging went away, I guess they fully healed.

He returned and placed his hands on me once again causing me to stiffen up. "Look, your ears are surfacing."

He placed a cold towel on my back then reached for my head. "Don't."

"But you seem to like it." He said continuing to massage circles around my ears.

I turned myself over onto my back. There was nothing on it but dried blood and the towel. I felt anger come up me again, but I was also frustrated. He said he liked pain didn't he? What about control?

I pulled him close smashing my lips against his. He pulled his head down trying to gain more access but I deny, I am in charge now. He whimpers as I dig my nails into his chest. He involuntarily opens his mouth wider, I slip in ready to wreck him. The only time we pulled away from our make out session was for a breath of air. I helped him slip off the robe, thank God he only had boxers on. I flipped him onto his back. Now on top, I sit up slowly digging both my hands into his chest. He could only grunt as I added some hip grinding. Slowly he began to get hard, as well as I. All that teasing, time for him to get a taste of his own medicine.

I leaned into his neck both for a deeper grind and to suck over it. I grazed my teeth along the soft skin of his collar bone, making him moan. I flatten my tongue out sinking my teeth, sucking harder. I made sure to do it enough to leave my signature on him. Our bodies were burning up. He reached for the button on my jeans. My mind began to blur again. I sat up for a moment scrunching my face. I brought my head back. I felt my hands shake as I try to stop the migraine by bringing them up to my head.

"Yoongi." He slowly said as he stopped the zipper half way. He pushed me off, worried.

I climbed off the bed and before I knew it my knees were to the floor. I couldn't think straight. He seemed to be shaking my my by the shoulders but I was so out of touch. A heavy feeling came over me causing me to lose strength and fall back. His words were far echos now.

Chapter End Notes

I don't even know..... I guess it's just going to get more intense in later chapters. I feared going to fast or too slow with the writing but I guess it will go either way since its a fic.

This chapter along with the following three are going to be good in my opinion. After these next few I will probably write a whole side chapter explaining the settings of my story.

I also didn't really want to add extra characters that weren't kpop idols but I got carried
away.....i might send them off on a mission or something once Jimin gets introduced though....so sorry if y'all end up liking Michael and the twins.

Also there's probably a little too much fantasy......and It will probably get hard for me to write....well Lets see how this goes right? I've written too much to back down now *cries*

Anyways let me know if this is good or not.
Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

After that night.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Yoongi pov

"Yoongi....Yoongi." I slowly opened my eyes to find Michael and the other two at the foot of my bed.

"Are you okay?" He asked. I stood up scratching my head. What time is it? Shouldn't we be getting breakfast ready? The sun was shining in.

"I need to go help with breakfast." I speak trying to slip my slippers on. He placed a hand on my shoulders.

"Chill. We need to talk. And it's actually two in the afternoon." His voice almost cracked in the beginning. I sat back onto my bed, they were all glancing at me.

"What do you remember about last night?" One of the snakes asks. "I'm Seowoo and she's Sanwoo. We're twins by the way."

I didn't answer the question. I myself don't remember now that I think about it.

"We need to know what happened last night." Seowoo said.

"I.." I recalled getting back and going into Hoseok's room. And then the torture happened. I scrunched my face as I remembered more.

"He....he.." I couldn't speak. How could I tell them That?

"We know what he did. He told us that. But he couldn't describe what happened after. He seemed confused." Said Sanwoo.

"Well....after that," I paused, "This like migraine came over me. I fell to my knees and I guess I lost consciousness?"

"That's it?" Asked Michael.

"Actually... I don't know...We were doing things....intimate things." I trail off. They all chuckled in response.

"Well we guessed that, but we don't know why he was so shocked." He said.

"I was mad at him half way through...I felt this weird urge." I said. Not able to explain more because I didn't even know what happened clearly.
"Well I'm sure you both had urges." He said, smiling as if remembering something fondly.

"No, not that. It's as if I wanted to kill him." As soon as I said that they all gasped. So loud I almost jumped.

"Impossible." Seowoo said.

"Are you sure? We would never." Said Michael.

"Uh, yeah." I said raising my voice slightly. "I detest their guts. I hate them with all my being. They're the reason I have almost nothing."

Michael stood up and paced around the room. He was mumbling something to himself.

"Oh my god. Oh my god...OH MY GOD!" He yelled. The other two were as confused as me.

"I, um. I need to talk them about something." He said pulling them out of the room. I sat there confused. We almost did the thing. Me and Hoseok...we almost fucked. I knew we were often uses for disgraceful things but this? A few minutes later they walk back in.

"We need to talk, more." He said happily.

"But let's go to a better place." Said Seowoo.

"Okay..."

I ate a quick snack in the kitchen as the three went to go fetch Hoseok. Apparently he was going abroad for a week so we needed to talk fast.

"Let's go in here. Hoseok will be here in a few." Said Sanwoo. It looked like a study. The color scheme was golds on white and brown. It looked ancient but looking around it was just made that way. Michael sat next to me. While Sanwoo was next to him and Seowoo in front of her, purposely leaving the empty seat right in front of me.

"Okay so, What do you know about the world?" Asked Sanwoo right away.

"What do you mean?" I asked. I didn't go to school but it dosnt mean I'm uneducated.

"Humans and us." Elaborated Seowoo.

"Like the whole, humans hate us thing? We were born to be slaves. My parents always told me stories of not being able to ever become leaders in the world because we're bound by human word." I spoke. Their eyes widened so much, a little more and they would pop out. They wanted to speak but didn't.

"Uh, What? Literally none of that is true besides like 10% of what just came out of your mouth." Said Seowoo. Michael couldn't help but laugh.

"What do you mean it's not true? I've seen it with my own eyes. It was written in this like book thing my mom always read to me."

"Hate to break it to you but they lied." Said Michael. That made my blood boil. My parents were good people! They would never lie to me.

"They would never lie to me!" I raised my voice. "Humans are greedy and just want to use us! Don't tell me that you're here for other things!"
"Calm down, Yoongi." Said a voice from the door. Hoseok was standing there dresses it all dark colors. I had to take a second look to take in all the glory. His black dress pants were tailored to fit perfectly to his every curve. His dress shirt was navy with gold details at the collar and cuffs. Two of his buttons were down enough to reveal dark purple and pink bruises. It's like he didn't even try hiding any of them. The most prominent one was the one right at his jugular. It seemed to match his shirt. How does one find a way to wear hickeys as accessories and get away with it?

"Gee, take a picture. It would last longer." He Said taking a seat right in front of me. I quickly looked out the window.

"What is this book your parents read to you?" He asked. His hair lightly blew as the air vent above us turned on. It fell perfectly over his brows.

"I don't remember the name..." I spoke still with anger lingering in between.

"You were not created to be slaves." He said leaning back and crossing his arms.

"Why are you lying to me? Just so I could feel better about my situation or something?" I spat.

"Okay, I did break the rule to not use my power over you guys," he shot warming looks to the others. "But I don't have you guys do slave things, now do I? We're you expecting to be kept in a basement with chains on your feet? Or were you expecting to be handed a broom and cloth to clean all the time?"

I sighed. None of this is making sense. "What was last night then?"

He leaned forward and lowered his face into his palms as if sighing. "Okay, I'm a terrible person. But I do like you Yoongi. And you have the totally wrong idea on everything."

"Stop fucking lying!" I screech at them all. My nails dug into the fabric of the seat I was in.

"Yoongi..." spoke Michael. He reached for my hand. "He's cold."

Why are they like this? Why can't I tell when I'm cold?

"Look at me Yoongi." Spoke Hoseok. I ignored him turning the other way even more.

"Look. At. Me." He spoke with danger embedded into his words.

"No." I turned slightly. Enough to stare him down. I felt the veins in my neck start to pop out. We were literally bound by their word. There wasn't much We could do.

"Yoongi, don't hurt yourself." Seowoo almost whispered as I felt blood trickle down my nose.

Hoseok stood up and closed the blinds.

"Please don't hurt him." Said Michael in a worried tone.

"Leave me be." Spat Hoseok. He was fuming. "If you don't want to watch or hear please wait outside."

They all stayed.

He dug his nails into the skin around my jaw bones, roughly sending my head back into the seat as I couldn't resist anymore. Stubborn, I averted my gaze away to the now covered window.
"Look," he said, hot breath blowing against my face and pointing at them. "Do they look like they lead miserable lives?! Do they!?!"

He was right, they didn't. At all look miserable in their white garments. Well, besides looking pained at the moment because of me I presume.

I locked my eyes once again and with all rage spat right at his face. A mixture of blood and spit now littered his well groomed face. But he didn't budge, instead he punched me right in the jaw. I swear I heard something pop.

He knelt into the seat placing his knees next to my thighs. He towered over me. It's like he purposely did that to look down on me. He then sat on my thighs and leaned his forehead onto mine. For a second, a split second his face softened. "If us humans actually hated you creatures as much as you think we do. Do you think I would have let you, a slave kiss me? Much less leave your mark and even sent on me?" He tugged at his collar. His words almost sounded hurt.

"Think about that." He stood up and wiped his face with a handkerchief he pulled from his pocket. He spoke to the others and then left, slamming the door behind him.

Michael got up and helped me clean myself. "You really are rootless, Yoongi."

"We thought he was going to do worse.." cried Seowoo.

"Worse? You thought he was going to do worse?! And you tell me my idea on humans is wrong??!!!" I yell once again.

"Chill."

"Chill."

"Chill."

Michael said helping my up. He noticed I was gritting my teeth. He placed a hand on me and repeated himself. "Chill out."

I felt a wave of calmness all over my body. I felt almost no anger. "I still don't get any of this."

"You will eventually." Said Michael.

"I'll go get your things." Said Seowoo.

"Things? For what?" I ask.

"He wants you to go with him as well." Said Seowoo.

"No, I don't want to."

"Well you have to." Said Seowoo leaving out of the room.

"C'mon, I'll let you borrow a uniform set before we leave." Said Michael taking me by the wrist.

Chapter End Notes

Aaahh I liked writing this chapter for some reason.

I guess I'm hinting at what Yoongi is but since nobody knows (because I haven't put out the settings chapter obvi) it's hard to tell.

And I will be tying in god and demons because I'm a sucker for stories involving their
influence.

There might be some spelling or embedding errors so let me know so I can fix it.
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Traveling

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Yoongi pov

He dug around his closet mumbling about a box. He finally jumped in excitement as he pulled a box from beneath some shoes. It was longer than expected. He brought out a whole outfit. It wasn't like his though. It was black and had silver lining around the collar and pockets. It seemed almost like a school uniform except the jacket had some type of symbol on it. It was some type of crest unfamiliar to me.

"Shower and put this on. If you need help call me." He said motioning to his bathroom. He had his own. Well, the room was bigger than mine too. It was decorated in greens both on the wall as paint and as plants littering the desk he had.

I showered in no time. As I slipped on the outfit I did run into some problems. I didn't know what came first. The dress shirt or the weird strapped vest. I walked out with both in my hand.

"How do I put these on?" He was laying down scrolling through a magazine.

"Cute." He said before taking them both from my hands.

"This one here is to hold weapons." He said as he helped click all the belt like buckles. "You aren't allowed to have any as of now, but at least it will help your figure look nice."

He helped slip the rest of the things on until I looked almost like him. A question lingered in my thoughts though.

"Do you carry weapons?" I blurt out. He turns around and chuckles once again before undoing his clothes.

"W-wait what are you doing?" I studder. Him randomly taking his clothes off caught me off guard.

"Showing you the answer duh." He pulled off his jacket and undid his white shirt to reveal a vest almost like mine but more intricate. It was also white like the rest of his clothes. It held various daggers, long knives and even two guns. His tail was also slithered around his waist on top of all the gear. How? He looks so thin.

"Knights apart from serving their lords have to carry various weapons to ensure that both their lives and ours are protected." He turned one of his sides next to me. A stone crystal thing hung from one of the buckles.

