Stranger Danger

by IFeelLikeTaeGucci

Summary

Jeongguk is a wolf in sheep's clothing. Jimin isn't sure he wants to save himself - but that doesn't mean that he won't try.

Notes

I should really stop starting new fics when I already have a billion others to finish. Anyway, as I said in the description, this story will become very violent in the next chapter, so please just don't read this fic if you're a sensitive person. I'll do my best to tag everything in the beginning notes so that you know what you're getting into. But keep in mind that I have warned you. Now, go read the story, if I haven't scared you away yet. ^^

Warnings: Chocking, kidnapping, degration, mentions of a blood kink, psychopathic tendencies, stalking, assult, Short mention of Jimin's bipolar issue at the end
See the end of the work for more notes.
The convenience store was barren of a single soul except Jimin, who had the misfortune of carrying out the nightshift by himself.

It wasn't all bad, though. He got to stay up and read the newest comic book editions, as well as being able to binge on the out-of-date goodies behind the counter, so it wasn't a total loss.

The door chime jingled, Jimin not sparing the customer a glance, as he was far too entangled in his magazine.

There was the noise of bags rustling, a few mumbled words, but otherwise the store was completely quiet. The stranger eventually emerged from the instant-food aisle and set his items unceremoniously on the counter.

"Good evening~ Did you find everything okay?" Jimin asked, pulling on his Customer Service Voice™.

No response.

Jimin looked up, a chill travelling down his spine. It wasn't the silence that had him feeling uneasy; it was the man that was standing before him, the one that was staring at Jimin as if he held the answers to the stranger's biggest questions.

"Uh...Are you okay?" Jimin asked, friendly smile faltering just slightly.

The rather handsome man bore into Jimin's eyes, his gaze intense.

Jimin cleared his throat, opting to watch his hands scan the ramen cups instead. "You uh, you sure are buying a lot of ramen," Jimin giggled nervously. "You have to pull an all-nighter or something?"

"Needed groceries," the man replied frankly, sounding distracted.

Jimin jumped at the sudden vocalization. "It's awfully late to be grocery shopping...Why not just do it in the morning?"

"Morning and afternoon classes all week. No time."

Jimin nodded in understanding. "Ah, I feel you there! I have dance classes up at Seoul University..."
every morning at six, and it can be pretty damn stressful where I don't have a car yet."

"I could drive you," the stranger deadpanned.

Jimin laughed it off, assuming the boy was kidding him. It wasn't until he handed the man his bag that Jimin realized the man was, in fact, serious.

Almost terrifyingly so.

"Ha ha, no thank you.~ I have a friend that drives me, actually."

The man squinted his eyes calculating at him. They stood in tension for a few long, tense moments, until the man finally took his bag and left without another word.

Jimin shook off encounter, chalkling it up to how late it was. As he continued with his shift, he couldn't shake the feeling that what just happened wasn't at all innocent. His gut told him it was something more sinister, and that he should watch his back.

Jimin obviously wasn't watching well enough though, because if he was, he would have noticed the silhouette that was standing outside, watching the him finish his shift through the front window.

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Jungkook pov

Jungkook began showing up every night at approximately ten after midnight, buying the same wasabi ramen cups, observing the lone cashier with the same intense gaze.

No matter the weather, no matter if he had class early. He kept showing up just to see the beautiful man behind the counter.

He snapped pictures of the boy from behind the aisles, listening into his phone conversations as he 'browsed' for snacks.

Over the past two weeks of his incessant stalking, he came to find out the boy's name (Park Jimin),
his school schedule (Dance at 6AM to 12PM, regular classes 2PM to 8PM, after which he rushed home to change and get to work at 8:30PM), his best friend's name (Kim Taehyung), and his birthtown (Busan).

Jungkook learned that Jimin had a habit of biting his sinfully-full lips when he thought, how sexy the boy looked when he was scared.

That was Jungkook's favorite part about visiting Jimin: how fucking terrified the boy looked when he saw Jungkook walk through the door. It was an image that Jungkook dreamt about often, his blood traveling south at the memory.

He hoped he would soon be able to make good on the feeling.

"Can you come down to my office? Emergency"

Jin, the store manager, texted Jimin.

Jin had noticed that the store's stock was rapidly decreasing, but they weren't making the profit they should be. He had suspected that it was one of the employees that was shoplifting, so he had called in a few extra hands to help him go over the security footage from the past two months.

They hadn't found anything of concern, though, until they started reviewing the night-shift footage. It was there that Yoongi (a local officer) had called Jin over, and showed him the fishy, re-occurring scenes.

There was a boy, approximately 20 years of age, that had began coming to store at a specific time every night.

The thing that had concerned them was that the boy only showed up on Jimin's shift, and he seemed to be...Watching him. Which wasn't abnormal in itself; Jimin was a very attractive man. But it was the manner at which the boy was watching him. It was predatory, hostile. Like he was just waiting for a moment to jump him.

"Hyung-nim?" A voice called from outside the office door, knocking gently. Jin rushed to it and
pulled the door open.

"Hyung-nim, is everyt-

"We need to show you something," Jin interrupted, pulling the younger into the room.

Jimin allowed his boss to push him down into a chair, pointing at the images on the computer screen. Jinmin looked at them, not understanding what the problem was. Until...No. No, no, no, no, no.

It can't be!...But...

"I-is that me?" He asked, a pointing a shaky finger at the screen.

Jin nodded, seeming pale. "Yes. It is. And that boy," he motioned at the person ducked behind the toiletree aisle, who was taking pictures of the cashier, "has been stalking you for the past few weeks, it seems."

Jimin felt his blood drain from his face, palms becoming clammy.

Yoongi observed the change in the younger boy. "I take it you recognise him?" He asked, leaning back in his chair.

Jimin swallowed past the lump in his throat and nodded dumbly. "Y-yeah, h-he..." he trailed off.

"Jimin-ssi, if you know him, we need you to tell us."

Jimin shook his head, eyes glued to the screen. "I don't...H-he shows up a lot during my shifts...I've seen him a few times around school and my apartment complex-"

"You mean to tell me you KNOW he's been following you? And you didn't say anything!?" Jin cried.

Jimin shrugged. "I didn't think much of it. I thought it was an odd coincidence."
"Have you seen his face?" Yoongi asked, his sketch materials already in hand, ready for use.

Jimin confirmed that yes, he has seen the boy's face, and Yoongi urged him to give a description.

Jimin took a shuddering breath, which didn't calm his nerves in the least bit. He closed his eyes, and imagined the boy.

He was tall and slender, yet muscular. He had black hair, with a few piercings in his ears. He emphasized on the bunny teeth, the large, wet doe eyes, and his button nose.

"Like this?" Yoongi asked as he turned the sketch around.

Air caught in Jimin's throat, choking momentarily. The boy was...Beautiful. Except for one thing. His eyes...They were missing something, and he couldn't place it.

The whole walk home he pondered it, drawing a blank until he was riding the elevator up to his apartment.

Psychotic.

That's what the officer's sketch was missing. How psychotic the boy's eyes were.

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Jungkook returned to the store that very night, very eager to see his angel.

You can imagine his shock when he saw that it wasn't Jimin at the counter, but a new stranger. He was about as tall, but thinner, and more intimidating.

"Excuse me," Jungkook called as he walked right up to the counter.

The cashier glanced up, doing a double-take before setting his newspaper down. "Can I help you?"

"Where's the boy that usually works here? Jimin?"
Yoongi (who was playing undercover cop for now) raised an eyebrow at the straight-forwardness. "Who wants to know?"

Jungkook paused momentarily. "I'm his boyfriend."

"And what's your name?"

"Jungkook."

"You got a last name, 'Jung-cook'?"

Jungkook scowled. "Just tell me where he is!" Jungkook hissed, nose crinkling up in a growl.

Yoongi threw his head back, chuckling. "Look kid, I don't know who you are, but I know for a fact that you're not Jimin's boyfriend. If you were, you would probably know where he is. Now get out before I call the police."

They glared at each other, tension thick. Jungkook sent one last sour look at the blue-haired male before he swiftly exited the store, and disappeared down the street.

Yoongi slumped back in the cashier chair as dread began balling at the pit of his stomach.

That Jungkook kid, whatever the fuck he wanted with Jimin, was definitely not good. It was just a matter of time until he figured out Jimin's schedule again, and Yoongi didn't want to know what would happen one he did.

He just knew it wasn't going to be good.

-Jimin's Pov
It had been three weeks since Jimin had seen his stalker, and he had to admit, he was beginning to become less careful.

He stopped watching his surrounding so sharply, stopped worrying about running into the boy on his way home.

So really, he had pretty much completely forgotten about him.

It was a cold October afternoon, and Jimin had decided to go grocery shopping. It was his day off, and it was still quite early, which meant that if he was quick enough, he'd be able to beat the morning rush.

He grabbed a cart and strolled leisurely through the many aisles as he listened to the music that played softly through his earbuds.

He turned the corner near the produce section, his carriage bumping harshly into someone else's. Apologies were ready to fly off his tongue - but the words died immediately once he looked up.

"Y-you," Jimin stuttered, looking the stranger in the eyes.

The boy stood not a foot away from him, and they were completely alone in the aisle. The boy stared, the predatory glint now more obvious under the glaring store lights.

Jimin backed up slowly, and the man taking one step forward with every two that Jimin stepped back.

And then Jimin ran.

He turned and bolted across the store and right out the door, not daring to look back.

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Jungkook followed after the male, although he made sure to keep a safe distance.
He followed him right up until Jimin escaped into the apartment building, where he lost sight of him.

Jungkook crouched down behind a nearby dumpster, waiting patiently until Jimin left for his afternoon classes, glancing nervously over his shoulder ever few seconds.

When the boy faded from sight, Jungkook got up and entered the building.

Once there he went to the P.O boxes and read the names until he reached the one he was looking for: Park Jimin, room 94B.

He smirked as he took a picture with his phone for later. He put his hand on the box, feeling the cold metal raise goosebumps on his flesh. "I'll see you soon Jiminie," he whispered, promising. He then turned away, and began the long trek home.

Jimin felt an ominous vibe following him around, like something very, very bad was about to happen.

He was now working the morning shift at the store instead of the night shift (Jin decided to switch his work hours to be on the safe side), yet he still felt uneasy. He greeted his customers stiffly, on full alert after running into 'the boy' (Jimin didn't even know his stalker's name) the day before.

Everyone with shaggy, black hair set him on full panic mode, his heart jumping into his throat. But it was always a false alarm.

"Yo, you good, Park?" Hoshi, his co-worker, asked between customers.

Jimin gave him a tight-lipped smile. "Yeah, just a bit..." he trailed off, shaking his head. "It's nothing, don't worry about it."

Hoshi didn't look the least bit convinced. "Go home, I'll take your shift," Hoshi offered, leaving no
Jimin pouted, feeling guilty as the blonde man essentially pushed him out the door. He should be working, not being running away like a scared child.

But he was.

He was so, so scared. Scared of what his stalker was capable of, scared of what the boy wanted with him.

Companionship? A friend? Sex?

Jimin shook his head, willing himself not to puke at the last thought.

The bad feeling was now sitting like a ball of concrete in his stomach, sinking deeper as he neared his building.

He took out his phone and sent Tae a text in hopes of easing his nerves, but received no reply. He sighed, but for some reason kept his phone in his hand. It made him feel better.

'Maybe I should just wait for Tae to get back,' he thought to himself, fumbling with his keys as he struggled to find the right one.

'Nah, stop being a pussy,' he reprimanded himself as he slipped into his apartment, and locked the door behind him. He scanned the open room with a baited breath, half expecting to see stalker-boy standing there.

But there was nothing. Just an empty apartment.

He laughed under his breath at himself for being so ridiculous. He set down his gym bag, dropping his keys haphazardly on the table. He kicked off his shoes, and headed to his room.

He stopped right outside the door and staring at it. 'I swear I left this open,' he thought, hand on the
handle, ready to turn. 'Whatever, it's probably nothing,' he dismissed quickly, opening the door and stepping through it.

He turned as he went to shut it, a gasp escaping his lips as he noticed the presence behind him.

"Hello Jimin."

Jimin opened his mouth to scream, but Jungkook launching himself at the older before he could utter a noise, and wrapped his long fingers wrapping around the elder's neck.

Jimin's eyes bulged out of thier sockets as his hands began clawing at the ones around his neck.

"P-p-please," he choked out, tears spilling past his cheeks. "D-don't p-please-"

Jungkook laughed psychotically, eyes glinting with crazy. "Lights out, princess." He squeezed Jimin's neck tighter, feeling euphoric as the life quickly left Jimin's body, and then let him fall limply to the floor with a sickeningly loud thud.

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Jungkook hitched the older onto his shoulders and exited the building through the fire escape. He couldn't take any chances getting caught, after all.

He emerged from the back door and smiled lovingly at his stereotypical creeper van that was waiting outside for them, the engine still running.

He threw the back door open, setting Jimin into the back and quickly tying him up before climbing into the drivers seat.

He then peeled out of there, and all but grinned madly as he narrowly missed Jimin's ditzy roommate on the way out.

He found himself wishing he had ran the boy over and painted the sidewalk red with his blood. Fuck
- how he longed to feel that crimson warmth hot on his fingers, the tangy scent so strong he could taste it as he breathed, so thick he couldn't.

He thought about the unconscious boy in the back seat, and his heart skipped a beat with anticipation.

He couldn't wait to feel Jimin's blood. To taste it. To be the one to cut his soft, supple flesh open, be the cause of Jimin's pain, his pleasure.

And he didn't have to wait long now..

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Jimin's eyes fluttered open, his neck feeling sore. He reached up to touch it and felt...nothing. Just skin.

He looked around, and slowly sat up as he did so. He wasn't sure where he was, but he had a feeling he was currently in some sort of storage unit.

There was a large, light blue, shaggy rug making a home in the center of the room, a small love-seat-like couch on top of it, also light blue in color.

On one corner of the room was a small, white mini-fridge, that was directly six feet away from the table. If you wanted to call it that. It was one of those tables you'd put on your terris, with a couple bar seats on either side.

Jimin shifted on his bed, and took note on how much space there was on it. The bedsheets around him glowed a soft purple/blue hue, almost as if the color was a result of a reflection of some sort, and not from an actual dye.

His eyes traveled over to the desk that was a pushed against the wall catty-corner to the bed. It was a bit messy, with papers and pens strewn everywhere. What attracted his attention the most, though, was the corkboard above the desk. He cautiously walked over to it, and swallowed the fear in his throat. There were pictures. Dozens of them. Of him. Of Jungkook. Pictures that had Jungkook's face pasted over the person that was standing next to Jimin in the photos. Some of them were just of Jimin, though.

Jimin walking home, stocking shelves, sleeping on the dance studio floor early in the morning. What made his heart drop was the pattern.

Jimin's first date.
Jimin's first trip to Paris for a competition.

Jimin playfully kissing Tae's cheek.

All with Jungkook's face glued over the other faces.

The last one was obviously a fully made-up one. A girl wearing a wedding dress had been pasted onto a piece of heavy stock paper, a man wearing suit next to her. Jimin's face was perched precariously on the girls neck, his stalker's where the groom's should've been.

'For better or for worse' was scribbled on the bottom in sloppy Korean cursive.

Something inside him told him it was for worse.

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The boy walked into the room, the frigid wind from outside blowing into the room as a result, and made Jimin shiver.

Jimin watched the boy set a couple take-out bags on the 'table', and took his coat off before he tossed it onto the couch. He unpacked the food without so much as glancing at his hostage, which served to infuriate Jimin.

"Uh excuse me? Are you just going to pretend like I don't exist?" He asked sassily, crossing his arms with a scowl.

'The boy' chuckled under his breath as he ripped up and threw out the plastic bag after he had finished setting the table.

Jimin got up and sat himself on the empty bar stool without permission.

Jungkook watched him open the container set before him. "Don't you like it? I know it's your favorite, so I made sure to get it just for you~" Stalker-boy grinned, seeming excited.
Jimin blinked owlishly. "How do you know that?"

Jungkook giggled, picking up a hefty amount of kimchi-fried-rice with his chopsticks. "I know everything about you, baby. I know that this is the first meal your mother showed you how to cook. I know that you like eating it when you feel homesick or worried."

Jimin rolled his eyes in annoyance. "But HOW do you know that? I never told you!"

Jungkook finally looked serious. "That ditzy roommate of yours told me one day when I questioned him about the three bags of take-out he was carrying."

Jimin's eye twitched. "Tae's not a 'ditz', he's my best friend, which is something yo probaby know nothing about!" He shouted, waving his arms angrily.

Jungkook looked up, smiling. "Why would I need a best friend when I have you?"

Jimin snorted, and opted to stuff his cheeks with the spicy rice instead of speaking to this asshole. Jungkook seemed pleased by the action, which got on Jimin's nerves. They ate in basic silence, only the occasional sniffe or cough.

Jimin plopped onto the couch after he was finished, and let Jungkook clean up the mess by himself.

'Serves him right for abducting me,' he thought grumpily as he clutched a cusion to his chest. He was just beginning to doze off when the couch shifted with extra weight. He willed himself to keep still when he felt the stalker's hot breath on his neck, the long fingers that began rubbing his arms and thighs.

Until one of said hands dipped into his underwear.

Jimin shot up and punched the boy square in the nose. Jungkook's face flew sideways, and his hand went up to wipe the blood away. He slowly looked to Jimin, and his eyes were so dark and evil it rivaled that of a demon's.
Jimin stumbled back, fear swallowing him whole as the boy began stepping toward him. He backed up as far as he could, until his back made contact with the cold wall. "P-please I'm s-sorry, you just s-s-scared m-me," He stuttered, close to tears.

Jungkook slammed his hands on the wall on either side of Jimin's head, and towering over him dangerously.

Jimin swallowed, his fear unfortunately clouding all rational judgement. He bought his knee up and smashed the younger's balls as hard as he could manage. While Jungkook was down for the count, he ran and headed straight for the door.

He tugged and twisted the handle frantically, but it wouldn't open. He began sobbing as his knees knocked together as he shook.

Then suddenly something soft covered his nose, and arms locked firmly around him.

Jimin thrashed and clawed at the hand, but his motions slowed and turned sleepy, for he was quickly losing consciousness.

The last thing he heard before passing out completely was hissed into his ear, the voice so aggressive it made him glad he wasn't going to be awake to experience whatever was about to happen.

"You really shouldn't have done that."

Jimin pulled experimentally at the chains around his ankles, a low growl forming in his chest.

He was chained up in an empty corner of the room, sitting on a mat you'd see in a gymnasts' gym. There was a collar wrapped almost too tightly around his neck, and a water and food bowl sitting at the foot of the mat, all three items engraved with the name 'Jimin' on them.

"I see you're up," Jungkook smiled, eyes still glinting with anger.

Jimin sneered at him. "I see you decided keeping me in a cage wasn't good enough."
"If you want to act like a dog, I'll treat you like one, 'bitch'. I'm only doing this because I love you, and I want you to-

"Is this how you show 'love'?! By chaining me up and forcing me to do shit!?!" Jimin shouted, fury boiling in his veins.

Jungkook clucked, as he squatted down so he was at eye-level with the older. "I haven't 'forced' you to do anything yet. Be glad that I'm kind enough to let you get used to me first."

A shiver went down Jimin's spine as the fear began spiking up again. "What do you mean by 'yet'?"
He asked, tone quiet.

Jungkook's pupils dilated at the submissiveness. "I mean that one day I'll fuck you, touch you, wreck you in every way. But the catch is that I won't be forcing you to do anything. Because you'll want it just as much as I do."

He then got up, shrugged his coat on, and grabbed his backpack.

"I have classes. Be back in a few hours. Oh, and Jimin," Jungkook stopped, door halfway open. "Be a good boy while I'm gone."

Jimin watched him leave, and waiting a few moments until he was sure he was gone.

"FUCK YOU!" He screeched, pissed beyond all words. He hit the concrete floor, tearing his knuckles and palms up, blood smearing it pretty.

He kept screaming and punching, until the pain in his hands out did the one one in his heart.

Once he was completely and thoroughly exhausted, he curled in on himself and burried his face in his knees. 'Please come rescue me,' he whispered between sobs.

'Save me who is being punished.'
Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Warnings: Mutilation, (kind of) rape, assault, blood, restraints, child abuse, inappropriate behavior

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

"Come here."

Jimin jumped at the noise, his hand poised over the slash he was making in the concrete to mark his tenth day there. "J-jungkook?" He whimpered upon noticing how feral the boy looked.

"Fucking come here," Jungkook snarled and pointed to the area by his feet.

Jimin hesitated, and took one second too long.

Jungkook reached over and yanked the older forward by the hair and pulled so hard it tore a few strands out. Jimin let out a fearful sob as he struggled desperately to crawl away.

"Who is Hoshi?"

Jimin looked up, heart stopping momentarily. "W-wha-"

"I SAID 'WHO THE FUCK IS HOSHI'?!" Jungkook screamed, losing composure quickly.

Jimin gulped. "A f-friend from-"

Jungkook's hand collided with the older's cheek, which made him fly backwards. The younger crawled over the fallen male and grabbed a fistful of his ratty t shirt.

"Is he fucking you?" He asked, voice low yet dangerous. Jimin quaked as he shook his head. "N-no, he's just m-my friend!"

The other chuckled darkly as his free hand fiddled with something in his pocket. "You sure, bitch?
Because he just got done telling me about all kinds of things..." He trailed off and pressed something cold against Jimin's forearm.

Jimin looked down at the knife that was being held to his arm and began panicking. "I swear it was just o-once! I-

Jungkook's hand closed around the boy's throat, which hindered his speech. "Guess I'll just have to mark you to show just who you belong to." The younger sneered as he gripped the older's wrist and pinned it to the floor above his head.

Jimin squirmed and struggled, but alas, he unable to get free.

"Did you know the forearm holds more blood vessels per square inch than any other part of the human body?" Jungkook asked mockingly, the blade of his knife pressing into the elder's skin.

Jimin was sure he was going to die. The pain of the blade slicing through his arm sent searing pain through his body, like an army of fire ants were digging through his flesh.

Jungkook groaned deeply above him as he watched the older man cry from the pain. The incision he made was short but deep, rivulets of red honey dripping down from the edges.

Jungkook swiped one of the rivulets with his index finger, and shuddered at the feeling of the hot stickiness of blood coat them. "I bet you taste so sweet," he grumbled, and then bought his fingers to his lips.

Jimin watched in complete and utter horror as the younger male began licking his blood off his fingers, moaning around them like the iron-tang was giving him the deepest amount of pleasure. The scariest thing, though, was how Jungkook's pupils dialated, and turned the whole of his eyes back.

Jimin began blubbering nonsense once more as Jungkook's head dipped down toward the still-gushing wound.

The older held his breath, anticipating the sting to intensify. But then...Nothing. He opened his eyes and then swallowing thickly. Jungkook was biting his lip and looking as if he was having an internal battle.

And he was.

Jungkook was torn. He wanted more of Jimin's blood. And fuck, it was right there, the rivulets practically shouting his name as they slipped free and fell to the floor and congealed over it. But he
couldn't do it. He felt that beast crawling beneath his skin, ready to quench it's unending thirst. Yet he couldn't take the chance of losing control.

He had to stay in control at all times, that's what the doctor said.

But who was the doctor to tell him what to do? He shook his head, and then closed his lips over the torn skin and sucked.

Jimin let out a cry, for the suction around the wound was causing unbearable pressure to ebb from the edges and all the way up his arm. He swore he could feel the pain throughout his entire body as Jungkook sucked it and tongued the folds until they turned raw.

Jimin sobbed uncontrollably as he begged from underneath the larger male, the pain becoming more than he could endure. "J-j-oh my g-god, please st-

Lips pressed over the older boy's mouth, swallowing his pleas. Jimin somehow found himself kissing back aggressively. He was so desperate to forget the throb in his arm that he was willing to do anything - even if it meant giving into the younger male's desires.

Upon realizing what he was doing, Jimin turned his head away in disgust, which made Jungkook's lips miss their target and hit his tear-stained cheek instead.

"Jimin-ah," Jungkook called darkly and gripped the older's chin with a bruising force, forcing him to face him again.

Jimin whimpered, and with a sudden wave of bravery, he pushing the boy away so hard that the younger fell backwards on his ass with a fleshy thump. Terror coursed through his veins at the murderous look Jungkook was now sporting. He watched with a baited breath as the younger walked away to retrieve something from the corner of the room, and returned with a cloth and a dark bottle in either hand.

Jimin froze, understanding what the bottle contained immediately.

Chloroform.

He thrashed and shouted as Jungkook held a chloroform-saturated rag to over his nose and mouth, and hit the boy numerous times with his small fists in an attempt to get the stronger male to just let him go. But alas, his body betrayed him, and he succumbed to the empty darkness.

Jimin blinked owlishly, his brain eerily foggy. He felt the soft firmness of the mattress beneath him, his head propped rather comfortably on a pillow. All seemed well until he tried to turn over, and something hard pulled painfully at his wrist.
He looked up, quickly realizing that it wasn't just his wrist that was tied up; it was his whole body.

His ankles and wrists were bound to the bedpost with those cuffs you'd get at an adult store, which left him spread out in a wide 'X'. His upper body and forearms were criss-crossed with a rough, plastic rope that cut into his skin if he moved too much. He looked down, his blood turning cold. He was naked, and Jungkook was sitting between his thighs, smirking demonically. "Y-you, let me g-go," Jimin stuttered, yanking on the cuffs.

Jungkook shook his head, his hand slowly sliding up the inside of older's thigh. "I think I need to teach you a little lesson in respecting your master," he growled, and smacked the other's flaccid cock.

Jimin yelped painfully, his lower body jolting upwards in a feeble attempt to curl in on itself. "P-please I'll d-do anything-"

Jungkook threw his head back, barking out a laugh. "Enough talking, love," he chuckled, then shoved a balled-up cloth into Jimin's mouth.

The older began to struggle again, desperately trying to break free.

Jungkook was annoyed by this, and decided it was time to show the boy that he was, in fact, very much serious. He pressed the knife from before against the smaller's neck, and made Jimin's body seize up. "Be a good boy for me, and maybe I won't kill you," he hissed, as he pressed so hard he nearly broke the thin skin.

Jimin choked as tears cascaded down his face. He stopped struggling.

- Jungkook's pov

Jimin's small, muscular frame was laid out against the sheets, laid open like he was his own personal feast.

With every touch, every kiss, Jungkook could feel the blood coursing through Jimin's veins; so close he could almost smell it. It became too much.

The blade pierced through the meaty flesh of the older's thighs, his ruby red nectar bubbling out and spilling over, reminding Jungkook of how the boy looked when he cried. How his tears just overflowed and spilled over, trailing down his beautiful face. He touched his tongue to the source of the blood, and he would've had to have been a fool to notice how Jimin's body stiffened underneath
him. It wasn't enough for him. Jungkook pried the incision open using his fingers, and then smirked knowingly at the horror on Jimin's face before he dipped his tongue into the hot, wet cavern he had created.

Jimin screamed brokenly, and threw his head back in agony. The searing burn had him in tears, nearly on the brink of unconsciousness.

Then it stopped.

Jimin cracked his eyes open, his eyes growing wide as he saw the younger pouring something clear and drippy onto his long, thin fingers.

"E-eunjeung," he whimpered against the gag while shivering with fear.

Jungkook merely spared the older a glance before dropping the bottle down beside him and let his fingers dip down and out of sight.

Jimin's body shuddered at the cold wetness that began circling at his entrance. He shook his head, silently begging the boy to please not do it.

As Jungkook made a new slice under the first cut, one of his fingers began breaching the muscle, and Jimin suddenly found himself grateful for the distraction.

The younger's tongue began it's abuse again the raw flesh, and in a moment of compassion, crooked his finger into the older's prostate.

Jimin let out a sob, unsure of which feeling he was reacting to.

Jungkook sucked at that wound for a long while, and was able to add three more fingers before he had sucked up all the blood that wound had to offer.

Jimin began struggling harder than ever as he felt the tip of the knife back on him, and this time it poked at the raw edges of the first incision. "UNH! UNH!" He screamed through the cloth. "No! No!," was what he was trying to get at.
Jungkook shook his head as if he understood, and then swiftly drove the knife down the center of the first gouge, down the skin that separated it from the second, not stopping until he reached the center of the last one, and curled the end just slightly. As he did so, he jackhammered his digits into the older's spongy insides, and abused his bundle of nerves mercilessly.

Jimin screamed as he threw his head back so far his neck veins popped out, and his back arched painfully. Was he feeling pain? Pleasure? Both? He couldn't tell, because the two sensations were clashing together into an unrecognizable mess. He sobbed and screamed, and thrashed violently again when he felt the younger's tongue enter the fresh wounds he had created.

Jungkook grunted and wrapped his free arm around the fleshy thigh he was sucking on, his strong muscles pinning it in place.

Jimin wasn't even aware he was close until he felt a hot, sticky substance hitting his chin, suddenly noticing the toe-curling pleasure that was blind-siding him. He let out a strangled cry, his whole body locking up. His vision began fading, body slumping back in exhaustion.

He closed his eyes and allowed the abyss to pull him in.

Jimin was awake, yet his eyes were too heavy to open.

He shifted, and became painfully aware of the arm that was slung over his waist, the heat against his back, the hot puffs on his neck. His hand moved down more, feeling the long, flannel pajama shirt he had on. His brows furrowed, not remembering putting it on. His fingers went farther, until they grazed the bandages on his right thigh. He yelped and yanking his hand away instinctively.

Jungkook stirred behind him, his lips pressing a few butterfly kisses to the older's shoulder. Jimin shuddered with disgust. "How're you feeling?" He asked, voice scratchy with sleep.

Jimin snorted. "I'm missing half my thigh, and my ass hurts. How do you THINK I feel?" That was lie; he actually, for some reason, was not feelung any pain.

"I didn't cut off anything," Jungkook rumbled. "I did what I said I would do; make sure everyone knows that you're mine."

Jimin gulped and quickly pulled the blankets away from his lower half. He peeled the adhesive tape
away from his skin while he steeled himself for what he would see.

There, in the center of his thigh, was a perfectly carved 'JK’, puffy, scabbed over and red.

He lost it.

"HOW COULD YOU DO THIS TO ME?!" He screamed, whaling on the body next to him. "AS IF KIDNAPPING ME WASN'T ENOUGH, YOU HAD TO MARK ME? WHAT IF I DON'T WANT TO BE YOURS? WHAT IF I HATE YOUR FUCKING PSYCHO GUTS-"

Jungkook’s fist made contact with Jimin's jaw, knocking him to the side. "Don't." The younger said, tone dangerous.

Jimin spat the blood out of his mouth, Jungkook’s eyes immediately snapping to the discharged liquid.

"You call ME a dog, and yet you're ready to lick my blood up off the floor," Jimin laughed humorlessly. "You're nothing but a stupid mutt."

Jungkook took a grounding breathe and got up. He went straight to the dresser, and quickly changed out of his blood-stained shirt.

"Where are you going?" The older asked, cocking his head in confusion.

Jungkook shrugged on his coat, walking past the mirror on his way out. Jimin had realized with a start that the boy was crying.

Jungkook sat down by the ocean side, and watched the sun rise on the horizon. He closed his eyes and allowed his back to lean against the boulder behind him. The waves lulled him back in time, the sound of his memories splashing inside skull.
"No! Don't hurt him!" His mother screamed from the living room, glass shattering as she tried to protect her son from her violent husband.

Twelve-year-old Jungkook ran to his room, his father throwing his wife to the floor in his persuit.

The young boy slammed his door shut, the bolt sliding in place just as a large mass collided with the wood.

"OPEN THIS DOOR!" The man shouted, hysterically laughing.

Goosebumps raised on Jungkook's arms as fear griped his chest. He crawled under his bed and shook. He heard a struggle outside the door - undoubtedly his mother trying to deflect his father's attention to her.

And it worked. There was screaming from both parties, and the sound of glass shattering as a body was thrown into it.

It lasted for hours that night.

He listened to his mother's weakening cries for help, the smacking of a boot on bare skin. He heard his baby sister crying in the room next door, crying for their mother. Afraid his father would harm the child, Jungkook quietly opened crawled out from under his bed, his shaky hand reaching for the door handle. He held his breath when the lock clicked, the door cracked open just slightly, waiting to hear his father's steps barrel toward him. It was silent.

He strained his ears, yet heard nothing. So he stepped out and tip-toed to the other room. He took great pain in getting his sister's room open quietly, as the handle was pretty much hanging from it's socket and clunk obnoxiously with every turn of the gears.

Once he had baricated the door using the battered nursery dresser, he ran over to the crying child in the crib. He wrapped his arms around her and took great pains in making sure her blanket was snug over her shivering frame.

"Don't cry Hannie-ah," he whispered, heading toward the window. "I'm getting us out of here." He fumbled with the window lock, not really caring about being quiet as he lifted the screenless window up. He looked out and bit back the fear of the 7-foot-drop under him. He clutched Hannie to his chest with one arm, and used his other arm to help them out. They dangled for a moment, because Jungkook too afraid to let go. He swallowed, thinking about his baby sister. He had to do this. For her. He wasn't going to let her get beaten and abused; she deserved so much more than that.
He let go.

Jungkook jolted awake, chest heaving in his search for air. Sweat glued his black bangs to his forehead, and he roughly wiped it away with his jacket cuff. He pulled out his phone, surprised when the time the screen was displaying said that it was already noon. He got up and started walking back home, excited to see Jimin again.

Jimin was like his rock; his safe place. Jimin gave him what he needed: blood, sex, companionship...

Fuck, how he loves Jimin's blood.

It was so thick, so warm. It satisfied him in a way nothing else could. It made him want to fuck the older's brains out until he collapsed from exhaustion, made him want to drown everything that Jimin was.

And if Jimin would just let him, he would.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading, commenting, and leaving kudos! I love you all sm! <3 <3 <3
Flashback

Chapter Summary

Jungkook's childhood flashback.

Chapter Notes

Warnings: Sexual assault, violence, blood, heavy angst, sibling separation, murder

P.s. Sorry this sucks so bad. I'm having some person problems, so I probably won't be updating for a few days. I hope you all understand.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Hannie had been ripped from his arms not 48 hours earlier, and he was told that she was just getting a check-up before she could join him at the home.

But she never showed up.

He had waited on the dilapidated front stoop for his sister, his tears blurring his vision when it hit him that he would never see her again.

That she wouldn't remember him. She wouldn't even know she has a brother unless someone told her.

Miss Young, who was the caretaker at the time, had dragged him inside, and slapped him if he so much as mentioned his little sister.

That very morning he had only asked if he could at least know where she was being held, and Miss Young had beaten him so hard with a wooden broom handle that he could barely stand up straight. She still sent him to school.

He had ambled onto the bus, his feet stopping in front of the aisle. Most of the seats were taken, and none of the kids looked friendly. With a gulp he settled himself down next to a tall, skinny girl. She glanced up and smiling brightly at the boy. "Hi there! I haven't seen you here before," she said, turning a bit so she could face him easier. He shrugged, not in the mood to chat. "I'm Kim Sooyoung. 16. What about you?"
He felt his stomach sink just a bit, like either answering her or ignoring her would end in his untimely demise. "Jungkook. Ireumeun Jungkook," he replied quietly as he looked down at his too-thin legs. He left out his last name. He didn't like his last name. It belonged to his father; a monster. "I'm twelve."

Sooyoung sighed in mock sympathy as she placing her hand a little too high up on the younger boy's thigh. "That's awfully young to be here," she said, fake sympathy lacing her sickly-sweet voice.

Jungkook nodded dumbly, trying to brush the hand away from him.

Sooyoung tightened her grip, however, to the point his eyes teared up in pain. "You know what happens in orphanages to young boys like you?" She asked, her hand now caressing his thigh.

He nodded, heat pooling in his gut at the sensual touch. He tried to shake it off as the disgust was quickly crawling up his throat.

"I can protect you from the others," she whispered in his ear. "If you do everything I tell you."

Jungkook looked up, eyes wide. "Like what?"

Sooyoung laughed and tousled his hair. "Just a few favors is all~."

He shivered at the tone, knowing deep down that whatever she was asking for wasn't something he'd want a part in.

But he said yes anyway, sealing his fate on that cold October morning.

- 

Every day Sooyoung would touch Jungkook on the way to school and on the way home, leaving the boy's mental state in shambles.

He would crawl into the shower every night, and furiously scrubbed his skin raw under the freezing water as he cried. Even hours after he could still feel her hands sliding into the front of his tattered pants, touching him until he was so wound up he came inside them - despite how he screamed at his body to not react to it. He felt like it couldn't get worse for him. All the beatings and the punishments, Sooyoung sexually assulting him in a bus full of kids.

