**Summary**

They were **Dolls**, inanimate, non-living, a replica of the members of **Bangtan Sonyeodan**... but through your occupation as a Doll Master, your were able to give them life...taught them morals, enabled them to feel emotions and the capability to love...and they do love you more than a Doll loves their creator...but could they win your affection against their **Human Originals**?

"мастя, вонд зв'єд ю зов мв евн іф ім а дсьє, іф і вм бєвн нмвм, вонд зв'єд ю звє фо зв мв мпрє тнє мв спріял?"

They were **K-pop Idols**, famous, yet Ordinary people through your standards...they weren’t supposed to get involved with the mess you were in...but they met you and your Living Dolls in an unconventional manner...and against their better judgement, they fell in love...but could these Idols compete against their perfectly sculptured **Doll Versions**?

"[y/n], вонд ю глзнє мв мв ю тд іф ім рєєєєт, вонд зв'єд ю зв'є мв евн ітнг ім хмт імм вм фєєєєї зв ю звє мв евн іф ім нмвм?"
"Taehyungie, your doll clone is **possessed!**"

**Notes**

**ℓυνα** - **ς** **нαи's notes:** I don't own anything here except my future original characters and this story's plot. Please don't plagiarize this.
Hey guys this is Luvaracci~ This is my first time posting a story here and writing about real people so I'm grasping some straws. My first language isn't English so please forgive me for any spelling or grammatical errors.

This story includes some Japanese and Korean language here and there, I hope you guys don't mind it ^_^.


Chapter Notes

τονα-ちゃん's notes: I don't own anything here except my future original characters and this story's plot. Hey guys this is Luvaracci~ This is my first time posting a story here and writing about real people so I'm grasping some straws. My first language isn't English so please forgive me for any spelling or grammatical errors.

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CLINK

"What the fuck?!!"

CLANK
"Holy--why is she lugging around that thing?"

CLINK

"Someone call the police or something!"

CLANK

With an exasperated sigh, you ignored the jabs and jeers by the people as you passed them walking through the streets of Seoul in gangnam-gu dragging a big ass coffin by its chain with your right hand.

This damn shit was the main reason why the bus drivers refused you to get on their vehicle and since you cant abandon the bloody casket you have to go on by foot.

If it were up to you, you would have discarded this casket near some trash or throw it on Han River together with its contents but not all of what's inside of it were rubbish, some were precious cargo so you resigned your fate into hauling this thing until you reached your destination.

Huffing and puffing, you were nearly out of breath as you reached the building of Big Hit Entertainment. You were loitering outside not knowing how to get inside safely as some ARMY fans took refuge at the front blocking your way to their establishment.

You knew that its had to go in unnoticed, its either you get stopped and mobbed by BTS fans or get sent to the nearest crack house for dragging a huge ass obsidian colored coffin like its nobody's business.

Steeling your nerves, you blanked your face narrowing your red contact-lens covered eyes until it was settled to your infamous mimicry of Sesshoumaru's deadly glare from Inuyasha.

"Doke." (Move) Your chilling flat voice turned the immediate area a few degrees lower as you uttered that single word glowering at the female fans. It didn't help that you are dressed as Kurumi Tokisaki, the crazy S-class spirit from Date a Live in her spirit form. With your now crimson venomous eyes partnered with the frilly onyx and carmine shades that was painting your silky lolita outfit you look like you might commit murder the moment the momentary peace was disrupted.

Adjusting the chain on your right hand, you took an experimental step forward testing the waters. Your appointment with Bang Si-Hyuk was in an hour but it wouldn't hurt to come early so you can make sure that you got the measurements right and if there were any adjustments you can be there to fix it.

Combing you slender fingers through your brown-black hair, you gave a long suffering exhale deciding to screw it all and just march at the front and flash the ID the CEO of Big Hit gave you as special pass if the guards dare to stop you from going in.
You decided to channel some blood lust and leak some killing intent when you felt like the fans were about to gang up on you stopping them in their tracks.

The **ARMY**’s parted like The Red Sea when they saw you aren't budging on your spot. And by the aura you were emitting they knew they were doomed if they make a move on you.

Releasing a **demented smirk**, you walked the few meter distance from the front gates to the glass doors of Big Hit. As expected the guards stopped you before you can enter staring at your eccentric baggage and your uncanny get up. With a shrug you flashed them the ID, both of the guards eyes widened almost popping from their sockets, with a few bows and stuttered apologies they ushered you inside without further preamble.

"Excuse me miss, could you direct me to the floor where Mr. Bang Si-Hyuk is? We have an appointment with him at ten o'clock."

The light brown haired receptionist hummed rummaging for some documents at her counter. She then proceeded to take the telephone's handset dialing some numbers and talked to whom you could only assume as the CEO of Big Hit Entertainment.

"Are you Miss Narciel?"

You tilted your head to the side, your bangs covering you right eye exposing your deadly ruby ones staring through the deepest darkest parts her soul giving her the chills.

"That's my **friend**, I'm Lohavete."

Those names were the aliases both you and your friend took when you both had taken your **title**. Those were the names you two were known as now a days, your real names kept and locked tightly for safety purposes.

"Oh, you're both on clear ma'am Bang PD-nim is at the seventh floor waiting for you but first both you and your friend need to sign here as proof that you are both who you claimed to be."

"Okay let me get her."

You released the **burden** that you've been carrying with a loud **thud** on the floor nudging it with your heeled boot clad foot a few times.

"**Okiro.**" (Wake up)

"..."

"**Okiro yo.**" (Wake up)

"..."

"**Ne, Okiro te ba!**" (I said wake up!)

**SILENCE.**

**Sigh.**

"**Ii wa, wakata.**" (Fine, I get it)

Dropping down on the floor, you caressed the onyx tinted coffin sensually with both of your nimble
hands the top portion of your body laying flat on the casket's upper lid your ample breasts squeezed at the smooth layer of the death contraption.

As your palms traveled to the side part of the black sarcophagus, one by one you closed its locks making sure that it wont accidentally open if something were to happen to it.

You whispered at the coffin completely flattening your upper body on it, your face compressed directly at the wooden surface your voice were seductively sweet at the beginning of your sentence but dripping into a low venomous timbre at the end.

"Ne, okirojana kereba--

--shinu zo." (If you don't wake up--you'll die)

"..."

Completely done with your friend's antics, you abruptly stood up body quivering in anger. With lack of sleep, caffeine and food your patience was at its limit.

Picking the discarded chains that was connected to the casket, you gave a sigh before pulling it with all your might over your shoulder releasing something akin to a war cry as the coffin soared into the air for a few seconds as if it was in slow motion the gravity pulling it back to earth with a loud BANG.

"I've been lenient on you this fucking passed months. Not only did you pester me till I agreed to help you with this, but you vanished on the face of the earth when you dropped me the pictures and measurements of the members of BTS demanding that I tailor their clothes which by the way was commissioned to you by the CEO of Big Hit himself only to return a day before the final fitting. I swear to every god in existence that I will burn your shop down if you don't wake the fuck up."

And just for good measure, you gave one strong final kick to the coffin waiting for your damn friend to wake up.

"Ne Loha-chan how can I get out of here if the latches are closed baka."

"Fight me kuso onna, fight me."

With a tired sigh, you untangled the thin wires hidden on your wrist connecting each metallic thread to the locks of the casket containing your damnable friend. When the top lid opened, it revealed a female 5'3 in height cosplaying as Ciel Phantomhive complete with the pink frilly gown, long curly locks in two high ponytails and the light rose colored top lady hat.

"Ohayou~" (Good morning)

"Ohayou my face, do you have anything to say for yourself?"

"E-etto, gomen ne?" (U-um I'm sorry?)

You almost closed the lid on her in aggravation.

"Stop fooling around, we have to sign here before we can meet Mr. Bang Si-Hyuk then, you are going to the seventh floor and talk to him, I'm going to stay here and rest. Lugging that thing with you inside is a Herculean task I didn't think Id manage."
"Boo. But Loha-chi you made those attire!"

"You could present them and credit me Narciel. Explain the details why did I chose those patterns and colors for each member and the like that's your forte no?"

"Oh alright."

After signing the log book, your Ciel cosplaying friend went to the elevator to meet Big Hits CEO while you stayed in the secluded part of the lobby area to rest dragging the sarcophagus in a safe corner as to not trip any innocent soul or scare them to death.

"I wish I went with Narciel now its so boring here."

With nothing else to do but die and slowly go insane from boredom, you decided to finish adding the small details on your 'Kim Taehyung' Doll's necktie. The outfit you were putting together was the one where he wore a white long sleeved polo shirt with a navy blue tie and faded light blue ripped jeans. It was the exact copy of the clothes he wore when BTS performed DNA on the AMA's in America.

While you were busy with the embroidery of the designs on the necktie, you didn't notice two guys sitting a few chairs near you eyeing the coffin then you.

The male that was wearing a black hoodie with the word 'THRASHER' printed in violet bold letters with black ripped jeans was a little taller than the one that is garbed in white long sleeved shirt with faded washed pants. Both of them with black masks that are worn by idols and it seems that most of the staff and employees that were passing by knows them.

They were whispering both coming up with conspiracy theories as to why there was a casket at the lobby beside a woman in her mid twenties who was cosplaying as Kurumi Tokisaki. Is there a skeleton inside? A dead body? Weapons of mass destruction and apocalyptic chaos?! Gasp! What if it was all of the above?! Both pairs of chocolate hued orbs were glinting with curiosity. They decided to pass time by watching you as you finished your task cutting the crimson thread from the flower embroidery.

Setting the dark blue tie on your seat, you walked to the obsidian casket opening the upper lid revealing its red velvety interior, they stood from their chairs in anticipation and excitement peering past your shoulders to get a glimpse of what's inside only to frown in disappointment seeing it was filled with colorful threads, needles of different sizes, scrap and rolled fabrics, a pair of scissors, a set of carving tools and some unidentified objects they don't know the name of.

"So much for dead bodies--

--Skeletons."

"Or weapons of mass destruction and apocalyptic chaos."
You knew they still have their eyes on you as you rummaged the compartment of the burial casket for your Dolls. A huge smile was painted on your lips as you fetched your 'Kim Taehyung' Doll. His features were that of his Original's when they performed in AMA's same outfit as described above with thick soft ash gray strands parted at the middle adorning his head. He is a ball-jointed/fashion doll, with his sculptured body as pale as Shirayuki Hime's (Snow White's) skin, his face in that perfect V line, jaws heavily defined, cute button nose, his eyes an alluring shade of silver while his lips were dipped in light-ish coral tint.

Overall he was a masterpiece, your chef-d'oeuvre.

Gasps were heard where the two gentlemen sat as they saw your 'Kim Taehyung' Doll, he is absolutely a sight to behold being the epitome of beauty and excellence. But what lured them in was his eyes, his orbs was supposed to be placid and glassy...lifeless, but V's clone in Doll form has mesmerizing eyes, they were sparkling with mischief...those pair of silver orbs were alive.

Wink.

GASP!

"Taehyungie/Jiminie--

--did that doll just wink at us?!"

Blinking at the absurdity of the situation, the two members of the maknae line stole a brief glance at the Doll's direction only to see him in your arms as you tied the navy tie on V's Doll clone completing his look.

"Waah~ Daebak."

"It definitely more handsome than you Taehyung."

"Yah Jimin you pabo."

"But still its awesome, I wonder where she bought that Doll."

You knew that from the awe dripping from their voices, they had been blown away on how Tea-kun was aesthetically pleasing to the eyes. And for the record V's clone in doll form is not store bought, you made him. You are his creator.

PING.

"LOHA-CHAN! KYAAAA!"

You jumped from your seat in fright, with how loud your friend is she could have been mistaken as a rabid sasaeng fan. She ran from the elevator as soon as she got out of it waving some papers in the air almost tripping at her pink dress.

You stood to meet her with the intention of getting the papers before Narciel rip it to shreds like she always does with important documents.

But what you didn't anticipate was her increasing her speed, jumping then glomp tackle hug you with all her might. You don't know what the frick happened but you ended up graciously making out with the floor with Narciel purring and snuggling at your exposed back and you poor Vi-kun squished between your bosom.
"Loha-chan! Kami Loha-chan! Bang-san loved your design! He wants to see the final product!"

"Hmm? Really now? If so then the clothes are in the compartment under where you just slept Narciel."

"Hounto?! Come on Loha-chan lets go--"

"Excuse me Narciel-ssi, Lohavete-ah."

The timbre of voice were identical from one of the Vocal line members of Bangtan V but its a tad bit lower than his and a little bit raspy from lack of use lately.

"As much as I'm loving my position in between my master's soft mounds, I would like you to get off her Narciel-ssi. Both of your weights combined isn't good for my small body."

The forgotten doll gave you and your Ciel Phantomhive cosplaying friend his Original's trade mark boxy smile and to further emphasize his comfort he gave a firm squeeze on the white uncovered skin of your breasts purring in contentment.

"Vivi you hentai."

"Only for you my dear master, only for you~"

You might have created him in Kim Taehyung's image from Bangtan Sonyeodan but that's where their similarities end. Your Doll was a total pervert with no shame whatsoever whereas his Original was innocent in ways but changes into a total sex god on stage when he becomes BTS's V. You named him 'Taeyung' and affectionately nicknamed him 'Vivi', he might be a pain in the ass most times but hes your pain in the ass.

"Taehyungie, your doll clone is possessed!"

Oh shite.

To be Continued?

Yes?

No?
"Well go into the finer details later, all you need to know is that you tell no one about him even the other members of your group-- you patted your 'Taeyung' to appease him-- or the outcome will be a bloody blood-bath."

"Alright, though could we ask some questions Noona?"

You sputtered.

Cue boxy smile and adorable crescent grin.

"No-noona? !"

"Ne! You're just so composed and mature so we assumed that your older...noona~"

"This two will be the death of me, especially this mochi with his cute dimples and cheeks."

Not giving you a moment to compose your flustered self V charged in with his barrage of questions.

"Are you a cultist?"

"What?! NO I--"

"A witch?"

"What the hell is going inside your head?! Of course no--"

Dramatic gasp.

"A necromancer?!!"

"If I was, then it'll be your dead corpse here standing beside me not My Doll!"

"Then what are you?"

"I'm a Doll Master."

**Chapter Notes**

**touna-chan's notes:**
I'm back guys thank you for all the Hits, Bookmarks, Comments and Kudos!
You guys really know how to make an author happy.
Now we see more Master and Doll mishaps so enjoy reading my lovely readers.
"Taehyungie, your **doll clone** is possessed!"

"Oh shite.

---

**You** and **Narciel** felt panic surging through your veins. No one was supposed to know about you being a **Doll Master** more or less that **Dolls** can **move or speak** in their own accord, if word goes out...there will be shit ton of consequences and chaos.

**Terror** filled your carmine dyed contact-lens orbs.
You do not fear for your own safety but for these two idols. You don't want them to be involved in the mess you two were in just because of your occupation, so you stood from your position with caution helping Narciel on her feet and picking up your perverted Doll who snuggled into you when you cradled him into your arms.

"You smell nice Master. So warm and comforting~Ahh~ Kimochi ii~"

Rolling your eyes at his antics, your grip on his form tightened a little as you saw Park Jimin and Kim Taehyung staring at you three with disbelieving orbs, frightened out of their minds ready to bolt out of there if the need arises.

Inhale

Exhale

"Wait please let us explain."

Silence.

Being a part of ARMY, both you and Narciel knew that the two members of the maknae line were energetic, lively and overall fun. But seeing them being silent as grave put a large lump on your throat.

Seeing a living, breathing and speaking Doll must come as a shock for them. Its not everyday that they get to see inanimate objects move...maybe in Movies, Games or in Animes, but witnessing it in real life? It makes them question if anything in the supernatural realm and magic exist.

"Master we don't need to explain anything to them, its none of their business. I know seeing me like this is unusual but we have to take into account that they don't see the world like we do."

Another trait that 'Vivi' got from his Original is his intellectual mind. Underneath all the perverted acts and sexual innuendos was a sharp brain.

"Sou desu wa Loha-chan. Why tell them anything when we can do this."

With one swift motion you found your friend Narciel behind Park Jimin and Kim Taehyung who went rigid on their spot when your action figure Doll Master friend caressed their exposed necks with her gloved hands.

Goosebumps were running along their smooth skin as they felt the silky caress of her fingers. They traveled from the underside of their ears, passing through the crook of their necks and all the way to the end of their shoulders.

GULP.

That moment when they left their guard down to swallow the lump in their throats was all the Japanese Doll Master needed and in just one blink you saw them dropping unconscious on the ground... in a rather compromising position.

First off, V was haphazardly sprawled on the floor his back on the cold marble with Jimin on top of him with both of the mochi's legs bracketing him trapping Taehyung's lithy body underneath him with Jimin's delicious ass jutted out in an awkward but ogle worthy angle and his face buried on the crook of the 4d alien's neck...every yaoi fangirl's wet dream.
"KYAAA! OH MY KAMI! Insireration baby huehuehue~ Another Vmin smut ooohhh yeah~"

Now you see Narciel on a manic laughing frenzy taking a hundred pictures of the two idols for fanfiction reference, Amazon and future blackmail.

"Oya~ oya~Well now seeing my Original in that position being all **submissive** to Jimin's Original, its no wonder why most **ARMY** ship them albeit them just being best friends...though I didn't peg him to be the **uke**."

"Vivi, shush."

You glared daggers and mini katanas at your hyperactive Ciel Phantomhive cosplaying friend pointing an accusing finger at her.

"And you, what the fuck Narciel?! What in the name of seven bloody hells did you do!!"

She kept her cellphone somewhere in her dress getting her fill of photos shrugging nonchalantly with a perverse smile on her pretty facade.

"Relax Loha-chan, I just knocked them out. Though I'm tempted to use one of your **poisons** kufufufufu~"

"**NARCIEL!!**"

"**Jodan, tada no jodan yo~** If I did you would kill me next soo... I nicked them with some paralyzing slash sleeping toxin, they will be awake in thirty to forty five minutes or so."

You heaved a sigh closing your eyes for just a second instructing your Japanese Doll Master friend to put the two unsuspecting members of BTS maknae line inside the coffin, while doing so, she simultaneously pulled out the clothes you tailored for all the seven members of Bangtan Sonyeodan and her own Doll of **Sebastian Michaelis** from **Kuroshitsuji**.

You both made eye contact, her cerulean orbs connecting with your red ones the two of you communicating without words.

"You take those to Mr. Bang and check with the stylists if you gave me the right measurements for the BTS members, Ill go to the rooftop with these two hopefully to clear this mess."

"Alright let me wrap it up in here first Loha-chan, I'm going to see if they caught anything in the **CCTV**, edit the video and erase all evidence that they caught on the camera about us, the **Dolls** and me knocking these two up before they sue me for my **heinous crime**."

"Are you going to be all right with the security lurking about? **Please** don't kill anyone."

"Don't worry Loha-chan, I have **Sebby** with me he's a good **minion** plus hes **skilled** in so many ways."

"More like a nanny, I pity him really...sometimes."
Soft footsteps where heard as they neared the two Doll Masters, as the owner came into view he was clad in a Black Butler attire styled hair as dark as night with crimson eyes ready for seduction. He inclined his body forward into you and Narciel in a ninety degrees bow before swiping his gloved hands through his raven bangs politely greeting his Master.

"Hello Mistress."

"Okaeri Sebby-chi."

The Doll version of Sebastian who was now in his human form turned his heated gaze towards you his right hand reaching for yours. He let his thumb glide through your knuckles a few times then promptly kissing them gently as his way of saying hello.

Damn sexy Doll who's too handsome for his own good.

"Greetings Lady Loha, as much as it pains me to leave you when we just saw each other, I must assist my Mistress in her nefarious endeavors...there's really no rest for the wicked no? Datte ore wa akuma de shitsuji desu kara."

Sigh.

"Sebastian please--"

"Yah, get damn your filthy hands off my Master you fake butler you have your own Master, go and flirt with her. Lohavete-ah is my Master...MINE."

Why God why, you knew that Sebastian was a freaking Casanova much more than 'Vivi'. He'd try to seduce anyone that piques his interest no matter the gender its just so unfortunate that you and your Dolls caught his attention. And his current entertainment now a days is to make you fluster in fifty different shades of red...making your Doll Vivi mad with jealousy is just an added bonus.

"And pray tell me dear one as to why you are so repulsed with my skinship with Miss [Y/]--"

"Don't you fucking dare! You have no right to call my Master by her real name."

"Oya~ And what can you do in that form?"

Kim Taehyung's clone in Doll form was livid in your arms. His small hands were balling into fists, his hate filled glare was directed at the butler clad Doll (in his human form) rage flowing from his small body in waves.

"Lohavete-ah, bbo bbo juseyo."

What?

"Bbo bbo juseyo."

Oh he wants The Kiss.

"No Vivi-ah not here."

A frown marred your features eyes glowering at Narciel's 'Sebastian'.

"Stop provoking My Vivi we have more important business to settle."
The Japanese Doll Master went to Her 'Sebastian' pulling at his obsidian fringe then flicking his forehead.

"Come on Sebby-chi you had your fun, leave poor Vi-kyun alone. Our expertise is needed somewhere else~"

"No just no Narciel. You will not put anime hentai nor any yaoi doujinshi on the deleted parts of the video."

"Mou Loha-chan no ijiwaru~ chee~"

With a heavy sigh, you left your Doll Master friend and Her Sebastian tugging at the familiar chains of the coffin towards the elevator...destination? The rooftop.

"Its time to face the music, I hope that this encounter doesn't lead to a prelude of a requiem."

You were now on the rooftop sitting on the obsidian coffin waiting for any signs of life from the two unconscious K-pop idols inside.

*One* minute, *three* minutes, *ten* minutes has passed. But still the two members of the maknae line were still out cold.

You grew anxious as another five minutes went by. You stood up and began pacing.

RIGHT

LEFT

RIGHT

LEFT

RI--

Bang

Bang

BANG

Abruptly stopping on your tracks, you knelt on the ground opening the closed latches of the casket throwing the lid haphazardly up with such force it surprised the two occupants inside.

"AIGOO!"

"Please don't kill us!"
"We're too young to die!"

"..."

"Geez, calm down I won't do anything. I'm sorry that my friend knocked you guys out but this has to be discussed away from prying eyes and ears."

Reaching out both of your hands to the two idols, you helped them out of the coffin gripping theirs hard as they wobbled on the spot.

You guided them till they were seated on the ground letting go when your sure they are stable enough to sit on their own.

_Deep breath._

**Then Fangirl.**

"Park Jimin-ssi, Kim Taehyung-ssi...let me be frank, I want you to forget the happenings on the lobby a while ago. I don't want the two of you to be involved with our shit."

"..."

"We are barely acquaintances it's better that you don't delve in deeper on the issue."

V stared at you blankly while Jimin settled on playing with the hem of his shirt worried chocolate orbs glued on his best friend.

"..."

"So it's true then, what we saw? You did see my Doll look a like move and talk right Jiminie?"

"Ne, but I thought it was a hallucination procured by our sleep deprived minds but if you did see all that including the umm...his indecent act, yeah I saw it all."

You neither assented nor dissented their assumptions opting to be neutral about the subject.

_Vivi_ patted your hands to calm your frying nerves killing the two human annoyances with his silver optics.

"How can we when the **proof** is obviously indiscreetly giving us death glares from your lap." Kim Taehyung asked biting his lower lip staring at your _Doll_ with pure curiosity.

"This is all a mistake, I admit that there was carelessness on my part but for your safety please **overlook** this."

You bowed from your position hugging _Vivi_ closer to your person.

"Don't we have any other options? I know that everything still feels unreal, but I can't help the desire to learn more."

Jimin flashed you his signature crescent smile giving his best friend a bro fist both of them bursting into a fit of nervous giggles still wary of you.

You sat in front of them in **seiza-style**, back straight folding your legs beneath your thighs resting your buttocks on your heels while your hands are folded modesty on your lap.
All warmth vanished from your crimson hued eyes staring at your idols while robotically reciting the words that was ingrained to you the moment you became a Doll Master.

"You have three choices. **One**, you agree to think no more of this matter then you will be released unharmed. **Two**, I will be compelled to erase your memories of this day despite your protests if you disagree with number one. And **lastly**, you get to keep all your knowledge of what happened but you must comply to the terms that the Doll Master laid, and if by any chance that the rules were broken, you get your memories completely wiped...with that being said, **pick your poison.**"

The silence in the air was deafening as they absorbed your words from earlier. Looking at each other both were discussing the pros and cons of each choice coming to a small argument when they can't come to an agreement hands waving in all directions.

"I think we should just forget this Taetae were are busy as it is with our tight schedule, dance and vocal practices, fan meetings and more! We don't need our lives to be more complicated than it is!"

"But Jiminie you how curious and inquisitive I could get once I'm onto something, now it's either you join me in this or leave me alone to pursue this mystery and get myself into shit loads of trouble." BTS's second youngest ended his speech with his trademark boxy smile looking at his friend with pleading brown eyes looking like a kicked puppy.

While V and Jimin are having a battle of wits, you gazed at them having an internal conflict wondering why did you give them a choice or even a chance to dictate their fate about the situation. You mostly wipe the memories of those who even saw a glimpse of your Doll moving but here you are having second thoughts.

Sure the mochi and the puppy are members of your favorite K-pop band but why do you favor them more than the others?

Oh yah, you are a part of **ARMY**. And these guys are precious to you in more ways than one.

You can't help but adore them, once a **fangirl** always a **fangirl**.

Seeing Jimin's wilted form, you immediately understood that V won their little skirmish. They both faced you with Taehyung bouncing giddily on his spot expression bright with exhilaration.

"We pick number three!"

The hyperactive second youngest of BTS maknae line said raising his left hand with three fingers up starting from his pointer finger to his ring finger.

"Are you sure?"

"**Ne.**"

"Well go into the finer details later, all you need to know is that you tell no one about him even the other members of your group-- you patted your 'Vivi' to appease him-- or the outcome will be a bloody **blood-bath.**"

The two members of the vocal line nodded their heads in accord. Kim Taehyung gazed at you briefly, shyly averting his orbs from your position when you made eye contact. He seemed to recollect himself after a few seconds nodding to himself in conviction his once bashful eyes now filled determination.
"Alright, though could we ask some questions Noona?"

You sputtered.

Cue boxy smile and adorable crescent grin...there goes your heart skipping a few beats almost flat lining.

Damn you and yourself for your weakness on being called 'Noona'.

"No-noona? !"

"Ne! You're just so composed and mature so we assumed that your older...noona~"

"This two will be the death of me, especially this mochi with his cute dimples and cheeks. Augh! Why does being called Noona by this two makes those carnivorous butterflies in my stomach flutter about and eat my internals...God that was morbid."

Not giving you a moment to compose your flustered self V charged in with his barrage of questions.

"Are you a cultist?"

"What?! NO I--"

"A witch?"

"What the hell is going inside your head?! Of course no--

Dramatic gasp.

"A necromancer?!

"If I was, then it'll be your dead corpse here standing beside me not My Doll!"

"Then what are you?"

"I'm a Doll Master."

"Our Doll Master."

Two voices chorused one from her lap the other is from a small crevice from the opened lid of the forgotten obsidian coffin beside them. The deeper voice belonging to Taehyung's clone in Doll form still glowering at the two idols with contempt. The other high pitched voice that has the same pitch range as Jimin from BTS was from his exact replica when the mochi and BTS performed DNA in the AMA in the Land of the Brave and Free as he slowly emerged from the casket lifting the upper portion of it higher to reveal the same pale complexion of his Doll brother Vivi.

He had bleached blond and slightly fluffy hair that is irresistible to touch, hes wearing the same tri-colored glittery jacket with white inner shirt and faded ripped jeans. His eyes with the softest and lightest shade of silver gazing at his Original with an unknown emotion as he jumped to the ground walking towards his Master.

"Aigoo, look Jiminie an even smaller version of yourself!"

To be Continued?
Chapter End Notes

ℓυνα-чαн's яаитs:
OK capitre dos done.
Which part did you like? No worries there will be more Original and Doll moments next chapter so stay tuned!
Any comments and or suggestions? Don't be shy and comment!

Luva-chan off~ Saranghaeyo guys~♡
PS: This story is simultaneously posted in Quotev in the same pen name so this isn't plagiarized.
Dread surged into Jimin’s veins as he saw his Doll clone’s emotionless form, thinking that he maybe have said something that might have triggered his mini me into that state. In his panicked state he didn’t notice the impish glint on Chimin’s orbs but it quickly vanished when Jimin turned into your direction to plead for your help.

"Chimin are you okay?"

No response.

“Noona, what’s wrong with him?!!"

You didn’t get to reply because Chimin seized that opportunity to spring into action kissing the male idol at the corner of his lips petrifying said vocal member of BTS on the spot.

Yes, Chimin the saccharine, lovely Doll clone or Park Jimin just kissed his Original on the corner of his soft lips. After the deed was done, Jimin’s mini me flashed him two finger hearts while saying “Saranghaeyo~” in his most sweet teeth rotting voice and the grin that followed suit was just as deadly and fatal to anyone who has a heart disease.

He had bleached blond and slightly fluffy hair that is irresistible to touch, hes wearing the same tri-colored glittery jacket with white inner shirt and faded ripped jeans. His eyes with the softest and lightest shade of silver gazing at his Original with an unknown emotion as he jumped to the ground walking towards his Master.
"Aigoo, look Jiminie an even smaller version of yourself!"

The new Doll that revealed himself as the clone of Park Jimin from BTS walks towards you, his ash-gray hues were half lidded as he was just awoken from his slumber with all the ruckus you were making. He strutted to you with a little bounce on his steps, his coral painted lips in a cute smile lighting his whole facade with his ‘Original’s’ trade mark breath taking smile.

When he reached you, he gave a happy squeak climbing on you. He grappled at the laces and frills of your dress before allowing himself to fall face first into your lap beside his Doll brother Vivi snuggling at the soft ruffles of your attire.

You smiled at your little mochi patting his soft blonde locks cooing at his fatal cuteness. He’s really affectionate but he gets more clingy when he misses you. It broke your heart to send him away, but
being what he is and you being his creator, he needs to learn how to fight to defend himself against those who sell living Dolls at the black market.

Many Dolls have fallen and became slaves to those who ruled the underground world, you don’t want them to be next.

After half a year of mishaps when your first Doll Taeyung was created, your fears became reality when your old shop was ransacked and him being forcibly taken from you when you were fending the perpetrators. You fought tooth and nail to get him back, but you were knocked unconscious with three hard hits on the head because you absolutely refused to faint while they take your precious Doll.

You were a freaking wreck for the entire week he was gone. You barely ate, you only slept for two to three hours and when you were awake, you spent it on tracking those damnable bastards who took what’s most precious on your life. You were thankful for being a Doll Master at that time, some of the restaurant mascots saw the van those hooligans took as a get away vehicle and luckily, the doll displays and teddy bears were eager enough for small talk and were able to direct you to an abandoned warehouse in the outskirts of the city.

How cliche.

You both barely made it out alive with that encounter which encouraged you to send your Dolls for training and for you to further your connections and your knowledge in fighting.

That was four years ago, and now if anyone would as much as think of doing something to those whom you love and hold dear, they would dead before they could blink.

This is now your reality, as much as you don’t want to be bathed into the inky tendrils of darkness you would have to in order for others to walk into the light.

You especially don’t want to taint the light that’s surrounding Park Jimin and Kim Taehyung, and you’ll try your damnest not to get them involved...much.

Damn both of them and their killer aegyo and alluring begging voices, and damn yourself for being a weak softy for them.

Just damn it all.

“Oya ~ oya~ Look who’s back~ I almost missed you Chiminie-ah~”

Your were pulled out from your dark reverie hearing the Doll clone of Kim Taehyung purr while giving a soft low chuckle facing his Doll brother who is busy rolling on the soft ruby and onyx fabric of your dress.

As soon as your Doll mochi heard Vivi’s voice, he perked up from the bundle of ruffles he was shoving his face in, the grin that lit up his handsome facade rivaled that of the sun’s brightness as he tackled the clone of the second youngest member of BTS in Doll form burying his face at the older Doll’s chest emitting happy sounds prompting ‘Taeyung’ to let out more of that heart attack inducing laughter at Chimin’s antics.

“Tae Cup-hyung~ I missed you~”

Pffft, that nickname never gets old kudos to Chimin for that nickname when he got so fed up with is hyung monopolizing you and being a crude ass all of the time.
Sitting up with the most serious face he could muster, the older Doll frowned at the younger one, right eyebrow raised in irritation his hands gripping at Chimin’s hips in a firm clutch.

“I told you not to call me that Chibi Mochi.”

“Well Tae Cup-kyung, who gave you the right to call me a chibi and a mochi?”

The blonde Doll sassed arms crossing on his chest mimicking the silver locked Doll copying the scowl that Taeyung has, said scowl marring Chimin’s chiseled features.

You know that the staring contest would end up in one of their impromptu fights if V and Jimin didn’t interfere by poking their respective Doll clone by the top of their head managing to divert their attention to the curious idols rather than each other.

Phew, crisis averted…for now.

“Jinjja daebak da, you really are alive.”

Taehyung breathed those words in wonderment as he tried to poke the irritated Doll again but it was evaded by Vivi with his well timed parries backing up until he was pressed against the length of your upper body feeling the firmness of your left bosom.

“Yah, stop it pabo. One wrong move and your finger will be on my Master’s boobs back off before I bite that finger off, only I can touch my Master there.”

“Oh? But I won’t do that to noona that’s disrespectful.”

“Even so, back off.”

“Why are you so overprotective? Are you jealous?”

“...”

“Hoh, Bingo.”

“Move an inch from your position and you’ll be missing a limb, don’t tempt me Taehyung-ssi.”

Taehyung blinked at the Doll’s aggressiveness towards him as he paused his poking, his chocolate eyes connecting with the Dolls silver ones in a challenging manner as he gave his Doll clone the charming rectangle smile he’s well known for.

“Bring it on mini me.”

The grin turned into a smirk as V licked his lips wetting them in anticipation followed by his thumb swiping said reddened lips. His coffee hued optics never leaving the tiny form of the Doll who was crafted in the image of him. Oh my it looks like Taehyung has found another dongsaeng to play with, this will be amusing~

“He’s going to be fun to tease.”

While there is an ongoing mini world war three beside them, Jimin never took his baffled eyes in his own Doll version who was grinning at him widely as if he was excited to meet the idol mochi personified.

Jimin blinked a few times at the cheery Doll, compared to his best friend’s Doll counterpart, his
seems accepting and non-pulsed into meeting the singer of ‘Lie’.

The male idol felt a tug on his pointer finger that was still outstretched towards the mini version of himself, said Doll clone was now doing some aegyo to get his attention opting now to do the flower petal pose which to Jimin was absolutely adorable making him giggle a bit…well it seems like the ‘Original’ Park Jimin and the Doll clone of him will get along just fine.

“Annyeonghaseyo~~ It’s nice to finally meet you in person, Master is a very avid fan of your group and so is her friend~~”

“Aigoo, ottoke the mini version of me is so cute!”

Cue two crescent heart combustive smiles and a giddy Jimin his attention solely focused on the blonde Doll.

“It’s nice to meet you too…?”

“Je ireumeun Chimin imnida~~”

“...Chimin?”

“Master says its the combination of Mochi and your name Park Jimin-ssi.”

Chimin pouted crossing his arms over his chest seemingly to disapprove of his given name his ash gray hues looking at his ‘Original’ then at you.

“I think its cute darling~ I know you don’t like being called mochi but to me it defines your personality not your appearance.” You gave him a once over inspecting his figure giving out a satisfied hum in approval. “Your are sweet as candy, caring as sunshine and even though you are a Doll, you have a heart big and capable enough to love like Vivi. That’s why I associate you with mochi my Chimin, and it makes me proud to claim that I am both Vivi and your creator…your Doll Master.”

If your mochi Doll is capable of crying in that form you know he would as he gazed at you beseechingly with his light silver orbs glimmering with so many emotions but the most prominent one is love.

Jimin and Taehyung felt their hearts clench at the female Doll Master’s words as if it was directed to them.

They could tell by those words that you and your Dolls have an unbreakable bond not many would understand. Your words were genuine filled with tenderness and underlying care for your Dolls.

You don’t treat them as objects no matter the manner of their creation or what they are, you treat them as equals, as if they were human beings with feelings and emotions. It’s also the way you pay close attention to their actions big or small, listening and engraving their words to your heart and its the way you oh so lovingly caress their small cheeks and carefully pat their heads as the two Doll versions of themselves conversed on your lap.

They never felt more envious in their life.

Seeing you like that gave them warmth and an indescribable fluttery feeling on their chests, they can’t help but wish to have someone like you in their lives, to be pampered and be loved without restriction just because of their occupation and who they are.
They both took a big gulp of air exhaling loudly after a few seconds garnering your and their mini versions attention.

“Ahh~~ Noona kamsahamnida! I’m soo full!”

“Ne noona gomawo~ I feel like I ate a buffet meal.”

Both Jimin and Taehyung can’t help but be affected, feeling their chests be filled with fondness. Their stomach might be empty at the moment but their hearts are filled to the brim with warmth thanks to those meaningful words of yours.

Finally they feel relaxed towards you. They know they can act themselves without you judging them patting their chests where their heart is supposedly located bright grins lighting up their handsome features.

“Noona you told us you’re a Doll Master, but what exactly is a Doll Master?”

Both Jimin and Taehyung blinking at your direction ready for your explanation.

It took you a moment to realize that this is it, if you spilled even some of the beans they will be entangled into the hot mess which is your life…

“Well, fuck it.”

“A Doll Master is well, we hear voices…the voices of the Dolls of any and every kind. Dolls are mostly inanimate, they do not speak, breathe or move…but when a Doll is made by a Doll Master, they have an option to give them a soul, a life. But not all procedures succeed and so far there’s only five of us that has been able to give life to our Dolls. As wonderful as this seem to you guys, you can get hurt by just being my acquaintance.”

Deep breath.

“But there’s always a dark side to things, there are many people after us that wants us dead or alive. Jimin-ssi, Taehyung-ssi this is a serious matter, people get hurt, get used and get killed so I ask you for one last time…are you sure in keeping your memories?”

“Please don’t let me bury your hallowed corpses under a nameless tombstone on my backyard.”

“I…Never again…too much people hurt…blood…never again.”

“Ne noona we’re sure.”

Anxiously fidgeting on one of the many ruffles of your cosplay dress, soft but determined carmine dyed orbs connected with two pairs of light chocolate ones.

“To be honest, I don’t want you to be involved in this at all. I want to render you both unconscious erasing your memories without questions even without your consent so I can get out of your lives and deem this meeting as a very vivid dream -- You bit your lips for a moment hugging Chimin and Vivi closer to you to keep you grounded -- but there’s something nagging me at the back of my mind that if I did all that, I’ll regret it in this lifetime and the next… but, is it wrong of me to keep you both safe? To keep you from being tainted by the side of the world you don’t deem dare to traverse under normal circumstances?”

“Noona...”
Your hands that were holding both of your Dolls turned into tight fists your knuckles were white with how tight your clenching them making Chimin and Vivi squirm under your hold.

“You don’t know me and I don’t know you beyond being members of Bangtan Sonyeodan but there’s one thing I know for sure, I don’t want to see both of you hurt…not if I can prevent it from occurring.”

“I know you have your decision, but please think of this situation more carefully once again…if not for your sake then do it for BTS and my fellow ARMY’s. I won’t do anything for now but I will come for you so be prepared.”

Heavy silence followed your speech as they digested and absorbed your words. They were idols first and foremost also ‘normal’ humans in your standards. They are not capable of protecting themselves if those who were after you and the other Doll Masters came after them knowing that you made contact with the two vocalist of Bangtan.

They will stop at nothing if it means that they will get the Dolls and their Masters consequences be damned.

Seeing Jimin and Taehyung sitting quietly properly chastised with their crestfallen yet still irresistible pouting faces, you gave a sigh knowing your digging your own grave and its probably at fifty feet deep under the earths crust.

You are weak for them and you’re cursing yourself right now in so many languages your heart stuttering at the look they were giving you.

With a deep blush coating your face fueled with panic and bashfulness, you brought your arms in front of you flinging the first thing you can get hands on as a sacrifice…which unfortunately were your Dolls.

“W-would you two like to hold them? They don’t bite… much.”

“I’m sorry guys, your sacrifice won’t be in vain.”

Chimin was ecstatic while Vivi just gave you a deadpan look crossing his arms over his chest in your hold.

“Do I really have to Master?”

“Yes Vivi, come on don’t be like that sweetie.”

“Come on hyung they seem nice~”

“Not you too Chibi Mochi…Tsk, I don’t want any male near me in any shape or form unless its Hopie or you Chimin.”

Carmine connected with light ash-gray colored orbs, both you and your darling mochi talking without using words to send your intent. With practiced ease, you and Chimin gave TaeCup the most kicked puppy expression you both could muster. You know your Taeyungie is a sweetheart underneath all the layers of crass acts and innuendo’s. He’s particularly weak to Chimin’s aegyo and for you, you are his Master the one whom he adores as a parent, a reliable friend, a loving sister…or maybe more as he stared at your pouting face for once speechless for how damn cute you were acting so he cant help but concede defeat and nod into submission to your and the blonde Doll’s whims.
With his Doll’s version’s consent, Taehyung made grabby hands towards you his chocolate eyes glinted with mischievousness ready to wreck havoc at his Doll clone’s expense. He wasted no time into grabbing the reluctant Doll into a cuddle, his small facade squished into V’s chest muffling his curses.

“Aigoo gwiyeopda~~”

And to further infuriate Vivi, the singer of Stigma rubbed their cheeks together the Original cooing at Taeyung’s reactions.

“Yah, stop…stop….STOP JEBAL!”

Small ball-joint hands were trying to push the smooth surface of V’s face away from his small Doll body cussing in Korean, Japanese and English at the same time. He knew if applied more force he will be able to escape his predicament but as desperate as he is getting out of his Original’s evil yet affectionate clutches, he is a Doll and by default he longs for warmth and love given by their Human Owners as much as he hates to admit it, he has taken a liking to his Original. With a sigh of defeat, Vivi allowed his body to slack on Taehyung’s hold basking in the warmth of his affection and teasing.

“I’ve never seen Tae-hyung so docile, not if he’s on Master’s hold.”

The mochi duo sat in silence watching the two V’s interact. Chimin had a serene smile as his light silver eyes trailed on his Doll brother’s form it’s been a while since he saw him communicate with humans other than you. Admittedly both of their encounters with other people were close to being called hell. Humans are afraid of things that can’t be explained by science, therefore they were afraid of them, being called Monsters by the ignorant hurts but that is nothing compared to the way their hearts skips a beat when you call them your own.

“Ahh mou! I’m jealous of hyung! Give me some loving too Jimin-ssi!”

The blonde Doll version of the oldest member of the maknae line of BTS said making grabby hands at his Original greedy for any form of loving human contact. Jimin could only comply to his Doll clone’s wishes gently picking Chimin up from his lap lifting the giddy Doll to his eye level. When your Doll was close enough to the singer of Lie and Serendipity, he gave the male idol an Eskimo kiss squealing all the way patting Jimin’s face that’s turning into a rosy color with his mini version’s ministrations.

Park Jimin of BTS is literally dying because of the cuteness exuding Chimin’s body.

“Bbo bbo juseyo Jimin-ssi~”

Intensive blush on, spreading from his rosy cheeks to the tips of his ears.

“Aigoo Chimin stoopp plleaseee.”

“No.”

Chimin blinked his silver hues staring at his Original biting his lips in concentration thinking of a way to make him say yes. He knows that his Human Counterpart of him is weak to adorable things so he’d use his best arsenal in this case…his aegyo.
“Onegai?”

Widening his impossibly doe like silver eyes, pink coral lips jutted into the cutest of pouts he muttered that word in the softest voice he could muster, his small ball-joint hands was against Jimin’s cheeks in the barest of touches, his fingers ghosting upon the mochi Idols skin as if coaxing him to say yes.

“...N-no…”

“Kuso, Park Jimin-ssi is one tough cookie. But Chimin you got this!”

For the firs time in his three years of his existence the blonde Doll blanked his eyes and face, his features sported the typical doll expression...devoid of any emotions and life.

Dread surged into Jimin’s veins as he saw his Doll clone’s emotionless form, thinking that he maybe have said something that might have triggered his mini me into that state. In his panicked state he didn’t notice the impish glint on Chimin’s orbs but it quickly vanished when Jimin turned into your direction to plead for your help.

"Chimin are you okay?"

No response.

“Noona, what’s wrong with him?!"

You didn’t get to reply because Chimin seized that opportunity to spring into action kissing the male idol at the corner of his lips petrifying said vocal member of BTS on the spot.

Yes, Chimin the saccharine, lovely Doll clone or Park Jimin just kissed his Original on the corner of his soft lips. After the deed was done, Jimin’s mini me flashed him two finger hearts while saying “Saranghaeyo~” in his most sweet teeth rotting voice and the grin that followed suit was just as deadly and fatal to anyone weak at heart and in the ovaries.

You never knew your mochi was this bold, he has never tried anything with strangers hell he just gives hugs and cuddles to Narciel! But to peck his Original like that, he must have really taken a liking to Park Jimin.

“Jiminie~ You got owned by this little guy here~”

“...”

Taehyung nudged his silent hyung at the ribs, his arms hooking at Jimin’s shoulders tugging him into a half hug squishing both Vivi and Chimin between them the former grumbling under his breath still annoyed at V while the later squeaked returning the embrace with gusto immersing himself at the warmth the singer of Stigma is emitting.

“Kyaaah~ Oh My God stop it!!”