"What is that?" I pointed to them.
"Well, some knights can pull energy from various types of crystals. There's times in combat that
demons will curse and to counter attack it we pull energy from the corresponding crystal we match."

My expression couldn't be more baffled if I tried. "You sounded so serious I almost believed you.
That sounds straight out of a pagan novel."

"You really do need lots of teaching." He said placing his garments back on. "Let's go."

After riding in the car for almost fifteen minutes we arrived at some airport. It seemed small and
abandoned. Not many people were around either. The plane was being brought out of a giant garage
as we pull up to a parking space.

Our luggage was carried into a slot opposite from what seemed to be our entrance. The stairs leading
inside were wobbly making me grab onto the railing harder.

I take a seat near the back next to Sanwoo and Seowoo. Michael was right in front of us next to
some other people I didn't know. They looked extremely intimidating with their suits and tattoo
covered bodies with shaved or dyed heads. After some waiting Hoseok walked in. He was all
cleaned and had changed his previous shirt to a dark grey one. He had a special seat to himself as
well as space to place things next to him. He glanced at me once with an emotionless expression
before we began to take off.

I clawed at the seat belt around me. Sanwoo noticed and gave me a questioning look as I held my
breath. "I've never ridden a plane before."

She patted my head and moved it so I could lean on her shoulder. "There's nothing to worry about."

I tried falling asleep after they told me the flight was going to be six hours long. Hoseok seemed to
be very busy, which made me a little nervous. They seemed to be talking about business. He got up
once to take a glass of water as well as to slip a whisper to Michael.

One of what I assume are gang members brought out a black case and handed it to him. He grinned
slightly as he pulled the contents out. Packs of bullets as well as two very shiny guns. "You say it's
built with the latest technology?" He asked facing the baldy.

"Yes, fingerprint sensor if needed aswell as a coating of the new spray that allows for fingerprints to
smudge, avoiding the need to use gloves." The baldy said.

"If this or any other object you have developed backfires like last time," he spoke, pointing the
loaded gun right at the man. "I'll know where to find you and every single person related to you." His
words sent chills down my spine. I'm a thousand percent sure he has killed before.

"It won't sir, I promise." He nervously laughed scratching his bald head. And that continued as I tried
closing my eyes to catch some sleep but failed.

The twins were dead asleep while holding hands. Michael seemed to be listening to music. I looked
out the window. My life is a series of strange events. I haven't even questioned as much as I liked.
I've been just going with the flow since I got here.

I noticed through peripheral vision a few people get up but was to bored to turn and see who they
were. Someone tapped my shoulder not long later. "Hoseok wants you to go to the back." Smiled
Michael before sitting back in his seat.

In sluggish movements I unbuckled my belt and made my way to the back. Holding onto the walls
ofcourse, I was still afraid of this whole flying situation.
The back was just various luggages and suspicious looking boxes and cases. He was sitting behind a few tall yellow boxes. I almost couldn't see him. Creeping over towards him I slowly swallow the lump in my throat. Nervous was an understatement.

"Come sit." He said. His eyes were red. He ruffled his hair and sighed deeply. He was extremely stressed. I sat next to him keeping a few inches away.

"Sometimes, I wish I wasn't in this line of work. But then I would be missing out on helping you guys." He was so tired his voice almost cracked.

"How are you even helping?" I question.

He brought one knee to his chest and placed his head onto it. "In ways you don't even know."

"You guys have been telling me that "I need to learn" and that "I'm wrong" but never care to inform me how. You just say you'll learn eventually." I speak in hopes of getting a solid response.

"We will tell you once you see the book." He said smiling at me.

"When will that be?" I ask a little impatient. " Aren't you still mad at me for earlier?"

"Soon and not really." He said leaning onto my shoulder.

"Just, let me rest for a minute will you?" He whispered closing his eyes.

I guess I'll have to continue blindly since I can't do anything about not knowing. I slide over holding Hoseok's head in my hands. Then I let him slide down to my thighs. I don't really know what I'm doing and this is kind of uncomfortable but whatever.

"Rest." I say massaging the hair on his head. Before I knew it he was snoring lightly. It was hard to see him running mafia when he slept like a little baby. His lips parted slightly every exhale. They were so pink, it gave me a weird feeling knowing I've kissed them before. His hickeys were still there. I traced around them lightly, proud of doing such thing. I wasn't even sure what I was. I never thought of Ruka in any way but a friend. I've been with girls but they never sparked something inside of me. But Hoseok? Just looking at him made me feel....something

He smiled lightly, "How can I sleep when you're making me feel some type of way."

He abruptly pushed me into him allowing our lips to touch. I didn't pull away, instead I deepened the kiss. I was questioning and I needed answers.

As soon as I pulled away he pushed me onto the floor. He hovered over me like a predator. His sleepy self gone completely.

He leans in this time softly and delicately. I was into the kiss, motioning my lips in sync with his. I could feel his tongue slide over and under my top lip. Then he bit my bottom lip forcing a gasp. He slid his tongue inside exploring every corner. I grabbed the back of his head, deepening the kiss and adding more pressure. He sucked at my tongue forcing a groan from me.

He broke away and feathered light kisses along my neck as he slid a leg between mine. He nipped at my collar bone forcing me to throw my head to the other side. His heavy body lay onto mine adding pressure. He made sure to suck hard and long enough to leave marks. He had me a groaning mess. I worried the others might hear.

After he seemed satisfied he sat up. "I would love to finish you right here and now. But were close to
landing and they could hear." He said pulling me up straight into a hug.

Inside I whined but was also relieved. I don't think I was ready to go full way.

"Plus, you seem worried." He spoke into my ear sending shivers through the back of my neck.

"I uh-

"Its okay, don't explain yourself." He said standing up and helping me stand.

"Do you need some makeup for those?" He asked pulling my collar up as if to hide as much as he could.

"Uh....no Its okay." I said. I can live with a few stairs from people.

We talked about guns and he demonstrated how to use them. Without ammunition, obviously he doubted me. Michael came to get us once we were about to touch ground. I left with Michael leaving Hoseok behind. He said he needed something.

As we landed I swear I thought I was going to throw up. Flying was not for me. It was night and I had no clue where we arrived. They just said I was coming along but never even told me where to.

We rode in a black van until we reached our destination. It seemed to be another mansion. Does everyone own a big house or what? It was all shades of brown. In the middle were some staircases leading to a parking space. It looked like something off of an intense action movie. James Bond probably.

I was supposed to walk next to Michael, who was behind Hoseok. Seowoo and Sanwoo were at Hoseok's side. It was like a formation. A tall figure waited surrounded by a short one and about four others. As we got closer the tall figure came to better focus. He was there the day I fell through the vent.

Hoseok and the guy hugged and smiled. He greeted the rest with a handshake and then me.

"Hey, I'm Jeon Jungkook. Nice to finally meet you." His words fell out of his mouth like warm honey.

"Hi." I spoke. Trying to avoid eye contact in fear of getting a toothache.

The shorter dude next to him then greeted us. He had similar clothing to Michael. Was he a knight?

"And I'm Park Jimin, Lord Jungkook's pet as well as knight." He said with a smile at the end. Well that answered my question.

"Hi." I said with more confidence because he was also a feline like me.

Michael and the twins were sent off to some place while they went to deal with some business. Jimin gladly took me to my room.

"This is where you'll be for the rest of the week." He said taking me inside two double doors. The room was big and had two beds. As decadent as the whole house.

"Why are there two beds?" I asked confused. I doubt I would sleep with Michael because he was sent off.

"One for you and one for Hoseok." He said jumping into one of them. "Or do you want one for the
both of y'all?"

I opened my mouth to object but he just continues speaking. "That would be so cute. You two look good together! Aw, just like Jungkook and I."

"You and Jungkook are together?" I ask. Is this a normal thing?

"Yes!" He excited holding his hands together. "He took me in when I needed someone the most."

"And you're okay with him ordering you around?" I ask.

"Yeah, we were made to help them anyways." He said sitting up from the bed.

I sat down on the other bed. Thinking about how if Hoseok sleeps in one by the next day his scent will linger in the sheets. His sweet sweet scent.

"Why do you seem flustered?" He asked abruptly.

"Thought of something..." *Fuck...* did I really just think of something like that?

"Well, go to sleep. I'm taking you somewhere tomorrow." He excited taking my hand.

"You're going to love it."

Chapter End Notes

Editing is kinda hard wtf.

Most pov's are Yoongis for now.

Anyways here y'all go.
Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

First trip to town

Feelings?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

I was supposed to meet with Jimin half an hour ago but I got lost. There's so many rooms and hallways it's ridiculous. Who needs so many? This hallway seems like a dead end. It had only one room at the end of the right side. The closer I got the clearer Hoseok's voice became. He sounded angry, the usual.

"What do you mean the merchandise was stolen?!" He yelled. I hid behind the door enough to not be seen. Lots of crude guys were around him. Some built big while others smaller with blazers on. They were all human. Everyone had a gun, even Hoseok Who was currently pointing it at a guy. "Who took It? Did you atleast get that? You useless piece of shit."

"T-they said they worked under A-pro.." the guy being held up by two bigger ones said. Hoseok was incensed. He shot the gun so bluntly. Not once but twice. The poor guy just yelled in agony as his knees bent. No one in the room batted an eye. No one

Hoseok sighed and brushed the hand with the gun on his forehead to remove the sweat that built up. "Weren't they annihilated?"

A guy sitting at a desk with a few computers in front of him was quickly typing. "They seem to have resurfaced in the past two weeks."

"God damnit." He huffed walking to the guy on the computer. He reached to a different computer and began typing. His fingers dashed over the keyboard ever so swiftly. The guy just wowed his work, he must be looking at something Interesting.

I heard a foot step behind me but before I could look I was being pulled back while my mouth was being covered with a hand.

"Shhhh." They said before letting go.

I almost had a panic attack but it was only Jungkook being the one who took me back and Jimin.

"I was looking around for you." Jimin said.

"I got lost and ended up here, sorry." I apologize earning a small smile from Jimin. Now that I notice he wasn't wearing his uniform thing. Just a blazer and some ripped jeans.

I swiftly looked back through the door trying to see what I missed.

"Yoongi, just walk in." Jungkook said. I looked back about to ask if he was nuts. "Just walk with
"your head high, they can't touch you."

"What?" I was worried a scene like when I fell through the vent to happen but I was more scared of Hoseok at the moment.

"C'mon, he's only a tad bit scary right now." Jungkook walked in greeting the whole room. I walked next to Jimin as he followed behind. They seemed ready to point all their guns at me but jungkook raised his palm and spoke. "Hoseok is already livid."

They all quickly stood up straight again. For a second fear glistened in their eyes before changing to the cold ones they wore. I would be lying if it didn't feel good to somehow have recognition.

"What's Yoongi doing here? Weren't you two going to town?" Asked Hoseok slightly looking up of the computer. His eyes glistened as he scrolled and scrolled. Woah, I'm actually going away from him for the day.

"Yeah, we're still going." Said Jimin pulling me by the hand. "We'll be back later."

The ride to town was heedless. I felt bad ignoring Jimin, I was too busy thinking about how hoseok was acting. He just.....he's So cruel.....

"What's wrong?" Frowned Jimin.

"Nothing..."

"There must be something wrong. I told you the one story that makes everyone laugh. Is it hoseok?"

"I just....he's so....." I couldn't find the right words.

"He's a sadist." Said Jimin turning at a curb. "Yoongi..."

"What?"

He opened his mouth but nothing came out for a good minute. He was choosing his words.

"From what I heard you have been sneaking around for sometime. You knew about what happens in there. People involved underground are not good people." He spoke looking for a parking spot. "He's one of the worst, you were just there at the wrong time."

He took the keys and opened the door, "Or right, you could have been killed by Namjoon."

We walked into what seemed to be a mall, I've never been but I've seen it in video games and movies. Jimin's words echoed in my mind as we browsed for clothes. He's right he isn't a good person. I shouldn't feel like this.