He could feel himself getting ready to snap. That violent beast under skin was swimming in his veins, waiting for the perfect opportunity to rear it's ugly head.
Jungkook found himself walking down the streets of Busan late on the night of his 17th birthday, heading nowhere in particular.

He was humming along with the song that was floating through his earbuds, when a hand flew out and hit him in the jugular with such speed and precision that he fell down and gasped for air. Four hooded shadows dragged him into an alley, and someone's hand clamped down tight around his throat when he tried to scream, too many hands pinning him to the cold ground when he thrashed and struggled against them. He had fought until he was too exhausted to move, his chest heaved with labored breaths.

. Another shadow stepped into the dim alley light, and his blood both boiled and froze at the same time. "Sooyoung," he growled, weakly wiggling around.

The girl laughed and straddled the younger's hips. "You know, after touching you for so long, I think it's time for you to repay the favor~." He snarled. "You make it sound as if I enjoy it!"

Sooyoung tutted and began rocking her thin, full hips over his crotch.

He struggled harder, the other figures having to put most of their weight on the muscular male to keep him still. Jungkook watched with both anger and defeat as the girl popped the button on his jeans and slid the zipper down, and proceeded to pull his flaccid cock out.

She smirked and leaned down to tongue at the sensitive slit. Jungkook bucked his hips upward, grinning inwardly when his hip smacked her nose so hard it cracked and began to bleed all over his hip and the ground between his legs. As blood poured from the orifice, and he found himself drawn to it. Even someone as ugly as Sooyoung looked beautiful when she was covered in blood.

She wiped the redness away from her face with a grimace, her eyes crackling angrily. "You little bastard!" She hissed, slapping the younger's balls so hard it made him bite back tears. "I was going to take it easy on you," she began, tugging her skirt and underwear off. "But I think I'll just do what I want to you, seeing as how ungrateful you are."
Jungkook sucked in an enraged breath, silently daring the girl to do what she was about to do.

Sooyoung smirked and began seating herself down on the boy's length. She sighed in pleasure as she bottomed out, while he growled in anger. "A-ah, you feel so g-good," she whimpered, bouncing with a passion.

'Do it,' the voice in Jungkook's head hissed. 'She deserves it, she lied to you.' He shook his head as tears escaped.

'She never protected you from anyone! She used you!'

"N-no, no!" he cried, a hand slapping over his lips to muffle the noises.

The monster broke free. Jungkook almost yanked the shadows' arms off from how hard he yanked his wrists from their hands, and he somehow found his own wrapping themselves around Sooyoung's neck tightly.

She began shaking in fear, which made Jungkook laughdemonically at how afraid she looked at that moment.

How she started crying when she noticed that her friends had abandoned her.

"You feel good, Sooyoung?" He asked, thrusting his hips up. "You like feeling so powerless to me, huh?"

She whimpered, her eyes rolling back into her head as her orgasm approached almost too quickly. He tightened his grip, which caused her eyes to bug out of their sockets at the lack of oxygen. He fucked her right into her release, his hand let her go once she did so.

Sooyoung fell off to the side, her back hitting a trashcan as she gasped for air and rolled away.

Jungkook pulled his pants up and tucked his still-hard cock behind the waistband of his pants. He studied her for a long minute, and then took out his pocked knife, opening it as he yanked the girl to her feet by the collar of her shirt.

Her hands desperately clawed at his wrist. "J-jungkook please," she whimpered, tears spilling past
her cheeks. "Pl-please, I'm-

"Sorry?" Jungkook interrupted her. "You're sorry?" He mocked, head tilting back with a laugh.

She watched him with pure, unadulterated fear.

"I know sorry, and you're definitely not it."

Sooyoung opened her mouth to speak, despair clouding in her big, brown eyes. "I-

"I'll see you in hell, Sooyoung."

His knife disappeared into her neck, catching her before she could scream. Blood sprayed across his face, and he watched in deep satisfaction as she drowned on her own blood, gargling and coughing as her blood dripped into the whole where her windpipe used to be.

It wasn't long until the fight left her body, and her eyes rolled back into her head.

Jungkook let her dead body slump to the alley floor, and used the lighter he had for his cigars to light the edge of her shirt on fire.

He stepped back, and watched the flames lick at her blood-soaked skin, raw sinew where her skin used to be.

He licked her blood off his lips and humming in satisfaction at the thought of taking one bad person off the street. He heard sirens in the near distance, so with one last look at the molten, fiery puddle that was Sooyoung, he turned around and started running.

He ran so far and fast that his side cramped up, and his throat turned sandpaper dry. His heart pounded in his head - his raging pulse the only thing he could hear. He wasn't sure where he was headed until he was standing infront of the orphanage doors.

The monster in him screamed at him to set the place on fire, to let them all burn for thier sins against him. His tummy tingled pleasantly at the thought, imagining Miss Young's flesh falling off her bones as her agonized screams were drowned out by the flames. He began remembering every bad thing that had happened to him in that place, every feeling and memory.

How Mino would give him white washes with mud, how Baekhyun would give him swirlies in the never-cleaned toilet.
He remembered Sunmi, who often covered for Sooyoung.

He recalled the twins that doused his food with dulcolax for a whole week, which left him so weak and sick that he had to admitted to a hospital.

And the Kim twins, how they broke his femur bone when he was fourteen with a baseball bat because he couldn't catch Minsol's fast ball.

It was by remembering those incidents that he allowed all his anger, fear, sadness and longing to swirl together and create a monster.

The sick, black creature swallowed the old Jungkook whole, surrounding him so he would never get hurt again.

He went to the garage and retrieved the old, battered gasoline container, and heavily doused the front stoop and the outside walls with the liquid. He then backed up a good distance and tossed his lighter up to the puddle, the flame blowing up and lit the whole establishment on fire.

Jungkook walked away.

He no longer wanted to find Hannie, he no longer wanted to believe in anything. He walked straight to his close friend Namjoon's apartment and rung the bell even though it was only 5 in the morning.

Namjoon opened his door, his eyes falling on the dead, blood-shot eyes of his youngest friend. As he let Jungkook walk into his livingroom, he was quick to notice the blood that specked the other's neck. He asked the boy about it, although he didn't really expect a straight answer.

But that's exactly what he got.

Jungkook started at the beginning, when he ran away with his sister and got put in the orphanage, about Sooyoung, and finally about what had transpired that night. Jungkook was full-on sobbing by the end, and Namjoon could physically feel the boy's pain through the broken cries.

He let Jungkook clean himself up, and let him stay.
And even though he knew it was wrong, he never told anybody. Not even when the younger came home time and time again with blood painting his lips, his hands and clothes.

Namjoon would be damned if he were just another person to betray the younger's trust.

That was, until Namjoon went to check on Jungkook one morning and found pictures of someone in his room.

And not just a few, either. They littered the ceiling, the walls, bed, and carpet.

The name 'Jimin' was scribbled across each photo, in blue.

It was then that he knew it was time to step in, before his brother's best friend became another slash in the wall.

Joon94: Meet @ Cafe in 10

TaeBae95: I'm busy

TaeBae95: Gotta find Jimin

Joon94: It's important, its about Jimin

TaeBae95: ...Be there in 5

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading and leaving kudos! I love you guiseee <3
Hi guys! I'm sorry it took me literally forever and day to update this story! I really haven't been feeling this fic lately, so that's why I haven't updated. But hopefully from here on out, I will be able to update more often. ^^

Thank you guys for sticking around!

The room was silent.

Jimin was silent.

Jungkook hadn't returned yet.

There was a draft somewhere near the bed, and Jimin wrapping himself up tighter within the blood-stained blanket.

He wasn't sure how he felt.

His thigh throbbed each time he moved. His ass still hurt.
And yet, he wasn't angry.

'You should be livid right now,' he reprimanded himself coldly. 'You should want to rip his guts out and hang him using his intrails.'

But he didn't.

If anything, he was worried.

Jungkook had been gone most of the day at that point, and the last time Jimin had seen him, the younger had been crying.

'Maybe I should have-' Jimin shook his head, ridding himself of the thought. He had every right to yell at Jungkook; what the younger had done was awful.

His gaze flitted around the room, taking in the empty take-out boxes on the table, the dust on the bookshelf, the dried blood on the floor. His fingers itched with the need to clean, to be somewhat in control of the situation. Ignoring the throb of his leg, he got up and limped to the cleaning chest that was pushed up against the foot of the bed. He lifted the lid - and immediately felt a bit disappointed
by the measly selection of liquids. He took out the most promising-looking spray bottle, and turned it in his hand to read the label. 'Cleaner' had been scribbled across the translucent plastic in black ink, no doubt the work of Jungkook's favorite sharpie. He unscrewed the cap and smelled the contents. 'Water,' he scoffed, rolling his eyes. 'It's straight-up water.'

How did Jungkook expect Jimin to clean stains with just water? Was he fucking insane? (Yes).

Maybe not.

Jimin realized that it was probable that Jungkook hadn't bought any chemical cleaners, just in case Jimin tried to kill himself by ingesting them.

"Well, fuck you!" Jimin shouted in frustration, hurling the bottle at the wall farthest from him. He grinned with satisfaction upon hearing the object crack on impact.

"What's got you so upset?"

Jimin jumped and spun around, his eyes landing on the figure leaning against the wall by the door.

"How do you expect me to clean with water?" Jimin asked irritably.

"Oh babe," Jungkook smirked dangerously. "Don't get that tone with me. Have you already forgotten what happened the last time you got an attitude with me?"

Jimin's fingers instinctively brushed over the bandage on his thigh. "I haven't forgotten," he bristled in response. "I legitimately want to understand how I'm going to clean this shit-hole up with shitty H2O."

Jungkook didn't reply, his eyes zoned out, as if he were contemplating something. Jimin was about to scoff and give up, when the younger finally spoke up.

"I have chemical cleaners in my car," Jungkook said slowly, his hesitation making it clear that he wasn't sure of himself.

Jimin would have found it endearing, under different circumstances.

"I'll let you use them while I'm here to supervise, but I'm locking everything in the chest when I have to leave."

"I'm not a child!" Jimin snapped, baring his teeth in a sneer. "I don't need-"
"Do you want them or not?" Jungkook interrupted wearily. "Because if you keep complaining, you'll be cleaning the floor with your spit."

Jimin grimaced at the thought, "What's the catch?" He asked as he eyed the younger male suspiciously.

"I want to watch," the taller replied, white teeth on full display.

"That's it?" Jimin cocked his head in confusion. "No funny business?"

"No funny business," Jungkook confirmed with a nod.

"But why-"

"I'll be right back," the younger interrupted, exiting the makeshift home unceremoniously.

Jimin blinked owlishly. That couldn't be all the younger wanted from him - there had to be something else.

He was jolted out of his reviere when a hand silently placed a small spray bottle and a tiny bag by his knees. Jimin opened the bag cautiously, and pulled out a large piece of pastel pink fabric. "What is this?" He asked, brows creased.

"It's an apron," Jungkook smiled softly. "I want you to wear it while you work."

"Are you serious?!" The older cried incredulously. "I'm not wearing an apron! I'm a fucking man-"

Jungkook gripped the older's chin in a vice-like hold, the sudden pressure causing the words of fury to die in Jimin's throat. "While you are with me, you will do as I say. If I want you to wear the apron, you'll wear it. Am I understood?"

Jimin gulped, pulse thrumming from fear. So much for no funny business.

Jungkook let out a small growl at the display of vulnerability. "Am. I. Under. Stood?"
"Y-yes," Jimin croaked, hands shaking as they began unfolding the offending fabric.

Jungkook let go of the older's chin and leaned back on his heels. He was smiling, obviously pleased. "I'm going to make us dinner. Try to avoid spraying that shit near the food, okay?"

Jimin nodded in understanding while he watched the younger male stand up and strid confidently to the two desks that made up the kitchen counter, a large microwave taking up most of the second table's space.

He swallowed thickly and put on the horribly pink apron, the frills on the shoulders standing stiffly. The apron barely reached the center of his sweat-pant-clad thighs, fabric stretched tight against his stomach. He grimaced as he got to his feet and grabbed the bottle of Foaming Bubbles™ and a new roll of paper towels.

He cleaned diligently, making sure no corner was left unchecked.

The room became permeated with the scent of chemicals and the meal Jungkook was putting together, and the two scents clashed terribly.

Jimin was dusting the small, white bookshelf when he felt eyes boring into his back. He struggled to ignore it, feeling uneasy. He hated being watched, especially by Jungkook.

"Oh my God, what do you want?" The older snapped about ten minutes later, his body stretched to the max so he could dust the corners by the ceiling.

"Take you pants off," Jungkook deadpanned, voice deep and heavy.

"W-what?" The older stammered, his irritation quickly dissolving into panic.

"I said, take your pants off," the younger repeated himself, his hands on his hips.

"B-but its c-cold," Jimin stalled nervously while gnawing his lip.

"I'll put the space heaters on, then," the younger smirked, not missing a beat.
"M-my bandages might f-fall off," the older tried again, desperate.

"Then we'll add more adhesive," Jungkook remedied, his jaw setting.

"B-but-"

"Jimin-ah," Jungkook growled low in his chest, his eyes sparking dangerously. "Do as I say."

Jimin whimpered, and wrapped his arms around himself protectively.

Jungkook turned and pulled the two, heavy-duty space-heaters away from the wall, and set them up in the center of the room - even without him saying it, Jungkook knew Jimin would obey his order. The younger male switched the heaters on full blast, and warm air quickly began circulating around the room.

Jimin peeled his sweats off quickly, the cold air causing goosebumps to form on his exposed skin. He was glad he was least allowed to keep his boxers and t-shirt on.

They returned to the uncomfortable silence, and Jimin continued to clean while Jungkook watched him intensely from where he sat on the couch.

Jimin glanced over and noticed the microwave was on, and assumed that whatever the younger had made for dinner was cooking in there. 'I bet it's ramyeon,' he thought, almost laughing at the irony of it all.

The room rapidly became hot, so much that even scarcely-clothed Jimin was sweating bullets. He glanced over at Jungkook, and immediately regretted his decision.

The way the younger was taking up most of the couch, for he had splayed his limbs out across it. His long, black-skinny-jean-clad thighs were spread wide open, his arms resting on the top of the couch, his head bent back so far all Jimin could see was his neck. He swallowed, his eyes trailing down the younger's very bare, very muscular torso. Jungkook must've gotten so hot he had to remove his shirt. His eyes kept moving down, his eyes taking in the small dips and curves of well-defined muscles. His gaze halted once he saw the bulge tenting the front of the other's jeans.
"Like what you see, babe?"

Jimin's eyes snapped up upon realizing he had been caught staring. "N-no," he stuttered, happy he could blame the blush on his cheeks on how hot the air was. "I-I was just thinking is a-all."


"It's the tr-truth!" Jimin defended weakly.

They both knew he was guilty as charged.

Jungkook carded his hand through his damp, black hair, and maintained eye-contact with his slave as the appendage began traveling farther South. He let out a whimper as his fingers descended his abdomen, and his hips instinctively bucked up in anticipation.

Jimin wanted to look away. He wanted to ignore the younger male's obvious ploy to seduce the him. But he couldn't. His eyes were glued to Jungkook, every sense focused on the male on the couch. He watched as the younger male began palming himself, and watched the blissed-out expression form on his face.

Jungkook gnawed his lip to the point of drawing blood as he unbuttoned his own jeans and pulled the zipper down, his abdomen clenching as he pulled his heavy length out. "Mmm, Jimin-ah," he gasped, voice gravelly. "F-feels so good." Jungkook squeezed the base of his cock and slowly stroked upwards toward the head, milking out a small bead of pre-cum.

Jimin felt his own length hardening, and was pretty sure the younger could tell, if his lingering gaze was anything to go by, anyway.

"A-ah, h-hyung, p-please," Jungkook whimpered, his eyes rolling back into his head as he stroked himself torturously slow.

Jimin's legs felt weak, as the usage of 'hyung' giving him a feeling of authority and power over the younger male.

"That's right," Jimin said cautiously, not sure if he would get in trouble or not. "Beg Hyung for it."

Jungkook choked out a whine, as he dyg his thumb into the slit.

"I said beg, bitch!" Jimin snarled after the younger failed to reply. "Don't make me force you." He approached the taller male, and knelt down in between the younger's spread thighs.
"F-force me, h-hyung." Jungkook begged, eyes brimming with tears. "P-please, I've been s-so b-bad-"

Jimin's hand slapped the younger's thigh so hard it made the younger man cry out in pain.

"F-fuck, again! Again!" Jungkook shouted, his back and hips arching off the couch as Jimin landed two more slaps, each harsher than the last.

Jungkook's member was weeping about as much arousal as he was tears, twitching in his hand.

"Such a disgusting little boy," Jimin snarled, relieved that he could now get away with talking back to the boy. "So perverted. You like being slapped around like a whore, don't you?" He asked harshly, standing up and yanking the younger's head back by his hair. "I SAID, DON'T YOU?" He screamed, the ugly beast called anger beginning to take hold.

"Y-yes!" Jungkook shouted as he sobbed in both pain and pleasure. He began pumping himself faster, squeezing his length so hard it caused the upper half to turn an angry, purple-red color.

"You get off on this, don't you?" Jimin asked again while raking his fingernails down the side of Jungkook's left thigh. He could feel himself drawing blood.

"S-stop, it h-hurts! Jungkook cried, writhing against the couch cusions.

"Shut up!" Jimin screamed, dragging his nails over the already-raw-and-bleeding wound. "You have no right to ask me that! Do you hear me?! Not after what you've done to me! You deserve it!"

Jungkook's eyes screwed shut, double-fisting his cock so fast he couldn't he breath. "T-that's right, hyung! Tell me h-how bad I am! H-how I s-should d-die!"

Jimin's hand stilled as his body froze at the words. He finally looked at Jungkook. He finally saw what he hadn't seen before.

Jungkook was in pain.

What caused somebody to take pleasure in physical agony?
What caused someone to fall apart so completely that they had to kidnap someone to inflict pain on?

His breath caught in his throat upon the realization that Jungkook was in a lot of pain himself, and the only way to relieve whatever torment he was enduring was to cause more.

Jimin swallowed thickly as he leaned down to the younger's ear. "Jungkook," he called gently, feeling the full-bodied shudder of pleasure that shook the younger's frame.

"Y-yeah?" Jungkook breathed, his voice shaking as his orgasm rapidly approached.

Jimin gently massaged the boy's head, his touch soft and gently. "It's okay now," he whispered, willing his voice to remain steady. "You're safe now."

And then Jungkook's hand's stopped moving, his length deflating faster than it had come up. "Excuse me?" He growled, snatching Jimin's wrist in a death grip. "Say that again."

"I-its o-okay," Jimin stuttered, dread pooling in his gut. "I-its-"

Jungkook's hands were around Jimin's neck.

He tried to claw at the younger's hands, pull his wrists away.

He couldn't breathe.

And it went black.

"It will never be okay," Jungkook whispered as he let the older's body fall to the floor. "It's too late for things to ever be okay again."
The makings of a monster

Chapter Notes

I know this is long overdue! I tried to update it quickly while I had the time, so I apologize that it's kinda short. And that also means this isn't beta-ed, so... I'm sorry for any spelling/sentence errors.

Chapter warnings:

Blood, animal cruelty, torture, mutilation, puking.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jimin was exhausted of waking up.

He head was pounding and he was naseous. So naseous he rolled over and retched all over the floor underneath him, dribbling over onto the front of his shirt. His right hand went down to the gouges on his thigh and felt his blood drain from his face upon feeling a new bandage. He took a deep breath and slowly looked down. The new bandage was saturated in brownish-red blood, and painfully sore. He sat up on the gym mat and screwed his eyes shut, waiting for the room to stop spinning. When he felt like he was okay, he opened his eyes and started to peel the gauze and adhesive away from his thigh with shaking hands.

"You shouldn't do that," Jungkook spoke up from where he was sitting at the table, large glasses perched on the end of his nose. "You're going to disturb the coagulation."

Jimin jumped and yelped, having forgotten that the younger male existed at all. "I wouldn't have to worry about disturbing the coagulation if you hadn't sliced me up," he spat.

"You're here for me to use as I please," the younger male frowned, putting his pen down. "You have no right to be upset about such trivial things."

Jimin's eye twitched. "'Trivial things'? It's my life! There's nothing trivial about it!"

"It isn't your life anymore," Jungkook glowered. "It's mine. And you will refer to it as that from now on."

"My life." Jimin rolled the words around his mouth, a feeling of euphoria sweeping though him. "It's my life. My life, my life, my li-"

"ENOUGH!" Jungkook bellowed, slamming his down on the table so hard one of his sharpies jumped up into the air, making Jimin wince. "Everything you have and everything you are belongs to me-" he jabbed his pointed finger into his own chest. "-Do you understand? You. Are. Mine."

Jimin whimpered and averted his eyes. Nothing about the situation was fair.

"I said, do you understand?" The chained male in the corner didn't reply, thus aggravating the younger further. Jungkook stood and began to walk towards the older, the telltale promise of
violence in his eyes.

Jimin noticed as much, but didn't want to give up. He had nothing else besides what he knew he was: strong. Confident. Indipendant. And he would be damned if he lost his true self because of what some psycho was doing. So he kept his gaze steady on the vomit-splattered concrete before him, keeping himself still as the taller male squatted down in front of him.

"Look at me."

Jimin stayed quiet.

"You. Look at me."

Jimin's heart began to pound. "I have a name."

Jungkook did a surprised double-take. "Excuse me?"

"I said, I have a name," Jimin restated with conviction. "I would like it if you would use it."

Jungkook scoffed. "I didn't give you that name. It would be blasphemous to use it."

"You aren't a god, you know that, right?"

"I am to you," the younger smirked darkly, reaching out to softly pet the older's cheek. "I control your whole world, whether you live or die. If you eat. Where you sleep. I know how your day is going to be before you even wake up, because I've got it all planned to a T."

Jimin shook with the tears he refused to let go.

"The other day when I left the cleaning products out? I knew you'd spend the day cleaning. I knew you'd find the dead mouse behind the couch and scream, and I knew you would-"

"Stop!" Jimin cried, clasping his hands over his ears. "Please, just stop it! Shut up!"

Jungkook punched the smaller's stomach so hard he crumpled to the floor, a sickening crack resounding through the room. "I give the orders around here. Not you!"

"I will not obey you," Jimin whimpered, clutching his stomach. "You can bleed me out and take everything I have, but you cannot take what I AM."

Jungkook narrowed his eyes at the older male, something indecypherable in his eyes. "You're right," he said, rolling his shoulders back. "I can't take what you are. But I can change who you are."

Jimin's body became stiff, dread pooling into his stomach. "W-what?"

Jungkook didn't reply and stood up, face stony.

Jimin watched the younger male retrieve a small white box from by the door and as he returned, carefully placing the box down infront of the older's face. "Sit up."

Jimin swallowed thickly and hauled himself up with a wince, his legs crossed. He looked from the box to the taller male, not quite understanding what he was supposed to do.

"Open it," Jungkook prompted with a smirk.

Jimin unlidded the box, his breath hitching when he saw what was inside it. He picked up the small,
white bunny and set it down in his lap, eyes shining. "You got me a pet?"

Jungkook hesitated. "Not quite. You see," he started, pulling something out from his belt loop. "I know how much you love and care for others, and I know that you would much rather suffer yourself than watch another suffer."

Jimin's smile began to fade.

"You see, the only way to make you completely mine is to taint you. To destroy what you are. An angel."

Jimin felt his blood boil. "Don't you dare-"

"-And so I want you to kill the rabbit," Jungkook finished, placing a small pairing knife by Jimin's knees. "Or I will torture you until you do."

"Bite me."

"If that's what you want."

Jungkook ripped the small animal from the older's grasp and shoved it back into the box, lidded it closed, and then took the knife into his own hands.

Jimin whimpered and crawled backwards until his back hit the wall behind him. Jungkook locked the older male's wrists to the wall above his head using the wall cuffs.

"Tell me when you change your mind," The younger sighed, stabilizing the other's forearm against the wall. "I'm not going to let you go until you kill that rabbit."

"I'd rather die!"

Jungkook's eyes darkened. "You might just get that wish."

He then made a large slice across the older's forearm, a scream ripping itself from Jimin's throat as his own blood began pouring down his porcelain white skin and onto the younger male's waiting tongue.

The pain was unbearable, every cut getting deeper and less careful. Jimin quickly became dizzy as his blood left his body, and then began to go limp.

Jungkook had started to become concerned over how much blood the older male was losing, but refused to back down. Instead of continuing with the mutilation, he decided to go a different route. He got up and left the shorter male hanging limply against the wall, retrieving a small object from his leather jacket. He then walked back to the other male and straddled him.

Jimin watched him with blurred vision, confusion only vaguely registering somewhere in the back of his mind. Fear sparked in his heart as Jungkook held the knife above the lighter's flame, the metal turning an orangey-yellow shade from the intense heat.

"W-what are y-you-"

"You're going to bleed out if I keep cutting you," Jungkook explained, as if he were talking about what he had eaten for breakfast. "So I'm going to take a different approach to this. I'm excited, really. I've never tried burning before."

"P-please," Jimin croaked, weakly wriggling under the taller's weight. "J-Jun-"
"Do you give up?"

The older teared up and looked away.

Jungkook smiled. "Then I guess I have no choice."

The scream was out before the piping hot blade made contact with his licked-raw wounds, but it did nothing to numb the searing pain as the heat cauterized the wounds and cooked the blood around them.

Jungkook didn't seem too bothered by it, not even when the smell of cooking meat hit his nose. He seemed to be egged on by it, if anything.

The torture continued long into the late hours of the night, Jungkook pulling away long enough for the older to come around when he started to lose consciousness. It was around midnight that Jimin had hit his breaking point, the pain had become too much to endure.

"I-I give u-up," he whispered, guilt already brewing within his heart.

Jungkook blinked. "Do you now?"

Jimin could only nod through the pain. "I'll d-do i-it."

"Do what?" Jungkook smirked, wiping the knife blade off on the bottom of his shirt.

The older glared at him.

"If you don't say it, I'll keep going until you do."

Jimin bit the bullet. "I'll...I'll dispose of the r-rabbit."

"Nuh uh," the younger clucked condescendingly. "What will you be doing to the rabbit, Jimin?"

"...."

"You'll be killing her," Jungkook growled, reaching his breaking point. "Say it. 'I will KILL her."

Jimin whimpered. "P-please-"

"SAY IT!"

"I'll kill her," Jimin blurted, nauseous.

Jungkook grinned like he had just won a nobel prize. "Good boy." He climbed off the older's lap and uncuffed him.

Jimin winced and rubbed his wrists, trying not to look at the marks on his arms.

Jungkook stepped back and toed the box toward the other male.

Jimin swallowed and took the rabbit out of the box and placed her on his lap. The animal's eyes were wide and she was panting, likely because of the tangy scent of blood. His heart broke when the animal cuddled up under his arms, so sure that she would be safe with him.

Jungkook had enough with waiting. He grabbed the rabbit by the scruff and flipped her onto her back, pinning her small belly under his large palm. "Kill her."
Jimin screwed his eyes shut and looked away. "I c-can't."

"Do it or I will do to her what I just did to you."

The older reached out and grabbed the knife, holding the weight of it in his fist. He then bought the blade's edge to the rabbit's throat, feeling the animal still and go rigid from fright.

"I'm sorry," he whispered, readying himself. "I'm so sorry."

He sliced through her throat, blood spraying onto his face and neck, disgustingly warm. He turned over and retched violently onto the floor, his back arching with the force of it.

"Good job, Babe," Jungkook praised the older as he threw up, seeming pleased with the job. "You did so good."

Jimin sobbed between heaves, pulling away from the younger male's touch.

Jungkook smiled again and got up and took the rabbit's dead carcass outside with him, leaving Jimin sobbing on the blood-saturated gym mat.

Chapter End Notes

Forgive me for my sins.

Leave a comment! I love talking to you!

Have a lovely day, guys! <3

(What's Jungkook going to do with that rabbit, I wonder...)
Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

The long-awaited chapter. Enjoy. :) 

See the end of the chapter for more notes

And so the cycle continued.

Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday night, Jeongguk would come back to the 'house' (for lack of a better word) with a new animal for Jimin to kill. Sometimes it was a rabbit, sometimes it wasn't. One time he bought back a small Shih-Tzu, which Jimin refused to harm (and received a plethora of new gashes as punishment).

From what Jimin could gather, it had been two months since the first kill he made. Two months since he began to close off completely. Two months since he realized that no matter how much he got used to Jeongguk, he would never love the younger man. He would not allow himself to love a monster.

Mostly because Jeongguk had left the storage unit almost two hours ago, and said something about it 'being time' and that Jimin was 'ready for the real thing now', whatever that meant. Jimin didn't WANT to know, really.

So to keep his mind off of things, he took to what his mom would call 'nervous cleaning'. He scrubbed at the little droplets of blood that had dried onto the concrete floor by the dog bed with an old toothbrush and good old Meyer's cleaner. He made the bed and smoothed the blanket wrinkles meticulously. He even folded the dirty clothes that Jeongguk was supposed to take to the laundromat four days ago. But nothing seemed to distract him from thinking about Jeongguk's parting words.

"You're ready for the real thing now."

--------------------------

Taehyung whistled as he swaggered down the sidewalk to his and Jimin's apartment, feeling optimistic because he felt like he was one step closer to finding his best friend. He could just feel it. A takeout bag from the restaurant he had met Namjoon at earlier swung from his forearm, the warm aroma of shitake fry emanating from the bag and up to his nostrils.

He stepped off onto the crosswalk when the traffic light turned red, and vaguely wondered if Jimin was eating okay. If he was even eating at all. He shuddered and pushed the thought out of his mind as quickly as he could.

The street was pretty much devoid of life, as it was nearing 10PM on a chilly Monday night. There were also very few vehicles out, another factor that made him stop and stare into the unlit darkness behind him. He felt uneasy, and the lack of light and other humans didn't help. He rubbed his coat-clad arms while he hastened his steps. He began running as soon as his apartment complex came into view, and he was almost positive that he heard someone laugh behind him. If that psychotic cackle
could have been considered a laugh.

He smashed the door code into the combination pad next to the front doors, quickly stepped inside and made sure the doors were closed tight and locked behind him. There was no sign of any other human in the building, but he still felt like he was being watched.

Observed by a malicious presence.

Despite knowing he was being ridiculous, he made quick work of getting up to the apartment, his keys ready and in hand the moment the elevator doors opened.

He skidded to a halt in front of the apartment and kept his head on a swivel as he tugged and turned the key in the knob until the door flew open. He spilled in, slammed the door, locked it behind himself and then sunk down to the floor with a relieved sigh.

"You're losing your edge, Kim Taehyung," he chuckled to himself, still jittering with fading adrenaline and panting. He allowed himself a few minutes to catch his breath before he hoisted himself up and continued on with his evening.

Tae lied neck-deep in hot bathwater, the bubbles from his papaya-mango bubble bath tickling his chin. Tchaikovsky's Souvenir de Florence blasted over his earbuds, his fingers drumming against the rim of the tub in time with the cellos and violins. He found his previous uneasiness melting away with every chord, and soon forgot all about it by the time the song had finished and moved on to Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata.

Too bad the sound of the balcony door's lock being picked couldn't be heard over the blasting classics.

Unknowing of the dangers that awaited him outside the bathroom, Tae drained the tub, got out, and reached for the fluffy blue towel that was hung over the towel rack beside the tub. His muscles were so relaxed and ready for bed that he didn't bother putting all his clothes on; just tugged a pair of worn down sweats up his lithe legs and a pair of dirty, white socks that Jimin had told him time and time again to throw out. (As if he didn't miss his best friend enough as it was, his brain had to bring that memory up).

He whistled a lullaby-esque tune under his breath and padded to the bedroom. He paused. 'Didn't I close this after I got my clothes?' he asked himself, hand hovering over the door knob. He swore he had.

But oh well, it had been a long day.

He went ahead and stumbled into his bedroom, and then flopped onto his unmade, slightly rank bed. (His best friend had been missing for more than two months, forgive him for not caring about the laundry). A sigh fell past his chapped lips as he closed his eyes and nuzzled into his flat pillow. When he felt the bed begin to dip behind him, he assumed it was Jimin's Coon cat, Nookie.

"Nooks," he groaned, reaching blindly behind himself to pet the oversized kitten. His fingers grazed what felt like some kind of denim, and he froze. 'Okay, calm down,' he thought to himself, trying to calm the beating of his heart. 'You probably just left your pants on the bed again.' He swallowed and worked up the courage to open his eyes. He nearly shit his pants upon seeing Nookie sitting on the nightstand he was facing, her hackles raised threateningly. She seemed to be cautious to make any noise, though.
A small part of him wanted to believe that it was Jimin sitting cross-legged on the bed behind him like he used to do all the time before he disappeared, ready for a late-night conversation. But the logical part of him knew that it wasn't Jimin.

So in what was possibly the stupidest, most last-ditch-effort-ly thing he had ever done, he slowly slid his right hand up the mattress to the pen he always kept under his pillow and grasped it in his fist. With one strong, adrenaline-fueled motion, he stabbed backwards toward where he had felt the denim while launching himself off the bed. He began to run, his sights set on the apartment door. All he needed to do was get to the door.

The hallway between his room and the front door seemed to stretch for centuries, and his whole being kept screaming for his legs to move faster, to bring him to safety. He stumbled on the shoes he had kicked off by the table when he had gotten home, but he was quick to pick himself back up. He threw himself at the door and forced his trembling fingers to unlatch the door chain so he could get it open. He fumbled frantically with the dead bolt, able to feel that whoever was in the house with him was right behind him, just waiting for him to think he was free before he made his move.

Tae was able to yank the door open before the stranger reached his arm over Tae's shoulder and slammed the door shut with a bang. The stranger covered Tae's mouth before he could scream, and slammed him face-first against the door.

Taehyung growled and made an attempt to spin out of the stranger's (who he believed to be male) grip, but was quick to realize that the guy was too strong. He kept struggling and grunting, making as much noise as possible to hopefully gain the attention of his neighbors.

"Shut up and stop moving," the stranger hissed in his ear, his psychotic tone enough to send cold chills down Tae's spine, momentarily causing him to pause.


"You bastard!" Tae screamed, flying around and immediately began to whale on the tall, thin-but-muscular male. He managed to break the man's nose before he felt a sharp pain the back of his head, his vision blurring before going black completely.

Chapter End Notes

I feel like I end every chapter with 'and then it all went black', lmao. Anyway, thank you all for reading, and I hope you have a great day!

Comments are always appreciated~ <3
More than friends?

Chapter Summary

Taehyung's POV of Jimin's abduction.

Chapter Notes

A haha, here we are! I wasn't sure where to fit this in, but it is kind of important to the plot, so I figured I'd post this now before the continuation of the last chapter I uploaded. :)

(I also apologize if the chapter itself is a bit wonky. I really wanted to get this out before tomorrow).

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

When he discovered Jimin was missing, Taehyung was devastated. Devastated because he had his phone switched off when Jimin texted that night, because he had let him down. What kind of friend was he, that couldn't manage to protect the only person he had left?

When he returned to the apartment that night, he had known something was amiss. The door was wide open, and Jimin's bedroom looked like a bomb went off in there. His lava lamp lied shattered on the floor, his bookshelf overturned and spilling novels everywhere.

He immediately attempted to report the abduction, but the police department said that they couldn't file one until the victim had been missing for at least 48 hours; which was ridiculous. He had the proof, damnit! But no, the cops would rather sit with their thumbs up their asses while drinking coffee and eating donuts than actually take care of the public like they were there to do. That was their job, and yet they didn't care. Taehyung's older brother - Commander Kim Namjoon - being the only exception. The very second Namjoon heard his brother's sobs over the phone he went right over and went to work immediately. He never doubted Taehyung's gut feeling, never once shut down one of his theories without analyzing it first, which was what made Namjoon such a great cop - he was with the people, and for the people.

A true hero.

The first week after Jimin went missing, Taehyung didn't sleep. He stayed up all night and all day, running on nothing but coffee and expresso shots from the cafe down the street so he could better the chances of finding his friend. Obviously, that didn't last too long once Namjoon became aware of it. The officer got Min Yoongi (who was the one that was handling Jimin's stalking case) to help them, because that was the only way that Tae would rest. But of course once the lack of sleep caught up to him, the boy had passed out cold for literally thirty-six hours, and the only reason he had woken up was because he really had to pee.

The second through fourth weeks were the hardest. There was no trace of Jimin anywhere, nor of his abductor. It was as if they had just…disappeared. Like a couple of ghosts. The abductor left no fingerprints, and the only people Jimin interacted with were either his fellow employees, boss, dance
class, or Taehyung himself. And none of those people had any reason to kidnap him, aside from the fact that the older male was a true angel and a joy to have around.