You nearly died then and there when your Chimin kissed his Original, but the abundance of fluff surrounding these four gorgeous species is way too much for your poor heart and nose to handle.

You don’t want to spurt a nosebleed in front of them so your trying your damnest to calm the erratic beating of your heart. The rising of your body temperature didn’t help either, your dress only making it worse making your hands clammy because of the sudden heat.

But you would admit that you’re a tiny bit jealous, you were a sucker for hugs and cuddles and you
want part in that hug fest. You want to envelope all four of them in your arms, keep them close to you and bury your nose to their necks squeezing them all to your chest to give them all the love and care you can gather in this body of yours.

Sigh you wish, you don’t want to seem like a sasaeng fan you just met them for Ra's sake!

Shit you might have said your thoughts out loud when you found four pair of eyes drilling holes to your form making you flinch and shrink on the spot utterly embarrassed and ashamed of your thoughts.

“Oh my Ra, why couldn’t I keep my damn mouth shut! Augh!”

While you were busy chastising yourself, Taehyung made eye contact with Chimin at which the blonde Doll returned reading the intention in Vivi’s Human Counterpart’s eyes nodding his little head in approval. V nudged his still blushing and frozen hyung whispering a few words into his ears. Jimin made a face at him eyebrows furrowing in thought before sighing at his best friend brushing a few stray brunette strands of his fringe then promptly inclining his head in agreement.

All four of the guys gazed at one another, two pairs of porcelain silver eyes meeting the same amount of pairs of chocolate-brown hued optics coming to a stare down.

Without further ado Taehyung and Jimin lunged at you catching you off guard, and before you know it you were enveloped by warmth.

Park Jimin and Kim Taehyung from BTS are hugging you.

Kami, it feels wonderful and you could smell the intoxicating scent of their individual cologne, you were also aware of the ripped muscles under their shirts fitting with every curve of your body, but as much as your liking the gesture you can’t help but feel faint.

It’s way too much sensory overload.

Somebody send help…please.

“Yah be careful you idiots! Master may be soft but the two of you are hard with muscles! Your squishing Chimin and I.”

The singer of Stigma and Serendipity let go of your non-moving form laughing at your blushing face while they let go of your Dolls to let them console you in that state.

You crossed your arms over your chest huffing in aggravation giving them the stink-eye in retaliation.

“Jimin-ssi shoshite Taehyung-ssi no baka.”

The friendly banter was interrupted when Taehyung’s phone rang.

Ring.

RING.

RIINNGNG~
“It’s Namjoon-hyung.”

“…”

“Yes hyung…?”

“…”

“OH GOD WE FORGOT!”

“…”

“Sorry hyung were on our way.”

“…”

Click.

“…”

“SHIT WERE LATE FOR DANCE PRACTICE! WE’RE SO DEAD!”

V hoisted Jimin up from the floor almost dislocating the poor idol mochi’s arm with the force.

“Taehyungie be careful!”

“Sorry Jiminie but not only will Joonie-hyung kill us, imagine Hobi-hyung frowning! That’s even more scary than waking up Yoongi-hyung!”

Panicking for a few moments before they got themselves together breathing in and out straightening their clothes and mussing up their locks to some form of disarrayed order.

With one last pat on the head of their Doll counterparts and sending the most charming crescent and boxy smile they could manage at you the two idols rushed at the door bidding their goodbye.

“See you later Noona!”

“Bring them too next time ne?”

Once they were gone, silence once more became your company.

“Are you sure bout this Master? Not only did they know of me but they also saw and interacted with Chimin, most of those underworld bastards think that you only have me but in reality you have more.”

Heavy sigh.

“Ne, if bad becomes worst, then Ill have to protect them, even if it kills me. There’s no need to shed the blood of the innocent. They will never lay their filthy hands on them, not if I can help it.”

“Master…”

“My only hope is that the other members don’t get involved into this mess. Having two curious idols are bad enough, imagine seven…I’ll probably faint with a major nosebleed first before I can handle the situation.”
If only you knew that those words will come bite you in the ass in the future.

*To be Continued…?*

Chapter End Notes

ёυα-чాం's rants:
There you go my dears chapter Three of the Doll Master! I hope it has more than enough fluff and love to last you for the entire month of February! Any comments and suggestions or grammatical errors and creative criticisms are welcome! Message me I don't bite~~ Nom~ nom~

Jung Hoseokie, My Hope My Angel~ Happy belated birthday to you~~

Soo, I need you guys help for the story plot of chapter four please write your answer in the comments <3
Do you...
A) Want to see Bang PD-nim fainting seeing another BTS Doll?
B) Jin and RM encounters Vivi and Chimin at the grocery store in their Human Form greatly confusing them since Taehyung and Jimin are back in their house.
or
C) Both Dolls losing their way in BigHit being found by the rest of the members of BTS, but they get hopelessly lost at first ending up in the girl's restroom hiding in an empty cubicle from the coordi and stylists noonas.

I eagerly await for your replies~~
Chapter Summary

“Your beauty is ethereal enough to make me want to etch it in a stolen moment from within eternity. Though my Dolls won’t last that long, know that you’ve made enough impact into my life to make it through several lifetimes…your very being, your allure and your magnificence to me is timeless.”

“Hyung, was that…I mean…it was…but I-I-I…I won’t be able to marry Master anymore!”

“Urusai baka, it should the other way around. That noona should be the one crying not you pabo because we saw her…you know what.”

“B-but I won’t be able to look at Master the same way again Vivi-hyung! What has been seen cannot be unseen! I didn't want to see a woman's most precious part like that hyung!”

“Indeed, what a pleasant sight deshou? I wonder if Master’s…hmm.”

“I’m so done with you hyung, so so done.”

Chapter Notes

ёуα-чαн’ѕ нотεs:
I'm back guys~ Oh my gosh 800+ reads and 45+ Kudos?! I can't thank you enough for reading and loving this Fanfic! *hugs and smooches readers on the cheek*

Sorry it took me long to update, I don’t post short chapters so bear with me m(_ _)m I can't find a J-Hope Ball-jointed Doll sadly it breaks my heart since he's such a sweetie.

Anyways, I hope you like this chapter! C won by having more votes than B, but no worries B choice will be appearing on one of the future chapters since many of you voted for it as well~ Enjoy reading my lovelies~~
PS: If you guys think chapter 3 is long then think again! Chapter 4 is 23 pages long! Cuz I love you guys so much <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes
“Ne, if bad becomes worst, then I'll have to protect them, even if it **kills** me. There's no need to shed the blood of the innocent. They will never lay their **filthy** hands on them, not if I can help it.”

“**Master**…”

“My only hope is that the other members don’t get involved into this mess. Having two curious idols is bad enough, imagine seven…I’ll probably faint with a major nosebleed first before I can handle the situation.”

If only you knew that those words will come bite you in the ass in the future.

You can't believe that it's already been two months since that fiasco with Park Jimin and Kim Taehyung. You've tried to distance yourself only meeting them and speaking to the two vocalist of BTS when it's absolutely necessary.

You were just a mere **fan** and they were your **idols**.

Certain lines must not be crossed, which you may or may have not done on the last meeting but this time your determined not to make that mistake again.

What happened in the last two months was kept under wraps, V and Jimin has kept their mouths shut surprisingly. You would have thought they would share their discovery to their hyungs and
dongsaeng, but it gave you some solace that you could trust them with your secret even though you just met and interacted with them within just a day.

They continued on with their lives as usual filming Vlive’s for their fans like Run BTS and promoting in Japan for their 3rd Japanese Album: **FACE YOURSELF** on the 4th of April with Jimin and J-Hope starring on some well-known TV and Radio shows. You continued with yours staying in the shadows only coming into the light on rare occasions.

And this was one of those infrequent occurrence.

Now your on your way back to the Big Hit Entertainment building garbed in your most favorite costume set from the online game you were currently playing, the **Merletto Carina** from the Alice in wonderland content from the past AC scratch. Your eyes were now sporting sea green colored contact-lenses while your long locks were dyed from brown-black to an alluring shade of pink tied into a beautiful artistic French braid with a pair of silver barrettes molded and folded into a gorgeous arrays of roses.

You were to meet Bang Si-Hyuk personally for the first time so you were dressed to impress, albeit in a well made cosplay outfit looking unconventional in the entertainment building for idols, you don’t care…you were never concerned on what people thought of you as long as the one’s important to you says that you’re pretty then you’re damn pretty screw what those unknown imbeciles think.

You walked on the same road you took the first time you went to Big Hit’s building, now with a black Jansport backpack with a cute face of a **fox** with a cute **bunny chain** that is hanging from the zipper, it was big enough to fit three of your **Dolls** plus important necessities like your cellphone, wallet, your mini sewing tool kit and a **pepper** spray.

And **maybe** some stow away **daggers** hidden in a few secret pockets of your attire.

Just **maybe**.

**Narciel** has been your mediator this passed month being one of the concept designers for BigHit without you knowing till eight weeks ago. You should have known something was up when she was wearing that grave expression on her face when the two of you met after she flew to Japan a few months prior with you meeting V and Jimin nearing the end of October 2017.

She was at your house acting like a psychopath which was the norm for you and her on some days but the stressed out look was more serious with big eye-bags, messy hair and dry skin with reddened hues from the lack of sleep and Kami-knows-what things that were pilled on her shoulders at the moment.

Slumping her body at the arm of your blue velvet coach, she gave out a whine and a tired sigh, her body convulsing a little with how fatigue she is.

That was the calm before the storm, a powerful destructive tempest including the members of **Bangtan Boys**.

She asked your help out of all **people** to come up with **unique** concepts since she’s coming up dry at the moment. The repetitive non-stop overuse of the **supernatural** like vampires, werewolves, angels, daemons, soul-mates, Adam and Eve plus the **ikemen** school boys harem and gang like theme were already sold and made millions of Fangirl hearts melt and explode.

She needs something that has never been done before by Bulletproof Boy scouts. Although the
theme was not for any album or comeback but for a special Fan Meeting for their ARMY’s for their non-stop full support these past years so its an open Fan Meet the location to be announced an hour before it starts at their twitter account and Fancafe.

Though unfortunately for the International ARMY’s the Fan Meeting will be held in Seoul South Korea.

Of course you didn’t know all of this back in October so you naively suggested that why don’t Narciel try the concept of living Dolls.

A Doll Master proposing a Human World Wide Famous Idol Group to look like Dolls…

Heh, the irony of it all.

Another thrum went through your body as you felt your phone vibrate for the nth time that day, it must’ve been Jimin or Taehyung sending you a bunch of SMS but mostly V since he’s the one who were pestering you since yesterday when they knew you were going back to BigHit today.

Thanks to your traitorous hyperactive Doll Master friend who is far weaker than you when it comes to the two members of the Vocal Line of Bangtan Sonyeodan, she gave both her number and yours to the two scheming members of the maknae line of BTS both hugging the living daylights out of her petite figure and with her fainting with a dopey smile on her face.

You resisted them for four weeks for your number for the sake of your sanity and privacy, but it only took them ten seconds to break Narciel’s walls melting her to a pile of mushy goo on the floor because of their natural charisma and beautiful smiles.

Now here you are dreading and ruing this day that you have to come out of you sanctuary and into the lion’s den to meet the two overly affectionate lion cubs read: Jimin and Taehyung plus the main Alpha of the BigHit Pack Mr. Bang Si-Hyuk.

Arriving at the familiar front of the entertainment building, you raised your left eyebrow at the view.

There were horde of ARMY’s as usual but what made this look like a scene taken out from The Walking Dead Series was most of the female fans were growling like zombies pushing each other at the steel gates hands clawing at the space between the bars hungry for some piece of the mouth watering flesh of the male idols that were lounging behind the glass door of the structure as if they were waiting for someone and that someone was--

“--me? Shit are you kidding me?”

Well of course they will notice you, out of all the crazy fangirl’s here, you were the only one garbed in a Fairy-like regalia. Your make up was done in green and gold smoky ensemble with a tattoo of twisting vines across the left corner of your left cheek finished by a blooming lily encompassing the radius of your left optic from a little bit above your eyebrow to the underside of your left eye completing your Fea themed apparel.

Hurrying into the side gate to enter the BigHit premises, feeling tired and drained enough to not care about anything. You were in screw-you-mode where you just go on with the flow but lucid enough to talk logically if the need arises.

The screams got louder as you entered, the envious fans cursing and blaspheming you for being able to enter the sacred holy grounds of their beloved idols.
You continued on your merry way towards your doom seeing V and Jimin through the glass. Their form were brimming with energy with how they bounce on the spot, additionally the mochi idol closing his hands into fists while dancing a little in place adding heart fingers into the mix with Taehyung cheering him on adding his own heart fingers in time with his best friend. Their light brown orbs lightened up when they saw you climbing at the steps in your unique bizarre garb.

You inclined your head a little as you entered through the glass doors acknowledging them, it was a small bob barely enough to be noticed at the gate’s distance.

You knew that ARMY’s were watching you like hawks and vultures ready to gobble you up. One wrong move and it’ll be a ‘scandal’ on twitter and any form of media within a seconds notice.

“Good thing I don’t bother uploading any of my personal pictures on FB and twitter nor do I have my real name inputted when making my e-mail address.”

“Noona!”

They dropped all pretense of not knowing you when they are sure enough that all three of you were safe from prying eyes and curious video recording devices engulfing you in a loose yet comfortable and welcoming embrace, though their hands barely touching your body out of respect.

They were gentlemen after-all.

“It’s been a while Loha-noona still exquisitely stunning as ever!”

“Ne Vete-noona! You look like a female elf from Lord of the Rings!”

“So much for not crossing the line. How can I keep distance with these two catching me off guard most of the time.”

You were greeted by their exuberant compliments and bare faces, both in baggy clothes and comfortable foot wares as they took your figure at the same time eyes looming over your form as they took pictures of you on the phones.

“Yah hajima mou!”

“Aniyo noona~ We weren’t able to take a picture of you last time because of shock, but now I can save this to my folder with the best Cosplayers I’ve met.”

V almost shoved his phone to your face showing you a variety of pictures with male a female Cosplayers he encountered. One was a picture of a couple cosplaying as Kirito and Asuna in their old avatars back when they were still in SAO. The next picture was of two males in curly black locks standing and leaning on each other back to back, they were both dressed as the main male protagonist of persona 5. The taller one garbed as Phantom Joker with his white mask while his shorter replica was dressed as Akira Kurusu in Shujin Academy’s Uniform.

You widened your eyes at the next picture.

Amongst the throng of Anime and game fanatics alike were three Cosplayers caught in a candid shot. The females were teasing the sole male poking him with their respective weapons, which were a long white scepter with a blue gem at the middle while the warrior looking female had a sword with an artful design. The male cosplayer were attempting to block their mock assault on his person with a beaming smile.
The two females were in the costume of Aqua and Corrin from Fire Emblem Fates and the guy was cosplaying as Chrome from Fire Emblem Awakening. Aqua was you, Corrin was Narciel and the one garbed as Chrome was a Doll Maker who has been missing for over a year now, if you were right that Convention was at the late December of 2016.

“Where in the world are you Ailac?”

Poke.

Poke.

You felt two fingers simultaneously poking each side of your cheeks bringing you back to reality.

“By the way Loha-noona where are Chimin and Vivi?” Jimin asked continuing his assault on your left cheek careful not to touch and smear the temporary tattoo there gazing at your direction for any clue as to where his Doll clone was.

“Ne, Vivi would be here killing us with his glare mouthing me off if I were get too close to you Vete-noona.” V sighed as he said that remembering that time when he got to close to you when they visited your shop, the Doll version of himself biting his pointer finger because he had gripped your hips lifting you up to reach the highest shelf trying to get a stuffed bear a costumer was asking for.

“Well, it was all worth it.”

You took your foxy bag from your back opening the zipper showing the two male idols the sleeping and tired figures of your Dolls.

“Inside the bag but they are sleeping though.”

The singer of Serendipity and Stigma both peered inside seeing Vivi and Chimin cuddling each other, with V’s Doll counterpart being the big spoon and Jimin’s Doll version being the little spoon.

“Ahh kwiyeowo~”

Jimin’s eyebrows furrowed noticing that your Dolls complexion were paler than usual and the air around them were heavy with something.

“Loha-noona, is it just me or something doesn’t feel right.”

You blinked at Jimin’s words, processing what he had said.

“So he has the sense, he has potential. Though if he wants to know more he has to dive headfirst into the blight of my life...no not on my watch, unless he’s serious enough to loose everything he’s ever worked hard for...”

“Don’t worry Park Jimin-ssi they are just regaining their energy. They helped me with some business last night and now they were too tired so they slept along the way.”

“Hoh~ What business Vete-noona?” Taehyung asked armed with his rectangle smile wiggling his eyebrows as he licked his luscious sinful lips s-l-o-w-l-y eyes not leaving your sea green contact-lens covered ones.

“What the hell!? And here I thought that Vivi is the perverted one!”
Too flustered to answer, you shoved your bag to the singer of Stigma glaring at him. You kept your hands on your bag suspended on his chest as he grabbed your dainty hands into his larger ones.

“Urusai na mou! Shiranakata wa, that you were a hentai V-san.”

“There are a lot of things you don’t know about me Vete-noona~”

You frowned at him disapprovingly while he giggled at your antics. You were just too cute to him. He let your left arm fall limp at your side while he took your right hand laying the flat of your palm on his chest right were his beating heart is keeping his hand there just above yours as he acted like a blushing school girl swaying from side to side, squealing while cupping his left cheek with his left hand calling you ‘senpai’ saying that you make his poor ‘kokoro’ go ‘doki doki’.

And Jimin?

Well, the oldest of the maknae line was dying on the floor with laughter with tears trailing down his reddening cheeks. He was pounding the floor trying to get his breath back wheezing on how silly Taehyungie is acting. He cooed at your shell-shocked reaction noting the red spreading on your face to the tips of your ears down to you neck fast like forest wild fire not even helping you out of your little predicament.

This little shite mochi is going to die by your bare hands once your out of this heart racing situation.

That is if you don’t faint with how fast your blood was rushing to your face.

“Please don’t nosebleed, please don’t nosebleed. Ahh mou why me?!?”

“Uwaah Loha-noona soo cute~”

He added fuel to your raging fire of embarrassment by standing up and pinching your flushed cheeks uttering how damn adorable you are bringing you and Taehyung into his arms. He then took your limp left arm and placed your palm against his chest with you feeling his pulsing heart. Letting out a satisfied hum, he leaned his head into V’s shoulder calling out your alias in the softest and cutest way he could muster--

“Lohavete-ah~”

Taehyung took this as his cue, and with practiced eased they chorused “Saranghaeyo noona~” delivering the finishing blow with their trademark smiles slaying you brutally on the spot.

“Be still my ever beating heart, calm the fuck down…lest you want me to spurt a fountain of blood from my nose.”

You don’t understand as to why they are doing this, acting like they’ve known you for years…wanting to get close to you, to understand you. To get to know you and how you view the world as. Don’t they know the closer they get the more prone to danger they are? You’ve kept your distance this passed two months only minimally replying to their messages with one worded answers or short phrases but that didn’t deter them from befriending you giving you their own special nicknames for you.

~You are an ocean of waves

Weaving a dream, like thoughts
Become a river stream~

~Yet may the tide ever change

Flowing like time, to the path,

Yours to climb~

~Thou seek the light

With an outstretched hand

A Diving blade--

You scrambled to get out of their hug already missing their warmth, but you have to get your bag for your cellphone as you heard your voice ring from within your backpack singing *Lost in thoughts all alone* (pretend it's you who did the cover I don't own this video it belongs to their rightful owner). It was one of the songs you love, making a cover for it and singing it to your Dolls. You never knew that your action figure Doll Master friend recorded it making it her special ringtone.

Thanking every god and deity in existence that you did an English cover, you swiped your phone open entering the lock combination hearing your phone beep with notifications. It was a spam of text messages from your Japanese Doll Master friend.

Narciel Σ(˚Д˚):

> Loha-chan where are you? Bang PD-min is waiting here with me!

:I(>_<_):i Lohavete

I’m at the lobby with the two members of the maknae line a.k.a Park Jimin and Kim Taehyung.<

Narciel Σ(˚Д˚):

> Oh, they’re on the move eh? Well, come to the seventh floor then go to the door at the end of the hallway that’s where we are. We’re still waiting on the other concept designer and some of the stylist though hurry up Loha-chan they are looking at me weird!
I’m on my way. Should I leave Vivi and Chimin with V and Jimin? I know they mean well, but I don’t know them personally that much.<

Narciel Σ(‘Д’):

> You should, they are nice guys Loha-chan. I’ve been with them since debut so I’ve known them quite well. I may not interact with them on daily basis and I maybe known in the team as the crazy and weird noona, but I’ve watched and observed from the sidelines and you know I’m never wrong with my observation no?

Alright I trust your words Narciel, soo I’ll put my fate into them<

You stuffed your phone into one of your pockets taking a clear blue plastic envelope from your bag with the needed papers entrusting Jimin your bag together with your precious Dolls.

“Park Jimin-ssi, Kim Taehyung-ssi I’m trusting you two to take care of them. With the state they are in, they need time to recover their strength with sleep and some kinship. I don’t want a repeat with what has happened with the two of you when we met, but as a precaution please don’t let my bag leave your sight ne?”

“Ne!”

“Thank you for this, I know I’m acting cold and distant but its just the way I am. I don’t trust easily so please don’t break that trust. I am trying to come to terms with all of this but in my own phase, and if I happened to hurt you in any shape, form or even emotionally this passed two months please know that I did not do it to harm you but to protect you in ways that I only know of…so please accept my deepest apologies.”

You bowed to them low in a ninety degree angle hoping against hope that you have expressed yourself properly and delivered the most sincerest apology you could muster.

You gulped at their silence as you stood upright watching their frigid bodies gaping at you in shock not expecting your actions. In a surge of boldness, you walked towards their frozen forms, each of your palm cupping a cheek from Jimin and Taehyung before giving them light pecks on their cheeks. Your plush lips lingering through their soft skin a few seconds more to be deemed friendly, but you threw all cautions to the wind when you decided to kiss them so you stood by your decision unabashed by doing your slightly intimate action.

Soft glowing sea green hues peered at them with admiration for once your emotions were unmasked and unguarded letting them take a glimpse at your soul.
“You guys often pestered me through texts or SMS spamming my inbox with questions, or sometimes even subtly asking me in person that out of all the members of your group why did I make Doll versions of you both first? When I made Vivi and Chimin, I didn’t view you as idols to worship, but rather for something else altogether so here’s my answer I hope it’s satisfactory enough…”

You didn’t wait for their reply, you might lose your temporary courage the moment you hear their voice.

“You beauty is ethereal enough to make me want to etch it in a stolen moment from within eternity. Though my Dolls won’t last that long, know that you’ve made enough impact into my life to make it through several lifetimes…your very being, your allure and your magnificence to me is timeless.”

With one last smile, you bid your goodbyes to Park Jimin and Kim Tae Hyung of BTS leaving them to stare at the trail of your flowing braided hair as you walked to the elevator to head to your meeting.

“…”

They were so screwed and they know it.

You left them in a blushing mess, heartbeats accelerating wildly as they though of the kiss you have willingly given them. Their palms becoming clammy with their increasing temperature despite the cold weather of February. They are finding it hard to breathe, their chest constricting but in a good kind of way.

They know they are red in the face, but up to what extent? They don’t want to look at each other to gauge it, a little bit embarrassed of the effect you have on them. Your intoxicating scent of roses were overwhelming to their senses. It’s not too strong to sting their sense of smell but it has this underlying hint of blueberry appealing to their taste.

Your words were repeating like a broken record in their heads, rendering them speechless with how deep and meaningful your reasoning is.

Yes, they thought for a fleeting moment that your answer will be because of their looks, because they were your idols or maybe because they were two of the members of Bangtan Sonyeodan but you got them good in a very bad way.

Why in a bad way?

Because you have them feeling something they’ve never felt before. Something they shouldn’t have because they were idols. They were at the peak of their careers and they want to continue to make music with BTS, make their ARMY’s happy and their parents more proud.

They want more accomplishment in life, have self fulfillment.

Now they feel like they are back in their Skool luv Affair era garbed in their school boy costumes with their hairs still black and orange respectively shooting for the MV of Boy in Luv with you being the main female cast, their person of affection.

It’s far too early to call it love, they’re not sure if this is something akin to like, but what they do know is that their eyes linger on your form longer than necessary, you have piqued their interest not as a fan nor as a Doll Master but you being a unique and bizarre woman.
After their revelation and them standing at the hallway near the elevator like a couple bumbling blushing idiots, the two members of the maknae line of Bangtan Boys headed to the dance studio to congregate there with the other members.

Jimin made Taehyung carry his bag while he took your foxy backpack slinging it over his right shoulder careful not to jostle its sleeping occupants.

When they arrived at the studio, they found two of their hyungs already there with their dongsaeng. Their Hoseok-hyung was stretching on the wooden floor beside the golden maknae twisting their limbs on odd angles that is possibly uncomfortable to those who aren’t as flexible as them.

Meanwhile their motionless and sleepy Yoongi-hyung was napping where the members left their bags facing the mirrors on the wall with an earbud on his left ear connected to his cellphone.

V and Jimin quietly made their way to their slumbering hyung, gently dropping their baggage to the floor near the door of the studio. They greeted the occupants good morning as they got on the floor to stretch their limbs before they get into dancing, they don’t want to pull any muscle if there was any dance practice to be added to their schedule.

After a few minutes of goofing around, messing with each other while rolling on the floor with Jungkook lifting Jimin swinging him around for two times, Taehyung stopped the maknae by tackling him on the floor with all three of them ending up in a dog pile wheezing and laughing at the same time. They don’t have any definite agenda that day other than some vocal practice for the mochi idol and V but their voice coach has yet to arrive and they’re waiting on their manager for the confirmation of their week long vacation two days from now.

“Aigoo kookie you’re growing up each day.”

“At least I’m growing hyung, unlike you~”

“Aish no respect for his hyung!!”

Jimin retaliated the bite to his height by head-locking the evil maknae giving him a nuggie, rubbing his knuckle vigorously on Jungkook’s soft obsidian locks.

“Yah hyung stop jebal!”

When the youngest member of BTS was about to untangle Jimin’s limbs from his neck, his other forgotten hyung with the boxy trademark smile locked his hands behind his back tickling him at his sides dissolving him into a fit of laughing dongsaeng under his hyungs ministrations.
A low growl emitted from where their Yoongi-hyung was, all occupants of the room stilled in forced silence not wanting to aggravate the sleeping dragon.

When no curse words were flung their way, all four of the remaining residents of the dance studio that were awake sighed in relief in sync exchanging nervous chuckles aside from Jungkook.

The youngest of the maknae line took this opportunity to unlock his hyungs arms and hands from his body dragging Jimin and Taehyung towards his sleeping grumpy hyung dumping both of them to his Suga-hyung’s slumbering form...hard.

Oh shite.

Both the idol mochi and V scrambled to get off the rapper wanting to avoid his hellish wrath, but the cold touch of death weighed their ankles as their hyung took hold of it in a vice grip, clearly awaken when they both fell on top of him.

“Yah...Jiminie...Taehyungie...that hurt...”

Yoongi let his low raspy voice drag on, inducing more fear in his soon-to-be-victims gently probing their skin with his short nails as warning of the unspeakable horrors to come as the consequence of waking him up in a savage manner.

The evil maknae and BTS’s sunshine slid as far away from the three as they could, excited to see how the eldest in the room would torture Jimin and V trying vainly to suppress their laughter by covering their mouths with their hands.

“Jimin-hyang and Taehyung-hyang are so dead and it's all because of me! Muwahahaha!”

Evil Maknae indeed no?

He had the gall to flash his innocent bunny smile to the two older members of the maknae line as if to mock them. While this is happening J-Hope was rolling on the wooden floor literally laughing out loud pointing at them finding this super funny acting as the honorary maknae that he is not doing anything to prevent the incoming death of his two dongsaengs.

“I slept at four am today, I was hoping to rest more but you two had to wake me up…”

Suga acted like the living dead moving lethargically, groaning curses and growling at them in a guttural manner as if he was about to devour and tear the limbs of the two eldest of their maknae line the moment he reached them.

He dragged Jimin and Taehyung towards himself as he moved, the two oldest members of the maknae line clawing at the floor snagging some bags in the process including yours in their struggle from their Suga-hyung's hold.

As much as the two vocalist wants to kick their Yoongi-hyung, they’ve caused enough damage on him for the day so they opted into freeing their ankles from him by using their hands desperate enough to use full force on those slender yet strong fingers of AugustD.

They were saved from their impending doom when their vocal coach arrived calling for the two of them from the opened door.

“Jimin-ssi, Taehyung-ssi it’s time for your vocal practice, sorry for being late.”

Jimin and Taehyung dished their most kicked puppy look on their poor sleep deprived hyung jutting
their plush lips out their torso’s leaning flat on their thighs allowing them to be as close as possible without being killed by their hyung.

Min Yoongi made a mistake by glaring at them, his sharp gaze softening at the face they were making simmering his fiery hot anger into small embers. He dug his nails on their skin one last time signifying that his not finished with them yet only releasing the limbs he took hostage when they nodded in reply.

With one final gruff, he turned to face the mirrored wall going back to sleep.

The singer of Serendipity and Stigma laid still on the wooden floor trying to calm their raging hearts. That was so close.

Two pairs of chocolate hued eyes glared at the maknae and their Hobi-hyung, the former for putting them into that predicament and the latter for not helping them calm the brewing storm.

Both stood up and bowed to their coach apologizing for making him wait telling him to go on ahead and they will follow him after finishing some important business.

“Jungkookie, Hoseok-hyung, could you…uh look after this bag?” Jimin asked as he flashed them a nervous smile rubbing his neck with his left hand while Taehyung patted your bag making sure the inhabitants were able to breathe through a small gap of the zipper. Jungkook and their Hobi-hyung looked at the mochi Idol then at the adorable bag, their eyes questioning him as to whom it belonged to and why would he want the bag pack to be looked after.

The singer of Lie and Serendipity was stuck.

Should he lie to them or tell the truth? Though he wont tell on what’s inside, he knows that Lohavete-noona would want to keep her privacy and when him and Tae got her number, they made sure to be discreet when texting her or Narciel-noona. Their little trips to their Doll shop were carefully planned so no one from the members would suspect something was amiss.

“Did Taehyungie dare you to buy and use that bag Jiminie?”

“Umm…something along those line Hoseok-hyung, plus there’s something really important inside so please hyung, Kookie?”

They both nodded in consent giving Jimin two pairs of thumbs up beaming at him widely.

“Jiminie are you sure that we should leave noona’s bag here in their care? You know that they are inside right?” Taehyung whispered hissed at Jimin standing before him blocking him from the golden maknae and their Hoseok-hyung’s view.

“I know Tae, but we can’t bring noona’s bag to vocal practice.”

“Vete-noona asked us to look after it, she trusted us with them and now your leaving them here with the possibility of the other members finding them out?”

The eldest of the maknae line crossed his arms over his chest in frustration leveling a glare to his best friend. “If we do well on our vocal training we can finish it an hour max, plus they are sleeping and I’m sure they know what to do on emergency situations Taehyungie so don’t worry.”

“I can’t help it Chimchim, Vete-noona is opening up to us albeit her disposition I don’t want to go back to square one.”
The two shared a look flushing at the remembrance of the kiss you gave them.

“Me too Taehyung, me too. And what’s the worse thing that could happen?”

Oh your words are going to bite you in your lovely behind later Park Jimin-ssi, just you wait.

Things are going to be interesting.

They were awoken when they heard the pale rapper growl, they thought it was one of those creatures that they were fighting last night, so immediately they were on high alert ready for a brawl even if they were in Doll Form and still lacking some vigor to move their body parts.

When they heard no scream of terror or the sound of flesh being torn apart, they relaxed their posture a little but not bringing their guard down listening to the sounds of their surroundings hearing the faint murmurs of their Originals with three unknown male voices.

Feeling the thrum of the soft tendrils of Chimin’s Human Counterpart’s aura weaken together with Vivi’s Original, they decided to take a breather and widened the gap on the zipper on your bag cautious for any sudden movement.

A few minutes has passed, though they could still feel the diluted aura of their Originals they were loosing them in the sea of human miens thinning what little grasp they had on their Human Counterparts.

Two small heads popped out from your foxy Jansport bag, one with soft silver locks the other with now long blonde hair tied in a low ponytail with a white ribbon. They were greeted with the quiet ambiance of the dance studio with the platinum-blonde guy with pale complexion sleeping amongst the bags a little close to where they are for comfort.

The younger one with obsidian hair was playing on his phone with what it seems to be like Piano Tiles and the older one was jamming with some unheard tune lip singing to some of the words completely immersed with his music.

They took another careful sweep on the dance studio with they’re perceptive eyes, but they didn’t see a glimpse of you among the residents nor they felt your comforting warm aura you had with you.

In other words no Master.

Panic surged through their veins at the thought of you being separated with them. It’s the very first time you went astray from their side so the only logical explanation to this is that you must have left them to the few people you trust.

One was her best friend and also a Doll Master herself Narciel.

The other option is their Originals that were also missing at the moment.
“As much as I loath to say this, we must look for our Human Counterparts.”

“Eh? Are you sure Vi-hyung? Shouldn’t we just stay here and wait for them?”

“And for how long Chimin? You know that in this state, we can’t get separated with Master for a long period of time.”

Chimin nodded gravely with a solemn expression on his cherub face silver hues blurring at the recollection of last night’s events.

“When we find them, we need to ask them about Master’s whereabouts before we have another relapse.”

“Okay Taecup-hyung, I’ll go scout the parameters.”

Giving his older Doll brother a mock salute, Chimin opened your bag with agile ball-jointed fingers jumping on the floor with feline grace making no sound but the rustle of his blue regal haori. The outer coat itself was decorated with golden Japanese clouds powdered with shining specks of dusts sprayed throughout the length of the haori and at the upper back is an image of a Phoenix in flight embroidered in silver, white and gold strings.

This is one of his favorite outfits sewed by you saying he really does look the part of a gallant gentleman wearing the Valiant Phoenix Attire loyal only to you and ready to protect you no matter the cost.

The blonde Doll Version of Jimin hid behind your bag first, scoping the positions of the three male idols and seeing that none of them seemed to notice his presence, he deemed it safe enough to call his Vi-hyung out in order to start their search.

“Cost is clear hyung. One is sleeping, the two others are busy with their phones to be aware of us if we make a run for it. Let’s move out before any of them change positions.”

“Copy that mochi-kun.”

“...Taecup-hyuuung...ore wa mochi janai yo...”

“I’m kidding Chiminie, let’s go.”

Vivi slipped from your backpack garbed in his full white Idol like attire with a matching white fluffy boa hung around his neck. If memory serves him right, Master called his garb Bright Prince Attire telling him that he’ll be slaying many female hearts with it completely rocking the whole getup with his beautiful features. He can lure those who had made a grave mistake by peering into his mesmerizing silver optics, only to lay unconscious on the ground bathed in their own blood from excessive nosebleed.

He made a show of adjusting his light blue necktie over his black v-cut polo covered by a pale colored petticoat with gold buttons, the golden colored chains that was strung on his white jeans jingled as he moved down from your bag-pack. When his high boots clad feet reached the ground, he strutted with elegance of a model to where his Doll brother is tipping his white fedora down a bit as a greeting when he reached Chimin.

With practiced precise movements they ran pass the sleeping Yoongi muting their footsteps to the best of their abilities, jumping through the other members bags as if they were some kind of obstacle course cautious not to garner the attention of Jeon Jungkook or Jung Hoseok who is blissfully
unaware of their existence.

Vivi and Chimin slid past the dance studio’s opened doorway leaning against the wall for support as vertigo hit the two Dolls when they reached the halls.

“Shit, I think we moved too fast.”

“Augh, Vi-hyung, my head hurts.”

Vivi kept walking in his state with wobbly legs being stubborn as ever. The dizziness and pain hammered him in the head full force, unfocused eyes not seeing the obstruction in front of him.

“Hyung wait there’s a --

And the Doll Version of Kim Taehyung crashed in a conveniently placed drinking fountain, the impact messing with his head more the the mind numbing headache he has.

--drinking fountain! Mou, hyung be careful!”

Within his dazed status all Vivi could utter was a low grumble of "Itai."

Chimin hugged his Doll brother allowing their foreheads to touch as if doing so will alleviate some of the agony his Vivi-hyung was feeling. He cupped his hyung’s face forcing him to focus on him guiding Vivi to lean on his body.

“Let’s go Taecup-hyung, walk slowly okay?”

“Hn, arigatou Chimin-ah.”

“Douitashimashite nii-chan~”

He maybe younger, but sometimes he could also take some of the burden his older Doll brother carries, if not all then at least half of it.

The Doll Clone of Jimin guided his Vi-hyung as the traversed the empty hallways of BigHit, their feet feeling like lead whilst their bodies were being drained of energy as each minute ticks by.

They first found themselves in front of Mon Studio, they knew from Narciel’s non-stop babbling that this was where RM, the leader of BTS makes his music. The two living Dolls debated whether or not to try and go inside but seeing the electric lock by the door, they opted to continue on their way.

They’ve been roaming for quite a while now, but still no trace of you nor their Human Counterparts. They have climbed up a few flight of stairs and tried to use the elevator by Chimin hopping in Vivi’s shoulder to reach the [up] button, but it closes before they managed to get in epically failing, the lifts metal doors almost snagging Vivi’s left arm as it closed with his younger Doll brother screaming his head off in alarm.

If they were in their prime condition, they would be able to at least locate Jimin and Taehyung, but with their body being sluggish and their heads bearing the most painful migraine, they barely can traverse BigHit’s building without ending up being swallowed by the dark abyss they call Janitor’s Closet.

They are now hopelessly lost without any sense on where they are nor know how to return to the dance studio.
Vivi and Chimin are ready to keel over and surrender to the hands of unconsciousness when they heard a voice of an angel.

It was Jeon Jungkook, the maknae of BTS singing to their song ‘Best of me’ and he is about to round the corner entering a room off sorts as he did so.

“Wait Chimin, let’s follow him he was there on the dance studio right?”

“Ne~ Okay Vivi-hyung, hold on tight.”

With what’s little left of his energy, Chimin hefted his hyung on his back gliding on the marbled floor towards the direction where they have last seen Bangtan’s Golden Maknae.

They now stood in front of two opened doors without knowing where the maknae have gone into. Not wanting to dawdle where they can get caught, Taehyung’s Doll Clone picked a random door and then proceeded to drag his younger Doll brother inside.

Chimin the ever observant Doll mochi that he is noticed the signs at the top right side of each door.

“Hyung, stop…stop! Wait hyung! We can’t go inside there! Master will be so livid!”

“Why are you acting like that Chim-ah? Don’t you want to find Jungkook-ssi so we can go back to the room we were before?”

“But Vi-hyung we’re going--

Before the mochi Doll could finish his sentence, they heard a few faint female voices coming at their direction followed by the clacking of heels and flats. With no means of escape rather than going inside Vivi’s chosen door, both Dolls ran inside almost colliding with a stylist noona who just finished doing her business inside the cubicle.

Dread and panic were the prominent emotions that went through each Doll.

They are now inside the area where guys consider as taboo.

The woman’s comfort room.

But if they don’t make a move this instant they will be seen!

Without meaning to, the Doll Version of V hauled his younger Doll brother inside the stall that the stylist noona has recently vacated, hiding their ball-jointed selves behind the toilet bowl.

Chimin was livid, not only was this situation testing his chivalry to women, but also his patience to his Vi-hyung.

Screw politeness and respect to the elders! His Vivi-hyung deserved this!

“Vivi would it kill you to listen to me just once?”

He may be angry but that doesn’t mean he has to shout to alert the women occupying the girl’s toilet.

“If you just were a tad be patient and let me explain that we were about to go in the woman’s toilet then we wouldn’t be here.”

No. Reply.
“Or is it you noticed but you being a perverted bastard wanted to have a peek? Is that it hyung?”

“Aish Chiminie hush you pabo they might hear us!”

“I don’t care hyung! I thought you only have eyes for Master! Then why are we even here?! If you don’t want her then fine by me!”

“We’re just in here to hide, not for anything else! Though I am tempted to peek trust me I want to and it’s taking all my self control to refrain myself from doing so, but I will not risk us getting taken by strangers.”

“Fine Vi-hyung, fine but we are --

Once again the Doll mochi was interrupted when the door of their cubicle opened revealing one of the coordi noona’s. She locked the door and hanged her purse on the hook screwed to the stall’s entrance.

Vivi and Chimin held their breaths in trepidation on what is to come.

They know they should avert their eyes, but they cant help but stare mesmerized as the unknown woman unzipped the zipper of her skinny jeans pulling it low enough for her to drag her black lacy underwear down unknowingly flashing Vivi and Chimin giving them a full view of her vital regions for a few seconds.

“…”

Red.

Crimson red was the color of their faces from the scene they are witnessing. Chimin was looking like an imitation of a tomato blushing from head to toe totally embarrassed as he covered his flaming visage with his smol hands though slightly peeking at the gap of his fingers from time to time, he may be a Doll but he is a male Doll and he cannot deny that he’s a bit curious about the female reproductive organ.

Vivi on the other hand is a different matter altogether, he gazed at the woman non-pulsed and unabashed as he regarded the female’s private part with a different light in his eyes. Crossing his arms over his chest as he quietly observed committing every aspect and part into memory not even averting his silver optics when he had his fill.

They stayed silent not breathing as she did her business flaunting her private parts to them again for the second time when she stood up to pull her undergarment and trousers up flushing the ceramic potty when she was done.

Yes they saw a woman’s private part, in the female’s lavatory.

They are so gonna get it from you when you find out about this.

That is IF you find out about this.

Chimin was whimpering, his red face buried at the crook of Vivi’s neck as they watch the female staff walk out from their stall, the image of her vital regions still fresh in their minds.

“Hyung, was that… I mean… it was… but I-I-I… I won’t be able to marry Master anymore!”

“Urusai baka, it should the other way around. That noona should be the one crying not you pabo
because we saw her...you know what.”

“B-but I won’t be able to look at Master the same way again Vivi-hyung! What has been seen cannot be unseen! I didn’t want to see a woman’s most precious part like that hyung!”

“Indeed, what a pleasant sight deshou? I wonder if Master’s…hmm.”

“I’m so done with you hyung, so so done.”

Waiting till the last female staff was out of the woman’s comfort room, they exited their cubicle heading towards the door only to see the evil maknae when they exited the woman’s lavatory. He was about to use the elevator but did a three hundred sixty degree about face turn when he saw it was jam packed with BigHit’s female staffs ready to push the button to their desired floors. (flashback to the elevator prank anyone? XD)

Chimin and Vivi trailed behind Jungkook stealthily as he went through three flight of stairs stopping at a vending machine to get some bottled waters for his hyungs and for himself. After that detour, he went straight back to the dance studio where they heard an ear piercing scream of terror.

“AAAAAAHHHHHHH!”

“Shit we left Hopie-ah in there!”

He was cold, he was sure that his Doll brothers were just above him keeping him warm and hidden as they cuddled while sleeping a while ago.

And now there’s no trace of them nor the hot furnace like heat they provided as he rests.

Stretching his tired limbs, he was greeted by the darkness of your bag without his Doll brothers Chimin and Vivi.

He was worried, they may be older than him, but with those two together they tend to make rash decisions even-though Vivi is the brain of the operations. The oldest Doll does well alone, but with Chimin, they tend to make apocalyptic chaos of epic proportions, whether its a mayhem they may have caused or they get into a pandemonium coming out mentally scared for life.

Shaking his head to clear his thoughts, he hears a rustle from outside the bag.

Thinking it was you, he opened the zipper all the way, light pouring into your bag illuminating his body dressed as Phantom Joker from Persona 5.

Adjusting his ivory hued eye mask with some raven tinted borders surrounding where the eye-holes were, he prepared himself to vault from your bag in order to surprise you and pamper you with hugs and kisses you deserved since he had neglected you these week in order to do his work.
Jung Hoseok the resident sunshine of BTS was minding his own business pawing at his own bag looking for his phone charger when he saw the foxy bag that Jimin asked them to look after move.

Blink.

Blink.

“I think I need to lay down and copy Yoongi-hyung, I must be delusional from the lack of sleep writing lyrics for my Hixtape.”

He was gonna throw the idea out of the window when the bag shifted from the inside, its as if there’s an unknown entity inside ready to burst the backpack apart from its seams.

J-Hope was sweating buckets as he stared wide eyed at the bag body shaking a bit as a cold chill went down his spine.

“Where’s Jungkook when you need him, I bet my Nintendo Switch whatever is inside that bag is no match for the maknae.”

Swallowing hard, Hoseok gathered all his minuscule courage as he went closer to the ominous raven backpack his face hovering on the opening ready to face the abomination.

The sound of zipper opening ripped through the quite ambiance of the room as a black blur come out of the foxy bag attaching itself to Jung Hoseok which resulted in him letting out a high pitched scream surpassing the highest note Jimin could belt out.

“AAAAAHHHHHHHH!”

“Kufufufu! I caught you Masuta~”

The unknown entity’s tiny hands were loosely wrapped on J-Hope’s neck peppering it with small kisses occasionally cuddling him in between pecks and smooches.

“AAHHHHH YOONGI-HYUNG HELP!!”

The honorary maknae of Bangtan Sonyeodan was beside himself with fear scrambling on the floor bulldozing through the sleeping self proclaimed Genius rapper entangling both Hoseok and his Yoongi-hyung on the ground.

“What the fuck Hoseok.”