I knew.

I knew but somehow chose to forget

"He....likes computers?" I ask trying to lighten my mood but still making it about him.

"Yeah, let's go in here," he opened the doors to some luxurious looking shop. There were glass shelves and people dressed in elegant suits. "He's actually the leader of the tech team. They innovate cameras and stuff so we can be protected but still shielded so the NIC and others can't hack or see what we do."

A guy with bright blue hair came up to us. "What's up Mr.Park, come for a new suit?"
"It's been a while," he smiled pulling me in front of him, "I need a couple for him."

The guys face lit up. He proceeded to pull me into a room in the back where a couple of women stood. They took measurements of my body and in less than five minutes a rack was filled with an excess amount of outfits. The fitting process took an inordinate amount of time. Some were too brown or too loose. Others made me look too short apparently and made both the blue haired guy and Jimin laugh their asses off.

We settled for a silky blue one, a classic black one. A dark blue and a black and green plaid one. Two pairs of shoes and various ties and bows.

"Why so many? Why would I even need suits?"

"For meetings, and it's good to have lots to choose from." He pulled a card out and made the payment. Some guys took the bags while we went to another store.

This store seemed to be like a cologne one. Racks with box sets on the walls while counters held sunglasses. He had me try a silver pair. "Isn't this too much? I don't even need all of these things."

"Yoongi I love shopping. Just let me spoil you as my friend." Jimin said handing them as well as a few boxes to a lady. This went on for the rest of the day. He splurged on clothing and accessories that would last at least till I grew old and withered.

To end the day off he took me to a coffee shop. It was deep inside the city. We had to walk a good ten minutes to get to it from the parking lot. It was already dark but the night seemed to just start. Lights of all colors shone from every store. It was loud, people chatting and laughing echoed everywhere. Everyone was having a good time. But what shocked me the most was seeing both us and humans mingle together. Not once did I see anyone being treated wrongly.

Jimin sat two cups of iced coffee and a dessert to the table. "I didn't know what to get you so I just ordered the same as my favorite. Caramel iced coffee with a extra shot of espresso."

"Jimin..." I trailed off. Did I really want to ask? Would he laugh at me? Would someone from a neighboring table call me out? Can people tell if I was enslaved? My mind was spinning with so many questions.

"What's up??" He asked taking a spoonful of cake into his mouth.

"Why is everyone so cheerful? Like us and the humans? And can others tell I belong to Hoseok?" I nervously spin the straw of my cup.

"You were brought up differently It's hard to explain why you have these wrong ideas." He looked around.

"That doesn't answer my questions." I say taking a spoonful myself.

"It's normal to hang with one another. And no, nobody can tell because nobody does that."

I furrowed my brows ready to exclaim to him but he continued to speak. "We all live normally. Unless you're somehow part of the underground. You know mafia and stuff nobody goes around enslaving us. I was once part of those groups laughing my ass off with human friends." He said pointing to people laughing right outside. "But I fell through a rough patch and Jungkook enslaved me. I don't see it as a bad thing though."

He fell silent. We took the moment to finish the cake. But I itched to hear more.
"Why?"

"Even though I have to serve Jungkook and even though he has hurt me. I appreciate it because if he didn't pick me up that day I would probably be dead of an overdose or aids. And I would never have had this much power." He said taking the last sip of his coffee. "Yeah, I'm with people considered horrid by society, but in life we have to sometimes do bad things in order to find good ones."

"I hope that answered your questions even if you still don't understand much." He said picking the tray up as I was finished too.

"You did answer them thanks." I say following him out. I still might not think it's true but atleast I'm slowly informing myself right?

-

My room was currently filled to the brim with bags and boxes. Jimin was not lying when he said he loved shopping. I shoved everything into the closet, suits first. I doubt I would need them. I left a few new shirts and jeans out though. Those work better everyday.

I was so tired of putting everything away that I laid onto his bed. It was the closest to the closet and I was too tired to walk those few steps to my own.

"I'll just close my eyes for a minute." I mumbled to myself before falling completely asleep.

Chapter End Notes

I'm at that part of writing where I feel like it's shit but I've gone too far to delete....
*cries*
Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

Confused

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hoseok pov..

"Just... go take care of that and then come back." Hoseok said sending one of his top men away. Burned out was an understatement he wished he could sleep for a whole week straight. Everything was hard and now knowing A-pro was back, it all made sense. He thought he destroyed them, but he was wrong. They're back stronger than ever. "So what did you three find?"

"Various figures are finding out. There's too many rumors." Said Michael. They finally came back with information.

Seowoo handed him a manila folder who then handed it to Hoseok. "They still don't know who exactly it is though. But if he falls into A-pro's hands-"

"He would be killed." Hoseok cut her off. Of Course he thought. A-pro didn't want change. They wanted power and things kept as is.

"Yes." Said Michael. He was depressed deep down inside. He wanted to teach Yoongi but with this information they all doubted anything would help. "Uh, anyways that is information on his siblings. A few are actually at Namjoon's."

Hoseok held onto the folder questioningly. Did he really want Yoongi to see them? Would he be taken away? "Thanks, I'll go over it and give orders during breakfast."

They were currently in the middle of the hallway where guests stay. They waved goodbye before going into their rooms. Hoseok's was at the very end before a turn that led to an exit.

He stepped straight to the door ignoring Jungkook who sat in a seat by the wall.

"Hoseok." Said Jungkook walking to the older. He placed a reassuring hand onto his shoulder. "You aren't slipping right?" His voice etched with concern.

"I'm fine." He said. "I just need to rest."

Jungkook could tell just by the way the words fell out of his mouth that he was indeed not okay. Not to mention his lips quivered slightly. "Don't lie to me."

Hoseok looked up with his tired eyes. He really just wanted to rest.

"You should only sell the merchandise, not use it. Remember I'll send you back in a heartbeat."
Warned Jungkook before walking away. He really didn't want to see his best friend fall apart again. But he was willing to trust him. He didn't want to send him away like last time, but if it helped he would.

Hoseok lumbered into his room slipping one shoe off at a time. He also took off his clothes not caring where they fell. His hands trembled as he slipped onto sleepwear before ready to finally sleep everything away. He tried pulling his undone covers as there was a lump in it. Thinking it was just Yoongi's clothes he tried pushing them off. But the bundle just whimpered at his attempt.

"Holy shit." He whispered. He moved closer only to find Yoongi all curled up in a ball. He took about a fourth of the bed, it was an honest mistake. He lazily walked to Yoongi's bed and slid his covers off before rolling in them and laying next to Yoongi. He sighed slowly closing his eyes. He slept unaware of Yoongi moving closer. He unconsciously moved into Hoseok's embrace. They were both so tired they softly snored together.

"Ha! Told you I would win!" Cheered Jimin dropping the tennis racket onto the floor and running to Yoongi who was walking up to the court. "Wow, you look good today."

Yoongi thanked him as he fixed his necklace. He decided to wear a plain black t-shirt with some ripped black jeans. He felt it matched his personality. But he did add bright red shoes as well as a watch and necklaces to avoid looking dull. At first he worried because Jimin bought so much for him, but now he's happy he can express himself through fashion.

"It's time for lunch." Yoongi said sitting down on a bench. Besides dressing nicely he has been helping around the kitchen all morning. He liked making friends with the everyone around him. Plus he helped bake a pie. He was taught back the second day he was at Hoseok's and loved them ever since. Besides he wanted to see what Hoseok would say after finding out he made it. Yoongi even though it's been very little with him was willing to let his feelings develop. He was scared to be turned down, because before being Yoongi he is a pet. But he was willing to play at it. He knew Hoseok was rough and after overthinking about it he is willing to show his actual self to him.

Would two evils become a greater evil or destroy each other?

"Why don't you play a game with me first." Asked Jimin sitting down next to him.

"Oh no, I don't do sports." He replied. "Plus my outfit is too good."

Jimin laughed throwing him a racket anyways. "Oh, excuses."

Yoongi sighed joining the opposite team Jimin was on. "Bring it."

After just a few minutes he was already out of breath. He didn't miss any which shocked Jimin. "Have you played before?"

"Nope." Yoongi laughed setting the racket on the floor before taking a water bottle from a team player.

"Maybe you should take it on as a sport?" Jimin asked wiping away some sweat with a towel he had nearby.

Yoongi a sweating mess, nodded in approval. Maybe it was time to take on a sport of some sort.
After the break they prepare for another quick game. Yoongi enjoyed the activity because for once he was having fun without picking fights.

Jimin's side hit the ball first and Yoongi was ready. Or so he thought. As soon as he saw the fuzzy ball in the air he swung hitting nothing but air. His vision suddenly blurred causing him to waver back until he hit the fence. The other two team members called out to him as the racket slips out of hand.

He needed something to grip thought. His head spun 70 miles per hour. He needed something to ground himself with. Right when Jimin took a hold of him Yoongi dug his fingers into his arm.

"Yoongi, what's wrong?" He walked him over to the bench not minding the grip that much. Yoongi stepped slowly, he was so disoriented he couldn't tell which way he was going or if he was even walking.

Jimin felt his hand go numb from how hard he was holding on. What could he be seeing or feeling at the moment? His fingers are extremely cold but he's sweating. "Yoongi you're hurting me."

"S-sorry." He grunted letting go. Now only sliding his finger into the bench which had little woven holes. His vision came back after a minute. "All of a sudden everything was blurry. I was so dizzy."

Jimin stood up and helped wipe some sweat off of his face and head. "That's very weird. Maybe it was the heat?"

Yoongi looked out, he was probably right because it wasn't the same feeling he got the time Hoseok got mad at him. This felt strange. "Ah, we should go. They're probably waiting for us."

Jimin agreed. They walked around to the other side of the building towards the middle where a garden surrounded their table. Hoseok and Jungkook were already seated sipping on lemonade and laughing.

"About time." Sand Jungkook waving a hand in the air signaling for lunch to be brought in.

"Why are you guys so sweaty?" Asked Hoseok setting his lemonade down.

"We were playing tennis." Yoongi took a towel and wiped himself a little more. "Jimin is a good player."

"Not even, he's never played and had me questioning all my years of practice." Jimin laughed.

"What-"

"Just eat, I'm sure you're both good." Said hoseok. They shared a laugh and began to dig into their plates. All except yoongi. He expressed complete disgust. He shifted in his seat with utensils in hand. He wanted to eat but he just couldn't bring the fork to his mouth. His chest heaved up and down as anxiety racked through his whole body. A scene like last time was not what he wanted. Standing up he knocked the glass over spilling it next to hoseok's plate. Before he could apologize he fell back hands to his head, grumbling incoherent words.

Both Jimin and Hoseok stand up to aid him only to be pushed back by the air around him. He was surrounded by freezing air.

Jimin reached for him as he stood up but quickly pulled back. His touch was freezing cold, as if touching dry ice. "Ouch."
Yoongi tried regaining his balance only to stumble and hold onto the back of his chair. As he looked around they all stared, horrified at him. He felt like an outsider at that moment. He couldn't comprehend anything.

"I...I..." He stepped back away from them as anger flushed up. Everything jimin said the night before completely censored out of his mind. The only thought on his mind coincided with the silver knife next to his plate. His shaking fingers grazed it before picking it up. Gaze to the ground he turned to hoseok, who was frozen in place. Each step he took shook his ground.

Before he got any closer to him jimin forcefully pulled Yoongi back, swiftly twisting his arm behind his back forcing a whine from his lips.

"Kill. Hate. Kill. Hate." Is all that came out of him as Jimin questioned him. He was now in the same seat but with his hands held down by Seowoo and Sanwoo who were called a few minutes before.

Michael was staring him down while pacing next to a worried Hoseok. "His eyes, his eyes."

They had changed somewhere along the ruckus to a purple with a hint of red towards the center.