There was nothing, and Tae fell into a slump. He didn't eat, didn't smile or attend his classes. On the rare occasion that he managed to fall asleep, he was plagued by nightmares of the awful things that his hyung could've been going through at those very moments. By the 1-and-a-half-month mark, Namjoon and Yoongi had decided the younger male needed an intervention.

"You need to be healthy for when we find him, so you can take care of him," Namjoon said while rubbing circles into Taehyung's bony spine.

"Yeah," Yoongi hummed in agreement and leaned against the back of the couch the brothers were sitting on. "I know it's difficult, but you've gotta survive for Jimin-ssi. How do you think he's going to feel when he comes back and hears that the only person he's got left is gone?"

Taehyung looked up with shiny - but determined - eyes. "You're right," he sniffled as he wiped his nose with the cuff of his dirty sweater, "I have to survive. For Jimin-ah."

And from that moment, things changed. Tae took his hyungs' words to heart and acted on them. He ate, he started seeing a therapist to help deal with the nightmares, he even started to write again. But one night on the 43rd day, though, he hit another rut. He found himself sprawled in Jimin's bed, snuggled under his blanket and sobbing. His felt sick, and his chest felt tight. He had been trying to ignore how much he missed his hyung, but what good was that when his whole world was Jimin? (Or his world revolved around Jimin, more accurately). The realization that he might never see him again - the things he might never get to tell him - broke him from the inside out. Everything reminded him of his friend. The steak-knife Jimin insisted on cutting all his food with, his dirty laundry in the bathroom - hell - even his toothbrush in the cabinet. Tae even started bathing in the sugar-cookie shower gel Jimin used all the time, which left his heart aching with nostalgia.

But the worst thing? He sometimes forgot that Jimin was missing. Forgot that Jimin might be six feet under somewhere, and that bothered him the most. How could he forget the person he-

"Taehyung-ah!" He turned around to locate the sound.

He had arrived at the restaurant Namjoon asked to meet at a few hours ago, and was having great difficulty locating his brother despite the bright carrot-orange that was his hyung's hair. "Tae!" Namjoon shouted again while waving his arms obnoxiously in the younger's direction.

Taehyung rolled his eyes in mock embarrassment and took a seat in the booth across from the older. "What is it you wanted to talk about?" He asked, flipping through the menu and failing to recognise the traditional Chinese script.

"Tae-ah," Namjoon began, "I... I think I know were - well, more like with whom - Jimin is."

Taehyung choked on his spit. "W-what? Where, when? Why aren't we going ther-"

"Tae," the officer tried again in his 'remember I'm your brother and you love me' tone, which immediately set Tae on edge, "The thing is... I think his kidnapper is my roommate."

Taehyung balked at him. "He- what? Joons, you gotta be joking. Jeongguk is the sweetest guy ever, he's helped me so much the past months-

"Tae. You've got to believe me. His room is covered with polaroids of Jimin. As in it looks like someone blew up Halmeoni Kim's scrapbooks in there. He knows, Tae."
Taehyung scoffed and stood up, only to be yanked back down by his brother. 
"You've got to believe me. For your own safety, and possibly Jimin's as well, you need to stay away from him."

"How can you even say that about Ggukie? And if you're so convinced that he DOES know, why aren't you questioning him right now instead of spewing bull-shit?"

The officer groaned and slowly massaged his temples. "It's complicated. I'm worried that if I confront him, he'll get spooked and run off. I - unfortunately - need more proof than a few pictures before I can do anything."
"But you said the kid's room looked like a scrapbooking catastrophe? That's more than a few pictures," Tae pointed out with a weary sigh. "And if he WAS stalking Jimin, the pictures would depict Jimin-hyung looking away or facing away from the camera. I'm sure we can do something with that, right?"

"Not yet. I still need to find something else that connects him to Jimin's disappearance. Sure, Jeongguk-ah stalked him, but that doesn't mean he kidnapped him. It's likely, but it won't be enough for the court."

Tae began to laugh hysterically. "Hyung, this is stupid. Stupid, but I kind of believe you. Goddammit! How did I not see this coming? Why didn't I think of this? I mean, Jeongguk shows up right before Jimin-hyung goes missing, and was always quick to leave before Hyung got back, and then the fact that he's - fuck, what the fuck!"

Namjoon remained silent and while his little brother vented his frustrations and sipped on the cherry coke the waitress gave him (the very hot waitress, mind you).

"So now what?" Tae asked, finally calmed down enough to use proper grammar. "What do we do now that we know Jeongguk's behind all this?"

"I don't know for sure yet," Namjoon corrected, "It's just a hunch as of right now."

"Yeah, and a damn good one," Tae sniffed, "Hey, can I get a shot of tequila? I need something stronger than caffeine supplements."

The officer gave the younger male a disapproving glance. "How many times do I have to tell you not to take that shit? It's bad for you."

"And giving your teammate blowjobs is against the rules, but you still do it."
Namjoon spluttered into his cola while Tae laughed. "Sorry. Anyway, continue."
The older cleared his throat and gave him a pointed look, "As I was saying, I'm not completely sure. At this point, I think it would be best for you to stay away from Gguk while I work on finding more evidence-"

"But hyung! I could interview him! I can't pass up the opportunity, he might know where they bought Jimin-"

"Woah, woah, woah, 'who bought Jimin'? Tae, I don't think Jeongguk sold him to anyone."

Taehyung went pale. "...What do you mean? What does that mean?"

"It means that I think he's been keeping Jimin for himself."
The rest of the evening was spent eating shiitake fry and drawing a plan. They had even called Yoongi and got his opinion over speaker-phone, which, in retrospect, may have not been the greatest idea. I mean, they were in an enclosed and very public area, talking about a kidnapping victim that had been on every news outlet for months. It really wouldn't have surprised any of them if one of the other customers or the employees themselves began to ask questions, but nobody did - much to their relief.

After the restaurant Tae went to the library to use their 24-hour-computers, where his laptop had broken a few weeks before.

His email was pretty much empty aside from the rejection letter from Korea's Publishing Systems, which sucked because he thought his novel deserved to be published. (The history and rise of classical music deserved worldwide attention, in his opinion).

He sighed and was gearing up to open another tab on his browser when a new message appeared in his inbox.

"Psychopath or sociopath," he read to himself with an amused snort. How fitting for a letter like that to show up at such a convenient time.

But instead of throwing it out, he clicked the message's embedded link and took an impatient sip from the water bottle he had smuggled into the library as the page loaded. It took forever and day, and he was close to just closing the window by the time it finished and the page content came up.

The website was very intriguing to him, mostly because it gave him the opportunity to do some private psychoanalyzing on Jeongguk. The page turned out to be some sort of personality quiz, which he normally steered clear of because they're stupid. But the current situation warranted such measures. He read the first set of questions.

'Is the person's behavior is very controlled, or is it more erratic?' He paused. Kidnapping could be considered erratic, right? He clicked that one and it continued to the next page.

'Is the person unable to form personal attachments, or do they have a tendency to form an attachment to a specific individual or group?' He snorted and selected the last option again.

There were a few more after that, ranging from 'does the person take calculated risks' to 'is their behavior controlled by their emotions (IE rage or anger)?'. The website required one to put in their email before they could get the results of the test, and he had spent too much time on it to leave now.

A 'You will receive our results in a few minutes. If you don't receive them within this time frame, try again' message popped up, and he waited the longest two minutes of his life for the message to arrive in his inbox. Once it did, he clicked on it eagerly. According to the test, Jeongguk was a full-blown sociopath. He read the bottom paragraph with interest.

'Both psychopaths and sociopaths typically suffer from antisocial personality disorder, as well as a lack of empathy, guilt, and both tend to be violent. A sociopath's origin of illness is usually a result of the person's upbringing and environment. A psychopath's origin of illness is usually an inherited condition.'

He shook the sleep out of his eyes and scrolled down a bit further.

'Their main differences is that psychopaths usually take calculated risks and take the time to minimize evidence, whereas sociopaths are usually more spontaneous, and thus have a tendency to leave more evidence.'
Wait - if sociopaths were as quick to leave evidence like the test said, didn't that mean that it would be easy to get Jeongguk to fess up? He'd have to try.
So with a spring in his step he headed home, takeout bag of shiitake fry swinging from his arm while he fantasized about catching his friend's kidnapper.

Too bad he never got the chance to analyze Jeongguk, though.

For that was the night that Kim Taehyung, 23 years old, went missing.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading, you guys are the besttt!~

I love comments! (I also high-key love talking about the plot, so feel free to ask me about it, if you're curious!)
Taehyung awoke in what he assumed to be the back of some sort of cargo truck. Maybe a painter's? He wasn't all that sure, mostly because he couldn't see anything, where it was still dark outside. 'I must not've been out for too long,' he thought to himself and attempted to move around. The movement was halted by what felt like zip ties around his wrists, although his ankles were left free. That was confusing. Why would someone tie up your arms and just leave your legs to do whatever? Didn't this guy know that Tae could still donkey-kick his balls if given the opportunity? Actually, scratch that - he hoped he didn't know, then it would take him by surprise and then Tae could run off and - The truck stopped. It was abrupt, and the sudden loss of acceleration propelled him forward slightly; curse inertia.

As confident as he was that he could defend himself, his heart still thumped wildly in his chest when he felt and heard the driver's door open and slam shut. He waited with a baited breath for his kidnapper to throw the back door open and beat him to a pulp or something, but that didn't happen. Instead, a very familiar young man got in and threw Tae over his shoulder like a small sack of baby potatoes.

Taehyung was stunned. He knew this man - this kid. He was the one that had comforted him on those nights he worried about Jimin, the one that would go shopping for him and made sure he ate well. But maybe there was a chance he was wrong?

"J-Jeongguk?" He wheezed out while being carried into what looked like a storage warehouse, "is that you?"

"Took you long enough to figure that out," Jeongguk chuckled while turning a bend. "I'm surprised you're only figuring this out now."

"Yeah, because I trusted you to be the guy I thought you to be."

"Well, that was your own fault, wasn't it?" The younger retorted with an amused snort. "And now you get to pay the price."
Tae was about to ask what he meant by that, but was thrown onto a fuzzy, blue rug before he could utter a word. He heard someone gasp through his daze, having hit his head pretty hard on impact.

"Jeongguk!" The other person hissed, and a skin-to-skin slap resounded through the room, "What did you do?! Did you hurt him?! I-

"Now, now, calm down, babe," Jeongguk cooed somewhere to Tae's far left, "I simply bought him here to play. You're ready now."

"What does that even mean?" The boy who sounded suspiciously like Jimin cried in exasperation. "You keep saying that-"

It went quiet.

Tae could practically feel the dangerous aura the younger male was exuding and curled into a ball.

"Aw, how cute, he's terrified! Reminds me of you, baby doll," Jeongguk grabbed Tae under his arm and yanked him up so roughly the older felt something tear in his shoulder. He ground his teeth to suppress a pained cry, and instead tried to focus on clearing the fuzzies spotting his vision.

"Tae-ah? Tae, Taetae, are you okay?"

Said boy blinked furiously and tried to concentrate on the figure kneeling before him. His eyes eventually managed to do their goddamn job, and when they did, he almost shit himself, because Jimin - his Jimin - was right there in front of him. Caressing his cheek and squeezing his shoulders (which hurt, just a little).

"H-hyung," Tae whimpered, his attempt to crawl closer prevented by the youngest's vice-grip on his injured arm, "I-is that you?"

Jimin sobbed as he threw his arms around his friend's neck, "I should be a-asking you t-that! Fuck, I missed you!"

Tae laughed through his tears and leaned into the older's embrace as far as he could, seeing as though his arms were still secured behind his back.

They were so lost in their own world that they forgot about Jeongguk, who was currently seething in jealousy, and wondering if Jimin really was ready for this. He let the two reunite, but drew the line when Jimin began to pepper Tae's tear-stained cheeks with kisses. He didn't miss the blush that covered both boys' faces, either.

Jeongguk never second-guessed himself, never once did he ever regret or re-evaluate one of his decisions. But this time, however, was the very first time he was worried that he had made the wrong choice in bringing Tae into the equation, even though he knew that Tae was the only person who had the characteristics Jeongguk needed the third wheel to have in order for the plan to go correctly. But there was no going back, and he had no option but to trust his superior mind.

"That's enough," Jeongguk growled as he forcefully tore the two friends apart. "Jimin's mine, you have to ask permission to touch my things."

"Can I touch Jiminie?" Tae asked without missing a beat, which impressed Jimin, seeing as though he had been with Jeongguk for nearly three months, and he still hadn't got a hand on how to talk to him. He chalked it up to how good Tae was at reading people.

"No," Jeongguk sneered menacingly. "We don't play with our food. Isn't that right, Babe?"
Jimin looked up at the name the younger had given him. "W-what? Food?"

And then it clicked. The rabbits, the hamsters, the Shiht-zhu. The stews Jeongguk made with their carcasses. The 'you're ready for the real thing now'. It all made sense now. "J-Jeongguk, n-n-no!" He stammered, clambering to rip Tae from the youngest's grip. "No, I can't! I won't!"

Jeongguk snarled and kicked the him back with enough force to send Jimin flying backwards. "Manners- Ow!" Taehyung launched himself at Jeongguk's legs, which caused the younger to tumble sideways and his head narrowly missed the edge of the coffee table.

Jimin gasped in complete terror, and Taehyung finally began to understand just how dangerous their current situation was. He watched with wide eyes as Jeongguk got up and glowered at him murderously. He felt Jimin stiffen against his back, which immediately alarmed him. Jimin was never stiff. He was always calm and relaxed, where as a competitive dancer, he couldn't afford to be anything but loose and graceful. It tore a hole in Tae's heart to think about how stiff Jimin had been on a day-to-day basis since he had been kidnapped.

Something told him he might not want to know.

He had apparently zoned out quite far, for the next thing he knew he was on his knees, Jimin was sitting across from him with wet eyes, and Jeongguk had a knife to his (Tae's) throat.

"Pl-please don't hurt h-him," Jimin pleaded, his voice thick with desperation.

Jeongguk merely sighed and pressed the blade further into Tae's skin, to the point Tae thought he could feel it drawing blood. "Babe, how many times have we done this? I thought you liked killing!"

Taehyung froze. Had he heard that right? Jimin? Kill? In the same sentence? What?

"I never wanted it!" Jimin screamed, hands balling into fists, "I begged and begged and begged, but you kept pushing! I had no choice, just like you're giving me no choice now!"

Jeongguk made a face and set the knife down beside Tae before he his way over to Jimin (to reprimand him, probably).

Tae knew that this was his only chance to get him and his friend out of there, and he seized the opportunity with grateful hands. He closed his eyes and rolled his fists in two clockwise circles, then twice in a counter-clockwise motion, slowly working the zip ties open with each rotation, as his self-defense instructor had taught him not that long ago. He could hear Jimin whimpering as Jeongguk - God, that asshole - tried to talk him into committing murder. Said something about how sexy Jimin would look covered in blood, or something like that. Tae tried not to listen. Tried to keep his attention on the task at hand.

When he finally did open his eyes, he saw Jimin pinned under Jeongguk, his wrists pressed painfully into the floor, desperately trying to avoid the younger's lips. The zipties came undone in that moment, and Tae saw red. He grabbed the knife and lunged at the younger male, and plunged the blade into Jeongguk's thigh. The knife punctured deep into the muscly sinew, and Jeongguk immediately slid off Jimin with a howl of agony, the weapon still embedded inside him (no doubt to the bone).

Jimin gasped, and was terrified when he realized he was concerned for his captor. Concerned that he was going to die, that he was going to bleed out all alone - thoughts someone shouldn't feel for their abuser.

Taehyung didn't allow himself a second between actions, knowing that they were on borrowed time as it was. "Jimin, come on!" He urged while tugging his friend up by the arm. He forced himself to
ignore the pain in his shoulder and dragged his friend out of the storage room as fast as he could manage.

He had to drag Jimin through the entire warehouse, and was annoyed because shouldn't Jimin be elated to be free? Shouldn't he be more worried about saving his ass than Jeongguk? He shook his head. 'Concentrate on getting your asses out of doge,' his mind repeated like a mantra.

Jimin said nothing when they burst out the back door of the storage warehouse, nor when they ran deep into the forest and he twisted his ankle, not even when Tae had managed to flag down a car and were then en route to a hospital.

He just couldn't stop thinking about Jeongguk. He allowed his head to fall against the window of the random ajumma's sedan.

Tae watched his friend with a concerned expression. How Jimin squeezed his eyes shut, as if to block out something unpleasant. He wanted to ask what was on the other's mind, but he didn't have the heart. Not after everything the older had been through the past months. He grabbed the shorter's hand instead, and tried to ignore the violent flinch he got in response.

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The hospital visit had been hell on earth. The emergency personnel, after hearing about who Jimin was and seeing the shape he was in, had whisked him off in a wheelchair almost as soon as he had walked in, and forgot to tell Taehyung where they were taking him.

As it turned out, Tae's shoulder blade was minorly dislocated, as well as sustaining a minor concussion from when Jeongguk had knocked him unconscious, and his nurse had given him a few bottles of medicine once the doctors had deemed his injuries to be minor enough that he could take care of himself. Jimin, he had heard from a very loose-lipped nurse, wasn't that fortunate. He had numerous gashes on his arms and thighs, and despite being well treated and cleaned, a few of the deeper ones were infected. Among those he had a lot of bruises, and was apparently in shock. Taehyung couldn't blame him; he'd be in shock, too.

He had asked if he could see the older once he was patched up, but the doctors said that his friend needed to have a statement taken by the police first. So it's safe to say that Tae was a nervous wreck for the whole three hours it took for Jimin to explain everything that had happened.

But what Tae didn't understand was why Jimin had lied to the police about Jeongguk.

According to Namjoon (who happened to be one of the officers assigned to Jimin's case), Jimin had told them that he didn't know his captor's name, only his face. And even then, he described the most average-looking guy imaginable. Medium height (Jeongguk was tall), brown hair (Jeongguk's was dyed blue-black), a strong nose (Jeongguk's was big and quite button-like), and so on. It raised flags with both Namjoon and Tae, because Jimin was displaying extreme signs of Stockholm syndrome; one of the worst Namjoon had seen. (Not that he had seen very many, but still).

Taehyung refused to believe it, however. In his eyes, Jimin should be glad to be away from that monster. I mean, who would love the person that inflicted so much pain on them? Only a psycho
would, but Jimin wasn't a psycho. Right? Right. The police said it would fade with time, anyway, and that's all that really mattered.

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The ride back to their apartment complex was a long, quiet one, which threw Tae for a loop, because he figured his hyung would be really talkative (and maybe want some cuddles), but Jimin was just sitting silently beside him in the backseat of Namjoon's cruiser, his head resting against the window with silent tears falling down his cheeks.

Tae swore that if he ever met Jeongguk again, he'd do worse than stab him.

"Here you go," Namjoon said as he opened the apartment door for the two boys. Taehyung allowed Jimin in first, and was about to follow him when Namjoon grabbed his wrist and said that they needed to talk. Tae sighed and closed the apartment door, leaving him and Namjoon alone in the deserted hallway.

"We're going to have the complex on surveillance for a few days," Namjoon said after a short pause, crossing his arms and leaning against the wall beside the door.

"Only a few days?" Tae asked, incredulous. "Joon, Jimin-ah was kidnapped and essentially tortured both physically and emotionally! He needs to be protected from you-know-who!"

Namjoon nodded. "I couldn't agree with you more. But the Korean law system is fucked way up, and you know that. In a few days, once the initial excitement and fear fades away, the sergeant is going to drop it."

"It sucks that Chims didn't describe Jeongguk to the sketch artist," Tae sighed while rubbing his face irritably with his good arm.

"Well, even if he had, the department wouldn't have been able to find him, anyway," the officer stretched his arms over his head.

Taehyung made a face. "What- what does that mean? They wouldn't have been able to find him, anyway? Is there something you're not telling me?"

Namjoon bit his lip and averted his gaze. "Jeongguk technically doesn't exist."

Tae's eye twitched. "I swear to God if you tell me he's a ghost or some shit."
"No, it isn't like that," Namjoon sighed wearily. "Gguk-ah's father destroyed his and his sister's birth certificates when they were born. He didn't want to get in trouble if one of them died after a beating or whatever."

"Can't the cops just get a copy from the city hall?"

The older shook his head, his face grim. "His dad had a few buddies on the inside that were able to completely erase Jeon Jeongguk and Jeon Hannie from every ID database in South Korea. I know because when Jeongguk first tried to get a job, every application was returned because there was no trace of him at all. So I did him a favor and went down to Busan City Hall to sort it out, but... There was nothing. Sure, there are plenty of other Jeon Jeongguks in South Korea, but not one of the four that lived in Busan were him. And will you quit it with the pacing?"

Tae pressed his lips in a thin line and stopped. "So there's no way to pin Jeongguk at all? There's no way to protect Jimin from him?"

"You're one of his victims now as well," Namjoon pointed out with a frown. "You should be concerned about your own well-being as well."

"I don't matter right now!" The younger snapped, slamming his hand against the wall, making the officer flinch. "All that matters to me is keeping Jimin-ah safe and away from that cesspool of a human being!"

"Careful what you say, Tae," Namjoon frowned deeply. "Jeongguk may not be the best - fine - he may be one of the worst people out there, but he's been through a lot. A lot of this isn't his fault."

Taehyung's breath hitched, and Namjoon immediately knew he had said the wrong thing when his brother's fist made contact with his jaw.

He staggered backwards with an open mouth. "The fuck was that for?!"

"Oh - it wasn't my fault," Tae said, batting his eyelashes innocently while holding his hands out. "I was kidnapped and held at knife-point, that gives me the right to lash out and hurt anyone I want to."

The officer scowled even though he knew Tae had a point. Even though Jeongguk had been dealt a bad hand, he still had control over how he acted, and nothing he had been through justified kidnapping and assaulting an other human being.

"I'll see you later, Hyung," Tae muttered, and then went into his apartment and locked the door.

He was tired of the whole situation already, and he still had to deal with Jimin.

- 

Jimin sat on his (yes, HIS!) bed with a lapful of Nookie and a shirt he didn't recognize beside him.
He didn't recognize the shirt, but he did remember the heavy cologne that seemed to cling desperately to the fabric. It was Old Spice, the same one he had seen (and smelled) Jeongguk use before. He wanted to throw it out. He wanted to burn it, honestly. But something inside him prevented him from doing so.

So instead of tossing it, he got a large ziplock bag from the kitchen, shoved the shirt in, and then closed it and shoved it under a shoe box in his closet. He then dusted his hands off and lied back down on the bed, pulling the scratchy blanket up to his chin. He subconsciously thought of the nearly silken comforter Jeongguk had outfitted the bed at the warehouse with. How the younger had always made sure that Jimin was warm and cozy as he slept. (But he only got to sleep on the bed when he was good or after Jeongguk had cut him up. The latter was much more common, though). With a start he realized that even though Jeongguk had caused him a lot of pain, he did his best to make up for it in other ways.

Like that time he (Jinim) had caught a cold from the draft under the door, and Jeongguk had not only fixed the door and bought huge, expensive heaters, he also bought the best medicine and made him hot chicken noodle soup every day until he was better. His right hand traveled to the gauze wrapped around his thigh and recalled how meticulously Jeongguk would clean and dress them to ensure they didn't become infected (which still happened, but it's the thought that counts).

Maybe he had mis-judged Jeongguk all along? Maybe-

"Chimbles, hey, you awake?"

He opened his eyes and startled when Tae's eyes stared back at him not three inches away.

"Sorry!" Tae apologized quickly, realizing his mistake. "Habit."

Jinmin snorted and hit his friend with his pillow. "You're an asshole."

"I know," Tae grinned. "You want anything? Like, we can watch TV, eat, cuddle."

"I'm fine," the older cut him off before he could say more. "I'd really like to be alone for a while, if that's okay." He tried to ignore how his dongsaeng's face fell.

"Oh, okay," Tae forced a smile. "That's okay. I'll see you in the morning, okay? And don't forget you've got an appointment tomorrow morning."

Jinmin nodded and snuggled further into his blanket. "I won't. Thanks, Tae."

The younger grinned, pleased that he was addressed by his nickname. "No problem. I'll see you later. And Jinmin?" He paused just outside the older's door, his finger ready to switch the light off. Jimin opened his eyes and looked up. "Yeah?"

"I love you."

The older's stomach clenched painfully. "I l-love you, too."
Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading, my pals!
Deeper things

Chapter Summary

In which Jimin goes to his therapist appointment... And we get a surprise from our friend, the bunny. :)

Chapter Notes

Hello~~~~~

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Jimin stood frozen outside the therapist's office door with his hand hovering over the steel handle. He knew it was mandatory that he speak with someone about what happened to him, but he found the idea of it daunting. He had already come to the conclusion that he wasn't going to throw Jeongguk under the bus, so what was the use? Everything he said would be a lie, anyway. He threw a glance over his shoulder to look at Tae, who was sitting comfortably on one of the plush waiting room chairs and reading a magazine about classical musicians. Looking at his friend reminded him that he wasn't doing this just for himself, but Tae as well. The two had made a pact that morning over breakfast that only when Jimin had gone to three sessions and put his best foot forward, would Tae take them as well.

So he took a grounding breath and walked in.

The therapist looked up from where she had been scribbling notes. "Ah, Park Jimin-ssi?" She asked gently.

Jimin averted his eyes to the fish tank in the corner and made a small noise of affirmation.

"Why don't you come take a seat?" The therapist stood up from behind her desk and motioned to the huge leather chair across from her.

'She says it like I have a choice,' he brooded to himself as he sat down and immediately sunk into the heavily stuffed cusion. The therapist allowed a short pause for her patient to become comfortable before proceeding with the session.

"I'm Mrs. Bennet," she introduced herself with a light tone. "I'm a foreigner, as you can see."

Jimin eyed her with disinterest. "Why are you here and not, I don't know, back in the US or something?"

"I've been living in Seoul for over eleven years now," she smiled. "I decided to come here to pursue my career when I heard about how little South Korea knows about mental and emotional wellness."

Jimin instantly began to take a disliking to her. "You make it sound like you're better than we are."

She winced and attempted to back-pedal. "How are you feeling today, Jimin-ssi?"
"Fantastic."

Mrs. Bennet scribbled in her notebook. "Any anxiety or feelings of depression or helplessness?"

He remembered that if he wasn't honest Tae wouldn't get help before he replied. "A... A little."

The therapist pushed her thick glasses up with her thumb. "How so?"

"I... I think about him a lot."

"Your captor?"

Jimin nodded. "I couldn't stop thinking about him last night. I kept remembering all the kind things he had done for me, about how even though he inflicted pain, he seemed to want to make up for it."

Mrs. Bennet folded her hands on the desk and leaned forward slightly. "What did he do to make you feel those emotions?"

"He uh... He took care of me. He fed me well, bought me medication when I got sick, cleaned my wounds..." He trailed off. "I know that doesn't make sense. Why should I feel like that for someone who abused me, right?"

"It's a common issue many trauma victims suffer," Mrs. Bennet explained gently in that calculated manner of hers. "The victims begin to sympathise with the instigator, and that often causes them to feel a sense of protectiveness for them. In many cases, the victims will also lie and defend the instigator because they don't want them to suffer the repercussions of their actions."

Jimin briefly wondered if she knew about how he lied during his statement, but pushed it away. "I'm not like that."

"I didn't say you were."

He rubbed one of the healed scars on his right forearm subconsciously through the sleeve of his thin sweater.

"Jimin-ssi, how do you feel about the scars?"

Jimin froze, and she was concerned that maybe she had asked the wrong question. "I... I don't feel about them at all," he replied with furrowed brows. "I mean, I'm upset because everyone that sees them thinks they're self-inflicted and that I'm a nut, but other than that, I just... Feel neutral toward them. Not anger, not mad, just... Nothing."

"Would you remove them if you could?"

"No!" He before the last word was out of her mouth, and he panicked. "No, I - I mean that yes, I would, it's just..."

The doctor was beginning to realize the severity of her patient's Stockholm syndrome. "It's just that you're afraid removing them erase your captor?"

Jimin swallowed back his tears and nodded.

She sighed and sat back in her chair. "Who is your captor to you?"

"I don't know," Jimin wrung his hands nervously, "I haven't thought about it."

"That's not true. I can tell you care about hi-"
"I do not!" Jimin roared while flying out of his chair. "HOW COULD I LOVE HIM? THAT SADISTIC ASSHOLE ENJOYED HURTING ME! JEONGGUK IS NTHING BUT A-" the blood drained from his face when he realized his mistake.

Mrs. Bennet's eyes narrowed. "I thought you said you don't know his name?"

"I-I don't! It w-was his f-friend, I-"

"Jimin-ssi, I can't help you if you refuse to be honest. I've heard it all, it's okay to be afraid of opening up about him. It's okay if you need time to get comfortable before you tell. But just know that every lie you tell ruins the chances of finding Jeongguk and giving him justice for what he did."

"H-he doesn't d-deserve j-justice," Jimin began to sob and sunk to the floor with his face in his hands, "H-he isn't b-bad, he's just h-hurt! He once a-asked me to tell hi-hi about how h-he should d-die-"

"Jimin-ssi," the doctor soothed while gathering the boy into her arms. "He's a sociopath. He uses others emotions to manipulate them into having sympathy for him. You said at the hospital that he needed to control everything around him, including you. I'm sorry, but he knew that the way into your heart is through your emotions, that's why he said those things."

He blubbered and clung to her tighter while shaking his head in denial. Jeongguk wouldn't do that! He seemed so honest, and the pain in Jeongguk's eyes was palpable. There was no way that he would lie, and Jimin knew it. "You don't understand. He's a good man, he just... He just..."

"He just tricked you."

The remainder of the session went like that; Jimin trying to convince Mrs. Bennet that Jeongguk really wasn't manipulative, while she tried to convince him that Jeongguk was a narcopath.

He all but stormed out at the end of the session, and stomped out of the office while Taehyung sprinted after him.

"Hyung!" Tae called, grabbing the older's wrist and spinning him around. "What happened? Are you alright?"

"No, I'm not alright. Mrs. Bennet - that witch - she kept trying to convince me that Jeongguk is a bad guy, and that he's a narcopath and he used my emotions to manipulate me into being sympathetic towards him so when I got away I wouldn't tattle on him! What does she know? Nothing, that's what!" He tugged at his hair in frustration. "I was there, I know he isn't like that, and she won't listen to me! All because she believes I have stockholm syndrome!"

Taehyung listened quietly while his friend vented with passionate hand gestures. When he had finished, Tae decided to go ahead and attempt a conversation. "Jimin-ah... First of all, you have to try to understand where she's coming from-"

"Why do I need to understand her point of view, huh? I'M the patient! I'M the one SHE should be trying to understand!"

The younger male set his hands on his hyung's shoulders. "Hyung. I know where you're coming from, okay? I know what Jeongguk is like, too. He was with me a lot while you missing-" he ignored the perplexed look he received, "-and I can tell you first-hand, he IS manipulative. Hold on - before you start yelling at me, let me finish. Okay? Good. While you were gone, Jeongguk would
often joke about knowing about where you were, but when I even HINTED at it, he would start acting like the victim and turn my words around to make it sound like I was covering my own ass. It made me feel like I was the one at fault. I'm not saying he's what Mrs. Bennet said he is, but there is definitely something wrong with his head."

"So you agree with her," Jimin sniffled and averted his eyes. "You agree that this is all in my head and that he's a terrible person?"

Tae shook his head. "No. No, everyone has a reason to do the things they do. His behavior is inexcusable, but something must have happened to make him think that acting like that is acceptable."

The older male perked up immensely at that. "That's what I tried to tell her! But when I kept bringing it up, she shut me down. Said it's just my syndrome talking."

"Did you ever stop to think that maybe she has a point?" The taller male asked. "Maybe your mind really is fucked up a little. I mean, it wouldn't be surprising, not after all that happened to you."

Jimin's jaw clenched and his lips pressed into a thin line. Taehyung attempted to fix his error, but it was too late. Jimin was already halfway to Namjoon's cruiser, and he could practically see smoke emanating from the older male's ears.

'Good job, Taehyung,' he scolded himself harshly while following after his friend. 'Keep fucking up and he'll trust you.'

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"Jeongguk-ssi, I understand that you're a bit loopy up there, but you need to stop being so careless!" The woman yelled at the tall man sitting comfortably in front of her.

Jeongguk rolled his eyes and stretched his spread legs out, shamelessly exposing himself to the older woman across him. "Mrs. Bennet, I understand your dislike for my actions, but I can't help myself. He's so-"

"You left your shirt at his apartment! You knowingly connected with Jimin's best friend even after he started suspecting you to be the abductor! You realize there's not much I can do for you if you get caught, right?"

The man laughed, "Oh but there is! Have you yet to forget why I came to you in the first place? If I get caught - which is highly unlikely, but as a pre-caution - you will be here to defend me at the court hearing. If it's made clear that I am not in the best health mentally, a majority of my sentence will be reduced, if not wiped out entirely. THAT is why I come here. Not to get lectured by some arrogant American ajumma, but to have a back-up plan in place in case my action catch up to me."

She sighed and looked down at the file that was spread open on her desk. "He knows about you, you know. That there's more to you than you let on. If you were going to let him go in the end, why did you bother to share your personal side to him?"

Jeongguk merely cracked his knuckles, putting most of his weight on his good leg with an air of power around him as he snatched Jimin's file off Mrs. Bennet's desk. "My reasons are of no importance to you. All that matters is that you have what you need to make a defensive case for me." He observed the woman as she wiped her glasses on the edge of her shirt. "And do you have what you need to make the case?"
"I do," Mrs. Bennet confirmed with a curt nod. "But Jeongguk, I need you to not try to contact Jiminssi. The more reason the police are given to suspect you, the more likely it will be that even with my defense, your case won't be as clean-cut as you planned."

Jeongguk's hand hovered over the door handle. "You're right. But the only way they would have real proof is if Namjoon-hyung goes through with his plan to expose me."

"You aren't planning on hurting him, are you?"

"Of course not!" The tall boy looked aghast. "He's my best friend! I simply mean that I will deal with him accordingly. With words, of course."

Mrs. Bennet looked like she was going to start talking again, and he took that as his cue. He bowed stiffly and left abruptly with a limp, not even flinching when the office door slammed behind him.

Time to deal with Namjoon.

Chapter End Notes

Thank y'all for reading!

What do you think Jeongguk's going to do to Namjoon? Is he going to do what he said and use words, or will he go the darker route? Tell me what you think!

Have a good day, guys! *sends strong power*
Chapter Summary

In which we finally meet Hoseok, and look into Jeongguk's affections a bit more.

Chapter Notes

I didn't have the time to beta this, so there might be a lot of misspellings or what have you.

Jeongguk had expected it, honestly. Expected Taehyung to break out of the ties and do what he needed to do in order to get him and Jimin to safety. So he lied there on the warehouse floor, knife in his thigh and bleeding profusely. It would be an understatement to say that it hurt to some extent, but it didn't hurt nearly as much as when he watched Jimin disappear outside the door.

He pulled his black tshirt off and tied it around his upper thigh to slow down the bleeding before he called for help. And by 'help', he meant Namjoon's fiance, Jin.

He luckily picked up the third ring. "Gguk-ah?" He asked, the telltale stress of being a busy doctor and having to deal with Jeongguk's bullshit clear in his intonation. "I'm sorry, but I don't have the time to talk right now. I've got three patients in triage, one in the ER and a burst appendix I need to operate on."

Jeongguk smirked as he prepared his vocal chords to make that pitiful tone he knew the older couldn't resist. "Hyung, I got hurt."

"No shit," Jin snorted, papers flipping in the background. "You only call when you need medical advice. And how's the self-harm scars doing? You dressed and disinfected them, right?"

Jeongguk had to pull the phone away from his mouth so he could snicker without being heard. "Yes hyung, I took care of them."

"Then why are you calling? I thought I told you to talk to your psychiatrist when you get urges?"

"Look, I'm kind of sitting here with a pairing knife in my thigh, can you please shut up and tell me what I need to do?"

There was a long pause on the other end of the line, and then the sound of a door closing. "Jeon Jeongguk," Jin breathed in a futile attempt to calm himself, "What did you do?"

"I got mugged on the way home," Jeongguk's shrugged vocally. "They wanted my wallet, and when I refused, this shit happened." He could practically hear the older man fighting the urge to lose his shit.

"Look, I can't give you instructions on how to remove it. I don't know if it's hit an artery or not, and"
despite how much of a badass you fancy yourself to be, you can't fix it yourself."

"So what? I can't go to the ER without any ID, you know that," the younger male suddenly felt uneasy.

"I know. I'm sending one of my EMT friends over to the apartment. I - will you let me finish?"

Jeongguk rolled his eyes and suppressed his urge to disagree.