Suga groaned in pain as he felt the elbow of the younger rapper dig into his stomach while he was haphazardly sprawled on top of him. Hobi’s trembling back was facing him as he tried but failed to discern the thing that was clinging on him. It made giggling sounds as it clutched its small ball-jointed hands on Hoseok’s neck for dear life, snickering all the way greatly amused by the main dancer’s reaction still thinking that Hobie was it’s Master.

“AIIGOOO! OH MY GOD! HYUNG WHAT IS THIS THING??!”

Motionless Min’s attention was now on the creature hanging from J-Hope’s neck.

It was a Doll, not just any Doll ...it’s seems like a mini version of their resident sunshine Jung Hoseok, but it was a living, breathing and talking Doll.

Processing...
“What the actual fuck is this?”

Silver eyes blinked at both of the members of the rap line of Bangtan as he registers their voices… two rather masculine voices.

He quickly let go of the scared Jung Hoseok realizing that he was not you.

“Your not Master.”

Hopie stared at the two Humans in front of him ash-gray eyes guarded as he stood ready to retaliate if needed be.

The only ones with experience with interacting with Humans other than their Master were his hyungs Vivi and Chimin. Since they are his Master’s first Dolls, they often help out around the shop or buy the groceries when their Master is busy with her commissions.

But he’s going to give them a benefit of a doubt since they haven’t called him Monster nor hauled him at the nearest wall in fear. They were shocked yes, and still in the process of accepting that he is in fact a living Doll version of their very own J-Hope, definitely not a beast out to devour their souls.

He was ready for their screams.

He was waiting for the hurtful words.

But what he didn’t expect was for the pale rapper to extend his right hand towards him coffee eyes soft and free of judgement. He could see the tremors on his pale hand but Suga was brave enough to distract him shielding Hobie with his smaller frame from his small ball-jointed 40cm height ball-jointed body, sharp chocolate hued optics trailed on his very being.

When Yoongi’s hand was close enough within reaching distance, he took it within his two small hands made of polyurethane synthetic resin caressing Suga’s palm with his as he ran his fingers through the pale rapper’s, marveling on how soft they were.

“It's like Master's hands... warm and kind.”

Silver met brown as J-Hope’s Doll version gazed at Suga, he inched closer in a languid manner towards the oldest member of the Rap line of Bangtan. When he reached Min Yoongi, he bowed low forehead touching the rapper’s palm in apology. He stood up straight flashing the savage yet fluffy Kumamon loving rapper his Original’s sunny bright trademark grin slipping into Japanese as he politely introduced himself.

“Hajimemashite, ore wa Hopie da. Yoroshiku~”

The pale rapper could only stare numbly at Hoseok’s Doll clone. His pinkie finger and thumb were enclosed into his tiny hands ball-jointed and smooth, but he’s sure that he felt the Doll jolt his fist softly up and down as a handshake and the Doll did talk with Hobi’s low ‘serious’ voice. It’s settled, the Doll is real and by no means their imagination no matter how hard they deny the truth, so he prompted to do courtesy and introduce himself back.

“Min Yoongi, Suga.”
The self proclaimed genius rapper ended his introduction with a small smirk on his lips tilting his head into a small nod of acknowledgment, his form was oozing with swag even if he was just wearing his normal comfy clothes without any make up on.

**BANG!**

The door of the dance studio was almost ripped at its hinges when Jungkook barged inside distressed and frantic. Never has he heard his Hoseok-hyung scream like that, sure his Hope-hyung is easily scared and will shriek at every little thing, but never in his all years of living with his hyung has he heard him scream in pure **terror**.

“Hobie-hyung are you okay?!”

The maknae turned his warm chocolaty gaze towards his hyungs searching for any form of injury. Satisfied when he found none on his Hoseok-hyung, he turned to his Yoongi-hyung for any ailments the grumpy rapper might have. His reply was a low grumble under his breath nodding at Jungkook when their eyes met.

“That’s a relief, I thought something happened! I never heard Hoseok-hyung **scream** like that.”

He was about to hand his Kumamon loving hyung his bottled water when he felt a light tap on his feet.

“Yah, *kiwotsukete na bouya*. You almost stepped on me, using Timberland's no less.”

To say that the youngest of the Bulletproof Boy Scout’s was stunned was an understatement, he was **shook** (disregard the smile please, I know its cute!) seeing a mini version of his Hoseok-hyung standing before him in **Doll** form dressed as if he’s one of the male protagonist on those Animes his V-hyung likes to watch.

He stumbled feeling faint, dropping his Yoongi-hyung’s water bottle. But before it touched the ground, pale ball-jointed hands caught it with ease belonging to another **Doll** who seems like to be a mini version of his Jimin-hyung.

“Excuse me~ you dropped this~”

Jungkook fell on the floor on his behind letting go of his dignity, dropping all the bottles of water he had bought looking the the blonde **Doll’s** outstretched hands and beaming face similar his Jimin-hyung’s signature angelic smile.

“Wake me up when this **nightmare** ends.”

A loud high pitched whine from his Hobie-hyung was the only warning they got before he fainted on back of the oldest member in the room. It seems like he has surpassed his limit of scares and surprises for today, their tight schedules and lack of sleep adding to his stress factor taking its toll on his body as it crashed overwhelmed with the weird happenings of today.

Suga gently lowered the younger rapper into his lap combing his long fingers through Hoseok’s brown locks as he laid there dead to the world unaware of the incoming shit storm that’s about to happen.

Vivi observed quietly as the room slowly descended into chaos face-palming hard.

“How will we explain this to **Master**?”
Park Jimin and Kim Taehyung has kept their promise to their Master, but still your secret is out.

Five down, two to go.

Will you be able to handle this?

*To be Continued?*

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**Chapter End Notes**

ℓυνα-χαι's /datatables:
First, Happy Birthday Suga! Stay safe, stay healthy and stay fluffy yet savage!

There you go my dears chapter four of The Doll Master! I tried my best to describe the scenes on my head and this is the outcome, a long ass chapter baby! If you like this story so far please add it to your bookmarks! If you want to say something to me, then comment! I appreciate each and every ideas you guys give me! I write to please my readers, torture my characters (sometimes) and for self enjoyment!

*please read:*

As you guys know, this is my first story here and my first time ever writing about real people so I have a few questions for you my dear readers, pleas answer me in the comments because I really need you guys input and view on this.

All of your comments matters to me so please reply!

> Are the members OOC?
> Do I describe the scene enough for you to be able to imagine it?
> Who's your favorite Doll so far?
> Fav part in this chapter?
> Did you guys like the Dolls costumes? Which attire do you love most that you think fits their character?
> Last Doll to be added who do you want to see, A hyperactive maknae like Doll Suga or an eomma-like Doll Kookie who cooks?
**Chapter Summary**

“To live is to fight and to fight is to live. When all is lost, you will be found.”

**Chapter Notes**

*Lovachai's notes:*
I DO NOT OWN ANYTHING IN THIS STORY JUST THE PLOT AND MY OC'S
Aigooo, 58 Kudos and 1.3k hits. Omo I'm going to die guys DX thank you for the love and support <3

Hiii~~ It's been a month my lovely readers I've missed you guys~ T_T

No words can express how sorry I am for updating this late, I’ve been sick for two weeks since the second week of March came with flue followed by fever. I tried writing in between the times that I’m okay enough to open my laptop and have been on a delirious typing spree when I got better.

I wrote another long one, sigh when will I learn to stop at [insert number of pages here]. And as I’ve said before I don’t post a chapter unless I’m satisfied with it and I hope you all love this one! It has a long ass fighting scene woo a little bit on the supernatural side but not too much I hope. Some heavy explaining done by the Doll Masters so I hope it answers some of you guys question in the story.

Without further ado, I give you chapter five of The Doll Master~ Enjoy my loves~

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Suga gently lowered the younger rapper into his lap combing his long fingers through Hoseok’s brown locks as he laid there dead to the world unaware of the incoming shit storm that’s about to happen.

Vivi observed quietly as the room slowly descended into chaos face-palming hard.

“How will we explain this to Master?”

Park Jimin and Kim Taehyung has kept their promise to their Master, but still your secret is out.
As Vivi watched the room descend into utter chaos, he can’t help but internally facepalm at the happenings that has lead to this mess. Not only did they leave your bag to find their Originals so that they can have some idea on where you are, Hopie-ah had now exposed them to not one but three members of Bangtan Sonyeodan.

“I hope you come back soon Master. Given with my amazing capabilities, even I can’t prevent the upcoming shit storm that’s about to come.”

Unaware of the pandemonium happening on the dance room, Jimin and Taehyung exited the vocal studio finished with their practice. Their throats were a little parch and sore, but they wore accomplished grins on their faces satisfied at the outcome of their training.

“That was exhausting. I want to rest, but our schedule is so aughh.”

“Ne, I just wish we can have that vacation Tae,” Jimin whined as he stretched, hooking his left arm on Taehyung’s shoulder as they traveled back to the dance studio hoping that nothing has happened while they were away, wishing the sleeping occupants of your backpack has remained fast asleep and hasn’t caused any mayhem.
Everything was serene and for once, both 95 liner were deep in thought instead of fooling around they were thinking about their comeback in Japan, their promotions and their busy schedule there.

Somewhere in the back of their minds, they can’t help but think about how their outlook in life changed since meeting you. They got to know you and your best friend which was their ‘crazy concept artist noona’ that was working for BigHit ever since their debut. That’s why albeit wearing different costumes on a daily basis, her mannerisms and weirdness is very familiar to them.

Another positive side of this is they got close to their Doll Counterparts.

It was weird and downright creepy at first, but they got used to the oddities and quirks of their Doll Versions. They’ve become their stress relief at times when things got too tough and suffocating with their life as an idol.

And Eien no Yume, your Doll Shop have became their safe haven.

They have come to value your relaxing Tea Times, the pep talks as you welcomed them without the expectation of them being perfect in every second of the day. Heck, they could show up at your store looking like homeless hobo’s wearing trash bags as clothes and you wouldn’t bat an eyelash and just let them in.

Ahh good times.

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When they reached the studio, Jimin bowed towards Taehyung right palm over his heart in a butler like motion ushering him to go inside first, which V obviously played along waving his hand in a ‘You are dismissed’ manner carding his hands through his silky locks as he stood before the dance room’s entrance.

A thud resounded from inside the room and they thought that maybe Jungkook and their Hobie-hyung were up to their usual rough housing preventing their Kumamon loving hyung from sleeping or doing their usual shenanigan’s without them.

They pouted ready to whine at the unfairness of it all wanting to join the fun after their hardcore voice practice, opening the gray door with vigor they are ready to add to the tomfoolery that is happening inside.

What greeted them when they burst through the door was their passed out Hoseok-hyung on their Yoongi-hyung’s lap, the later has a blank face on absentmindedly combing his fingers through their Hobie-hyung’s hair while his coffee hued eyes were trailed on their maknae.

The youngest of BTS was sprawled on the floor water bottles surrounding his prone form as his doe like amber eyes trailed on something near him 40cm in height peering at the shook maknae with concerned ash-gray orbs.

“Daijoubu ka bouya? I didn’t hit you that hard didn’t I?”

“Hyu-hyung, the Doll…it’s talking! What the hell?!”
He slid further away from the Doll’s direction wary and apprehensive.

Three small heads swiveled into the maknae’s direction all have varying hair colors but with the same shade of captivating silver eyes.

Vivi frowned at him disapprovingly offended at his comment.

Chimin gave a weak upturn of his lips clearly saddened by his reaction.

Hopie just stood there with half-lidded eyes not at all phased by the maknae’s response.

They were Dolls yes, and he was simply Human.

A Human who grew up in a entirely different environment from their Master’s so its understandable that he will be shocked upon seeing a supposed to be inanimate object move, talk, breathe and simply be alive.

It’s kinda disappointing though, from the stories he’d heard from Narciel, he’s fun to be with although loves to be a little shit angering his hyungs most of the time just for shit and giggles. Jungkook can also be a prankster, he has the creativity, stealth and a conniving mischievous mind just like him.

“Maybe next time then, I hope Master will bring them to visit in the near future.”

“We’re back~~ Yah Jungkookie, Hobie-hyung what are --

Taehyung stopped mid sentence, chocolate eyes widening as his gaze fell on the room. The studio’s door was left ajar so that Jimin could walk inside after him abruptly stopping at the same scene V had witnessed.

“FUCK.”

Chimin and Vivi were outside your Jansport bag staring at Jungkook with different emotions on their chiseled faces. Chimin hugging a water bottle to his form with a forlorn look, while Vivi’s usual frown has reached new depths as it etched deeper on his beautiful facade ash-gray optics bored at their maknae as if he had gravely sinned and the Dolls took offense.

Lastly, to their utter disbelief and confusion, another Doll was in the room.

Walking regally towards Vivi and Chimin’s way like he didn’t just flung himself at Hoseok a while ago, was what seems to be another one of your Dolls. Garbed in Persona 5’s Phantom Joker costume plus the mask with somewhat curly raven locks, the Doll has a slightly tanner complexion than the usual pale alabaster that their mini mes’ have, he stood proud and tall in his diminutive height in all his glory.

The beaming smile on his face contradicts with his languid movements, but there’s no mistaking that bright grin. The smile that can melt hearts and cure cancer, it’s that trademark smile of their hyperactive hyung and sunshine of Bangtan Sonyeodan, J-Hope.

The Doll version of their hyung was handsome, he’s the same level of stunning as Vivi and Chimin
were, only in a roguish kind of way.

Though how did he get here? Was he also inside the bag with their Doll Clones?

“Why are they awake?! Aigoo Suga-hyung and Jungkookie saw them.”

“Aish Vete-noona, mianhe we fucked up.”

“Why did we think that its a good idea to leave them here?” V grumbled as he rolled his eyes stumbling inside the deadly silent room letting Jimin in first before promptly closing and locking the door for good measure.

“Better safe than sorry I guess, we don’t want more people seeing them.”

“My bad okay! I thought that they wouldn’t wake up within the few minutes were gone since they were sleeping soundly.” Jimin said throwing both his arms in the air in surrender burying his cherub face in his palms after in frustration.

“I also agreed to this so it’s partly my fault too Chimchim, but how would we explain this to Vete-noona? Augh, we don’t need this shit right now!”

“Forget about explaining this to whomever this ‘Vete-noona’ is… what I want to know, is how would you brats explain this to us?”

Yoongi interjected with his voice colder than the Arctic winds, his coffee eyes stern and unyielding as it traveled to and fro from his two dongsaengs to the Dolls in a questioning manner.

Just what the hell is this clusterfuck?

V groaned sliding himself on the floor near where his mini me was snatching the irate Doll in the process hugging Vivi to his chest muttering incoherent words.

“Tae-san hanashite yo.”

“Lie.”

“Mattaku Tae-san.”

Jimin opted to let out a tired sigh combing his hands through his locks lost in thought on how to explain their situation. His light tawny orbs were focused on Taehyung and Vivi as his best friend continued to smother his Doll Version stalling for the inevitable.

He didn’t know how to go about this, he knew he can’t reveal things to his hyung and dongsaeng though he and Taetae doesn’t know much either, you haven’t delved much into explaining further details fearing for their safety more than yours.

You also explicitly told them the dangers, what to look out for, taught them some basic self defense, the warming signs to any person who has ill intentions against them.

They were thankful that you were looking out for them even though it was their decision that lead them to this when you could have erased their memories at any given chance but you didn’t out of respect.

He liked their Doll Versions, although they were made at the image of him and Taehyung, they have their own unique characteristics and personalities although some were taken from them as they
You also expressed to them that they absolutely cannot talk about the Doll topic without you in the vicinity or if there were in a place where they could get compromised by unknown elements and factors resulting in the third party finding about their secret.

Though he find it that they’re being watched more than usual this passed month, especially him and Taehyung. Call him paranoid but he didn’t last thing long in the idol industry without listening to his instincts for the most part especially when it come to the mob of fans stalking him at times.

His eyes bored into his hyung long and hard before giving his answer.

“I’m sorry hyung, but we promised to keep our mouths shut. It’s not our secret to tell and its not like they did anything to harm you guys no?”

“...Jiminie…”

“I’m sorry hyung, but I we can’t tell you anything…mianhe.”

Suga glared at his dongsaeng, the usually playful oldest member of the maknae line was sporting a serious face along with Taehyung who was listening to their conversation unusually quiet with a blank look on clutching what seems to be a Doll Version of himself.

Adjusting his grip on the younger rapper on his lap, Yoongi met Jimin’s stare head on. He knew that look on his dongsaeng’s face, it’s the same determined look when he practices their new choreography non-stop till he perfects it for their ARMY or until his body gives in and he collapses.

…well he doesn’t do that anymore since their ARMY worries, but he’s one hell dedicated member.

Giving up on convincing Jimin, he turned his sharp gaze on Taehyung who still have that same empty look meeting his death glare unflinching.

“Do you have something to say Taehyung-ah?” The oldest of the the rap line asked his dark gaze falling on V and his mini me trying to squeeze the answer from his dongsaeng before he blows a fuse and let everyone see hell.

“No hyung, we made a promise and we plan on keeping it. Unless ofcourse if by some unfortunate circumstances we put the rest of you in trouble, we’ll talk then.”

“So you’ll wait till something bad happens to us before you open your mouth brat?”

“Aniyo hyung! You know that’s not what I meant!”

“Yeah right, whatever kid.”

Vivi looked at the scene playing in front of him with petulant eyes, slightly irritated at the way the pale rapper was treating Chimin and his Original. He knew that they were keeping their silence to honor the promise they made to you so he had to intervene, he may be not that fond of them but he likes them well enough to get them out of trouble…

…just this once.

He stood from his Human Counterpart’s lap silver orbs meeting that of Yoongi’s coffee colored ones in what he hopes as a placating manner.
“Sorry to interrupt this little *squabble* of yours Min Yoongi-ssi, but please stop insisting that *this* is Jimin-ssi and Taehyung-ssi’s fault. They cannot answer you for they had made a *vow* to my *Master* and the consequences of breaking them is quite *dire.*”

Yoongi’s eyes turned sharper, one of the telltale signs that he’s mad beyond words and ready to unleash his savagery onto anyone who dares cross his path.

Suga rolled his eyes the boiling lid of his ire on the brink of opening “What kind of *consequences*? Does it involve painful *torture* or perhaps *death*?” the sarcasm in his voice was laid quite heavily, not believing the words that were coming out from Taehyung’s *Doll Clone*’s mouth.

“Close but not quite.”

“Hoh arasso, and who the *hell* is this *Master* of yours?”

The rapper of AugustD was oozing with killing intent though that didn’t phase the perverse *Doll* and only gave Suga a mocking grin to further infuriate the eldest of the rap line.

“Someone you’ll meet in just a few moments, no need to breathe fire on us Yoongi-ssi.”

It only took ten solid seconds for you came through the door with *Narciel* by your side having felt your *Dolls* distress from where you were after the successful meeting with Mr. Bang Si-Hyuk together with BigHit’s concept artists, stylists and coordinators.

You immediately knew something was wrong when you felt the heavy atmosphere in the room.

Confirming it when you saw your *Dolls* awake and outside your foxy bag with Jungkook looking at them with a shook look on his face and a pissed off Yoongi ready to eat you whole only to spit you out to the the deepest level of hell after he’s done with you.

And Hoseok? He’s indiscriminately sprawled on his hyung’s lap looking haggard and worse for wear.

“*Master!*”

Two voices echoed through the room as the owners sprinted to your direction. Your first instinct was to kneel onto the floor opening your arms as they bounded onto your embrace burying their heads at your soft bosom relaxing at your warmth.

“*Chimin-ah, Hopie-ah…*”

Both *Dolls* succumbed deeper into your hug relishing the feeling of your beating heart assuring them that your there with them alleviating their worries.

“It’s okay, I’m here now. We’ll have to do *that* to prevent the three of you from *relapsing.*”

“*Hai Masuta.*”

You held them close to you, your grip tightening a bit before letting them go to fall on your lap in which they giggled as they rolled on your thighs sitting on them Indian style all their attention focused solely on you waiting for your next move.

Your *Dolls* knew that you were in a dire situation, with more members knowing about *them* they might as well tell the whole world about their existence.
But first you need to know the reason why this happened.

Your eyes zeroed on the two oldest member of the maknae line with them flinching under your intense stare fidgeting and playing with the hems of their baggy shirts.

“Noo-na…”

Jimin and Taehyung looked at you with gloomy expressions on their handsome features, inching closer to your direction cautiously their voices breaking at the end. They trained their melancholic eyes on the ground as they found their way towards you sitting at your side both of them sandwiching you in between them.

“Mianhe Vete-noona, we thought that they wouldn't be awake when we got back so we left your bag in this room when we had our voice training.” Taehyung started taking your right hand hostage intertwining it with his soft ones giving it one light squeeze as his way of apologizing.

“It’s partially our fault as to why this happened. We’re so sorry Loha-noona, please don’t do it.” Jimin continued as he too took your other vacant hand grasping it in his slightly shaking bigger ones in a vice grip.

Your countenance was stern, but your eyes didn’t lose their soft glint. You nodded in understanding knowing that if they could in their power prevent your Dolls from being discovered by their hyungs and dongsaeng, they would do so in a heart beat.

Your sea green orbs landed on Vivi who was left near the oldest rapper of Bangtan your eyes voicing your unexpressed question, he inclined his head in response proving Jimin and V’s innocence and keeping to their promise not to tell a soul about them.

Your lips lifted upwards as you snaked your arms towards Jimin and Taehyung’s waists, their postures stiffened at first worried that you might erase their memories because of their mistake, but you simply pulled them towards your body in a consoling side embrace and they melted like chocolate to your touch.

A little jealous at your treatment of his and Chimin’s Originals, Vivi decided to break your moment by strutting towards your way. He stopped before you and without any warning, he flashed his Original’s signature boxy smile without any perverseness underlying it as he lowered his ball-jointed body to sit in front of your knees, he laid both his palms above your thighs peering at you with the most welcoming grin he can muster.

“Welcome back Master.”

“I’m back Vivi.”

“So your the so called Master eh?”

You raised an eyebrow at that. Although Suga was sitting on the floor, he was every bit intimidating as if he was standing over you, leering over your figure. His voice was flat and his eyes were blank but you’ve seen enough people to determine that he was fuming inside ready to remove the latch on his savage side.

“Yes, is there a problem Min Yoongi-ssi?”

You’re quite shocked at his attitude towards your person. Your definite that you didn’t do anything to warrant his brutality and here he is ready to spit words filled with barbs and thorns at you with the same intensity of his rapping in Cypher pt 4.
“They are my problem.” he spoke pertaining to your Dolls in the room, who was now looking at him with three pairs of the same shade of silver optics in wonder, amusement and disdain.

Your eyebrows scrunched up in confusion not understanding his statement.

Had your Dolls done anything to cause bodily harm to any members present in the room excluding Vivi and Chimin’s Originals?

Letting go of Jimin and Taehyung’s waists, you turned to face Min Suga properly, sitting on the floor in that ever familiar seiza position back straight dainty hands over your lap.

No need for restraints since the Dolls are out of the bag literally.

You swallowed thickly as you gazed into the pale rapper’s livid eyes, wanting to dissolve the pressure in the room you spoke in a calm soothing voice.

“Did they do anything to hurt you or the other members in the room?”

Yoongi’s coffee hued eyes closed for the briefest second in recollection opening them as he shook his head his ire cooling a bit.

“Well no, Hoseok’s little look alike just pampered him with kisses though he was bat shit scared out of his wits.”

You nod at his answer smiling, it’s good to know that they are behaving even without you there.

“Have they caused inconvenience to you or your fellow band mates?”

Yoongi’s eyes, trailed to their youngest a light smirk upturning his lips.

“They might have been the reason why Hobi fainted and for Jungkookie to lose some of his dignity.”

“Yah hyung stop saying embarrassing stuffs like that!”

Up to this point, it seems like Suga’s initial boiling anger has cooled down and he was now looking at you in a contemplating way seizing your sitting figure with his scrutinizing optics.

“I guess we are all just overwhelmed…I thought we’ve seen it all, but its not everyday that you see a living Doll.”The oldest of the rap line trailed off averting his eyes from your sea green contact lens covered ones to your Dolls.

They are beautiful albeit being a little bit creepy.

As the conversation came into a temporary lull, both Chimin and Hopie gravitated towards Jungkook picking up the stray bottles beside his prone and disbelieving form. Once they were done with their self appointed task, they beamed at him with all their worth rendering the maknae into a blushing mess overpowered by their cuteness.

“Oya, it seems like even Jungkook has a weakness for cute things.”

Laughing at the flushed golden maknae, Jimin and Hoseok’s Doll Version inched towards Jungkook slowly as to not startle him. Then with a gleeful blown out laugh, they leaped at him attacking his sides with incessant tickles.
“AIGOO! YAH STOP! HAHAAHAHAHA!”

“NO! Be prepared, your going down Human! You need to shed your mask and reveal thy true self!”

“Pfft! Hopie-ah it’s not like we’re gonna end him, stop talking like that!”

“But hyung I have to stay in character!”

“HAHAHAHA! S-STOP IT!”

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“It’s weird no, seeing them like that?”

A little dumbfounded at your out-of-nowhere question, Min Yoongi could only incline his head in accord as both of you and Suga’s optics were fondly gazing at the heart warming scene.

“Yes they are Dolls, peculiar right? But that doesn't mean that they don’t have feelings and wills of their own.”

Breathing in you continued as the Kumamon loving rapper centered his attention to you.

“I taught them everything they know, their morals, their manners but its up to them if they will uphold it or not. I may be their Doll Master but by no means they are my slave to obey my every command and bend to my whims.”

He nodded urging you to go on.

“That being said, they are my secret and soon to be yours shall you abide to my rules or if you choose the other options, the choice is yours to make Min Yoongi-ssi.”

You were the epitome of calm on the outside…

…but on the inside you were sweating buckets panicking ready to have a heart attack.

Heh, FYL.

“Kami doing this spiel with Jimin and Taehyung is nerve wrecking enough but to Jeon Jungkook and Min Yoongi? Dear Ra end my pathetic existence now!”

“Jeon Jungkook-ssi, would you come here for a second? I need to speak to you and Min Yoongi-ssi about something important.”

“N-ne.”

You met the maknae’s doe like soft chocolate orbs, keeping eye contact as you ushered him to come closer and sit beside his hyung and he did so shyly averting his optics from yours as he came closer, your Dolls Chimin and Hopie hanging from his biceps in glee acting like expensive Gucci bags on display.

As he situated himself beside his Yoongi-hyung, he can’t help but peek at the Dolls now poking his cheeks as they sat on his shoulders giving them a side glance rising an eyebrow at their actions.
When they knew that they have his undivided attention, Chimin and Hopie both pecked his now rosy cheeks in gratitude for playing with them before sliding through his chests, along his stomach and into the floor dropping in a cool kneeling position.

Giving each other a high-five, Chimin strolled to his Original sitting on Jimin’s lap with a content smile while Hopie went to you snuggling with his Vivi-hyung.

When your eyes turned stone cold with all other emotions vacating your sea green hues, Jimin and Taehyung knew you were about to deliver the same speech you gave them two months ago.

They sat closer to you almost squishing you in between their frames having a serious expressions themselves with each of their hand on your thigh for support. They know that you are about to ask the question to their hyung and dongsaeng, to willingly forget everything, to keep this a secret and abide by your rules, be forced to keep their silence or face the consequences.

They can only hope that their Yoongi-hyung and their beloved maknae makes the right decision.

They don’t want to loose this, not their Doll Clones nor you.

“Min Yoongi-ssi, Jeon Jungguk-ssi, what you saw today is something few people of this world knew about. And if words gets out, not only are you going to put myself and my Dolls in danger but also two of your members. They made a promise to me two months ago not to tell anyone about our secret and so far they make good of that promise until today till my Prankster of a Doll revealed their existence so I beg of you to keep this as hush-hush as possible or be forced to loose your memories of today.”

Your countenance changed from friendly and inviting to downright ominous. You won’t say you’re a good actress but if you need to appear like a villainous bitch to make them back off in order for them to stay safe, then you would.

But with one look on the scared faces of the maknae line, your mask crumbled into pieces not liking the fear that you had induced on them.

It leaves a bad aftertaste in your mouth.

You were never the one to impose on anyone, never to one to invoke violence. You were the caring and nurturing type of person so you suck at intimidating tactics.

“PFFTT! HAHAHA YOU FAIL AT THIS LOHA-CHAN!”

Narciel collapsed on the floor after saying that, holding her stomach laughing at your pouting face. She was on the door acting as temporary impromptu guard waiting for her Sebby Doll to return.

“Why don’t you do it then? I’m sure with that outfit you can channel the inner Yandere in you.”

“Tsk tsk tsk. Loha-chan, have more confidence! After all Pink is the Yandere color~”

All joking aside, your Japanese Doll Master friend sat in front of the Kumamon loving member of Bangtan Sonyeodan her eyes turning into slits as her demeanor screamed dangerous. She dragged her ‘fake’ hand knife prop along Yoongi’s jawline giving him goosebumps though Narciel was careful not to scratch his lovely face.

“Though it wouldn’t hurt to try and play as a baddie from time to time ne?”
The air around her changed together with her behavior, her now pink optics harbored the glint of a predator hunting its prey.

Her voice was low and a tab bit raspy sending shivers on all the occupants in the room except to you and your Dolls.

You have this side of her many times before but it never gets old.

You knew they feel threatened the moment Yoongi took a defensive stance, his arms tightening on Hoseok while Jungkook sat straighter his chocolates hued eyes were alert, Jimin and Taehyung on the other hand inched more closer to you hiding your body behind their larger frame ready for a fight even though they know your the more experienced combatant amongst you three.

Clap.

Clap.

“Good, good! You still have self preservation instincts! Yes, that’s right~ Even if you know someone for years don’t easily assume that you know them. You don’t want to be stabbed in the back no?”

She made a show of throwing the ‘knife’ into the air catching it expertly without looking flipping it through her fingers.

“We are dangerous keep that in mind. We may look like this but we have experienced hell on earth more than you can imagine. This world is a cruel place more than the movies can ever depict, you can only say you have suffered when you’ve been there yourself and crawled yourself out of a fucking deep hellhole.”

Your action figure Doll Master friend stopped her ministrations with her ‘knife’ gently laying it on her lap.

“Don’t get me wrong Suga-ssi, I love my job here in BigHit you guys are like family to me in all those five years I’ve been working here. This gives us normalcy, something we desperately need among the shit that we’ve been through. Staying in the dark is muddling to the soul, we need the light for balance to be able to fight insanity. But for your sake, I hope you make the right choice on how to go on about all this.”

Narciel ended her speech tapping her ‘weapon’ on Min Yoongi’s cheek smiling at him so disarmingly as if she hadn’t cause the danger levels in the room to rise enough for his earlier anger to resurface and latch into her being for frightening him to a degree including his dongsaengs.

“Who gave you fucking the idea that we will just agree with you? I know you know who we are, do you want to be sued by BigHit for threatening the members of BTS?”

“Hah! We are not threatening you, we’re giving you a warning because Suga-ssi you have stumbled upon one of the well kept secrets of the underground society…us and the Living Dolls! If that doesn’t warrant you a bounty under you guys names then I don’t know what else would!”

Before the exchange of crass words turn into violence, you decided to interfere cutting both parties off with a gentle hand on Narciel and Yoongi’s shoulder.

“Please calm down you two, that’s exactly why we’re telling you this... because of your occupation. People get used, get killed and they forcefully get dragged in the dark abyss of greed and lust for
power. They don’t care who you are and what you do, they only care about the end result of their nefarious deeds.”

You took a deep breath, you promised yourself after the day that both and Jimin and Taehyung got involved with you, to explain all the gory details if more of their members got caught up in this mess. You’ll spare nothing so that they may know what to expect and the consequences if ever they too decide to keep their memories with them.

“Make your choice before you delve deeper, because once you take a dive I guarantee you there’s no safe way of resurfacing.”

Silence.

You glared at your best friend for antagonizing Suga, she only shrugged at you nonchalantly sticking her tongue out.

“Real mature.”

You gave a sigh patting both Jimin and Taehyung on the hips to go to their hyungs and dongsaeng to shed some light about the situation.

“Go, they need you two.”

Your sea green contact lens covered optics once again gravitated towards Min Yoongi who was now waking their resident sunshine which he succeeded after a few light taps on Hoseok’s cheeks.

V and Jimin separated themselves from you giving one last suffocating hug. With a resigned smile, they went to their hyungs and dongsaeng trying to calm them down and telling them their experience with you this passed two months. How you have treated them when they knew your secret and what made them choose their decision despite the dangers surrounding you.

You feel dreadful at the moment, you don’t know why you are pressuring them to make a decision right now, even Jimin and V had a few weeks leeway of changing their minds after they gave you their answer. You think your just being paranoid but there is something in your gut that is telling you that there is danger lurking in the shadows and it will emerge from the deepest and darkest parts of the abyss whether your prepared for it or not...

...the only question is WHEN?

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You felt it first before you saw it coming.

Apparently, so does your best friend and your Dolls.

Your first instinct was to protect the BTS members, so without any delay you jumped from your sitting position towards where they gathered shielding them with your body. You scooped both Jimin and Taehyung’s head with your hands not even bothered if their faces were squished into your breasts taking care of not crushing your Dolls in between the tangle of bodies. Not soon after, Narciel joined you acting as the second protective barrier between you and the confused idols embracing Jungkook and Hoseok in her arms.
Hopie detached himself from his Vivi-hyung’s embrace with a determined glint on his silver optics.

There was a shift in the atmosphere as warm munificent green light filled your vision. Emerald rose petals and butterflies scattered and floated about the room spreading chartreuse fairy dust through the air with the pleasant scent of mint, lavender and oak-wood.

The scene was like something you’d see in a fantasy like setting as the petals danced with the jade colored butterflies in an unknown rhythm together with the specter like lights as they break and turn into minuscule firefly-like sparkles as they exploded when they collide on a solid object.

They continued to dance along Hopie’s form enveloping him in a whirlwind of vibrant green colors obscuring him from view, and when the light show faded, the silhouette that surfaced from the abundance of rose petals and fluttery of butterflies was an exact copy of J-hope though he was garbed with the same costume your Doll Hopie was wearing a while ago.

Yes, the one standing in front of them was your Doll Version of Jung Hoseok, Hopie in Human Form.

He’s the only one of your Dolls that can force his Human Form without the need of their Doll Master’s kiss but not without repercussions so he only do it on emergencies.

When he came to his senses, he immediately rolled onto the floor to cling into Yoongi’s unprotected back.

A high pitched ear-splitting sound reverberated through the area, there was a creak followed by another, before all the glass on the wall mirrors broke one by one as if they were being shattered in a domino like effect scattering the broken pieces into the room and on your unguarded back showering you with fragments of the glasses like raining solid crystal ices piercing your skin.

You pulled them closer to you as the intensity on the shattering glass increased the vibrations making you feel like your experiencing a magnitude four mini earthquake as the mirrors continued to burst into a bazillion pieces each glass fragment adding to the bloody art being etched at your back.

You know you were bleeding, and that is Hopie and Narciel as well, but the hurt is nothing compared to knowing that the idols in your arms were okay.

Your back was stinging with pain like a thousand mini needles were prickling your skin but you ignored it all in favor of checking on Jimin and Taehyung for any injuries swiping your thumbs on their cheeks and brushing some stray shattered glass pieces on their hair with Narciel and Hopie mirroring what your doing on their self appointed charges.

“Gwenchana?”

“N-ne n-noona.”

They were terrified.

Though they didn’t voice it, It was reflected on their soulful eyes.

Anyone would when they were suddenly forced in an out of this world experience akin to a thriller slash horror movie.

You’d be shocked if they weren’t traumatized for life and walk out on you after this.

To you and Narciel, it was a common everyday happening so you were calm and not bothered by it
They gasped as you turned away from them seeing your bleeding back and whimpering at the bloody sight it made.

“I’m fine don’t worry, this is nothing but a scratch.”

“Like hell, your back looks like its fucking mangled.”

“I’m really okay Min Yoongi-ssi, I’m used to pain.”

Suga kept his mouth shut at that eyeing you warily. No one should be subjected to any kind of pain may it be physical, mental or emotional. For you to be able to shrug your wounds like they were merely mosquito bites, you must have been through fucking hell and back.

“Well, she’s one tough woman if I ever see one. If she could handle those two rascals then, keeping their secret might be worth the trouble.”

Hesitantly, you extended your right hand towards the Kumamon loving rapper trying to see if he would be adverse to your touch since you two just met, but the want to comfort his anxious form was overbearing but you were holding back not wanting to trouble the oldest rapper of BTS.

“I guess I’ll try later then, after this chaos is over.”

Your hard eyes were now focused solely on the mirror in front of you which was not reflecting your image. Its surface was like a deep murky body of water, dark and blurry and it’s depth is unidentifiable but there is something dark lurking just beneath the surface.

You crouched down palms touching the broken pieces of glass cutting them but you paid little attention to that. The mirror was giving you the fight or flight vibes which invoked your protective side. Wiggling your wrists to make sure that you have your bells with you, you signaled for Hopie to follow you and for Narciel to look after the guys.

Ever so slowly, both you and Hoseok’s Doll Version inched towards the mirror careful not to make too much noise afraid of waking and aggravating what lies beyond the mirror’s surface.

Inch by inch, second by second one step closer.

In what it feels like an eternity, both you and Hopie were halfway to the mirror but you abruptly stopped when you felt the hair from your arms and neck rise giving you the chills and not the good kind of chills either.

“Masuta…”

“I Know Hopie-ah, be alert. Whatever this thing is, it’s very dangerous.”

Suddenly, there’s a ripple at the reflection of the mirror one so small yet noticeable enough to garner your attention.

It was a tiny wave made by a small drop of the black liquid inside the mirror. It produced diminutive water surges but as the seconds ticked by, the ripples became violent as it reverberated through the four corners of the upright rectangular mirror but the said object never moved from its screwed place on the wall no matter how harsh it was vibrating.
When Hopie felt the threat level rise, he went in front of you at your right side. He stretched his left arm out as a barricade, extended near your torso barely touching your bosom gripping a beautiful silver stiletto knife the blade glinting in a menacing manner under his hold.

You were stupefied when the waves suddenly stopped, a high pitched whistle rung throughout the room causing everyone to curl on themselves, close their eyes in reflex and cover their ears.

A minuscule crack appeared at the center of the reflective glass oozing ink dark fluids its droplets falling on the wooden floor and instead of going flat like any other liquid, it crystallized into an onyx marble the size of a walnut rolling on the ground producing small amounts of violet fumes.

As the number of droplets increased, the fissure on the single mirror widened with a web of cracks surrounding its radius and without any warning, the mirror finally gave in and broke.

Crossing your arms in front of you, you waited for the inevitable shower of glass shards, but it didn’t come for the pieces of glass were frozen in mid air leaving a dark open space in the center of the reflective glass. It was like staring into a black hole as dark muck continued to endlessly flow from the opening with the scent of sewage water filling the room making you wanna retch on the spot.

Flinging your wrists both opposite ways, thin silver threads unfurled from the said appendage connected to the golden bells from your hidden bracelets. You tugged at wires testing their flexibility and with practiced ease you threw both bells up towards the ceiling. You watched with piercing eyes as your golden bells continued to climb their highest point before coming down with the pull of gravity. When they reached your eye level, you snatched them with skilled hands and in a blink of an eye, they were now in between your pointer and middle finger your thin wire threads circling each of your slender fingers ready to be used as a lethal weapon by you.

Beside you J-hope’s mini me in Human Form huddled low right gloved palm and slacked knee flat on the ground, his face almost kissing the wooden floor with how close his handsome face with the proximity with the ground. His dark cloak cocooned his body like a second skin his left arm still in the same outstretched position it was before twirling the stiletto knife in his hand in a impossibly fast phase in apprehension on the oncoming fight.

Water suddenly burst from the gap on the mirror, as if the dam that’s withholding all the liquid broke letting the inky black fluid to flow freely and together with the sudden overflow of liquid current, a gloved hand emerged from the never ending dark abyss, followed by an arm, then the body of your best friend’s Sebby carrying another form in his arms bridal style.

Both Narciel’s Sebastian and his charge crashed on the floor with Sebby taking the blunt of their tumble. As you examined their bodies, you were horrified that the once pristine clothes of the fake daemon butler were tattered and his body was layered with cuts and unfathomable bruises.

When he got his bearing, he gently laid the mint haired figure on the floor carding his fingers through his raven locks. He took his onyx hued coat off making it as a makeshift pillow for the barely conscious form on the ground.

“A little help here Master, Lady Loha?”

You didn’t hear his little plea for help as your eyes stayed glued on the body on the floor. With skin as pale as snow making his wounds were more pronounced and the shock of familiar mint colored hair at the top of his head was the only verification you needed to know who this ‘person’ is.

“Oh Kami, SuYoon! God, what happened?!”
With tears streaming down your cheeks, you extended a shaking hand to your Doll’s left cheek which has a large crack on his supposed to be human skin. It was slowly turning into polyurethane synthetic resin, while his right arm and left leg were already ball-jointed limbs now. He was having a relapse right in front of your eyes covered in deep wounds bleeding through his battered clothes with the parts of him that were still human.

“M-master, I’m s-sorry…” He rasped still in pain, one lone silver eye spilling tears as he repeatedly apologized clinging to your hand seeking comfort.

You kissed the trail of tears on his cheeks until you reached his eyelid kissing it as softly as you could zapping him with small amounts of mana as you go replacing some that he lost on his relapse. You could feel Min Yoongi’s awkwardness from where you are because here you were, going soft cooing and pampering his Mint haired look-alike with affection.

SuYoon is Suga aka Min Yoongi’s Doll Clone.

“Masuta I’ll help you cater to SuYoon later, there’s an eerie entity coming from the mirror and it isn’t friendly.”

Hopie stood before you three, muscles tout weapons drawn with a fierce look on his face. He maybe a sleepy lazy ass most of the time, but when it comes to your safety he doesn’t allow himself to cut some slack.

A monstrous roar came from inside the dark abyss of the broken wall mirror, onyx tendril-like claws crawled towards your direction reaching for you and your best friend’s essence wanting to taint it with it’s darkness.

Jung Hoseok’s Doll Clone prevented those tentacle like tendrils from reaching you and Narciel by blocking them with his body then using his stiletto blades, he violently sent an onslaught of asterisk like slashes at the tendrils making them dissipate on the spot.

Hopie clenched his teeth when he sensed more coming. He did a graceful one hundred eighty degrees turn, his coat twirling with his lithe body his sharpened silver hues trailed on their erratic movements pinpointing the next direction of their attacks.

Then he started his deadly dance of the blade.

He slowly advanced towards the wall mirror with him parrying and counterattacking the claw like dark tendrils not letting a single one pass his glinting silver weapons.

Upper right slash.

Downward left slice.

A whole body turn ending with a double slanted upper and downward cut.

An abrupt about face executing a long twin vertical slash downwards as specs of dark something was splattered on his attire, his incessant onslaught of cuts were precise and on point never stopping even for a millisecond to blink.

A pair of expertly thrown stiletto blades twirling in mid air with Hopie getting new ones from his hidden coat pockets. His hand eye coordination never faltering as he moved ahead waiting for the moment for the butt portion of the blade to face him.
One turn, two spins, three--there!

Jung Hoseok’s *Doll Version* in his *Human Form* flung his pair of newly acquired knives, the sharp frontal point of the pair of blades hitting the oblong rear end of the spinning first set of knives’ handle dead center distorting the blades momentum letting the first pair to drop on the ground pinning two black tendrils while the second pair continued on their path. He grabbed the second set of blades with ease twirling them on his hand for about three times before binding the new set of claw like tentacles that were crawling out of the cracked entryway.

Now he was face to face with the source of their problem and of those irritating abominations as he continued to immobilize two new escaping tendrils to the wall arms still holding his weapons tightly as he glared at the black hole like portal.

“Come out now you filthy coward, you think those *tentacles* were enough to stop me? Well think again, whose writhing in *pain* now huh?”

*Hopie* knew that the main body that was controlling those blasted things were lurking beyond the mirror crevice but he wouldn’t dare go headfirst to an uncharted territory, not without the help of his *Doll brothers*.

He somehow needed to lure it out so that they could see what they are up against and probably end the fight since the Human idols were now having difficulty breathing because of the atrocious smell of the dark liquid and the miasma it was creating.

He doesn’t want to do it but he has to. *Hopie* bit his lip his ash-gray eyes hard making his decision.

With a deep inhale, he took his pinned knife from his right hand relocating his weapon in between his lips biting the knife with his pearly white teeth. Since he’s a *Doll*, he doesn’t cut and wound easily but he takes care on biting his weapon since he knew the coated poison in it will still affect him.

He flexed his gloved right gloved hand sullenly before letting his arm plunge into the unending darkness of the hole in the mirror.

“*Blergh*, yuck! What the hell is inside this thing?! It’s so slimy! *Kimochi warui.*”

Yes, his whole arm feels like its going numb being squeezed by wet muscles as they tightened with his intrusion.

“Augh, *doushite ore dake?!*”

He threw expletives rapidly mostly in Japanese complaining about his situation as if he was rapping a part of BTS’s *Cypher* song like his *Original*.

*Hopie* let his right arm to penetrate deeper trying to grab something, *anything* so that he can pull his arm out of that revolting place.

His prayers were answered painfully when he felt sharp jagged teeth bite his arm, he tugged at it trying to pull his right arm with it but he failed so he had no choice but to ask for help, any deeper and the bite would break skin and make him bleed.

“*Masuta*, could you turn *Chimin-hyung*? This damn thing won’t let go of me and I’m not strong enough to pull it out by myself.”

