Serendipity

by Daydreamgirl

Summary

Yoongi admires the silver haired ballet dancer at his school, he gives him inspiration; Jimin always practices his routine in the early morning hours before dawn, where he was accompanied by the beautiful soothing piano upstairs. When the building blacks out from electricity outage, the universe turns and the two parallel lines finally intersects.

Notes

I wrote this story because I love the relationship between Suga and Jimin. They are both emotional, sentimental people, and I feel are the most delicate in terms of emotions out of the members. I hope you enjoy this short story :)

Jimin looked at himself in the mirror. His left hand was on the bar, his body a straight and taut line. He led his right leg by his right foot toes, everything straight and pointy. He lifted his right leg up slowly along his left leg inner calves, tracing it, up up and up, to a passe; then straightened his right leg to form a arabesque. All the while his inner thighs were facing the front, hips unmoving, back straight and shoulders 90 degrees to the floor, a beautiful and strong position.

On the windows at his left side was pitch black. The sun was still deep asleep, not a sound coming from outside. His eyes darted to the round white clock hanging at the edge above the entrance door, it was almost 4:30am. He smiled. He closed his eyes. Then, a clear and crisp key sounded.

It was like a thunder that ignited the darkness. The sounds coming from the piano was sharp and precise, the music gliding over the keys with purpose. It wasn’t like any of the ballet music his teacher and peers put on when they danced; it was nothing gentle or aristocratic like Mozart; it was
full of emotion and depth, like it was painting a personal struggle in front of thousands of audience.

Jimin danced in the empty ballet studio. His silver hair bounced in tandem with his jumps, his plies, his pirouettes. The piano served as his background, a force that helped him with his dedication and kept him going when he felt sore and worn.

It wasn’t easy being talented.

While growing up, people had always told Jimin he was talented, that he made something so difficult look so easy. They don’t know better. What was real was not the gift send from heaven that gives him the ability to move effortlessly, but the countless hours he put in while everyone’s asleep, watching tv, hanging out with friends; he was always practicing.

He knew the pianist would understand. The person who started practicing at 4:30am, and still continued after the sun rose from the horizon, after Jimin had left the studio at 7:00 am to attend his class. That person was someone who shared Jimin’s passion for their art.

Many times, Jimin thought about going upstairs and seeing who was behind the music. But then he was afraid that would break the spell. So he kept to himself, and it had been three months now.

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Yoongi sat at the very corner of the theatre. He had his black cap on, and slouched a little. He looked out of place in here. There were tiny girls wearing pink tutus in the front, dancers who wore tight and fashionable clothes discussing animatedly, young couples from affluent families, and old couples who were here to enjoy their day out without kids. He was alone, by himself, with ripped black jeans and a t-shirt with a few swear words.

The lights dimmed, audience quieted, and curtains rose. Yoongi moved around his eyes until it landed on the silver haired dancer at the centre of the stage. He wasn’t the star of the show, he was only a supporting act, but it was him that Yoongi came for.

Every movement the silver haired ballet dancer did was so graceful and fluid, yet with strength and passion. Where he moved, the stage moved with him. He was not tall like the other dancers, but his stage presence was immense.

The first time he came was with his friend Hoseok, a dancer. He came because he lost a dare to him. He came with reluctance, with skepticism and prejudice. He had always thought male ballet dancers were feminine, something that he found distasteful as a trait in a man. The dancer had proved him wrong. He left with an overwhelming sense of inspiration and energy.

Yoongi had searched up the dancer’s name after the show had ended the first time he was here. Park Jimin, two year his junior, came from a family of famous artists. His face was pretty and delicate, but there was a look of defiant determination in his eyes.

That determination could be found in his dance. Yoongi focused on every step, every turn and every jump he made. They were precise but bold, vulnerable yet strong. He couldn’t take his eyes off him. It was as if every movement he made was a device that helped restored his spirit. Yoongi thought back to the times where he was alone in the piano room, before the crack of dawn, practicing. How thinking back to the beautiful dance helped him get through it. The glimpse of silver like a flashlight guiding him out of the dark tunnel of his thoughts.

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Some people wait all their life for that one moment. That one moment where it changed their
course of lane. That one moment could be anything, whether a new school, a new job, or moving to a new city. In this case, it was a moment of one minuscule second.

It was that one briefest second that changed their lives. It was like a click that shifted gears into action.

Jimin was preparing for his upcoming fall performance. He knew the choreography inside and out now, but he still had trouble landing after jumping to do double pirouettes. Jumping had never been his forte, perhaps because he was shorter than the average ballet dancer, he had to compensate by jumping higher, extending as far as he could go. That meant it was riskier and he needed more practice.

He took a deep breath, and looked at himself in the mirror. The rise and fall of the piano keys in line with his determination. He picked the clock as the focal point for his turns, and pushed upwards using his thighs and abs.

One. He saw the clock. Two-

All of a sudden he heard a small muffled click, and then it was pitch black. The clock vanished, and Jimin stumbled to the floor.

Came with the blackness was the silence. The piano stopped.

Yoongi had never expected a blackout in the early hours of morning. The city was still asleep, and the blackness made it more still, like a signal to something that was about to happen.

He sighed. He still needed to go over the piece a few more times before he could memorize the whole thing. He couldn’t play without seeing the sheet of music.

He got up. Might as well walk around and breath some fresh air, wait until the lights come back on.

He pulled on his black leather jacket, and pushed the door open. Outside the piano room was an open corridor, where it oversees a vast soccer field. The early morning air was cool and fresh, the smell of grass lingering. Yoongi took a deep breath, closed his eyes, and laid his arms over the rail. He smiled. The silence was calming.

The silence didn’t last long though. There were footsteps approaching. They sounded timid, uncertain, like someone exploring a new area for the first time. Yoongi listened to the sound and thought of the rhythm it created, how it could be played into a piece of music.

The footsteps stopped. Yoongi made the smallest movement of his chin.

“Oh, I didn’t realize someone was here.” Replaced by the footsteps were sounds of a bright, clear voice. In the middle of the darkness and the solitude, it sounded like fireworks in the sky. Yoongi opened his eyes.

“Are you the pianist that plays everyday in the mornings?” The silver haired boy asked, a blush on his cheeks.

He looked exactly like the ballet dancer on the stage.

Yoongi blinked. Was he dreaming? He raised his hand and pinched his cheek.
“Ow.” He said.

The silver haired boy widened his eyes. Yoongi looked down quickly, flushing. “Sorry I thought I was dreaming.”

Then when he looked up and saw only curiosity and amusement in the boy’s eyes, he continued, “It’s just that…that you are that ballet dancer right? Park Jimin?”

The boy looked at him like a deer. Then he beamed. His smile turned his eyes into crescents. “Yes, I am.”

Min Yoongi felt his breath stopped for a second. “I am…I am Min Yoongi, and I am your fan.” He said.

Jimin smiled wider. “Hi, Min Yoongi. I am your fan as well.” He said, extending his hand.

When their hands touched, the lights flickered back on.

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