"Thank you. Now, Hoseok-ah is a very close friend, and he specializes in trauma cases. He can have you all patched up faster than a snap of the fingers, trust me."

"Kinda like how he could persuade you into cheating on Namjoon-hyung faster than a snap of the fingers?" Jeongguk grinned manically once Jin understood that his dongsaeng had the upper hand.

"Listen here you brat," The older seethed, "either you take Hoseok or you die, because I'm not saving your ass this time! Like I said, I'm sending him to the apart."

"I'm not at the apartment."

The older male paused. "I thought you said you were on your back when you got 'stabbed'?"

"Yeah, ON my way," Jeongguk was beginning to get annoyed. "I dropped by the storage units to get something, and that's when I ran into those assholes."

Jin could be heard gnawing on his bottom lip. "You're up to something, aren't you?"

No reply.

"Fine, I'll send Hobie to the units. You're inside yours, correct?"

"Well yeah," The younger scoffed at the other's stupidity. "Breaking in is against my rules, you know that."

Jin groaned and hollered something to someone off the phone. "I have to go now. Hobie'll be there in twenty minutes, please be nice. Bye." The older male hung up before the sentiment could be returned, which left Jeongguk feeling like he was missing something (besides Jimin).

He slumped back against the wall and waited for either Hoseok or death; whichever got to him first.

Hoseok was instantly taken aback when he entered the storage unit Jin's friend was in. It was a bit small, and looked like someone was trying to live in there. 'Or maybe keep someone in here,' he thought as he set his medical bag down beside the barely conscious man.

"Hello?" He called while gently squeezing the boy's shoulder. "Can you hear me?"

The boy - whose name was Jeongyeong or something like that - groaned and nodded. He was really, really pale.

"Okay. My name is Jung Hoseok, I'm the EMT Jin-hyung sent."

"You call all your co-workers 'hyung'?" Jeongguk asked in a voice so clear it nearly gave Hoseok whip-lash.
The older man laughed it off as he gave the boy a shot of novicane to ease the pain. "No, we're just close friends is all. He's helped me through a lot."

'And by 'help' you mean suck you off when you're horny,' Jeongguk wanted to say, but ended up deciding against it. It's a bad idea to piss off the very person that has control over whether you live or die. So instead he said, "You keep looking around like you're going to get jumped or something."

"Well, this seems like the place for it to happen," the older commented, pulling the knife out with a squelch. "Seems sketchy."

"I live with Jin-hyung's fiancee," Jeongguk said casually and preened at the uncomfortable smile the EMT sported. "I don't like it. Feels like I'm leeching off him. So I just decided to camp out here for a while."

Hoseok hummed. "Do you have a dog?"

"Huh?"

"A dog," the EMT elaborated while motioning to the wall to his left. "You've got dog stuff over there. I just kind figured."

Jeongguk took that as another opportunity to make the other man uncomfortable. "Nah. Just kinky."

Hoseok spluttered and nearly dumped the whole bottle of iodine into the younger man's leg. "W-wow. That's uh - Wow."

"What about you?" The younger continued pushing rather sadistically. "What kinks do you have?"

The older shook his head and focused on the task at hand, instead.

"Oh come on," Jeongguk chuckled. "You seem like the type of guy that gets turned on when there's a chance you might get caught. Voyeurism, am I right?"

"This isn't appropriate conversation for a doctor and a patient to be having, Jeongguk-ssi."

Jeongguk winced just slightly when the EMT began cauterizing and suturing the open gash. "Just tryin' to make conversation is all."

Hoseok wiped around the wound with a wad of rubbing alcohol-drenched gauze. "How's this for conversation: what's with the strange-ass collage over there?"

Jeongguk shifted and mumbled something about needing a stronger pain killer. "Collage?"

"Yeah," The EMT jerked his head at the desk behind him. "I must say, that picture of a guy over that bride's body is a bit disturbing. Looks like Jin's fiancee's little brother's friend, actually."

Jeongguk snorted. "WAY too many possessives there, pal. And Jimin-ah made that for me as a joke. Said it was payback for that time I scared the shit out of him at work that one time." The lie rolled off his tongue as if it were the truth, which, for a change, actually bothered him. He knew Jimin despised lying, so Jeongguk had always made a special effort to be as honest as he could while around the older male - so he chalked the foreign feeling up to habit. He noted that Jin's little side-hoe was concentrating on not killing him, so he settled back and closed his eyes instead of continuing the
Hoseok wasn't concentrating on his patient's leg, however. He was dividing his time between looking at the collage and not singeing Jeongguk's major muscle groups - not that he really cared much. The Jeongguk kid had him on edge, and not in a good way. It felt suspicious to him, both the situation and the storage room. I mean, the kid said that he was living alone in the unit because he wanted to give Namjoon a bit of privacy or whatever, but surely he knew that the storage room cost more per month than a standard apartment would? And what about the dog bed thing? Jeongguk said it was there because he was kinky - but Hoseok got a different feeling from it. Kinda like that feeling you get when you enter an abandoned building and just KNOW you weren't the first person to be there. And the collage. That fucking collage.

He sighed as he disinfected the neat line of sutures in the (now unconscious) boy's thigh. He threw all the soiled medical paraphernalia into a disposable biohazard bag and closed up his medical tote with a snap. He left two bottles - a painkiller and an antibiotic - beside Jeongguk with a sticky note with hastily scribbled directions under them. He knew the kid would be fine, really. The knife was no more than 1/2 an inch thick and 3 inches long; just enough to penetrate gristle and visceral fat, but not enough to kill him. Luckily for the kid the blade had narrowly missed one of the major arteries. If his attacker had even so much as clipped it, the young male would have bled out within 5 minutes.

Hoseok wasn't as confident for whoever had been sharing the unit with Jeongguk, though. He had given the unit a thorough examination before he left, and had found the area around the dog bed speckled with dried blood - not to mention how saturated the flipside of the mat was with the same substance.

As he hopped back into his ambulance, things began to fall into place at an almost startling rate. Namjoon's little brother's friend had been missing for nearly 3 months at that point, and his face was the main focus of the collage. He wasn't pleased that he was mentally accusing a barely adult-aged boy of kidnapping and violent assault, but that seemed to explain things. Even Jin often stressed that the kid wasn't right in the head. Something about a bad upbringing? Hoseok had a hard time remembering - seeing as though it was difficult to concentrate on having a conversation with someone while said someone's dick was down your throat. And wait - hadn't Jin also mentioned something about Jeongguk self-harming...?

He pulled out of the warehouse parking lot and into the night. He had seen both of Jeongguk's thighs, and neither one were scarred in any way, and his arms had been clean as well. Another connection. Jeongguk must have stabbed Jimin or something and needed advice on how to take care of the wound - hence why he called Jin.

But... Why? Why go through all that trouble for someone?

He pulled over and debated before he took out his cell and dialed the emergency hotline to place an anonymous tip about Jeongguk and Jimin. He felt bad doing it, but someone had to do it.

As he relayed his message to the operator, he just hoped Jimin was safe and nowhere near Jeongguk when the information got out.

Chapter End Notes

Hi guys! I'm sorry this is so late - I've been having a lot of personal issues that have been hindering my ability to update as much as I want to. Thank you all so much for sticking around, though! I'm really so thankful to all of you for all the support you've shown and
given to this fic! It means more to me than you could ever know. :) 

Thank you all for reading, and I'll see everyone in the next update! ~Mwah~
Chapter Summary

Maybe Jeongguk felt differently about Jimin, and maybe he didn't. Either way, we don't know.

Chapter Notes

Hi guys! Here's another chapter and WOO, am I excited!~

Are y'all gonna get shooken by Jeongguk? Maybe? Possible? No idea. I'm done rambling, I'm going now! (and I'm sorry about how short this chapter is. I was thinking of combining it with the next POV, but I decided that I should just leave it like this so you guys can concentrate on what Jeongguk's line of thought is at the moment).

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Jeongguk limped down the busy afternoon streets of Seoul while he tried to figure out what he should do about Namjoon. He knew he could (and would) never hurt Namjoon; the older man had been his hero since the night Jeongguk ambled to the older man's apartment after setting his orphanage on fire. Namjoon was everything to him, and he was sure he would be so much worse if he didn't have his hyung around.

Jeongguk startled when he looked up and realized he was standing in front of the store he first met Jimin at all those months ago. His eyes flitted around the shelves and mini-fridges until they stopped on the empty register. Was it selfish to wish that he had met Jimin under different circumstances? Maybe they would have had a shot at being a real couple if Jeongguk weren't so fucked up in the head. Maybe Jimin would have been able to love him if Jeongguk had flirted with him and shown him the affection and adoration he deserved in the first place. He leaned forward and allowed his forehead to press against the chilled glass of the door, and a lone tear fell and froze to his cheek. He missed Jimin dearly. It felt like there was a Jimin-sized hole in his chest somewhere, and suddenly the manilla folder in his hand felt five pounds heavier. He saw a girl he didn't recognize walk around the back of the counter, and he took that as his cue to leave.

It was getting late, and he still needed to talk to Namjoon.

---

Namjoon was already snug as a bug in a rug in his blankets when he heard knocking on his apartment door. It had been a long day for him at that point, having had to take care of Jimin and deal with Taehyung's over-protectiveness over him, so Namjoon wasn't at all eager to step one foot out of his bed. Not one. And yet the knocking persisted.
"Oh fuck me," he grumbled while he stumbled out of his blankets and wobbled to the source of that terrible racous. "What?" He snarled while ripping the door open. He was more than ready to lay into the stranger until he recognized the him. "Jeongguk-ah? A-are you alright?" He stumbled backwards a little as Jeongguk pushed past him and headed to the livingroom while wiping his frozen cheeks furiously with the cuff of his jacket.

Namjoon perched himself on the couch's arm rest and waited rather impatiently for an explanation. Jeongguk hesitated for a moment before he sat down on the couch and curled up into Namjoon's side. The older man was surprised because Jeongguk never did things like that - searching out for physical attention. It was a rather startling change - Even more so when he felt his dongsaeng's shoulders heave with sobs.

"Jeongguk-ah, what's wrong?"

"H-hyung," Jeongguk buried his face into the older man's ratty sleeping shirt. "I mi-miss him so m-

"Who? Jimin-ssi?"

Jeongguk stiffened, although he remained cuddled into his hyung's side. "How do you know about
him?"

"Well, you aren't very discreet with your picture-taking," the older man replied with a small, single laugh. "Your room's full of them. That and you must've forgotten that Jimin-ssi is my brother's best friend."

Jeongguk winced at his hyung's tone. "I'm sorry... I just... I just needed someone..."

"Jeongguk-ah," Namjoon sighed and draped his arm around the younger boy's shoulders. "You need to start explaining your feelings instead of acting out on them."

"I'm trying! But hyung, I need to talk to Jimin-ah, please, I miss h-him so m-much-"

"Ggukie," The older man's voice took a more scolding tone. "You need to stay as far away from Jimin-ssi and Tae-ah as you can. You'll end up in jail if you get caught. That and I'm pretty sure Jimin-ssi isn't keen on seeing you again so soon." He paused. "Or at all."
The maknae's face fell. "Hyung... Please, just once? I swear I'll be g-good, I need to see him!"

"Jeon Jeongguk," Namjoon urged while grabbing and shaking the younger man's shoulders. "You will NOT meet Jimin-ssi OR Tae-ah. Ever."

"But hyung-"

"No, Gguk. What you're going through right now is merely a withdrawal. In a couple weeks you'll back to normal." Namjoon's stomach tightened, knowing that Jeongguk's 'normal' wasn't exactly something to look forward to. "That and I'm the officer handling Jimin-ssi's case, and if my supervisor finds out about me KNOWING the case's suspect and not saying anything, I'm going to be in a world of hurt."

Jeongguk stilled for a spell. "Yes, hyung. I understand. G-goodnight." The younger boy agreed quietly and abruptly made his way to the door.

Namjoon just watched his dongsaeng's fleeing figure helplessly from the couch. He could tell that Jimin struck a chord within Jeongguk - a chord Namjoon thought Jeongguk had been entirely born without. Jimin had obviously shook the ice off the boy's heart, and left it beating alone.
Perhaps he should talk to Jimin about it - he shook his head.

No, Jimin had been through enough already.

And what about Tae? Tae had been through some shit as well, but he had also seen Jeongguk's good side so many times before that maybe he would be able to help Jeongguk out a little with his situation. Maybe. Probably not, but maybe.

Namjoon sighed and turned out the lights before he headed back to bed. He would figure it out in the morning.

Chapter End Notes

Dudes, did y'all have a good New Year? I hope you did! And if not, I hope the rest of the year brings nothing but prosperity and joy and goodness!

Thank you all for reading, and have a good day!

Comments are appreciated~ (Even if y'all just wanna talk about absolutely nothing)
Taehyung, get your shit together and stop keeping things from people

Chapter Summary

Goddamnit, Taehyung.

Chapter Notes

I'M BACK WITH ANOTHER CHAPTER, HELLO

I've missed this fic so much, and I'm elated to finally update! I've missed y'all sm =>

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Taehyung had violent nightmares the whole night - and consequently hadn't slept very well. He was awake long before his alarm went off, but he didn't bother to get up. He heard Jimin's light breathing on the other side of the room, and he was deeply comforted knowing that at least Jimin was sleeping well. His phone buzzed on the pillow beside him, and he quickly opened it before the sound of the vibrations could wake his hyung up. There was a text notification from Namjoon - which was pretty concerning. The older man was never up before he had to be, and he basically never texted unless there was an emergency. He glanced over at Jimin's sleeping figure before he opened the text.

Namjoon: So I realize this is asking a lot from you, so don't feel like you have to do it. Jungkook-

Taehyung snorted and immediately switched his phone off just as the alarm began to blare. Jungkook could go suck satan's cock for all he cared. He didn't even want to HEAR Jungkook's name again, let alone go along with whatever bullshit Namjoon had planned. He left his phone on his bed and carefully tip-toed out of the bedroom so he could start a pot of coffee. He dug around the box of assorted-flavored k-cups until he eventually decided on the caramel mocha one, and popped the little cartridge into the machine. He sighed as he looked down at the answering machine's blinking light.

Did he REALLY have to talk to people today? I mean, couldn't this bullshit wait until some other time? (Read: Never).

He heard Jimin shuffling around in the bedroom, and decided that he should probably check the messages - just on the off-chance that one of them was Jungkook. The first message was an appointment invitation from Mrs.Bennet, the second was from Tae's mom and the third was from Namjoon. Huh. Shoulda known.

"Hey Tae," Namjoon's voice came through the speaker. "Look, I know you well enough to know that you aren't going to read my text."

"Got that right," Tae grumbled from where he was stirring sugar into his coffee.

"-so I'm leaving a message. Jungkook showed up at my place last night, and I know you don't want anything to do with him, but Tae, he's hurting real bad. I know what he's feeling doesn't come close to what he's made you and Jimin-ah feel, but please just... Talk to him? I think he's looking for
closure or something. He wants to make up for what he's done - fuck, how do I word this?" Silence
on the other line for a while. "Look, it's basically like this: either you talk to him and try to break off
whatever attachment he's got for Jimin, or he's going to go after him again. And Tae, if he gets his
hands on Jimin again, I don't think we're going to be able to find them again."

Taehyung wiped the tears he didn't even know were there off his cheeks, and ended the message just
as Jimin (in all his boxer-clad, bed-haired glory) stumbled into the kitchen, one sock on and one sock
half off.

"Morning, Jimin-ah," Tae sing-songed, busying himself with grabbing cereal bowls so he wouldn't
stare at the scars the older male bore on his skin.

"Mornin', Tae. Was that Namjoon I heard talking just now?"

"Um. Yeah. He uh, he was just telling about our - um - our mom's new poinsettia tree."

Jimin sat down at the table and didn't look convinced in the least. "Tae. Poinsettias are a bush - not a
tree. Why are you lying?"

"I-I'm not," Tae defended weakly while handing a large bowl full of lucky charms to the older man.
"I'm just… Hey, did you hear that Taeyang is getting married soon? They're so cute-"

"Taehyung. Stop it, please don't do this to me."

"Do what?"

"Treat me like I'll break if you so much as say Jungkook's name."

Taehyung winced. "I'm not afraid you'll break, it's just-"

"You don't trust that mentioning him won't make my attachment to him worse, right?"

Silence.

"…I just want you to be okay," The younger male whispered into his spoonful of soggy fruit loops.
"I want things to go back to the way they were before."

Jimin sighed and shook his head, tracing one of older scars on his forearm under the table. "Nothing
is ever going to be the same, Tae. Jungkook's always going to be with me one way or another. I
mean, look at me. I can't look in the mirror anymore without seeing all the marks he made on me.
It's… He's… He's part of me now, you know? It's pointless for either of us to pretend that we can
forget about him by not talking about him."

"Jimin-ah," Taehyung swallowed thickly, setting his spoon down on the table, struggling to hold
back the emotion in his voice. "Do you... Do you love him? Jungkook?" His heart sank when he
looked up to see Jimin burying his face in his hands, whispering a small 'I don't know' before he
burst into tears.

Jimin had decided to take a long walk after Taehyung had left for work, breakfast having dredged up
some feelings he needed to burn off. He threw on a pair of black skinny jeans, a huge, black hoodie
and a beanie before he left.

He wasn't nearly as scared of being out by himself as he had thought he would be - and a small part of that might be due to Taehyung's incessant 'you're going to die if you go out there' speeches. He was still trying to figure out why Jungkook had let him leave with Taehyung. He knew Jungkook, and he knew the younger man wasn't stupid enough to just leave a knife next to Taehyung.

So what was the point? Had Jungkook decided he didn't want him anymore? Was that it? Damn, that possibility hurt more than anticipated.

Jimin sat down on one of the benches near the apartment building, having decided he didn't want to go far today after all. He let the back of his skull rest against the backrest of the bench and closed his eyes, content to just listen to the noises people made as they went on about their days. He had been lying like that for quite some time when he felt someone sit down next to him, and the aura he felt was familiar.

"Hey, Namjoon-hyung," he greeted without opening his eyes. "What're you doing here? Don't you have parking tickets to hand out?"

"Nah, I've hit my 'asshole cop' quota for the day," the older man laughed softly while sipping on his steaming mug of coffee. "What about you? What are you doing out?"

"Ugh, I had to get out of that apartment."

"Tae's going to kill you if he ever finds out."

"Better than being holed up in the apartment. I mean, it's driving me fucking insane, and Tae won't even let me out on our fucking balcony without a bodyguard! Hell, I'm even thinking about buying a freaking Mastiff so I can at least sleep alone!"

"Well, I'm sure a dog would bitch less than Tae," Namjoon pointed out, which caused both boys to laugh.

"Tae's just afraid of losing you again," Namjoon commented once they had sobered up. "He's... He was effected by what happened a lot more than he lets on, you know? He was so delirious with worry that he stopped eating, stopped sleeping. We had to make an intervention to get him to take a fucking shower."

Jimin cocked his head to the side, cheeks nipped red from the cold. "Who is 'we'?"

"Huh?"

" 'We'," Jimin elaborated. "You said 'WE' had to make an intervention, not 'I'. Who was it?"

Namjoon looked like he regretted his life decisions. "Okay, this has been a nice conversation, but I have to be going now," the older man huffed as he stood up.

Jimin panicked a little, reached out and grabbed Namjoon's wrist. "It was Jungkook, wasn't it?" He took the tense silence as his answer, and a numb feeling formed in the pit of his stomach. "How... He knew that Taehyung was... Oh my God, he knew? He knew e-everything-"

"Jimin-ah, calm down," Namjoon said as he gripped the younger male's shoulders in an attempt to ground him. "Breathe for me, oka-"

"How do you know him?" Jimin demanded, looking up into the elder's eyes with eyes ablaze. "How
do you two know each other? Don't you dare lie to me."

Namjoon looked around at their surroundings. "Jimin-ah, I really don't think this is the place-"

"Then come over to my place, right now. Let's go."

Namjoon blinked blankly as his dongsaeng got up and began to drag him in the direction of the apartment complex. "Jimin-ah, I'm not sure-"

"No, you listen to me right FUCKING now," Jimin hissed as he guided them into the elevator and hit the 'up' button. "I am sick and tired of being in the dark about this! You didn't get kidnapped, you didn't get cut up like some cheap steak and you CERTAINLY weren't kissed by the asshole, so what authority do you have to tell ME that I shouldn't know about what's going on in MY OWN CASE?! It effects me more than it effects any of you, regardless what some therapist and my best friend say!"

Namjoon looked guiltily at the floor as he was lead to Jimin's apartment, and didn't reply. He guessed Jimin wanted to hold off on the accusing screaming match until they were in the safety of the home, because the younger male didn't say another word until they were both inside the apartment, door safely locked behind them.

"Sit down, Hyung."

Namjoon swallowed and did as was asked of him, tucked his hands nervously between his uniform-clad thighs. He felt the couch dip under the weight of his dongsaeng, and for a while, all that could be heard was the sound of the wall clock ticking by - and he knew he was waiting for an answer.

"...I um, when Jungkook was younger, I took him in. He was an orphan, and he needed a place to stay. So I took him in." He took Jimin's nod as a sign to continue. "He always had problems, but he's a nice guy underneath it all, you know?"

"I know," Jimin breathed so quietly Namjoon almost missed it. "I know he is."

The older man took a deep breath and steeled himself for the reaction he might receive for the next part of the story. "Before you went missing, Jungkook-ah started getting really interested in Taehyung-ah. They hadn't really spoken much at all in the three years Jungkook-ah had been living with me, so I was naturally a little suspicious of it. But after seeing how being around Tae was effecting Jungkook, I ignored the feelings that something might be off. I didn't think much of it when he refused to go over to see Tae when you'd be around as well - he could only get along with certain people, so I figured that maybe he had already met you and he just didn't like you."

The two men snorted as if it were some sort of joke.

"But that thought went right out the window once I went into his bedroom to get him up for classes and saw all the pictures of you he had. Seriously, Chim, his room looked like a few photo albums had been blown up in there."

"So then what?" Jimin asked slowly. "Why didn't you report him?"

Namjoon took a moment to choose his words carefully. "...I wasn't sure what would happen if I did. He isn't... He isn't like normal people, Jimin-"

"No fucking kidding."

"-He's different. He... He's-"
"Namjoon-hyung, will you please spit it out? BEFORE Tae gets back?"

Namjoon bit his lip. "I'm not sure this is something you should know about, Jimin-ah."

"Why? Because I'll hit rock bottom if you tell me?"

"It isn't like that," Namjoon sighed wearily and rubbed his face with both hands. "It's more like I'm not sure if you'll be willing to testify against him if I tell you."

A beat of silence.

"...Testify...? What do you mean...?"

"...Tae didn't tell you?"

"Tell me what?"

Namjoon pressed his lips together. Fucking Taehyung, making decisions for everyone.

"Jimin-ah... Jungkook-ah was arrested last night. There's going to be a court hearing for him this Sunday, and you're supposed to testify as the victim."

Chapter End Notes

Alright guys, tell me what you think is gonna happen next! Is Jimin gonna go out on Taehyung? Why did Taehyung lie? Why is Taehyung so hell bent on keeping Jimin away from Jungkook? Let me know what you think!

Thank y'all for reading, and have a beautiful day! <3 <3 <3
Silence.

Neither man spoke until Taehyung returned home, and the younger boy probably wished he hadn't once he saw the expression on Jimin's face.

"Jimin-ah? Namjoon-hyung...? What's wrong?"

"Why didn't you tell me about Jungkook's hearing?" Jimin asked, trying to keep his voice from shaking.

Taehyung's eyes nervously darted from one boy to the other. "...I-I was going to tell you, but-"

"Bullshit! You weren't going to tell me anything! You were going to just let it happen, weren't you? Let my only chance of getting closure pass me by?"

Taehyung looked at his feet, his shoes still on. "I didn't want you to see him again."

"And why not? It's not like I'm going to suck his dick or fucking run off with him, for fuck's sake!" Jimin ignored the way his dongsaeng flinched at the words. "What happened has NOTHING to do with you, Tae! I'm sick of you pretending like keeping me in the dark is helping - when it's not! It's making me feel weak and pathetic and-"

"What do you mean, it's got nothing to do with me?" Tae struggled to suppress his irritation, but was failing miserably. "I was kidnapped by him, too! I thought he and I were friends, but he went and stabbed me in the back not once, but TWICE! I couldn't even fucking SLEEP the whole time you were missing, Jimin! I missed you so fucking much, and I still can't sleep half the time because even if he's locked up, I'm scared he's going to break in here while we're sleeping and I'll wake up and
"Why the fuck do you care so goddamn much, huh? I swear to God, you act more like my fucking boyfriend than my best friend!"

"Well, maybe I wish I were your boyfriend! Maybe THAT'S why I don't want you near him, did you think about that?" Taehyung was on a full-on sobbing roll by then, and found himself unable to stop - no matter how much his heart and his mind begged him to just shut up before he tore his friendship apart. "Maybe I love you, Jimin! Maybe I fucking love you! Do you even KNOW how much it hurts to listen to you constantly talk to me about Jungkook and what he means to you, when you've got someone who could love you like you deserve to be loved right here!? Why can't you see it?!

Namjoon blinked awkwardly and made a move to leave, but was stopped when Jimin grabbed a fistful of his sweater and yanked him back onto the couch.

"And this is how you decide to tell me?" Jimin barked out a humorless laugh. "While we're arguing about a court meeting that I NEED to be at - the same one you were keeping from me because you were being fucking selfish? Sure Tae - that's TOTALLY love! I fucking love you too, you shitbrain!"

"I was trying to protect you, goddamnit!"

Jimin groaned in exasperation. "It still wasn't your decision to make!"

"But I-

"Jimin-ah's right," Namjoon interjected awkwardly - already regretting butting in on this God-forsaken argument that he really had no business being a part of. "It's selfish of you to rob him of closure because of your own feelings."

"Well, what do you want me to do?" Taehyung shouted, frustrated. " What brain-washing tactic do you suggest? Oh, I know - Maybe I should kidnap Jimin-ah and torture him like that festering cock-sack di-

A loud smack. Taehyung's face spun to the side from the sheer amount of force Jimin's hand hit his cheek with.

"Don't you dare call him that again," Jimin growled with flashing eyes. "How I feel about Jungkook-ah is none of your business - and it certainly isn't your job to mother me!"

Taehyung's eyes welled up with tears. "Jimin-

"I'm going out," the shorter male announced shortly, grabbing his phone off the coffee table. He ignored the two men behind him and stormed straight out the apartment complex, down the road, and he didn't even know where he was heading until he found himself standing in front of Seoul prison. His breath was coming out in harsh pants, and his palms felt clammy. 'Jungkook is in there,' he thought to himself, pacing in front of the gate as the two guards gave him odd looks. 'He's right here, you can get answers.' He didn't enjoy trying to figure out what Jungkook had planned for and we he hadn't. He had a distinct feeling that Jungkook had let him and Tae escape, but the main question was 'why'.

Why did he use Tae?

Did Jungkook know about Tae's crush?
Was Jungkook really manipulating their emotions as much as Mrs. Bennet had claimed?

He stood up straight and locked his jaw and faced the gates head-on. Whether it was part of Jungkook's plan or not, Jimin was going to get answers - and he knew just how he was going to do it.

"Hi, excuse me," Jimin called out to the male secretary behind the plexi-glass-surrounded desk. "I - uh - I was wondering if I could request to see someone?"

The secretary's eyes didn't even leave his computer screen when he replied with, "Depends on who it is. Who you lookin' for?"

Jimin paused - briefly wondering if this was a good idea or not. "…Jeon Jungkook. He was bought in."

"Woah, hol' up," the man behind the counter finally tore his eyes away from the screen and looked at Jimin, and his eyes grew wide as milk saucers in recognition. "P-Park Jimin? You're the kid Jeon is suspected of kidnapping, right? You were missing for like, five months?"

"That's me," Jimin laughed anxiously, rubbing his neck nervously. "I uh- I want to talk to him, if that's okay?"

The man in the booth narrowed his eyes at Jimin and crossed his arms while he eyed him, leaning back in his desk chair. "That's against protocol, kid. The only person allowed to talk to Jeon is his lawyer. Until after the hearing, anyway."

"Can't you make an exception for me?" Jimin pleaded desperately. "I really need to speak with him."

The man blinked silently a few times before he sighed in resignation and picked up the wall phone. "I'll see what I can do. Why don't you go have a seat while I sort it out?"

"Okay. Yeah, okay, thank you," Jimin breathed with relief, and wandered away from the booth a ways. His attention was captured by a wall covered in framed pictures - all of credited, high-ranking officers, upon closer inspection. He cocked his head curiously and ghosted his fingers over the frames as he walked past them, reading the little plaques bolted to the wall underneath them. He wandered down the wall a ways until he came across a frame that piqued his interest - not because of what his plaque said he had accomplished before retiring, but because of his face. Or, more specifically, his eyes. Those big doe eyes… His gaze flickered to the gold name plate bolted above the picture, and he quite literally felt his heart stop.

Officer Jeon Minyung.

Jeon as in, Jeon Jungkook's dad? Fuck - was Jungkook's dad a cop!? His eyes dropped to the accomplishments plaque. 'Jeon Minyung, a legend and a hero. He was known best for his outstanding work ethic and his courage - the traits that aided him in becoming and keeping his position as Chief for 17 years straight. He was our leader, and our friend. RIP, Chief.'

Huh. So he died...? How, though? He made a mental note to Naver Jeon Minyung later.

"Jimin-ssi?" The secretary called from the booth. "Chief OK-ed your request to see Jeon Jungkook. If you'd kindly follow me?"
Jimin nodded and bounded after the slightly taller male, thanking him profusely for helping him out.

"...You know, you seem pretty happy to see this asshole," The secretary commented after a few minutes of walking in silence. "It's a bit odd."

Jimin bristled at the man's judgemental tone. "There are things I need answers on, and right now I can bribe him for them - this is my only chance."

"Really? How you gon' do that?"

"Well, the hearing that'll either send him to prison or set him free is this Sunday. As the victim, if I say that he's my kidnapper, than he goes away for 30+ years. But if I, y'know, tell him that I'll say he's innocent in exchange for answers, then I've got the guy wrapped around my finger."

"Motivation," the secretary hummed in approval as he slid his card into the ID slot by the that would open the interrogation room's door. "I like it."

Jimin didn't respond, he just waited patiently for the little machine to okay the other man's key-card and let them in.

"Here ya go," the secretary announced after a minute while holding the door open for Jimin. "Jungkook-ssi will be here shortly."

"Okay, thank you." Jimin walked into the room and sat down on one of the two chairs at the thick, steel table, watching as the secretary dude gave him one last skeptical glance before he closed the door.

He took a deep breath. Two. A third. He counted seventeen breaths until the door swung open and the boy that had been plaguing his thoughts so much lately walked through the thresh-hold, the buff warden behind him pressing his baton into Jungkook's lower back. Jimin swallowed thickly as Jungkook sat down across from him, the guard huffing a short 'call if you need me' before he left the room and left the two men alone. Jungkook shuffled over and sat down across from the older male, a victorious grin plastered to his face. Fuck - he had been expecting this.

"...Why are you doing this, Jungkook?"

Jungkook's eyes crackled. "What, no 'How are you'?"

Jimin rolled his eyes. "Why did you let Tae and I escape? Come on, I don't have all day."

"Huh," The younger man hummed, leaning back in his chair while he set his cuffed wrists on the table with a clink. "You want answers, baby doll? Is that why you're here? You really think I'll just tell you with no incentive?"

"E-enough fucking around," Jimin had to avert his eyes from the younger man's intense stare. "I'll lie at your hearing if you answer my questions. I'll tell them you're not my kidnapper - I'll say anything you want me to, just please give me answers."

Jungkook's heart jumped into his throat at the broken expression his hyung was wearing. "Babe," he reached out to hold the older's hand, but Jimin pulled away (more like violently flinched) as soon as their skin made contact. The maknae thought for a moment. "...Something happened today, didn't it? A fight, right? Between you and Taehyung, perhaps?"

"Get out of my head before I leave and never come back, Jungkook."
That seemed to have done the trick, because as soon as those words left his lips, the younger male agreed to his request - but the rule was three questions.

Jimin's brows shot up in surprise. "Really? I mean-" he cleared his throat. "Okay. Uh… okay. Um… Why were you so careless with your knife that night?"

Jungkook leaned back, his poker face in place and effectively disguising his emotions. "That's what you ask first? It's easy. I knew he'd take the opportunity and use it."

Jimin's brows creased in a way that had Jungkook wishing he could reach out and smooth them out. "What about the ties? How did you know he'd escape them in time to use the knife while you were distracted with me?"

"I watched him for a while before I took him. You know how much I love to research my victims. I knew he had a self-defense class that recently taught the students how to escape zip-ties. It was just a matter of how well he had paid attention."

"What about-"

"Nuh uh," Jungkook tutted teasingly. "Those were your two questions, now it's my turn."

"No," Jimin would've growled his next sentence if he weren't still high-key terrified of the boy in front of him. "I'll answer yours once I know what I want to know."

The younger mulled it over for a minute before he nodded his head in agreement.

"What was the point of bringing Tae in the first place if you knew we'd escape?"

"Ah, my cute little pumpkin, you. How else would you have realized how much you need me?" Jungkook smirked knowingly. "Distance makes the heart grow fonder, does it not?"

Jimin's hands started to shake, and his mouth was dry as fear gripped him. "H-how did you-

"Did you forget that I'm always watching, Doll? I can tell by how unenthusiastic you are about the things you used to enjoy so much. How you walk around looking like you've lost someone dear to you. How to speak to Nooks - cute name, by the way - about me, and how you kept my shirt so you could cuddle with it and wear it when you start to miss me."

Jimin's head was spinning. Actually, scratch that - everything was spinning. How the fuck did Jungkook know about that? What the fuck was any of this supposed to mean?

"You weren't afraid Tae could've killed you?"

Jungkook laughed. "He's like you. You get along so well because you both have compassion. Tae doesn't have it in him to kill, not even if he has to."

"Then how did you know you'd get hurt?"

"It was planned. I know he cares about you enough about you that if you were in real trouble, he'd hurt someone else to rescue you. I knew that depending on the severity of the wound I sustained, the more you'd worry about me. I knew that thinking I was lying dead somewhere would keep me in your thoughts and feed the attachment."

It took a while for the information to sink in, and once it did, Jimin started laughing uncontrollably. Was this a joke? A prank? There was no way that Jungkook had planned this whole thing - and there
was no way that it had all worked out the way he wanted it to, either. Or was he just that predictable? Fuck, was this whole thing a fucking game? Did Jungkook even love him? Or was that a lie?

Jungkook watched the older man unravel before his eyes, but instead of feeling the satisfaction he thought he would feel, he felt - he didn't know how he felt, actually. It was like something heavy was sitting in his stomach and rising into his throat at the same time, like some sort of fat worm. He watched Jimin hit the button on the wall to signal that he was done, and then the warden from before came back to collect the younger of the two. They were just about to leave the room when Jungkook stopped and turned around, locked eyes with Jimin.

"I love you."

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Once he was sure Jungkook was back in his cell, Jimin took off. He stumbled out of the interrogation room and into the corridor that lead to the secretary booth. He didn't make far before the nausea in his stomach came up, and he puked into one of the fake tree flower pots until he was dry-heaving. Instead of fixing everything like he thought, recieving answers made it feel like the world was caving in on him.

"Hey dude, you good?" Someone - probably a warden - asked from behind him, and he felt a large hand pat his shoulder reassuringly.

The contact made Jimin feel sick. He growled a hoarse "I'm fine, thank you," before he made a break for the exit. He heard concerned yelling behind him, but he payed it no mind, for his head and his heart felt like they were going to explode and glitter the goddamn sidewalk.

Or maybe that would be better? If he were dead? Maybe that was the only way he'd ever get away from Jungkook.

But... did he WANT to get away? Sure, Jungkook had fucked up, but-

'No!' Taehyung's voice shouted in his head. 'What he did was WRONG, Jimin! He's not your friend, why can't you see that?!!'

'He's manipulating your feelings,' Mrs. Bennet's words from his last therapy session cut in.

'But underneath it all, he's a good kid' Namjoon's voice blended in with the others as he ran in the direction of his apartment building, until all he could hear were the echoes of blurred syllables.

He was sobbing and sprinting blindly by the time he flew through the door and hopped into the elevator, and he was pretty sure his palms and knees were bleeding from all the times he had fallen against the cement outside - but he didn't care. He couldn't feel it. And as he looked down and saw his blood forming tiny little beadlets from the cuts and scrapes, he realized something.

Blood cleansed.

When you have an open wound, blood comes out and flushes particles of dirt and sand out of them so they can heal properly. He laughed bitterly. If only he could do that to his heart, so he could erase Jungkook completely.