His captivating silver eyes turned to you who was quiet as your *Hopie* fought those slimy ink black
claw like tendrils watching over his form ready to help even in your bleeding condition.

“Okay Hopie-ah, just give us a few minutes.”

You turned where you last saw Chimin trying to calm his Original down with hugs and small pecks on the cheeks small ball-jointed hands massaging Jimin’s shoulder to ease away his stress.

“Calm down Jimin-chi, even though Master looks like a frail lady, she’s one of the strongest and deadliest Doll Master alive. When she’s taken a liking to people, she’ll do anything and everything in her power to keep them safe no matter how painful the cost is.”

Being the kind, caring and sensitive person that he is, Park Jimin let out pitiful wail hearing Chimin’s spiel feeling guilty. He knew half of the reason you did that is because they were idols, its their job to look perfect and beautiful any scar may cost them but the other half is that you were genuinely concerned for their well being. You care for them too much that he’s scared that they won’t be able to reciprocate those feelings.

Were your affection towards them were just that of a loving fan?

Or were they more?

Vivi on the other hand was awkwardly patting Taehyung on his head stuck between wanting to comfort his Original or pull away because Taehyung his cutting his air supply at a fast rate on how impossibly hard V was snuggling his Doll Version. Taehyung was keeping himself from approaching you to smother you with affection since he doesn’t want to worsen the fresh wounds on your back.

“Calm down Tae-san, you squeezing my lungs out would not make the situation any better. Everything will be alright, Hopie-ah is quite skilled with his daggers.”

“Vivi~~~”

Cue V hugging Vivi tighter.

“Mattaku Tae-san everything will be alright.”

Narciel for the time being was mothering Yoongi, Jungkook and Hoseok making sure that they were not injured nor scratched, the three of them frantically avoiding her prying hands that was trying to inspect their bodies and faces squishing their handsome visage on her palms to further agitate the trio.

“Aish why are you like this? We’re fine woman, it’s you who should bend over so we can look at fucking your back.”

“N-noona stop, why are you touching me t-there??”

“Aigoo Narcielchi where are your hands roaming eh?”

She gave them a no nonsense stare crossing her arms over her chest.

“Bang PD-nim will KILL me if there’s even a tiny scratch on you three so stop squirming and CoOpErAtE with me…or Else~”

The way Narciel spoke sent shivers down their spine, it didn’t help that she was cosplayed as Yuna Gasai the Yandere like female main character in Mirai Nikki her tinkling giggle at the end has that small touch of insanity portraying her character on point making Suga, Jungkook and J-Hope
succumb into her will afraid of the consequences if they fail to obey.

“Teehee~ Aigoo, my GOOD bOyS~”

“Geez Narciel, you’re too into your character tone it a bit your scaring the living heck out of them.”

“OOps~ My BaD I WoNt HuRt ThEm~ I lOvE tHeM tOo MuCh~”

Oya, two can play this game.

“NaRcLeL…yAmEtE yO nE…”

She gasped and gulped putting a lid to her Yandere character when she heard your chilling reply.

“Mengo, mengo~”

You rolled your eyes at her as you trudged towards the pair of mochi’s and V’s seeing that their Doll Versions had successfully calmed their Originals…somewhat. You were about to bypass them, but V snatched you into a surprise embrace careful not to put his hands on your injured back with Jimin joining the hug fest enveloping you and V into his arms, his hands ending up at the curve of your hips as he buried his face at the crook of your neck.

Towering over your small frame inside their warm embrace they can now see the extent of your injuries, their Yoongi-hyung was right…your back was indeed mangled the cuts were still bleeding and in between your injuries were glinting tiny pieces of glass stuck in them, they must’ve hurt like a bitch.

“I’m fine really mou, I’ve been through worse things in life.”

Before they knew it, tears were escaping their eyes unwillingly.

“Loha-noona you say you’ve been through a lot but it doesn’t have to be that way. You have us, from now on rely on us noona.”

“We may be younger and inexperienced Vete-noona, but if you need a shoulder to cry on or just someone to hug and cuddle on a bad day we’re always here for you noona.”

You almost choked up from their sincere words filled with care, it’s been years since someone told you to depend on them. In the dog eat dog world you grew up in, it’s everybody for themselves, no one will have your back at your weakest. It’s either you fall from grace or fight to live another day.

You buried your flushed face in between the mochi idol and V breathing out your quiet gratitude sinking into their warmth.

“Well, I think it’s time that I call them by their names without the honorifics. They deserves it.”

“Arigatou gozaimasu Jimin, Taehyung.”

The singer of Lie and Stigma swore that they felt their hearts stop when you flashed that beautiful smile at them calling their names without any honorifics. They knew by saying the person’s whole name you were keeping distance, but now that you’ve spoken and called them by their name only, they knew you were allowing them to get close to you.

They were not Park Jimin-ssi and Kim Taehyung-ssi of BTS to you anymore.
They were simply Jimin and Taehyung.

“I hate to break the moment but…Masuta…Onegai tasuke kure, just kiss Chimin-hyung already mou!~”

You threw your hands up in surrender, detaching yourself from Jimin and Taehyung. “Hai hai~”

“Chimin, come here sweetie.”

“Hai Master~”

Breathing in and out, you silently checked your reserves to see if you can ‘Shift’ one more Doll and have enough mana to help SuYoon from his relapse later. Humming in delight when you found out that you still have more than half full, you gestured Chimin to come closer with a come hither motion your second oldest Doll obeying you with that angelic smile on his face rocking on his heels as he awaited for your Kiss.

Sitting on the floor, you leaned towards his 40cm height closing your now sea green hued irises as you prepared to peck him on his forehead.

Too bad you didn’t see the mischievous glint on his silver hues when you reclined your form closer.

When Chimin deemed you were conveniently near enough, he angled his head so that your luscious lips would miss the top of his head, but instead they would land on his coral painted ones pecking you sweetly.

You let out a gasp out of shock which enabled him to kiss you more deeply his small hands cupping your face keeping you in place savoring your taste while he softly nibbled at your lower lip in an affectionate loving bite.

Gentle sapphire light encompassed his ball-jointed figure, azure rose petals twirling and wrapping his body in a cerulean whirlwind of blossoms concealing him from view. Royal blue butterflies scattered cobalt colored pixie dusts around the cyclone of fluttering sapphire hued petals intensifying the light enveloping Chimin’s form together with the smell of calming rain, chamomile and sweet blueberry.

It’s over before you knew it began and as the lights died down to a gentle illumination of delicate blues, you felt a soft pressure pressing on you and there still connected to your pink lips was an exact look alike of Park Jimin of Bangtan Sonyeodan only with blonde hair wearing the same Royal blue Valiant Phoenix Attire your Chimin was garbed in.

When he released you from your lip-lock, he gave you that heart melting crescent eye-smile licking his moist lips relishing the feel of your lips on his.

“Masuta, kimi no kuchibiru ga amai sugiru. Marude tsumi no aji da.~” [Master, your lips are too sweet. It feels like they are the flavor or sin] Chimin said in a low voice almost as if he had copied Jimin’s Busan satori releasing a pleased hum as he looked at your blushing face.

They don’t look like it, but your Dolls are a bit possessive of you. Dolls crave for love and attention, since most of them are inanimate and can’t talk to their owners they often get neglected or worst get abandoned, the rest of your Dolls are thankful enough that you, their owner is a Doll Master.
Since the day of their creation, you would shower them with love and warmth. You would carry them anywhere and everywhere you go despite the cruel words, weird stares and discrimination you get from the common folk.

The only time they can properly repay you and show their love for you is when they are in **Human Form**, they would divide the workload amongst themselves with **SuYoon** in charge of the house chores and cooking. **Hopie** man’s the cash register from time to time in your quaint **Doll Shop** armed with his Original’s sunshine smile drawing in costumers of all ages. **Vivi** and **Chimin** would do the grocery shopping an other miscellaneous stuffs though they were the ones who would mostly help you **fight** at night when they appear.

And now **Chimin** had a once in a lifetime chance to **Kiss** you without the interference of his **Doll Brothers**, he took it and dare he say he’s very satisfied with the result.

He let out a full blown giggle embracing you briefly as he stared at your eyes with his pleasant silver one executing his Original’s trademark hair flip and unlike **Jimin**, **Chimin** could wink and what a damn sexy wink he has.

“Aigoo, **Master** your cute when your blushing~”

“**Chimin**! Why did you do that?!”

“**Mou** Master when you kiss us, its always on the forehead, cheeks or knuckles! I want to kiss you on the lips too!”

“Yah **Chiminie**!”

“But **Master~**”

.  
.  
.  

“Just…let’s just go and help **Hopie-ah**, but don’t think this conversation is over **Chimin**.”

With a pout, your second oldest **Doll** walked to his dongsaeng with you following behind him metallic wire threads ready to slice and dice.

Following your example, he reached inside his haori pulling out his **Iron Fan**. It might not look unconventional, nor was it badass as **Hopie’s** knives but this is his weapon.

Despite his saccharine voice and deceptively innocent appearance, your **Chimin** is quite smitten to a certain Japanese martial art which is **tessenjutsu**…its a combat style that uses a folding Iron Fan as a weapon to attack and also to defend once a higher level of mastery is achieved. He is graceful, flexible and is able to adapt in any situation making him deadly with his weapon.

“Ready **Master’**?”

“I was born ready~”

When you reached your whining **Hopie**, with no further preamble **Chimin** immediately plunged his left arm into the center of the mirror grimacing as he met with some resisting force the muscle like slimy substance inside tightening preventing his arm from going in deeper.
“It looks like it only wants you Hopie-ah~”

“Hyung stop joking onegai, I’m seriously getting light headed here.”

“Hoh, maa ii.”

Squaring his shoulders, your second oldest Doll forced his arm in feeling Hopie’s arm length till he reached the bitten portion of it seizing the thing that was holding his dongsaeng’s arm captive. He carefully removed the jagged set of teeth that was gnawing Hopie’s forearm pulling that nasty unknown entity forward with such jarring force it came flying outside the dark abyss it came from landing on the wooden floor with a very nasty splat.

Spraying you three with that inky black horrid smelling liquid from head to toe.

Cue the deadpan faces of you and Hopie.

“Chimin-ah.”

“Hyung…”

“Oh? Gomen ne~”

The only way to describe that thing was it was a cross between a murder and a roadkill.

The thing was so nasty, you don’t even know what to call it.

Disentangle limbs, torn flesh intermixed with wood and strings. A pair of crimson stilted eyes, a disfigured mouth with shark like jagged teeth.

You knew this thing was one of the Broken Dolls, Dolls who’s Doll Maker has failed into making them living ones like your Vivi, Chimin, Hopie and SuYoon. Dolls who’ve killed their own creators in fit of rage and blood lust from becoming what they are and for being incomplete...for missing two great variants that would sustain the characteristics of a living Doll, a soul and a heart.

They will crave for flesh and blood killing hundreds of innocents in their path until their rage and blood lust is quenched.

They are the source of most deaths of the aspiring Doll Makers.

And the very reason why only a few Doll Master exists.

It’s why there were many hallowed corpses found buried at the backyard at your old home.

You certainly don’t want to add new carcasses to your growing pile.

Not if it will be the bodies of the Bangtan Sonyeodan members.

Over your mangled dead body.

“They can’t force anymore Doll Makers to do this if this is what happens when they fail! This has to fucking stop! It’s been five years we’re all tired of fighting our monsters ...I’m so tired of burying
Amidst the monstrous gurgle of gibberish words, you can hear a tiny voice crying out for help wanting to end its torture, its desire for flesh and blood, and its hunger for killing. Judging by the sympathetic looks your Dolls was giving it, they too must’ve heard its cries and pleas silver eyes softening to a certain degree.

You three stood about half a meter away from the Broken Doll’s writhing ugly frame. It was still oozing those inky black liquid on its body making those poisonous fumes so you three were careful not to inhale the violet miasma.

One second it was twisting on the ground, then it was on all fours if you can call it that as it ran pass you three dragging all its lanky limbs steadfastly across the floor going straight for the idols that could only gape on their spot stupefied with fear.

“SHIT!”

Your the first one to get out of your stupor, throwing your golden bells like an anchor which your threads followed. They went pass the Broken Doll’s head before turning circling and looping around its head and other body parts ensnaring it with your metallic wire trap stopping it at a hair breaths length from the pale rapper of Bangtan.

“Min Yoongi-ssi close your eyes! Don’t look at it otherwise you’ll go insane!”

Suga did as you told closing his coffee colored eyes shut.

With the strength you displayed when you were hauling the coffin when you first visited BigHit, you gathered the five strings connected to fingers of your right hand looping it around your wrists twice before pulling. The Broken Doll moved an inch backward struggling against your threads wanting to get its bloody hands on Min Yoongi.

Worrying for Suga’s safety, Chimin ran along the Broken Doll body, boots squelching among the mass of flesh, wood and strings cutting some of its extra limbs in the process. He started his ascent with two front aerial twists before progressing into a round off ending it with a back hand spring to leap high in the air doing a full twist both his arms extended from his body displaying his pair of Royal Blue War Fans in view.

He ended his gymnastics show by landing gracefully before the eldest rapper of the Bulletproof Boyscouts in a kneeling position his azure haori billowing behind him for a brief second his pair of Cerulean Iron Fans fully opened one shielding his vision from the Broken Doll the other obscuring Min Yoongi’s sight from the hideous mug of the monstrous Doll.

When he knew that the Doll had averted his red optics from them, Chimin took a swipe at it blinding the Broken Doll temporarily.

Encouraged by your Doll’s display of acrobatic skills and not wanting to be one upped by him, you doubled your efforts on pulling the Broken Doll away from the idols. Slowly but steadily you were gaining ground and now it was halfway across from you. Sensing its impending doom, its struggle against your metallic wires’ hold intensified dragging you a few inches forward along with it.

“OYA, NOT TODAY SATAN!”

With both hands gripping your ten threads of metal wires you tugged hard with all your might as the Broken Doll made scrapping noise on the ground with how much it was resisting your pull.
It’s a struggle for power, a tug of war between you two and like hell are you going to lose when the lives of the people you admire and respect are on the line.

Your knuckles were turning white on how much effort it took you to keep it from moving while simultaneously tugging it closer to you.

With every ounce of your strength, you jerked it to you before pulling it over your shoulder shouting a war cry of “SHANARO!” not letting go of your wire strings until you felt the Broken Doll’s body fall on your other side and back to the ground with a resounding thud.

The moment it was down on the floor, Hopie plunged his stiletto knife into the monstrous Doll’s torso where its supposedly heart should be ceasing all its movement. He twisted his silver weapon counter clockwise three times hoping to end the Doll before it can do any more damage.

But before Hopie could finish his task, the body of the Broken Doll convulsed violently throwing J-Hope’s Doll Clone in Human Form away frame sending him flying into Sebastian who was still tending to SuYoon’s wounds.

“Sebastian, abunai!”

Luckily both had avoided landing on the still injured Doll when Hopie crashed into the fake butler both headbutting each other in the unexpected clash. Sebastian was smiling angelically fixing his bloodied gloves while Hopie was grinning beatifically it should have calmed anyone who were looking at them but it was sending shivers down everybody’s spine instead.

Now this is one combo you don’t want to have a skirmish with. Both may have different Masters and personalities, Hopie absolutely abhors it when the fake butler Doll makes his move on you, but these two knows how to set personal matters and grudges aside when paired in combat making their team work flawless.

“Shall we Sebastian?”

“We Shall Hopie.”

With renewed vigor, both Dolls in Human Form made a mad dash towards the monstrous Doll their assortment of weapons glinting tucked in between the spaces of their fingers as they both did a round off in sync ending it with a one handed backhand spring throwing their barrage of knives and silverware mercilessly on the Broken Doll while on mid air.

They didn’t even spare even a second when they both landed on the floor shoes squeaking dashing forward as the monstrous Doll sent some of its tentacle like limbs to attack Sebastian and Hopie in retaliation.

Both Dolls in Human Form didn’t even blink as it sent its onslaught of black claw-like tendrils on them side stepping to avoid the first strike, deflecting the second with their choice of weapon and letting the third graze them as the last tendril blew past them ruffling their raven locks with the force of the attack, its friction scratching them on their cheeks in the process.

Time seem to have slowed down.
A pair of sharp silver hues belonging to your *Hopie* and slit crimson cat like eyes owned by Narciel’s *Sebastian* zeroed on each others’ shallow injury before facing ahead wiping the blood with their gloved thumbs the tip of their tongues licking their bottom lip in a *lethal* sensual manner.

“*Yatekureru wa ne kuso yarou.*”

You knew this two could be *blood* thirsty, but never in your life have you seen your *Hopie* give a shit eating grin like *that* almost mirroring *Sebastian’s manic* one.

With hooded eyes, they tilted their heads to the side. *Hopie* on the left and *Sebastian* taking the right.

Both raven haired *Dolls* *sauntered* in a languid phase, the sound of their shoes clacking on the floor echoed into the room. They look so relaxed like they were just taking a stroll on the park with one hand inside the pockets of their dress slacks, though what deviates this from the normal picturesque walk was their other gloved hand was twirling their weapon of choice expertly showing off their skills with their knives.

*One* step.

*Two* step.

Halting on the *third* step with a sharp pronounced click of their black shoes few good meters away from the blasted *Doll*, they stood still, posture straight as they closed one of their eyes to hone on their mark each dominant hand to their eye level aligned with their single opened optics with their weapons poised and ready to be thrown at their will.

They both took in a deep inhale of breath.

A moment’s pause before exhaling and hurling both silver stiletto knife and cutlery with all their might.

Its target?

The *Broken Dolls* crimson optics.

*Bulls-eye!*  

*It* let out a mighty roar squirming and clawing at its eyes trying to dislodge the the intruding objects. Before the *Broken Doll* could find its bearings, *Sebastian* and *Hopie* was at its face gripping their weapons hard pulling down ripping the monstrous *Doll’s flesh* apart. They did not stop until *it* starts to disperse the flesh falling out from the wood that was its skeletal base and the strings holding its body intact fell apart splattering everything on the floor.

It was a very gory sight, flesh upon flesh started to rot and decompose. The wood became brittle breaking into splinters with the springs snapping. A pale white hand filled with stitches reached out trembling with the effort it took just to do that tiny action.

And before the *Broken Doll* vanished completely into oblivion, a faint soft voice echoed saying “*Thank you.*” the tense atmosphere in the room lifted, the ominous miasma gone like the wind.

The shattered wall mirrors were ‘magically’ fixed as if they haven’t been broken in the first place and the only proof you had of that *nightmarish* experience happening were the wounds on your and *Narcie’s* back plus now having *Sebastian* and *SuYoon* as additional occupants of the dance studio.
“We can’t do a proper send off because we’re at the brink of relapsing, but at least its at a better place now.”

“Ne, I doubt our Masters have enough mana to supply us after if we did the parting ritual.”

Giving a drawn out huff, Sebastian and Hopie collapsed into a sitting position back to back catching their breath while leaning on each other for support. Now that the adrenaline from the fight has worn off, Sebastian’s condition has caught on him, his earlier wounds began bleeding again as he clutched his left side trying to stop the blood from gushing out.

Narciel rushed to her Doll cupping his face looking straight into his crimson cat like pupils. “Mou Sebby, let me look at you. You’ve pushed yourself again mattaku.”

“My apologies Mistress.”

“It’s okay, just let me fix you.”

Encircling her arms to her Doll, she embraced Sebastian letting him rest his head on her bosom carding her hands through his bangs to expose his forehead.

“Rest up, My butler.” She bopped his nose with her index finger as she watched her Doll close his eyes, doing the same with her pink hues as she gave him The Kiss her lips touching the skin of his forehead as she supplied him with mana.

The Japanese Doll Master glowed silver, so does her fake butler Doll as she continues to transfer her life energy to Sebastian healing his cuts and deep wounds.

The Kiss is more than well, a Kiss. Its a symbol of affection and love from the Doll Master to their Dolls, which in return will love them and be loyal to their creator. But what makes you and the other Doll Masters unique is that your Dolls have wills of their own. Their own character, likes and dislikes, morality and sense of justice. They don’t follow you like mindless puppets, they have a voice of their own. They will tell you if your in the wrong and apologize if they made a mistake.

That’s why Doll Masters were hunted, to force them to make living Dolls.

Dolls who can impersonate important delegates or even a member of the government under their command, worse a leader of a country.

Imagine if a big time syndicate or a terrorist group got a hold of even a single Doll Master.

War.

Chaos.

Pandemonium.

There will deaths and blood of the innocent will be spilled.

That’s why you and your best friend opted to stay hidden to avert crisis.

It might have been a good idea back then to hide amongst the common people, but now they are after your ass doing everything in their power to lure you back into the shadows. Even forcing inexperienced Doll Makers who are not yet ready to make living Dolls resulting into the
abomination you have encountered a while ago.

For the sake of the new friends you’ve made, you hope that this doesn’t get any worse.

Well, at least the current problem is solved.

But you are certain that there are more to come.

You were sure of it, it just doesn’t end here.

You can feel it in your bones, there’s something even more worse to come.

“God damn it. I was hoping to give them a day to think about things so that they can be prepared and not regret their choice. Why the fuck did this have to happen?!”

You were clutching your hand hard so lost in your thoughts that you didn’t even notice that your wires were still attached on your fingers cutting them and making small cuts appear on your skin.

Large warm hands enveloped both of yours squeezing them lightly to get your attention. Blinking out of your dark reverie, you found yourself face to face with Jung Hoseok. His eyes were the shade of the warmest bronze looking at you with worry with his lips pursed into a cute pout.

“Aigoo my heartu.”

He gently caressed your knuckles unfurling your hands so they would open, and when they did, he closed his right hand into a fist leaving his pointer finger and middle finger open as if making a human hand. J-Hope took your left hand into your his, his thumb clutching your palm before letting his ‘human hand’ walk through your fingers like it was a model strutting all the way to the middle of your palm ticking you.

Your heart warmed at the simple yet caring gesture. He had sensed your mood and did something to lift it up even without knowing you properly. He IS really an angel, this Jung Hoseok of Bangtan.

As a reward to his efforts, you let out a soft heartfelt giggle the sound made Hobi smile, his bronze hues lighting up at the sight of your laughing form happy that he was the cause of your joy.

His grin fell and turned into a frown when he turned your hand and saw the bleeding cuts that were made by your wires. He looked at the thin metallic threads quizzically, tugging at some of them to see if they will loosen from your fingers.

After a few experimental pulls here and there, Hoseok has finally freed your hands from your thin metal threads leaving your hands wire free but full of wire cuts some deep and some were shallow.

J-Hope’s eyes widen like saucers when he saw the extent of your injuries swerving his calm happy mood into a panicky state as he leaned closer to you his hands cupping your face looking for any sign of pain.

“Gwenchana? Aigoo they must’ve hurt no?”

Letting go of your now flushed cheeks damn it Hobi its all your fault you were too close, he began to tap his pants trying to find something squirming on his spot twisting and turning on all directions.

That’s when Yoongi came with a bored look on his face gazing at his dongsaeng like he did something stupid toeing J-Hope’s thigh trying to nudge him out of his panicked state.
“Calm down Hoseok, and here, your looking for something to wipe her wounds no?”

“Ne, hyung help me jebal?”

Suga handed Hobi a white towel having a second one in his hands. He opened a bottled water drenching the white fluffy cloth with the clear liquid before roughly wiping your right hand with it Hoseok copying his actions to a T but he was gentle with his ministrations not wanting to hurt you more that you already are.

“Min Yoongi-ssi it hurts.”

“Deal with it.”

“Demo itai yo.”

“I don’t care.”

“...”

“Yoongi-hyung please be more gentle.”

J-Hope pouted at his hyung for treating your harshly with Suga rising his eyebrow in response unimpressed. Hoseok crossed his arms over his chest, the bloodied towel in his grasps as he was finished cleaning and wiping your wounds giving his hyung a stern look.

“Fine, jeez.”

The Kumamon loving rapping made a show of rubbing your injuries s l o w l y in an exaggerated tender way dabbing the blood away from your cuts. When he was done, he immediately dropped your hand like it was hot iron earning a hiss from you and a grunt of disapproval from Hoseok.

And how many fucks does Yoongi give?

None.

So he just laid on the floor on his side, staring at you both not feeling guilty at all, a little smirk filling his handsome bare face.

“Aish jinjja hyung, I’m so done with you.”

Now, Hobi was sporting the same face he had on their old Bangtan Bomb where they’re on their way to America and Jimin has spitted him some ‘dirty water’ on his face.

It was hilarious, so you doubled on your spot dying from laughter.

Big mistake though, because you pulled your untreated wounds on your back.

“God I almost forgot I’m injured there.”

You were wheezing in pain and laughter at the same time. You were hurting yes, but you can’t help but giggle at your situation finding in funny. Not even in your wildest fantasies did you ever find yourself meeting the members of BTS, but here you are now exposed to five of the seven members encountering them in the most unorthodox of ways through your Dolls.

“Ouch, ouch, ouch my back hahahahaha.”
By now Hoseok was hovering over you hands raised and ready to support you if you ever need it but he doesn’t know where to put them bronze hues reflecting his worry. Meanwhile, Yoongi was gazing at you like you were an escaped patient from the insane asylum regretting ever meeting you in this life.

“Oh Kami, it’s been a while since I laughed that hard. Thank you guys, I needed that.”

Wiping the last remnant of laughter from your body with a grateful smile to Hoseok and Yoongi, you sat up looking for SuYoon wanting to tend to his injuries. As you were about to stand from your sitting position, you stopped when you felt a light tug at the end of your braided pink hair.

It was Taehyung’s hand that were on your mane absentmindedly playing at the ends of your white ribbon deep in his thoughts. Using right his pointer finger and thumb, he unfurled the silk ribbon untangling your braid. He then proceeded to disentangling the knots on your hair combing your long locks with his slender fingers. You gave a sigh of relief on how good his fingers felt calming you further instantly.

V gave you a heart melting rectangle smile at your reaction carefully gathering your dyed pink locks into his left hand hanging them over your shoulder then ushering both mochi Original and Doll Clone personification to you.

Jimin and Chimin came both having fluffy towels in their grasps and a water bottle each.

“Loha-noona turn around please, we’re going to clean your wounds and patch you up.”

“Sure Jimin, but let me move beside SuYoon so I can supply him with some mana while you two mochi’s work on my back.”

“Master stop calling me mochi mou~”

You ended up crawling that small distance to SuYoon Jimin and Chimin hot on your heels, intending to finish what Narciel’s Sebastian has started, seems like he had bandaged some of the deepest injury he has while Vivi was beside his dongsaeng responsible for the gray butterflies fluttering about their forms.

Your perverted Doll perked t the sight of you as he lifted his right ball-jointed pointer finger, a lone gray butterfly softly landing on it. Smiling at the tiny insect, he carefully guided it to a shallow wound on SuYoon’s side letting it circle around the cut a few times. The moment the butterfly made contact with the light injury, it dissolved into white specters of light the wound vanishing at the same time leaving unblemished pinkish healed skin.

As Vivi kept tabs on the small injuries healing them as best as he can, You grabbed your youngest Doll’s hand in yours intertwining your fingers placing a Kiss on his knuckles starting his road to recovery.

Gold warm light emitted from where you had Kissed your mint haired Doll. It encased his hand, the golden light leisurely enveloping his ball-jointed arm turning the synthetic skin into human skin. It then traveled to his torso healing some of his deep gashes crawling up to his head sealing the crack on his right cheek and bringing the spark back to his unseeing silver eye. The gold glow dimmed into a pleasant yellow as it finished turning his feet and legs dying out as it was done with its job blinking into non existence.
Jimin and his *Doll Clone* was quick to do their work on your back as you concentrated on replenishing your youngest *Doll*’s life force not even flinching as they cleaned your wound. They about used four towels each and emptying their bottles of water on how badly bleeding the other cuts were, satisfied with a job well done when they finished and *Chimin* applying a healing salve on your back courtesy of your best friend *Narciel*.

Opening your dazed eyes as you stopped providing enough mana to *SuYoon* for him to be able to be okay at the moment kissing his knuckles one last time before hovering over his body cupping his pale cheeks and pressing your lips on his forehead.

Silver hues bored into you as your youngest *Doll* blinked his fatigue away gazing at you adoringly saying his thanks through his ash-gray optics.

Clearing his parched throat, SuYoon finally found his courage to voice his concern and deepest regret.

“*Mianhe Master,* hyung, it’s all my fault.”

“Save your strength for recovery *SuYoon-ah.*”

“B-but, they know *Master* is still alive hyung…t-they put a bounty on her head…on all the *Doll Master* who refuse to side with *them* and accept their *terms.*”

“*WHAT*?!”

“N-ne, the reason why *Sebastian* and I was heavily injured was we encountered some of *them* before we bumped into the *Broken Doll.*”

“*Kuso* this is not good, we spent *four* years hiding from those *bastards.* We can’t get caught now.”

“Calm down *Vivi,* we won’t. We’re not stupid enough blow our cover. Well, its not like its *news* to us really we just need to be more cautious. They may have our *real* names but they don’t know how we *look* like no?”

“Ne, its the reason why we cosplay at the first place. To think that they will go to such lengths to find us.”

You knew that she was taking the news as hard as you but she’s doing a good job holding her instincts in to go ballistic because of rage.

She needs a *distraction.*

You both do.

“Narciel could I ask you and *Sebastian* to handle the *clean up*? I need to have a serious *talk* with the members of *Bangtan* present here.”

“Sure *Loha-chi~* Come on *Sebby~*”

With a heavy and determined sigh, you sluggishly walked to the idols heart heavy at the *things* your about to lay on them.

They were all congregated on a circle with your *Chimin* and *Hopie* whom both upon seeing you made a space between for you to sit at. Flashing them a grin of gratitude, you sat between your *Dolls*
with them latching into you as soon at your bum touched the floor.

*Hopie* to your left has his arms around your neck his white mask was off now emphasizing his handsome roguish features, his raven curly locks tickling you neck as he nuzzled your shoulder whining softly telling you that he’s so tired he could sleep on you like this.

*Chimin* on your right has his hands circled around your waist long blonde hair out of its low ponytail spilling on his back like golden waterfalls still feeling quite possessive of you burying his nose on your right shoulder inhaling your scent.

You almost melted on the spot on how soft your two *Dolls* were acting, but there are more serious business you need to attend to before you can relax.

“How are you guys? Any major injuries that need attention?”

*Silence.*

*Cricket.*

*Jimminie*: //slapped

*Cricket.*

Okay, maybe you were going on about this the wrong way?

You were saved from another supposedly failed attempt when Yoongi stretched from his position laying on the ground lazily his head on Hoseok’s lap. “Lohavete-ssi, if we decide to keep our memories, would we encounter those fucking *monsters* on our *everyday* life? As if our schedules aren’t *scary* enough.” he scoffed at the end of his sentence crossing his arms over his chest yawning.

“Well not *everyday* per se, maybe *twice* a week max? Were you guys that frightened by it?”

He gave a nonchalant shrug in response “Sure it was fucking scary like hell, I thought those things only happens on horror movies but damn this takes the cake.”

He nodded on the place where dead body of the *Broken Doll* once was, coffee hued eyes peering at it for a moment before gazing back at you still dumbfounded that such thing happened in the span of thirty minutes inside their very own dance studio at BigHit.

“How are you feeling Jung Hoseok-ssi, Jeon Jungkook-ssi?”

“Never been better, a little spooked--”

“Only a *barely* Hobi-ah?”

“*Fine* grandpa, I’m scared to death, but physically speaking I’m okay thanks to *Narcielchi.*”

“How about you Jeon Jungkook-ssi?”

“I’m doing okay *noona*, nothing big, just a small scratch here and there.”

*Awkward…*

*…Silence.*

“Well then, let’s get down to *business*. After all you have seen and experienced today, have you
made your choice?”

There were a collective silence among Yoongi, Hoseok and Jungkook. Your tone was dead serious signifying on how important their answer is concerning the situation. And she respect them enough to make their choice and not to force anything on them.

When their silence prolonged, you decided to say your piece.

“If you’re still not sure of your decision, let me explain to you some things.”

You stood from between Hopie and Chimin your sea green hued optics blank not a single spark of emotion left.

Meeting each and every eyes of the idols present in the room making sure that you stare at them long and hard speaking in a soft voice but their usual warmth gone replaced with an apathetic one sounding lifeless and broken.

“First and foremost, you are idols…my idols. I cannot express enough how much thankful I am to you and your music, BTS has been my pillar of support when darkness beckons me. You are my salvation and my source of strength and will continue to be so in the incoming years that’s why I’m so against you being involved in this.”

Your now sea green hued eyes landed on Jimin and Taehyung softening for the briefest moment before blanking again.

“As famous as you guys are, you are still part of the Common people, in the world where I live in, our society is not only labeled by being poor, middle class to the rich and the celebrities. Of course you cant forget the politicians and those who have power over the government. But the social tree doesn’t stop there. Under Soeul’s bright inviting lights, a big organization is working under the shadows. No, they aren’t the ones after me or the other Doll Masters, though they are the ones responsible of keeping the balance of power not only here but of the world.”

“If they are that great, then why the fuck can’t they keep an eye on you? If the ones after you and your friend here are taken out by them then there wont be any problem no?”

“It’s not that simple Min Yoongi-ssi, they are a neutral party. Though once you’ve become their ally, rest assured they won’t back stab you, but they cannot by their law interfere with others affairs lest their code is violated. We Doll Masters are on our last legs and only few of us remains who had not sided to those who lust for power and I have been granted amity and the pass to enter their neutral grounds shall I desire. But I have decided to not live and fear and face those who are after me and the other Doll Masters.”

With a determined expression, you released your most priced quote that helped you through the darkest times of being a Doll Master.

“To live is to fight and to fight is to live. When all is lost, you will be found.”

You closed you quivering eyes for a moment recollecting everything that has happened to you up to this point of your life.

Taking off the sea green contact lens from your right eye, you opened your orbs both greeting your audience with a miss match of silver your original eye color and sea green both pupil alit with burning fire and passion to live and to survive.
“Many have succumbed to the greed of money and lust for power, some chose to hide and live in fear quaking at every breath they take wondering if that will be their last, but I wont be like them, I wont let them take over my life. I choose my path to follow and I’ll walk through it where ever it takes me and whatever it takes to get there.”

You knelt on the floor, your emotions spilling on your face allowing them to see a part your soul letting them know that whatever happens you will be with them walking by their side ready to defend them in any way possible, at the best of your abilities as **Lohavete** the **Doll Master** and as [L/N] [Y/N] a simple fangirl of Bangtan Sonyeodan.

“I plan to ease these two on the darker side slowly, but with things as it is, its safer to divulge you with knowledge rather than letting you walk in the unknown clueless like sacrificial lambs.”

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.
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“So what is it going to be?”

You tilted you head to the side, giving them with a small genuine smile.

Three pairs of hued brown eyes found each other communicating without words but with their expressive orbs and exploitative gestures.

Coming to a unanimous decision, Hoseok and Jungkook nodded to their Yoongi-hyung making him their voice.

“Well shit, there’s no sugar coating this--

He stopped speaking biting his lips playing the pity card, he exhaled long looking at you dead in the eyes before displaying his gummy smile.

--we’re in.”

“**Mou** stop wrecking me **heart** Min Yoongi-ssi!”

**tσ be çontinued?**

Chapter End Notes

**ένα-çhan’s яαnts:**
Chapter five done whew~ Did you guys enjoy this? Did you love the fighting scene? I hope I didn’t make the OC’s Mary sue…
Well I have a new batch of questions for you guys I hope you have the time to answer them.
>Did you guys enjoy the fight scenes in it?
>Is Hopie badass or what? Yes? No? Maybe?
>What part of the long ass chapter did you like the most?
>Did I make their reactions realistic enough if ever they would go through that situation?

Second batch I’m sorry I need you guys help again. I’m planning on getting someone kidnapped next chapter, they will be lowkey tortured to get the reader to come to them willingly and they have to be one of the BTS members who has a Doll Counterpart. This is where reader gets to meet the last two remaining members of Bangtan through discovering one of their members being kidnapped and their Doll Version acting as them for cover.

So who will our unfortunate soul be?
> V
> Suga
> Jimin
> J-Hope
I eagerly await for your replies~
Chapter Summary

“That’s good to know…Min Yoongi-ssi, Jung Hoseok-ssi, remember that you are always welcome here not just for ‘Tea time’, but also to hang out or to rest…my home is always open for you. This can be a place where you can exchange your tears for a smile, your sorrows for joy…a place where you can leave your problems and come back for it never…”

“Noona, thank you for letting us in your Magic Shop.”

Chapter Notes

**Luva-chan:** [Sits in front of her laptop looking like a zombie fangirl watching Fake Love MV for the nth time]

**Vivi:** [Pokes Luva-chan] She’s still out of it, Slayed by our *Originals Fake Love MV*

**Chimin:** Blown into smithereens by their new Album: Love Yourself ‘Tear’

**Hopie:** Is she okay though? Or do we have to do the disclaimer?

**Vivi:** Doubt she’ll return to normal any minute soon, SuYoon-ah do the honors.

**SuYoon:** Luva-dono doesn’t own anything other than us and this story’s plot.

**Hopie:** We hope you readers enjoy Luva-chan’s Chapter 6 of the Doll Master. She fried her brain for this! We also thank you for the kudos, hits and wonderful comments. You guys are the best!

**Chimin:** Vivi hyung is that you on the picture? [Points at the picture]

**Vivi:** [smirks] Who knows~

“**Happy White Day Master.**” - said in unison or at the same time with multiple characters.

“**Marry Me Master.**” - thoughts.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Three pairs of hued brown eyes found each other communicating without words but with their expressive orbs and exploitative gestures.

Coming to a unanimous decision, Hoseok and Jungkook nodded to their Yoongi-hyung making him their voice.
“Well shit, there’s no sugar coating this--

He stopped speaking biting his lips playing the pity card, he exhaled long looking at you dead in the eyes before displaying his gummy smile.

--we’re in.”

“Mou stop wrecking me heart Min Yoongi-ssi!”

You sagged in relief sitting on the floor sideways like a mermaid pouting as you crossed your arms over your ample bosom, the nerve of that Min Yoongi! You were hardwired today nerves frayed and beyond your breaking point after that encounter and it didn’t help that the pale rapper almost gave you a heart attack for two reasons.

**One** you thought that you got to have to force *erase* their memories in front of Jimin and Taehyung by the *face* he’s making.

**Two** that *efficient* gummy smile, it stabbed you in the heart, made you soft turning you into a pile of mushy flesh on the floor. This young *grandpa* sure knows his way around a female’s heart and he is *definitely* using it to his advantage liking your reactions.
What. The. Hell.

Nope, nuh uh.

He’s not gonna get inside of your head where your fantasies lay dormant.

Your inner Fangirl will not be unleashed.

There will be apocalyptic chaos.

Partnered with Narciel’s psychotic tendencies, you are not sure if the male idols would survive.

So, you put a lid to the overwhelming urge to gush at Suga and put on a neutral face ignoring the erratic beating of your heart.

Damn that beautiful gummy smile.

“Are you three sure of this? Once you get in, you’ll never get out unless its by death.”

You ended that sentence with an edge on your voice weighing the gravity of their situation.

“And by no means you are to tell this to RM-ssi and Jin-ssi, unless they have witnessed my Dolls in person, DO NOT mention anything to them…jebal.”

“Wae?” Yoongi asked, leaning closer with Hoseok and Jungkook following his example three pair of inquisitive eyes searing your sea green orbs filled with unanswered questions.

You bit your lip blaming yourself for this, you knew you could have prevented this for ever happening the first day you came to BigHit by not bringing your Dolls, but being what they are they need the constant skinship from you or risk relapsing.

And now, not only one or two innocents got involved…you have five.

Five lives on your shoulders.

Lives that weighs more than the world.

And you’ll be damned if something happens to any them.

With guilt filled optics added with regret and a little self loathing, you connected your eyes to your three new victims answering Yoongi’s inquiry, “Because we have more enemies than the supernatural being you encountered. Human ones that can cause your death and make it look like an accident, kidnap you and torture you. Who wouldn’t care if you die by their hands or another. Plus they don’t need more reason to stress at the moment. So I’m asking you for the last time…do you really want to keep your memories?”

They saw how you anxiously played with your braid, eyes carefully blank but there was a tiny bit of underlying concern for them for the outcome of their decision for the future dangers they will face.

You were far too kind for the side of the world you live in.

All three heads nodded in accord solemnly starting from the maknae, to the sunshine and lastly to the grandpa of Bangtan Sonyeodan.

Two of their members were already in this, if they left them on their own, who knows what will
happen. At least when shit hits the fan, three more members can support them when confronting their leader and their ‘eomma’.

With a resigned sigh, you gave them a small grin telling them the terms of agreement in which they’ve asked a few questions and agreed after they were all answered tactfully by you.

“They are reasonable enough, not too forceful and both parties has equal rights so why not?”

Suga added with a small grin nodding his head towards you J-Hope flashing you his trade mark smile while Jungkook gave you a shy bunny smile ducking his head after he made eye contact with you.

“Aigoo, he’s just too precious~”

International playboy? Nah, more like international Usa-chan.

“Are you sure about this Narciel-ssi? Won’t you get in trouble?”

Narciel raised an eyebrow at Vivi who popped his head from her shoulder bag glaring at her from his spot.“Yes Vivi-kun stop complaining mou~” She glowered at him pushing him back insider her pastel pink bag none too gently, but he resisted her and proceeded to open her bag’s zipper moving away from her hands as he stopped at the other end, his dongsaengs giggling voices were heard from within Narciel’s shoulder bag entertained by Vivi’s antics.

“I honestly don’t want to ask my Original for help, he’ll probably scheme something with the maknae line…you know them Narciel-ssi…and Hoseok-ssi will want part of it surely.”

“They are not as bad as you make then hyung, stop being a man hater and just ask them. I’m sure Jimin-chi would say yes…his Lie was so fantastic!”

“Easy for you to say Chimin.”

“But seriously hyung, if we are going to dance one of their songs for Master as a White Day gift, they are the best teachers for it no?”

Vivi is grumbling.

“Yah hyung, my Original is the main dancer, he did dance Boy Meets Evil plus their Blood Sweat and Tears were awesome. If we want to give Masuta the best we can, we should learn from the best!”

“Come on hyung, I know Yoongi-ssi will also help even though he’s lazy most of the time. Please for Aruji?”

Three intense puppy dog eyes were directed at Vivi demolishing what’s little left of his resolve on not
as asking their *Originals* for help to teach them the dance for their song *Best of Me* since there's no video of the full dance on YouTube. He and his *Doll Brothers* were planning a surprise for you as a thank you for their cute valentine’s *mini cupcakes* and *drinks* that you made for them out of your love and adoration, promising more years of warmth with them together to come.

Not only did they want to thank you for the tasty and well thought treats, but also they want you to feel how much they appreciate and love you for bringing them to life and for accepting them even with their faults and misgivings. They also want an outlet for their love for you and that is through dancing and singing the song of *BTS’s Best of Me* dedicating it to you on White Day’s month... March.

The month where the guy’s return the gifts that were given to them on the month of February.

And your *Dolls* are planning on giving back the love they have received from you throughout the years *tenfold*.

“Fine, let’s just go.”

**“YAY/YATTA!”**

Now your perverted *Doll* has found himself in a group hug courtesy by his *Doll brothers* giving him a warm feeling inside his chest.

He could get used to this.

“Aigoo, you guys are so cute.”

Gasps were heard from his three *Doll Brothers*.

“*Omo! Hyung/Onii-chan called us cute/kawaii! It’s the end of Humanity! Run for your lives/virginity!*”

“*You little shits.*”

**“Only for you hyung, only for you~”**

Narciel couldn’t help but giggle at your Dolls antics, they are so *precious*.

“Okay cuties, we’re here. Sorry but I have to leave you at their care, I have a meeting to attend to.”

Narciel knocked on the dance studio announcing her arrival.

“*You guys better be decent and not doing anything raunchy in there! I’m coming in darlings, wear you pants please…or don’t~ I don’t mind either way~*”

With one pronounced decisive *knock*, the Anime action figure *Doll Master* opened the gray doors of the dance room slowly as if afraid of the scene that will unfold once she had fully opened the gates of *heaven*.

She peeked inside with her head, her left hand clenching the frame of the door and there she found most of the BTS members sprawled on the ground covered in sweat from their intense dance session.

“Annyoeng Narnar-noona!”

Taehyung greeted the concept designer with his boxy smile even though it shows that he’s tired from
the way he was heaving and with his wet shirt clinging to his lean and well built body.

The others gave her a tired hello still on the ground in exhaustion.

“**Konnichiwa** Tae-kun~ Hey guys~ Sorry to barge in unannounced, I’m just here to drop these cuties off~”

Narciel locked the door and made sure that the leader and eomma of Bangtan was nowhere in sight, she gently lifted her shoulder bag and slowly dropped it on the floor. Opening the zipper, four **Dolls** came tumbling out…**Vivi, Chimin, Hopie and SuYoon, your living Dolls**.

“**Annyoeng!**”

Chimin greeted their audience cheerily heading straight towards Jimin, jumping on his stomach like it was a trampoline though he’s hardly bouncing, then cuddling him even if his **Original** is drenched with sweat.

“Jimin-chi! I missed you~”

“Aigoo Chimin-ah, I’m sticky, sweaty and I smell why are you doing this?”

“For shit and giggles?”

“**Chincha?** Geez I’m too tired to move you, do what you want.”

Hopie immediately found his Human Counterpart, sat beside his tired **Original** giving him a heartwarming smile.