"Are you frightened?" Yoongi spat, unaffected by the pressure around his neck. Before he was able to taunt more his head dropped forward frightening everyone. Was his grip to tight?

Hoseok kneeled down onto the floor and sobbed into Yoongis thighs. "They're the same."

Michael pulled him up and away from yoongi who was slightly twitching. The twins let go. Their grip so tight they left marks on his skin.

Jungkook examined him throughout, wondering what could be happening to him. The books have very little on how the chosen one would act, so it is hard trying to get an upper hand.

Yoongi only let out quakes as his eyes seemed to flash back to his regular eye color. "Oh my god. Oh my god."

"Are you back to normal?" Asked jimin.

"Uh..." his throat was raspy and cold. For once he felt the coldness. It originated from inside of him. Breathing out he felt the freezing air blow past the lips. As he looked around, everything out of place. Eyes landed on the knife under the table. "Did I hurt anyone? Oh god Hoseok?"

He jumped up from his seat ready to run to Hoseok who was currently being held by Michael.

"You didn't hurt anyone thankfully." Said Jungkook in a cold manner and placing the palm of his hand on his shoulder, shoving him back into the seat. He was angry at him, for trying to hurt his best friend.

"I- I'm so s-sorry. I don't know why this is hap-" Yoongi was frantically trying to apologize.

"You really are the chosen one. The cold by touch confirms everything." Said jimin.

"The chosen one?" Yoongi furrowed his brows in confusion.

"You're the chosen one." Said Michael. "Remember when I freaked the other day because of what happened with Hoseok and how you think about us all."
"No no, I'm nothing special okay?" Yoongi shook his head. Of course he knew something was up, but this? How is he "the chosen one" when his whole life is a mess. He began walking away slowly. His body somehow heavy.

"Stay." Said hoseok who was fixing his composure.

"No."

"I. Said. Stay." He repeated, voice almost quivered but remained stern.

"Can you stop that? Just because I don't listen to you?" Spat yoongi. His nose bleeding again from the resistance.

"Well if you listen probably, otherwise never." Hoseok rolled his eyes. Jungkook sat next to him while the others still stood around.

Furious, Yoongi sat back in his seat roughly. He felt dizzy anyways and the blood trickling down was not helping.

If the atmosphere was hostile before, then it's desolate now. They both were staring mercilessly at one another. Hoseok's stare was piercing eerily while yoongis screamed death. Either because he seemed ready to kill or because he seemed to be near death himself. He was quivering almost uncontrollably.

"So all of a sudden you're not going to talk or What?" Groans yoongi, wanting to just roll his eyes back and sleep.

"You're just pretty amusing right now." Grinned Hoseok. "The quaking I mean, you must feel like complete shit. It's a delight."

Yoongi rolled his eyes. "Weren't you hysterical a few minutes ago?"

"Stop the fighting for a damn minute." Interrupted Jimin who was not in his cheerful usual mood. He was completely the opposite. Anger more than plastered on his face.

"You're so busy fighting I bet the both of you didn't notice Michael and the twins run off because of a commotion at the entrance." Jungkook stared at hoseok who suddenly panicked.

"Is it an intruder?!!" He asked swiftly getting up.

"An unknown figure. They ran to go fight it." Said Jungkook also standing.

"We should go inside." Said Jimin taking a gun from behind.

"Should we hide inside."
Yoongi, whose lips were covered from the excess blood bleeding from his nose stood said.

"Yeah, let's go." Replied Jimin ready to head inside.

Yoongi managed to step once before falling completely unconscious onto Jimin who swiftly held his hands out, avoiding another injury if he hadn't.

Jungkook reached for a table cloth and held it to Yoongi’s nose. And helped Jimin carry him inside.

Everyone in the mansion was ordered to either hide or prepare for an attack. It was predicted that the figure at the gate was just a distraction and to be on guard for an ambush.
They quickly found a hidden room and laid Yoongi on the floor. Countless racks on the walls carried guns, ammo, and sharp weapons.

Hoseok and Jungkook both loaded guns, preparing to fight just in case.

They waited, checked their phones for updates and even tried listening through the walls for commotions. But nothing. An hour passed, two.

"Let's just rest, it's probably nothing." Said Jungkook taking a more comfortable seat on the floor after taking a blanket out for Yoongi. He was still unconscious but the older didn't worry because he was blinking rapidly in his sleep.

Hoseok sat on the other side of him stretching his legs and looking down regretfully at the smaller who just mumbled.

"No I'm just a fucking nuisance." He quivered, pulling the thick blanket closer. "I'm a cuse.."

"I'm a curse."

Hoseok couldn't help but shed a tear. He felt terribly sorry. He should be helping him instead of making him weaker.

Yoongi hissed before turning and stretching to Hoseok's side. He wrapped his hands around Hoseok's thigh and snug his face in the side of it. "I don't want to be here..."

"I wonder what his childhood was like." Said Jimin.

"Didn't you get information on his siblings?" Asked Jungkook.

"Yeah, I don't know if I should tell him." Hoseok brushed the sweaty hair behind Yoongi's ears.

"Don't, if you don't feel like it's time then don't. But still try and meet them yourself." Said Jungkook standing up after checking his phone. "Find out about his childhood and if they knew about him being the chosen one."

Chapter End Notes

Ayeee. .... I've taken too long to post this chapter sorry......

Anyways if you're asking "who the fuck is A-pro?" Just imagine them as the enemy for now. Kinda the enemy gang rival.

Huehuehue I've given hoseok a darker past than I wanted but ohhh weeeellll.
Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

So it begins.

Chapter Notes

This chapter and the next...might be great for some or horrible for others.

But finally the first smut (ier?) Chapter to this book....

Enjoy. Huehue

It's also informative so if you don't like anything smut just skip the end.

Yoongi pov

"Okay everyone set?" Asked Jungkook. He held Jimin's hand with fear in his eyes. They said they've gone to the place before but they're still scared? After what happened yesterday they said we should go today to the graveyard instead of the day before we leave. Which was the day they had originally planned to go. I've practically avoided Hoseok and the rest by hanging out with Jimin all day.

"Yeah, we're set." Said Hoseok placing his last thing in his small backpack. All three carried one filled with random things. Guns I assume. They don't know what is going to happen once they enter and it's better to be prepared right? Even if I don't carry one.

I was clueless at what to expect. They told me i was the chosen one, but i don't exactly know what that means. Fiddling with my fingers as I walked next to Hoseok. My fingers shook slightly at the light rain hitting them as I tried covering my eyes. It began raining only ten minutes into the walk, as if a warning. They all dug into their backpacks taking out umbrellas. I had to stand under Hoseok's.

"Oh look, there it is." Said Jimin pointing to a rusty concrete building. A mausoleum? It was dome shaped and had greenery around the sides and up the walls, somewhat making it appear more welcoming that if it didn't. It was rusty and gave an unnerving feel. Around it laid several regular graves.

Just looking at the building sent shivers down my back, going in it was unimaginable. Subconsciously I took Hoseok's hand. Even after all the fighting....
As we reached the door two statues greeted us. They were big and terrifying looking things. Human bodies with heads of lions. "That's so weird." Jimin mumbled.

We stood at the entrance waiting for the other to open the door first until Hoseok sighed and opened it himself. It creaked and almost growled as they walked in before me.

As soon as I stepped in my heart began to pound. The only thing I heard was the thumping in my ears as if my heart crawled up to my neck.

"This is officially the creepiest thing I've ever done." Said Jimin, voice echoing unto every wall.

"Do you see anything, Yoongi?" Asked Jungkook placing his bag on the floor.

"Not really." Nothing seems to catch my eye.

"Well, look around. You have around thirty minutes." He said.

"Thirty minutes?" This is timed?

"Yeah, it's said it usually take around that time if you are the one."

I walked away from the source of light coming from them. Everything was bare and looked like a cave, bigger than what it appeared from the outside. It was just an entrance to underground. There seemed to be a few graves showcased as well as plaques all over one of the walls. The writing's on the wall didn't appeal to me. Not to mention my head keeps throbbing.

As I was about to give up and turn around a dash of white light caught my eyes. It was floating over some brick steps. The closer I got the louder a faint whisper became.

Mesmerized I reach out, it dispersed becoming dimmer and sending a wave of cold through me. So, we finally meet.


Shh. Don't be afraid. Follow the light.

Without giving it a second thought I did as told. Such thing intrigued me. I was led to a room with candle lights all around it. I looked back to call the others but there was no back. The entrance was completely gone.

Sit in front of the altar.

The room gave off an ominous feel. Some type of decoration was in a corner. Was that the altar?

I sat down on the small carpet in front of it.

I'm sure you want to know more right, Yoongi?

"Who Are you?" I ask. I followed orders from some strayed voice from god knows who and left the others behind. I must be a total idiot.

It's not important to know who I am for I am just a voice. Here to inform you. So lay down.

"Okay..." I laid down feeling as awkward as ever.

Close your eyes.
As soon as I closed them I began to fall. I couldn't open them again. After panicking I fell silent and numb.

*You shouldn't be afraid. You will not be harmed.*

Then it began.

*Your parents indeed lied to you. But, as of recently humans are allowed to rule over creatures like you. They were given the advantage when Satan became stronger than God. You see, at the beginning of time. Humans did not know beings like you existed. You were made by God himself to aid humans. You were able to walk among humans while also being able to walk in heaven. You could change from a cat to human. But Satan cursed you in order to sabotage God’s plan.*

"What no? I saw the writing with my own eyes!" I yelled.

*It was fake. Please start believing Yoongi, or it will be even less bearable. If you fall in his hands this world will crumble. It is of course up to you. Your parents took the chance and wrongly educated you in order to have a savior. It sounds like too much but soon enough you will understand and be able to choose.*

My head was about to burst. I gasped for air as i couldn't breathe.

*If I were you I wouldn’t tell them what I have told you until you have heard all parts of the book. As you take in the information you will begin to change. From thoughts to appearance, you will change to better or worse.*

I was finally able to wake up. I was sweating even though there was ice all around me in the shape of a circle. The voice was crazy. But I....it doesn't seem too far fetched.. If I was this savior they talk about why am I just finding out? Why did my parents lie? Should I go look for my older siblings? Should I run back home?

I leaned into the altar as I stood up weak in the knees. There was a small bowl filled with liquid that wasn't there before.

*Drink it.*

My throat was so dry I did. It wasn't water. It sparkled as I brought it to my mouth. It tasted like all of my favorite things. It almost tasted like Hoseok. His scent smelled like everything nice. His scent. *His scent. His scent.*

*Hurt him.*

*I want him.*

My throat burned. As I fell back with my hands to my head I felt something inside of me click. I stopped caring. I felt powerful. Something I've always wanted and couldn't have. Ever since I was told about the world from my parents. Even more so as a pet.

Part of the wall I walked in from began to deteriorate revealing the original exit. The more I walked the more his scent became stronger.
I need him

He was the only thing on my mind as I searched through this damn maze.

"Yoongi!"

"Yoongi!"

Voices echoed through. Finally found them.

"I'm right here." I speak.

Jimin ran to me. "Oh thank God."

"Yeah, thank god." I whisper.

"What?"

"Nothing, where's Hoseok?" I look behind him but it was just him.

"They went through a different tunnel. Let's go." He lead the way.

I was itching for Hoseok. I couldn't wait to trail my hands all over his body. I want him to call my name out. I want him all over me. I want to melt under his touch. Want. Want. Want.

"Yoongi..?" Someone asked and brought me back to reality. I guess I was too deep in thought.

"Did you see anything?" Asked Jungkook.

"Some light. Then this voice spoke to me." I said looking at Hoseok. "It was hard to take in."

"So you know?" Asked Hoseok.

"For the most part, yes. I was in so much pain." I narrowed my eyes.

"Well, you're stubborn so force was probably needed." His voice irritated. Something all too familiar.

"Fuck you." I said walking out of the place. More like fuck me.

I walked through the warm humid night and somehow made it back our room.