The elevator doors slid open on his floor, and he got out, hood covering his tear-stained face from the
small group of teenagers that were approaching from the other side of the hall. He realized that he forgot his door key in his room. Fuck. He opted to pound on the door instead, the memory of Tae saying he loved him only then returning. He had a huge urge to run away from that, too, but by then the door had already opened and Taehyung was standing in front of him, his eyes puffy and red from crying.

His dongsaeng fell to his knees infront of him and began to sob in relief. Jimin wasn't dead, Jimin wasn't dead, Jimin wasn't dea-

"Tae. Get up."

Tae looked up, only then noticing how out of it the older man looked. "J-Jimi-"

"I said, get the fuck up," Jimin growled, temper wearing thin. Tae's heart panged with hurt, and slowly stood up, briefly wondering if maybe he had made the wrong choice in telling Jimin about his feelings for him when he felt a hand wrap around the back of his neck, and then felt something soft crash into his lips. It took him a minute to realize it was Jimin. Jimin was… kissing him?

Was that right? He made an attempt to pull away so he could ask, but he was shoved into the apartment before he could, Jimin's lips never left his as he kicked the door shut with his foot and pretty much stumbled every step of the way to their bedroom. Once there he shoved his dongsaeng onto his bed and delved into his mouth with his tongue. It was rough - borderline painful - but neither complained.

One because sex offered relief, the second because the man he had loved for so long was finally in his grasp.

Tae's hands combed into Jimin's hair and pulled him closer, the lack of space around them was suffocating.

"T-take over," Jimin panted after a while, his lips bitten and bruised to the point of bleeding. The feeling reminded him of the feeling his cuts had after Jungkook had licked the wounds he had carved into his skin. His train of thought was cut off when Taehyung flipped them over and began to remove their clothes. Jimin helped out here and there, tugging his dongsaeng's shirt off or helping him remove his belt.

"You're so pretty, Minnie," Tae rumbled into the hicky he was sucking into the older man's clavicle - the combination earning him a whimper and a soft moan. He slowly made his way down the older's torso, working dark hickies into the soft skin as he did so. He liked the one he left over Jimin's right nipple the best.

"P-please, T-tae-ah," Jimin begged hoarsely when the younger reached his cock and did nothing.

"Please what, Baby? How will I know what you want if you don't ask me?"

Jimin's stomach churned as he was reminded of the rabbit Jungkook made him kill. Tears spilled down his cheeks at the memory, although he tried to ignore it. "T-touch me, p-please, Tae -." He was cut off by the feeling of something hot and wet enveloping his length, and sure enough, Taehyung had taken him into his mouth in one go, having mistaken Jimin's tears for desperation.

Taehyung enjoyed every hitch of the other man's breath, every moan and sob as he sucked and worked his tongue around his member - every noise encouraging him to do better.

That was, until he squeezed Jimin's thigh, just under where the scar 'JK' stood out against his skin, and was immediately kicked away with a shout.
He looked up from where he had fallen onto the floor, his irritation dying down once he saw the fear in Jimin's glassy eyes. "Jimin-ah? Are you-"

"P-please leave, T-tae."

The younger's heart clenched as a tidal wave of worry washed over him. "W-what?"

"I SAID, LEAVE!" Jimin half screamed/half sobbed as he threw his pillow at his dongsaeng, knees tucked protectively into his chest to hide the scars (or maybe so he could protect them from someone who was never supposed to see them).

Taehyung bit his lip and did as was asked, nearly tripped on his feet as he retreated to the living room as fast as he could.

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- NAMJOON'S POV

"Let's go over this one more time, okay?" Namjoon asked as he closed the manila folder in front of him. "Give me your statement again."

Jungkook rolled his eyes for the tenth time that day. "Good evening everyone-" he sighed wearily. "Really hyung, I've gone over this shit at least twenty times today! I'm not going to forget in the two days before the hearing."

Namjoon gave him a disapproving glare. "It's not that I'm afraid you'll forget, it's more like I'm afraid you'll say something stupid once you see Jimin in the stands in front of you. I want your speech engraved in your mind to the point it would be impossible for you to fuck it up."

"Hyung, come on. This is what I've got Mrs. Bennet for!"

Namjoon blinked. "…The fuck are you talking about? She's your therapist, not your defense attorney."

Jungkook barked a laugh. "No, but she is one of the people that'll be called onto the stand to back up Jimin's speech."

Namjoon pinched the bridge of his nose. "Yeah, and so will Tae! So what's your point?"

"My point is that once Tae gets on the stand, he's going to say as much shit as he can to ensure my sentence. Mrs. Bennet will go up after him and basically use the notes she took during my appointments to build a good defense, and then Jimin goes on after her, and I know he isn't going to tell the whole truth - which will work in my favor as well."

"What do you mean it'll work in your favor? How are you so sure Jimin and Mrs. Bennet aren't going to throw you to the dogs?"

"Because I just know, okay?"

Namjoon just shook his head and gathered his papers from the metal table. "Whatever, Jungkook. As long as you don't mention me in your speech, okay? I've worked hard to become Chief, and if you jeopardize my position in any way-"
"Don't get your underwear in a bunch, hyung. I'll make sure to omit your contribution to my crime escapades."
"Don't you dare pull that card on me," Namjoon warned with a clenched jaw. "I could've turned you in when I found out about what you were doing, but I didn't. I protected you."

"Please, you kept your mouth shut because of your job, NOT because you wanted to protect me. We both know you being Chief comes first."

Namjoon didn't miss the bitter tone his dongsaeng was using. "You came first, Jungkook-ah. You always came first. You know that."

The maknae scoffed and looked up at the older man with angry eyes. "Get out, Namjoon."

The elder rolled his eyes but said nothing as he snatched his documents up and left the room. He wasn't about to let his dongsaeng shit on the things he did - the things he sacrificed - to keep him above water.

Chapter End Notes

P.S. I don't know how many of you noticed this - but my update date isn't changing? You know the story summary that you have to scroll past to get to the fic itself? Well, the dates aren't changing when I update, and it doesn't show up as updated on my account, either. Do you guys know how to fic that? It's killing me

Anyway, thank you all sm for the love you've given this story! I'm so touched by every one of your kudos and comments - and even the fact that you keep coming back! I love you all so much, and have a beautiful day! <3
Okay, this is so long I could cry. It's literally the longest chapter I've read for this story. 9K words. Have fun, and don't forget to tell me what y'all think about what's gone down, and what you think is gonna happen next! I love you all sm <3 <3

Taehyung woke up on the couch for the second morning in a row. His and Jimin's friendship had been severely strained since Friday night - the night Jimin had kicked his ass out of his room. In fact, Tae had the feeling that he was walking on literal eggshells whenever they crossed paths. Literal, lava-covered, hot-pepper flake-sprinkled eggshells. And to be honest, his feet were starting to kill him.

All the bones in his vertebrae crackled and popped in protest as he struggled to sit up from the flat cushions. It was the day of the hearing. Sucks that Jungkook is the first goddamn thing to pop into his head when he's already in a shitty mood.

"Morning, Jimin," he greeted quietly as he felt the older man walk past him.
"Good morning Taehyung," Jimin responded tensely and retreated out to the kitchen as fast as he could so he could avoid the impending conversation.
Unfortunately for him, Taehyung was persistent.

"So um," Tae chewed his lip, walked into the kitchen and leaned against the table. "H-how are you feeling?"

"About what?" Jimin asked while tossing a few bags of frozen fruit onto the counter. "It's a normal day, I'm going to make my smoothie and then I'm going to go workout."

What the fuck is he talking about? Jimin hadn't eaten breakfast or gone to the gym since before he got kidnapped.

"...Did you forget what day it is...?"

"Yeah, it's the day you tried to erase."
Taehyung winced. "...I deserved that."

"You did."

He watched the older male dump a cup full of banana protein powder into the blender. "I'm really sorry, Jimin. About what I did, about what I said. I'm sorry about last Frid-"

Jimin cut him off by firing up the blender, despite there only being powder and a few frozen strawberries inside it.
Tae walked over and yanked the machine's plug out of the outlet to silence it. "We can't keep dancing around this, Jimin. We have to talk about it eventually."

Jimin averted his eyes and reached over to plug the blender back in, but his dongsaeng grabbed his wrist before he could go through with the action.
"Don't do this. Please talk to me, Jimin - we can fix this."

"There's nothing to fix."

"Is that your new answer to everything?"

Jimin scowled. "And what was my old answer, Tae?"

"You used to confront shit like this head-on! You NEVER let something potentially awkward come between us! You always tried to fix it before it could fester up and tear us apart! Like that time you caught me jerking off in the bathroom! You came up to me that night with a box of takeout and a promise - a promise to never let shit come between us, not even dicks! You promised me!"

Jimin swallowed the tears prickling his eyes. "That was before I almost had sex with you, Tae."

"ALMOST, Jimin! You ALMOST had sex with me, but we didn't do it! We didn't, we can still work this out!"

The older man side-eyed the blender for a minute. "...Can I make breakfast first?"

---

"So we're good?"

Jimin stirred his long-since-turned warm smoothie with his straw. "...Yeah. I think so."

Taehyung gave a loud, joyful whoop. It had taken three hours to sort everything out and patch up the holes - three hours, but they were three, most well-spent hours of Taehyung's life. He and Jimin were finally on good terms again, and that meant more to him than anything else in the whole world. Hell - he would've probably forgiven Jungkook if Jimin had asked him to - that's just how much his best friend meant to him. Speaking of Jungkook…

"You um. You never answered my question, Chim."

The older man gave him a look. "What do you mean? I've done nothing but answer your questions for the past three hours!"

"No, I meant the…" Tae paused. "How… How are you feeling about the hearing?"

Jimin gulped down the remnants of his slimy, soupy smoothie with a grimace. "Scared. Nervous. Mostly nervous?" He buried his head in his hands pitifully. "I don't know, Tae. Everything's so fucked up and I just…"

"It's okay, calm down," Tae whispered in a hushed voice as he rounded the table and pulled his friend into his chest and carded his fingers through the other's hair. "You're not going to go in alone, you know? I'll be there, Yoongi-ssi will be there, the whole goddamn court room and Namjoon-hyung will be there, so don't freak out so much! We'll have your back."

Long, pregnant silence.

"Is there something else bothering you?"
Jimin took a breath and met his dongsaeng's eyes with an unsure gaze. "Can… Are you sure we can trust Namjoon?"

Taehyung blinked and his brows furrowed. "What are you asking? Of course we can trust him, he's my brother!"

"Your brother who also happens to be Jungkook's guardian, who also happens to be the same Chief who OK-ed my request to visit Jungkook last Friday?" Taehyung froze. "W-what? You went to go see Jungkook?"

"That isn't important right now!" Jimin shouted, slamming his hands on the table so hard the spoon in his smoothie cup rattled. "What's important is if I can really trust Namjoon! I mean, don't you think it's peculiar that he keeps pushing you to talk to Jungkook, and encourages me to keep seeing him? How credible IS he?"

Taehyung didn't know how to answer. I mean, how does one respond to an accusation like that? Hell, even HE had been wondering the same thing lately about Namjoon - but could he really tell Jimin that? "Jimin, come on! This is ridiculous! Namjoon-hyung is a highly-accredited police chief - he wouldn't do anything that would jeopardize his position-"

"He didn't even EARN his position!" Jimin cried in exasperation, and got up to pace anxiously. "Do you know how he got to be chief, Tae? Did he tell you the truth?"

"Well I-"

"He was GIVEN the title after the last chief died in a house fire! A 'suicide' fire, they said. Guess who is the son of the chief, Tae! Guess." He didn't give him time to answer. "Jungkook! Chief Jeon Minyoung's son is Jungkook!"
Taehyung reached behind him and sat down on the chair behind him blindly. "That... That's a coincidence, Chim. There... Why, what are you thinking?"
Jimin paused his manic pacing to look at the younger boy. "I'm not too sure you want to know."

But of course, Taehyung denied the claim and insisted that he DID - in fact - want to know. After all, Namjoon was his brother, and if his brother was about to fuck up big time, he'd like to at least have a heads-up before it happened.
Jimin hesitated but eventually relented, grabbed Tae's wrist and towed him to his (Jimin's) bed and pushed him to sit down while he snatched his laptop off the desk. The older boy sat down next to the taller, and tapped the space-bar to wake the machine up, screen immediately displaying a few tabs that he had stayed up late the past few nights researching. He clicked on the one in the middle, and a small biography page popped up - the first piece to the puzzle Jimin was finally beginning to put together. He handed the computer to Taehyung, and the younger man took it and balanced it on his crossed legs. A heavy silence fell upon the boys as the seconds lapsed into minutes while Taehyung read the article to himself.

"...Jimin, I still don't get what you're trying to say."

"Ugh!" Jimin groaned in irritation as he snatched the computer back and began to highlight things with the cursor. Taehyung leaned over to read over the shorter males shoulder - an action that earned him a small jab to the ribs. He yelped and jolted back to his original position - this time nursing his likely bruised side and watching the older man suspiciously.

"Here, read this" Jimin urged after a little while later, shoving his laptop into Tae's lap for the second time.
Taehyung sighed wearily and looked at the screen, and then back at Jimin. "Did you…"

"Will you shut up and read the damned thing, already? We've got to leave in like two hours, and I
would like to have some type of ideas to what I'm going up against, here."

Tae rolled his eyes but did as was requested and read through the clippings Jimin had picked out and
saved. They didn't really tell him much. I mean, sure, Jungkook and Chief Minyung had the same
last name, but you need more than just a last name to prove two people as being related - you need
PROOF. Proof that Jimin was - for some reason - desperate to find. There was also a little snipit
from a news article announcing Jeon Minyung's supposed suicide, and Namjoon's (anonymous)
promotion to chief. Things still weren't making sense, and he told Jimin such.

The older man groaned yet again with more displeasure than before and began reciting the articles he
had copied for Tae by memory. "On the night of March 19, 2009, fire-fighters and police were called
to put out a fire that had started in a small suburban home just on the outskirts of Busan City. Upon
further investigation, it was discovered that the owner of the home was none other than Busan's
Chief of investigation, Jeon Minyung. It was discovered later by the autopsy report that Jeon had
died inside the fire willingly. The replacement chief of investigation has ruled it as a suicide."

Taehyung made a frustrated noise. "So?"

"So? So Jungkook was twelve in 2009 - the same year CPS put Jungkook in a home! The same year
his little sister Hannie got adopted by Yoongi-ssi's parents! And guess what? Namjoon was only
fifteen then - he wasn't even out of highschool!"

Tae shook his head. "Can you please summarize this shit for the little kids in the back?"

"Oh my GOD - I CANNOT BELIEVE that you don't get this yet!"

"You haven't given me anything TO get!"

Jimin grabbed a notebook off his desk and made a move to literally spell it out for Taehyung - but his
eyes caught the bedside clock that basically told him they were about to be unforgivably late to the
hearing. "Fuck, Tae! It's almost five-thirty! Get up, we have to get ready!"

Taehyung jumped up in the same state of panic Jimin was in. "You'll tell me later, right?" He asked
while rifling through his side of the closet for the suit he swore his Grandmother had packed for him
before he left for college the spring before.

"Yeah!" Jimin shouted around his toothbrush. "Don't forget your wallet - I'm going to need some
serious booze after this!" He heard the younger man reply with something akin to 'I won't!' - but he
wasn't all too sure.

He wasn't sure about anything, actually. He wasn't sure if he'd go back to school, if he'd be able to
get a job again, he was unsure of everything except what he was going to say at the hearing.

When he looked at his reflection in the mirror, he just hoped he wouldn't regret what he was going to
do.

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"Jimin-ssi, how do you feel about seeing Jungkook again?"

"Is it true you're going to defend Mr. Jeon?"

"Are you going to have your scars removed?"

"Ignore them," Taehyung whispered into Jimin's ear as he protected his friend from the swarm of reporters that were blocking the entrance to the court house. "Fuck, I knew we should've gone around the back!"

"I doubt that would've changed anything. Once reporters smell blood, they attack," Jimin commented while making sure his hoodie was completely obscuring his face from view.

Taehyung grunted his agreement - even though he didn't agree completely. It took another few minutes to push their way through the crowd and into the courthouse, and the elbow room was welcomed by both boys.

"They aren't going to follow us into the hearing, right?" Jimin asked nervously as they began the rather short journey to court room 235.

Taehyung actually laughed. "I seriously doubt it. We requested a private room, so I think it would kinda defeat the whole purpose of it being 'private' if they allowed a bunch of reporters to listen in."

Jimin sighed. "I suppose you're right. Hey, you can't see the hicky on my neck, right?"

Taehyung blinked down at the older man's covered neck. "Nope, you're good. And we're here."

The boys halted in front of a pair of ominous, dark mahogany doors, each decorated with a large golden plaque with the numbers 235 engraved upon them.

"Tae..." Jimin whispered as if afraid the people beyond the doors would hear him. "I'm scared."

Taehyung slipped his hand into his and gave it a reassuring squeeze. "That's why we're going in together."

Walking through the cramped court room was worse than Jimin had anticipated. He felt everyone's eyes watching him the second he stepped in, but nobody's gaze was as pressing as Jungkook's. The younger man seemed to know exactly where he was at all times - and even during those few seconds he couldn't see Jungkook past the hundreds of taller people around him, he never once felt the younger man's eyes leave his body. It was predatorial - the kind that left your hackles raised and adrenaline in your veins.

"I'll have my eyes on you the whole time," Taehyung whispered in Jimin's ear before they departed to their respective seats. "Don't let him freak you out."

The older man gave Tae a weak smile and a quick hug in response. "I won't."

Taehyung sent a glare over Jimin's shoulder (at Jungkook, no doubt) before he made his way over to sit with the persecuting attourney and sat down.

Jimin bowed his head and made his best efforts to appear as small as possible while he trudged over to the lone chair that was reserved specifically for the victim. (A big part of him wondered why Taehyung wasn't sitting with him, where he was a victim, too).

One he had settled down the Judge tapped his stand with his gavel to capture the room's attention.
Once satisfied he clasped his hands in front of him in a business-like fashion and began to address the court. "Case number 39262F, Jeon versus Park is called to order. The jury would like to call on Jeon Jungkook, the accused, to the stand."

Jungkook straightened his tie (that he totally didn't look a little hot in) as he stood up with an air of confidence about him and walked up to the stand and sat down. His eyes ran across the crowd until he found Jimin's - and kept his gaze locked on him.

"Good afternoon, everybody. My name is Jeon Jungkook, and I'm the man suspected of kidnapping, assaulting and de-humanizing Park Jimin. I took an oath before I came up here to tell nothing but the truth - and I intend to honor that promise."

Taehyung could be heard scoffing from the other side of the room.

"I am a guilty man. I am guilty of stalking Jimin-ssi, I am guilty of harassing him. But I am not guilty of kidnapping, nor am I guilty of assaulting hi-"

"He's lying!" Taehyung shouted from his seat, and the man next to him had to hold him back from walking up onto the stand and knocking Jungkook's block off. "He DID kidnap Jimin! He's so fucking guilty I could-"

"Please settle down, Mr. Kim," the judge sighed as if he'd been through this same situation a hundred times already.

"But he-"

"Kim-ssi, if you do not calm down, you will be escorted from the building."

Taehyung was about to light into the judge for letting Jungkook straight-up fib, but he caught Jimin's panicked eyes and could clearly read the 'please don't leave me' message loud as a tornado siren. He forced himself to save his emotions for his turn, and sat back down with as much dignity as he could when the whole damn court room was staring at him.

The judge turned to Jungkook and motioned for him to continue with an air of indifference.

"That's actually the end of my speech," Jungkook said, internally smirking at the deadpan expression on Namjoon's face. "I trust my defense team will clear up any misbelievings the court has. Thank you." The young man bowed just enough so he wouldn't be taken as rude and walked off the stand just as Taehyung was walking up to replace him.

The two men locked eyes for just a moment, but Taehyung felt like he knew. He knew exactly how this whole day would go, right down to his sentence, and the thought infuriated Taehyung to the point that he reeled back and slugged the younger man as hard as he could.

The court gasped and sat at a standstill - Jungkook was on the floor rubbing his jaw, Taehyung towered above him with clenched fists and Jimin was fighting the urge to get in the middle of it. Everyone seemed to snap out of it when an officer came up behind Taehyung and cuffed his arms behind his back. And Tae would've regretted his desicion if it weren't for the blood Jungkook spat out onto the shiny wood floor, or the shouts off 'fuck yeah!' and 'way to go, give him what's coming to him!' as he was dragged out of the court and into the hall.

It was only after he had cooled down and was sitting cross-legged in a holding cell that he realized he had left Jimin all alone in there - and could do nothing more than hope his friend had the courage to face Jungkook on his own.

.....
"Victim Park Jimin-ssi to the stand, please."

Jimin wiped his sweaty palms on his black slacks and swallowed the nasuea that was bubbling into his throat with every step he took toward the stand. It didn't help that he had to walk right past Jungkook in order to get there. He felt the younger boy's glare on his back the whole time - and if he thought that was bad, it was nothing compared to facing his glare head-on once he was sitting on the stand. He sent a nervous glance at one of the judge - who smiled at him encouragingly.

"H-Hi," he croaked, the collar of his dress shirt suddenly felt too tight. "I'm Park J-Jimin. I'm the uh… the uh…” he squeezed his eyes shut. He couldn't say it! He wasn't a victim! He knew everybody was staring at him with those sympathetic expressions. And you know what? He wasn't going to sit and take it.

"I'm Park Jimin, and I am NOT Jungkook's victim."

A collective gasp filled the courtroom for the second time in thirty minutes.

"I was never missing. It was all a misunderstanding," He revelled in the surprised expression Jungkook was giving him. He obviously hadn't anticipated this outcome!

"My name is Park Jimin, I'm not Jungkook's victim, and I'm honestly confused about all of this and if you'll excuse me, I have to go bail my best friend out of jail. Good evening."

Murmurs of 'what the fuck' and 'so he's just going to let him get away with it?' followed him as he walked off the stage and out of the room with his head held high.

---

"You WHAT!?"

"Tae-ah, please don't make this a big de-"

"Don't? DON'T?" Taehyung laughed and bit his nails nervously. "Jimin, maybe you don't quite understand, so I'll spell it out for you. YOU JUST GAVE JUNGKOOK A ONE-WAY TICKET OUT OF JAIL! HE'S NOT GOING TO GET SENTENCED NOW - YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS?!"

Jimin shrugged as he tugged a pair of beat up sweats over his bare thighs. "I guess it means Jungkook gets a second chance." He purposefully didn't look at his dongsaeng because he knew what look he would be on the recieving end of.

"S-second chance? SECOND CHANCE?"

"Tae-"

"No, Jimin! Don't you get that now we have to move, change our names, get new friends, new jobs and basically-"

"You're being dramatic."

"I am not! Haven't you ever watched crime shows? We'll have to relocate and change our appearances! I'll have to become fat and dye my hair piss yellow!"
Jimin snorted despite the tense ambiance. "Isn't piss yellow kind of... attention-getting? Loud?"

"It's just the point! He's not getting his hands on you again, Jimin! I won't let him!"

"What did we talk about this morning, Tae? I asked you to let me handle Jungkook."

"And look where that got us! You gave his ass a way out!"

Jimin rolled his eyes and retreated to the bathroom so he could wash up before bed.

Taehyung had insisted that they eat before bed, but Jimin's stomach was too nervous to digest anything. I mean really, what had he been thinking? With what he had said at the hearing, he may as well have not gone at all!

And sooner or later, his actions were going to catch up to him - it was just a matter of how badly.
Namjoon's Flashback

Chapter Summary

I'm not joking when I tell you to sit down when you read this...

Chapter Notes

This first part is Namjoon's mom's pov - in the form of her diary from before giving birth to Taehyung to after the fire at the Jeons' house. If you don't understand this right now - you will at the end of the chapter!

OH - and Namjoon was born in 1993 in this fic, so he was 17 in 2009 - I just thought I would clarify that before you get into this. :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

July 15, 1993

I went over to Yoona's house for tea today. Minyoung was there. I know it's wrong to think this, but I find myself being attracted toward him. He's so handsome and gentle and… Fuck. Who am I kidding? This is ridiculous! I'm a grown woman with a husband and a child - I can't feel this way about my best friend's boyfriend! But the more I repeat it, the less I believe it. I mean, Minyoung HAS expressed interest in me before. I think? I hope? Aish, I need to get over this. There's no chance for us.

February 1, 1994

Yoona and Minyoung are getting married. I know logically I should be happy, but I'm more envious than anything. I mean, how is it fair that Minyoung spends all his time doting on Yoona - while Jisuk works so much that he's barely home in time to take a nap in our own bed before he has to leave again? It's not! I just wish Jisuk would love me how Minyoung loves Yoona.

March 2, 1994

Fuck. Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck! I screwed up - I screwed up big time! I was on my way out of the department after I dropped off the papers Jisuk left on the table this morning, and I bumped into Minyoung! We… We kissed. It's funny, in a way. I felt more passion come from one short kiss from Minyoung than a 5-minute make-out session from Jisuk. Is that a sign? Maybe I shouldn't be with Jisuk at all...

March 23, 1994
I keep wishing there were a way to feel Minyoung's lips on mine again.

May 4, 1994

Jisuk cheated on me with secretary Jung. I've been resisting Minyoung's advances all this time while Jisuk's been fucking his co-worker every night! I carried his fucking child for 9 months, and I take care of BOTH of them, and for what?! For my husband to give into his lust? Is it my fault? Did I do something wrong? Am I that disgusting? I know I gained a few kilos after Namjoon, but is that really enough to make someone lose their attraction towards you? Or maybe it's the stretch-marks? I think I'll start dieting and see if that changes things...

July 24, 1994

I hate him. I hate him I hate him I HATE HIM

August 2, 1994

I had sex with my best friend's fiance... And I think I liked it. I know that sounds bad - It IS bad... Fuck, this is such a mess! I don't even know what happened! I'm going to try to explain this.

Okay, so, Minyoung showed up at the house an hour or two after Jisuk left for work, and I invited him inside for some coffee. We sat at the table and just talked for a while - and then the subject somehow shifted to Jisuk and I ended up just UNLOADING on the poor dude - lack of sex, the cheating, all of it. And then the next thing I know I'm pinned against the wall with my pants off and... God, it was good! You know the phrase 'it feels so wrong but feels so right'? That's EXACTLY how it felt! Maybe that's why I enjoyed it so much, I don't know. But one thing is for sure - I want more. And guess what? He agreed to it.

September 9, 1994

I'm pregnant. It's not Jisuk's.

September 22, 1994

I tried to tell Minyoung about the baby today. He didn't take it well at all. I called him over the phone and told him. He got so upset that I was actually shaking. He said that if I told anybody about it being his, he'll kill me and feed the fetus to his dog. What do I do? Jisuk will KNOW it isn't his! Fuck. Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck

October 7, 1994

I got Jisuk to have sex with me this morning. I didn't enjoy it... but it was the only way to cover this up! I hope he doesn't ask the doctor how far along the fetus is... I'm so scared about all of this. I wish I had controlled myself better. I should have known better.
December 25, 1994

Jisuk decided to stay home today to spend time with Namjoon. I'm glad. I took a long bath and thought about everything that has happened this year. It's surreal, you know? Namjoon's nearly three now, and I'm going to have another child in a few months. As much as I regret what I did with Minyoung, I don't regret getting pregnant. I like that feeling of being pregnant. That feeling I get when I'm reading a book before bed and I remember that I'm sharing my soul with someone else is something that I'll never get tired of. I just hope the baby won't be as fussy as Namjoon-ah was.

May 10, 1995

Yoon and Minyoung got married today. I was worried being around him would be difficult, but he didn't seem to care. Didn't seem to REMEMBER. I noticed that Yoona hesitated before she said 'I do'. I wonder if she knows, or if she just had cold feet? I hope it wasn't anything serious...

August 31, 1996

Oh God, I haven't written in forever! After I gave birth to Taehyung, things have been so chaotic - I barely have the time to shit, let alone journal. BUT mom wanted to spend the day with the kids, so I'm just kinda hanging out upstairs while she babysits downstairs. I'll try to fill you in on what's happened.

So on October 12, 1995, I gave birth to a boy - whom we named Taehyung. He's a handful, but he's got that confidence and assertiveness that's giving even Namjoon a run for his money! They're so close to each other, for which I'm relieved. I was terrified they wouldn't 'mesh' like other siblings, where they aren't from the same father. But I guess I worried in vain! Oh - Yoon's pregnant, too! She told me a few months ago. The odd thing was that she didn't seem happy about it - she looked terrified. I'm worried about her. I haven't gotten to see or talk to her much since she married. I think she's just busy? Or at least, that's what I hope. It's better than the alternative.

September 9, 1997

Yoon had a son this morning! He's an absolute cutie - possibly moreso than TaeTae! They named him Jungkook. She said she wanted to name him Howeon, but I guess Minyoung forced 'Jungkook', instead. It's got a ring to it, you have to admit. Jeon Jungkook. Sounds like a famous person. I wonder if he and Tae will be close?

January 5, 2001

I went over to Yoon's today to ask if Tae and Jungkook could play together for the day, but she didn't answer the door. I thought I heard someone walking around and closing doors, though. It must've just been my imagination. I'll call her tomorrow.
January 11, 2001

He's been hitting her, that's why she hasn't been answering the door or phone! She called me up this morning and invited me over because she had to talk to me. I was afraid that maybe she had found out about me and Minyoung - but I was wrong. When I got there she literally pulled me into the house and locked the door. The house was a mess. She was a mess. Jungkook had a small gash under his right eye. I asked her what was going on and she told me to sit down, that there wasn't a lot of time. She basically told me Minyoung has been beating her senseless, and she asked me to take care of Jungkook if anything happens to her. I feel like I should call the police... But Minyoung IS the police... Fuck, what do I do??

May 17, 2009

Jungkook ran away with Hannie last night! Yoona called me early this morning to ask me to look for them for her. She sounded so ill. I went down to her house to check on her, but she didn't answer. What the hell is going on over there?

Later

I tried calling Minyoung to get answers - and I made the mistake of doing it on speaker phone. I think Namjoon heard the whole thing... I hope he didn't.

May 19, 2009

I don't know what's going on anymore. Yoona and Minyoung died in a house fire last night. The replacement chief said it was a suicide fire - that they both died inside willingly. How is that possible? Yoona loved Jungkook too much to just ABANDON him! He and Hannie are still missing, too. The police are thinking Jungkook was the one that set the fire, but I don't think that's possible. I'm sure there's something else going on here...

- 

NAMJOON'S POV

Namjoon was seventeen when he found out Taehyung wasn't his real brother. It was 2009, and he was alone in the house because his mom had to bring Taehyung to his doctor's appointment. He was finally alone - peace and quiet.

And what better to do than grab one of the cans of coke from under his parents' bed and watch some disagreeable programming? That was the plan - grab the coke and watch a horror movie or two - but it changed as soon as he saw the open journal on his parents' bed. Under normal circumstances, he would have shrugged and gone on about his day, but things were different. He noticed mom had been acting strange, and he was curious why. So what did Namjoon do? He picked the book up and read it.
Whole years had passed between certain entries - so it wasn't difficult for him to happen upon the words that changed the way he looked at his mother and his little brother forever: 'I'm pregnant. It's not Jisuk's.'

Taehyung and Jungkook were brothers.

So it was Mr. Jeon's fault that his parents had been filing for divorce? It was Mr. Jeon who fucked everything up?

Namjoon’s stomach knotted up behind his ribcage and gave him the sensation of impending doom. He threw the journal across the room with a cry of disgust and ran to the safety of his own room. The door slammed so hard behind him that the walls shook, and he found it to be fitting for the situation.

He was overcome with anger in that moment, angry with his mom, angry with Mr. Jeon, angry at his dad for not taking better care of his wife. And the other thing that angered him to the point of feeling revengeful? He had a little brother that he never knew about. A little brother that he had a biological responsibility to protect - a responsibility he wasn't even aware of.

Later that night, after everyone was long asleep, Namjoon crept out of his bed and grabbed the small backpack he had packed earlier in the day before he climbed out of said window and dropped down to the ground below (RIP his mother's lilies). The walk to his destination wasn't a long one - it was just down the street a ways, actually. The lukewarm air caressed his bare skin, and left a tingle down his spine with every step he took.

Twenty minutes later he was standing in front of the Jeon place.

With trembling hands he extracted the bottle of nail polish remover from his pack and rolled it around his hand for a good minute. This wasn't a good idea. In fact, this was a TERRIBLE idea - he could get arrested! ...Arson was a felony... But fuck, so was abusing your family!

With a deep frown Namjoon popped the cap off and poured the alcoholic contents all over the front porch. He looked around and stepped away to make sure nobody was watching him.

He took a deep breath and took a step away from the puddle of acetate and lit a match in the process. It was a moment as such - with a lit match illuminating the darkness around him - that he reflected on what exactly it was he was going to do. He was going to take a life. A life that had no business being on earth - but a life nonetheless. Would he still be the same if he did this? Or would he change? He guessed it was a risk he would have to take.

So with one last glance at the front door, he tossed the match onto the porch and watched as the wood was engulfed by the flames.

Things changed after that day.

Namjoon became more protective over Taehyung, and more secretive than anything. He stayed holed up in his room most of the time, his nose in his books or his face in his computer screen. His mom thought he was going through his 'teenage years', but in reality, he was learning how to hack. Since he found out about Tae and Jeon Minyoung, Namjoon had promised himself that he would
erase what proof there ever was of Tae being kin of the Jeons - and the only way for him to do so was to hack into the county ID database and alter Taehyung's and Jungkook's birth certificates.

The boy worked every free moment he had to figure the password out. It wasn't until two years later - when he was 19 - that he had finally cracked the code. Once he was in he copied Tae's and Jungkook's original birth certificates, hid them in a folder in his bottom drawer and then worked on editing the online records. He changed Taehyung's father's name to Jisuk Kim, and everything was going well until he got to Jungkook. He couldn't substitute Jungkook's sur-name… So what could he do? He didn't want the younger boy to have any ties to Mr. Jeon - he wanted the boy to be clean of his father's disgrace.

So he did the only thing he could think of - and deleted Jungkook's certificate of birth from ever data base in South Korea. If Jungkook ever REALLY needed it, Namjoon would have the original copy of the certificate.

And then that lead him to the next thing up on his list: making sure he and Jungkook had an opportunity to meet face-to-face.

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The next thing he did was be-friend Jungkook. They both had the same History class in College (Namjoon had to do some major altering to his student program to get into Jungkook's class), and made a big deal out of accidentally bumping into the younger boy on the way off campus. The huge stack of papers Jungkook had been holding went flying upon impact -- and the two boys spent the rest of that afternoon picking up papers.

Namjoon had somehow managed to start a conversation with Jungkook - and the younger boy had been a lot more open with him than he thought he was going to be. The two immediately connected with each other on a special level - and started to hang out with each other whenever they had the free time to do so. Once Namjoon was secure in the younger male's trust, he canceled the boy's apartment lease.

The letter Jungkook got in his post-office box just told him he was being evicted - and thankfully shared no details that were suspicious or might be tracked back to himself. Turned out Jungkook was two months late on rent, anyway, so it didn't really surprise the maknae. "I was expecting it," were his exact words. Once Jungkook told him about his eviction notice, Namjoon offered to let the boy live with him in his own apartment - an offer to which the orphan agreed to almost immediately.

Namjoon was filled with relief the day Jungkook moved in. He finally had his little brother out of danger, and safe under his roof. That was, until the boy came running back to Namjoon's late one night after setting his orphanage on fire.

Now THAT was some fun to cover up, he had to admit! It took him nearly a week to fuck around with the evidence enough to make it look like an accidental fire, and he was actually convinced that fire had become his life's symbol. It seemed as though setting buildings on fire ran in the family (On the Jeons' side, not the Kims' side - Namjoon thought condescendingly).

He thought he had done well, in all honesty. He had protected both his little brothers (one more than the other), and looked out for them as much as he could. I mean, he had done well, right?
Jungkook didn't have to get a job so he never found out about his missing birth certificate, he was safe from Sooyoung and Minyoung… but there was one person Namjoon hadn't been protecting Jungkook from - and that person was himself.

Shame Namjoon didn't realize it until AFTER Jimin went missing - and it was a shame that it only took one person to destroy everything he had worked so hard to build.

Park Jimin.

Chapter End Notes

Okay, so, I'm going to highlight a few things here, because I know there was a few things going on here.

• Namjoon was behind most of this mess

• Vkook are actual brothers

• Jeon Minyoung is a complete douche

So how's that for a plot-twist, eh? For my friend who wanted Vkook to be a thing: I TOLD YOU THAT YOU'D CHANGE YOUR MIND HAH

Tell me below what you think about all of this! Was Namjoon right to do what he did? Do you think you would've done the same thing if you were in Mrs. Kim's shoes?