“Heyo Hoseok-nii~”

The sunshine **Doll** gave a lethargic little wave of his hand grinning sleepily at J-Hope.

“Hello Hopie-ah~”

“Hn~”

“Aigoo gwiyeopda~~”

Hoseok’s **Doll Clone** rolled till he bumped into the side of his **Original**, closing his eyes he stayed that way until sleep took him lulled by J-Hope’s calm breathing.

Meanwhile, **SuYoon** was walking to his **Human Counterpart** that was eyeing him with a raised eyebrow. He bowed before Yoongi, greeting him in his own respectful way flashing his very own version of Suga’s gummy smile. Min Yoongi was just getting used with a miniature **Doll Version** of himself and he still find it odd that his mini clone looks exactly like him but with a different characteristic with the same charms and identical grin.

“Good morning Min Yoongi-ssi, I hope we’re not disturbing your practice.”

“Aniyo, we’re just finished and we’re taking a break right now.”

“May I Yoongi-ssi?” **SuYoon** gestured to the space beside the pale rapper, silver eyes connecting with coffee ones.

Giving his very own gummy smile, the worn out Kumamon loving grandpa of BTS carried **SuYoon** carefully to his stomach allowing the **Doll** to sit there who was now staring at him speechless.
“Go ahead I know you want to~”

With a light titter of laughter, SuYoon dove head first on Yoongi’s chest nuzzling the pale rapper listening to the sound of his heartbeat.

“So~ Why are you guys here? You just don’t go here without Vete-noona, so there must be a reason why Narnar-noona had to sneak you guys in.” V speculated crossing his arms over his chest as he sat staring at Vivi intently.

Jimin groaned on his spot hugging Chimin closer to him eyeing the blonde Doll who was content basking in his embrace yawning cutely.

“And where is Loha-noona?”

**On forced house arrest.** All four of your Dolls chorused frowning.


“Relax Hoseok-nii, Masuta collapsed two days ago from overworking after she arrived back here when she delivered her commissions in Japan.”

“Aigoo, I hope she’s okay.”

“That she is, but Master tends to push herself to the limits and being a perfectionist doesn’t help her either.”

“Ne.”

“Arasso.”

...

“Hyung~ Come on they won’t bite.”

Three pairs of silver eyes zeroed at their Silver haired Doll brother who in return gave them a glare still not wanting to be the one to bring the topic to the two main dancers of Bangtan Sonyeodan.

“Come on Vivi-hyung you can do it!”

“Don’t be a grumpy panda hyung!”

“And stop glaring at Taehyung-chi!”

**Hwaiting Vivi-hyung~**

Chimin pushed his hyung in front of him while Hopie and SuYoon clambered closer to their hyungs to show their support to their Vivi-hyung leaving their Originals side.

Vivi inched closer to J-Hope and Jimin eyes trailed on the floor pretty embarrassed with how his dongsaengs were acting and a bit mortified because its the first time he’s going to ask a Human a favor other than you that is.

“E-eto Hoseok-ssi, Jimin-ssi, could you possibly teach us the choreography for your song Best of Me if you have some free time?”
“Pardon?”

“Excuse me?”

The sunshine and mochi of BTS sat up straight hearing Vivi’s request. Them, teach the Dolls the dance moves for their song Best of me?

Do the Dolls even know how to dance?

Hoseok and Jimin can teach Humans how to dance, they even help their members with their dance steps, but Dolls? Do they even have enough mobility and control on their ball-jointed bodies to be able to dance?

Chimin pouted at his and Hopie’s Original frowning at their disbelieving gaze.

“We can dance you know Hoseok-ssi, Jimin-chi. We sing and dance for Master since she can’t attend your concerts lest we garner unwanted attention.”

The BTS members that were gathered in the room looked at the Dolls skeptically still not believing of their capability to dance. Their dances are hardcore even for them how the hell do the Dolls dance with with ball-jointed limbs and limited mobility.

For the first time of them knowing the sweet Doll version of Jimin, Chimin flashed them an all too familiar smirk his ash-gray orbs lighting up with a mischievous glint.

“Hopie-ah, hit it~”

Hopie happily obliged grinning savagely brandishing your phone that they took like it was some form of weaponry playing an instrumental of version of DNA.

All four of your Dolls looked at each other, they were definitely going to win Hobi and Jimin’s favor for you.

“For Master?”

“For Master/Aruji/Masuta!”

They asked their Originals and Jungkook to clear some space for them and they did so with Jimin, Hoseok, Taehyung and even their maknae Jungkook pulled their phones to record what the Dolls have in store for them, motionless Min just laid on the floor as he stared with a bored look on his pale facade but there’s a certain twinkle in his coffee hues as he watched your Dolls silver optics filled with certain fire.

They got into position, though there’s only four of them, but it’ll do. With Chimin taking Jungkook’s position in the middle front of the close diamond formation whistling starting their show.

All four Dolls went through the opening footsteps easily and in sync knowing the dance moves by heart as they practiced it day and night to please you and see you smile. They know you love BTS and want to attend their concerts and fan meetings but you don’t want to risk it. You don’t want innocent people to get hurt when they see you.

So you were content on seeing them on YouTube and their Vlive. Buying their albums and CD’s having an ARMY Bomb without being able to use it. You had to hold back in doing something you love to keep others safe… so in turn, they would sing and dance for you. It’s just a little something they can do for a Master like you.
And then the song began…

cheonnune neol araboge dwaesseo
seorol bulleowatteon geotcheoreom
nae hyeolgwansok DNAGa malhaejweo
naega chaja hemaedeon neoraneun geol

Vivi’s voice floated among the instrumental, starting the song while he danced like his body isn’t ball-jointed, the transition of the moves smooth and dare they say suave? He has his own allure drawing their eyes to him like Taehyung’s persona on stage. He added an extra body roll and did a gun gesture with his hand as if calling the next performer on the spotlight, and in came Hopie singing to his Original’s part in DNA.

uri mannameun suhage gongshik
jonggyoye yulbeob ujuye seobri

Hopie and Vivi executed their moves flawlessly grabbing each others hands giving their Doll Brother a wink before Vivi exited to let Hopie do his part slaying it beautifully.

naege jueojin unmyeonge jeunggeo
neoneun nae kkume chulcheo
Take it take it
neoege naemin nae soneun jeonghaejin sungmyeong

They can’t believe that the soft spoken and respectful Doll could rap like his Original taking RM’s part of the song oozing confidence and swag like Suga adding his own twist on the song his rapping impeccable. There’s a certain roughness and lisp on his voice that is unique to only him. SuYoon made a swiping motion as if cutting through the air with both of his hands looking left and right, then as if pulling an invisible rope, Chimin appeared singing Jungkook’s part with the mint haired Doll exiting the scene with a two finger salute and a wink.

gokjeonghaji ma Love
i modeun geon uyeoni aninikka

With a voice like a choir of Angel’s Chimin did justice on the BTS’s maknae’s part singing with all his worth like this was one of their performances with their dear Master. They want to prove to the Bangtan Sonyeodan members that they are worth teaching and worth spending their precious time with, so that they can make you smile with his Vivi hyung joining him in the dance both getting into the music feeling the rhythm on their bodies.

urin wanjeon dalla Baby
unmyeongeul chajanaen durinikka

Vivi stared at their audience eyes half lidded as he delivered those lines dancing in front with Chimin on his left side at the back both immersed with the music, getting lost at the beat, letting their body overflow with intensity as they moved with the songs rhythm, they ended their dance with the signature hand clap winking at each other as Chimin once again took the center of the stage.

ujuga saenggin geu nalphutego gyesok
muhane segireul neomeoseo gyesok

Your second eldest busted the floor with Jimin’s complicated yet strong moves executing them perfectly with his Doll brothers behind him dancing smoothly enticing the five BTS members more
their rapt attention solely on the four Dolls in front of them with amazed eyes as they continued to record the dance on their phones.

**urin jeonsaengedo ama daeum saengedo**
**yeongweoni hamkkenikka DNA**

When they thought that your Dolls can’t surprise them anymore, well they **did** when Vivi took their maknae’s part, his voice going a pitch higher matching that of the right tone but still with his Original’s unique alluring voice complementing the melody and harmony of the lyrics as they formed into a single line doing the trademark DNA pose.

**i modeun geon uyeoni aninikka**
**unmyeongeul chajanaen durinikka**
**DNA**

Your Dolls was now in a ‘V’ formation with Chimin and Vivi as they chorused the two last verses of the chorus before the second part of the song came their movements all in synchronous delivery of body rolls, strong pops with the DNA crux wave of Chimin and Vivi they ended the first chorus of DNA by BTS.

They were now dancing at the last parts of the song giving their all as the moves became fast and hardcore, and if they were in human form they would be sweating by the effort they have put on dancing to the song not missing a single beat and not making a single mistake.

When the last of the instrument resounded to the room, all four Dolls stood on the DNA position separating from the line they formed with big smiles on their faces high five-ing each other for a job well done.

“Wow.”

“Daebak.”

“Chincha jjeoreo!”

“We’ll teach you!”

It took them two grueling weeks to learn, Hoseok and Jimin were patient teachers but also they were strict. They get to practice three times per week when the guys have free time from their busy schedule and they didn’t stop till your Dolls have perfected the moves till the last minute before their presentation.
D-day came faster than anyone could ever hope for, March 14, 2018 became the most memorable date to the members of BTS that knows your secret, your *Dolls* and especially you.

“Chimin-ah stop squirming.”

“I don’t like make up Jimin-chi!”

“But you need this, you’re going for my look from our War of Hormones song ne?”

“Ne.”

“Stop wriggling then and let me do my thing, lest you want me to poke your eyes out with this eyeliner.”

*Chimin* stilled under Jimin’s touch scared out of his wits.

Unlike his *Vivi* hyung who’s being an ass towards Taehyung that has been trying but failing to keep *Vivi* still so he can style the *Doll’s* hair.

“Vivi stop moving I can’t style your hair like mine if you keep avoiding me.”

“Taehyung-ssi you don’t know how to style hair period.”

“I’m trying! Mou why are you so mean to me!”

“Saa who knows~”

Cue Vivi’s eye-roll.

Hopie on the other hand was doing the finishing touches of his outfit with the help of Hoseok.

“Hoseok-nii what do you think?”

“Hmm~ Turn around for me Hopie-ah.”

Hopie turned spreading both of his arms wide allowing his *Original* to inspect him.

“Not bad, not bad at all Hopie-ah, you’re rocking my outfit! Your *Master* would surely faint at the sight of you.”

“Ah kamsahamnida Hobi-nii.”

“Yoongi-hyung why aren’t you helping SuYoon get ready?” Jimin asked while he crossed his arms over his chest clutching a make up brush on his right hand.

“He’s a grown up man not technically counting his years of creation, he’s okay with dressing himself.”

“Hyuung…”
“He’s going to be fine, I picked his clothes told him to go back here when he’s done.” Yoongi waves a dismissive have over his worried dongsaeng.

SuYoon then came in clothed in his *Original’s* given apparel flashing them his own gummy smile approaching Yoongi standing in from of the pale rapper as Yoongi took in SuYoon’s form looking for anything that is needed to be fixed on is outfit.

“Your good to go SuYoon-ah.”

When they were all ready and dressed in their clothes with your *Dolls Vivi, Chimin, Hopie* and SuYoon garbed in the clothes of their *Originals* on their *War of Hormones* song with matching dyed hairs and hairstyles, they look ready to woo any woman on site and seduce them so that they could take them home.

They were about to exit the BTS dorms and go back home to you but stopped on their tracks when their *Originals’* plus Bangtan’s maknae went out of their rooms wearing their apparels from their song *For You*, one of their singles in their Japanese Album.

“Who says that you guys are the only ones performing?” Jimin said as he fixed his clothes adjusting his white snapback winking at your stupefied *Dolls*.

“We got to repay Vete-noona somehow no? She did feed us those delicious sweets last Valentines day.” Taehyung then proceeded to flash his *Doll* version his signature rectangle smile.

Hoseok just shook his head at the two oldest of their maknae line, “Don’t stare at us like that. These two planned this, me, Jungkook and this grumpy grandpa just got roped into this. Though I would also like to express my thanks for her Valentine’s treats.”

There were nods of consent from Yoongi and Jungkook confirming Hobi’s statement and also silently agreeing in wanting to thank you for the thoughtful *sweets* and *drinks* thanking them for putting up with her and her mischievous *Dolls* and for accepting her and all the weirdness she came with.

“Fine, but no hitting on our Master.”

*Vivi* gave the BTS members an ultimatum with a hard stare his arms crossed above his chest.

Wearing their on stage persona, Suga, J-Hope, Jimin, V and Jungkook gave your *Dolls* similar taunting smirks as they all chorused, “We make no promises! After all we are BTS! We aim for every ARMY’s heart including your Master’s!”

All five of them gave their most seductive face while flashing your *Dolls* a variety and their own version of hearts before booking it running outside their dorms their joyous laughter filling the air as
they ran from your furious *Dolls*.

After a successful heart warming and flustering dance rendition of BTS’s song ‘Best of Me’ and ‘For You’ from your *Dolls* and their *Originals* which you didn’t expect, you thanked them wholeheartedly still a blushing mess from the gifts and kisses. You were also embarrassed because they didn’t hold back…body rolls, the bapsea-like hip thrusts, lip bites, sexy smirks, the winks, the intentional or non intentional alluring hair flips and hungry stares were all directed at you not only given by your beloved *Dolls* but also intensified by the Bangtan Sonyeodan members.

Your heart didn’t just stop for a few seconds, you flat lined.

“*Sweet merciful God, is this heaven or hell? I feel like I’m in both, they all look like beautiful angels but they dance like nine alluring demons out for your body and soul.*”

They look so damn good but their dances were so sinful, you felt like you’ve committed all *seven of the deadly sins* just by watching them.

You need *holy water*.

Kami these *sinamon* rolls, you were dying, with them slowly killing you with their dance moves.

When their little show came to an end, Yoongi, Hoseok, Jimin, Taehyung and Jungkook went to you one by one giving you a single rose with the thorns removed from the stem.

Yoongi went first kneeling before you making eye contact. He kissed the petals of the yellow rose keeping his coffee hues intensely locked to yours before gently grabbing your hand handing you his chosen flower.

“Happy White Day Lohavete.”

Hoseok came next with a bounce on his step, copying his hyung as he knelt before you like a valiant knight also giving his light green rose a soft kiss placing it in your hand with Yoongi’s saffron colored rose. You think Hoseok’s turn was over but your breath hitched when he took two of his fingers, pressing them to his lips then pressed those fingers on both of your cheeks as if passing the said kiss to you using his two digits.

“Happy White Day Lohavete-ssi.”

Jimin was the third one to approach you giving you one last seductive body roll not to be one upped by Hoseok and like his two hyungs, he knelt before you a little closer than the others. Though instead of kissing his rose, he let the flower glide at your cheeks then to your jaws stopping when his cerulean hued rose was at your lips, faster than you can say ‘BTS’ he pecked the rose’s petals almost kissing you in the process leaving you breathless.

“Happy White Day Loha-noona.”
Taehyung popped into your vision pouting as he sat in front of you Indian style crossing his arms over his chest almost crushing his white rose. He was glaring at Jimin who only sent him a finger heart in return making him pout more intensifying his cuteness level by 999999. You got scared when his features suddenly turned blank whilst he gazed at you deeply with his amber eyes intense with an unidentified emotion. He nodded to himself as if deciding something, he faced you once again now kneeling in front of you with both of his knees on the ground.

He took his rose bringing it to his lips biting the stem in between his teeth, then he looped his arms around your waist embracing you. When he broke the hug, he seized the white rose from his lips tucking it on your left ear before gliding his right hand on a small amount of blue locks, he then grabbed a fair amount of hair kissing the ends of it gently as he locked his amber gaze at you once again taking your breath away.

“Happy White Day Vete-noona.”

Jungkook was the last one to gift you a rose. He shyly stood in front of your flushed self blushing cutely still timid around you. He did nothing special but he interlocked both of your hands together, palm to palm, fingers between fingers squeezing them for a moment then letting go offering you his pink rose.

“Happy White Day Lote-noona.”

You came back from your dazed state when you felt something silky being tied loosely at your neck. Your gaze made contact with that of your third oldest, Hopie, as he finished tying a white ribbon on your neck. His slender fingers glided softly at your nape caressing the ribbon making sure its not tied too tight for your comfort. Hopie leaned in inhaling your scent as his plush lips grazed where the knot of the ribbon is trussed kissing it tenderly calling in goosebumps.

“Happy White Day Masuta~

Your left wrist was taken hostage by your maknae SuYoon, and like his Hopie hyung, he took a white ribbon from his pocket tying it softly at your wrist with a golden moon charm hanging from it. Copying the actions of his Hopie hyung, he kissed your wrist where your pulse is at, the white ribbon acting as a barrier between his luscious lips and your overheating skin.

“Happy White Day Aruji~”

Blonde fluffy hair obscured your vision as Chimin all but shoved his cute face in front of you giving you that angelic crescent smile his Original is famous for. He closed the distance between your faces giving you an Eskimo kiss rubbing your noses together his grin never leaving his face satisfied that he made you embarrassed enough to make you look like a pink rose. He then took his own ivory white ribbon fastening it around your right wrist with a golden heart charm dangling at the middle of the tied loop his touch lingering on you long enough to make you feel like he doesn’t want to let go of you…Ever.

“Happy White Day Master~”

You took a deep breath bracing yourself for your eldest, expecting something sensual…worst…sexual.

Vivi sauntered to you without uttering a word, not even a single sexual innuendo nor a perverted smile just his serious face looking straight into your eyes reaching for the inner depths of your soul.

He knelt in front of you grasping your left hand spreading your digits, his attention focused on one of
your fingers caressing it with his thumb before procuring a golden circular band with a white ribbon tied on top of it slipping it at your ring finger.

“Marry me Master.”

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You think you died a little inside your soul fleeting your body due to excessive amount of embarrassment you’ve experienced today.

“HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!”

Vivi collapse on a laughing heap on the floor his Doll brothers joining him and surprisingly so does the BTS members.

“Don’t worry Master, the ring maybe real but its not an engagement ring. We though that being someone that you are…a Doll Master, we figure you might get old without a partner…at least with this ring, you’re married to us no?” and to mock you further, Vivi gave you his most ‘innocent’ boxy smile making a hand heart.

“Happy White Day Lohavete!”

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“I’M GOING TO KILL YOU GUYS!”

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Initial anger now forgotten from their prank, you were now waving them goodbye to your front porch, guard completely blown as you were ambushed into a group hug by Jimin, Taehyung and Hoseok enthusiastically enveloping your petite body in between theirs as they savored your warm and calming scent of roses and camomile tea all of their heads either buried on the crook of your neck or into the silky strands of your long blue hair relishing the moment.
“Ahem.”

“What are you doing with our Master/Masuta?”

“Please give Aruji some space Jimin-ssi, Hoseok-ssi and Taehyung-ssi.”

The three BTS members didn’t look chastised at all, rather they were preening with pride with how red they made you with that simple affectionate gesture.

Jungkook stood beside his Yoongi hyung who was glaring at his three immature dongsaengs though his stare has no real bite, Jimin, Taehyung and Hoseok immediately backed off from you hand raised up in surrender as their hyung approached frowning at them.

When the pale rapper reached you, they instantly vacated the area fearing for AugustD’s wrath.

“Yah, stop fooling around you brats it’s time we head back to the dorm before Namjoonie and Jinnie hyung suspect that we’re up to something.”

“Okay hyung~ See you later Lote-noona~”

“Happy White Day Loha-noona~”

“Enjoy our treats and gifts Lohavete-ah~”

“Pali-pali.”

“Aish this hyung so impatient.”

“I’m tired and want to sleep, could you blame me Hoseokie?”

His coffee eyes lingered to the two oldest of their maknae line hovering beside you refusing to budge from their spot now that they know that their grandpa was in no mood to be savage.

“Yah Jiminnie, Taehyungie let’s go stop bothering Lohavete-ah.”

“But hyung, I want to stay over here for tonight.”

“No Taehyungie, Namjoonie will ask questions, questions we are not ready to answer yet.”

"Hyung is right Taetae, let’s go back ne?”

When V didn’t move an inch away from you, his Yoongi hyung gave a resigned sigh grumbling profanities under his breath as he made his way towards his stubborn dongsaeng. Suga grabbed Taehyung’s collar despite the height difference dragging him a few inches away from you shielding your body with his as he crossed his arms over his chest coffee hues hard and a little authoritative.

V certainly know how to fight his battles and this is one he has to retreat so he can regroup and plot together with the fellow members of the maknae line.

“You win this round hyung, be prepared for later.”

“Mianhe Yoongi-hyung, I’m going.”

Turning towards you, Min Yoongi gave you his heart stopping gummy smile.

“I’m sorry about those brats, they can be hard to handle most of the time.”
“Yah hyung-nim what are you saying huh?”
“So not true hyung, you’re so mean.”
“Its only Jimin hyung and Tae hyung are the brats Yoongi hyung~”
“Yah maknae, respect your hyungs!”
“Aigoo hyung you’ve broken my heartu.”

Came the brats protests.

The oldest of the rap line leaned in closer to you, his coffee brown optics soft with an unknown emotion hiding behind the prominent ones.

“But I’ll be there with you every time they get out of hand ready to pull their leash.”

His gummy grin turned into a smirk as he once again kissed you on the forehead tenderly and oh so sweetly for the second time today melting your poor heart in the process.

“HYUNG!!”

“YOONGI-SSI!”

Your quivering eyes lingered at Min Yoongi’s back as he was bombarded by your Dolls and the rest of his group mates that were present today scolding him for stealing a kiss from you.

“This is why I don’t have a bias, they ALL wreck me in so many different ways.”

Another two months has gone by and it was now the first week off May. BTS has been busy as ever with their new released album : Love Yourself ‘Tear’ and their oncoming world tour for Love Yourself ‘Her’. Your best friend Narciel was barely home and if she was she would spend her free time asleep wrapped in the comfortable sheets of her duvet.

You knew that they have their own lives and work to do but you can’t help but miss them. The scarce text and sms wasn’t enough to satiate your longing to see them. You’ve been a little closer to the two oldest of the rap line with their surprise texts about Jimin and Taehyung whining in between practices about wanting to see their Doll Versions and you being little shits that they are even worse than Jungkook, but you not as close to them as the maknae line.

Youongi and Hoseok are still wary of you and its understandable since you were stranger, a dangerous one at that, that they have met not too long ago. You know that as hyungs, they are just looking out for their dongsaengs.

You spent your time doing your commissions or manning Eien no Yume your little humble Doll
Shop, checking your twitter account for the latest update on BTS when there’s a lull at the mill of costumers.

“Thank you ma’am come back again!”

It was not long ago that BigHit has released the MV trailer of V’s Singularity driving the Taehyung stans into a frenzy and now they are attacking ARMY’s with the concept photos ‘ORYU’ of their latest album Love Yourself ‘Tear’.

And you were thoroughly attacked.

All of the members were incredibly handsome with their clothes you were literally swooning after checking them all out.

“Damn those denims and Calvin Klein boxers, they are making me sin just by looking.”

Logging off your account, you sent Taehyung a quick commentary and congratulation on his song Singularity reminding him to eat and take care of his health and to look after the others too. You may sound repetitive but as long as they remember to eat and take care of themselves you don’t give a damn.

Their schedule has been gruesome, with their comeback and world tour hanging on their heads, they’ve been working extra hard for their fans. The maknae line sat on their couch pooped out after a long day of practice, photo shoots, dance rehearsals and promotion.

Jimin was softly snoring at the left end of the sofa with Jungkook slumped beside him fighting sleep and fatigue rubbing his eyes to stay awake. Taehyung was at the other end of the sofa looking through their twitter account reading their ARMY’s reaction. He also saw you text fangirling a little about his MV telling him how handsome he was and how he was so awesome telling him she felt attacked by his visuals, his voice, his dance moves his everything just by watching it.

“Aish this noona so cute.”

A CupOfTae (◡‿◡✿):

>Thanks Vete-noona~ That’s a lot coming from you~

: (⌒_⌒♥) Vete-Noona

Oh, Taehyung! I thought you guys are too busy to reply<
A CupOfTae (◕‿◕��):

>Never too busy for you Vete-noonaaa~ [winks]

: (⊙﹏⊙) Vete-Noona

Taehyung are you sure you aren’t busy? Put down your phone if you are, you don’t have to reply< to me every second you know [worried face]

A CupOfTae (◕‿◕��):

>It’s fine Vete-noonaa, I’m just waiting for Jin-hyung to finish making dinner [drooling for food]

#Jin-hyung’s Food is Life, Jin-hyung’s Food is Justice!

: (⊙﹏⊙) Vete-Noona

I haven’t tasted any of his food, but based on your guys reaction and his notorious reputation as<

Eat Jin, he must be one hell of a cook. [Drools with you]

A CupOfTae (◕‿◕��):

>So, Vete-noonaa I want to hear your opinion on my MV personally but since we’re still busy,

Through text will just do [eagerly waits for your commentary, intensive fangirling is advised]

: (⊙﹏⊙) Vete-Noona

Aish this kid, I refuse to show you my fangirl side [frowns]<

A CupOfTae (◕‿◕��):

>Vete-noonaaa~ Come on jebal~ [whines]

: (⊙﹏⊙) Vete-Noona
Ok fine. Well I don’t mind you doing *this* to me as long as you play *Singularity* as background music. Ok, BYE!

A full blown out laughter left his lips when he saw the meme, his body giddy with delight. It was a famous meme reaction on his MV on twitter and some kind Korean ARMY translated it for the Korean fans so he knew what the picture says and your hasty exit sent him into a fit of more giggles his body convulsing with unbidden mirth.

“Aish, Taetae keep it down I’m trying to sleep augh.”

“Sorry Jiminie.”

Jimin groaned from his spot cuddling Jungkook to his side whispering something at the maknae’s ears while petting his head as Jungkook snuggled closer to him thanking Jimin before surrendering to sleep.

Now that he’s wide awake no thanks to his best friend Taehyung, might as well prep himself for dinner and let their overworked maknae nap while he’s at it.

“Is he texting Loha-noona?”

Taehyung quickly switched back browsing to their twitter account when he heard his Namjoon-hyung’s voice float through the hallways when their leader greeted their Hoseok-hyung and Yoongi-hyung as he went inside their house bemoaning on how tired he is.

The two eldest of the maknae line even though drained with energy still greeted their hyung enthusiastically.

“Welcome back Namjoonie-hyung~”

“Thanks Taehyungie, Jiminie. Is dinner ready yet?”

“Nope, Jin-hyung just started cooking a while ago hyung.”

“Ahh okay, I’ll be in my room. I’m going to take a shower first.”

“Okay hyung~ See you at dinner~”

“Don’t fall asleep in the showers hyung!”

“I won’t Jiminie!”

The second oldest of the maknae line breath a sigh of relief as his cautious amber hues trailed the back of his Namjoon-hyung until his tall stature vanished into the confines of his room.

“You almost got caught there kid, you’re texting Lohavete no?”

“Ehehe~ Ne hyung I was, I missed her.”

“Sure Taehyung~ sure~”

Taehyung and Jimin stared at their Yoongi and Hoseok hyungs exhausted forms eyes with big eye-bags, their shoulders slumped with stress.
Both singer of Lie and Stigma nodded at each other once, a concerned look plastered on their faces.

"Hyung if you want to relieve stress or just want to get away from all this for a while you can go visit Loha-noona."

"Plus Vete-noona makes mean Tea's and snacks hyung. And she's also good at pep talks."

Yoongi’s coffee eyes met that of Hoseok’s warm bronze, for once indecisive. They sure have been pushing it lately with how full their schedules are they barely even time to unwind and relax even for a moment.

They were still cautious of you but they remember the times when both Jimin and Taehyung were tired beyond belief and their stress levels reaching higher roofs, they would go out for a while and come back with smiles on their faces stress completely gone ready for another jam-packed scheduled day.

The pale rapper bit his lip, his body was ready to collapse any minute not that Hoseok is in any better shape than he is.

They both need this.

Lest they get irritated at every little thing and explode on someone undeserving of their temper.

The puppy look that Hobi gave him urged him to accept Jimin and Taehyung’s proposal.

“Give me her address.”

“Aish hyung at least look excited since you’ll be attending Lady L’s Tae Party~”

“Is that what you call it Jimin, a Tea Party really?”

“Well its a good code hyung since you know when a girl plays a pretend Tea party its always with her dolls no? Vete-noona is a Doll Master and we do go there for relaxing tea’s and snack so it fits!”

Hoseok who has been quiet for a while beamed and laughed at Taehyung’s explanation though what he said was true at some point but he can’t help but find it funny that the word ‘Tea Party’ would come out of his mouth.

“Aigoo Taehyungie how do you know about those girly stuffs huh?” Hobi leaned closer to his dongsaeng pinching Taehyung’s right cheek while making cute cooing sounds.

“Chincha hyung stop it! I know because I used to play with my younger cousins back then. Hajima hyung!”

On Jimin’s side, he can’t help but chuckle at his best friends expense videoing the whole thing keeping his giggles to a minimum so he won’t get caught by Taehyung.

Satisfied by his little video feed, he sent it to you with a quick forewarning that his Yoongi hyung and Hoseok hyung will be paying a little visit for ‘Tea Time’.

Mochilicious (^ • x • ^) :

>Annyoeng Loha-noona how are you?
Jimin~ Good evening~ I’m fine thank you for asking! <

Mochilicious (^・ x・ ^):

>Are you busy right now noona?

Loha-Noona

Hmm~ No, I just closed the shop so I’m just about to make some tea and snacks, why?

Mochilicious (^・ x・ ^):

>Do you mind if Yoongi hyung and Hobi hyung were to go there for ‘Tea Time’?

Loha-Noona

I don’t know Jimin, they don’t seem to like me much, it’s understandable though<

Since I know that they are just looking out for their dongsaengs.

Mochilicious (^・ x・ ^):

>Please noona? They are really stressed at the moment specially Hobi hyung and Yoongi hyung. Jebal? [gives you his best aegyo]

Loha-Noona

I-I [gets weak on the knees]<

Park Jimin you can’t use your damn cuteness to bribe me!

[covers her blushing face]
> [sends two finger hearts your way] Is it working noona?~

[bats eyelashes]

:(__(●○)__) Loha-Noona

…<

…

Fine! Augh send them!

I’ll be ready preparing the usual. Do they have any tea or snack preference?

Mochilicious (^・ x ・ ^) :

> We aren’t picky eaters Loha-noona just give them your most relaxing tea and

Best tasting snacks!

:(__(●○)__) Loha-Noona

Roger that Jimin!<

Tell them to be careful on they way~ Also make them wear their comfiest clothes!

I’ll be off, I need to prep!

Mochilicious (^・ x ・ ^) :

> Thank you Loha-noona~ Bye~ [sends you a flying kiss]

Locking his cellphone, Jimin heaved a sigh of relief thanking every god in existence for letting you agree on an abrupt ‘Tea Time’ with his hyungs.

“Yoongi hyung I’ll text you Loha-noona’s address so wear your comfiest clothes and prepare to melt at how cozy her house is.”

“Ne, Arasso.”

Their two hyung scampered to their rooms coming out in their comfiest set of clothing. As they came back to the living room, their Hoseok hyung was wearing an oversized orange long sleeved sweater
with the words Paranormal Activity on the upper chest area with a sphere in various shades of blue and white inside paired with some brown chino shorts wearing Berkenstocks sandals.

While grumbling under his breath, their Yoongi hyung came into their view garbed in a white shirt with the words FREEDOM in bold silver letters matched with a pair of dark blue checkered shorts wearing black sneakers with a white soles.

Jimin sent them your address and a picture of your storefront.

“Bye hyung! Be back after your plenty calm enough so you don’t bite our heads off.”

“If she could make us calm down”

“Noona would! There’s no doubt about it!”

“We will see ne Yoongi hyung?”

“Ah.”

They both put their black masks on, Hoseok wearing one of his favorite snapback while on Yoongi’s head was a black beanie with cat like ears gifted to him by the maknae line as a gag present telling him that he acts like a cat most of the time with how grumpy he is when his nap was disturbed and how often he sleeps.

They are playing incognito so they can avoid being trampled by their fans when they go outside.

About thirty minutes later, the two older members of Bangtan Sonyeodan’s rap line were in front of your quaint humble Doll Shop Eien no Yume squirming in front of your Doll boutique nervously fiddling with their masks.

“Hyung…should we?”

“Might as well Hobi-ah since were already here.”

Hoseok knocks on your shop’s door seeing that in order to get to your house, you have to pass the Doll Shop, go at the back, then climb the stairs to the second floor of the building which was the living area.

When the door of Eien no Yume opened, they were greeted by a now blonde SuYoon in his Human Form wearing a maroon tracksuit beaming at them he also has a gray apron that was embroidered with the words : “Kiss the cook and please DO touch the BUNS” in bold red letters sewn in with pink and crimson kiss marks here and there in the chest area of the said apron. There’s a few specks of white powder on his clothes and something pink and creamy on his apron with red syrupy liquid splattered here there indicating that he must have been baking for some time before he opened the shop’s door for them.
“Irashai Yoongi-ssi, Hoseok-ssi just about time. The snacks and tea are about done.”

Hoseok blinked at his hyung’s Doll counterpart baffled on how a look a like of his Yoongi hyung could have this energetic and cheery disposition when the pale rapper himself is the complete opposite of SuYoon on most days. True his hyung can be as playful as him and their maknae line, but his default mode is that of a grumpy tsundere filled with savagery with a soft caring side.

They followed the maknae of your Dolls bypassing you shop interior where your dolls for sale were on display leading them to a flight of stairs. Opening the maroon varnished door of your living area, SuYoon made them sit on a cerulean velvety couch on your spacious yet cozy living room.

“Make yourselves at home Yoongi-ssi, Hoseok-ssi. Aruji will be with you shortly.”

SuYoon bowed at both of them before vanishing in what they concluded as the direction of your kitchen. They sat on the sofa almost melting at how plush and soft it was relieving their tired bodies and aching muscles.

“Ahh this is life~”

Hobi grabbed one of your pillows squeezing it into his body burying his head on the fluffy cushion. Yoongi on the other hand was fighting the urge to sleep while he curled on the sofa, his eyelids getting heavy as the seconds passes by but the tickle of sweet scent in the air zapped through his senses waking every fiber of his being making his and Hoseok’s empty stomach grumble at the prospect of eating those tasty smelling delights.

SuYoon’s sweet laughter echoed through the living room as he popped into their line of sight his pale face slightly covered with whipped cream carrying a tray with peppermint tea. The aromatic tea works well to reduce stress and relieves the drinker from anxiety. The menthol contained in peppermint is a natural muscle relaxant that’s why you chose that drink for them.

You came in wearing a white flow-y summer dress with raven butterfly embroidery at the bust area accenting your ample bosom. Your long hair in a pale light brown color with a white ribbon tied on it, the ones you got as a present from your Dolls last white day.

Tied on your waist was a black frilly apron making you look like a wife material personified armed with a coy smile hearing their stomachs ruble setting your own tray of treats down on the low table.

As for their snacks, you chose a healthier and two mini version of Blueberry cheese tier cake because you know that they are on a diet since its nearing their comeback, but that doesn’t mean that you will just offer them air as food, nope, no one is going to starve under your roof.

You raised an eyebrow at your youngest Doll combing his bangs with your fingers, puffs of white flour particles filled the air and his face still covered with whipped cream.

“SuYoon-ah look at you covered in that white sticky stuff, aigoo so cute~”

Gripping his chin, you took a blue fluffy towel to wipe his cheeks but he avoided you first, licking the cream near his lips sensually his silver orbs were glued to yours as he playfully let his tongue out on you after he’s done.

Pouting at his antics, you once again took hold of his chin in a firm grip with your right hand and your left hand found home on his hips to keep him in place so you can finish tidying his face, you don’t want him wiggling out of your clutches anytime soon.
He’s too hyper for his own good sometimes.

He giggled at your gentle pats and meticulous swipes playfully pawing at your hands like a lovable cat.

When your finished cleaning him up, he gave you his own gummy smile embracing you in his arms for a brief moment.

“Aruji~~”

“Hmm?”

SuYoon tilted his head cutely, his silver hues focused solely on you, **“Saranghae.”** he declared in Daegu satoori copying one of the videos of his *Original* he saw on YouTube with how much flustered you are, he’s think you would instantaneously combust on the spot.

“...”

The two eldest of the rap line watched in fascination as you blushed, the rosy crimson color started from your neck, traveling through your cheeks ending at the tips of your ears.

**“SuYoon mou!”**

Your only answer from him was a few more chuckles as he vanished to where the *Dolls*’ rooms are calling out for his Doll brothers.

“*Vivi* hyung, *Chimin* hyung I thought were going to the grocery store? Hurry up, you take longer than *Aruji* to get dressed!”

“We’re going down SuYoon-ah, in a moment.”

Vivi came down wearing all black, from the beanie on his head to the sole of his shoes. Taking off his raven head accessory, he fluffed his silver hair carding his slender fingers through his locks sighing softly as he reached the end of the staircase grinning at you with his Original’s rectangular smile acting a little extra doing a sexy pose. *Chimin* was next to come down clad in a fashionable blue long sleeved denim overcoat over a black shirt and a pair of blue denim jeans with obsidian boots stopping a step above his hyung also doing a seductive pose with SuYoon taking pictures of them. *Vivi* and *Chimin* stood by the staircase looking strikingly handsome enough in their get up as if they were gearing for a runway walk rather than grocery shopping.

Well what can you do, you spoil them way to much.

After they are both done being extra, both *Vivi* and *Chimin* gravitated to your side sandwiching you in their warm hug, nuzzling their heads the the crook of your neck in an affectionate yet possessive manner, kissing your nape before letting go of you.

God first *SuYoon*, now *Vivi* and *Chimin*?

Can’t your *Dolls* let your heart rest even for a second?

“Mou! Just go! Be careful okay?”

**“Hai Master/Aruji!”**

You shooed all three of them out with a seemingly permanent rosy blush on your cheeks handing
Vivi their grocery money while giving Chimin the money for their treats.

“Have a safe trip guys~ I love you~”

“Neodo Saranghae Master/Aruji!”

When you turned to your guests, you found Hoseok looking at you with endearment and Yoongi was trying to suppress the tiny smile on his lips finding your interaction with your Dolls amusing.

Your poured a cup of peppermint tea for both of the male idols and also a cup for yourself. You also served a piece of mini blueberry cheese tier cake for each of you, the scent of the tea and cake mixing in beautiful harmony teasing your senses.

When they did nothing but stare at the sweets and beverages on the low table, you can’t help but raise an eyebrow.

“Aren’t you guys hungry?”

“Erm…Lohavete-ssi, were on a strict diet regimen since its near our comeback.”

“Yes, I know it’s all over twitter and other forms of media Hoseok-ssi. Don’t worry, the peppermint tea will help you relax and I made sure that the cake is healthy and low on calories. So eat up you two, kami and we ARMYs know that you look great enough even without dieting.”

You ended your speech with a radiant heartfelt smile, you took your cup of tea from the low table drinking the brown warm liquid in small tentative sips since its still warm enough to burn your tongue.

Yoongi and Hoseok followed your lead as they gently took their white tea cups by the handle staring at the honey hued liquid.

Hoseok gripped his cup with both hands while Yoongi swirled the fluid in his ivory cup a few times and without meaning to, both rappers from BTS took a sip of their drinks at the same time with Hobi moaning in delight while Suga released a pleased hum still savoring his tea as warmth filled their minds, bodies and souls.

“I take it that you like your tea?” You hid your blooming smile behind your cup as you continued to sip your warm beverage.

“Ye, Jinjja masitda! One gulp and I feel relaxed already! My muscles aren’t aching that much anymore!”

“I’m glad it’s not drugged.”

“Humph Yoongi-ssi you jerk. Be glad I didn’t poison your tea.”

Hoseok mirrored your offended expression his face scrunched up in a comical way giving his hyung a disappointed look with a frown on his face.

“Yah hyung be more grateful, we’re here to relax and the tea did just that, more than really.”

Yoongi only snorted at his dongsaeng finishing his first cup of peppermint tea, he looked at you asking silently for another cupful and you obliged standing from where you are sitting pouring him another cup.
“Eat, Jimin and Taehyung mostly go here when they can’t handle the stress and when life gets too much. They eat twice the amount I’m serving you now but do you see them gaining weight?”

“…”

“At least try one? Or would you rather I force feed you?”

Hoseok let out an excited giggle opening his mouth eagerly wanting to be fed and spoiled by you.

Blinking at him numbly, you were surprised that he would comply to your not so serious offer.

“Lohavete-ssi, ahh~”

Once again Hobi opened his mouth with a cute expression on pointing at the cake, at you then to his mouth making adorable noming noises.

You cupped your flushed cheeks in your hands squishing the urge to coo, gush and cuddle the life out of Jung Hoseok for being impossibly charming because he wants you to feed him.

As the sunshine of Bangtan continued to give you the most heart melting puppy dog eyes, you sighed in defeat, moving from your spot to sit in between the Kumamon loving rapper and BTS’s honorary maknae.

"Jal mug get sum ni da~" Hobi cooed at you while waiting for you.

You picked one of the sweets from its respective tray, taking a mini fork from the assortment of silverware, you delicately sliced the blueberry cake separating a bite size enough to fit his awaiting mouth. With shaking hands and a deep crimson blush on your face, you fed Hoseok the small slice of cake careful not to shove the mini fork down his throat and potentially kill the literal angel of Bangtan.

You waited on bated breath at his reaction to your sweet creation. His tongue poked out from his mouth as he chewed slowly flashing you his dimples as he licked the excess cream from his lips. His bronze hued orbs widened in pure pleasure as he swallowed giving you a two hands thumbs up.

“It’s really, really delicious~ Joengmal masitda!”

He then gently took the mini fork from you hands wanting to devour the rest of the cake.

Yoongi looked you two incredulous shaking his head still refusing to eat ignoring the grumbling of his empty stomach.

"Aish chincha, your a real pain sometimes you know that hyung?"

The sunshine looks at you contemplatively.

"Lohavete-ssi, you hold him down I’ll feed him. Call?"

“And give me a little SOPE moment? Of-fucking-course--

“--Call!”

"Yah you two, I’ll scream rape if you ever come near me!"

"Go ahead Yoongi-ssi, my house is sound proof, nobody will hear your cries of despair~ Well unless Hopie-ah wakes up from your screams that is~"
Yoongi’s coffee eyes widened and for once probably scared for his life since you and Hobi were giving him two identical shit eating grins with his dongsaeng hovering over him while you took his right wrist hostage ready to cause apocalyptic chaos with him being at the receiving end, he knows at this moment that he’s literally *fucked*.

“Well not unless…”

He might be backed at a corner but he can *compromise*.

“Fine I’ll eat, just don’t come fucking *near* me. I know where you sleep Hobi I will strangle you, and Lohavete, I’ll send a hyperactive maknae line to you on *sugar rush*.”

Your cringed hearing Yoongi’s threat, those three could be even more *destructive* than their Namjoon hyung if they are in the mood for chaos especially when under the influence of excessive sugar intake.

You and Hobi backed away from the sulking Suga as he ate the cake in small bites testing if you poisoned his food, but when he had tasted the sweet treat, it only took him three more mouthful to gobble down his cake taking a few more after he’s done having an eating competition with Hobi with you setting aside some for yourself not wanting to get involve with their sweets war.

You looked on at the two quite content that they can be playful at your presence. Sure they are still a bit cautious of you, but they know you mean no harm to them. If Jimin and Taehyung trust you enough to send them here and see them at this state, they can well at least try to get along with you, you seem like a nice woman, a fan of them yes but a respectful fan.

Once they have their fill of cakes, they both let a soft contented sigh tapping their stomachs as they drank their last cup of peppermint tea leaning on your plush sofa.

“Ahh~ *Kamsahamnida* Lohavete-ssi~ I feel so relaxed now~ *Gomawo~”

“*Kwenchana* Jung Hoseok-ssi.”

"*Kam sa hae yo.*"

“You’re welcome Min Yoongi-ssi.”

There was a comfortable silence that followed as you let them relax and settle in the cozy ambiance of your living room while you sat there in between them with a small thoughtful grin on your face tracing circles upon the rim of your half filled cup.

Hmm, they may seem comfy and placid on your couch, but there seem to be some weight on their shoulders, it may not look like there isn’t, but if you squint hard enough you will notice it.

And you did and you want to do something about it, but what?

“I’d cuddle them like Jimin and Taehyung but…I could try right? They want their hyungs completely stress free when they get back.”

Taking the used saucers, cups and silverware, you excused yourself from Hobi and Suga taking your dishes to the kitchen depositing them on the sink. You also made a detour to your room getting your fluffiest and largest quilt. As you exited your quarters, you are armed and ready to cuddle.

When you got back, you saw them peacefully laying at each end of the *couch* eyes closed curled on the *left* and *right* side of the end armchair breathing evenly looking as ethereal as ever as if they
were vampires under the spell of eternal asleep.

But you know they aren’t asleep, but they are trying their damnest to with their body overworked as it is, you know they need all the rest they can get in their downtime.

You slowly and silently inched between the two sleepy male members of Bangtan with the fluffy blue pelt on your lap.

They opened their eyes to look at you but stayed in their cozy position, the itch to cuddle them and sleep was becoming unbearable so you just ended fidgeting on your spot playing with the end of your white ribbon.

"Uhm…when Jimin and Taehyung visits, they usually drink tea, eat snacks and cuddle with me in this couch to relieve stress?"

A wkward…

…Silence.