"Should I shower?" I asked myself. Probably since Hoseok will be back any minute now and I want to be ready.

Ever since my older siblings left I got in the habit of taking cold showers. Hot ones bothered me so much. I guess my heart became cold.

Or something.

"Yoongi." A voice came from behind the door. I secured the towel around my waist.

"What?" I open the door to find a tired Hoseok.

"Are you okay?" He worried, taking his jacket off and setting it on a chair. I place my hand on his chest and push him onto the bed.

Straddling his body I lean into him. "I'm splendid. "
He was taken aback by my gestures. "Yoongi..."

I leaned down slowly, and released a heavy breath as I pressed my lips against his hoping I got my frustration across.

"I get that you're mad," I whisper trailing wet kisses down his jawline. "So am I." 

"So please, take out your anger so I can indulge on it." I laughed onto his neck. He ran his hand through my hair, tugging at it softly as I began to grind on him slowly.

"You're a mess." He sighed sitting up. Breath hitching when I tugged at his skin."I think you need a minute to cool off."

"I already am." I sighed bringing my hands to his, letting him feel my cold fingers. He literally had a hard on a day earlier so why is he acting like he doesn't want to all of a sudden?

"Don't act like you aren't waiting to pull every single garment off every time you are one bit angry," I forced him onto one hand as I pulled the other. Running it down my chest then placing it on my hip. 
"Look, I've made it easier."

"Just fuck me already." I cooed, hips grinding down the front of his jeans. I let out a low groan at the light pressure.

"I can't...you're not yourself." He groaned as I sped up. He gripped onto my hip lightly.

"So What? That's not what your body says." I almost gasp as I accidentally drop harder than I wanted.

I reach for the button of his pants to relieve the hard on straining against them. He dug his nails into my hip as I pop the button open while still grinding occasionally. "Please don't."

I sit up slightly closer leaving no space between our members besides that of my towel and his boxers. "Is that even my choice anymore, Hoseok?" I mewl his name.

He sighed before holding onto me and sliding up to the headboard. His hands slowly pulled my towel off exposing my hardness. Then he pulled his out.

"That's what I thought." I whimper as he takes them both into his hand. I grind rhythmically raising a hand to the headboard. I leaned my head in the nook of his neck before bringing my other hand around our members, yet intertwined over his long warm fingers.

We both begin to pump slowly. His groaning was low almost strained. He was still reluctant.

"Let them out." I gasped closing my eyes as I rubbed my face into his shoulder. "Not like you can stop, not like this."

"Alright, look at me." He said, his chest heaving slowly as he sped up. "I want to see your face when you come."

I raised my head up staring at him directly in the eye, lips parting as he squeezed the tips.

"Hoseok." I gasped, hand at his shoulder scratching at the fabric of his shirt. I let out soft cries as he slows down but grips tighter. "Fuck, please."

He smirked as he suddenly quickened the pace. I rolled my hips into his, rubbing my member against his.
"God, fuck. You look so good." He huffed placing a stern hand on my hips guiding them to move in a less frantic speed.

Moans slipped past our lips as we neared our high.

His breathing came out in short gasps. thighs quivering below me as he slowly came over me. One last grind and I came aswell eyes fluttering closed in pleasure, mouth agape letting out a long almost raspy moan. I'm sure he was taking in my sight because as soon as I did he moaned even louder.

"I've wanted to see that face ever since I first caught you sneaking around headquarters." He said bringing his dirtied hand up to his mouth and slurping the juices up. His stare shot through me. It almost made me hard again.

I pulled him in for a kiss tasting our saltiness before sliding off under the blanket. He then slipped into the bathroom to wash up. I still craved him but it's all my current state could handle. I stood up not long after and used the same wet towel to clean myself before putting on a t-shirt and sweatpants.

My head began to pound. So fucking annoying. I bit my lip in an attempt to calm my sudden pain as well as rage. Without thinking I slide my hands across the counter where the tv and various other things lay in an attempt to stop the pain. Rampaging through the whole room, breaking everything I could I stop, dropping to my knees. Freezing waves ran through my body forcing me to yell. Hoseok ran to me. He still has a towel on his shoulders. I dig my nails into his hands trying to help me onto the bed. He was speaking to me but I couldn't hear. I just continued to yell in pain. It seemed to go on forever. I couldn't even see him anymore, he was a blur. Everything was a blur. The past hour was coming to me. I couldn't believe I threw myself onto him. How did he even know I wasn't fully me? I guess he knows I wouldn't straight up do that? I felt my grip loosened as my eyes fluttered closed, pain engulfing every inch of my being whole.

Chapter End Notes

I guess we finally know more about yoongi?? And how was the smut lmfao, obvi not that good but aye I'll get better eventually...

I wish I knew how to get my thoughts out in the writing better tho smh.

Any questions askkkkkkk.

I'll probably update at the beginning of each week now tho....so Sunday through wednesday...maybe one chapter or four depends.
Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

Part of Hoseok's thoughts.

Chapter Notes

Warning?? This chapter is smuty tooooo.

So if you don't like don't read.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Hoseok pov

"So you know?" I asked.

"For the most part, yes. I was in so much pain." He spoke narrowing his stare.

"Well, you're stubborn so force was probably needed." I responded almost irritated at his attitude, ignoring the last part if his sentence.

"Fuck you." He stormed out. I throw the flashlight in my hand in a fit of rage. Pieces flying everywhere.

"So how are you feeling about him being the one?" Asks a wide eyed Jungkook.

"I should have known. He was devilishly beautiful and he was also cold by touch a few times." I spoke picking up the pieces.

"There's a storm coming and I don't know how to tell him. He's so....uninformed." I sighed not knowing how to put it. I get he needed to be brought up differently I guess but it's still..... sad.

"We should talk about it with everyone soon." Said Jungkook, "We can come up with a plan."

"Yeah." I said walking behind him and Jimin as we began to head back.

"I guess for once, your sadistic skills will come in handy." He joked earning a small chuckle from Jimin.

"It was meant to be." Smiled Jimin. "Do you like him? I'm sure he likes you."

"You love this type of thing huh Jimin? He does?" I pause thinking back, "We sort of made out on the airplane ride here, he was hesitant but at the same time he wasn't."

Jimin took the information it. "He's definitely questioning! He was a little sad after watching you shoot one of your guys, but he definitely feels something towards you."
"Aww, just like you Jungkookie." He teased. Jungkook could only smile shoot remembering how he even managed too run into jimin like that.

I smiled thinking about the chance of him liking me. He was just so cute I couldn't resist but then I go over here and torture him his first week.

"By the way you look. You've already done something to him huh?" Asks Jungkook.

"I might have mildly tortured him," I trail off. "He got me mad and I just..."

"Poor kid." He sighs, "Well just try be a little more caring from now on. You can still torture since I know how much you like it but help him through this. We don't know what's going to happen but it's probably going to be extremely difficult for both sides."

"I guess you're right." I chuckle looking ahead of the lights illuminating from the inside."I just hope he can finally free you guys, I've killed too many."

"Well, that's just how you are Hoseok, don't feel too bad we are all not as good of people. That's why we're a team." He said trying to cheer me up. He held onto Jimin lovingly.

"Don't get too jealous," said Jimin. "You can capture his heart." He cheered before I parted ways.

"Thanks." I smiled but quickly frowning thinking of the situation as I got back to our room. He should be asleep right?

I quickly call his name when I don't find him in one of the beds. "Yoongi?"

"What?" The door opens to reveal a freshly showered Yoongi. His hair fell flat over his eyes. His face still had droplets of water dripping down. His skin glistened. Towel draped from his hips ever so nicely. His body was fit even though he was a bit smaller than average and kinda bony. If he worked out he would get abs in no time. He looked so groomed even though he probably hasn't touched a razor in days. He even had the hair that flows up towards the belly button cut and groomed. He looked fucking sexy.

There's something off...

"Are you okay?" I worried, taking my jacket off and setting it on a chair. He suddenly places a hand on my chest and pushes me onto the bed behind us. He climed on me straddling my body.

He leans into me with a grin on his face. "I'm splendid-"

The way he acted shocked me beyond words, "Yoongi..."

He leaned down slowly releasing a heavy breath against my lips. The way he kissed me seemed as if he has been holding it back, it was almost frustrated. Probably since he yelled at me in the masolium.

"I get that you're mad," he whispered trailing a series of wet kissed down my jawline, "So am I."

"So please, take out your anger so I can indulge on it," he laughed into my neck. He reached for my hair tugging his fingers through it. Slowly grinding on top of my thighs.

"You're a mess." I sighed placing my arms beneath me sitting up, his teeth tugged at my skin. "I think you need a minute to cool off."

"I already am." He sighed bringing a hand to mine. He dug his fingers underneath mine. They were freezing. He was totally the one.

"Don't act like you aren't waiting to pull every single garment off every time you are one bit angry."
He forced me into one hand as he pulled the other down his chest. Then onto his hip. "Look, I've made it easier."

"Just fuck me already." He cooed, hips grinding down the front hem of mine. He groaned at his movements. I would be lying if I said I didn't like this. But he was definitely drunk or something. I might do messed up things but I would feel so wrong if I did something to him in his current state. Especially after the talk I had with Jungkook and Jimin.

"I can't...you're not yourself." I accidentally groan as he sped up. I unconsciously grip his hip. His skin was so damn soft. I have to contain myself, I have to.

"So what? That's not what you're body says." He holds in a gasp as he drops a bit harder forcing me to hold in a gasp as I'm already hard. I felt so shitty, my body always betrayed my thoughts making me seem even more vulgar.

He reached for the button of my pants. He must've noticed the big damn bulge. I dig my nails into him as soon as the strain on my member was released. "Please don't."

He sat up closer seemingly ignoring my plea to stop.

"Is that even my choice anymore, Hoseok?" He mewled my name in such a way I couldn't resist anymore. Please forgive me Yoongi. I'm so very sorry.

I sighed thinking of a way to lean onto either some pillows or the headboard. I decide to slide back onto the headboard since it wouldn't be as flimsy as a bundle of pillows. I reach for his towel slowly exposing his hard on. I then slide my boxers down cursing myself for giving in. I just couldn't stop. I wanted to hear him moan my name. I want to hear and see and ugh. I fucking hate myself.

"That's what I thought." He whimpers as I take them both in one hand. He raised a hand to support himself on the headboard as he grinds leisurely. He leaned his head into my neck before intertwining his finger over mine. His fingers were cold but it felt so good. We both pumped slowly. I couldn't help but strain my groans. I still feel so bad even though I he's making me feel great with the movement he adds.

"Let them out," he rubbed his face into my shoulder almost muffling the light gasp he let out. Hot breathe brushing over my shoulder. "Not like you can stop, not like this."

I couldn't hold back any longer. He would most definitely be mad at this in the morning but I have to. I have to. He's basically forcing me to. "Alright, look at me." My breathing lightly speeds up. "I want to see your face when you come." I demand.

He raises his head, no longer resting in my shoulder he finds a different way to let out what he's feeling by clawing at my shirt. I purposely slow down wanting to see his reaction.

"Hoseok." he chokes. His face painted disappointment.

Over satisfied with the reaction I grip tight as my hand is already lubricated with his pre-cum.

"Fuck, please. "He yearns. Jesus Christ, such an ego boost. I smirk pausing then quickening. He rolled his hips in such a nice way.

"God, fuck. You look so good." I breathe guiding his hips to move in a slower speed to pack more pleasure.

My things quivered, slowly gasping as I came. He stopped moving also as he came. His eyes
fluttered closed as his mouth opened voicing a long raspy moan. He looked so fucked out at just this I couldn't hold in a second moan. It was too good.

"I've wanted to see that face ever since I first caught you sneaking around headquarters." I speak waiting for him to stop coming. Then I take my dirtied hand and lick the juices up. Making sure to stare into his eyes.

He pulled me into a last kiss before sliding into the blankets. I decided to go rinse off afterwards leaving him resting on the bed.