I was originally super excited to put this chapter out… but now I'm actually really nervous! xD

Thank you all for all the support and kind words! I adore each and every one of you! <3

(I'm really sorry that this chapter is really short and probably wasn't the best that I've put out. I've been having really bad writer's block lately, coupled with my insomnia issues and figure skating training - so I'm really struggling to get these updates out. I promise I'll try better for the next chapter, though! <3 ).
Chapter 16

Chapter Notes

I don't know what to put in here so... Hi?

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Jimin bent over the bowl of caramel popcorn he had his legs wrapped around so he could hear the TV better.

Channel 9 was airing the edited footage of the hearing in a few minutes, and he wanted to be sure that he wouldn't miss anything. He sort of wished he had asked Taehyung to stay home from work to watch it with him - but he knew that it was best for him to face this on his own. Tae wouldn't be there to hold his had forever, after all.

"Jeon was questioned twice before the hearing came to a conclusion - and the Jury has concluded that Jeon is NOT guilty, and will be released early tomorrow morning after mandatory criminal processing. I am Jina Jung, Channel 9."

Jimin grabbed the remote and turned the TV off. So Jungkook was getting released after all. He thought Jungkook still would've gotten at least a few months from the stalking and harassment charges - but those claims were probably dropped on account of Jimin's lacking speech (if you could call that a speech). So what did this mean? What were him and Tae going to do? He doubted Jungkook would go after Taehyung again unless prompted to do so - and given Tae's anger issue with Jungkook, that might be something to worry about.

He took his cell off the cushion beside him and opened the messaging app. Perhaps he could get Namjoon to spill a few beans.

ParkJMN: When's Jungkook get out

A few minutes passed.

Chief Kim: Around 6:30 tomorrow morning. You saw the news?

ParkJMN: Yeah. Does Tae know?

Chief Kim: Not yet. I need to tell him in person - there are some thing we need to go over before Kook's release.

Jimin's brow arched.
ParkJMN: About what, exactly?

Chief Kim: …Precautionary measures. We need to come up with some ideas to protect you both from Jungkook, should he decide to pay you a visit.

ParkJMN: I'd rather we kept Tae out of this - it's not his problem.

Chief Kim: This isn't optional, Jimin. You both need to be prepared.

Jimin shoved a handful of popcorn into his mouth to supress his irritation.

ParkJMN: I'll just but some pepper-spray and a couple metal bats.

He watched the texting bubbles appear and disappear beside Namjoon's icon.

Chief Kim: … And you think you've got what it takes to use them on him? I really think we should talk to Tae...

Jimin rolled his eyes and tossed his phone to the side. Of course Namjoon didn't trust him to stand up to Jungkook! I mean, why would he? Jimin's just a weak little boy, and who's to say he won't allow himself to get kidnapped again? Nobody, that's who. He was going to show Jungkook up the next time he sees him - and he knew just what he was going to do.

He sprung off the couch and set Nookie on the floor, and then retreated to his bedroom closet. A storage container of his neglected workout clothes stared back at him. He rifled through it until he settled on a pair of black sweatpants and a white long-sleeve, paired with his favorite Nikes. He wrote 'I'll be back soon' on a stray piece of scratch paper and attached it to the fridge before he left the apartment.

From then on, he told himself, things were going to be different.

- 

Kick-Boxing class was just as strenuous as he thought it would be… and he liked it. His muscles relaxed with each strike to the punching bag, and the longer he practiced, the more zen-like his mood became.

He was so in his element that he didn't notice how the last of the people filed out of the gym, nor he didn't notice when someone walked right up behind him as he was gearing up to throw a left jab - and accidentally whacked that person's nose with his elbow.

The person fell to the mat with a pained grunt - and Jimin's guilt intensified once he recognized him.

"Oh my God, Tae! Why didn't you warn me?"

Taehyung groaned as he sat up and cupped his bleeding nose with his hand. "I tried to - but you
were in that weird-ass workout zone you get into."

Jimin tutted and helped Tae to the restroom. "Still - you shouldn't have walked up behind me like that, it's dangerous."

Tae scoffed as the older man helped him bend over the sink and pinched his nostrils together. "I didn't know."

"Well, now you do. Hold your fingers there, I'm gonna go get the medical kit."

Jimin waited until he was sure his dongsaeng had it under control before he sprinted to the other side of the gym to get the kit, and returned just as quickly.

He drenched a small ball of gauze with hydrogen peroxide (something he had seen Jungkook do to remove the blood from the creases of his nails) and then worked on cleaning the blood off his dongsaeng's upper lip and chin.

"Namjoon-hyung told me about Jungkook."

Jimin's hand froze over Tae's chin as a cold hand gripped his insides with an iron fist. "H-he did?"

"Yep," Tae said, popping the 'p'. "He wants us to go over to his apartment tonight for dinner so we can talk strategy. If you're up for it, I mean."

Jimin internally scoffed. "Why wouldn't I be okay with it? It is MY buisness, after all - I should have a hand in it. In fact, I should be allowed to do whatever the fuck I want about Jungkook."

"Jimin-ah," Tae interrupted as he tilted his head back to it's normal position. "It's a precaution. We know you can handle him - it's just that we need to have a game plan in case worse comes to worst."

Jimin flushed the soiled gauze and turned the tap on so he could wash his hands. "And what's 'worst', Tae?"

"...You disappearing again."

- Taehyung and Jimin arrived at Namjoon's apartment at exactly four forty-five that same afternoon, Jimin was still waring his workout outfit and Taehyung had a huge bandage over the bridge of his nose.

"Hey, guys," Namjoon greeted as he opened the door and held it for the two younger men. He lead Jimin and Tae into the living room and sat them down on the couch before he took the single chair across from them.

"...Where's Jungkook?" Tae asked after he noted the absence of the youngest. "I thought you said he would be here."

"He is here," Namjoon replied while he fidgeted under Jimin's intense gaze. "He's in his room. I wanted to be sure Jimin-ah was comfortable with seeing him before I ask him to come out."

"I'm fine with it," Jimin replied after a beat of silence. "Call him out."

"But Jimin-"
"I said I'm with it! God, stop being so condescending!"

Tured out Namjoon didn't have to call for Jungkook, as the maknae had been waiting just outside the entrance to his room for his cue - walked into the livingroom and sat down right beside Jimin, so close that their thighs touched.

"Jungkook," Taehyung growled as a warning. "Back off."

"Cool it, there's nowhere else to sit," Jungkook retorted with a sneer.

"The floor's right there," Tae bit back, to which Namjoon immediately stood up and tried to diffuse the situation.

"Okay, that's enough. Jungkook, you sit here-" he pointed the chair he himself had been sitting on a moment prior. "-and Taehyung, please try to keep it civil. We're doing this for Jimin, so don't go pissing jail-bird over there off." He was met with a tense silence. "…Do we understand each other?"

"…Yeah," Tae agreed be-grudgingly. "But if he steps so much as one centimeter over the fucking line, I will tear rip his balls from his scrotum!"

Both Jimin and Jungkook snorted. "As if you could put even a finger on me, sweetheart," the youngest laughed. "Oh man, pulling bluffs like that - you really ARE my brother!"

Nobody noticed how rigid Namjoon became after those words registered in his head.

"WE are NOT brothers, shit-face!" Tae retaliated as he stood up to confront the younger man face-to-face.

"Oh, I think we are," Jungkook stood as well and got right up in Tae's face. "Isn't that right, Namjoon-hyung?"

Jimin chortled as if Jungkook and Taehyung being brothers was the funniest thing he'd ever heard. He sobered up pretty quickly once he realized he was the only one laughing. "...Uh... Namjoon…?"

"Jungkook-ah is right," Namjoon shamefully admitted and averted his gaze to the stray cheeto the floor. "I'm sorry, Tae."

"You're kidding," Tae guffawed. "Y-You're joking!"

"I'm not," Namjoon disagreed just as Jungkook said the same. "Just… Fuck, sit down and I'll tell you the story, okay?"

Jimin blinked and pulled Taehyung back onto the couch by his wrist - curious about what was happening.

Once Namjoon was convinced everyone had settled down enough, he sat down and told the story - sparing no details. If he were being honest, no amount of hurt on Tae's face even compared to the raw emotions on Jungkook's when he told them about Hannie.

Everything was silent for a few minutes after he had finished talking, at least until Taehyung lurched off the couch and puked all over Namjoon's rug. Jimin crouched down to rub his dongsaeng's back and speak gently to him, while Jungkook sat completely shocked on his chair.

"Jung-

"Screw off," Jungkook growled maliciously. Namjoon tried to run after the Maknae as he stormed
out of the apartment - but he wasn't fast enough to catch him. Jungkook disappeared down the corridor and Namjoon couldn't do anything but watch him go with a sinking feeling in his stomach.

Chapter End Notes

I'm going to take a break from writing this week. I'm struggling with some life issues right now, and writing just isn't something I can do right now. I will begin updating again next week, but until then, please wait patiently! And this goes for all my fics - not just this one.

Thank you all so much for reading, and I'll talk to you all next week! I hope you have a beautiful day/night!

Follow me on twitter @KerieNivea !!
Jungkook ran. His bare feet slapped against the pavement as the frozen rain dripping down his cheeks masked his tears. He didn’t know WHERE he was going - he only knew that he was GOING there. Even when his side began to stitch, he kept running. The pain in his ribs took his mind of the more concerning pain; the one in his heart. Fuck, he hadn’t felt that heartbroken in a long time. Scratch that- his heart hadn't felt that heartbroken EVER. Not when his dad beat his mom, not when he got abused by Sooyoung, not ever. Although, perhaps he HAD felt that type of pain before, probably when he realized he would never see his baby sister again. When he realized Jimin might not love him. It was only fitting that Namjoon - the only person in Jungkook's life who hadn't betrayed him - was the one to inflict those emotions. Bring them out. Make them worse.

The rain - now small pebbles of ice - beared down on Jungkook's t-shirt clad torso and sent his body into a violent convulsion of shivers. He collapsed in front of a cafe, his body so numb he couldn't manage to walk the remaining five steps to the front door. He looked up at the cafe window, and locked eyes on a small boy giggling and sharing his milkshake with his little sister. He smacked his lips as bitterness coated his tongue. That should've been him and Hannie. That should've been their fate. Not this… not this alternate universe where he was a monster and his sister didn't even know he existed. God, why couldn't things go his way for once?

Why couldn't he have his dream, have the stupid two-storey house with the white picket fence, a small family and a golden retriever named buddy sitting on the doorstep? He didn't even need that! He just wanted to have his sister and Jimin. He just wanted someone to love him the way his mom had taught him he should be. Or should've been loved, anyway. She probably would've been singing a different tune had she known what her son was going to become.

"Look Mommy!" A small girl called, jumping up and down as she pointed at Jungkook's soaked, dilapidated figure. "It's the monster boy!"

Jungkook didn't have to look up to know what expression was on the mother's face. Disgust. Fear. Concern for her child.

"Leave the boy alone, Jiya," the mother hissed as she steered her daughter away from the male the news had been warning her about for the past week.

He couldn't blame her. Couldn't blame anyone. How could he, when HE was the stranger parents worried about their children crossing paths with on the way home from school, when he was the thing fathers checked under their kid's beds for? He was the reason women walked with their keys in between their fingers, spent hundreds of dollars on pepper-spray and tasers.

He stumbled to his feet and promptly puked all over the sidewalk before he began to run again. This was who he had became, this was what he had made of his mother's faith in him. A monster. A loser, dirty trash. He was willing to bet that Hannie wouldn't want anything to do with him even if she knew he existed.
He didn't know how long he had been running for, but he one thing was for sure, and that was that he had been wandering the streets for quite some time.

In fact, the elevator clock above him said it was two in the morning. Namjoon was probably worried by now... And had, at that point, more than likely realized Jungkook had left his phone at home.

The elevator doors opened with a crisp 'ting', and stepped out into the deserted corridor. His feet carried him to a familiar door, and after a moment of hesitation, he knocked.

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Namjoon's little reveal had been… a roller-coaster, to say the least. Taehyung, after three hours of incessant tears and panic attacks, had passed out from exhaustion, and Namjoon had sent Jimin home with a weary gaze and forced goodbye.

Jimin remembered exiting the building with anger boiling his blood. Why hadn't anybody gone after Jungkook? Wasn't Namjoon aware of his little brother's mental state, how sensitive the boy was when it came to the subject of his baby sister?

Jimin hopped into his car and started to drive. The whole situation pissed him off, honestly. Namjoon had screwed with a lot of things, and despite the fact that what Namjoon had done was to protect his brothers, he didn't have the right to keep it from them. Especially from Jungkook. It's pathetic how Jungkook's well-being was what Jimin worried about first and not Taehyung, who was probably having a harder time dealing with this than his baby brother was. Or was he?

Jimin ended up driving around Seoul for three hours, trying to find Jungkook. He, of course, came up empty. The younger male wasn't stupid, and he knew where to go when he didn't want to be found - a skill that was as useful as it was infuriating.

When Jimin returned to his and Tae's apartment, he didn't bother to go to bed, for he had the feeling Jungkook would show up at some point in need of help or something. In retrospect, maybe Jimin should've just locked up and gone to bed - or that's what Taehyung would've said, anyway.

But did he? No.

Jimin sat up all night, devouring Tae's emergency stash of vinegar-flavored potato chips and binge-watching Goblin (because he's a hoe for sad shit, okay?). He was seconds away from drifting into blissful sleep when someone knocked at the door. His eyes shot open and he flew off the couch - and then sat back down. He wanted it to be Jungkook. He wanted it to be him so fucking badly - but odds were it was likely Taehyung returning from Namjoon's. But then again…

Since when did Tae knock?

Hope swelled in his chest as he sprinted to the door and threw it open. The sight before him was both what he had wanted most and feared most. It was Jungkook, yes, but... he was... he looked so depressed. If the color grey were a person, Jungkook would be him, Jimin thought.

"Jungkook...?"

"Hyung," Jungkook heaved, voice faint from emotional and physical exhaustion. He fell to his knees at the older man's feet. "I-I'm so - Hyung - h-hurts, it h-hurts!" He cried as clutched his chest right
over where his heart was.

Jimin watched with acute horror as he observed Jungkook - cold-hearted, selfish, cruel, barstardly Jungkook - fall apart at his feet. He was torn between wanting to help him and slamming the door in his face. Revenge, right? That would fix everything, right? One look at the raven-haired boy told him no. More like screamed it. "Shh, calm down," he whispered as he helped the boy to his feet. "Let's get you cleaned up, okay?"

Jimin huffed as he pretty much dragged all 63kgs of Jeon Jungkook into the bathroom, and sat him down on the closed toilet lid. The maknae's body slumped against the wall, and made no objections as Jimin helped him out of his clothes and into the bath. Jimin was effected by it, regardless of whether the other boy noticed it or not. It was difficult for him to see this man - the man who had upturned his world and nearly destroyed him - aching like nobody shoud ever have to ache.

And seeing him naked. That was definitely difficult, as well.

His shoulders and abs and his back… Jimin exhaled and shook his head softly as he squeezed a small amount of shampoo into his hands and massaged it into Jungkook's scalp. It would be better to keep his mind as far away from the gutter as possible. Maybe. Probably. Yes, it would be.

Jungkook leaned into the touch, eyes fluttered close in contentment.

"How are you doing, Jungkook-ah?"

"I'm fine."

"We both know that's a lie."

Jungkook tilted his head to look up at the beautiful boy he was so enamored by. "I'm hurt. Namjoon-hyung lied to me. Lied to Tae. He knew the things I wanted to know about myself - and he kept them from me. I… I thought I could trust him."

Jimin noted the sudden slouch of his dongsaeng's shoulders. "He lied because he wanted to protect you," he replied while rinsing the other man's hair. "His intentions were focused on what he needed to do to keep you and Tae-ah safe. Hurting you was the last thing he wanted to do."

Jungkook snorted. "How can you be so sure?"

"Because I know where he's coming from. There are two people in his life - two people he loves and cherishes above all things, and he wants to protect them. He's doing what he thinks is right, which is why he came clean about everything now. He wants to start over, and he wants you both in his life."% Jungkook had the feeling they weren't just talking about Namjoon. "Is that so? Tell me then, why did he tell me about Tae, but not Hannie-ah?" Jimin froze mid-lather. "Don't I have the right to know about her?"

Jimin sat back on his heels, avoiding the younger's gaze as he spoke. "No offense, but you're not exactly…" He fumbled for words. "Healthy. You've got issues a 9-year-old girl doesn't need to be around. Issues she's likely never even heard of."

"I know," Jungkook laughed bitterly. "I'm really not worthy of love nor understanding, am I?"

"That's not what I-"

"Shut up, bitch! You have no fucking CLUE what I'm going through! Just SHUT! UP!"
Jimin's hands shook as he stood up and dropped the loofah on the floor. "I-I'm going to make something to e-eat. You know where my clothes are, you can help yourself to them when you get out. T-towels are in the closet."

Jimin left the room, and Jungkook didn't try to stop him. Why couldn't he be a decent human for once in his whole goddamn life? Jimin was just trying to help! Why he was, Jungkook couldn't figure out. I mean, he had essentially obliterated what life the older man had created for himself in Seoul.

But what good was worrying about it now, he thought as he sunk into the water, his head underneath the surface. He is a monster, and this is what monsters do.

Jimin was scared - really, really scared.

Something was wrong with Jungkook.

And not to mention the fact that Tae was seriously going to murder him for letting Jungkook into their apartment, and letting him use Tae's pomagranite body wash.

He sighed as he leaned his hands against the stove and watched the tomato soup boil. He should really call someone. It wasn't safe for him to be alone with Jungkook... even if he didn't seem to be the lunatic he was before. It wouldn't be the first time the younger male had fooled Jimin into thinking he had changed. Yet the desperation and sadness in his eyes seemed to be sincere.

How could you decipher whether the emotions a sociopath was displaying were real or not? Was there even a way to do that, or would you just have to trust in your gut instincts? He didn't know. But upon some contemplation, he decided that it would probably be best for everyone if he at least let Namjoon know where his baby was, and that he was okay. (Physically, anyway).

After he was done with the text he flipped the grilled cheese sandwiches on the griddle, and took the pot of tomato sauce off the stove and poured it into two separate bowls. He heard the tub drain, and wet, floppy footsteps padding around the apartment. When the food was done he loaded it all onto a tray and bought it to his bedroom, where Jungkook was half-heartedly sifting through Jimin's clothes, trying to find something that would fit him, no doubt.

Jimin set the tray onto his desk and yanked the blanket off his bed. "Tae's clothes would probably fit you better."

"Don't want Tae's clothes. I don't want to be reminded of him."

"Well, in that case, I keep all my oversized shit in the second drawer. Should be something that'll fit you in there." Jimin tried not to stare at Jungkook's bare back and barely covered thighs. He should've made sure there was a bigger towel in the closet.

Before he had the (mis)fortune of seeing Jungkook buck naked, Jimin left the room so he could throw the blanket into the dryer so it could warm up.

"...You done changing?" He called after maybe five minutes, pulling the hot blanket out of the dryer. Jungkook called back something like 'yeah', and the elder man took that as 'it's safe to enter', so he did.

"Sit down, Jungkook."
The boy did as was requested, and sat cross-legged on the center of Jimin's bed, back hunched and head ducked.

The scene pulled at Jimin's heartstrings. He wobbled over to the bed, shook the blanket out, and wrapped it around Jungkook before he turned around and retrieved the food tray from the desk. Jungkook sighed deeply as he snuggled into the heat… and made no effort to ignore the swelling of emotion in his chest. When Jimin came back and moved to sit across from him, Jungkook spread his arms, opening the blanket in what he hoped was a tempting invitation. Jimin stared at him for a second, but crawled around the tray nonetheless, and sat beside the maknae, the younger male then helping him wrap the blanket around his shoulders.

Silence graced the two boys as they ate, and even for a while after they had finished.

"…I'm sorry, Jimin-hyung."

Jimin startled at both the sudden vocalization, and the lack of a demeaning pet name. "U-uh, what?"

"I...I'm sorry." A pause. "For everything I've done."

Jimin snorted as if he had just heard a joke. "Jungkook, I don't think you have it in you to be sorry."

"But I am," Jungkook croaked unnaturally. "I'm so f-fucking sorry."

"I don't believe you. I'm sorry, but I don't believe you."

Jungkook's throat constricted from the effort he was putting in to not cry. He looked around, trying to think of a way to prove his remorse. And that's when it hit him. He reached behind himself and pulled the small, but very sharp, knife out from under the elder's pillow, and then proceeded to grab Jimin's hand and press the handle of the blade into the elder's hand.

Jimin's eyes widened from both fear and confusion. "Jungkook…"

"If… If this will fix everything… You can hurt me back. Mark me up like I did to you," the maknae held back his tears as he looked into the shorter male's eyes with as much sincerity as he could. "Even if it serves only to give you closure for my mistakes, I want you to do it."

Jimin rolled the smooth handle around in his hand and unsuccessfully ignored how hard his hear was beating. "I don't think I can do that, Jungkook. No matter how much what you did hurt me, I don't think I could ever hurt you back."

"Please," Jungkook pleaded. "Please just do it, give me what I deserve."

Jimin set the knife on the tray and softly cupped the younger male's cheeks. "You don't deserve it, Jungkook. Everyone makes mistakes."

Jungkook laughed bitterly. "Sure, but mine are worse than most."

"That's true," Jimin agreed. "I'm not going to deny that. But everyone deserves a second chance, no matter how badly they've fucked up."

Jungkook grabbed the knife and handed it to Jimin again. "Do it."

Jimin stalled. He knew that if he did this, Jungkook would likely see the action as some type of redemption, and assume his deeds were forgiven - despite the fact that a few slashes on skin did nothing to compare to the emotional scars Jimin had sustained, and he told him so.
Jungkook's shoulders slumped even more. "I know that. I just wanted to fix this."

"It's gonna take more than a few strokes of a blade to do that."

"So this means that you don't want me." Jungkook said it more as a statement than a question, and the silence he got in return was enough to solidify his suspicions. He bit his lip and untagled himself from the blanket. "I'll leave you alone, then."

"No, don't go," Jimin cried impulsively, yanking the maknae back down onto the bed by his wrist. "Just… Give me the knife."

Jungkook immediately handed the blade over, and at the elder's prompt, lied down after he removed his shirt. He stayed stalk still as Jimin straddled his hips and immediately pressed the sharp metal against the skin just above Jungkook's left nipple.

Jimin still hesitated again. He didn't WANT to HURT Jungkook, per se, but he did know for a fact that if he was going to try to forgive the younger male, he needed to get some sort of revenge - closure, to put it in a softer light. So with one last deep breath, he began to carve his initials into Jungkook's unblemished skin, taking care to go deep enough to scar, but not enough to cause serious harm. Jungkook just sobbed silently, more out of how much pain his heart was in, rather than what his physical body felt.

When it was over, Jimin cleaned him up, tucked him in and kissed his forehead tenderly.

"I forgive you now," he whispered, to which Jungkook responded with a small smile and a whispered 'thank you'.

Chapter End Notes

Thank y'all for reading! I love you all so much! <3

Is Jimin right to trust Jungkook? What's going to happen to Taehyung and Namjoon?

Let me know what you think!! <3
Chapter 18

Chapter Notes

I know I don't do this often, but I want to suggest a few mood songs for this chapter!

1. Anxiety - Blackbear
2. Fine - Taeyeon

Happy reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Taehyung sat pressed against a wall in a corner near Namjoon's couch. He couldn't breathe. He felt like the sky was collapsing on top of him, pinning him down as vultures preyed on his flesh. He looked around, but everything was blurry and swirling together - probably because he was hyperventilating so much. He felt Namjoon's chest against his side, heard the words of comfort from what felt like under water. Taehyung didn't want them. Didn't want his brother's meaningless condolences, because those words no longer felt like home to him. They felt more like lies against his eardrums.

"Please try to breathe, Taehyungie," Namjoon pleaded into the boy's hair. "You're okay, just take a few breaths, okay?"

Taehyung blinked blearily as he struggled to regulate his breathing past the gigantic knot in his throat and the adrenaline in his veins.

Jimin sat on the couch's armrest and seemed to not know what to do as he watched Namjoon attempt to calm his brother down.

It took a while, but eventually, Taehyung's breathing evened out, and the fogginess in his eyes were replaced with his usual sense of alertness. "...Why did you lie, Namjoon?" He asked quietly after a spell, staring at the floor beyond his socked feet.

"I'm so sorry," Namjoon replied, his voice cracking as he began to cry into Tae's hair. "I didn't know what else to do! I h-had to protect you!"

"You had to protect me, or protect Jungkook?"

"Both of you," the older male responded without missing a beat. "I had to protect you both, you're my little brothers! It's my job!"

"You only wanted to save Jungkook!" Tae accused harshly as he pulled away from Namjoon's embrace. "You ignored me for years, Namjoon! I thought you hated me! I thought you ABANDONED me!" Taehyung's breath caught in a sob. "Do you have any idea how that felt?"

Tears streamed down Namjoons cheeks, and he made no move to wipe them away. "No, I don't. And I'm sorry you felt that way. I should've... Should've been w-with you... I'm so sorry, Tae."

Taehyung threw his head back with a bitter laugh. "Sorry won't give me back those years. Sorry won't fix all the times I need you and you weren't there!" Jimin opened his mouth to interject, but he
couldn't get a word in edge-wise between Taehyung's rant. "Remember that time I came home with a black eye, Namjoon? Remember how I tried to ask you for help, but you were too busy fucking around on your computer? Oh, I know, how about that time I broke a plate and got cut! Who cleaned it and wrapped it for me?" Namjoon hung his head, and Taehyung laughed again. "I did. I took care of myself, because you ever cared. Jungkook was the only brother you were worried about."

"Because he was in danger!" Namjoon explained desperately - bordering on frustration. "He was getting beaten by a pulp by YOUR father, Taehyung! He was a monster, and I'm sorry, but Jungkook-ah needed me more than you did!"

Jumin jumped off the couch and restrained Tae before something unnecessary happened. "Tae-ah," he whispered into the struggling boy's ear. "Calm down. Namjoon-hyung, can I speak with Tae in your bedroom?"

Namjoon shrugged half-heartedly. "Whatever you need."

Jumin didn't feel there was a need to respond, so he lead Tae to Namjoon's room, and had him sit on the bed while he shut the door. Jumin sat beside his friend, and chose his words wisely before he said anything out loud. "...You need to try to see this from Namjoon's perspective, Tae." He didn't receive a negative reaction, thus he continued. "You may have need Hyung's guidance as a child, but that was all you ever really needed. Jungkook lived in terror, Taehyung, think about that. He was getting beaten, he was in a poisonous environment - he needed Namjoon's help, Tae."

"More than I did?"

"I think so."

Taehyung sighed and allowed himself to fall backwards onto the mattress. "I'm just hurt, y'know? Hyung didn't have the time for me, the brother who slept a room away from him, but he had all the time in the world for Jungkook, who lived thirty miles away and didn't even know Hyung EXISTED! It wasn't fair!"

"Yeah, but he's here now," Jumin pointed out as he gently scratched his dongsaeng's scalp. "And he wants BOTH of you. If he had only wanted Jungkook, he never would've told you about all this. He loves you both so much, Tae. He sacrificed so much for you both."

Tae snorted humorlessly. "What did he ever sacrifice for me, besides the childhood hand-me-downs?"

Jumin thought a moment. "He spent years trying to hack into the South Korean ID database so he could ensure you were never associated with Mr. Jeon. He spent months trying to bring you and Jungkook together - he did TRY."

"Yeah, and look where that got us," the younger griped. "You got kidnapped because Jungkook saw you and got the hots. If I hadn't existed, he never would've met you and-"

"Kim Taehyung," Jumin cautioned sternly. "I wouldn't change our friendship for anything - even if it gave me those months Jungkook stole. You mean the world to me, Tae. You're my best friend."

Taehyung laughed through his tears. "You mean it?"

Jumin leaned down and kissed his cheek. "More than I've ever meant anything in my pathetic existence."

Taehyung grinned as he sat up and pulled the elder into a tight hug. "Thanks, Jumin-ah."

"Eh, Hakuna Matata. You ready to talk with Namjoon now?"
The younger man thought before he nodded in agreement. "Yeah, I think so."

The conversation between Namjoon and Taehyung was gruelling. Jimin thought they were going to kiss and make up - but he probably shouldn't have expected so much from his firecracker of a best friend. Instead of talking the situation out like a couple of civil citizens, the Kim brothers argued like a couple of mad hens.

That wasn't to say they hadn't TRIED to be civil at first, though. Things had started out nice enough - but it started going downhill at one point, and it just snowballed from there. Taehyung kept accusing Namjoon of not giving a shit about him, while Namjoon argued that he did what he thought was best. It was a mess.

That was, until Taehyung came to an ultimatum.

"What?" Namjoon asked, incredelous. "You want me to do WHAT?"

"You need to come clean about Mr. Jeon," Taehyung repeated. "It's the right thing to do."

"And get incarcerated for man-slaughter?" Namjoon laughed. "Absolutely not."

"Either you do it, or I'm done with you," Tae crossed his arms, his features set with sheer determination. "I cannot have a murderer as a brother, Namjoon. I just can't."

"But I did it to protect you!"

"Tae-ah," Jimin stepped in, placing his hand on the taller man's shoulder. "Think about this. Namjoon-Hyung'll be put away for a long time if he comes clean - he'll probably recieve a longer sentence just because Jeon was the Chief."

"I know."

Namjoon snatched the bottle of scotch off the counter and took a large swig. "Tae, I'm not doing that. I'm not spending the rest of my life in prison."

Taehyung turned around and began to put his shoes on.

"Okay, wait!" Namjoon called out before his dongsaeng could leave. "What about Seokjin? I can't just… Leave him."

Jimin swallowed the bile rising in his throat as he saw the look on Taehyung's face. Tae was going to spill the beans on what Jungkook had known for nearly a year and a half. "I hate to break it to you, but-"

"ORANGES!" Jimin blurted in a panic. He laughed nervously as the Kim brothers looked at him quizzically. "I want an orange! Tae, let's go buy some real quick!"

"Jimin-ah," Taehyung growled in a manner that was so similar to Jungkook that Jimin froze on the spot. "Shut it. Namjoon, Seokjin's been cheating on you with that EMT buddy of his." He smirked as his brother's expression turned to stone. "He wouldn't."

"Oh, no, he would. And he has," Tae assured, ignoring the look on Jimin's face. "I'm surprised Jungkook hasn't told you yet. He's known for almost two years now." He laughed as if the situation were funny. "Oh well, you just can't expect someone like him to be truthful."
Jimin's fists subconsciously clenched at the tone his friend was using as he spoke about Jungkook. "Taehyun-"

"Oh fuck off, Jimin! Go back home and cuddle with his damn shirt like you always do! You're no better than he is!" His eyes widened as he realized what he had just said. "Jim-"

"I'm going to go take a smoke," Jimin announced, grabbing Namjoon's lighter and cigarettes on his way out the balcony. Taehyung grabbed Jimin's arm as he passed, and got shaken off as a result. The elder was pissed and hurt - a combination that never sat well with him.

Once Jimin was outside, Taehyung sank into a chair and buried his face in his hands. His sobs felt like they were ripping his trachea apart - and they sounded like it, too. He was in the midst of another panic attack before he knew it, and he couldn't do anything but let the despair wash over him like a tidal wave.

He wasn't sure this could be fixed.

- 

When he woke up it was morning and he was on Namjoon's bed. Alone. He rolled over and was untangling himself from the blankets when he saw a small piece of scratch paper on the nightstand, a small bobble head of a celebrity he didn't recognize keeping it from flying away. He grabbed the paper and scanned over it.

'TaeTae,' it read. 'I went home after you fell asleep. Come back when you're ready! ~Jimin '.

He sighed wearily as he balled the paper up and tossed it into the trashcan. The things he said to Jimin were echoing around in his head, and it was making him feel miserable - which he deserved. He wished he had never said those things, but it was too late for wishful thinking now. What was done was done, and it was in the past now. The only thing he could do was hope Jimin wouldn't be too angry with him.

Taehyung tip-toed to the livingroom, taking great pains to not wake Namjoon up (because he really wasn't in the mood to talk right then), and shoved his shoes on before he left the apartment.

His walk back to his and Jimin's own apartment gave him some time to think. He wasn't really mad at Namjoon anymore - no, that anger had transferred to Jungkook, and man, was it the deepest hate Tae had ever felt for another human before. It left his blood boiling and a bitter taste in his mouth - and that scared him. He knew that where he was Jeon's son, he had likely inherited whatever gene that caused one to be violent, and he didn't want to think about that fact too much. What if he hurt Jungkook? I mean, the asshole deserved it, sure, but Tae wasn't like him! He didn't hurt people, no matter how angry he became! But then again… If he did it to defend Jimin, killing Jungkook wouldn't raise any eyebrows, would it?

He laughed manically as he walked along.

It would be seen as self-defense! And everybody hated Jungkook's guts, anyway, so it's not like anyone would argue even if they KNEW his death was a result of foul play.

The only issue was Jimin... Jimin could see past all his lies, and he probably wouldn't hesitate to call him out, either.

Taehyung shook his head. He really was his father's son, after all.
The best part about Taehyung's apartment complex was the sense of community.

Wonderful Mrs. Choi nodded and gave him a smile as he passed her on the way to the elevator. Mr. Lee got into the elevator after him and they had a lovely conversation about Mr. Lee's pineapple tree ("I'm giving her plenty of sun and water - I just can't understand why she's not growing!") on the way up to the 3rd floor. When Mr. Lee got off on his floor, the Yong twins replaced him, and chatted Taehyung's ears off until they landed at his floor.

Needless to say, by the time he made it to his door, his spirits had been lifted somewhat. Until he went to Jimin's room to see if the older man was awake, only to see him tangled in the sheets with a certain psychotic, manipulative, scum-of-the-earth, black-haired man.

It was then that Taehyung was certain he was going to kill him - little brother or not.

-

Namjoon woke up alone on his couch.

It wasn't actually THAT much of a surprise, really.

I mean, Taehyung hated him, Jungkook was never home and Seokjin—well, Seokjin was never home, either. He was always either working a late shift, or he was teaching emergency first-aid the EMT squad.

He laughed a bitter laugh as he sat up.

What a joke. Namjoon was never one to jump to conclusions without proof, but he had to admit, it was suspicious. His Fiance was rarely home, they barely went out for dates, and seldom had (ehem) alone time. Seokjin was a physical person by nature, and he yet he rarely initiated anything beyond goodbye hugs or kisses (which were rare). He assumed that in order to get a straight answer, he would have to confront Jin.

He walked to the kitchen and began making a bagel. The stove clock said he didn't have to get ready for work for another hour, which was nice. He needed to get his thoughts in order before he could deal with anyone else's. And that, unfortunately, meant considering Taehyung's suggestion from the night before. He knew deep down that killing Mr. Jeon was weighing on his conscience, even all these years later. It was only right to admit to his wrong-doings - right?

Aish, but he couldn't!

He had worked so hard to get where he was! And any wrong-doings were justified, anyway. Wrong, yes, but justified nonetheless.

He sighed deeply as he stared holes into his toaser. "Maybe I should just end it all before it gets worse," he muttered to himself. Not like he held any significance in this life, anyway.
He shook his head and pulled the bagels out of the toaster, yelping and waving his hand about when the heat singed his fingertips. Killing himself would be a cowardly move, and he knew it… But then again, living the rest of his life in prison didn't sound appealing in the least bit.

So what was he going to do?

... Nothing.

Namjoon sat down and nibbled on the side of the crusty bread with a small frown.

He'd just let the whole thing work itself out.
If Taehyung doesn't want to be his brother anymore because of it, then so be it.

He never was his true brother, anyway.

Chapter End Notes

Hey guys! So. Things are both coming together and still falling part. Will this never end??

What do you guys think about Tae's reaction to Jikook? Is he REALLY going to hurt Jungkook - or was all of it just a spur-of-the-moment emotion? Was he right to demand that Namjoon turns himself in, after all he's done to protect him?
Let me know what you guys think! I live for comments, and I love talking to you guys!!!