"Look, I'm not here to judge you, I'm here to give you support and comfort. If Jimin and Taehyung deemed me capable enough and sent you here to relax, then I'm sure as hell will try my damnest to do so. So at least try to, too much stress is not only bad for the body but also to the heart and soul as well. So if snuggling with me is a way to release some of those pent up frustration, then cuddle me damn it."

"…"

“Guys seriously, I won’t do anything. I know we aren’t that close, we are mostly acquaintances at best but it hurts me to see you like this…Overworked, stressed and starving yourselves, I know you do it because you love what you do but I can’t find it in my heart to just leave you like that not if I can do something about it.”

“…”

Not even a sarcastic peep from Suga.

“Calm down me, my Dolls told me they like to cuddle me most when I am calm with a soft and caring look on my face? I don’t know if I can do that since Narcel clearly stated that I have a blank face as a default look on my face.”

You sat there contemplating on which one you’ll rope into cuddling first. With Suga, he might bite your head off before you can even attempt to snuggle him, J-Hope is affectionate fellow he may not be adverse to cuddling like his Yoongi hyung but will he let you?

Biting your lip nervously, you turned to the sunshine on your left side gazing deeply into his beautiful bronze eyes. You inched a bit closer to him looking for a negative reaction, when he gave you none you continued to make your way to Hoseok with both yours and his face blushing as you shortened the distance between the two of you.

“Lohavete-ssi?”

Breath in…
Then out…

Plucking all your courage, you lifted your shaking right hand combing your fingers through Hoseok’s bangs with him closing his bronze hues in response enjoying your soft touch. When he sank further into the couch and took your wrist to place your hand at the top of his head to thread through his raven locks, your stiff body slumped, your back resting on the sofa as you continued your tender movements, your fingers now carding through his silky locks in slow mellow strokes allowing him heave a light breathy sigh.

You might be smaller than all members of Bangtan standing only in [Y/H] but you were stronger with all of your years of hellish training, so scooping Hoseok was an easy feat allowing him to snuggle closely at your left side maneuvering his arms to circle around your waist no matter how red and flustered it made you feel.

He was shocked at first since it was you who initiated the intimate gesture, but your calming presence and the scent of roses was soothing his nerves, he knew that you were doing it for his sake so he can de-stress. He can’t help but be overwhelmed by your kind gesture, so he gave your nape an appreciative nuzzle laying his head at your shoulder allowing his body to lay limp beside yours thanking you quietly for the warmth and support you were providing at the moment.

“Gomawo…Loha-ah~” Hoseok squeezed you closer to him as he rested.

You know Yoongi was staring at you two with how your senses prickle in caution with how sharp his glare was, it like he was shooting daggers and mini katanas at your direction.

Ouch.

You stand for what you think is right and will go to heaven, hell and back for the ones you care about though you are not without faults, you’ve accepted them and accepted your weaknesses thus turning them into one of your greatest strengths.

Throughout his inner monologue he didn't notice he was pouting outwardly the 'ears' on his beanie were flat on his head making him look like a brooding cat. You coo at him and he ‘tsked’ at you facing the other direction taking his beanie off his head.

“Omo he’s sulking, soo cute~”

With the strength you displayed hauling the Broken Doll last time, you snaked your right arm around Yoongi’s slim waist dragging him to your right side your initial embarrassment forgotten. He was stiff as a board under your hold gripping your arms tightly begging you silently to let go. You knew he doesn't want to be touched and to be held…but he needs this, his stress is not leaving his body and he’s starting to get anxious in your arms.

Giving Hoseok’s hips a light tap, you untangled yourself from him facing Yoongi’s back rubbing soothing circles on it maneuvering your hands stealthily so that you can grip his hips with both hands to turn him around to face you.
You gazed at his coffee hued optics allowing you to see the extent of his exhaustion and you don’t like what you saw one bit. coaxing him closer, you forced him to you letting him feel your warmth and comfort. He didn’t return your embrace at first, laying very still like a statue with his arms on an ‘X’ above his chest fist closed. His knuckles were turning white on how hard he was clutching his fists not allowing himself to touch you.

“Why are you so stubborn Min Yoongi-ssi? Just allow yourself to loosen up, I told you I won’t judge you. You don’t need to be Suga in front of me, to me just be Min Yoongi…the grumpy, hardworking, genius ‘appa’ of Bangtan Sonyeodan. And know that its okay to admit that you are not okay, it doesn’t mean that your weak…it only means you’ve been strong long enough.”

Min Yoongi took a deep breath as he slowly uncrossed his arms. Gulping, he bit his lower lip as he carefully detached your hands from gripping his hips to circle them to his waist allowing you to fully embrace his lithe figure.

You feel honored and humbled being able to hold him like this. You knew he’ll only let his members to remotely touch him and only a few of BTS dare to even if he’s in a good mood. You squeezed him briefly thanking him for the once in a lifetime privilege.

“Loha-ah~ Hug~~” Jung Hoseok whined on your left side with a pout on his cute face tugging at your dress.

You suppressed the oncoming squeal and the desire to fangirl on how utterly adorable he is, come on they are BTS they are still your idols even if you are calm on the outside you were obliterated on the inside your fangirl side completely blown to smithereens.

Positioning yourself so you could cuddle them both, you tucked Yoongi at your right side while Hoseok was all snuggled comfortably by your left completely placid under your cozy embrace your arms finding home on their hips rubbing their sides in a soothing rhythm.

“Sleep.”

And as if a magic spell were cast upon them, Min Yoongi and Jung Hoseok slowly closed their tired eyes surrendering into the hands of darkness journeying to the land of dreams.

Two hours.

You allowed them to sleep for two hours using you as a personal pillow before your hands had gone numb with the two of the idols cutting the circulation in them.

They look like angels in your arms under the dim luminescence of your yellow lamp light beside your cerulean velvety sofa. Even breaths were heard as they continue to slumber, their guards completely down vulnerable under your hold trusting you.

As much as you want to let them sleep longer, Jimin asked you to send them home before nine
o’clock and it’s already eight thirty five, if you want them to get home safely you have to wake them up now.

“Yoongi-ssi, Hoseok-ssi, it’s time to wake up.”

When they didn’t stir from their sleep, you began to poke their cheeks softly then their noses when that didn’t garner the result you wanted.

“C’mon you two wakey wakey ne~”

You pouted, still no result though your quiet fearing for your life since Yoongi is savage when woken up the wrong way.

You ended up repeatedly poking their cheeks and bopping their noses with your pointer fingers a few more times, getting tired of their non-pulsed reaction, you began to lightly trace their jawlines absentmindedly thinking of any other ways to wake the two oldest rappers of BTS.

What you didn’t know is that they were already awake the first time you poked their faces, they were just enjoying your soft touches before they go back to their home with the chaos and hyperactivity of their members.

“Wake up please, I can’t feel my arms anymore.”

Geez, are you that intent on shooing them away? Though they were asleep for only two hours, it feels like they were well rested with their body feeling light, their fatigue leaving their bodies, their shoulders free of stress.

They both groaned simultaneously pretending to have just woken up as they let go of your waist which they’ve latched into while they were asleep.

You stood up to stretch and get the feeling from your limbs back.

“Do you guys feel better now?”

Yoongi and Hoseok hummed in agreement as they tried to blink away the remnants of sleep from their eyes.

“That’s good to know…Min Yoongi-ssi, Jung Hoseok-ssi, remember that you are always welcome here not just for ‘Tea time’, but also to hang out or to rest…my home is always open for you. This can be a place where you can exchange your tears for a smile, your sorrows for joy…a place where you can leave your problems and come back for it never…”

You walked with them till the front door of Eien no Yume bidding them goodbye and safe travels with them catching you off guard as they embraced you tightly with their masks, beanie and snapback on thanking you from the bottom of their hearts.

Not only did you relieved their stress and fatigue, you also showed your willingness to offer warmth and support even if you were merely acquaintances by secret so now you have two more members of Bangtan having an interest in you.

“See you soon Loha-ah~”

Hoh, they think they can one-up you with that certain look of promise in their eyes?

Well, not today!
These sinamon rolls need a lesson or two from you.

“Yoongi-ah, Hobie-ah, I’m Noona to you. I’m just the same age as Jin-ssi.”

“…”

“Come back anytime you two~ Noona will be waiting for you~”

“Who knew that Min Yoongi and Jung Hoseok could make that shade of red by blushing? Aigoo so cute~”

“Noona, thank you for letting us in your Magic Shop.”

As you watched their retreating backs from your door admiring their silhouette, you didn’t know that it will be the last time that you will be seeing Bangtan’s Suga with his savage yet soft self and J-Hope, the smiling and charming sunshine from the oncoming hellish weeks to come.

Jimin was worried, he had received a message from you at eight fifty five this evening that his hyungs are on their way back home. But its nine thirty five and there are no signs of his Hoseok and Yoongi hyung, not even a massage of them being late or the need to be picked up because they were spotted by their dear ARMY’s as they were walking back home.

Jungkook sauntered into the living room seeing his Jimin hyung pacing on the floor with a distressed look on his face, he immediately knew that it was because of their Hobi and Yoongi hyungs’ missing presence in their home.

“Still no news from Yoongi hyung and Hoseok hyung?”

“Ne. I don’t want to think about it but, I feel like there’s something bad that has happened to them.”

“Jiminnie hyung don’t worry, they can take care of themselves plus Yoongi hyung said he boxed before right?”

“Yes, but Jungkookie what if I’m right?”

“Hyung…”

“…”

“Try calling Lote-noona and ask her if they came back to her house, maybe they were spotted by ARMY’s and decided to stay the night? You know our ARMY’s would recognize us even if we’re wearing trash bags as clothes.”

Jimin smiled then ruffling Jungkook’s hair as he began his search for your number from his contact list to call you, but he was interrupted by your message asking if they made it back to the dorm safely.
“Shit Kookie, they aren’t in Loha-noona’s house. She just asked me if they came back here safely.”

“Oh god hyung….”

“Can you please call Taehyung here so we can talk about it. If this is something related to the ones looking for Loha-noona then we need to discuss about this seriously.”

“Okay Jimin-hyung I’ll be right back.”

Biting his lip as he waited, he prayed to all gods in existence that his Namjoonie hyung and Jinnie hyung would stay in their rooms while they handle this situation.

Jimin called you his voice cracking as he asked you and your Dolls help to find his hyungs which you complied telling him to calm down and you will be on it.

Taehyung and Jungkook arrived when Jimin ended his call with you.

“What’s wrong Chimchim?”

“Taetae, Yoongi hyung and Hoseok hyung are not back yet.”

“Chincha?!”

“Ne. I asked Loha-noona to look for them since we really can’t go out, Namjoonie hyung would be suspicions.”

“Jiminie hyung I can go out to help look for them.”

“But Jungkookie it’s not safe! What if the ones that took our hyungs are still out there!”

“Aish Jiminie stop being pessimistic, let’s hope that they just got lost somewhere.”

“I don’t know Taetae I’m worried.”

“I’m going hyung.”

“Jeon Jungkook!”

“Tell Namjoon hyung and Jin hyung I went outside to buy banana milk.”

“Let him go Jiminie, he may be the maknae but he’s the strongest among us. No one did ever win against him on a one on one match on arm wrestling.”

Both oldest of the maknae line watched as their youngest went out of their home covered from head to foot with a determined look on his soft chocolate eyes praying for his well being and for their Yoongi and Hoseok hyung to come back safely.

But it seems like the deities aren’t on their side this time.
He may not show it, but Jungkook is beyond worried for his Yoongi hyung and Hoseok hyung. With all the shit he’d put them into, some intentional the others not. He loves his hyungs dearly, because of them he had his own color, his own identity protecting him when needed to and letting him on his own devices when he needs to learn and now here he is, highly alert as his eyes traveled at every nook and cranny of every street, stores and houses he passes by in hopes of catching a glimpse of his missing hyungs shadows.

He must have spaced out for a few moments thinking about his hyungs because when he took another step forward, he was knocked down hard on the pavement the culprit ending on top of him, their delicate body pressed on his toned muscled one.

Soft.

The body of his ‘attacker’ was soft, so he had come to the conclusion that the person on top on him was a female sending his mind into panic frenzy thinking it was one of their sasaeng fans, but when the perpetrator raised their head, he came face to face with your dazed crying visage.

You were clutching two familiar objects to your chest for dear life, your fingernails digging painfully to your palms creating mini crescents.

“J-jungkook-ssi…?”

Again with that pesky honorific at the end, he had told many times to drop it since you were older than him getting to know each other in the last two months through texts, video calls and ofcourse his all time favorite part, gaming together with you and your Dolls with his Jimin hyung and Taehyung hyung when they hang out with you.

You’ve become one of his favorite person to spend his time with if he had the chance since you don’t treat him like a child for being five years younger than you.

“Lote-noona, what’s wrong?”

You showed Jungkook the items cradled carefully in your arms, the first one being his Hoseok hyung’s snapback, the one he wore before going to your place and the other is a sleek black cellphone belonging to his Yoongi hyung the screen cracked.

You voice trembled as you spoke to the maknae of BTS, “I found these near the antique furniture shop seven blocks from my own home, there were b-blood stains-- you took a sharp intake of breathe as the tears now freely flowing from your red rimmed eyes --near where I found them. I-I also asked some doll witnesses since the people there are too afraid to talk…Jungkook-ssi, they took them.”

At that moment in time, Jeon Jungkook felt his world crumble. No, not his hyungs, God knows what those bastards were doing to his Yoongi and Hoseok hyung just to get to you.

“Shit this can’t be happening. Not when we are more than one week away from our BBMA’s comeback. Fuck that! What would Namjoon hyung and Jin hyung do if they get a word of this?!”
What would our manager and Bang PD-nim do? Put Lote-noona behind bars? The insane asylum?! This is so messed up!"

It took all your willpower not to breakdown then and there. This is why you don’t make friends and this is why you don’t get attached…because you knew somewhere along the way something bad will happen to them and it will be all because of you. It was only a few minutes ago that you three sat on your sofa and bonded…and now they were gone, taken by the worst people in the underground society.

You wanted to scream.

You wanted to destroy things.

But what scared you the most were the dark thoughts lingering on your mind wanting to find whomever took your friends and break their pretty little necks. And if they hurt Yoongi and Hoseok… God knows you’ll unleash your fiery wrath on them, to make them bleed and beg for mercy which you WILL not give, and you will only stop when they lay lifeless and bleeding at your feet.

“God, why now? Why them? WHY NOT ME?!"

“Noo-na.”

You heard Jungkook call for you softly, his voice breaking at the end with how much worried and afraid he was looking at you imploringly hoping you knew what to do next. He was also abusing his now reddened lower lips with his teeth, his soft chocolate hues on the verge of spilling crystalline tears.

You gripped both of his arms, squeezing them in reassurance and anchoring yourself at the same time because you felt like you were slowly going insane with guilt and worry for dragging them into this mess.

And as much as you wanted to comfort him there, its not safe for both you and him. His fans might see him or the paparazzi and spread rumors or worst, scandals. Also there might be accomplices left here to keep a look out for you and your Dolls…and if they did leave their associates here to scoop you out then…there will be a bloodbath.

“Come on Usa-chan, let’s head back to your home. We’ll discuss this there were its temporary safe with your Mochi and Wanko hyung.”

Jungkook blinked at you tilting his head to the side slightly shocked by the nicknames, but with the way your violet eyes traveled in every direction, he knew you were keeping watch for trouble not wanting to be caught off guard using nicknames to not reveal their identities.

You slowly stood up from your position, your lagged mind rebooting and catching up with your actions a while ago. With your haste to go to the Bangtan dorm with a fried mind, eyes blurry with tears and disheveled appearance, you accidentally rammed into Jeon Jungkook straddling him in the process.

“GOD! FUCK SHIT!”

“I-I’m s-sorry usa-chan!”

You bowed repeatedly stuttering you’re apologies holding Hoseok and Yoongi’s items to you firmly
unable to look at the young idol’s eyes.

He sniffled wiping his eyes to get rid of his tears grinning at you, “It’s okay noona, let’s just head to the dorms.”

He took your trembling hands guiding you to the side walk so he could call his Jimin hyung to pick you guys up at a park not far from where the two of you are. Jungkook opened his phone entering the pass code searching for Jimin’s number on his contact list but when he was about to press the green call button, Yoongi’s cellphone began to ring flashing Hoseok’s number.

Hyperactive Sunshine calling….

[Answer]  |  [Decline]

You were both pensive and frightened on picking up the call, if you did, you might give away your position with Jungkook’s identity marking him as another target. But if you didn’t, you might miss out the chance to know on why and who took Yoongi and Hoseok thus prolonging their rescue and lengthening their torture.

With baited breath, you answered the call waiting for the person from the other line to speak.

“It’S bEeN a WhIlE mAsTeR.”

It only took the speaker that line to pull your world off its axis, it can’t be right? He’s already gone.
You saw him DIE in front of you! THEY KILLED THEM IN FRONT OF YOU AS YOU BEGGED AND CRIED FOR THEM TO SPARE THEIR LIVES.

But they didn’t spare them! They waited until all three of them relapsed breaking every ball-jointed part until nothing was left of them!

H-how, how could it be possible that you are hearing Kim Namjoon’s Doll version’s voice when he was supposed to be DEAD together with Kim Seokjin and Jeon Jungkook’s ?!

How the fuck is this even possible?!

"Oh my god, did they...?"

“M-moonie?”

“YeS mAsTeR, i BeLiEvE wE hAvE sOmEtHiNg Of YoUrS.”

“AAAAAAHhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!”
Hoseok’s anguished cry of pain had your heart jumping off the cliff and into the jagged rocks below as tears flowed down your face.

“Just hang in there Hobi, I'll come for you.”

“Hey, looks like the pale one isn’t a screamer, no matter...he is bruised badly, doubt he can even talk hehehe.”

“What do you want?”

“Your life in exchange for theirs...Master.”

Chapter End Notes

ℓυνα ∙ ς ∙ н ∙ α ∙ и я ∙ α ∙итς:
Hey guys I'm back~ First let me congratulate BTS for winning Social Artist this year and for their comeback on bbma for Fake Love! Wow~ two years now! I'm so proud of them! Have you guys heard their songs on their latest album? Which one is your favorite? And damn at fake love where V and Jimin sang the part "Try to erase myself and make me your Doll." I'm like 'WTH' Vivi, Chimin WHAT THE FRICK ARE YOU DOING THERE!

Omo and on Magic Shop, some parts of the song you can fin it here like Drink Tea OMG are you guys MIND READERS I STARTED PLOTTING THIS FIC BEFORE I KNEW THE ALBUM WAS OUT [Dies]

And that's the reason I asked for the Doll you want to be in the story...yeah the one's who didn't win is now like that wanting you dead! But why? Only I know [cackles madly]

What do you guys think of this story so far? I want honest opinions please!
Chapter Notes

Luva-chan's notes:
Hi My lovely readers it is I Luva-chan and I have updated early! I'm back guys thank you for all the Hits, Bookmarks, Comments and Kudos!
I don't own anything on this story only the plot and my OC’s.

There's a picture somewhere in the story depicting Hoseok's and Yoongi's cuts if that bothers you or triggers you please don't look it up thanks!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“AAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!”

Hoseok’s anguished cry of pain had your heart jumping off the cliff and into the jagged rocks below as tears flowed down your face.

“Just hang in there Hobi, I'll come for you.”

“HeH, lOoKs LiKeThE pAlE OnE IsN’t A sCrEaMeR, nO mAtTeR…hE iS bRuIsEd BaDIY, dOUbt He CaN eVeN tAlK hEhEhE.”

“What do you want?”

“YoU’rE lIfE iN eXcHaNgE fOr ThEiRs…MaStEr.”
“My life for theirs eh?”

You clutched Yoongi’s cellphone tightly gritting your teeth, you would say yes in a heartbeat, but if you foolishly agree without any backup plan or assistance, you might as well doomed Yoongi, Hoseok and yourself to a torturous death because you know those brand of shitty low lives wont keep their word.

But first, you must agree to Moon here since by the tone of his guttural voice, he’s getting a little impatient, you don’t want Suga and Hoseok’s body to be filled with lead no? Or for them to be more bruised than they already are, and if your hunch is right, then your three Reawakened Dolls would probably detest you and anyone close or related to you will receive equal if not more hatred.

"How dare they do this to my Dolls! Such blatant disrespect to me and blasphemy to life!”

This is the ultimate taboo in making Living Dolls …Alchemy.

In order to reconnect they who were once Broken, they would need to sacrifice immeasurable amounts of mana…of life energy…and also something of equal importance to the one doing the Reawakening.

Equivalent Exchange.

A limb for a limb.

A life for a life.

A Soul for a soul.

The Doll Master performing it should be of high caliber to reconnect them and be their anchor in the
living world…or risk failure and die the most painful death known to man’s history.

You know of three more *Doll Masters* other than Narciel and yourself capable enough of doing so, but none of those three seemed inclined to assist those scumbags, not unless they have changed allegiance over the years.

“*Plus there’s a rumor of a sixth Doll Master…”*

Hearing that there’s a possibility of a sixth *Doll Master* doesn’t sit well with you, plus the fact that you can’t find any information on them from your connections…even from the infamous brokers is beyond daunting and frustrating.

So with a deep breath ready to face hell’s hounds, you gave Jungkook a reassuring smile to calm him down mouthing “It’s gonna be alright” to the maknae who is in the verge of tears from hearing his Hoseok hyung’s wail of agony.

“Tell me your demands.”

You could just feel him give you a feral smirk from over the phone, liking your compliance to him, loving how he can control you with just his words in order to save Min Yoongi and Jung Hoseok of BTS.

At first he was at the verge of ripping the so called useless *minions* of his current *Master* for the mix up, they were supposed to abduct his former *Doll brothers* SuYoon and Hopie but to his utter grievance, they had kidnapped their *Originals* instead.

How disappointing.

They look like the carbon copy of their *Originals* admittedly, the difference is their characteristics, morals and beliefs plus this numb-skulls don’t know anything about K-pop idols or idols in general, all they know are the cup sizes of the women on the porn magazines they have on stash somewhere in this dreary cliche like villainous dwelling place.

Too bad that they can’t see his *Doll* brothers relapse and die like they did. It was his gift to SeoJi and to Jungko…as they suffered the same fate as him, *relapsing* then only to be taken apart limb per limb, to be broken without remorse and to die seeing the face of their tormentor with their agonized broken screams at the background.

Where were you when they needed you?

Where were you as they called for you over and over again begging you to save them from the excruciating gut wrenching pain as they wore torn to pieces, heart, mind, body and soul?

Were they not worthy of your love as your four other *Dolls*?

Were they not enough?

“Where were you when we needed you the most *Master*?”

You knew he didn’t mean to let you hear it, but you did. His voice is the same as ever, the gentle tilt to his tone still raspy as ever but on the soft side. He sounded so weak, so vulnerable…so broken and
Why didn’t they see you when you *begged* and *cried* for their release, you were *there* the W H O L E time watching everything unfold. For each arm they broke, it felt like you’ve been stabbed in the heart by a katana leaving it there to cause eternal pain. You’ve witnessed as your *Dolls* were tortured, as they slowly died one by one…from *Jungko* to *SeoJi* then to *Moon*. 

You’ve *seen* it all with unblinking red rimmed eyes.

The *pain* is still there, the *wound* is still *fresh* and it hasn’t *healed*… how *could* it when you see your four *Dolls* you’ll always remember *them*.

How you’ve *failed* to save them, how you’ve *failed* being a good *Master* to them. 

Why is it that every time you’ve found someone to love and care, you always lose them at the end?

“We CaNt TaLk HeRe, BuT i’lI SeNd SoMeOnE. YoU’lL kNoW WhEn YoU sEe HiM mAsTeR, hE’s SoMeOnE OnCe DeAr To YoU.”

“You all are still *dear* to me Moonie, until I draw my last breath, that will never change,”

“LIES!”

“Believe what you want my *Moon*, know that I made a promise to you guys not to lie. I haven’t lied to any of you since then, I will not start now.”

“You would be lying if you said that his words didn’t hurt. It was fucking *painful* that you have to grab to Jungkook’s trembling hands in order for you to not have a mental breakdown and cry.

Your *Moon* hates you, and your gonna bet your life that *SeoJi* and *Jungko* are the same. If you had agreed to be those * bastards* puppet, would have it prevented you to loose *three* of your most *precious* *Dolls*?

Would the outcome be different? Would you still have Moonie, SeoJi and Jungko beside you if you
didn’t resist them at the cost of many lives?

Did you regret your decision? Most times yes, but for the sake of many and with all your Dolls consent that time, you disregarded their preposition on joining them to be one of their pawns.

You don’t want to be the reason of a country’s downfall, you DON’T wants your Dolls hands to be tainted by blood and for their silver bright eyes to be tainted with guilt and regret.

You did what you have to do, and this is the outcome.

Your three Dolls dying and with you left with a deep wound in your heart that can’t be healed, a crevice so profoundly deep that it feels like it’s going to swallow you whole one day.

They say time can heal all wounds…but not this kind, not yours.

Nor will theirs.

“I understand. Though I am compliant, tell your current Master that if they do anything…anything at all to those two at all, I will stop at nothing to bring them down, with or without Don Fertigo’s help.”

You heard a deep inhale of breath followed by a string of curses that were heard at the background when you dropped the famous Don’s name.

Don Fertigo is the one who governs the neutral grounds, the one who holds the world’s balance under the palm of his hands, mess with him and you’ll have every assassin on your ass from the low level grunts to high up SS professionals with their choice of weapon pointed at you in every direction.

You won’t even get a chance to blink before they take you out of the equation for good.

“Yes, be very afraid bastardo. Mess with the people I care about and I’ll rise hell on earth just to seek you.”

The voice that were swearing at the background did not belong to any of your three Reawakened Dolls, is it very familiar like a distant faded memory…you had your suspicions but you’ll keep it to yourself at the moment.

You can’t help but smirk, your first clue down.

You just have to wait and get more information, and when you have all of your hints, the intel and THE ammunition…

…you will strike with no MERCY.

CLICK.

BEEP.

BEEP.

BEEP.

The line was hastily cut off after you dropped the bomb on their current Master, they know of the neutral grounds in Seoul, he must be part of the higher class of the Underground Society that is after the Doll Masters or is a Doll Master themselves seeing that he had successfully Reawakened your
But you’ll worry about it later since you felt a gentle prob on your senses and saw ‘someone’ approaching you and Jungkook garbed in which appears to be a copy of the maknae’s current outfit.

This ‘person’ is clothed in all black from his raven colored cap, to his plain onyx hued hoodie with the hood covering his facade with the help of his black mask. He is also wearing a pair of dark jeans his feet clad in black Timberland’s.

As the Dark ‘messenger’ approached you two, you can’t help but recall your phone conversation with Moonie. He was spitting words wrapped in barbed wires initially hurting you in the process, but as you listened closely…you could hear a different voice other than the ominous guttural one he was using on the cellphone.

He may have been Reawakened by a new Master through Dark Alchemy, but he is still your Doll, and the proof is within the recesses of his heart calling out to you in his original voice underneath the thick inky tendrils of loathing and anger.

He didn’t speak of it out-loud, but you can clearly hear his real thoughts, his real words as you listened to him not by your ears, but by your heart.

* 

“It’S bEeN a WhIlE mAsTeR.”

“I miss you Master.”

*

“Yes mAsTeR, i BeLiEvE wEr HaVe sOmEtHiNg Of YoUrS.”

“I didn’t want to meet you again this way.”

*

“HeH, lOoKs LiKeThE pAlE OnE IsN’A sCrEaMeR, nO mAteR…hE iS bRuIsEd BaDlY, dOuBt He CaN eVeN tAlK hEhEhE.”

“But I have no choice, we had no choice. We were forcefully Reawakened. ”

*

“YoU’rE lIfE In eXcHaNgE fOr ThEiRs…MaStEr.”

“Although it pains me to be death’s messenger…”

*

“We CaNt TaLk HeRe, BuT i’Ll SeNd SoMeOnE. YoU’lL kNoW wHo WhEn YoU sEe HiM mAsTeR, hE’s SoMeOne OnCe DeAr To YoU.”
“...I have to do this so I can save my Doll brothers. They will be in a worse situation than their
Origins if they were taken.”

“LiStEn AnD lIsTeN wElL mAsTeR, i’M nOt HeRe To ReCoNcIE oR sOmE sHiT LiKe
ThAt. I’m HeRe To WaTcH yOu BuRn To ThE gRoUnd AnD hUrT eVeRyOnE yOu LoVe. So SpArE mE yOuR wOrDs, It JuSt MaKeS mE WaNnA vOmIt.”

“They will face the same fate as we did if I allowed them to take SuYoon-ah and Hopie-ah. So I beg
you Master, save the idols from my CURRENT MASTER… save us … please . I may speak biting
words of hatred, but in my heart there’s still only you Master [Y/N] ”

“I will come for you guys, I won’t fail you a second time Moonie. You gave me an opening and I will
take it and strike down those who hurt Yoongi and Hoseok, and those who did this to you…this is not
only a promise with me being Lohavete , your Doll Master…but also as [Y/N] , someone who cares
deeply for you my Moon.”

You felt a tap on your shoulder with Jungkook stiffening beside you as both of you stared at
Moon’s supposedly ‘messenger’.

He didn’t speak, though instead, he fished a white phone from his jeans pocket typing something.

When he was done, he showed you the screen of his cellphone.

“Walk and I’ll follow. Take us somewhere that is safe so we can discuss about this freely, I have
three pairs of eyes following me, but I made sure they won’t be coming back to report to their Boss
anytime soon…Shishou (ô_ô”)Ø”

You nodded your head in consent, your eyes glistening with unshed tears when you read that
particular roundabout way of calling you master and that emoji giving you the last hint you needed
to know as to whom your Moonie sent as his ‘messenger’, eyeing the maknae of BTS as he stood
close to you grabbing your hands as if wanting to protect you from the unidentified ‘person’ that was
in front of both of you.

Jungkook doesn’t know why, but seeing you cry before him looking frail and vulnerable minutes
ago caused his chest to ache, wanting to hold you for reasons unknown to him. And seeing this ‘guy’
with that **look** on his eyes, he felt *possessive* of you.

"*She’s probably the closest I’ve ever get to the opposite gender, and she’s MY noona so it’s only natural…right?*"

**Right…pssh yeah.**

His doe like soft chocolate hues connected to that of the silver hues of the ‘messenger’, it was the same exact color of what your *Dolls* have, they flashed hurt for a moment under the shade of his cap and when the golden maknae blinked, it was back to being two pools of cold emotionless silver.

Their ‘messenger’ breathed out a soundless sigh as he tapped them both strongly on the back to urge you both to start walking so he can do his damn job and probably get out of this shitty mess you guys are all in alive with his *hyungs*.

Jungkook glared hard at the ‘guy’ in all black, can they trust this unknown stranger not to hurt his *hyungs* when you guys reach his home? Out of all of you, you were the most experienced fighter and he has taken Taekwondo back in the days so he can threw punches and a few roundhouse kicks when it comes down to it, but you don’t know this ‘guy’s’ capability or if he’s a cold blooded killer.

He’s a freaking *threat*, one he wants to get rid of but doesn’t know how to…

…he felt so *helpless*, so hardwired almost at his breaking point and he knows that he is close to snapping, but he didn’t let it bother him as he wore a cold face to mask the turmoil of emotions he’s experiencing right now.

“*Lote-noona, I don’t want to bring him.*”

“*Usa-chan, we have no choice at the matter. If we want Jiji-ssi and Taiyo-ssi back, we need to follow their demands to know the entails of the trade.*”

"*Are you seriously considering this Lote-noona? Exchanging your life just like that?*”

“*I am. You guys are more suited into the light, and I don’t want those brilliant luminescence to dim…ever.*”

“*There… must be some other way than this Noona.*”

“*There is no other path to take Usa-chan, in these kind of *trade* one must give in to the others demands lest you want the lives of your dear ones to be lost when their conditions aren’t met.***”

“*...*”

The ‘messenger’ just stood silently as he watched the two of you with conflicting emotions going through his ash-gray hues.

“*Usa-chan you lead, I don’t know the way to your house.*”

With a heavy heart, Jeon Jungkook lead their ‘future killer’ to their home. Hoping for the best, begging that taking this ‘unknown’ *dangerous* stranger with them will not be the biggest mistake he had made in his life.
One would think that being wanted and blacklisted in four countries and kidnapping two members of the most famous Idol Group not only in South Korea, but also of the world that they would be on a desolate dreary abandoned house in a place unknown to normal civilization hiding and scheming no?

Not when your current Master is an egotistical diva wanting only the best and of the highest quality of everything they think they deserve, so here they are lounging in the Park Suite King style room of Park Hyatt Seoul Hotel in Daechi 2(i)-dong, Gangnam-gu, one of Seoul’s five star hotel staring at the star studded night sky through the clear glass windows.

Not that they are complaining since the room itself is gorgeous with luxurious furniture and a plush carpet decorating the floor.

The only thing that they resented at the moment were hearing Jung Hoseok’s cries of agony, but he didn’t beg for mercy nor for them to stop because he knew they won’t and the only option for them to end the torture was to release information about you…Lohavete, The Doll Master.

Moon, Kim Namjoon’s Doll version, with SeoJi, Kim Seokjin’s Doll clone glared at the two men with hatred burning their silver optics as they laughed with unbidden sadistic glee when they added new incisions to the idols making them bleed.

They might have been in constant state of anger, bloodlust and the urge to destroy everything, but those negative emotions weren’t directed at their creator, no not at you,(never) but at the Doll Master who purposely Reawakened them by the use of Dark Alchemy in order to get you and kill you.

So they have to put on a show that they hated you with all of their being in order to save you and their Doll brothers.

There’s only one thing that they didn’t add at the equation of saving you, the members of Bangtan Sonyeodan being involved.

“Aish Moonie hyung can’t I poison them? They are pissing me off with how they are treating SuYoon-ah and Hopie hyung’s Originals, this is plain cruelty at its finest.”

Moonie glared at the obliterated phone on his right hand crushing whats left of the other pieces to suppress himself from punching those two hooligans with all of his inhuman strength pass the glass windows of their room to splat into gory pieces on the ground below.

Ahh, what a nice end to two morbid and ruthless men no?

“Yes you can…but later after we get SuYoon-ah and Hopie-ah’s Originals out of here alive. I’ll even allow you to burn their insides and make them breathe in fire.”

“Aigoo Moonie hyung, you really know how to please me~”
Both Reawakened Dolls in Human Form shared identical dark manic grins enjoying the prospect of causing pain to the two underlings of their current Master.

“AAAAARRRRRGGGGHHHHH! DAMN IT!”

Another cut was added to his growing collection of wounds littering on Hobi’s left forearm.

They’ve kept their mouth shut all through the pain not even uttering your alias pretending not to know you. Hoseok might be a tad bit vocal when he gets incised by the sharp scalpel on his arms, Yoongi is quiet the opposite staying silent as a grave smirking at his tormentors letting his savage side show.

“Eh, that tickles. Are you sure your competent enough to make me scream pabo?”

Slice.

“I don’t feel anything.”

Deep cut.

“I’m getting sleepy try a bit harder.”

Stab then slice.

“Oof, well that’s a weird feeling…but no dice.”

Stab on the thigh leaving the scalpel there to prolong the pain.

"ARMY’s chasing after me can make me scream for my life, this is nothing compared to that.”

And just to mock his oppressor, Suga gave them his famous gummy smile earning him a hard punch to the gut.

“Hyung!”

“I-I’m fine H-hoseokie, he punches like a girl.”

Minion#1 took hold of Yoongi’s chin, gripping it hard to leave the imprints of his fingers.

“Heh, too bad we can’t damage that pretty face of yours. They say you make music, how would you feel if we cut off one of your lovely hands hmm?”

Minion#2 fetched a sharp stiletto knife from one of his pockets, unsheathing it while grinning at his toys armed for another round of inflicting pain.

“Why don’t we start from his fingers before we cut his hands off Al?”

“Sure, why not Luciano?”

“Would you like to do the honors?”

“Gladly.”

Minion#1 now know as Al took the knife from his torture buddy weighing it on his hand as he flipped it a few times between his fingers.
“Not bad Luci, not bad at all.”

Al’s face turned dark, his crimson hues were filled with bloodlust as he stared at Min Yoongi who is tied up to one of the plush chairs the room provided.

Yoongi was scared shitless, but he didn’t let it show on his face not wanting to give this Al person the satisfaction on seeing him afraid. He must be strong not only from himself but also for Hoseok. He’s doing good so far, he’d thought that his dongsaeng would speak the moment their kidnappers have spoken about torture and infliction long lasting wounds that might affect their career, but he hasn’t even uttered Lohavete’s name nor the whereabouts of the Doll Master and her Dolls.

They have faith that you would come to save them, they just have to hold on until you do.

“Still not gonna speak? Not even how many Dolls she has?”

“No to the O means NO. Come on underworld scum, can’t you understand a single word with that fucked up brain of yours?”

Yoongi rapped his answer like he was rapping one of their Cypher disssing Al with a smirk on his handsome face.

“YOU MOTHER FUCKING ASSHOLE!”

Moonie saw that Allan was going for the kill aiming for Yoongi’s chest with the stiletto knife consequences to their current Master damned.

He had no choice but to stop Al, his hands might be tainted by blood unwillingly but he won’t stand by and watch as another innocent is killed in front of him.

With feline grace, he walked from his spot on the bed grabbing Al’s right wrist with his right hand his grip tightening till minion#1 has dropped his supposedly murder weapon on the ground with a soft clang.

“What the fuck! Let go you stupid Doll!”

Silver eyes narrowing into slits, he swiped Al’s legs with his left foot simultaneously grabbing at his throat to slam the bastard hard on the ground choking him.

"A Doll I may be, but I’m not idiotic enough to kill one of our hostages…the only leeway on getting your targeted Doll Master."

Kim Namjoo’s Doll version let go of the cocky bastard enjoying the way he desperately gasped for air quivering under his dark gaze feeling the brunt of Moon’s killing intent shaking him to the core.

“Maa maa~ Come on Moon, stop mutilating him with you eyes. I think he has learned his lesson si?”

“The fuck no!”

“Shut up bastardo, he’s not playing games with you. If he’s allowed to, he would have killed you by now you idiota.”

To further frighten minion#1, Moonie and SeoJi blanked their faces, their silver pools of mercury were frozen cold and lifeless as they both procured shit eating grins so wide it would’ve split an ordinary human’s face but not theirs. They were scary enough to invoke a scream of terror from Hoseok as they were now the epitome of fear.
Allan, known as Al audibly gulped from his position on the floor scurrying blindly till he hit on one of the legs of the low table near Luciano.

“As much as I enjoy this crapola, it’s time to go. We both have some business to attend to.”

Luciano dusted his gloved hands grabbing Al by the fur of his brown bomber jacket dragging the American man outside the room as he walked out giving the remaining occupants a two fingered salute.

“Take care of them for me si? Ciao~”

“Stop dragging me Luci! -- BANG! -- OWW FUCK! WHY DID YOU DO THAT YOU FUCKING ITALIAN?!”

“Stop calling me Luci!”

CLICK.

Moonie and SeoJi shared a knowing look, ash-gray hues locked on Suga and J-Hope’s body littered with cuts and unfathomable bruises assessing the injuries they have sustained.

Biting his plush lower lip, SeoJi fiddled with his dark crimson pouch carefully dumping its bottled contents on the floor obtaining little colored vials filled with unknown glittering powdered substances.

He then took two clear bottles opening the cork and setting it aside.

He fished the ones with the blue, red and yellow pulverized essences mixing them together on the empty two vials. Hoseok and Yoongi watched in fascination as the powder inside liquidized before their eyes intermixing with the other colors turning into a deep shade of purple, lime green, red as the blood flowing in their veins before settling down into a colorless fluid making it look like it was just a mini bottle filled with harmless looking water.

But they all know its not.

“Ah~ Just the result I wanted~ I think I outdid myself this time hyung~’

RM’s mini me in Human Form grabbed one of the vials sniffing the concoction inside.

“It’s odorless, what is this SeoJi-ah?”

Instead of answering his hyung, he gave him a mysterious smile, “Well, Luciano did say to take care of them hyung.”

“Hoh~By taking care you mean…?”

“We’ll make then drink this, there are some side effects but its not that severe…”

“Why do I have a feeling that I shouldn’t trust you with this SeoJi-ah?”

“Oh come on hyung, If they die now the plan won’t work no?

“Aish, sure just don’t make them bleed much no? Blood stains are hard to clean on the carpet.”
Kim Seokjin’s *Doll version* who is now **Human** smiled gleefully packing his stuff before handing his *hyung* one of the bottles.

“I’ll handle *SuYoon-ah*'s *Original hyung*, you go for *Hopie hyung*'s **Human** ne?”

*Moonie* silently took the bottle from his dongsaeng standing before a unblinking Jung Hoseok while *SeoJi* was in front a glaring Min Yoongi.

They clinked the vials together like bottles of soju ready to force the colorless concoction down their throats if needed be by all means possible.

**“Bottoms up~”**

Gripping their self appointed charges jaw, they forced their mouths to open though the two idols fought vaantly with all ounce of what little strength they have left, but Namjoon and Seokjin’s *Doll version* in **Human Form** won compelling them to drink the colorless liquid chocking a bit in the process.

When they have gobbled down all of the liquid mixture, *Moonie* and *SeoJi* released Yoongi and Hoseok from their hold waiting patiently for any reaction.

Licking their chapped lips, they tried to regain their breath as they became suddenly dizzy. Their vision becoming blurry as they felt an intense wave of heat surging through their bodies. From the tips of their toes traveling all the way to the end of their raven locks.

They felt as their lungs were on fire making it difficult for them to breathe their battered forms convulsing on the spot before laying limp and almost lifeless on their chairs spilling a few drop of tears from their dimming optics.

**“I’m sorry guys, it looks like we won’t make it to the BBMA’s with you.”**

Were their last thoughts before they surrendered into the awaiting hands of unconsciousness waiting for death’s cold embrace.

“Shit *hyung*! Untie them! This weren’t suppose to happen!”

*SeoJi* launched into action untangling the knots on Jung Hoseok’s rope, shaking hands tugging the rope till it was loose on Hopie-ah’s *Original's* body.

“Damn it *SeoJi* what did you do now?!”

*Said Doll version* on Kim Seokjin shoved his head into Jung Hoseok’s non moving form listening to his heartbeat.

“He’s still breathing but barely, I forgot that this particular mixture has a terrible side effect if the drinker is severely dehydrated with deep wounds. Fuck those two, they really did a good number on these idols.”

“So now wait then?”

*Moonie* asked as he carried Min Yoongi bridal style laying him on one of the luscious beds tucking him in.

“Yes *hyung* we wait and pray that *Jungko* doesn’t get his killed and come back with good news, or else we’re screwed.”
Huffing, SeoJi copied his hyung moving Jung Hoseok beside his unconscious hyung also tucking him in.

“Don’t worry SeoJi-ah, she’s our Master I’m sure she had it all figured it out by now.”

“I don’t know hyung, we sounded very bitter on the phone like an abandoned boyfriend.”

“YAH! Do you want me to break all of your bottles SeoJi-ah?”

“NOOOOOOOOO! DON’T YOU DARE TOUCH MY PRECIOUS VIALS YOU GOD OF DESTRUCTION OR I’LL POISON YOU!”

тσ be ʻcontinuεd?

Chapter End Notes

ℓυνα-čмαн’s یaіsгs:
So what do you guys think? Are the Dolls really on your side or are they onto something? Did you guys like this chapter and the new Dolls hmm?

And to those who are curious about the Dolls Age Order... its as follows, from oldest to youngest.

Vivi, Chimin, Moonie, Hopie, Seoji, Jungko, and SuYoon

As for their name meanings

Lohavete = anagram for Love Hate
Narciel = Female name for Ciel from Black Butler
Vivi = From Taehyung's stage name V but Vivi to make it more cute
Chimin = Mochi + Jimin
Moon = Kim Namjoon
Hopie = Hobi and J-Hope
SeoJi = Read as Seh-ohji could go Seouji which means Prince Se well Jin's a prince...hehehe~

Jungko = Jeon Jungkook can be read as Jung koh ko meaning child in Japanese and ko can also refer to your property in tagalog so his name can mean Jung child or My Jung huehuehue.

SuYoon = Suga + Yoongi

I hope you guys liked this chapter! I would love to read on what you think about this!
So please do comment~
“Jungkookie, your nose is bleeding!”

“Aigoo kookie-yah, if you’re that tired, you shouldn’t have gone outside to look for our hyungs. See what happened!”

“No hyung I’m fine, I’m not that tired…its just…” insert Jungkook’s incoherent mumbling here in Busan satooori, incomprehensible even for his Jimin hyung.

“What is it Jungkook, is something the matter?” Taehyung asked as he gently yet diligently wiped the blood flowing from his dongsaeng’s nose.

“Hyung I…” their maknae trailed off looking intensely at you for a few moments before turning his head, a soft blush adorning his features, the blood on his nose making a comeback, once again dripping to his chin.

Jimin and Taehyung could only stare blankly at their dongsaeng for ten solid seconds before connecting the dots.

They can’t believe it! What did they do for him to turn up like this?!!

Was it Jimin’s fault? Their Namjoon hyung’s? Or perhaps their Hoseok hyung’s?

They know he calls himself international playboy, but they didn’t think he’ll end up like this!

“YAH! JUNGKOKIE YOU BYEONTAE!”