As I showered I couldn't believe myself. I actually just did that with Yoongi. It's been like what? A week? I never would have guessed that all of this would be happening. But then I'm glad, because he would have probably been dead by now. I always end up killing my pets so easily. I never mean to it just happens. I wonder why I have held back..... he was god given.....or Well Satan given....

My thoughts abruptly come to and end as I hear objects breaking. I quickly slip on my sweats before opening the door.

Yoongi was kneeling onto the floor yelling. Everything in the room was thrown and broken to pieces. I ran to him and tried helping him up onto the bed. His nails dug into my skin. "Yoongi, what's wrong?" I exclaim. He yelled even louder. He seemed like he was in so much pain, it tugged at my chest.

Someone knocked on the door. "Is everything okay?"

"Come in!" I yell hoping it's someone usefull. Jimin runs dropping whatever he held in his hands to help me set him onto the bed.

Yoongi wasn't normal ever since we ran back into him at the massolium. I should have dug that in my mind and not touched him. He's going to hate me when he wakes up. After he gripped my arms he managed to never let go. He still flexes his hand every few seconds as if trying to wake up. But we couldn't, we shook him and shook him but he just seemed asleep or in some deep trance because he was shaking. His fingers were cold all throughout our little session but I didn't think much of it since it felt good. He was so cold his breath came out foggy. We buried him into various blankets hoping his temperature would raise.

Chapter End Notes

Huehuehue I really wanted to give both sides of this so I wrote the same thing in both point of views. There's probably a few errors but aye I tried my best right.

Anyways have y'all seen bts??! Jimin and his angelic voice killed me. Way to creep up my bias list.
"You need to eat." I say placing the tray on the nightstand. Yoongi collapsed three days ago screaming in pain. He's bedridden because he says he's not hungry but still doesn't even have energy to walk to the bathroom. Hoseok was so scared he broke down soon after. For such a cruel guy he sure cries a lot. He didn't even wait for him to wake up to fly away because he figured it was the best time to talk to his siblings without him knowing. Somehow... I feel like Yoongi knows he left for the time being.

"I'm not hungry." He whispered avoiding eye contact.

"Look at you..." He's small, but without food for three days he looks smaller already. Face colorless and eyes droopy. His bony fingers shake, he can't even keep his head up.

"I rather not..." he coughed.

"Are you scared?" I sit closer. "Do you think you're weak or something?"

"I...I don't want to deal with this. I thought it was going to be like the times when I pick fights on the street or fight with my siblings but it's not." He said taking various breathes between words. "I don't know what's happening to me. I detest humans yet I...."

"Yet you like hoseok?" I ask.

"Yeah...i hate him one minute but the next I feel butterflies. I don't know...its difficult." He sighed. "He's going to get tired of me and throw me away or...or I'm going to end up killing him."

"He wouldn't, and you're right but he could end up killing you." I respond. They are both dangerous. I'm more worried about them killing others than themselves.

"What am I even supposed to do as the chosen one?" He asks eyeing the food.

"I honestly don't know..." I reply, taking the whole tray and setting it on my thighs. "Don't give up so soon though."

He finally let me feed him the soup. Hell soon gain energy to be himself again. I wonder what he things about his siblings. Should I ask?

"Hey..." I trail.
"What?"

"What are your siblings like?" Hopefully he doesn't change the subject. His face looked troubled, maybe he doesn't like them?

"Younger or older?" He asks.

"Uh...both?"

"Well in total we are eight. I'm kinda the middle child. The older four, Hani, Yoona, Anabeth, and Elija left, and hated me." he spoke with gloom in his eyes. "The other three, Jaehwa, Mark and Hyorin are the youngest and didn't hate me as much I guess."

"Why do they hate you?"

"I think because I turned out a rebel I don't know. Elijah really detested me though. He would do all these unthinkable things to me." He said.

"Do you want to see them again?" I ask trying to seem less suspicious as possible.

"Yeah, I wanna show them that even though they hate me I still love them." He chuckled, "Childish huh?"

"No, not at all. That's good to have motivation." I reply. I wonder if his older siblings hated him because he was the chosen one? "Where'd you live before having hoseok?"

"This horrid place, everything was old and rugged. The small town I lived in has shitty people and wanna be gangs. My younger siblings never became like everyone else though. Since our older ones often send us money for food and stuff. We were mostly just bored." He said sitting up.

"Hmm.. not bad."

"Why the questions?" He asked. Shit does he find me suspicious?

"I want to know more about you. And maybe knowing more will help somehow."

"True."

"What about your parents?" I ask. He hasn't mentioned them at all.

"They're...dead." He trailed. Maybe I shouldn't have asked he's all depressed again.

"Sorry..." I reply reaching for his hand.

"It's okay..." the atmosphere shifted. It was quiet for a good three minutes.

I broke the silence by asking him out to eat later that night. He agreed and even agreed to take a shower with my help. He was still weak but atleast the color to his skin returned.

The day went on smoother than expected. I even got to tell him my life story. How if jungkook didn't enslave me I would still be a prostitute or dead. I even told him small secrets about jungkook. How he's older than me but isn't as dominant. Or how he really likes pizza. Even his favorite bakery in the state. I also told him a few traits of hoseok so he could have a heads up in the future. He did get a little gloomy when I told him that he left him for a few days but he soon became happy again when dessert was brought.
"Thanks for today Jimin." He said setting a few bags down the hallway of his room. We also went to a store to pick out some cute things.

"No problem. Rest now okay. You fly out tomorrow." I made my way to my own room for the night. Glad to have become closer to him on this stay. We will be good friends I know it!

"Hey babe." Said Jungkook who was already laying in bed reading a book.

"Hey, how was the meeting?" I ask slipping my jeans and blazer off.

"Good I guess. Taehyung managed to talk to that one cocky dude, so now we sell in Canada." He replied setting the book down. A smug look on his face already.

I lean over him, pecking his strawberry colored lips. Between the wet kisses he reached for my head. Slowly massaging until my ears peeked through. Even though he wasn't as dominant he sure knew how to make me melt in his hands.

"Did you talk to yoongi?" He asked kissing my forehead.

"Yeah. I got him to tell me as much as I could about his childhood." I breathed. He was now stroking my tail which curled around his fingers.

"Did you explain about being a feline." He asked slowly closing his eyes.

"Oh fuck. No I didn't." I replied snuggling into the sheets.

"Well, I'll just tell hoseok to talk to him about that. Or I can send you over someday."

Hopefully he doesn't act cold towards him once he's back. Because knowing hoseok he's probably angry about crying so much. Or in other words showing that he cared too much.

Chapter End Notes

Hey I'm kinda late and this chapter is a little short but here ya go.
.
.
Yes, in this book Jungkook is older than Jimin. And yoongi is close to Jimin's age, almost the same.
"So they'll be here in like 15 minutes?" I almost whine. I helped Namjoon deal with some business and he promised me that I could see them today in order to go home tomorrow. The pit in my stomach was ever-growing. I want to meet them but I'm also fearful. That they will be just like Yoongi.

That would be a problem.

"I already told you, why are you so worried though," he asked handing me a glass of whiskey. "They're pretty normal, somewhat dangerous and sneaky. But perfectly normal."

"That's contradictory." I reply. What even is normal? We are surrounded by so many things, maybe dangerous really is the norm to us.

"Ha, don't worry. I'm sure they'll tell you everything you want to know." He said taking a seat next to me. We were currently seated in one of his conference rooms. There was a glass table in the middle and various chairs around it. A white board on the closest wall and the opposite had large windows. The view was plain grass with cows scattered around, sizes compared to pebbles in the vast grass ocean.

Without warning the door creeps open and three people flood in. Two females one male, they all had strong cat like features and same pale skin tone, immediately you could tell they were related to Yoongi.

"What'd ya need boss?" Said the shorter female. Her hair was white just like the rest but tiny spots of brown littered it.

"Hoseok here wants to chat with you guys for a minute, sit."

Namjoon introduced them to me. The males name was Elijah, he was pretty strong and somehow could influence people easily. The female with the spots was Hyorin, according to Joon she follows Elijah the most because he gets in trouble easily. And the other one was Hani and she was visibly younger than them.

"So, Hoseok here wants to know more about your brother, Yoongi."
As soon as Joon said those words, Elijah tensed every single muscle in his body. His face furrowed and Hyorin shot him a glare he easily ignored. "Pft, that looser? Was he finally captured?"

"I need to learn more about his past." I spoke, unsure about his annoyingly perfect face. For some reason Elijah made my skin burn in anger and it's been two minutes at most since I've meet him. I have the greatest urge to punch him in the face right here and now.

Just like Yoongi except that I was pliable for him. I bend in ways I hate just to keep him content.

"What kind of things?" Asked Hyorin, slightly shifting in her seat.

"Well first off, How old is he? What are his parents names?" I ask ready to take in as much information as possible.

"He's 22, and I doubt you need our parents names. Why do you want to know that kind of information?" Asked Hani. "Where is he? Is he in trouble?"

So the information on the database is incorrect then, I would have guessed him to be older. "I need to know everything about him; habits, tendencies, how he grew up. No, he's not in trouble but it's crucial that I know everything." I speak.

"Well, how much do you know already? Wait.." Hani narrowed her eyes at me as if I was suspicious. "Did...did you capture him?"

"I did."

"All you need to know is that he's a brat! If he wasn't here we would be leading perfect lives. He should have never been born, kill him while you have the damn chance." Yelled Elijah before storming out of the room.

"He's always hated him." Cried Hyorin. She silently sobbed in her seat. Joon handed her a tissue from a nearby side table. Talk about family problems.

"Look, I know he might be the one, I spoke, " I NEED to know."

"Does he know?" Asked Hani.

"We took him to the first passage, so I believe he's got an idea. But the thing is....he hardly knows simple things about himself. "

A knock on the door interups Hani who was about to speak. A lady with a tray in her hands walks in. "I brought the coffee and snacks." She said setting it down in front of us.

"Thanks," said Joon before walking towards the door himself. "I figured you guys would take some time so I'll be leaving now. Give me a summary afterwards though Hobi."

And with that it was just us three. Joon was always smart and intuitive but his calculations are creepy some times.

The rest of the afternoon till sun down they spoke and I took the information in. His life...was so strange. How did his parents come up with such an idea and how did the WHOLE town cooperate for years. Even though he's 22. His knowledge is that around of a 15 year old. How is it possible to not remember the fits Hani is describing he used to have. If his parents weren't as smart as they were, he would've been sent to a mental asylum. Everyone knew it was going to be hard but they sacrificed themselves for the sake of their race.
"Wow....im speechless.. "

"Yeah it's hard to take in. Mom and dad were extremely smart and kind." Said Hani holding hands with Hyorin.

"You know.... you're going to go through hell, multiple times. You love him don't you? Your expression says it all. He needed to be brought up like that, it needed to be rooted deep into his mind. That hate will either bring the world to ruins or save it." Said Hyorin.

"I do love him, I'm head of the security team back at headquarters and saw him many times sneaking through the vents. I never thought my obsession would bring me to the one. I never knew that when I saw his beautiful face and slim body around that I was looking at the thing I have been trying to.....create..." All the people I've hurt in order to try and fabricate anger into one of them. It just came to me on its own.

As if it was fate.

"He's going to break you before you break him." Said a voice behind the door that opened slowly. It was Elijah again.

"You finally cooled off huh?" Asked Hani.

"During my anger fit earlier I searched you and everything you did came up. He has devil's blood running through him."

"It's a risk I'm willing to take." I spoke, unsure if I meant it or not.

"Good luck." They all said at the same time. The same thought popped up into their mind. It's going to be a ride.

"Well, we'll get going now. It's pretty late." Said Hani as she shook my hand.

"It was nice meeting you. It's good to know Yoongi is in your hands." Said Hyorin, expression filled with heartfelt regret.