Have a beautiful, safe day, everyone! <3
Chapter 19

Chapter Notes

Hey guys! So a few of you know that I wasn't sure which chapter to post first - the VMinKook scene or the NamJin scene. Now, both chapters had something important happen, and I couldn't figure out which one I should do, so in the end I just combined them together^^ I spent most of yesterday writing it, and I cried a few times because I was feeling Taehyung so hard ^^>

Anyway, go ahead and start reading! I love y'all!! <3

Taehyung could actually feel his heart crack and fall away behind his ribcage. Watching Jimin and Jungkook sleeping like that reminded him of all the times he had dreamt of having Jimin spooned against his chest, completely content to lie together until the sun rose and sunk on the horizon. While the scene made him ragingly angry, the cold, grey sadness subdued him from moving so much as a centimeter. He wanted to do something, but he knew that if he said anything, he'd cry, and he knew if he moved, he'd likely strangle Jungkook to death. It took a lot of work to talk himself down from those feelings, but once he did, he got a pitcher of iced water from the kitchen, and returned to the bedroom, where he dumped the glass container's contents all over the two lumps under the blanket.

The two jolt awake at the same time, but Jimin was the first to notice Taehyung, who was glaring daggers at Jungkook. "Ta-"

"We need to talk."

Jimin nodded and tried to clamber out from the tangled sheets, but Jungkook stopped him. "You aren't safe with him, you know that?"

Jimin gave the maknae a look. "…Why not…?"

Jungkook smirked devilishly at Taehyung. "Because he's Bipolar. You know all the mood swings he has, how he's nice one minute and screaming the next? He hasn't been taking his meds."

Jimin's mind wanders back to the words Tae spoke to him the night before, and he takes a subconscious shift back. "Tae, I thought you said those were for kidney stones!"

"They were." Taehyung looked murderously over his best friend's shoulder at Jungkook. "Get out. You have no buisness being here."

"Oh, but don't I?" Jungkook smiled sweetly, pulling his (well, Jimin's) black tee off. "We belong to each other now - there's nothing you can do to stop me."

Taehyung stared at the marks on Jungkook's chest. He wasn't sure why he couldn't figure out what the scar meant. PJ. PJ what? Pajamas? Park Jimi- oh. Oh. He swallowed thickly as he balled his fists at his sides in an attempt to get himself in check. "Chim-"

"Okay, this has been fun, but I think it's about time Jungkook goes home, right?" Jimin gritted through his clenched teeth and tossed the tee shirt at the maknae to put back on.
Jungkook didn't fight it, he just kissed Jimin's cheek, smirked at Taehyung, and then left... or at least, that's what he made the two friends think. Instead of leaving, he opened and closed the apartment door, but stayed inside - and then tip-toed and leaned against the wall beside the closed bedroom door so he could listen in on the conversation.

"Why- Jimin- How could you do that?"

Jimin winced at his friend's pained tone. "It isn't what it looks like, I swear! He just showed up, and he said I could cut him up, so I did it! It was the only way I would be able to forgive him!"

"Do you even HEAR yourself?!" Taehyung screeched, his arms flinging out in an attempt to express his frustration. "You're carving people up like Thanksgiving Turkeys in order to do deal with your emotions! Don't you see? You're turning into HIM!"

Jungkook preened from where he stood. Hell to the fuck yeah, Jimin was finally embracing his true self!

"No I'm not!" Jimin defended lamely. "You're just jealous because you don't have what he has!"

"Oh, and what would THAT be?" Taehyung laughed bitterly, rolling his eyes and running both hands through his greasy hair. "Personality disorder? BD? Oh, I know - how about a pulverized brain?"

"No, you Neanderthal! Me! He has ME, and you DON'T! And I know that just KILLS you, doesn't, Tae-ah? Doesn't it make you angry? Don't you want to wrap your hands around his neck and just SQUEEZE until the life leaves his body?"

Jungkook pressed his palm against the growing tent in his sweatpants with a soft moan- hearing Jimin taunt Taehyung was fucking sexy as all hell.

"Don't you just-"

"Shut up!" Taehyung screamed as he clamped his hands over his ears and doubled over. "Just- just stop!" A small sob broke past his trembling lips. Why was Jimin being like this? Did he finally lose his shit? Did Jungkook win? "You're fucking WRONG, Jimin! I'm not jealous at all! I'm angry because I treated you good, Jimin! I treated you REAL good! And then that asshole comes in, treats you like SHIT, and boom! You fall in love with him, instead!" A tear fell down his cheek as he began to laugh a heartbreaking laugh. "You know what? Maybe YOU'RE the one with a screw loose! Who falls in love with a monster, Jimin? What kind of person FALLS IN LOVE with a murdering, kidnapping, psychotic rapist?!!"

"Maybe I AM the one with a screw loose, maybe THAT'S the only way I could've EVER loved you! But at least I'm not the one trying to convince you that your feelings aren't real!"

Taehyung felt like he was going to break under the emotional agony he was feeling. "You know, I don't know why I ever bothered trying to protect you."

Jimin stopped talking as he watched his best friend pull out a duffel bag and began to shove random things into the empty cavity. "Tae, what are you doing?"

"I'm leaving. If you want Shitkook, I'm not going to stop you - I'm done with this bullshit. When you find your screws and get them back in your head, then you can talk to me. But until then, good bye."

Jimin snarled as feelings of betrayal bubbled like battery acid against his throat. "Fine, leave! I wanted you gone a long time ago, anyway!"
Taehyung slung his bag over his shoulder and was about to leave the room when he stopped. "Hey Jimin."

"What?"

"I shouldn't have wasted my time trying to find you when you went missing. I wish I had let you go." He didn't wait for a response - he just calmly walked past Jungkook, out the door, and to his car, where he threw his shit and himself in and screeched out of the parking lot in a flurry of burnt rubber.

What he failed to notice was that Jungkook was trailing behind him in his van.

-

Taehyung's only goal in life was to relieve the pain in his heart - to erase Jimin and Jungkook from his mind for a while. So he did what any like-minded human would do - he went to a bar.

He walked right up to the bar and suppressed his tears best as he could while he begged the bartender to give him the strongest drink available to the public. The older man who manned the counter gave his shitty-looking customer a sympathetic nod as he slid the concoction to the boy. Taehyung wrapped his hand around the glass and stared into the reflective, fire-orange colored liquid within it. His red-rimmed, weary eyes stared back at him. A tear fell into the glass with a delicate drip, and the tear caused the alcohol to separate slightly. It reminded him about how everything had fallen apart within the past two weeks Jimin had been home. Namjoon found out about Jin's infidelity, Jimin was turning into a monster, and Taehyung had reached the point where he wanted absolutely nothing to do with any of them. Things hadn't been great without Jimin, sure, but at least the only pain Tae had felt was the pain of losing his only friend and crush - as opposed to what he was feeling now, which was nothing short of agony. He wanted to take olive skewer from his drink and scrape his barely beating heart out with it. Anything had to be better than this.

He picked the glass up and downed its contents in one swoop - which turned out to be a terrible idea, because the alcohol was so potent he felt like it was burning his trachea. He slammed the glass down and coughed for breath between the fumes emanating from his throat like the thickest smoke. The man sitting next to him snickered - and Taehyung wanted to punch the guy so hard his mother would be able to feel it. I mean, who was HE to laugh? Tae was having a long fucking day! He felt like he was inches from losing it completely, and here this ASSHOLE was, laughing at his inability to handle alcohol! Fucking bastard.

Despite having made him feel like he was two seconds away from breathing fire, Taehyung ordered another drink of the same name - a Cowboy, it was called - and downed it in the same fashion as before. And then another. And then another. And another, until the pain in his chest ebbed into a dull throb, and he could no longer form a coherent sentence - he was so sauced he swore he was speaking English at one point, but that memory was pretty damn fuzzy.

(Un)fortunately for him, the bartender threw him out after he threatened to hang himself on the karaoke stage with Jungkook's intestines, and instead of calling a cab, he got in his car. He laughed every time he failed to shove his key into the ignition. 'Kinda like how I was never able to get into Jimin's heart,' he laughed. 'Fucking failure, you deserve nothing but to be miserable!' The key slid into the slot right then - which cut Taehyung's dark thoughts off for the time being. He didn't have the mental clarity to put on a seat belt, let alone drive - which was proven when he took out a mailbox and a few traffic cones just trying to exit the parking lot. But did he let that stop him?

Nope.

He kept right on driving, kept going until he suddenly remembered what kissing Jimin felt like, and
how he'd never get the chance to do it again. Suddenly he could see himself crashing into one of the
trees that were lining the highway in order to get rid of the pain. He could see the front of the car
bending around the tree trunk as the glass from the windshield broke into a billion pieces and sprayed
around him like confetti. He could feel the dashboard crushing his knees, and his forehead hitting the
wheel as the air-bag deployed a second too late. He heard something crack and pain shot down his
arm - he thought he might've heard himself scream, he wasn't sure. And you know what really
sucked? It wasn't just a thought.

Taehyung really had crashed his car into a tree.

Taehyung had been in a medically-induced coma for eight days. He had severe internal bleeding, a
crushed patella, a dislocated arm, severe brain swelling and several lacerations all over his body from
the broken glass. The ICU team had deemed it necessary to keep him under sedation, as his body
needed to focus on healing itself, rather than wasting valuable time being awake. They woke him up
on day nine, after they deemed his body well enough to support alert cognitive function. They
removed the aesthetic IV from his arm, removed the visitors from his room, and then waited.

Taehyung blinked. It was sluggish under his groggy state, and because of that, it took his sight a
while to sort itself out. Once he stopped seeing five wall clocks instead of one, he tried to make sense
of his surroundings - but his mind was slow from all the drugs in his system. His tongue was dry and
heavy in his mouth. He couldn't move one of his arms. One of his legs were in some kind of elevated
sling he'd only seen in movies. There were bags of something above him.

Funny, he thought, I don't remember Yoongi's room having balloons in it.

News flash: it wasn't Yoongi's room - it was a hospital. It took him a while to figure that out, but
once he did, all the memories from the accident came back to him (or what he remembered, anyway).
There was blood… smoke… someone was crying… Was someone else there with him when it
happened? He remembered seeing someone hovering over him, but other than that, he couldn't
remember anything defining about the person. Maybe they hadn't been there at all, and it was an
alcohol-induced hallucination. He asked the nurse who came in a while later to check up on him, and
he was surprised by her answer.

"A man came in with you. I guess he saw you in your car as he passed by and called 911. An EMT
friend said the guy held your hand the whole ambulance ride - and he's actually been here quite a
few times to visit you," the nurse smiled softly as she changed the bandages on Tae's cheek. "He said
he wanted to be the first to talk to you when wake up. Which might be a tall order, seeing as though
there are about four other people in the waiting room who've been DYING to check on you."

Taehyung coughed. "C-can you bring him in?"

The nurse nodded. "Of course, sweetie! Just let me finish change your dressings, and I'll go see what
I can do, hmm?"

Taehyung thought for a while with his eyes closed, struggling to take in everything that Jungkook
had just told him – and struggled not to stab the kid with the plastic spoon still standing upright in his
jello cup. Was he supposed to forgive him because he had saved his life? Or was he supposed to still
hate him because one little deed didn’t get rid of the pain he was still feeling in his heart? He was so
confused about how he should feel, so while he sorted those emotions out, he opted to ask questions,
instead. "Why did you do it?"
Jungkook shrugged. "It's what Jimin would've wanted me to do."

Taehyung studied his younger brother's expression for a minute. "You… You really love him, don't you?"

"Honestly, I don't know what it feels like to ‘love’ someone," Jungkook gnawed his lip. "But I know I feel something, and it isn't just attraction."

"You should go back to him," Tae advised after a beat of contemplative silence. "I'm sure he misses you."

Jungkook looked around the empty hospital room. "Actually, he's here. He's been waiting to talk to you."

Taehyung recalled the heartbreak with a shiver. "I… I don't want to see him. It hurts too much - I don't know if I can take it."

"That hasn't stopped you yet."

"What are you getting at, you sack of cow shit?" Taehung scowled, messing with the IV in his hand.

Jungkook internally winced at his upcoming words. "You love Jimin. No matter what he says, or what he does, you're still always there when he needs you, and he loves that about you. I know for a fact that if you guys stop being friends over this, he'd like it if you were both left on speaking terms."

Not that I want you to stay friends, he left out.

Taehyung didn't trust the younger man's words, nor his tone. Even his posture looked unnatural. "… Fine. But you're leaving."

Jungkook actually looked relieved. "Of course."

- 

Jimin didn't look at his best friend for the first hour he was in the room with him. He just asked how he was feeling, how the hospital food was, spoke about the weather, that kind of stuff. Taehyung felt better with his buddy next to him, but there was just one thing that was still bothering him - one thing that would keep bothering him until it was settled.

"Jimin?" He asked after a few moments of tense silence.

Jimin squirmed awkwardly in his seat. "Yeah?"

Taehyung took a breath before he turned to look his best friend in the eyes. "I can’t do this anymore. It's either me… or it's Jungkook."

- 

NAMJOON'S POV - THE CONFRONTATION

Taehyung's accident had bought a few things to Namjoon's attention.

1. Everything is falling apart, and

2. He needs to ask Seokjin about the cheating.
It wasn't easy to call out of work that Thursday afternoon, nor was it easy when he sent a text asking Jin to meet him at the Rabi Café, but he knew he had to do it. It was inevitable, you see. He was at a point where nothing felt worth living, and he badly needed Jin to confirm that he WASN'T cheating, that it was all a prank. That he was still enough for him.

He knew deep down it wasn't that simple.

The actual meeting itself had gone well until he asked the older male if he was cheating or not – and then it all went to shit pretty fast from there. Jin stood up (in a café full of people, mind you) and started screaming 'I would never do such a thing', and 'how can you accuse me of such a thing?!' at the top of his lungs. Everyone in the little café were staring at them, and Namjoon tried to shimmy down in his seat to get away from the looks they were receiving.

Jin pleaded (or insisted he was) innocent for so long that Namjoon actually started believing the man. It was all in his head, nothing was wrong, they were still happy and in love and-

"Babe! Hey!" A tall, muscular-but-still-thin male swooped down out of nowhere and kissed Jin on the cheek. He turned and landed eyes on Namjoon - whom he knew about, but he had never seen him in person.

Namjoon stared blankly at a horrified Jin - and before the older male could spew more bullshit, Namjoon walked out of the café and did the only thing left that he could do:

he turned himself in.

He explained everything to one of his investigator buddies in the interrogation room, and he left no detail unsaid. He came clean with all of it - including his motives to do so. The investigator listened and nodded and occasionally scribbled things down until the boy was done talking. Then he folded his hands over his writing tablet before he determined that where Namjoon had committed the crimes as a minor, and given the circumstances (and also applying the assumption that Jungkook and Taehyung would back the story up) - he might be able to shorten the sentence he would recieve from the court hearing down to 5-10 years as opposed to the standardized 30 to life.

After the three-hour-long affair was over a guard Namjoon knew well came into the room and handed him an orange jumpsuit without looking at him. After he swallowed his shame and put the clothes on he was lead to a holding cell much like the one Jungkook had been kept in while he was incarcerated. Namjoon laughed because man, was his brother lucky to have someone like Jimin, who would lie to protect him. Namjoon didn't have anyone - at least, not anymore. As it turned out, protecting others meant signing yourself to the fates they were supposed to recieve.

He lied down on the ratty cot as the deepest, darkest despair he had ever had the displeasure of experiencing fell over him, and buried his face in is hands with a sob.

He didn't need any convincing after that.

He gave up.

Chapter End Notes

Ugh okay.

1. Who is Jimin going to pick?
2. Are you surprised about what Jungkook did for Taehyung, or do you think it's a trick to get to Jimin?
3. What's going to happen now that Joons is in prison?

okay, and was I the only one who cried? Please tell me I'm not because I'm worried that I MIGHT be losing my mind ><

I love you all, and thank you so much for reading! I would also love to give a special thank you to those of you who comment and talk about the story with me! I love y'all <3<3<3

Have a beautiful day everybody! Purple you!!

P.S. Sorry Namjin's scene was kind of abrupt. I didn't know which direction I wanted to take, and I didn't want to use an ass-load of dialogue again, so I settled for just explaining what happened, rather than giving you a step-by-step count of it. I hope you don't mind that too much. BUT IF YOU DO, please let me know, and I'll make a note of it for next time!!!!!!

And I keep forgetting this:

Follow me on twitter: @KerieNivea
I wanna talk to you beautiful people!!
Chapter Notes

Ugh. Somebody sue me, please. Insomnia is kicking my poor ass so hard, I'm literally crying because I'm so tired

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jimin panted as he finally managed to pull the suitcase zipper over the mound of clothes beneath it. The seam bulged unnaturally, and he was only vaguely afraid that it would explode all over him.

Why was he packing a suitcase, you ask?

Because he needed a break. How was he supposed to make an educated decision about who he wanted when Jungkook was glued to him, and Taehyung lived inside the same walls as himself? He wasn't going to be able to, was the short answer. He was actually relieved to be taking a break from everything. I mean, he wasn't exactly keen on the idea of being alone with Jungkook all the time (even though he was improving, he still had a lot of moments), and a new perspective sounded pretty nice right about then. Besides, Namjoon had told him before that he could stay in his guest room if he ever needed somewhere to 'get away'. Hell, he even said he could bring Nookie! What better deal could he ask for?

"You're not actually leaving."

Jimin rolled his eyes. "For the fifteenth time, yes, I am. Stop asking me."

"Don't get that tone with me," Jungkook cautioned from where he was leaned up against the bedroom door-frame, his arms crossed across his chest. "Or I might not be so kind to you."

"Kind?" Jimin laughed humorlessly. "That word isn't in your vocabulary. Bastard, asshole, psychotic - THOSE are in your vocab- oh!" His heart jumped into his throat at the sudden grip on his hips, the hot breath on the shell of his ear.

"I prefer the term 'creative', Doll. Secondly, don't fucking test me. I don't believe I need to remind you about what I'm capable of, hmm?"

Jimin shivered in the boy's grasp, his gaze instinctively traveling to the prominent, pink scars on his own forearms. "...What did I tell you about the pet-names? And let go, I need to get going before it gets dark."

"I know where you are," Jungkook growled, ignoring the older male's request. "I always know. If you try to leave me, I'll know where you are, Tootsie. I will fucking scent you out if I have to, don't ever fucking forget that."

"J-Jungkook, seriously, let me go. P-please?"

The younger male gave his waist a final, harsh squeeze before retracting his hands. "Don't try to leave me. I don't think I can live with myself if I don't have you by my side."

It was on occasions such as this that Jimin found himself questioning the sincerity of Jungkook's
apology from a week ago. His mind started reminding him about the things Mrs. Bennet had told him about Jungkook - about his ability to manipulate emotions. (What was that called again? Gus… Gas… Gaslighting! That was it.). Jungkook's mask would sometimes slip, and his true self would return - the one who had kidnapped Jimin and cut him up like a steak. He would say things like 'you're mine' and 'if I can't have you, nobody can'. Those sentences never bothered Jimin much, though. For some reason, it was when the younger boy would state matter-of-factly that he always knows where Jimin is at all times that scared him.

You know that feeling you get while you're watching a horror movie by yourself at night, and a shiver goes down your back because you SWEAR somebody is behind you, or under the couch just waiting for you to move so they can jump out and bury their knives into you chest? That's how he felt.

It was also times like that when Jimin would mentally give Taehyung a point - because he knew Taehyung would never go as far as to stalk his every move because he was afraid of losing the elder. Taehyung was looking like the better option in almost any situation.

Jimin shook his head and picked up Nookie's carry-on cage and his suitcase handle with the other. He didn't want to start sifting through his thoughts until he got to Namjoon's. "I'll see you later, okay? And please don't come by, alright? You can stay here until Tae-ah comes back from the hospital."

"And when is that, Doll?"

"Two weeks," Jimin gritted, annoyed because of the nickname. "Hopefully I'll have an answer by then."

"Is it really THAT difficult?" Jungkook asked with a frown. "The decision should be easy. Pick me! I'm better for you, you know that. I understand you like Taehyung never could."

"Nice try, but I need to think about this first," Jimin reinstated firmly, sounding more like his old, logical self. (A small part of himself knows that Tae would be proud of him). "I'm not letting thirteen years of friendship go without a good reason."

"But there already IS a good reason!" Jungkook argued, following Jimin as the older man began walking out of the apartment. "You belong with ME! You know he can't love you for who you are or who you love, THAT'S why he's making you pick between us! Don't you see that he's trying to isolate you? He's been doing that since you came back! Remember how he refused to let you out of the apartment? He wouldn't even let you sleep alone!"

Jimin tried to block it out as he shuffled into the elevator and pushed the 'ground floor' button. Jungkook was just trying to mess with him. "Tae did those things because he was trying to protect me from YOU. He wasn't being selfish, nor was he or IS he trying to isolate me!"

"And yet-"

"WILL YOU STOP?!" Jimin roared, his voice bouncing about the elevator walls as it descended. "QUIT TRYING TO MAKE THE DECISION FOR ME! IT'S MY CHOICE, NOT YOURS!"

"Oh, but I can change your mind," Jungkook laughed, crowding Jimin against a wall, his Old Spice cologne washing over the shorter man like a tsunami. "I can make you change your mind so fast, baby." He leaned down and connected their lips in that soft way that he knew made Jimin weak in the knees. "Can't I?"
"C-cut it out! I'm not falling for this!"

"Oh, but darlin', you already have."

The first thing Jimin did once he got inside Namjoon's apartment was lock everything. He knew that Jungkook had a key, so locking the door was kind of futile, but it made him feel better, so sue him. (Which made him laugh, because how was he supposed to live in harmony with a man he was still scared shitless of?). The second thing he did was set Nookie's litter tray in a corner and let cat out of her cage. Nookie darted out of the crate and retreated down the hall.

Jimin shrugged and proceeded to Namjoon's spare bedroom, passing a slightly ajar door along the way. The vague memory that 'hey, this is probably Jungkook's room' flashed in his head like a neon sign, but he ignored it, because hey, why NOT snoop in Jungkook's room? After all, you can tell a lot about a guy by how well he cleans up after himself. He leaned his luggage against the wall and pushed the door open without much thought. The scene before him floored him a little. Namjoon had mentioned the photos in the maknae's room, but Jimin had kind of figured Jungkook would've thrown them out or something by now.

But no.

Everywhere he looked, his own face was plastered on every surface in the form of billions of polaroids with his name scrawled across the white border at the bottom of the picture in sky blue sharpie. It took him a minute to collect himself. Every picture was of the Old Jimin.

Old Jimin playing cards with Hoshi when the store wasn't busy.

Old Jimin wrestling with Taehyung on the floor of their apartment.

Old Jimin dancing and sweating in front of the dance studio's wall mirrors with a content grin on his lips.

How long had it been since he had last danced? Smiled like that? When was the last time he wasn't afraid of what the next day would bring to the table?

He gasped, and the pictures he was holding a moment ago flittered to the floor. He started being afraid once Jungkook entered the picture. With Taehyung, he had never felt afraid. Even when they fought, he was sure they could fix everything, and it would go back to normal. He was finally seeing that Jungkook was the problem, not the solution. Jimin could spend years trying to solve him, but Jungkook would likely always remain as an enigma.

Jimin sat down on the stale-smelling bedsheets and looked around again. It was clear Jungkook hadn't slept in there for a long time. Where he was sleeping if he wasn't at home, Jimin didn't know. The desk, much like the one in the storage unit, was covered in sharpies and pictures - but those pictures were of someone else - or rather, other people. The nearest one to Jimin was framed and sat under the lamp. There was a woman with shiny, chestnut-colored, shoulder-length hair cradling a small baby swaddled in a pink blanket, with a mean looking man and a short boy with a bowl cut standing next to her. Upon further inspection, it became clear that the little boy was clinging to the woman's skirt, his eyes alight with guarded fear. Jimin realized with a start that the boy was Jungkook, the two adults were his parents, and the baby… they baby had to be Hannie. So Jungkook actually still cared about his sister? Did he still want to reconnect with her, or was he content to leave things as they were?
He shook his head and turned to the nightstand by the bed. Inside the single drawer was a bottle of lube (typical), nail clippers, cologne, and a… diary? Journal? He laughed disbelievingly. Jungkook wrote in a journal? Pfft, sure. He took the blue book out of the drawer and read it. The majority of the entries sounded very clinical - like he had been writing it because he was told to, not because he wanted to. As Jimin read through the pages, however, the entries slowly got more and more natural. For example, one of the entries was a small poem about the tuna fish sandwich Jungkook had eaten on that day. It was cute, actually - and it proved that the kid had a childish streak inside him somewhere. Jimin's smile faltered at the last entry.

December 11

I saw him at the store again. He's so beautiful. Did you know he bites his lips a lot when he's thinking really hard? Or that he likes cherry lip gloss over gniyl lip balm? I made him mI laugh today. I used one of Jin's taht dad-jokes on ees him. I think he only ot laughed because it was dnild embarassing, but what does it o ot matter? It worked, at least. Now the only problem is getting him to come home with me. I think I'll have to take him by force. No way he's going to agree to being carved up and blood-drained for some 3r 'uoY lunatic.

Jimin's brows furrowed. What was with the random letters? He looked at the entry again, but he couldn't figure it out. Jungkook was probably just drunk when he wrote it. Yeah, that was it.

Jimin sighed and set the book down. He was no closer to making a decision than he was when he left the hospital.

- When Taehyung heard about Namjoon, it was through Jungkook. Apparently, Namjoon decided to turn himself in. Taehyung wanted to feel proud, but he just felt… guilty. Guilty because he had the time to think things through since he woke up from the coma, and he realized that yeah, Namjoon had done some bad things - but who hadn't? Tae himself was guilty of serial shoplifting, and he even got sent to Juvie for it! Hell, that was were he met Jimin, for fuck's sake! He was wrong to have asked his brother to turn himself in... right? Or was he wrong to? What was he supposed to think?? Namjoon HAD sacrificed a lot in order to keep his brothers safe, but murdering was wrong! Like, people go to hell for that same reason, ask Hitler! (At least, that's where he HOPED Hitler had gone, anyway. Wouldn't it suck if he had made it into the pearly gates and you didn't? Messed up shit right there.).

Taehyung was now sitting upright in his hospital bed, his phone screen black and reflecting the grey ceiling tiles above him. He was waiting for Jungkook to screentime him, so he could say Hi to Namjoon, and ask him how he was doing. Part of him was touched that Jungkook had offered to do that, where they weren't exactly on the best of terms for the time being. He chalked it up to everybody wanting to come together to support Namjoon.

He was snapped out of his reverie by the sound of his phone buzzing around the tuck-away table on his lap. He grabbed the phone and tapped the green 'accept facetime' button almost immediately - barely giving himself the time to switch to the selfie camera before the call connected. The first thing he saw was Jungkook propping his own phone up against something behind the phone in order to keep it up, so Tae could see Namjoon, Jimin and himself clearly. The second thing he noticed was how exhausted Namjoon looked. The male's eyelids seemed to droop, and he wore a weary expression upon his nearly ashen face.

Nobody said anything for a little while, as the pre-existing awkwardness between the maknae line was still very palpable - and it was made no better with Jimin and Jungkook being seated almost elbow-to-elbow with each other. It was when the warden stuck his face into the meeting room to
announce that they had 10 minutes left that somebody finally spoke up.

"...So uh, how are you?" Jimin asked, seeking out Jungkook's gaze for some kind of encouragement.

Namjoon didn't look up. "I'm fine."

Taehyung laughed so hard he winced from the pain in his side. "You don't LOOK fine."

"Then stop looking."

Insert crickets.

"Look, I'm going to kill myself if we keep beating around the bush, so I'm just going to say it," Jungkook announced calmly. "What THE FUCK WERE YOU THINKING?!"

The oldest male barely looked up at the boy. "I didn't have another choice, Gguk-ah."

"Another...? Hyung, what the fuck are you talking about?"

"I didn't have another choice!" Namjoon roared, his eyes brimming with tears. The three boys startled at the sudden display of emotion from the normally very collected man. "Jin left, Taehyung hates me, Jungkook is never at home, I don't... It was either this or..." He let the implication hang heavy in the air.

Taehyung shivered - he could feel the tension from where he was sitting. "Joon... You weren't going to-

"Look, the 'why' isn't important right now," Jungkook cut his half-brother off with an air of irritation. "We need to find a way to get you out of this, Hyung!"

"I don't WANT a way out!" Namjoon heaved a stuttered breath as he covered his face with his hands. "Don't you get it? I can't live with the burden of my sins anymore! I Don't CARE if it was to protect you guys or not - it was wrong! It IS wrong! And I need to pay the price!"

"But-

"NO, JUNGKOOK! CAN YOU PLEASE JUST STOP? I'M A GROWN ASS MAN, LET ME DEAL WITH IT, IT'S MY PROBLEM! YOU'RE JUST A KID!"

Jungkook appeared taken aback, and Jimin's eyes widened with concern as the younger man seemed to be struggling to hide the hurt flashing across his features (Spoiler: he failed). "Fine. I'll let you deal with it by yourself if you want to. Taehyung, say goodbye so I can leave."

Taehyung bristled. "That's hyung to you. And I'm not done talking yet."

"Tough shit! Say goodbye or I'll cut the call right now."

Jimin hesitated. "Jungkook..."

"No, Jimin-ah, it's fine," Taehyung held a large hand up to show that it was okay. "It's fine. I'll come down to see you once I can walk again, Namjoon-hyung."
Namjoon offered a small smile in the general direction of the phone. "Thanks. I'll be here."

"And hyung?"

The oldest of the boys paused. "Yeah?"

"I love you. Everything is going to be okay."

Jungkook went straight to Mrs. Bennet's office after the meeting with Namjoon. He said he was going to let his older brother deal with his issues himself - but he was lying. Of course. I mean, do you really think he was going to let his hyung take the fall for the mistakes of his step-brothers' dad? No way.

He stormed right up two flights of stairs (he was too angsty to wait for the elevator), tore the waiting room door open, marched right into her office, and kicked out the client she was currently working with. Both the client and Mrs. Bennet gave him a dark look, but he ignored it. Namjoon was worth it.

"Okay, I need a favor," he announced as soon as the client had left and shut the door behind herself.

Mrs. Bennet smirked at him and shook her head disapprovingly. "I told you that I'm done helping you, Jungkook-ssi."

"It's urgent."

"I'm not helping."

"It's for a friend."

The woman took her glasses off and irritably rubbed the bridge of her nose. She was obviously at war with herself. On one hand she didn't want to help the psycho child she had been forced to work with since he was nineteen years old - but on the other hand, she didn't want somebody else to deal with whatever mess Jungkook had made their lives to be by themselves. She eyed the boy for a few minutes before sighing and rolling her eyes. "...Fine. But you've got five minutes."

Jungkook immediately launched into the tale that was Namjoon's life, and the story was so articulated and detail-oriented that one would assume that he had the story prepared before he even arrived at the office (which was plausible, seeing as though he probably already knew that she would cave to his wishes). Once he was finished, the woman closed her eyes, leaned back against her office chair, and was quiet for a little while.

"...So what do you want me to do, exactly? He admitted to the crime, he gave intricate details - he's going to get convicted, Jungkook."

"I know that. Yet there IS a way that we can reduce his sentence dramatically."

"...I am not going to be fond of this suggestion, am I?"

Jungkook didn't answer her, and instead, he got straight to the point. "When you evaluate Namjoon-hyung, I want you to tinker with the results of his exam. Tell everyone he has BPD."
Mrs. Bennet laughed. "Really, Jungkook-ssi? Personality Disorder? THAT'S your brilliant idea? You seriously just waltzed right in here, violated my client's space, and THIS is what you wanted from me? To lie?"

"It isn't lying," Jungkook smirked. "You're just... Wording things differently."

"Uh huh. And what's in it for me, huh? You realize I could lose my job if I get caught?"

Jungkook's psychotic smirk grew darker as he stalked toward the doctor, and he thoroughly enjoyed the look on her face as he leaned across her desk so far that he was nearly nose-to-nose with her.

"What's in it for you? Your life."

Chapter End Notes

Okay!

1. What's with the random letters in Jungkook's last diary entry? Were you able to decode it? If you did, what did it say? (Ask me if you want a hint!) What do you think it means?

2. Is Jungkook really gonna kill Mrs. Bennet if she refuses to help Namjoon?

4. If you read the urban explorer story, I'm sorry, but I'm not going to get to update it today! I barely got this update out ><

Thank you all so much for reading! Have a beautiful day, and I love you!

*Comments are always appreciated*

Follow me on twitter! I'm @KerieNivea or just put in IFeelLikeTaeGucci ^^
Chapter 21

Chapter Summary

(This chapter takes place one week after Taehyung was discharged from the hospital).

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Taehyung fumbled around with the superman charm on his keychain as he rides the elevator up to Namjoon’s apartment with Jungkook. Jimin had sent the two males a rather cryptic message of 'come over' earlier that afternoon, and even without it being hinted at, Taehyung was knew it had something to do with who he was going to pick. The thing that bothered him the most was that Jimin was going to pick Jungkook - he could feel it in his bones. And when he looked over at Jungkook, he knew the younger male knew it, too.

The intercom beeped, and Taehyung jumped out of the elevator as soon as the gap between the doors was wide enough. He didn't bother waiting around for the Psycho Kid, and hurried to Namjoon's apartment door with haste despite the dread and anxiety in his stomach. The door opened before he raised his fist to knock - which lead him to assume that Jimin had been waiting there since morning - which was deeply concerning.

"Hey," Jimin greeted with red-rimmed eyes, avoiding Taehyung's gaze. "Come in, come sit down."

Taehyung felt like he'd be needing to run out of there at some point, so he left his shoes on and sat down on the couch seat closest to the door. Jungkook followed suit, but instead of taking precautions in case he needed to escape, he removed his shoes at the door and when he sat down, he spread his legs wide and comfortable. Like he had nothing to worry about.

Taehyung bit back a snarl when he realized the kid probably didn't.

"So uh," Jimin swallowed nervously, sitting awkwardly on the coffee table, facing the two men on the couch. "I uh. I just wanted to… I need to…" He frowned. "I made a decision."

Jungkook sat up straighter while Taehyung's legs prepared to take flight at a moment's notice.

"Tae I-"

He perked up at that.

"…I'm so sorry."

Oh.

Oh.

He looked up at his best friend - the man he had been friends with for 13 years, the man he has had a crush on for five of those years - and immediately knew what was happening. He was choosing Jungkook.
Upon seeing the crushed expression on Taehyung's face, Jimin attempted to back-pedal. "It's not that I don't love you, Tae! Because I do – and I want you as my friend! It's just-"

"It's just that I'm not Jungkook." Taehyung didn't need to look up to know that he was right. He wasn't Jungkook. He wasn't a jerk, an asshole, a rapist, a monster. He wasn't the scum of the earth, nor was he the man anybody ever wanted, because he was too eccentric and bouncy. He wasn't loveable! He knew he should've just let it go, but no, he had to go and give Jimin an ultimatum and choose between-

"Taehyung! Stop it! Don't say stuff like that!"

Tae blinked, and started laughing once he realized he had said all that out loud, and Jimin seemed a tad over a lot panicked. "S-stop?" He guffawed. "Y-YOU stop! How could y-you, Jimin? God, I l- loved you! I DO love you! I looked after you, I protected you, I stayed up at night when I had early classes the next morning because YOU needed someone to talk to! Why are you doing this to me?"

His voice broke, and he clutched at his chest in hopes of keeping his heart from falling out. "Why are you ab-abandoning me?" He looked up with agonized tears spilling out of his eyes. "Was it s-something I did? Did I h-hurt you? Was I not enough? Did I care too much? W-what did I do wrong?"

Jemin had to look away and clench his jaw and fists in order to keep himself from caving. "You just aren't who I want, Taehyung. There's nothing wrong with you - I just don't WANT you." He tried desperately to block out the earth-shattering sob that left wrenched from deep within Taehyung's chest, but failed miserably.

Jungkook stared at the crumpled, broken form of his older brother, and the scene made his fingers tingle with... something. He recognized it as the feeling he got when Jimin left him back at the warehouse - that feeling of wanting to hang on and not let go. But why was he feeling that with Taehyung? He didn't - he didn't love him... Right? He didn't feel the same way for Tae as he did for Jimin, so that must mean that he doesn't love Tae... right? Because love was what he felt for Jimin? And anything that didn't feel like that wasn't relevant, right?

He was about to cave and attempt to hug the guy, but Taehyung had somehow - in the span of 6 seconds - gotten to his feet and staggered out of the apartment, sobbing and hyperventilating all the way. Huh. That emotion seemed vaguely familiar to him.

"No, wait, Tae! Don't-"

"Leave him be," Jungkook ordered softly as he wrapped his arms around Jimin's waist to keep him from going after Taehyung. "He needs to be alone for now."

Jimin made a sound of destress. "But he-"

"Trust me, Doll. I know what he's feeling right now... Trust me, he needs some time to process this."

Realizing Jungkook knew what he was talking about, Jimin hesitantly sagged into his embrace, and it took all the power within himself to not cry. He thought dropping Taehyung would be easier than it ended up being. And what made him feel guilty wasn't the tears Tae cried, nor the pure agony etched into his features, but something he had said before he left.