Chapter Notes

ţυνα-ţмαн’s ɨ şтєs:
[Sobs] Oh my God! You guys are the best! [thumbs up] I can’t believe I’ll get 2000+hits and 70+kudos [Hugs all her readers] Thank you! Thank you! Thank you! Gomawo~~

No words can express how thankful I am for all your love, support and comments! I’m sorry it took me this long to update and I hope this chapter won’t disappoint you! I had a lot of fun writing this after struggling that damned writer’s block, I’m back with chapter 8! Please enjoy my sweeties~~

PS: I FINALLY FOUND A KOKIE LOOK A LIKE DOLL HUEHUEHUE WHICH I DO NOT OWN SADLY
[Stop crying Shishou, a smile is more suited to your beautiful face.] - mouthed words without voice
“Please talk to me Jungko.” - thoughts
"You're into some weird shit hyung." - spoken together by two or more people

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Yes hyung we wait and pray that Jungko doesn’t get his killed and come back with good news, or else we’re screwed.”

Huffing, SeoJi copied his hyung moving Jung Hoseok beside his unconscious hyung also tucking him in.

“Don’t worry SeoJi-yah, she’s our Master I’m sure she had it all figured it out by now.”

“I don’t know hyung, you sounded very bitter on the phone like an abandoned boyfriend.”

“YAH! Don you want me to break all of your bottles SeoJi-yah?”

“Nooooooooonn! DON’T YOU DARE TOUCH MY PRECIOUS VIALS YOU GOD OF DESTRUCTION OR I’LL POISON YOU!”
Halfway through your walk to the BTS dorms, people began to stare and notice you guys as you traversed the streets with Jungkook who was wearing a mask that almost covered his whole face and so is your dear ‘messenger’ prompting them to think that they,

1. Have cough or flu and wears a mask to not transmit their sickness
2. Are thugs or thieves

Or

3. Idols or actors

Most people grew excited at the prospect of letter ‘C’ picking up their phones so they could take a candid photo of you guys, giddy for any scandal they can make up and post on twitter, but one glare from you was enough to make them run away with tails tucked between their legs. You are in no mood to deal with their shit.

So they should *Fuck Off* before you scream bloody murder and claw their damn eyes out.

“Augh, just what I need, more stress.”

You were so engrossed and focused on getting to the BTS dorms that you fail to notice a silhouette following you three blending with the shadows of the night.
Since Jungkook was clearly opposed on bringing the ‘messenger’ to their home and has openly shown his dislike to the ‘guy’ in all black, the two of you had been walking a good distance away from ‘him’ in which ‘he’ didn’t like one bit.

‘He’ glared at the the BTS’s maknae’s left hand that was clutching your right hand wanting to tear him away from you.

It’s been two years since ‘he’ last saw you face to face, it’s been twenty four months of longing for your soft and affectionate touches, seven hundred and thirty days since ‘he’ felt your heartfelt Kisses.

‘He’ had missed you greatly in all the years that you have been apart and ‘he’ wants nothing but to hold you, embrace you and be drowned into your intoxicating scent of vanilla and roses.

But ‘he’ can’t do it now on the streets where there are potential enemies everywhere. Also ‘he’ has a mission to fulfill and ‘he’ needs your full cooperation plus ‘his’ Doll brother’s help if they want to find a way to destroy their damn contract on their current foul Master.

Reaching an intersection, you and Jungkook stopped before the pedestrian crossing, waiting as the cars zoomed by. A police officer was greeting the on-goers and passersby as he patrolled, giving you and Jungkook a warm smile, but his grin fell off his face when he saw the ‘messenger’ rushing to get to the two of you as if he was about to ram on Jungkook full force and push him on the ongoing traffic when the traffic light turned yellow.

The police officer launched into action gripping the ‘messenger’s right forearm preventing him from reaching your side.

“What do you think you’re doing young man?”

The officer’s voice was firm but not unkind, he wasn’t throwing any baseless accusations, but he wanted to be cautious.

The ‘messenger’ panicked, since at ‘his’ current state ‘he’ can’t make sounds and isn’t able to speak even if ‘he’ wanted to, because of the wound on his throat given him by ‘his’ current Master a year ago damaging ‘his’ vocals to a degree where ‘he’ is unable to talk nor produce any viable sounds.

Whimpering soundlessly, ‘he’ tried to pick ‘his’ phone from ‘his’ pocket with ‘his’ available hand to be able to type ‘his’ response, but the police mistook it as ‘him’ resisting an officer of the law and getting ‘his’ weapon, so the policeman maneuvered so that he could tuck both hands of the ‘messenger’ behind ‘his’ back in a kneeling position on the ground.

You turned just in time to see all that happen and it broke your heart seeing ‘him’ like this. Dragging Jungkook, you went to where the police officer was restraining Moonie’s ‘messenger’ tapping the policeman lightly on his shoulder with a frown marring your features.

“What seems to be the problem officer?”

“I saw him running at you and your boyfriend’s direction while waiting for the traffic light. By the look on his face, he seems to have some sort of vendetta against your partner.”

“B-boyfriend?”

You and the international playboy sputtered together, wide disbelieving eyes locking with that of the policeman’s kind dark brown ones, you were both blushing madly unable to look at each others eyes, drowning in a new level of embarrassment of epic proportions.
"Oh my god! Really, boyfriend?! How could you do this to me police-san! I'm trying my hardest not to think nor look at Jungkook-sssi that way and here you are ruining everything! Well Usa-chan has grown into a fine handsome man, YAH STOP ME! AHHHHH NUUUUU!"

While you were having an internal debate wanting to pull all your hairs out with your mind swerving at different directions, Jungkook inched closer to you with his cheeks flushing bright red under his mask, caught off guard by the officer’s statement.

"Me, Lote-noona’s b-boyfriend? Is that what we look like to an outsider’s point of view?"

He stopped his musings to really look at you in a different perspective. Not as a noona, but as unique woman because you are far from being ordinary that’s for sure, with what you are capable of and because of your bizarre occupation.

Jungkook had noticed that through your walk, he had managed to steal your right hand hostage with his bigger ones, your scant distance now were non existent as he hovered beside you like an overprotective lover. You look like you didn’t mind his closeness nor the protective way he held your hand as you conversed with the police inquiring the officer of the law that the ‘messenger’ is with you guys and that there was no need to subdue him in such way.

When the policeman didn’t comply to your plea, you gave him a deadpan stare with eyes unblinking.

"Okay mister if this is how you wanna play, then so be it."

“He’s my other boyfriend so if you would be so kind and release him so we could get home and do our business that would be great~” You batted you eyelashes excessively, giving the ‘messenger’ on what you hope would be a heated sultry look with hidden promise of certain activities for the night.

"..."

Then there were silence…Jungkook, the ‘messenger’ and the policeman are deadly quiet, shocked by your words and by your actions, since you just boldly proclaimed that you were in a poly relationship with Jeon Jungkook (not that that the officer knows who he is with the mask) and with the ‘messenger’ making the maknae and the ‘guy’ in all black’s hearts stutter and skip a few beats.

"O-oh I'm sorry ma'am, 'he' looks like 'he' was going to end your other boyfriend from behind, wanting to make some road kill, but my mistake."

The officer was smiling, but he hasn’t released Moon’s ‘messenger’ yet as if evaluating the truthfulness of your earlier statement as his gaze fell on the subdued ‘guy’ kneeling on the floor.

With a tired sigh, you went to the ‘messenger’ s side, helping ‘him’ up from ‘his’ position. You diligently dusted ‘his’ dark jeans as ‘he’ stood, your right hand clutching ‘his’ forearm as you aided ‘his’ wobbling figure, looping your arms around ‘his’ waist, snuggling to ‘his’ side.

"Officer, will you please let my jagiya go? We’re running late as it is."

You gazed at the ‘messenger’ with pure adoration leaning your head on ‘his’ shoulder, your nose was softly grazing at the fabric of ‘his’ raven shirt stopping at the exposed skin on the juncture of ‘his’ neck and shoulder kissing it tenderly.

"Daijoubu ka koishi?"

The ‘guy’ in all black basked in the affection and attention you were giving ‘him’ quivering under
your touch wanting to reciprocate all your warm gestures but reined ‘himself’ not wanting to expose ‘himself’ to the minions of ‘his’ current Master if ever ‘he’ missed some stray ones so it’s better be on guard than be discovered at the early phase of their plan.

You leaned back to look at the silver hued optics of your ‘other boyfriend’, ‘his’ sclera was now black and there were bulging raven veins near the corner of ‘his’ eyes (like byakugan veins in Naruto) signifying ‘his’ state. ‘He’ was truly Reawakened through Dark Alchemy.

With a beaming smile filled with love, you let your fingers brush through ‘his’ sharp jaws, lifting ‘his’ mask a bit to reveal a bit of ‘his’ milky skin, leaving a lingering kiss on his pale cheeks searing the place you had put your lips upon, the heat traveling to ‘his’ face and spreading throughout ‘his’ form, rekindling ‘his’ dying body, reigniting ‘his’ hope to be saved from the hell they are currently experiencing.

‘He’ need not speak words, because you knew with that certain look on ‘his’ eyes that ‘he’ is whom that you think ‘he’ is. The affiliation to anything black, Timberland’s as his favorite footwear, the roundabout way of calling you Master…and that body building emoji he’s so fond of…’he’ is one of your Reawakened Dolls.

“Jungko…” you trailed off as you laced your hands to his intertwining your fingers. The only response you got was him lifting your interlaced hands, kissing your knuckles softly with his masked lips as he gazed at you with adoration, worshiping everything that you are as his Master…his only Master.

Jungkook could feel his Original’s jealous stare as he savored his creator’s gentle caresses, his eyes homing to that of Jungkook’s melted chocolate, both males locked into an intense stare-down.

Noticing that your Jungkook has his attention somewhere else, you followed his line of sight which ended to BTS’s maknae who is too busy glaring at his Doll version in Human Form to notice that your inquisitive lilac hues were on him too, pondering on who, what or why is he being that way.

Looking like a jealous boyfriend.

And it finally clicked, he must have been keeping the ‘act’ so that the police will let Jungkook go without further disturbances. Your eyes hungrily tore into his form for any indication that he is indeed ‘acting’ with his arms crossed over his chest and with the two months of you knowing him, you knew he would have his tongue poking his cheek as he keep his irritation in, his chocolate hues hard as granite as he glared biting his luscious lips.

“Aww, is my other Jagi jealous?” you cooed giggling as you sauntered to Jungkook’s side, you caught him in a warm embrace, boldly pecking him at the corner of his lips through his obsidian mask.

Jeon Jungkook was shook, his heart wildly beating in his rib cage, his eyes in the hue of molten chocolate were blown wide as he touched the place where you had kissed him. He never had he felt such strong reaction to a female before, not even his greatest idol IU can make his heart beat like you did earlier, does he like you?

“I like Lote-noona…but I don’t know what kind of like it is…though I’m certainly interested.”

To retaliate at your sudden attack of affection, he hugged you close to his body rubbing your cheeks together. “Aigoo~ My Noona is so cute~” he dragged you both as he showered you with heart melting sweet gestures, slowly walking to Jungkook pushing the officer aside with both of you bodies.
“We’ll be going officer, have a good night.” you bid goodbye, your eyes never leaving the policeman’s figure with a suspicious glint on them.

When you were far enough and the police’s figure has vanished from your sight, you hugged your Jungko and his Original to stop them in their tracks and to focus on you.

Both were surprised how sharp your eyes were, even though they were red rimmed from your crying earlier, your stare were razor-sharp enough to penetrate and cut through their skin.

“Don’t move.”

You went to Jungko, patting his shoulders feeling his ball-jointed left arm. You went down to his sides, nimble hands tracing his figure noticing some bumps and him twitching when you touched some of his bruises making you frown. You then reached the sleeves of his hoodie finally snagging a mini black chip.

“I thought so.” you growled out dropping the chip to the ground then stomping on it with full force crushing it to pieces.

“Lote-noona?”

“Tracking device. I had my suspicions, he had no further reason to force him into submission like that. He could have simply let the ‘messenger’ go when he didn’t do retaliate when the officer grabbed him, he had perfected the ‘kind’ look, even the timbre of his ‘gentle’ voice but one thing called out to me like a beacon…its his immense killing intent.”

Finished with your speech, you grabbed them both by their hands, arms snaking to their waist, tucking both males at firmly by your side, hastily walking to the BTS house in caution, sharp lilac eyes traveling suspiciously at everything till you reached the gates where the Bangtan boys resides.

Unknowingly leading the dark silhouette that has been trailing you three the whole time to Bangtan Sonyeodan’s home.

“Geez, you need to learn not to let your guard down even at pressing times…”

With a deep shaky intake of breath, Jungkook typed the pass-code of their metallic door, allowing the scanner to examine his thumb print as he slowly let himself to feel. He had been masking his emotions the whole evening since he heard the news, dying with concern for his kidnapped hyungs, not wanting to add with the guilt you had been shouldering when you told him his hyungs has been taken by the ones after you.

As the door of their home made a soft click, the ‘97 liner of Bangtan opened it, peering at the dark halls, scanning for any signs of life.
He tiptoed in quietly, taking his shoes off, discarding his Timberland’s at the shoe rack as he ushered you and Jungko inside, the latter albeit begrudgingly.

Trudging through the darkness of their home, you guys discreetly made your way to their living room not wanting to wake up Bangtan’s leader Kim Namjoon and their loving eldest Kim Seokjin. You have met all five members with your Dolls beside you in different circumstances, you just don’t want your first meeting with their last two members bearing bad news.

While you three were distracted, a dark form slipped pass the three of you, embracing the darkness and waiting for the right time to reveal themselves.

When you guys reached their living room, you three found the two oldest of Bangtan’s maknae line huddled together at their beige sofa, cuddling for support. There were so many emotions flashing through their eyes, but worry was the most evident one, marring their features praying for Jungkook’s safe return, hopefully with their Yoongi hyung and Hoseok hyung unharmed.

As you got closer, you saw tears flowing through Jimin’s warm chestnut hues, leaving silver tear tracks on his cheeks as Taehyung comforted his tearful best-friend with the best of his abilities.

“H-hyung…”

Both ‘95 liners of BTS gasped when they heard Jungkook call out to them, his voice watery as it broke, sounding as if he’s at the verge of breaking down wanting to cry.

Whining softly, Jungkook allowed a few tears to fall before diving in between his hyungs seeking comfort, feeling helpless at their situation.

It broke their heart seeing Jungkook cry like that. He mostly keeps to himself and hold everything in until he snaps, so based on his reaction, something bad must have happened to their missing hyungs, their fears coming true. Jimin and Taehyung did their best to calm their sobbing maknae, encasing him with their loving embrace hushing him with reassuring words.

Chestnut eyes belonging to Park Jimin were soft as he rubbed his smol hands on Jungkook’s back, Kim Taehyung’s amber hues were mirroring his best friend’s optics with his own with the warmth embedded in them, carding his slender fingers carefully through his dongsaeng’s obsidian locks.

“Jiminnie, I’ll be back. Jungkookie is in no state of telling us what happened, so I’ll ask Vete-noona there who’s awkwardly staring at us.”

Leaving the tangle of limbs on the couch, Taehyung allowed Jimin to soothe Jungkook as he sashayed towards you with a blank, serious face on, closing off his feelings in a tight grip as his amber stare gravitated to Hoseok’s snapback and Yoongi’s phone in your grasp while holding an ‘unknown’ stranger’s (Jungko’s) hand.

“What happened Vete-noona? Who is he?”

You wordlessly handed Taehyung the items you were holding, now feeling numb on how much you cried earlier.

“I-I’m so sorry Taehyung, they took them.”

He seem to be taking the situation calmly but you know he’s far from being okay as he cradled his hyungs possession.

“Shee, and him?”
His amber gaze shifted from you to Jungko, his posture screaming ‘caution’ though he appear to be relaxed on the outside.

“The ‘messenger’.”

He raised an eyebrow at that opting for a more clear explanation.

“He’s… he’s one of my Dolls that I thought was dead…and one of the ‘underlings’ of the mastermind who’s responsible for kidnapping Yoongi-ssi and Hoseok-ssi…”

Upon hearing that statement, Jimin growled from his position on their couch, letting go of their maknae to storm over you with a frightening glare enough to slaughter anyone on his war path.

"Yoongi and Hoseok hyung are kidnapped and probably suffering at this moment because they were mistaken for your Dolls, and now you bring a STRANGER here with the capability of killing us?!!"

With each accusation he let out, Jimin’s pitch lowered till it was on a level where he was growling some of his words slipping in his Busan satoori, his amber eyes were cold like the Arctic winds calling in goosebumps.

“He wont harm you--

"WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THAT HE WON'T?!"

"He's MY DOLL, I trust him! He’s one of my the most important Doll…no…person in my life! One of the three I had lost two years ago…but now, he is forcefully Reawakened…and albeit the circumstances…he is on our side with his sanity intact wanting nothing more but to get out of the damn contract they are suffering under now."

You calmly walked to the fuming Jimin, enveloping him in your arms. He was struggling from your hold, pushing you back wanting you to let go of him with tears still flowing from cheeks.

You know he’s angry at your predicament, he has every right to… because of you his precious hyungs were kidnapped, their lives hanging on a thin thread protected by your Moon and SeoJi. You have to work fast to save them, even a millisecond delay may cost their lives.

You held him till he was done shedding his tears, until he had released all of his pent up frustration on you, burying his tear soaked face at the crook of your neck. His sobbing was now reduced into hiccups and small whimpers as he hugged you with what little strength that is left on his body.

“I’m scared Loha-noona…what if, what if something happens to them? I won’t be able to live with myself if they d-die.”

“I can’t promise that they won’t be harmed, but I do swear to do everything in my power to get them back alive.”

Those heartfelt words is all it take to break Taehyung’s blank demeanor, breaking the dam of emotions that he was holding, running to you as he released a few hiccups himself, silently weeping as he curled his arms on your waist, his head resting on top of yours.

“N-noona…” Jungkook whined from where he is on the sofa feeling left out.

“Aish, this bunny boy is too cute for me to resist.”

You motioned Jungkook to join the hug fest, and with his tear stained face, he gave you a shit eating
bunny grin. Without any remorse, he jumped on his V hyung’s back, prompting Taehyung to loose his balance, toppling over you and Jimin with your poor body squished by the three incredibly handsome maknae line of Bangtan, cushioning their fall.

“Augh, Jungkook-ssi, do you really have to do that?”

You were freaking exasperated, but let the golden boy off seeing that with that simple action, it made them smile a bit, ceasing their crying.

“You three are going to be the death of me. Aigoo, get off me! You guys are heavy!”

Opening your lavender hued eyes, you came face to face with the three pouting angelic features of Jimin, Taehyung and Jungkook, still sprawled on your form, their faces in close proximity to yours refusing to move getting comfortable on top of you.

“ Aren’t you going to comfort us Loha-noona? We’re sad.” playful Jimin is back, jutting his lower plush lip out, he pouted cutely getting cozy on top of you.

“Vete-noona/Lote-noona comfort us~” the two youngest followed their eldest as they blasted you with full on aegyo. Taehyung being the over dramatic extra that he is, made an exaggerated crying face, Jungkook thinking of finishing you off, gave you your favorite cute part in their dance to Fire.

Feeling mischievous, not wanting to give in to their charms, you just gave them an impish grin, slapping Jimin and Taehyung on one of their butt cheeks, hard enough to make a sound, but not hard enough to hurt them.

"Loha-noona!/Vete-noona!"

“Naughty boys get spanked~ Now get off, or do you guys want more hmm?~”

To further emphasize your point, you cope a feel on their lovely booties, cupping each ass cheek, squeezing them a little before letting go.

Your two victims quickly sprang away from you, as if you’re an undead that’s about to bite them to infect them and turn them into rabid flesh eating zombies. They were blushing furiously unable to meet your eyes, cupping their fondled plump behinds as they stood away from your prone figure on the floor scandalized with Jungkook still on top of you holding his giggles.

“L-lote-noona got you good h-hyungs pffft!”

“Ofcourse boyfriend, you are not the only ones allowed to act like little shits no? Unless you want me to make good of the promise earlier, I suggest you get off~~ Jung - koo - kie~~” you racked your blunt nails on the maknae’s back, over his shirt as he laid still like a statue on you. He was very shook, it was the first time he had experienced this side of you…your playful part underneath your default blank face with the side of warm affection.

He shivered wanting more of that touch.

Are you only a noona to him or more?

“YAH JEON JUNGKOOK WHAT ARE YOU THINKING?! SHE’S YOUR NOONA!” if he could, he would have bashed his head on the floor, but seeing you still underneath him, he stopped himself before he could dig a bigger hole for himself by accidentally shoving his face into your soft mounds instigating the ire of his hyungs.
“I bet they are soft as they look…”

...“…”

Drip.

Drip.

DRIP.

“Jungkookie, your nose is bleeding!”

With great care, Jimin and Taehyung lifted their dazed dongsaeng from you with a few stray blood droplets staining your white dress. The singer of Lie softly seated their maknae on their sofa, making Jungkook angle his head upward on the back of their couch, while V took some fresh towel from their bathroom to wipe the blood falling from Jungkook’s nose and chin.

“Aigoo kookie-yah, if you’re that tired, you shouldn’t have gone outside to look for our hyungs. See what happened!”

“No hyung I’m fine, I’m not that tired…its just…” insert Jungkook’s incoherent mumbling here in Busan satoori, incomprehensible even for his Jimin hyung.

“What is it Jungkook, is something the matter?” Taehyung asked as he gently yet diligently wiped the blood flowing from his dongsaeng’s nose.

“Hyung I…” their maknae trailed off looking intensely at you for a few moments before turning his head, a soft blush adorning his features, the blood on his nose making a comeback, once again dripping to his chin.

Jimin and Taehyung could only stare blankly at their dongsaeng for ten solid seconds before connecting the dots.

They can’t believe it! What did they do for him to turn up like this?!

Was it Jimin’s fault? Their Namjoon hyung’s? Or perhaps their Hoseok hyung’s?

They know he calls himself international playboy, but they didn’t think he’ll end up like this!

“YAH! JUNGKOKIE YOU BYEONTAE!”

Jimin and Taehyung’s eyes turned into slits as they glared at Jungkook, promising hell’s wrath with their glare.

“Yah, I can’t believe you’re having thoughts like that maknae!—”

“--specially on Vete-noona! YOU MAKNAE BYEONTAE!”

“Aish hyung! Lote-noona is beautiful! And with her doing that to me and with my position on top of her—”

“Hajima! You’re just making it sound more dirty with the way you’re phrasing it pabo!”

“And ‘boyfriend’?! Why would Loha-noona call you her ‘boyfriend’?—”
“--are you two dating? Since when?! Aish! I can’t believe that you and Vete-noona kept it a secret from us!”

“UNACCEPTABLE!”

“Loha-noona is mine!”

“Vete-noona is mine!”

Their combined razor-sharp glare promised retribution over him. He didn’t know that his hyungs would be that affected by the false label Lote-noona bestowed upon him earlier.

Jungkook’s brows knitted as he assessed the situation.

His hyungs rigid postures.

His Taehyung hyung and Jimin hyung’s blazing eyes ready to cut him in half.

Their over protectiveness over you.

Maybe perhaps…?

“Taehyung hyung, Jimin hyung, are you guys… jealous?”

Blink.

Blink.

Blink.

“Ah, Shi-bal…”

Both male idols blinked rapidly at the sudden realization.

Park Jimin and Kim Taehyung likes you more than their noona, they like you like how a man likes a woman.

And they want you to be theirs, the only question is…will they make their move or deny their feelings?

Since they are idols, they have their careers ahead of them with Bangtan gaining more and more popularity all over the world.

Are they willing to take a risk for you?

“No, we’re not. Stop assuming anything Jungkookie.”

“Loha-noona is just a friend maknea, only a friend.”

Well that’s their answer, you would be lying if you said that it didn’t hurt you one bit.

It broke you a little.

You heard everything, they seem to forget you and Jungko existed once Jungkook’s nose decided to gush some blood making them focus on him.
It hurts to know that they only look at you that way, because you have started to develop some feelings for Park Jimin and Kim Taehyung.

Their wonderful smiles.

Their beautiful laughter.

Their unique and pleasing personalities.

But knowing where you stand in their point of view helps you squash those blossoming feelings inside of you.

It’s okay, you and your heart will make it…hopefully.

“A love story that ended before it began…it’s better this way for both of us.”

Or is it?

“Guys, as much as I want to see the two of you berating your maknae, let’s go back to the main point on why we are here…why…Jungko is here.”

You’re met with silence, but you got three unanimous nods from BTS’s maknae line.

Breathe in.

Then out.

"My Moon spoke to me through Yoongi-ssi's phone, they have them and the only thing that is keeping your hyungs alive and away from deeper shit are my Reawakened Dolls, as impossible as it seems, they are still holding to what’s little left of their sanity in order to save their Doll brothers and to keep Yoongi and Hoseok safe."

You nervously fidgeted at the hem of your dress as you ran your right hand up and down your left forearm tugging Jungko near the three members of Bangtan’s Vocal line.

“Furthermore, I plan on rescuing your hyungs and my Dolls so I will need some help. It will take a day or two to contact them, so I need you three to stay on low profile so they won’t go after you too…My Doll Jungko here will help me together with Vivi, Chimin, Hopie and SuYoon.”

“Vete-noona you say that he is a Doll, but who’s Doll version is he?” V asked walking towards Jungko to have a better look at him, but not invading his personal bubble like he usually does with the people he's affectionate with.

“Why don’t you guys take a look for yourselves hmm?”

You pulled Jungko from the shadowed area of Bangtan’s living area requesting him to remove the hood of his hoodie, his cap and his raven face mask in which he complied. When he took off the cloth hiding his features, it revealed a face identical to their maknae, with obsidian colored locks dyed with violet highlights.

Holding back a whimper, it pains you to see him like that caught in between being a Human and a Doll. Being Reawakened is a condition worse than Relapsing being in constant pain 24/7, drowning in negative emotions and being tortured with blood lust and the thirst for revenge.

Though albeit his physical flaws, Jungko to you is still handsome. Depicting Jeon Jungkook, his
Original in his Dope Era. His eyes were the still same shade of warm mercury, his sclera on the other hand is in the deep shade of inky black instead of the usual white. There were bulging veins on the corner of his eyes, a few cracks scattered on his pale cheeks and even though he was in pain, he still managed to pull a heart warming smile just for you.

“I’m so sorry My Jungko, I’m a failure as a friend and a failure as a Master…”

Jungko furiously shook his head disagreeing with you, his silver optics filled with unconditional love wanting to speak but no words escaped from his mouth, not even a sound.

He was mute and it was all because of their current damnable Master.

He and his hyungs had refused to do their current Master’s bidding when they were Reawakened, the result were torture and deprivation of affection in which in turn, was slowly turning them mad. All three of them were now tainted, bathed in the dark shade of their sins, unable to erase the blood of their past victims…are they still worthy enough to call you Master? To come back to your side after all they have done?

“Even if I’m tainted with the darkest shade of black, I still want to stand beside Shishou .”

He removed his obsidian hoodie revealing his black T-shirt underneath, he tilted his head to reveal his neck covered in a silver silk cloth. When Jungko removed his makeshift collar, it exposed a long thick jagged gash on his throat signifying an old wound inflicted upon your beloved Doll.

When he was done showing you his scar, he mouthed the sentence that almost killed you on the spot, [Forgive me Master, for I can no longer speak…]

“Jungko…? You can’t talk…? What have they done to you my sweet Jungko…”

Jungko embraced you in his arms for a moment basking in your warmth. His warm hands caressed your cheeks, wiping your crystalline tears.

[Stop crying Shishou, a smile is more suited to your beautiful face.]

“Ever the charming one Jungko.”

A beautiful smile was his answer as he took his phone from his pocket ending your hug as he typed.

*

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“Shishou Moonie hyung and SeoJi hyung are looking after SuYoon-ah and Hopie hyungs Original. They have sustained injuries while I’m there but rest assured that they are alive.”

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

*

“Alright, why did Moon contact me in the first place? Are they in they cognize or are they in the state
of insanity?"

*"

"They are sane Shishou trust me, all of our negative emotions are directed at our current Master, not at you. Moonie hyung is deriving our current Master’s attention from Suga-ssi and J-hope-ssioso that they can trust them a bit and cooperate when we escape, though we need to collaborate an elaborate plan with you Shishou."

*"

"I see, I would have to call some back up, plus gather a bit of overdue favors… it will take some time but are you going to stay here Jungko?"

*"

"Ne Shishou, they don’t expect me to be back today. I could stay and leak some info to you or help with the planning."

*"

"It’s fine, you need rest…at that state, you might collapse anytime… I don’t want that to see you die for the second time.”

You bit your lip as you gazed at your Jungko, remembering the teachings of your former Master about breaking a forced temporary contract on your Dolls.

“Did I remember it right? Is it the only way?”

It’s not a hard procedure per se, more on the embarrassing side since you wish you could just pull your Jungko in a vacant room and do the deed. But doing so without your hosts permission is plain rude and disrespectful so you have to do it in front of three pairs of curious eyes, let’s just hope you don’t faint from shame after ne?

“Jimin, Taehyung, and Jungkook-ssi, could you avert your eyes for a moment? I’m going to do something but it requires some privacy. Since I can’t just barge to any of the rooms here, I have no choice but do it here in the living room, so please turn around for a second.”
The maknae line of Bangtan Sonyeodan looked at you in bewilderment crossing their arms over their toned chests and just to mock you, they looked at you hard with smirks on their handsome faces unrelenting and having no clue on what hell you were about to unleash…well to them that is.

“Fine, be that way you brats.”

Pulling Jungko closer to you, you stared at his ash-gray hues with your arms curling around his waist closing the distance of your bodies. Your palm cupped his right cheek while your thumb caressed it careful of the cracks. Tugging his head down to your height, you allowed yourself to give him an Eskimo kiss then proceeded to peck his forehead.

“Okay this is it.”

You had never kissed anyone before on the lips, disregarding that one time where Chimin stole your first one when you encountered the Broken Doll. So now you are panicking inside, not knowing how to proceed.

“Augh, screw it! I’ll just wing it!”

When warm pools of mercury met your lilac ones, you dived in for a Doll Master’s Kiss transferring your mana to Jungko’s cold breaking form.

Golden light emitted from your body as you let your mana flow to your Jungko making it visible to the naked eye.

Fluttering gold butterflies flew about the room, a few strays landing on your flabbergasted audiences which are Jimin, Taehyung and Jungkook dissolving a few seconds after contact spreading golden pixie dusts.

Rose petals symbolizing your status and your insignia as a Doll Master drifted with the butterflies moving in an unknown melody as you deepened the Kiss. You angled your head for better access, kissing Jungko’s lips in a slow gentle manner, conveying all of your emotions unto him healing his wounds, his disfigured body, erasing the cracks on his skin and breathing life into him once again with your mana leaving you, draining you bit by bit at your prolonged contact.

You broke the lip lock for a few seconds to breath in air before capturing your Jungko’s abused lips once again with him moaning soundlessly in response, his hold on you tightening as you poured all of your passion, love and power in your veins on your Doll eradicating his temporary contract.

Ending the Kiss with a sigh, completely drained of your mana, you feel like passing out then there, but depleting all of your life essence was worth it because when Jungko opened his luminous silver eyes, you knew right then that he was yours once again as you felt his bare thread connection to you mend and be reinforced by your renewed contract.

Jeon Jungkook’s Doll version, Jungko is back in your ownership and you are not letting him go once again…ever.

“Does this mean I have to Kiss Moon and SeoJi like this to break their contract? Omo! I’ll die from embarrassment!”

“MWO?! WHAT’S THE MEANING OF THIS?!”

Strong arms ripped you and Jungkook’s Doll version apart. In your current weakened state, you can’t help but stumble harshly back, loosing your control over your limbs temporarily. You waited
for the impact of the hard floor, head aching and vision blurry, but warmth enveloped you as two pairs of arms caught you from what would be a hard fall.

“Vete-noona are you alright?”

“Masuta, daijoubu desu ka?”

Meeting V’s and your Hopie’s concerned but flustered faces, you nodded, still woozy from the force of the pull. Taehyung helped you up, passing your exhausted self to Hopie while Jimin and Jungkook stood at Taehyung’s back speechless and shocked at your earlier debacle, mouths hanging wide open unable to answer their Jin hyung’s frantic rapid fire of questions.

“WHO IS SHE? IS SHE A SASAENG?! DID SHE FOLLOW YOU ALL THE WAY HERE?”

Kim Seokjin’s tall form towered on your [Y/H] that was under Hopie’s embrac, angry dark eyes widening, “DID SHE HURT YOU?!”

Namjoon and Seokjin didn’t see you do anything, but from their point of view, you were very close to their ‘maknae’, invading his personal space, you must be a very persistent sasaeng fan. Knowing ‘Jungkook’, he would be too shook to do anything to push you away, and why isn’t Jimin and Taehyung helping him on his predicament?

“YAH, What were you doing to our Jungkookie?! Don’t you dare lay a hand on him again or we’ll SUE YOU! How dare you come to our home!”

While his Jin hyung was busy harassing you, Namjoon turned Jungko to face him, baffled at the younger looking face of their maknae plus the wrong shade of hair color he is sporting looking at him as if he was some kind of stranger wanting out of his hold.

“Gwenchana Jungkookie?”

“Ne hyung I’m fine.”

To RM’s surprise, the voice that replied to him was not from who he thought as their maknae, rather the source of the voice were at the back of Taehyung, peeking over his hyung’s shoulder as Jimin tried to calm their raging ‘eomma’ shielding you from his loud screechy overprotective voice.

“Yah, Park Jimin what are you doing?!”

He immediately released Jungko from his grip, deep copper hues widening in stupor as he blinked his disbelieving eyes, his gaze traveling from Jungkook’s twin to their maknae right behind V.

“Jungkook?”

“I’m here Namjoonie hyung.” their maknae waved from beside his Taehyung hyung.

For once in his life Kim Namjoon is speechless, his mind blanking on him as he analyzed Jungkook’s carbon copy walking towards their eldest trying to shift his attention from you before Mr. world wide handsome could slay you with his words and the overuse of his high vocals.

“Jin hyung stop for a moment, and could somebody explain what the hell is going on?”

Gone was the confused Kim Namjoon, and here is RM the leader of Bangtan Sonyeodan and he wants answers as to why there is a replica of their maknae inside their home and an unknown female who is possibly sasaeng fan invading their house and privacy and he’s going to get his explanations
now or there will be hell to pay especially since he knows their maknae line is into this and knows something.

Though, where is their Yoongi hyung? Shouldn’t he be down here hearing their (read: Jin’s) commotion, cursing at them telling them to shut the fuck up and let him sleep?

You didn’t refute Jin nor interrupt him as he continued his verbal assault, only staring at him calmly letting the eldest of BTS accuse you of things you didn’t agree nor disagreed to soaking in his words (and saliva lol joke) but never really accepting them.

You were saved from your utter demise when Namjoon pulled at his Jin hyung’s sleeves motioning him to stop his assault on you pointing at their maknae and to your Jungko immediately halting his verbal assault on you, the absurdity of the situation rendering him speechless.

“What the heck?”

“Exactly my reaction Jin hyung, there's an eerie look alike of our maknae.”

Bangtan leader’s burning gaze caught yours as you laid silently in your Hopie’s arms, head lolling side to side in a futile attempt to keep your eyes open.

“Hoseok-hyung who is she?”

“Ore wa Hoseok janai yo, Hopie da. And she is my Masuta.”

“Master? What kind of weird shit are you into hyung?”

“Ahh kono baka. I’m not your Jung Hoseok hyung, I can’t say what I am, but if you really want to know then ask my Masuta…Though I doubt she’ll be willing to share her secret by the way this broad shouldered guy treated her.”

The silence was heavy and suffocating in the room waiting for someone to crack. As the waiting game progressed, their maknae line gravitated to you, Jungko and Hopie’s side ready to face their Jin and Namjoon’s hyungs' wrath.

You cannot tell them that your Jungko and Hopie are Dolls since they are in their Human Form. Unless they witness your Dolls in action in Doll From, you cannot tell them what they are and who you are. But identities aside, your first priority are Min Yoongi and Jung Hoseok’s safety. You need the cooperation of all Bangtan’s members to keep them away from harm and be able to rescue two of their kidnapped rappers.

“Kim Namjoon-ssi, Kim Seokjin-ssi, you don’t know me…but I need your help.”

Both addressed BTS members looked at you, one in disdain and the other in suspicion.

“Min Yoongi and Jung Hoseok were kidnapped this evening. If you want to get them back alive, I want…no need your full cooperation and understanding…so will you help?”

And this is where shit hits the fan.

то be continued?

Chapter End Notes
ℓυнα-чαн's ハンツ:
Finally, you met the last two members of BTS but in a bad setting no? What will Jin and Namjoon's reaction be knowing that Yoongi and Hoseok are kidnapped and with you withholding information, will they trust you enough to help you or report you to the police! That is chapter 8 folks! Stay tuned for the next!

And don't worry Taehyung and Jimin are just in denial, reader will end up with someone don't get disheartened
I'm always looking forward to your reactions on each chapter! Please comment below if you enjoyed this as much as I do!

What's your favorite part? Mine is where she groped Jimin and Taehyung's booties~ hehehe [wiggles eyebrows] and another is where Kookie had a nosebleed till his hyungs berated him for being a pervert! XP

Don't forget to give your Kudos and write a comment sweeties~ I'll answer you at the best of my abilities~

I love you guys~~ Muwwaah~
Chapter Summary

“Hyung, please understand…me and the others are bound to our vow of silence to someone important. We’re keeping our mouth shut not only for that certain someone’s sake, but also for you and Seokjin hyung’s safety. If I let you go and let you walk out that door to follow and harass noona, the situation will become worse. I know you're just looking out for us, but please, just this once…let it go.”

“…”

“I beg you Namjoon hyung, I-I don’t want anything bad to happen to you. Yoongi hyung and Hoseok hyung has already been kidnapped by dangerous people, and that noona who Jin hyung had savagely attacked by his words a while ago is not a sasaeng fan, in all actuality…she's the only one who can help us rescue them.”

By now Taehyung was crying, tears freely flowing down his puffed cheeks as he let his emotions free for his Namjoon hyung to witness, delivering the sincerity of his words. The absence of his hyungs were wearing him thin with worry, knowing exactly what kind of twisted people their missing hyungs were dealing with.

“P-please hyung…Jiminnie, Jungkookie and I wouldn’t be able to handle it if something happens to you or Jin hyung too…please hyung…jebal…”

Chapter Notes

{ωνα-χαη's notes:}
I do not own any picture I used in this chapter not the hotel or 707 and Searan, I only own my OC's Kapeesh?
[Sobs] mEEP! I'm SO SO SO SO SO SOOOORY For updating late my sweet sweet readers T~T [hides behind Vivi]

I needed to plan this chapter properly without making the scenes cliche and to write unexpected fight scenes and events, that's why it took me so LONG! MIANHE m(_ _)m

Oh my God! You guys are the best though! [thumbs up] I can't believe I hit 85+ Kudos and 2500+ Hits! [Hugs all her readers] Thank you! Thank you! Thank you! Muwah~~ Muwah~~ [kisses her readers cheeks]

No words can express how thankful I am for all your love, support and comments! I'm sorry it took me this long to update and I hope this chapter won't disappoint you! I had a lot of fun writing the fight scenes hehe~~ Have fun my lovies~~

[Shishou, can I ask for one more kiss?] - mouthed words without voice

"Moonie-hyung, you broke one of my vials no?" - thoughts
"I did not SeoJi-ah! It was an accident!" - spoken together by two or more people

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Kim Namjoon-ssi, Kim Seokjin-ssi, you don’t know me…but I need your help.”

Both addressed BTS members looked at you, one in disdain and the other in suspicion.

“Min Yoongi and Jung Hoseok were kidnapped this evening. If you want to get them back alive, I want…

no need your full cooperation and understanding…so will you help?”

And this is where shit hits the fan.
Eerie.

*Please, I beg you…*

Dreadful.

*Don’t Look at me…*

Silence.

*…Like that*

...

You were subjected into many awkward and heavy silences in your life, but nothing comes close to the tense stillness that surrounds you when you dropped the proverbial bomb on Kim Namjoon and Kim Seokjin.

It was like you threw a pin-less ticking hand grenade at the two of them, ready to explode at any moment as you let them digest the bad news. You were staring at them blankly, internally panicking as you counted the most petrifying five seconds of your life with your impending doom closing into you.

**Five.**

Two pair of eyes dilated, their faces contorting from fuming to mad within the span of a second.

**Four.**

Their tall forms went rigid as they let your words sink in.

**Three.**

The temperature in the room dropped below zero, but the chill it delivered through your body was far more terrifying than meeting the eyes of the *grim reaper*.

**Two.**

RM and Jin were deadly quiet, their beautiful hues of contrasting copper and cinnamon were withholding rage.

**One.**

When your lilac eyes finally connected with RM and Jin’s stormy ones, you knew that you won’t get any help from Bangtan’s leader and their eldest…nor from any of BTS’s remaining members. With that *look* their leader was giving you, you knew that Jin and RM doesn’t want any of their brothers near you, especially their maknae line…with your foreboding words from earlier.

**Zero.**

*“Get out.”*

Bangtan Sonyeodon’s leader’s voice was calm, but there is an underlying *danger* in his frozen pool
of cold copper daring you to go against his will inside their own home as he towers over your form, only a meter apart.

“I don’t know what kind of sick game you are playing, but do it somewhere else and leave my members alone, or else I’m going to call the police and my manager to issue a restraining order on you.”

Words of protest died upon your lips shutting them close as you bit your bottom lip hard almost drawing blood, your solemn hues catching the three worried pairs of eyes of BTS’s maknae line, each unique set were displaying varying degrees of concern for you.

“Noona.”

You were touched, they were really nice and kind hearted guys, almost too good for you.

You raised your right hand and shook your head when you saw Jimin, Taehyung and Jungkook squaring their shoulders ready to confront their hyungs. Smiling softly at the three sweethearts, you mouthe a firm “Gwenchan” not wanting for them to argue with their brothers because of you, you are not someone to fight over with in the first place.

Let RM and Jin think your the villain if they want to, so long as they keep Jimin, Taehyung and Jungkook safe and not get involved while you guys were in this situation, you’ll take all the blame and accept all the hate as long as they keep the rest of the remaining Bangtan members away from the oncoming blood bath, away from ground zero.

Though you can’t help but feel a small pang of pain in your chest as you gazed at RM and Jin’s defensive postures, with the unintentional meeting and bad first impressions you’ve made in front of the two of your most respected BTS members, you felt deep sorrow crawl into your system as they glared at you from their position with caution, shielding their three youngest brothers from you lilac hues…

…But you can’t fault them, they don’t know you, and the chances of them in believing your words were close to zero. You were just a stranger in their eyes who forced her way to their home invading their most valued privacy and to top it off, you are here making a cruel ‘joke’ about two of BTS’s missing rappers (not that they believe that they have been taken at the moment) telling their leader and their oldest brother that they have been kidnapped, and to add insult to injury, you also said that their lives were in danger.

“I… I deeply apologize for intruding.” with utmost respect, your bowed to Kim Namjoon in a ninety degrees angle, your long light auburn hair covering most of your face preventing RM from seeing your trembling lips and the moisture building at the corner of your eyes, hoping you could convey how utterly regretful you were to him…and to them in so many ways.

Drip…

“I’m sorry for letting something like this to happen, for making Jimin, Taehyung and Jungkook cry.”

Drip…

“So, so, sorry for being careless resulting into Min Yoongi and Jung Hoseok’s kidnapping.”

Drip…
“And I’m sorry for involving you in this shitty mess. Forgive me for causing harm to your members Kim Namjoon.”

DRIP...

“And from the bottom of the tattered pieces of my heart, I’m sorry Bangtan Sonyeodan.”

Drip...

Drip...

Drip...

And like any past dreadful happening in your life, you cannot rewind time to undo those, you can only open your eyes, endure it and live on.

Deep breath.

In.

Out.

You admitted defeat against an adversary you don’t want to butt heads with (which was Bangtan’s leader), you are going to comply to Kim Namjoon’s wishes…distance yourself from the boys during the duration of Min Yoongi and Jung Hoseok’s rescue.

You are going to take them back by yourself with the help of your Dolls and some of those who owe you a life favor…there’s no further reason to rile up the youngest rapper of Bangtan, and definitely you don’t want RM and Jin involved without knowing about your Dolls.

“I might need to call 707 later to help find them…I did put a tracker on Hoseok-ssi for this occasion…though I don’t think Luciel will remember me…it’s been a while since that fiasco with Rika and Mint Eye.”

No words were further exchanged as you stared at Bangtan’s leader’s hues, your eyes free of any guilt from Jin’s earlier accusations.

You are a fan, but you will never be a sasaeng.

“But before you leave, who is this guy who looks like our Jungkookie and why is our Hoseok hyung calling you his Master?” the youngest rapper of BTS spat the word ‘Master’ as if he ate something filthy leaving a bad aftertaste in his mouth.

Your once steady gaze on him faltered to the ground, eyeing the patterns on the marbled floor, your thoughts going through different scenarios weighing the pros and cons of each. How would you explain something out of the ordinary, bordering the supernatural to someone who leans heavily on reasoning and logical facts without showing him any concrete evidence? It’s not like you could present your Jungko and Hopie to them while they are in Human Form and tell both eldest Kim’s that they are Dolls.

“What is our Hobi hyung’s relation to you?” suddenly you found yourself in Kim Namjoon’s vice grip, his handsome face that was close to yours was in a glower as he tried to pry you away from your Hopie thinking that your prankster Doll was their Hoseok hyung.
“Ma! Let go of my Masuta, your hurting her kuso yarou!” your Hopie almost lunged at Bangtan Sonyeodan’s leader with how he hard Kim Namjoon was clutching your right wrist, enraged at how disrespectful RM was acting towards you.