Elijah simply smiled slightly. They headed down the hall while I made my way down towards a different one.

It took me a few minutes to make it to my room. As I look towards the direction of my door I find Elijah leaning on the wall next to it. How did he manage to change clothes and make it to this side of the building before me?

His tail was out and curling up from behind him. He was emitting this strange aura too. I couldn't think straight as I looked for words to try and shoo him away. The vibe he emmits... is of someone I don't want to be near.

"I need to tell you one last thing about yoongi that I realized my sister's failed to tell you." He hissed. His face, body and clothes disturbed me beyond belief. I was always weak for beautiful creatures but it's like I'm being forced.

As I opened the door I felt his chest on my back and before I knew it i was laying on the bed. He hovered over my ear. "I love angering him, he will definitely smell my scent on you."

His kiss was sloppy I tried pulling away, but he held my chin in place. He worked me up, grinding
ever so slowly. His scent was deeper than yoongi's, more alluring. His hands touched everything they could. My skin was on fire but I couldn't let him continue. "Stop."

"So you actually do love him." He chuckled before sliding his shoes back on. "He killed our parents."

"W-what." I studder. He must be lying.

"He believes they died on their way to a musical he really wanted to see. But that's just what we made him believe. He actually murdered them."

"How."

His stare pierced right through me. I've never been this weak towards a guy.

"He got up one night, made his way towards the storage room and picked up a axe. He then made his way towards our parents bedroom and axed them to death. First mother, who till this day I don't understand why she never made a noise to warn dad. Then he waited for father to get out of the shower before killing him too."

I almost couldn't breathe at what Elijah was saying. I know yoongi is rude and rebellious but a murderer?

"Want to know the worst part? After he killed them he smeared the blood all over himself and waited for one of us to find him. I ran in after Yoona screamed and tried to figure out what happened. All he did was smile with the axe in his hands. Before I could beat the shit out of him he collapsed." He said as he walked out of the room.

That kept me up all night. Disturbed was the only thing that came to mind. The thought of yoongi having killed that brutally replayed in my mind. I was also worried that he would be able to smell Elijah all over me. He would most definitely be beyond mad. Do I really have enough wits to keep him in check?

Chapter End Notes

OH MY GOD I'm so sorry for taking soooooo long. I've had the worst writers block. I know this chapter is badly written because it's basically chunks of just forcing myself to write something long enough to post.

Yes, yoongi is 22 here, at first I only thought about changing yoongis age to fit closer to jimin but I don't know if I'll have to change the others ages so for now I've only changed yoongis age.

As always if you're confused or something just comment and I'll answer right away any questions.

I wrote the next chapter half way before this one so it'll probably be out in a few days if I stay on track.
"He hasn't spoken to me the whole week Jimin. What do I do?" Yoongi said through the phone.

"Have you even seen him?" Jimin asks through the ruckus. He was boarding a helicopter, Jungkook had sent him to a meeting.

"Yea, he's even given me orders. But he hasn't told me personally. He always uses Michael or somebody else."

"Chill out for now. He's probably thinking about something. I'll be there tomorrow alright? I'm guessing it's nothing but don't anger him just in case." He said goodbye. Yoongi held off telling Jimin but he didn't know what to do anymore. Hoseok has been so cold and straight up acting like they've never meet before.

He wandered around the house aimlessly. Done with the excess amount of chores, he had the rest of the day free.

He thought about confronting him. He detested humans but likes Hoseok and it drove him crazy. Mentally usually but physically at times. He honestly needed a break from the overthinking.

I can't & I can't & I can't.

Yoongi ended up at the library where he found a book and instantly decided to read all of it. This certain library had a few seating places and throughout the hours many walk in and either drop off books or pick some up. Yoongi even got the chance recommended a book to a girl looking for a apocalyptic title.

Yoongi soon began to fall asleep on his second book, a completely random history title. At Least his mind was off of overthinking about hoseok.

A bang on the doors snaps yoongi out of the making of the constitution chapter.

"Yoongi! Yoongi!" Michael runs up to him, face planted with worry.

"What?"

"A-are you alright?" He was out of breath as if running from a far place just to get to him.

"Why wouldn't I be?" He ask putting the book away. Not in it's original spot but in a spot to get to it
"Your wristband... it was sensing a distress signal." He tried to reach his wrist but Yoongi swiftly pulls away, an act of unconscious thought.

"You're cold again aren't you?" He questioned.

"I'm not." He lies feeling an urge to pick a fight, wither out of boredom or stress.

Michael yanked his wrist forward and placed two fingers on it, as if to check for a pulse. He dragged the younger through the halls before he could object or even question.

They made it to dark grey doors that opened and shut quickly. Dark and no windows made Yoongi instantly suspicious of why he was brought there.

"What the fuck, Michael. Why am I here?"

"We need to see why your heart beat was so fast," he directed him to a hospital like bed. "Because I'm sure that history book wasn't as exciting."

The doors opened again. Three figures walk in. Two humans and another wolf. They wore white coats and one had a clipboard in hand. In no time he was hooked to a heart monitor and a machine that had many thin cables running throughout his body.

"This might take a while since you're heart's still beating extremely fast." Said the woman. "You could go to sleep if you like."

"Pft."

"We were told to do these exams by Hoseok. He really wants to know what's going on." She pulls a lever sending me back into a more laid position.

"Maybe he's the problem." Yoongi huffed.

"We're not gonna probe you or anything weird, so just sleep." The wolf spoke pulling up a chair.

He scoffs a third time, mostly in defeat before turning his head away from them. In the middle of thinking of an escape plan he accidentally drifts to sleep.

~

"Yoongi."

"What an ugly name."

"It seems you don't want to continue."

"I'll be there tomorrow."

"Just don't anger him."

"Just don't anger him."

"Just don-"

Why is it always him. He's just a human but I'm always warned. Just how dangerous is he. Why
does he ignore me. It's so Goddamn infuriating. He seems to be at the top. Nice house. Nice friends. It makes me want to wrap my hands around his neck and squeeze. So tight that the veins in his forehead pop. So hard that his eyes water and roll back. I want to listen to that gasp, to that last breathe.

"Haha, we all know they hate you." Elijah shoved me into the closet once again.

"No they don't!" I try to shove him away but the size difference is hilarious.

"They tell me every day. As the oldest I have that trust and reliability. But you?" He chuckled before landing me a punch. "Don't make me laugh. They hate you so much the only reason they do everything for you is because they feel sorry for you."

Before I was able to yell back he lands another and another and another. The closet wall once again smothered with blood. Like always it was almost a murder scene. Everything blurs once again.

By the time he was done I was crumpled on the floor against the mop and other cleaning objects twitching from the pain.

"I hate you." I whisper faintly as he begins to wipe his hands. He stops, and bends down.

"No," he takes my chin roughly. "I hate you dear brother."

"I hate you."

"Don't make him angry."

"They hate you."

I knew this was a dream. A flashback. A regret. A cry. But it always consumes every inch of my being up. They did hate me. I caused their death. Everyone hates me. But I still have to continue with this life. With this shitty life that was given to me. Why is it called life if it's usually a curse?

"Yoongi!" The doctor yelled. Feet scurrying around abruptly wake yoongi who was in a cold sweat.

He coughed and breathed in air as if it was the first time ever.

"Breathe." The female doctor said placing a oxygen mask around Yoongi's mouth.

He shoved her away. Only to drop limp to the floor, hands on the temples of his head. He yelled in agony, screams filling the cold air, making it dense to breathe in.

Michael runs in trying to help only to be pushed away aswell."I need hoseok...."

He seemed to be the only thing on his mind.

He ran to the door, shooting it open almost cracking the strong steel hinges. Conveniently hoseok was right at the door, hand stretched out as if his intention was to open it just seconds before. "What's wrong yoongi?"

Yoongi sighed having meet his target, lunges at him. His back hit the concrete wall roughly forcing him to grunt because of the sudden pain. Win yoongi now on top as planned he hits hoseok's chest. Each time forcing him to squint his eyes and move to try and free himself.

"Yoongi! Stop that." Yelled Michael who reached with the help of the other wolf for yoongi and stood him up. Yoongi was having none of it. Quickly he bit the guy's hand, who he withdrew
quickly. Michael improvised and threw yoongi against the wall himself. Arm now holding him down by the shoulders.

By then hoseok was standing straight, looking into yoongis eyes with no emotion but anger. "What the hell is wrong with you?"

Yoongi stopped struggling after hearing those words. Not only did his eyes falter, they visibly expressed the turmoil unraveling inside of him. In an attempt to stop whatever was leeching inside he roughly banged his head back into the concrete multiple times. Michael tried stopping him but failed. The fact that there was blood splattered everywhere and that he was smiling while he was hurting himself made one of the female doctors scream in horror while the other threw up at the sight. His eyes rolled back gruesomely as his almost lifeless body fell into Michael's arms.

Hoseok was at loss for words at the event that just happened before him. He seemed to suffocate, his mind not getting enough oxygen to breathe. He ran his hands through his thick hair pulling at it in frustration. "The blood...stop it." He muttered.

They took him back onto the bed and began to try and stop the severe bleeding immediately.

"Make sure to restrain him for the night." Said Hoseok, who now sat in a chair on the farthest wall. Everything was running through his mind while nothing was. He had a million thoughts but at the same time not a single one.

Hoseok sat there restlessly waiting for him to wake up and explain. He tried playing on his phone and even eating to distract himself but it didn't work and sleep was out of the question.

"Did I cause this?" He whispered to himself, that was his final conclusion. He caused this.

"You did." Spoke yoongi weakly with his eyes still closed. "But you didn't."

His heartbeat was beating faster now that he was next to Yoongi's bed. "How..."

"A whole week. You ignored me for a whole week. I was overthinking like a maniac." Yoongi Spoke. Feeling a little pathetic.

"I just...."

Yoongi cut him off before he could say anything. "I want to leave."

"What?"

"I don't want to be here anymore." Yoongi said.

"I can't let you go anywhere." Hoseok spoke voice almost wavering at how trepidatious he was. "You could hurt peop-"

"I don't give a damn. I need to be away and alone." Yoongi rolled his eyes. Sitting up, he unplugged everything connected to him.

"You can't be out of my sight." Hoseok said more sternly. Set on not giving him any leeway on his decision.

"I'm gonna leave whether you will let me or not." Yoongi insisted, sitting up with legs dangling from the bed.

"No."
"Yes."

"NO."

Yoongi was hurting at this point. Hoseok was using force again. The headache slowly grew.

"All im asking for is a fucking week away, at least." Yoongi scoffed.

"What would I do if you hurt someone in that week?" Said Hoseok.

"You're a criminal." Yoongi spat hopping off of the bed. "You'll think of something."

"It's not that easy."

"Why are you so against it. I'm not a fucking monster. Not yet anyways. You took me to that place, YOU caused this." Said Yoongi who slipped his shoes on one by one.

"You will obey my decisions, Min Yoongi." Said Hoseok before processing what he just said. What he had been trying so hard to hide.

Yoongi stopped and stood straight. He grinned, a mocking grin of anger. "I never told you my name, and as far as I know there's absolutely no accurate record of it."

"I meet with your brother Okay? There I said it." Said Hoseok staring straight back. "I left you with Jimin so I could meet your siblings, at least some of them."

"You absolute mother fucker." Yoongi spat, walking to meet Hoseok a foot away.

"I had to." He said. "I needed to know things."

"Things? Like how to take control of them too? Actually whatever. If you have respect. Just a little bit of respect for me you'll never touch them. Never bring them here. Never ever. I don't want to see them at all. Respect my decision for once." What he said made Hoseok change his mind. For once he was going to see what happens. For once he was not going to be in control. Maybe it was love or maybe it was guilt. Of already have touched one of his siblings.

"Okay, I get it." He said reaching for a pocket from the inside of his blazer. He handed a whole wad of bills to Yoongi. "I'll let you go, for a week exact. Then I'll have Michael pick you up from wherever you are. I won't have him track you, only to pick you up. If you commit a crime and get caught it's on you. Don't do anything dumb. Interact with everyone. Have fun for once."