How could you do this to me? I love you.
Taehyung wasn't sure how he did it, but he managed to stagger/crawl his way back home while in the midst of a panic attack. Everyone he passed had either looked at him like he was nuts, or with expressions of sympathy from those who recognized the wails of heartbreak.

He slammed his apartment door shut with power he wasn't aware he possessed, and went straight to the alcohol cupboard in the kitchen. The first bottle he pulled out was strawberry liquor, and the second was a bottle of aged whiskey. He grabbed a quart mason jar and filled three quarters of it with the strawberry liquor, and the finished it off with the whiskey. The mix was an odd pinkish-brown, and tasted sweet but burned all the way down.

Kinda like Jimin.

Taehyung didn't even KNOW why he was so hurt - I mean, he knew the minute he told Jimin to choose that Jimin had already made that decision a long time ago, and that he was putting it off to spare Tae's feelings.

It was never going to work.

He swallowed the last mouthful of the alcoholic concoction with a grimace, and then threw the glass behind him, not giving a shit if it broke or not. In his drunken stupor, the pain of being abandoned was replaced with a fiery rage - the kind of rage that makes your fists shake, and your blood boil in your veins.

"I can't believe that I loved you," he growled as he staggered to Jimin's bedroom. He grabbed the older male's laptop, walked to the apartment door, threw it open, and hurled the machine into the hall without thinking. It crashed horribly against the opposite wall, and a small bit of Taehyung's ache was relieved by the shattered mess on the corridor carpet. He grinned and disappeared back inside his apartment, only to reappear with more of Jimin's things, and proceeded to hurl the objects out to join the mangled laptop.

He wasn't sure how long he had been chucking and hurling shit into the hallway, but he was aware that it was probably for a decent amount of time - if the ache in his joints and the sweat on his brow was anything to go by. He was laboriously throwing a bunch of anime encyclopedias out just as someone emerged from around the corner - and would've gotten a book to his forehead if he hadn't ducked out of the way.

Taehyung's lips curled into a snarl once he recognized who it was. "Get out of here, Jungkook," he slurred, wielding another book in his hand. "You got what you wanted, now go away!"

Jungkook eyed his brother with something indecipherable before he began swaggering closer. "I wanted to see if you're okay."

Taehyung looked at him like he'd grown three heads and a mermaid's tail. "Look around," he hissed, flinging his arm to the mess that was the corridor. "It's quite obvious that I'm not fucking fine! But you can't see that, can you? I forgot that you're fucking brain-dead as a vegetable when it comes to emotions!"

"Taehyung, you need to stop," Jungkook warned as he walked past his brother and into the apartment. "I'm not here to screw you over."

"Too late."

"...I didn't ask Jimin to pick me!"

"You didn't have to!"
Jungkook took a breath. "Look, Taehyung, I'm sorry, okay? I don't... I didn't..." He rubbed his face with his hand. "I didn't know he meant so much to you. I... I didn't mean to steal him. From you."

"Oh, that's cute," Taehyung snorted, snatching the whiskey off the floor and taking a huge gulp. "You 'didn't mean it'. That's just fucking ADORABLE."

"Listen to m-"

"No, YOU listen to ME!" Taehyung shouted as he pulled a large knife on the younger man. "You can pull the wool over Jimin's eyes, but you can't on me! I know what game you're playing, you little shit! And it isn't going to fool me! Do you hear me?! I'm not-"

"Put it down, Taehyung."

Tae chuckled darkly. "No."

"Don't fucking push me. I told you to put. The knife. Down."

"Or what?" Tae laughed. "You think I'm AFRAID of you?" He shook his head and dangerously waved the knife around. "I'm not. And do you know why?" He didn't wait for a response. "I don't care if you're taller than me, bigger than me, younger than me. You want to know why?" He held his knife against Jungkook's chest as he walked forward, which forced the maknae to back up against the wall behind him to avoid getting stabbed. "Because bitch, you bleed just like everyone else does."

Jungkook glowered at him. "You're forgetting one thing, babe."

"And what is that?"

"I'm not like everyone else."

Jungkook grabbed Taehyung's wrist at that very moment, and forced it back so it hit Tae's nose. Taehyung groaned and dropped the knife out of reflex, which left him susceptible to more blows. Jungkook proceeded to fling him to the side, which made the kitchen table skid across the floor as Taehyung's body collided with it. He didn't stay down for long, though. Just as Jungkook was about to kick him, Tae rolled out of the way, grabbed the maknae's ankle and yanked on it so hard that the boy's other leg came flying out from underneath him.

"You're a monster!" Taehyung screamed as he straddled the man's chest and pinned his wrists above his head. "How could Jimin love YOU?! You're nothing but a piece of discarded garbage!"

"At least I'm not the one who got abandoned like some childhood toy!"

"I'm not the one who got abandoned like some childhood toy!"

Taehyung's nose twitched angrily. "You deserve to die, you bitch. I hope you die the slowest, most painful death imaginable."

Jungkook smirked in amusement. "If you're not going to be a man and do something, get off."

Taehyung stared long and hard at his brother. If he beat Jungkook up like he so desperately wanted to, he would be no better than he was. He might as well murder Jungkook if that was what he was going to do. He shook his head, and using all the self-restraint he had, he let go of Jungkook's wrists. "...No. Real men don't hurt people, Jungkook."

Jungkook snarled and flip them over, slamming the back of Taehyung's head into the wood floor in the process. "Says you." He stared down and his step brother, and even though he didn't mean for it
to happen, his face began gravitating toward Taehyung's still-stunned face. "Tae…"

"Get off me!" Taehyung shrieked just before their lips could brush, and he pushed the maknae so hard the boy fell backwards onto his butt with a slap. "Don't even THINK about it!"

"I already DID," Jungkook growled back, and began stalking after Taehyung, who was stumbling around on his still-drunk feet. "And I think you have, too."

"Y-You're my brother!" Tae defended weakly. "And you're Jimin's… I don't know, you're his SOMETHING!! It isn't right!"

Jungkook grabbed a fistful of Tae's fluffy hair and used it as leverage to pull him in closer, until their lips crashed together so hard he could taste blood - and he wasn't even sure whose blood he was tasting. Not that it mattered, because it still made him hard as fuck, anyway.

"N-no, stop," Taehyung whimpered, although he made no move to push the boy away. His brain SCREAMED at him to do something - to push him away or hit him or SOMETHING, but it was as if someone had taken control of his limbs, and were holding them in place. The funny part was that the harder he kissed Jungkook, the less angry he felt. It was like he had got bitten, and Jungkook's lips were the antivenin. Or something like that. So needless to say, instead of pushing him away, Tae held onto the man tighter, and put all the anger and hatred and bitterness he had inside his heart into that kiss. They were, essentially, mauling each other's faces off. Only with their lips and their teeth instead of their claws.

Jungkook groaned low as he allowed Taehyung to bite down on his lip- as the pain was something that he loved more than anything else in the world. But… But he felt like what he was doing was wrong. Like, it didn't make sense, because he kissed people all the time - but for some reason, he kept thinking about Jimin, and what Jimin would think, and if what he was doing would be hurtful to the small male. Which was ridiculous. I mean, it's just kissing, after all, and he doesn't have feelings for Taehyung, so it doesn't mean anything bad, right? …Right?

"I'm fucking done with you," Taehyung snarled as he flipped their positions, slamming Jungkook's back into the wall. "I hate you so much, I hate you, I hate Jimin, I hate fucking everything-" he pinned Jungkook to the wall using the collar of the boy's shirt, and kisses him again - pulling him away from the wall only to slam him against it again. The more Jungkook groaned at the pain the more pissed Taehyung got - which meant that he went harder. So hard that they ended up grinding against each other, going at it like a couple of hormonal dogs in heat.

But as luck would have it, they were interrupted before they could go any farther.

"Oh my God."

Jungkook separated from Taehyung so fast one would've thought he had gotten burned. "H-hey, babe. What… Why are you-"

"I was worried." Jimin looked between the step-brothers as if he couldn't believe what he had seen - as if he couldn't believe Taehyung would do that to him, and with his own brother, no less. "…But it's apparent that I didn't need to."

Jungkook swallowed. "Ji-"

"No! Fuck you! And Taehyung-" Jimin sent a disgusted expression at his ex-best friend. "I expected better of you." And with that, he ran.

Jungkook followed after him, looking lost as a puppy, while Taehyung couldn't care any less about
how Jimin felt. Maybe it was the alcohol, maybe it was the emotional pain he was associating Jimin with, but regardless, he didn't care. Jimin had hurt him so badly. He deserved the same.

Taehyung wasn't like Jungkook. He wouldn't hurt anybody physically - but he wasn't above hurting someone emotionally. And if Jungkook was good at manipulating emotions, Taehyung was good at hitting nerves.

So what better than to get his revenge through Jungkook?

After all, he was the reason that everything was ruined, anyway.

He groaned and shook his head as he chucked the empty whiskey bottle into the glass bin with a crash. He couldn't allow himself to fall to Jungkook's level. Somebody had to be the bigger man, and if forgiving them and moving on was what he needed to do, that's what he would do.

Because Kim Taehyung was a lot of things, but a monster was not one of them.

Chapter End Notes

I want to talk about something real quick.

I want to say that life is a precious thing, and we need to love and appreciate those closest to us, because we don't know when we will lose them. We need to be compassionate and understanding, because we don't know what might break someone's soul. When someone reaches out to you for help, don't deny them your aid. Life itself is precious and fragile - but a soul is even more so. Some people are born with medical conditions that cause depression, and for others, it happens over time. No matter how it happens, it is still a serious problem, and you should get help - because YOU are worth it. Never for one second believe that just because your conditions are not as severe as someone else's, that you do not deserve help. You do deserve help.

Please, if any of you are struggling with anything, PLEASE reach out to someone! Please don't let it get to the point that you start coming up with drastic measures. Please don't harm yourself, be mean to yourself, beat yourself up, or deny yourself help for any reason. You ARE worth it!

I'm telling you this because I WANT you to receive help if you need it! I WANT you to believe that you are worth it, no matter what happened to you!

PLEASE, get help if you are suffering!

If you've been struggling with depression and/or suicidal thoughts.

If you've been raped or have been/are being sexually abused.

If you have an eating disorder.

If you struggling with anxiety.

Hell, even if you're just not feeling like yourself!

I'm begging you to please not leave this world in that manner. Please don't give up on
life - no matter how difficult it seems. You are precious, you matter, and there is nobody else in the world like you! I can guarantee you that no matter what happens, someone will be there to support you. You are NEVER alone.

If you ever need someone to talk to, I'm always here.

Have a good day, everybody, and please be safe!

Laura.
When Jimin ran out, it wasn’t because he was belligerent towards Taehyung, it wasn’t because he was hurt or offended, it was because he was scared.

Funny to think of it like that, right? He walked in on his boyfriend(?) and ex-best friend kissing, and the first emotion he felt was scared?

Not so funny, if you think about it.

You see, Jimin was afraid that he had made a huge mistake, and that was why he went back to (now only) Taehyung’s apartment in the first place. When he saw them making out like a couple of bitches in heat, that thought was not only solidified, but it was also the foreground for the idea that maybe he shouldn’t have picked between either of them, and that he should’ve just said no to both. He was beginning to realize that maybe… Just maybe… Taehyung and Yoongi and Namjoon had been right all along, that Jungkook wasn’t right for him. That Jungkook really wasn’t an issue he should get himself involved in, because once he was - Once he was, he would have one hell of a time getting away from him. He was only then just realizing that he had made a terrible, terrible mistake.

He should have picked Taehyung.

- TAEHYUNG POV

Taehyung went down to see Namjoon the next morning to seek his guidance on what he ought to do about the JiKook situation. To ask if he was disgusting for kissing his blood brother. Ask what in the world was going to happen to everyone once everything was all said and done. But-

"I know," Namjoon sighed wearily. "Jimin-ah already told me."

Taehyung balked. "Wha-? When?"

"Late last night. He wanted to know if he had made a mistake by choosing Jungkook over you."

Taehyung couldn’t stop the hopeful jump of heart. "And what did you tell him?"

Namjoon gave him an even look and leaned forward in his chair, set his cuff-bound hands on the metal table. between them. "I told him what he already knew. I told him the truth, Taehyung."

"But- But if he already knew the truth, why did he come to you?"

Namjoon softly bobbed his head. "Tae, do you remember that time in high school, when we
shoplifted a necklace because Mom broke hers and Dad refused to fix it or buy her a new one? Remember how you came to e with the box in your hands, you remember what you asked me?"

Taehyung sunk his teeth into his bottom lip. "I asked… I asked if I was in the right or the wrong."

"Yeah. And do you remember what I told you?" He took the pinched look on Taehyung's face as a no. "I told you that if you were questioning what you did, you need to think about why it feels wrong, and fix it if you can."

Taehyung laughed softly. "Yeah, and then I returned it to the jewelry store and they reported me to the authorities."

"Then you got put in juvie and met Jimin," Namjoon finished with a fond smile, as if he were recalling a cherished memory. "Even if something starts out bad, it doesn't mean that it can't end well."

Tae clenched his fists. "What should I do to fix this, Hyung?"

"As your big brother, I want to say something super cryptic that'll leave me with a black eye, but as a cop, I will say this." Namjoon leaned over the table and took Tae's hands in his own, making his little brother meet his gaze. "Meet up with them, and work something out. Think about what you want before you do. You have to make sure you know what you want before you can do anything else."

Taehyung exhaled. "…Okay. Okay. Thanks, hyung."

Namjoon's eyes flicked with something unintelligible. "Not a problem, bud."

Figuring out what he wanted wasn't the hard part. Meeting up with Jimin and Jungkook wasn't the hard part. What was the most difficult was getting them on board with what he had come up with.

"I'm not doing that," Jungkook scowled. "You're planning something."

"How many times do I need to say this?!" Taehyung exclaimed, exasperated. "I'm not 'planning' anything! I just want to work this out! I want my friend back, and I want…" He faltered. "I want my little brother, too."

"Kookie- I'm okay with this if you are," Jimin proposed, seeming a bit more awkward than usual. "I think it's a good compromise."

Jungkook snorted. "For who? I'm not seeing the upside."

"Look, either we fix this before Namjoon goes on trial, or we stay divided and stress Hyung out or more than he already is," Taehyung enunciated his words by jabbing his pointer finger into the table top. "Can we please just put our problems aside so we can be there for Namjoon?" His voice shook desperately. "Please?"

Jungkook's resolve seemed to break once Namjoon was in the picture. "…Fine. But I'm not promising anything."

Taehyung laughed through his tears. "Niether am I."

Jimin's eyes bounced from Jungkook to Taehyung, an odd sense of… Calm… Washing over him.
"Tae-ah, what do you have in mind? What do you want out of this?"

"Just what I said," Tae wiped his tears away with the cuff of his flannel shirt. "I want my best friend back, and I want to have both my brothers. I don't care if you want to keep Jungkook or drop him - do whatever makes you happy. I just want us to come out of this thing together." He locked eyes with Jungkook. "All of us."

And for possibly the first time ever, he held both Jimin's and Jungkook's hands in his own.

-TWO WEEKS LATER: NAMJOON'S HEARING-

Jimin, Taehyung and Jungkook met Namjoon just outside the court room a few minutes before he was due to go in. There were tearful hugs all around, even Jimin shed a few tears.

"So, how are you doing?" Taehyung asked as he detached himself from his older brother.

"I'm okay," Namjoon replied with a small smile, bending down a little so Jimin could hug him. "I'm kind of scared, but... I feel good. Free, almost."

Jungkook snorted. "You're going to be the exact opposite of free once this is over."

"Jungkook-ah, I woud rather be physically jailed than mentally."

Jimin pulled away and playfully slapped Namjoon between the shoulder blades. "Amen to that."

"You're pleading guilty?" Jungkook asked in that blunt way of his, almost as if he couldn't believe it.

"Of course," Namjoon replied. "Gguk-ah, don't think of this as... as me leaving you. Think of it as me going through a sort of detox. This will be good for me. For all of us."

"But... But I don't want to lose you, Hyung."

Namjoon wanted badly to embrace his little step-brother, but was prevented from doing so by the cuffs keeping his hands behind his back, and the officer who was keeping a firm grip on his shoulder. "You aren't. You can come talk to me anytime. Write if that's what you want to do. Please don't be upset about this."

Jungkook swallowed back his unfamiliar emotions and pulled his oldest brother to his chest. "I... I love you, Hyung."

Namjoon grinned into Jungkook's neck. "I love you too, Tiger."

The officer behind Namjoon shifted as he glanced at his watch. "All right, break it up," he said as he pushed Jungkook away and switched his grip to around Namjoon's bicep. "It's time, Kim-ssi. Let's go."

Namjoon nodded at his brothers and Jimin, and then allowed himself to be escorted into the court room. He was sat next to his defense attorney, and he could see Tae, Jungkook and Jimin taking their
seats in the benches a few rows behind him.

"Don't look around and keep your eyes on the table unless you're spoken to," the defense attorney - Jiyong - whispered in his ear as he shifted his papers. "If you are unsure of how to answer, then don't. I will answer for you in those situations."

"That won't be necessary," Namjoon whispered back. "I'm pleading guilty."

Jiyong gave him a look. "...You don't know?"

"...Know... Know what?"

"Mrs. Bennet, your counselor," Jiyong started. "She's made a wonderful defense case for you. Even if you refuse to play along, the court will be unable to sentence you for too long, as your mental state has been dubbed unstable."

Namjoon's heart squeezed. Jungkook's doing. It had to be. "Even if I insist that I did it with a clear mind and pre-meditated intentions?"

"Why are you so bent on getting a full sentence?" Jiyong asked incredulously. "Why have a defense attorney if that's what you want?"

"I-"

The judge entered the room at that moment, successfully cutting Namjoon off with her mere presence. She was wearing the typical, black judge dress, and black office heels. Her long, wavy, black-blue hair was pulled into a ponytail, her curls cascading down her back and swishing as she climbed up the steps that lead to her stand. She sat down, scanned through the file on her stand and then stared out at the crowd before tapping her gavel against the block. "Case 93725, Kim Namjoon versus Jeon Minyoung is hereby called to order. All responses must be truthful, or else face additional jail time. I would like to call the prosecutor, Choi Minho, to the stand."

A normal-looking young man wearing a fitted, navyblue tux swaggered his way up to the free stand and sat down with an air of arrogance and confidence that reminded Namjoon of too much Jungkook. He smirked at Namjoon before he began making his case. "The accused, Ex-Chief Kim Namjoon has admitted to setting the fire of that killed Chief Jeon Minyoung, and his wife of fourteen years in 2009. He has provided investigators with fully-detailed accounts of what happened that night, down to the nail polish remover he used as an accelerant. All the current evidence we have, along with Kim-ssi's testimony, proves that he is, in fact, the murderer. I suggest life-long incarceration."

"We cannot sentence until we have heard all sides," The judge - Bae Nayoung - reminded stiffly. "Thank you for your input, Choi-ssi. Defense attorney, Kwon Jiyong, to the stand, please."

The rest of the hearing went like that - one side pulling and the other pushing, two convictions to one story. True to Jiyong's words, Mrs.

Benett compiled an impressive speech about Namjoon's mental well-being, and how it was apparent that he was suffering from a severe bout of depressive paranoia and borderline personality disorder when he started the fire. If Namjoon hadn't admitted to the murders himself, her case alone would have set him free. He wasn't happy about it (actually, he was more angry with Jungkook, but that's a tale for a later date), but he was impressed. He could tell that Jiyong was, too.

Once Mrs. Bennet finished and left the stand, the judge left the room to speak with her confidants about the case particulars. When she returned, the court room fell silent. She took a long drink of
water before she folded her arms over her desk-like ledge and began to speak. "The court has concluded that Kim Namjoon is guilty. However, due to his impaired mental state at the time, the maximum we are able to give is ten years to the mental institute in Gwangju. Case closed." Then she tapped her gavel and left the room through the door behind her chair, leaving the court room a mess of both cheers and cries of indignance.

It wasn't what Namjoon had hoped for, but at least he was still getting time.

Chapter End Notes

Let me know what y'all think! Are you happy with Taehyung's proposal?

I love you all, and thank you so much for reading!

Have a beautiful day!

<3

(And sorry this was short and kinda shitty. I had to force the update out xD)
Jungkook stood on Yoongi’s doorstep, and rang the bell. He wasn’t sure why, but Taehyung had spoken to Yoongi, and talked him into letting Jungkook talk to Hannie - under the guise of a babysitter. They agreed on ‘babysitter’ because Hannie was too young to have the ‘this is your long-lost brother and he wants you in his life’ conversation just yet.

When Yoongi opened the door, Jungkook shook his hand, greeted him, and thanked him profusely for allowing him to see Hannie. Yoongi waved him off and invited him inside, called out for Hannie as he lead Jungkook into the livingroom.

Jungkook’s heart exploded when he saw her. She came running into the room, smiling wide and wearing shorts and a t-shirt a little too big for her small frame. When she saw Jungkook, she got a look on her face and stayed planted into the doorway, looking at Yoongi for an explanation. Jungkook worried that maybe she had seen him on the news when he was being painted as a monster.

"This is Jeon Jungkook, Hannie-ah," Yoongi explained, clapping the boy on the shoulder. "He's going to be your new babysitter for a while."

She looked Jungkook up and down before she boldly stepped forward and offered him her hand. "I'm Hannie. You better like playing with finger-puppets, otherwise, Imma have Yoongi-oppa fire you."

Jungkook wanted so badly to pull her into his arms and never let her go. He had missed her so much, and looking at the Hannie whose head barely reached above his waist - it was giving him major nostalgia, that's what. "I love finger-puppets," he smiled, shaking her hand. "Hope you can keep up, though. I can play for hours."

Hannie squealed and started towing him out of the livingroom. "Great! Let's start, then!"

- 

Jimin and Taehyung’s relationship is still pretty strained since Jimin had picked Jungkook over Tae, but it was definitely better than it was a few months ago.

"Hey, can you pass me the maple surup, please?" Taehyung asked, motioning at his plate of waffles. "The chef skimped."

"Please, you just have an addiction," Jimin teased, sliding the small, glass pitcher to the younger male, who cheered and doused his waffles with it until they were practically swimming in the amber liquid. "Not as addicted as you are to Jungkook-ah."

Jimin spluttered into his coffee. "I am not!"

"You are, too! I saw the looks you two were giving each other when he dropped you off!"

"Hey, he's been spending so much time with Hannie lately that I can't help but bask in his attention when he gifts me with it. And thanks for doing that for him, by the way." Jimin played with the edge of his napkin absent-mindedly. "I know he doesn't show it, but he really appreciates it."
"It isn't a problem, Jimin-ah. I'm happy things are improving for him - even if he IS still the world's biggest nut case." The fact that he still resents Jungkook a lot goes unsaid.

Jimin laughed at that. "Speaking of improvement, how're you and Yoongi-hyung doing?"

Taehyung couldn't stop his smile as he thought about the older male. "We're great! We went to the Han River for a picnic last night and- oh my gosh, you should have seen it! He was practically GLOWING in the moonlight, Jimin-ah! He was SO beautiful-"

"You're so fucking whipped, dude."

Tae sighed and his eyes got all dreamy. "I am." But I'm not over you.

Namjoon was doing pretty well, considering the circumstances. He hadn't been able to see much of his little brothers since he was transported to the asylum, but at least they did their best to call whenever they had the time. And when they didn't, Jimin would call and fill him in on what was going on, and asked him how he was doing. He hadn't heard anything from Jin, but according to Jungkook, he and Hoseok's relationship was pretty rocky - apparently, when you knowingly cheat on someone, that fear of disloyalty follows into the next relationship.

But Jin wasn't on Namjoon's mind too often, as he had recently fallen in love with someone - a guard by the name of Doweon. They weren't allowed to date, but they did their best to hang out at lunch time and during movie nights.

That wasn't to say it was all good, because it wasn't. Namjoon faced a lot of animosity from the other patients, both because of his history, but also because he seemed content to be there. The staff were terribly abusive, and those that had serious mental illnesses didn't benefit from the incessant screaming and hitting - which in turn made the asylum enviroment that much more volatile.

But he was alive, he was doing time for his crimes, and he had found someone new to love - so he was willing to put up with the downsides, as difficult as they might come.

Taehyung looked around at his friend, his little brother and his own boyfriend, and smiled.

Namjoon was talking animatedly about something cute Doweon had done with Yoongi, who was nodding and smiling along.

Jimin and Jungkook were sitting together on Namjoon's asylum bedroom floor, not really saying much, but seemed to just be enjoying being together, despite the fact that Jungkook was still too possessive and even violent at times when he felt threatened (although he rarely ever took his anger out on Jimin anymore).

Taehyung's smile widened.

It was strange how everything had happened, and even stranger how everything had came together in the end.

He had found someone else to love (but could never replace Jimin), Jungkook and Jimin were still together, and Namjoon and Doweon seemed pretty happy, as well.

He guessed that there was only one explanation for all of this.
Everyone is a little crazy.

Chapter End Notes

First of all, I want to thank each and every single one of you for all the support you gave me and this story! Every single kudo, every view, every comment, gave me immense joy and motivation - and I know that thanks to you all, my writing has improved greatly since the beginning of this fic! It has meant so much to me that you have enjoyed reading this story as much as I did writing it. I'm so grateful towards all of you, and I honestly have no idea how to thank you!

After discovering how much I adore writing the psycho!au, I recently started planning a new addition to my Psycho!Bangtan series! A teaser for the new fic (which is NOT a continuation of this one), (Don't) Come Back Home, will be uploaded to this fic in the form of chapter 24 on April 25. I have to go away from June 17th - August 18th for work, so you will not see any new updates from me during that time. But rest assured, I will write when I have the time! The new story will be posted on August 20, and I hope I will see you guys there! I know that is a long time to wait, so I completely understand if you don't stick around^^

In the meantime, I welcome you to read one of my other fics, if you want to:

Kinky smut, fluff and copious amounts of crack: Road Trip (TaeKook), Red Light (TaeKook)

ABO au: Together We Defeated An Army (Namjin, YoonMin, VKook, lonely Hoseok) (Smut) (This was my first fic, so it sucks ass)

Action adventure and smut free: The Adventures of VMinKook: Urban Exploration, A Trip to Avalon, and the Experience of a Lifetime (Vkook, mainly), Flatliner (zombie au, platonically Vkook centric)

Eating Disorders, angst and some fluff: Seeing is Decieving, Dreaming is Believing (Jimin centric) (No smut, platonic relationships)

Cop!au, some smut - but mostly action: Cops and Robbers (I Like Playing Dirty) (JiKook)

(And I think I'm writing too much VKook...)

Again, thank you all so much for reading! I'm not good with words, so it's difficult to express my appreciation - but I sincerely thank you from the bottom of my heart!
I love you, and have a beautiful, beautiful day!

x Laura

Follow my sappy ass and scream at me on twt @KerieNivea (or just type in IFeelLikeTaeGucci)

Instagram for my hideous face, fic art, and camp pics coming soon~ ;)


Chapter Summary

South Korea's newest serial murderer is on the loose, and he's after blood. When one of the boys discovers Jack's mask in someone's shirt drawer, his life is immediately put in danger.

Can you find out who the murderer is before he can kill one of his best friends?

Chapter Notes

Here is the teaser, one day early because I won't be home tomorrow!

This fic is going to have a lot of new features that I'm trying out for the first time, such as multiple choice votes for the readers, interactive reading and a few other things ;) I sincerely hope that this teaser (which will be the prologue to (Don't) Come Back Home once it is published) captures your attention enough that you'll stick around for the full version, which will be posted to this series on August 19, 2018. ^^

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Victim 7: So Min Hee

Age: 17

Height: 125cm / 5'0

So Min hummed a happy tune to herself as she walked down the heavily-lit street, her pocket book tapping her hip as she went along. She had just left her older sister Hyojin's apartment, where they had held her bridal shower. They had eaten mounds of cake, exchanged gifts, and had eventually parted their separate ways. Hyojin had offered to drive her home, as it was nearing eleven o'clock on a work night. So Min laughed her sister's concerns off (just because she was short didn't mean she couldn't protect herself) and insisted that she was fine by herself.

The street she was walking on was very well-lit, after all, and she had her pepper spray clutched in her palm in case she needed to use it - so she was safe... Right?

Not quite.

She was about to duck into a small gas station for some pepporo sticks to eat on the way home, but was cut short when she thought she heard something in the alleyway beside her.

Now, she wasn't a dumb child - she knew that rule number one of being a female walking alone at night was to NEVER walk down random alleyways, regardless of the reasons. ESPECIALLY when Jack was still around.
She shivered at the thought and backed away from the alley one foot at a time. Something was telling her not to turn her back to it.

She was reaching into her bag and had just grasped her phone when she her back came to a stop against something tall and squishy. She knew instinctively that it was another person, and the revelation made her heart pound in her chest.

"I-I have pepper-spray," Her threat came out more like a hoarse whimper.

"And I have a gun. Put the spray and the bag down, kiddie."

So Min clutched the pink container harder in her fist, and flicked the safety switch her thumb. "I'm not going to do t-that."

The man (she guessed it was a man) pressed the muzzle of said gun between her shoulder-blades (as she was just that short), and she squeezed her eyes shut. People were passing them, but nobody seemed to notice what was happening just under their noses. When she opened her eyes she tried to catch someone's eye - but nobody was paying attention to her. How was nobody seeing that??

"I-Is it money you w-want?" She stuttered softly through her tears. "I have thirty thousand w-won, you can have it, I don't need it!"

The man chuckled darkly. "Of course I don't need it, hon. And that's not what I want, either."

She swallowed back a sob. "And what do you w-want?"

The man bent over so he could whisper in her ear. "Your blood."

Before she could scream, the man took advantage of the momentarily empty street, and pistol-whipped her on the back of the neck - which knocked her out almost instantly. The girl fell to the ground, and the man pocketed his gun before he scooped her up and walked down the alley to his car.

- 

When So Min came to, she was looking at the ceiling. It wasn't too high up, and the lack of dry wall against her head, she concluded that she was in some kind of shed.

"You're awake."

She startled, and managed to sit up with some difficulty, as her wrists and ankles were bound with rough rope. "W-what's going o-on? Where am I?"

"It doesn't matter where you are. You're not leaving alive." The man smirked as he polished a small pairing knife on the hem of his shirt, and then walked over and squatted in front of the trembling girl, flipping the blade in his hand. "Unless, you can change my mind, of course.~"

The girl gulped, staring into the man's masked face with unadulterated terror. What was she supposed to do, exactly? Did he want her to beg? Scream? Cry? Her eyes drifted to the front of his pants, and felt her heart both drop from dread and flutter with a spark of hope.

"I-I can touch you," She started, shuffling forward onto her knees until she could rub her cheek against the man's firm thigh. "I-I can do it, I'm good at i-it."

The man chuckled darkly and ran his fingers through her hair. "How much is your life worth?"
So Min froze and slowly dragged her eyes upward, until they landed on the holes in the mask where the man's eyes should be. "I'm sorry?"


She was at a complete loss for words. "...I... I don't know, I- What do you want me to say?" She was angry now. "Do you WANT me to beg for my life? Perhaps you want me to fulfill some sick sort of kink, and then you'll kill me. I know who you are, you know. You-

"You know who I am." The man restated tauntingly. "And who am I? Am I who the media portrays me? Am I who you deem me to be? Tell me. Who am I?"

So Min licked her lips nervously, fully aware that no matter what she said, or what she did, she would still be dead at the end of it. Maybe if she tried the human route... "...You're a human. You... There's a reason you're like this, and whatever the reason, it isn't your fault-"

"Don't." He breathed shakily in anger. "-Patronize me. You know you aren't getting out of this, one way or another."

"But you said I could convince you!"

The man laughed and attached a pulley chain to the ropes around So Min's ankles, the same chain that was attached to the ceiling by a heavy-duty winch. "Is there any point in convincing someone whose mind is already made up? Can you convert an atheist to the sainthood?" He shook his head, and although So Min couldn't see it, she knew he was smiling. "Not by a long shot."

She continued to beg as the man got up and hit a button on one of the walls, and the she was dragged along the concrete floor as the winch started pulling up the slack in the chain. When she realized that she would be dead as a ghost if she got fully suspended, she started thrashing and tried to find something to hold on to - but alas, her small stature was no match for the winch, and she soon found herself suspended a foot and a half above the concrete, completely upside-down. She saw the large drainage grate directly underneath her, and she instinctively knew that it was over for her. She wasn't getting out of this.

The man continued on with what he felt was the best part of this whole process, and proceeded to slowly slit the girl's throat, drinking in the sob of both pain and fear that she emitted as her own blood flowed up her neck and into her nose. She choked and trashed for a few more seconds, until she went still. When he pressed his fingertips to her neck, and he no longer felt a pulse, he felt his stomach flutter.

Another one bites the dust.

Once he was sure she was fully drained of blood, he grabbed the gurney on the other side of the shed and lowered her down onto it, so he could continue his ritual.

He cleaned her up with wet wipes and hydrogen peroxide first - blood was pretty while fresh, but ugly once dry - and then used the crisscross stitch method to neatly suture her slit neck closed. She looked peaceful, actually. Once the blood was wiped off her skin, and her eyes were shut manually, she looked like she was asleep.

And so he went, until her face was painted starch white, eyelids a sky blue, her lips a cherry red, and her body was dressed in a shimmering, blue gown.
Once he loaded her up, drove to the suburban park he had in mind, and had her laid out perfectly on a bench, he wrapped a scarf that matched her dress around her neck, and placed a single, dyed, purple orchid on her chest. He then stepped back, took a polaroid of his handy-work, and returned to clean the evidence out of his shed with household bleach and ammonia.

"South Korea's proclaimed public terrorist is still at large!" Namjoon's television blares the reporter's words through the evening silence. "Jack's latest victim, So Min Hee, was found lying peacefully on a park bench in the suburbs of Seoul, murdered. She was declared missing by her father late last Monday night, when she never returned home. Officials are saying…"

"Gosh, this is terrible," Jimin laments, reaching over Taehyung's lap to grab a handful of popcorn from the large bowl nestled between Jungkook's thighs. "I can't believe someone would do something like this!"

"I know, it's barbaric," Jungkook agrees solemnly, tilting the bowl enough that Jimin can reach into it. "Did you guys hear about how he kills his victims?"

"Yeah, I read all about it in the newspaper," Jin shudders and snuggles further into his blanket. "The creep bleeds them out before he-"

"Jin-hyung!" Everybody (minus Taehyung, who seems to be stuck in his own little world) shrieks in disgust, some of them clapping their hands over their ears just in case the oldest decides to keep going. "That's disgusting!"

"And distasteful," Yoongi deadpans. "How can you joke around like that, when those people's LIVES have been changed forever?"

Namjoon chuckles and thwaks Yoongi on the shoulder using a throw-pillow. "Oh come off it, we all know you're DYING to join in. Stop being a party-pooper."

"Yeah hyung, don't be a party-pooper!"

Yoongi glares at Hoseok, who just grins like he's won the lottery and dives out of site before the older man can throw anything at him. "You guys are assholes. I'm getting a soda."

"Get one for me, too!" Jungkook requests, which is met with a half-hearted grunt as Yoongi pads off to the kitchen.

The television switches from the reporter to the crime scene, which shows a black body bag being wheeled off into an ambulance. "So Min Hee was just seventeen years old - she had her whole life ahead of her. Our prayers and condolences go out go out to her friends and family." The TV once again switches frames, this time to a grainy, black-and-white composite sketch of a man wearing a mask. "He is a dangerous individual, and the authorities are discouraging the public from pursuing him if seen. If you see Jack in your neighborhood, please do not approach him and call your local emergency department-"

Namjoon sighs and clicks the television off. "What a creep, wearing a fucking clown mask. I can't stand it."
"It technically isn't a clown mask, hyung," Jimin corrects, popcorn kernels flying out of his mouth as he speaks. "The only clown-like thing about it is the smile."

"Yeah, which is creepy."

Yoongi shudders as he thinks about the white mask with the black rings around the eyes, and the large, unsettling grin that reaches where the ears would've been. "…I thought we were gonna watch Overboard?"

"Right! I KNEW I was forgetting something!"

Chapter End Notes

What do you guys think about this fic? Are you excited to read it? Is there anything about this fic that you would want me to change about it? Also, do any of you have an idea of who the murderer may be? Let me know!

Thank you all so much for reading and sticking around, and I sincerely hope that I will see you guys on August 19 :) 

Have a beautiful day and be safe! >3>

Come talk to me on twt @KerieNivea I'm pretty active on there^^

End Notes

Thank you all sm for reading, commenting, and dropping kudos! You guys are amazinggg <3
Have a wonderful, beautiful day!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!