Yoongi grinned, happy to finally do something on his own. More or less.

"Oh, before you go. Don't tell anyone your real name. I'm sure word has gotten out of the chosen one. To prevent anything extreme just make up a name." Said Hoseok before smiling slightly to hide the disillusion of his decision.

"Thank you, see you in a week."

Chapter End Notes

Hhhuuuurrmmm another update roughly a week since the last. Ayeeeee.
Honestly I feel like this is becoming shit T^T

How do I fix this now?

Anyways ill be writing more for sure this time.
Chapter 14

Chapter Summary

Yoongi meets new friends.....but...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Third person

The gate chains clashed as they were locked behind him. He had no set direction but forward. Countless trees rustled in the wind.

By the third hour of walking down a lonely road he was almost stumbling. Legs numb from walking a few miles, more than he’s ever needed to.

Before collapsing over a rumble startled him awake. Car? The noise grew louder as so did a bright yellow light. He turned around and faced a long line of bikers. Not only was he wide awake now, he had renewed energy to go run a marathon.

If he counted correctly there were about thirty motorcycles. About half with more than one person. He heard some of them yelling incoherent words before they broke off of the tail end and turned back to where he was. They hopped off and immediately blended in with the trees because of their tall height. Their decadent leather shone wonderfully in the moonlight.

“Hey kid, need a ride?” The taller of the two asked.

“Oh, ye- sure.” Yoongi shuddered unsure.

“Where to?”

“Um, I don’t really know..” Yoongi said.

“Are you new to town? Where are your friends? Did-” The shorter one asked before being shut off by the other.

“Don’t ask to many questions right off the bat, Jinwoo. We’ll take you a hotel or something for the night, sounds good?” He said handing Yoongi a extra helmet before putting his own on. The other took his backpack and on their way they were.

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“Well here's your room dude.” said Minhyuk as they arrived to the door to Yoongi’s hotel room.

“My names... Suga.” Yoongi replied a little shyly. That was the name he used for video games and everyone made fun of him but it's the only name that came to mind.
“Thanks for the ride, and hotel.” Yoongi said thankfully.

“No problem, dude.” He winked before Yoongi closed the door to the room they helped him get. The motel owner didn’t care who stayed in it, as long as an ID was shown.

“Hot bath.” Was the only thing he said to himself as he set his backpack down. He tossed a complimentary bath bomb into the bath and waited for it to fill. The lighting in the room accentuated his relatively small body. Made his skin look as white as paper. The smaller mirror behind him displayed his back without him having to turn around. Even though the marks Hoserk left him were long gone he felt like he could see them if he squinted hard enough. He missed him already.

He didn’t bother putting clothes on and slipped under the sheets in a heartbeat. That night he slept peacefully with no need of any of the usual rituals.

“WAKE UP SUGA!” Barged Yoonjin in startling a naked Yoongi burrito.

“WHY ARE YOU SLEEPING AT THESE HOURS OF THE DAY!?” He asked setting some bags down on the table. Minhyuk walked in with drinks in his hands.

“What? What time is it?” He sat up, grogginess still in his voice.

“It’s almost three, you noob. Come sit, we brought food.” He said taking a seat.

Yoongi sat next to the two. They unboxed quite the amount of food. “What is this?” He was quite unfamiliar with half the food that was on the table.

“Are you serious? Black bean noodles, hamburgers, rice cakes.” Said Minhyuk. “And this is coffee obviously.”

He took chopsticks and picked at the closest dish. “Woah.”

“Isn’t this Korean food though, besides the hamburgers? Were in America?” He asked with a mouth full of food.

“Well yeah, but any kind of food is accessible here, and as Koreans we love our food.” Said Yoojin.

“You’re quite weird, You’re korean and don't know what this food is. Your fashion is weird too.” Said Minhyuk.

“Uhh, it’s a long story.”

“Well as much as we’d like to hear it, we don’t have all day. Hurry up and put ya clothes on.” Said Yoojin.

“What for?”

“Fun duh.”

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“Okay, I’m ready.” Said Yoongi placing some money in his pocket.

The two looked at him from head to toe. “Hold up, no no no,” Said Yoojin, “First of all, flick your collar up. You aren’t a grade schooler.”

“You’re weird, let’s spazz up your hair.” Said Minhyuk ruffling his hair trying to get it a certain way, but giving up soon after.

“But I think my hair looks fine…” Said Yoongi following behind them anyways.

“It’s fine alright, but in these streets you need to look better than fine dude.”

They reached their destination in just a few minutes of walking. The certain barbershop they wanted was right on the same street. The fine decorations wooed Yoongi. It was different from the one Jimin had taken him to. Also, the street seemed fancier in daylight than it did last night.

A kind lady with bright red hair walked up to them, offered Yoongi a seat after listening to what the other two wanted on him. A little over an hour later Yoongi had a fantastic red undercut. It instantly added maturity, masculinity and detail. He no longer looked plain. Plus, the red made his natural silver hair pop in a surreal way.


“Hmm.” Minhyuk wasn’t convinced just yet and whispered a few words to Yoojin. He smiled but didn’t inform Yoongi at all.

“Now we’re ready to party.” He said, handing the lady a tip and a word of gratitude. She mumbled about a certain mess they did last time but was happy for them to be there.

“It’s like five in the afternoon, isn’t partying supposed to happen at night?” Asked Yoongi, half distracted by the new hair he kept on touching.

“Well yes. But by the time we get to the good parties, we’ll have arrived just in time.” Said Minhyuk.

They walked back to the hotel parking lot. Yoongi was to sit behind Minhyuk since it would be more safe. Yoojin was a bit taller than Yoongi so it wouldn’t be safe.

The whole way Yoongi was just staring at the buildings, and people walking around town. They drove through an obsolete looking dirt road that was surrounded by trees. They lead to a couple of large houses spaced almost evenly apart in a circle facing the center which had a huge fountain. Colorful lights leaked out of all of them, cars littered the whole perimeter. Everyone seemed to be having a great time both inside the houses or outside next to bonfires.

“Woah.” Yoongi said hopping off of the motorcycle.

“Tonight you’ll live.” Said Yoojin with a grin planted on his face. He was already imagining the order he was going to go through for the maximum amount of fun.

“Suga, besides your fashion you’re a pretty good looking dude, I can tell. Go have fun, get laid.” Said Minhyuk.

Yoongi smiled as all the three parted ways, each to a house. Yoongi was nervous, but he always imagined going to a cool party like in the video games he played at home. Not much could go wrong.
Immediately he was bombarded with people trying to share drinks. Without hesitation he took three and chugged them. The first two were bitter and the last was extremely sweet. A few more drinks in and half of the attention was on him and he loved it. Nobody saw him as small, or weak. Most are humans but some were hybrids. Every single girl wanted to dance with the new guy.

“Hey! Pretty boy, lets chug!” A guy yelled across the living room from the table where he had an array of beer mugs lined up. “Five mugs five hundred dollars to whoever finishes first.”

“Deal.” Yoongi says setting down the red cup that was in his hand. He lined up next to the guy, shook hands and waited for the countdown.

“3, 2, 1!”

The first one was a couple of gulps too long giving the guy a chance to get ahead. But Yoongi really wanted that money for some random reason. He ignored the bubbles and managed to win by a whole ten seconds. Everyone cheered.

“It’s been some time since someone beat me, good job bro. What's your name?” He asked handing him the cash in an envelope.

“It’s Suga, I didn’t even know I had that in me.” Yoongi replied.

After all that beer he looked for a bathroom. Everyone in this side of the house seemed to be making out. He did his business and was ready for more. The alcohol began to intoxicate him more and more.

“Hey boy.” A girl with red hair took him by the wrist and swiftly pulled him into a bedroom. Without permission she began to kiss him. She was drunk too but seemed to be under the influence of something else as well.

Yoongi let her lead the way. Slowly clothes fell off towards the floor. Hee had experience, but the alcohol made him slightly clumsy. She didn't really notice as she was out of it too, only looking for pleasure.

That night Yoongi enjoyed the many faces that girl made. The many noise and the pleas for more rounds. He wouldn't mind getting used to it.

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Yoongi pov

“Holy fuck.” I slowly opened my eyes. I looked around confused, these sheets seem heavier than they did last night? Why is the room brighter?

“Morning.” I nearly jumped out of the bed. As soon as we met eyes every single memory of last night flooded in. Fuck.

“Oh, my god.” Yoongi shuddered.

“Nice to meet you too.” She got up, completely naked and walked to the bathroom.

“Fuck, fuck fuck…” Dammit, I can't believe I got way too drunk. I don't even know her name. Hoseok wouldn't get mad would he?... I slipped on my clothes and looked in the mirror behind the door. Before fixing my own collar she pulled me to face her.

“Some guys came in last night, I told them you were cold and they found some extra blankets for us.
Good to know you're doing better, Suga.” she said after finishing my buttons as well.

“Let's meet again soon.” I replied, then closed the door. The floors were covered in red cups and unknown liquids.

This house is a lot bigger than it seemed last night in the dark. These stairs never end. I shouldn't be tired, I just woke up.

“Woah there.” said Minhyuk, who was sitting on a couch next to the entrance door. He was all dressed, probably waiting for me to get up.

“You okay?” asked Yoojin, invading my personal space already. He had food in his hands.

“I'm fine..” I replied, unthinkingly leaning onto him. Legs fell static, almost numb.

“You don't seem fine, suga..” said Minhyuk helping Yoojin sit me down in his place.

“Dammit, just uhhh....” At this point was I even sitting or floating. I was trying really hard to keep breathing under control. A fit here, and in front of them is something to avoid.

After a wading forward and back for a few minutes, I felt the anger again.

They've helped me. I can't hurt them but they're the only ones in front of me.

“Suga? What's wrong?” asked Minhyuk stepping away from me. He sensed danger. I need Hoseok, he was right about me being dangerous. I should've listened to him.

“Go away...” I manage to creep out before falling knees first onto the floor. Heartbeat thumping inside my ears. Skin crawling with the urge to harm something, anything.

What's her face must've heard the ruckus I was causing, she ran down the stairs towards me. Completely ignoring the fact that the other two were a good five feet away. “Suga-?”

The minute she touched me, the minute she looked into my eyes, she realised the mistake she had made. It was too late for her to run. I picked up the nearest glass bottle and began to hit her with it. The way her face loss life and became a bloody mess was fascinating. It felt like something I've done before, but where?

My whole outfit was soaked, my face was dripping with her blood. I bent over her to greet her lifeless body one last time. “It was a pleasure.”

I stood up slowly towards Minhyuk and Yoojin, the fear in their faces was long gone. “That's one huge mess, Suga.”

“My name…. Is Yoongi…” I reply as I feel my body hit the floor once again. Realisation rushing in about what I did. She was young, I ended her life. I didn't necessarily feel bad, not the first time I saw a dead body. But killing, was something I never thought I was capable of.

Death has no cost
Life has no worth

Chapter End Notes
Y’ALL I'M SO SORRY I HAVEN’T POSTED SINCE LAST YEAR.

I had caught some really bad writers block around the end of last year, then......well Jonghyun's death really affected me. He's my ult bias, so it was hard to cope and still is... The beginning of 2018 was extremely rough and I couldn't write at all. I'm doing better now but please bear with me!

I SHALL UPDATE MORE THOUGH

I HAVE SOME AMAZING IDEAS

THANK YOU TO Y'ALL WHO STILL READ THIS BOOK, I'M SORRY TO HAVE DISSAPONTED Y’ALL.

(Ps I wrote this chapter like 4 times, it's a little messy but ones gotta do what ones gotta do)

If y'all have any questions or something comment on this and I'll answer them.

End Notes

First bts fix. Yoonseok is one of my favorite ships. This idea came from the blue. Any questions please ask.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!