“Stop calling her Master hyung! Who the fuck is she!”

“I'M NOT HOSEOK DAMN IT! I'M HIS DO--

“Hopie-ah, stop please…let’s leave, we’ve overstayed our welcome.”

You stopped your Hopie before he could reveal what he is to the two, and your Jungko who was extremely quiet after his mishap with Kim Namjoon got in between you and the said leader, giving RM the most deadly glare he could muster as he shoved him aside but without enough strength to make Bangtan’s leader stumble, it was only to release you from Kim Namjoon’s harsh grasp. Jungko then hugged you to his side protectively, glowering at the youngest rapper of Bangtan.

“Arigatou Jungko.”

Pulling Jungko closer to your side while grabbing Hopie’s hand, you immediately walked through Bangtan Sonyeodan’s darkened halls towards their door with brisk steps, the need to get out of the house was overwhelming, your mind running with careful plans and names of the people that you needed to contact in order to execute your plan to rescue the two missing Bangtan Sonyeodan members with the least bloodshed as possible not wanting to make unnecessary sacrifices.

Jimin’s fast strides was accompanying yours and your two Dolls in Human Form, watching as you trotted, mind floating somewhere else. He eyed your overly stressed figure as he unlocked their front door for you, allowing you to pass him before his hyungs could catch up to you and question you further or worst, involve their company and hand you to the authorities. The singer of Serendipity gave you a sad look, frowning from his hyungs actions.

“Loha-noona, mianhe.” He silently grabbed your right hand intertwining your fingers with his, he then lifted your hand and kissed your knuckles in apology closing his soulful remorseful hues. “It’s alright Jimin, none of this is your fault or anyone’s… It’s all but mine, I take full responsibility… I’m sorry for putting you guys through this painful experience.”

“Loha-noona…”

The sound of Jimin’s voice was so lost and broken that the only thought echoing on your head when you heard him whimper was ‘protect and cherish’. The feelings you were trying to contain were spilling out from your erratically beating heart as you gazed at Jimin longingly, but suddenly stomping on the emotion of like as you remembered him and Taehyung denying any feelings from you other than being their friend.

“I’m just their friend… stay on your lane woman, be strong.”

You wanted to comfort Jimin, you really do, but right now you need to do some things and blackmail a few acquaintances for help ASAP. Your not naive enough to think that you and your Dolls alone would manage to save their kidnapped hyungs.

If the bastard who took them could remain under the governments radar after kidnapping two world famous idols, then he must be one hell of a threat, not only to you and your Dolls, but for the Underground Society as well.
“Release me this instant Jungkookie!”

You let go of Jimin’s hand, shocked when you heard Jin’s screech from their living room reverberating through their halls shouting at their bunny like maknae to let him go. With hurried movements, you ushered your Hopie and Jungkook outside of BTS’s home, leaving Taehyung and Jungkook to stall their Namjoon hyung and Seokjin hyung as long as they were able to.

“HURRY JIMINIE/HYUNG! GET VETE-NOONA/LOTE-NOONA OUT OF HERE! THESE HYUNGS ARE GETTING HARD TO HANDLE!”

“YAH, LET GO MAKNAE! WHY ARE YOU LETTING THAT SASAENG GO?!”

“...” Their Namjoon hyung just stood there in silence, his lips in a straight line.

“She’s not sasaeng Jin-hyung! If she was, do you think she’d walk away just like that without harming us like most sasaeng fans do?”

Jin knows that the singer of Begin was right, but he couldn’t shake the feeling of uneasiness when he first saw you. Sure, you were not hostile and you exuded an aura of cold calmness as he berated you, never lashing out as he threw accusations left and right, his voice rising at each false indictment but you remain composed.

Their maknae line seems to know you well to defend you like this, and honestly Seokjin isn’t the one to judge someone based by first impressions, but with the absurdity of the situation, he can’t help but feel protective of their younger members which are dear to him like his own children…they may not be connected by blood, but to him they were his brothers by heart.

And he has to get to the bottom of this shit and that includes confronting you.

But how could he when he is struggling to release himself under their maknae’s hold, vainly slapping the younger member on his forearms. But Jungkook kept his ground as he restricted his hyung’s movements quite easily, wrapping his arms around Seokjin’s waist and torso to prevent his hyung from going after you.

“Let go Jeon Jungkook, I need to have a word with that woman!”

“Aniyo Jinnie-hyung, your not going to talk with noona in ‘eomma’ mode, God knows the irrational things you could do in that state.”

“Yah! Show some respect maknae! I didn’t raise you to be like that!”

“Raise me?” Jungkook rose an eyebrow at that. “You must be mistaken hyung, it is I who raised you since I was fifteen years old.” the maknae ended his speech with a wide bunny grin, hugging his hyung closer to him nuzzling against Jin’s broad shoulder.

“YAH! WHERE’S THE RESPECT?!”

While the eldest and the youngest of Bangtan were squabbling like little children forgetting the reason why their golden maknae was restricting his Seokjin hyung’s movement, Taehyung was in deep, dEeP shit facing a borderline angry leader, clutching both of his Joonie-hyung’s wrists with his large hands to prevent Namjoon from getting his fallen cellphone on the floor(which miraculously wasn’t destroyed) before he calls their manager Seijin to inform him about how you managed to bypass the security and enter their home, kicking the sleek black device away with his socked clad foot for good measure.
“Let me go Taehyung.”

Chills were crawling down his spine when the second oldest of BTS’s maknae line heard his Joonie-hyung’s deep authoritative voice, calling out his name without the suffix of endearment commanding him to let go. Taehyung gulped, his throat constricting as he faced his hyung.

His Namjoon hyung is not acting as his brother right now… but rather, he has taken up his role as Bangtan Sonyeodan’s leader… the one persona he doesn’t wanna mess with… but for his hyungs’ safety, he’s gonna battle the raging lion in front of him, screw the consequences.

“Mianhe Joonie-hyung, but I can’t.”

A heartbeat of silence.

“I’m warming you Kim Taehyung, let me go.”

Determined amber met hard copper.

“Hyung, please understand… me and the others are bound to our vow of silence to someone important. We’re keeping our mouth shut not only for that certain someone’s sake, but also for you and Seokjin hyung’s safety. If I let you go and let you walk out that door to follow and harass noona, the situation will become worse. I know you’re just looking out for us, but please, just this once… let it go.”

“…”

“I beg you Namjoon hyung, I-I don’t want anything bad to happen to you. Yoongi hyung and Hoseok hyung has already been kidnapped by dangerous people, and that noona who Jin hyung had savagely attacked by his words a while ago is not a sasaeng fan, in all actuality… she’s the only one who can help us rescue them.”

By now Taehyung was crying, tears freely flowing down his puffed cheeks as he let his emotions free for his Namjoon hyung to witness, delivering the sincerity of his words. The absence of his hyungs were wearing him thin with worry, knowing exactly what kind of twisted people their missing hyungs were dealing with.

“P-please hyung… Jiminie, Jungkookie and I wouldn’t be able to handle it if something happens to you or Jin hyung too… please hyung… jebal…”

Cold frozen copper dissolved, replacing the iciness in them with warmth as Namjoon continued to watch his dongsaeng bawl his eyes out. Kim Taehyung, the one who is always so positive and cheerful armed with his enchanting boxy smile ready to be anyone’s sunshine was now sobbing hard, still trying his best to prevent his hyung from leaving their home in between his hiccups and labored breathing, desperately clinging onto his hyung’s arms with his shivering form.

Now Namjoon feels like a fucking dick.

He never really liked seeing his members cry for whatever reason other than happiness, so sighing softly, he twisted his wrists so he could take a hold of Taehyung’s arms, gently seizing V’s trembling ones. He approached his weeping dongsaeng, shushing him softly with his affectionate low timbre of voice. Enveloping Taehyung in an awkward embrace, he rubbed his dongsaeng’s back soothingly trying calm him down.

“I’m sorry Taehyung-ah, I’m very sorry… I was just shocked by the situation. When I saw her near
that Jungkook look alike, my first thought was to get her out of our home immediately thinking that she was a sasaeng fan. Because how dare she come here and invade our home, a place of our rest and solace, a place where we can be just us without all the branded clothes and make-up. But when she respected my space and bowed to me, I know I was wrong of my accusations, but for me, your safety comes first, that’s why I acted like that towards her.”

“Hyung…”

“Gwenchana Taehyung-ah, I won’t ask anymore. We need rest since we’re all stressed for our BBMA comeback…given the situation, I would press you guys more for answers…but if me doing that would lead you into having a break down, then I’d rather we all talk about this in the morning where everyone is well rested…and I hope by then, the three of you are ready to shed some light about the matter.”

When he’s done with his speech, Namjoon released Taehyung from his hold, wiping a few stray tears that has fallen from their second youngest face. His deed was rewarded with his dongsaeng’s last sniffle and a genuine smile directed towards him albeit it being a small one.

“Ne hyung, but I can’t promise you anything…but we’ll try our best to explain without breaking our promise to noona.”

The two shared a smile, having made up somehow.

But the maknae line isn’t out of the water yet, not in the slightest. Their leader will deal with them tomorrow, but for now, it’s time to harass their ever loving eldest.

“Jin-hyung, you can stop your attempts of *pathetically* freeing yourself from our maknae, you know you wont win against him.” Giving out a low chuckle, RM leaned against Taehyung, flashing their eldest a mocking dimpled grin, crossing his arms over his chest in an attempt to look swag.

“Yah, Namjoon-ah you too?! Why are my dongsaengs all so disrespectful towards me?!”

“Hoh, Jin-hyung, you wanna see dIsReSpEcT?”

Without any warning, Jungkook hoisted their eldest hyung up quiet easily, holding onto his torso and waist firmly, then promptly throwing their squirming Seokjin hyung on their plush beige sofa.

Before Jin could stand up from their couch, their maknae sat on his stomach, pushing all his weight on the BTS’s oldest member, Jungkookie gleefully watched as the eldest of the vocal line tried to free himself from under him, crossing his muscular arms over his chest. Their bunny like maknae showed his proud mischievous trademark grin to his other hyungs, as if bragging about his accomplishment.

“JEON JUNGKOOK! FOR THE LOVE OF EVERY DELICIOUS FOOD IN THE WORLD, GET OFF OF ME!”

“Everybody say NO~~”

“NO~~”

“YAH!”

And that’s how Jimin found them when he got back from sending you off. Namjoon, Taehyung and Jungkook were teasing their Seokjin-hyung, resulting in their eldest to cuss them out with his spectacular vocabulary of expletives with his high voice while flushing in anger extremely triggered.
"I’M THE ELDEST! WHY THE EVER LOVING FUCK DO YOU GUYS TREAT ME LIKE THIS?! DO YOU WANT ME TO POISON YOUR FOOD NEXT TIME HUH?!"

"ANIYO HYUNG, DON’T DO THAT JEBAL!!"

"WATCH OUT YOU LITTLE DISRESPECTFUL SHITS, I’LL PUT LAXATIVES IN YOUR FOOD."

Cue evil windshield wiper laugh.

"HYUNG!!"

The eldest of the maknae line could not help but giggle at their antics, it was such a heart warming sight to witness after all that has happened today.

“We are Bangtan, no matter what happens and how hard the struggle is, we’ll always be there for each other…and I’m eternally grateful for this blessing. We can do this, we’ll get Yoongi and Hobi hyung back.”

Jimin’s grin turned into a wide genuine smile thinking of you.

“It’s up to you now Loha-noona, please get them back safely…and please come back alive to us…to me .”

A tiny smile blossomed on your lips as you leaned away from the metal door of BTS’s dorms with your Jungko and Hopie grinning widely. Yes, you guys were eavesdropping but not with malicious intent, you just want to make sure they had made up and were in good terms before leaving to gear up for the confrontation, and possibly an all-out fight against the one who had taken Suga and J-Hope.

“What now Masuta?”

“We prepare for a deadly encounter, whomever took Yoongi-ssi and Hoseok-ssi is going to pay dearly for what they did…We’ll show no mercy.”

[Shishou I’m worried, Moon-hyung is supposed to call me at this time, but I haven’t heard from him yet. I have a bad feeling about this.] Jungko mouthed as he turned his worried silver hues on you, abusing his lower lip as he held you closer to him, shivering and unsettled, worrying for his Moonie and SeoJi-hyung.

“Masuta, I feel the same way as Jungko-ah. It gives me this tight feeling in my chest, the same feeling when Moonie-hyung, Jungko-ah and SeoJi-ah were taken to be killed two years ago.” Your Hopie clutched the cloth above his chest where his heart is, gripping the fabric as if his life depended on it. The dagger specialist of your Dolls gravitated to your other side, taking in your calming scent
of vanilla and roses, trying to pacify the murderous rage that you were keeping at bay since you got 
the news from the neighborhood dolls that Min Yoongi and Jung Hoseok were taken.

“Mark my words, whoever took Min Yoongi and Jung Hoseok are in so much trouble that they wish 
they were dead after I’m done with them.”

“Calm down Masuta, you’re leaking blood lust and killing intent.”

It took two chaste kisses to your cheeks to placate you down a bit, Hopie and Jungko nuzzling your 
neck, trapping you in between them to prevent you from doing anything rash. To reciprocate their 
affectionate gesture, you leaned further into their embrace, your fingers ghosting through the short 
hairs on their neck, rubbing their jugulars softly, eliciting pleased shudders from your Hopie and 
Jungko.

Your fluffy moment with your Dolls was interrupted by the ringtone on your personal phone. 
Checking the caller ID, you were surprised to find your best friend Narciel calling you at this hour.

“Moshi, moshi?”

“Loha-chan, good thing you answered! Vivi told me that Sugasuga and Sunshine has been 
kidnapped.” Narciel’s voice may sound cheerful on the phone, but there’s an underlying malice 
behind it. The BTS members were her dearest dongsaengs. She’s been with them since their trainee 
days, watching them grow from the sidelines unknowingly getting attached to the seven wonderful 
et dorky men.

If someone would dare badmouth them, losing a limb will be her lightest punishment.

But harm Bangtan in any shape or form…?

…your life is forfeit.

“Yes Narciel-chi, I need Sebastian and your help to come up with a foolproof plan later. But for 
now, I need to make some important calls.”

“Roger Lohavete-chi! Meet me at our Mansion okie?”

“Eh, I’ll meet you guys there.”

When you heard your phones dial tone, you knew that Narciel is making all necessary preparations, 
it’s up to you to contact more people for your cause…whether they are willing or not.

“Ready or not, I’m coming out to play. You guys messed with the wrong Doll Master.”
SHING!

CLATTER!

BAM!

CRASH!

Two days.

It’s been only two days since the two famous rappers from Bangtan Sonyeodan were kidnapped, and here are their torturers back from wherever hellhole they crawled up, set on killing the Idols they have taken with your Dolls Moon and SeoJi trying their damnest to keep the Kumamon loving rapper and the honorary maknae of BTS alive.

Broken minuscule pieces of glass shards flew and scattered about the room as a rusty nailed baseball bat hit the glass surface of a low table missing it’s intended target breaking it brutally in the process. The owner of the low glass table’s murderer was a mahogany haired American wearing his iconic dark khaki bomber jacket, swinging his bat manically and recklessly towards Kim Namjoon’s Doll version, his crimson eyes trailed on Moon like a blood hound sniffing its prey.

“YOU FUCKING DIPSHIT OF A DOLL, JUST DIE ALREADY DAMN IT!”

“I already died once you neanderthal and it isn’t a nice experience, so I’ll have to refuse your kind offer.”

“FUCK YOU BASTARD!”

CRASH!

“WAHHH HYUNG!”

“MERDE!”

Luciano was livid as he continued to assault SeoJi with his stiletto knives in rapid succession, while Kim Seokjin’s Doll clone on the other-hand, was skillfully evading and parrying the Dagger user’s attacks, using one of the plush chairs as his shield. The chair’s wooden feet that was facing the Italian was serving as his weapon and buckler as the poison expert spouted expletives left and right maneuvering around the livid Luciano.

“Don’t move por favore and let me kill you si?”

SHING!

“Moonie-hyung, stop antagonizing your opponent and help me here! I’m not a fighter, I’m a poison expert!”

CRASH!

“I can’t help it SeoJi-ah he’s just too… easy~”

“FUCK YOU, YOU FREAKING DOLL!”

There was a plethora of fast violent movements and sounds in the room, added to the visual of wrecked appliances and furniture, the place looked as if it was a bloody battleground causing bodily
harm and injuries to the four men involved in the fight. Two were the torturers of Min Yoongi and Jung Hoseok, the other two were your Dolls in their Reawakened form preventing Allen and Luciano from killing their two K-pop Idol hostages.

“The Boss has no fucking use for them anymore, we have to kill them and take their body to him to be used and made into another fucking Doll.”

“He’s fucking disgusting as ever, not even a shred of moral and humanity left in that blackened heart of his.”

“Si, si~ He’s the Doll Necromancer after all. And as much as I want to continue this conversation la mio amico, we’re wasting precious time, time that we and they don’t have.”

“We know your up to something against Bossman, so~~ Please fucking die Dollies~~”

“And if we refuse?”

“Then, prepare to be [fucking] mangled to death Dollies / Bambole .”

Moon and SeoJi’s demeanor changed. Their molten pools of mercury were hard, paired with an intimidating glare directed towards their assailants, their bodies taut and ready to fight.

Licking his chapped plush lips in anticipation, SeoJi withdrew a single mini vial filled with sparkling verdant colored powder, he then poured a generous amount of it into his right palm, spreading it to allow some smoke to rise. The fumes floated higher forming into a single vibrant colored butterfly landing on SeoJi’s outstretched right pointer finger.

Delicately cupping the fragile insect between his large hands, your poison expert of a Doll blew at the butterfly, guiding it towards Minion#1 and Minion#2. It flapped it’s wings. following SeoJi’s directed route. Greenish fumes slowly enveloping its tiny body, leaving a path glimmering emerald particles on it’s wake. It’s creator was watching the spectacle with a manic grin on his worldwide handsome face as he readied for a spectacular show.

“If only I could watch them as they melt into a pile of fleshy goo on the floor.”

Listening to their gut instincts screaming danger at them in bold letters with the font size of one hundred, they evaded the enchanting glittery smoke caused by the alluring butterfly just in time before it hit them head on. And it was a good thing for the two hired killers that it missed them, because when the fume touched the ground where they were once standing, it melted the carpet and the marbled floor, creating a hole large enough to fit Allen and Luciano.

The unknown emerald hued particles was made of fucking toxic acid!

“FUCK!”

“CAZZO!”

But your Dolls aren’t not done yet, oh no, far from it.

From a secret pocket on navy Gucci his coat, Moon took a long cylinder-like silver handle engraved with intricate vines and roses, carefully running his right thumb on it’s surface. He relished the feeling of your left over mana flowing from the handle of his chosen weapon as it glowed gold with your signature life energy. He regained some of his lost strength, igniting that small flame of his dying connection to you, his only Master.
Releasing a deep exhale of breath, Kim Namjoon’s *Doll* version clicked a tiny button at the center of one of the etched roses allowing the ash-gray tube grip to discharge a 7.3 feet long of silver dyed braided leather, with three plaited *bellies*, a thin titanium wire at the inner most center of the three *bellies* making up the *thong* part of his whip, completing his weapon…a mana enhanced *Target whip*.

“This is going to be fun.”

*Moon* swung his whip eagerly three times in warning, his face beaming, showing off his dimples as he played with his whip, wanting to cause bodily harm at their two aggressors, ready to spill their blood.

“It’s time to punish naughty boys~~”

No one dared to move, frozen on the spot, gauging each other with calculating eyes.

**WHAPACK!**

(could you guys imagine Namjoon doing this in real life even as a dare on Run Bts? I can’t! I just died laughing imagining him being tangled by the whip or breaking more things with it like Jin’s Mario figurines or Suga’s Kumamon ones OMG! pffttt haha! Sorry Namjoonie! I still love you though!)

With the crack of *Moon’s target whip*, the four men in the room started their deadly dance, two with the intent to *kill* and the other two with the will to *protect*.

..

..

..

Min Yoongi and Jung Hoseok were awakened by the loud noises echoing in their hotel room. Instead of being tied up filled with bruises with aching bodies on one of the plush chairs on their room provided by the hotel, they were lying on one of the soft duvets of the bed together, wound free but with a head splitting migraine.

They both simultaneously groaned as they tried to sit up, the unbearable headache ripping their heads, blurring their vision for a moment.

A body crushing on their legs woke Suga and J-hope from their reverie, staring at their leader’s look-alike as *Moonie* groaned into the silk sheets, trying vainly to regain his bearings despite the protest of his trembling limbs.

“Fuck! Move damn it! Move!”

Some his exposed skin was littered with bruises and cuts from their earlier scuffle, even-though him and *SeoJi* were experienced fighters, it’s been two years since they’ve been showered with affection and felt the kiss of your golden chi caressing their skin. They’ve also been greatly weakened because they refuse to fully accept the contract on their *current Master*.

“I GOT YOU NOW BITCH! NOW DIE!”

Their dark red haired American torturer came into view, his nailed bat raised and poised to beat the
bloody shit of your *Moonie*.

“MOONIE-HYUNG!”

Your *Moon* wasn’t Kim Namjoon’s mini me without a reason, he knew that the American hired killer changed his target once he was close enough to him and the two world famous K-pop Idols. He didn’t think twice before shielding Min Yoongi and Jung Hoseok with his body, accepting the first of the many blows to come with his unguarded back.

“W-what are you doing! Aren’t you supposed to be one of them?!” Hoseok screamed as he saw blood dripping from the *Dolls* battered back, traveling through his forearms and down into the bed sheets.

“We *hate* our current Master. Being forcefully *Reawakened* by *him* of all people, I’d rather *die* again than continue serve *him*.”

In the moment where Allen was about to deal one hard hit at the BTS leader’s *Doll* version, *Moonie*’s silver eyes connected with that off Yoongi and Hoseok’s shocked and worried ones. Staring for the briefest moment before your *Moonie* gave them a pained smile, further worsening the crack on his left cheek.

“Even if I die this way, I won’t regret it. Because the last thing I did was to be able to protect people that are worth fighting for.”

A moment of pained silence.

“I just wish I get to see Master one last time…[Y/N]-ah…My *Master*…My *beloved*.”

They didn’t know what happened next, but something inside them *snapped* when Allen dealt a hard blow on your whip user’s back, earning a guttural scream of utter pain and agony from your *Moon*, the hit from the bat’s nails scrapping his already mangled skin almost rendering him unconscious.

*Rage.*

It was a powerful emotion, one that overwhelmed Yoongi and Hoseok seeing one of your *Doll*’s barely clinging to his sanity and life protecting them as if his life depended on it. *Moonie* was clinging to them hard, barely conscious but still have the will to fight and protect them like it was instinct, his bared mutilated back on their attacker still ready to accept and endure his blows.

Yoongi felt disgusted and sick to his stomach when he saw the American hired killer cackle with deranged glee upon seeing your *Moonie’s* state. His hands were balled into tight knuckles hard enough to turn them white, his fingernails imprinting half moons on the skin of his clammy palms.

“This is one sick fucker.”

“This ends now *Dollie*, I’m getting fucking *tired*.”

Yoongi knows he won’t win against Minion#1, he’s a muscle pig like their Jungkookie. Compared to his slim grandpa-ish figure, it was a no-brainer that he would immediately lose if he chose to fight, but…he could not just turn a blind eye to this.

If they want to go back to their members alive, there should also be effort on their part. They were not damsels in distress for Pete’s sake! Though the situation says otherwise, *still*…this has to be a team effort.
“Fuck, it’s been a while since I boxed but screw this. This fucker is going to get it.”

With hard squinted coffee hues, Suga lifted his shaking fist in front of him in a boxing position. Left fist upfront, right fist near his daunting handsome face as he waited for an opening in baited breath.

“Goodbye Dollie, nice working with ‘ya.” Allen made a show of wiping his nose with his right thumb before patting his bloody nailed bat lovingly, cooing at it like it was a baby.

There!

Clenching his fists hard one last time, the rapper of ‘First Love’ pulled his right hand back. Gathering all the strength he could muster, he delivered a powerful right hook to Allen’s face, breaking the American’s nose in the process.

“FUCK MY NOSE! HOW DARE YOU?!” the American red head dropped down to the floor holding his bloody nose, his nailed bat was a few inches from his writhing form.

“YOONGI-HYUNG, WHAT THE HELL?!’

“What do you want me to do Hobi-ah? Just sit my ass here and watch? Wait until we are rescued? I’d rather rescue myself thanks, I refuse to be a fucking damsel.” Yoongi answered eyeing the bat on the floor, debating if he should leave the bed to retrieve it or not.

Hoseok was scared shitless, they get death threats from time to time, but BigHit was able to handle the situation swiftly and securely. But here and now, it was the first real life threatening experience for him and for his Yoongi-hyung. They thought that they were about to die after drinking that colorless liquid made by their Seokjin-hyung’s look a like, but here they are, still in danger but very much alive…

…but for how long?

He bit his lower lip harshly, averting his bronze gaze at your barely conscious Moonie on his lap trying to get his bearings. BTS’s sunshine closed his eyes, breathing in, then opened them as he carded his fingers gently through his leader’s look a like, trying to prevent his thoughts from spiraling into different scenarios of their deaths, smiling softly as the Doll preened under his touch.

“Don’t be scared Hoseok-ssi, you may touch them you know? All Dolls dote for someone’s tender touch. Even if it’s a simple gesture, as long as it comes from the heart, they will feel it and help them in many ways than you could imagine.”

J-hope watched in fascination as his fingertips suddenly glowed, hues of silver wisps emerged from his slender appendages that were still going through Moonie’s soft locks. The small pixie dusts like glows floated a little before the mesmerized rapper before diving through the whip user’s body slowly healing his injuries.

A deep chuckle echoed from your Moon, feeling rejuvenated as his Vivi-hyung’s mana continued to heal some of his serious wounds.

“Seriously Vivi-hyung I’m speechless, no wonder SeoJi-ah’s potion had that effect on the two of you.”

“What do you mean?” Hobi asked, frantically waving his hands, trying to get rid of the silver chi that is stubbornly clinging on his fingers, slightly disturbed at the light-works spewing from his appendages.
“In case something happens to any of you, Vivi-hyung had coated you with his mana to heal you if there’s a wound inflicted on you enough to threaten your life. Also, his healing chi doesn’t go well with SeoJi-ah’s potions since, well, they are mostly made up of poisons…some for healing, but most are for dealing harm and pain to the body.”

Your Moon gave the two elder rapper a brief hug as a thank you surprising them, collecting his target whip beside Yoongi.

“No problem hyungs, now it’s time for me to do my part.”

Sensing imminent danger, Moonie grabbed the braided belly of his whip’s thong with both hands, twisting his whole body to face Allen, catching the bat in time. The nailed weapon stopping a few inches from his face.

Even though the bat user was trying to kill your Moon, his dark gaze lingered on a smirking Suga, mocking Minion#1 with that condensing look in his dark coffee colored orbs.

“Nice job you did with there your nose pabo, the blood makes you look more an ugly deformed monkey.”

Allen snarled at the Kumamon loving rapper, adding more pressure on his bat to push it down on your Moon’s face, wanting to tear him into pieces of flesh and broken bones. “After I’m done with this Dollie here, I’m coming after ‘ya pretty boi.”

“Augh, kuso yarou! I’ve had it with you!” Your whip user folded his long legs close to his upper body, when he gathered enough force, he sprung both of his feet forward abruptly, kicking the American hired killer on the stomach with such intensity that he was sent flying into his Italian companion, Luciano.

“Cazzo! You idiota, what the hell are you doing?!”

“Oh shut the fuck up Luci! Dollie is a pain in the ass to deal with!”

“Stop calling me Luci damn it!”

Both of the hired killers scrambled to get up, almost tripping on each other, avoiding the BTS leader’s Doll clone’s target whip and SeoJi’s toxic acid butterfly with the best of their abilities.

They dive rolled on the carpeted floor on the opposite direction, away from each other, evading every strike of your Moon’s whip, it’s pronounced crackle echoing in the room together with the sizzle of SeoJi’s poison melting various furniture, linens and bits of their clothing and skin.

“Shit, you guys mean business huh?”

“Color me surprise~ Mio dio, you two can really fight when put your mind to it eh?”

Dark crimson and Magenta met two pairs of silver eyes.

Minion#1 and Minion#2 were grimacing, but they still held the piercing gaze of your Dolls, challenging their morals, encouraging your whip and poison expert to end their lives with that crazy beckoning glint in their eyes.

“What are you waiting for idiota? Just get it over with.”
“Kill us if you fucking dare.”

The smell of Allen and Luciano’s blood was triggering the blood lust that they were fighting so hard to keep at bay. The blackened veins near their eyes were bulging as they gritted their teeth, hands twitching to do something brutal, itching to spill more blood, wanting to kill their aggressors.

“H-hyung…” onyx crystalline tears were falling from the Kim Seokjin’s Doll version, gripping his hyung’s arm hard, trying to suppress his dark instinct in his Reawakened state.

“I know SeoJi-ah, fight it. No more bloodshed, no more dead bodies, so that we can come back to [Y/N]-ah with our sanity still intact, to our only beloved Master.”

Gulping hard, Kim Namjoon’s Doll clone retracted the long thong of his target whip into it’s silver cylinder handle. He called upon the remains of your golden chi inside to calm his fried nerves. Silently slipping his dongsaeng’s hand on the handle of his weapon to share your gentle mana and satiate his raging lust for death and bloodshed.

When both of them has significantly calmed down, they stared hard at their attackers, pondering on what to do with them.

“Let’s do that to them SeoJi-ah.”

“Are you sure you want to do that to them Moonie hyung?”

Snort, “They deserve it.” your Moonie casually shrugs, procuring a lasso from one of his many coat pockets. “We could also torture them till we render them unconscious. And with the help of one of your poisons, we could amplify the pain by ten…your call SeoJi-ah.”

“I say be let them inhale that poison so that they burn from inside out.”

When Suga heard that, a frenzied grin spread across his face, his AugustD side coming out at the prospect of burning those two imbeciles murmuring a soft “Bultaoreune” which earned a smack from Hoseok shushing his hyung.

“We can’t kill them…sadly, we don’t want to traumatize those two...Master will end us.”

With a fake dejected sigh, they neared Allen and Luciano, intent to put an end to the fight and possibly get out of there alive with Min Yoongi and Jung Hoseok.

“You are so whipped Moonie-hyung.”

“Like you aren’t SeoJi-ah.”

“Touche.”

Moonie being eternally cursed by his Original’s clumsiness, tripped on a broken wooden foot of one of the plush chairs in the room, clutching SeoJi’s arms unbalancing them both. RM’s Doll clone fell head first to the ground, while Jin’s Doll version threw himself haphazardly on a chair to avoid the broken pieces of glass on the floor.

“Aish hyung really? Your clumsiness knows no bounds!”

“Si. Thanks to that, we could finally do what we came here for.”

With identical blood thirsty insane smirks on their faces, they lunged at the defenseless Idols on the
bed with the intent to kill.

“Oh hell no, not on our watch.”

Luciano managed to run pass your Moon, but unfortunately, your whip user is a stubborn guy, one of the many positive traits he had inherited from his Original Kim Namjoon. Not one to give up on dire situations, he extended his right arm and dragged himself among the debris of broken furniture on the floor, and with all his might, Moon tugged the Italian’s left booted ankle dislocating the bone and tripping him in the process.

“Stronzo!”

SeoJi watched with a raised eyebrow as his Moonie hyung grappled the Italian on the floor, being stabbed on his right hand when Luciano retaliated for his broken ankle while simultaneously keeping an eye on Allen.

The poison user’s silver hues trailed on minion#1’s form that was ‘stealthily’ inching his way were to the bed where the two of Bangtan rappers were, nailed baseball bat ready to render them unconscious to end their life.

Without making a sound, SeoJi pulled a mini vial the size of his pinky finger with sandy white powder inside mixed with some orange liquid. He opened the cap with his teeth, spilling it’s contents on the floor surprisingly with a good abundant amount of fluid pouring from the bottle, flowing until it reached the feet of an unsuspecting Allen, allowing him slip before he can reach his destination.

“WHAT THE FUCK?!”

With a kick of his foot, SeoJi glided with finesse and grace with his chair through the apricot hued liquid till he was right beside the bed, obscuring Min Yoongi and Jung Hoseok from the American hired killer’s view, sitting in front of him regally as he crossed his legs over each other.

Flashing Allen a coy smirk with a matching head tilt, your poison user made a come hither motion as crimson eyes clashed with ash-gray hues in a stare down. And to further infuriate his opponent, SeoJi gave him one of his Original’s trademark flying kiss.

With a vicious snarl, Minion#1 charged at Kim Seokjin’s Doll clone fuming, ready to main and decapitate your poison expert of a Doll…

…but only to trip again on how slippery the ground is.

“God damn it, I swear I’ll give you a hell of a beating when I get my fucking hands on you.”

After two failed attempts to get up, the American hired killer opted to roll on the floor to reach your SeoJi, standing a few inches away from your poison user, drenched in the oily orange liquid substance with an extremely pissed off expression on his roguish features.

His dark RayBan shades fell from the top of his head to his eyes obstructing them from SeoJi’s view glinting in an ominous manner.

Faster than he could say ‘Eat Jin’, Minion#1 was now in front of your poison expert swinging his weapon with renewed vigor, each blow getting harder and stronger after another.

He may not show it, but SeoJi is panicking. He’s a poison expert and has invented different kinds of deadly concoctions in his three years of existence, he is not a fighter that much is expected, but how can he defend Suga and J-hope with his inexperience in hand to hand combat while his hyung is still
busy with the Italian mercenary?

A particular hit almost cleaved him in half if he didn’t pivot the right frontal leg of his seat expertly evading Allen, swerving to the left swiftly.

“WAH!”

SHING!

The oldest of your maknae line of Dolls saw as Luciano threw one of his daggers on Hoseok’s direction aiming for his heart.

“Kuso! If I evade this bat psycho, my hyung’s Original will die. But if I catch that dagger, this American mercenary will clobber me, but I’ll live...probably...”

With resolute conviction on his decision, SeoJi caught the dagger in between the fingers of his left hand allowing his guard to fall down and for Allen to pounce on him, hitting him hard on the stomach with a strong two handed swing.

“Augh kono yarou! It hurts so much!”

Your poison expert vomited a bit of blood clutching his abdomen to somewhat ease the pain. But the American mercenary didn’t stop there, he delivered another hard blow on your SeoJi’s stomach, his chair sliding on the floor, crashing onto the glass window of the hotel with such force, breaking it in the process.

“MOONIE HYUNG!”

Your Moon watched in horror as his bloodied dongsaeng flew pass the window and into his possible death. Without wasting another second, he delivered a well aimed roundhouse kick on the unsuspecting Italian’s face, rendering him unconscious on the floor.

“I’ve have enough of you idjits!”

Your third oldest pulled out his target whip in record time, extracting the thong to wrap it’s end securely and tightly at one of the leg’s of the bed Min Yoongi and Jung Hoseok was occupying. With hard enraged silver pools of mercury, he jumped out the the broken window to hopefully to catch his dongsaeng before he splatters on the base ground.

Frantic ash-gray hues searched for SeoJi as he hanged on mid air, hoping against hope that somehow his dongsaeng has managed to evade death the second time.

“You can’t die SeoJi-ah, not when we are this close on seeing Master again.”

Suddenly, the scent of fresh blood hit his senses when the wind blew to pass his direction. The Smell was strong enough to let him know that the one bleeding was close enough to him. He extended his whip more and came in contact with a platform the one the window cleaners uses when they clean the windows of high buildings, and there barely clutching to one of the lower bars was a pair of bloodied hands, nails clawing desperately at the steel handle belonging to his dongsaeng.

Using his abnormal strength to his advantage, he pulled SeoJi up carefully, embracing him when he was at the safety of the window cleaners pulpit.

“Gwenchana?”
“Hai, I’m okay Moonie hyung. Hurting in so many places that I didn’t know exist, but otherwise I’m fine.”

After saving SeoJi from falling from the ninth floor of their hotel, Moonie had managed to swing his whip hard enough to haul the two of them back up, stepping up the glass windows of the lower floors carefully.

What greeted them when they were in the safety of the Park Suite King Style room was the heavy atmosphere and two unwanted unidentified persons in full body black hood. Their dark attires were unfortunately obscuring their identity and gender from all occupants of the suite. They standing at attention near the opened door of their special room, behind an unusually quiet Allen.

With a fast flick of their wrists, the two hooded figures sported weapons seemingly out of nowhere. One having two 9mm gun and the other one having two customized revolver weapons, firing at your Dolls and the two kidnapped BTS rappers unrelentingly wanting to fill their bodies with holes and lead bullets.

Tied between fighting them or escaping their death, Moon and SeoJi decided to risk it, whisking Yoongi and Hoseok from the bed, running towards the broken glass of the hotel seemingly intent to plunge all four them to their early doom.

“ARE YOU FUCKING CRAZY?! I THOUGHT YOU WERE NAMJOON’S DOLL, YOU’VE GOT TO HAVE A BETTER IDEA THAN KILLING THE FOUR OF US!”

All Min Yoongi got was a smirk from your Moonie before your Dolls jumped through the broken glass window on the 9th floor of Park Hyatt Seoul Hotel, insane like laughter bubbling on their throats as they fall.

"WOOOOO! HEHEHEHEHE!!"

AugustD and Hobi felt their hearts slow down to a stop as they were pulled to the ground by gravity, the winds ruffling their hairs and clothes as they descended to ground, caged in the arms of the Doll clones of their dongsaeng Namjoon and their hyung Seokjin.

The were sure they would splatter on the ground flesh, bones and all with their blood gushing from their broken bodies like a fountain.

But none of that happened, because all too soon Moonie and SeoJi landed on a window-man wiper’s platform, shaking it a bit with their unstable landing and then jumping again for the second time with reckless abandon to their remaining distance from the ground.

“AHHHHHHHH! I SWEAR IF I SURVIVE THIS FALL. I’LL BE A LITTLE BIT LENIENT WITH YOU GUYS ON DANCE PRACTICE!”

BANG!

BANG!

Two shots were fired from the position of their former room in the hotel, they saw the two hooligans by Alfred, still clad in their foreboding dark full body hoods, with their respective guns aimed at them peering pass through the broken glass with their hooded heads.

One shot was directed at Yoongi, the other for Hoseok, their kidnappers wanting them dead. Luckily for the two oldest rappers of BTS, your Dolls took the bullet for them, one hitting Moon on his left
shoulder and SeoJi getting his bullet wound on his right shoulder, blood blooming from where they were shot at, staining their ripped clothing with their life’s liquid color.

Suga and J-hope could only gape and stare in fear.

“‘It’s alright, we got you. We’ll die again first before we let a friend of our Master die on our watch.’”

RM and Jin’s Doll version tightened their hold on their charges, twisting their body mid air, their backs where facing the concrete ground, so when they land, they would take the full impact of the fall instead of the two oldest Rappers of Bangtan securing their safety.

"...Master, till we meet again..."

With his trembling bleeding right hand, Moon fished his secret phone from his coat pocket, speed dialing Jungko’s number. He knew their Doll brother will be with you so he isn’t worried for his safety. Before their time expires, he just want to hear your voice one last time.

Ring.

Riiinngng.

RIINNGGGG.

“Yeoboseyo...?”

“Master...help...I...”

“I... love... you...”

THUD.

Beep.

Beeeeepp.

“...”

“MOONIE!”

Min Yoongi and Jung Hoseok survived the fall with few injuries, but did your Moon and SeoJi live after taking the full impact of their descent?

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.

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Clutching the sleek black phone of your Doll Jungko, your right ear buzzed hearing your Moonie’s rough weak voice before the line was abruptly cut off, the dial tone greeting you eerily sending your heart into overdrive with worry.

"Please be alright my Moon, my Ouji."

"Noona are you there?"
The man formerly known as agent 707 asked from your left ear, your earpiece buzzing with his frantic voice.

“GOD DAMMIT SEAYUNG! WHERE THE HELL ARE THEY?!”

“Calm down noona, I've got their location! Vivi, Chimin and SuYoon are on their way as we speak!”

“FUCK! I TOLD YOU NOT TO GIVE THEM THEIR LOCATION UNLESS WE'RE SURE HE'S NOT THERE! NOW TELL ME WHERE ARE THEY!”

“But noona it’s dangerous! The Doll Necromancer will find you!”

“Tell me.”

“...Park Hyatt Seoul Hotel in Daechi 2(i)-dong, Gangnam-gu...”

“Thank you Searan.”

“Come back safe noona.”

“I make no promises, I’m so tired of running and hiding. If it’s me they want, then I’m coming at them with everything I’ve got...screw the consequences, there will be bloodbath...they’ve messed with the wrong Doll Master.”

You may have not the patience of a saint, but you have enough to deal with all the shits you've been through in your life.

But not this time, oh no, no more Miss nice gal.

Your one pissed off bitch.

And your ready to spread chaos and hell.

Στο μοντέλο;

Chapter End Notes

ёуна-чан’s rants:
Oh god my heart broke at the last scene! Moonie Seoji
NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO.

Well how nice, Namjoon and Jin thinks your a sasaeng DX RIP YOU RIP ME RIP US OMFG!

We saw a little bit of Moonie and SoeJi's fighting style, did you guys like it? I sure hope so cuz I've melted my brain thinking of those scenes! It would break me if you guys
I love the part where Yoongi punched Allen in the face hehehe they are not damsels xP

I'm always looking forward to your reactions on each chapter! Please comment below if you enjoyed this as much as I do!

What's your favorite part? Your least favorite?

Your opinion on Moonie and SeoJi?

I love you guys~~ Muwwaah~
beaten but not keeling over! I'm still alive

[Runs into view haggard and out of breath]

"Whew, I think I lost them. Augh, who knew that my Dolls were capable of doing that! I'm glad I escaped them."

"I don't think so Ja-gi-ya~"

[A low, dark, sinful yet sensual voice whispered near Luva's ears scarring the shit out of her]

"KYAAAAAAAA!"
"Yah, don't call me 'His' name! And for the sake of Doll Vivi, call me Taetae 'Author-nim'."

[Taetae flashed Luva a fanged smirk, with certain promise of pain and otherworldly torture to come]

"Why are you here in Doll Master anyways? Are you alone?"

"Vivi called in a favor, and who am I to pass up the chance in meeting you 'Author-sama'? Though I'm sure you know why I'm here exactly no? And if you really want to know, 'Jimin' wanted to come,

but I persuaded him to let me meet you alone."

[Gulps] "I-is that so?"

[Taetae was suddenly behind Luva with his left arm looping on her torso, giving her neck a
long, wet, sensual swipe of his tongue, his hot muscle leaving trails of goosebumps on her exposed skin]

"Ne, so kindly do your thing before I suck you dry ja-gi-ya~"

"IYAH!! Erm, hi My dear readers, I'm sorry that this isn't an update I've just been busy in real life in this passed few months not being able to update my stories, but no worries! No story of mine will be abandoned so please wait for the next chapter 'aight?!"
"Also, here's a preview of chapter ten of Doll Master! Hope you enjoy it my lovely readers!

“We never did disobey Master, admittedly she pretty much asks nothing from us, but to do something like this behind her back…we're lucky if she don't lay us to rest when we come back.”

“...Master won't do that to us, she loves us too much to do that Vivi-hyung.”

“And we love her too SuYoon-ah.”

So, so much.

“But hyung, as much as it pains me to say this, I know that we all know of Master’s developing feelings for our Originals...whether she notices them or not.”

“...”

“Even if we admit or not, it's the bitter truth we Dolls have to face at some point.”

The collective silence in the van was heavy with the Dolls suppressed emotions…the feelings of deep agony and despair they were experiencing that you fail to perceive were spilling from their well built titanium walls, leaving them in an unending loop of misery and heartache which you’ve unknowingly inflicted on them since meeting the first five members of Bangtan.

“It hurts.”
Chimin’s previously stated sentence were no news to your Dolls, they were there beside you as Jimin and Taehyung visited you from time to time, soon to be followed by BTS’s maknae as the months go by with Hoseok and Yoongi not too far behind with their last visit before they got taken.

They saw Bangtan’s members’ hidden meaningful glances towards you, even if the Idols themselves haven’t realized their own growing feelings at that time yet since their only focus were their music, their career and most importantly, Bangtan Sonyeodan.

“Why couldn’t Master see our love for her?”

As sad and slightly pathetic it may sound, they have been loving you their beloved Master more than a Doll should love their creator. Over the years of being with you, they have fallen hopelessly in love with you not as Lohavete their Doll Master, but as [L/N] [Y/N]… the unique, humble, strong and loving woman you are.

And it’s driving them insane with jealousy and hurt every time you focus your attention on their Originals, the way your mesmerizing eyes would light up at their presence and how much joy their Originals could bring to you by simply being them…being human.

“We’ve been trying to woo Master for years, I don’t know if she’s THAT oblivious to our advances or if she’s just playing dumb, but sometimes I wish I was human instead. If, if I was human like my Original Jiminie, would Master look my way like she does when he visits with Tae and Kookie? Will she give me… us a chance to win her heart?”

“Chimin-ah…”

“It hurts hyung, I love Master and I’m sure we all fell for her because of her charms, kindness and loving heart. But she’s too kind hyung, but won’t she cross that line for us? We may be Dolls but we care and love her more than any human can and will.”

“I know Chiminie, we all feel that way towards her.”

“It hurts hyung, so so much. More than words could ever convey, more than any action could ever express. I don’t know for how long can I contain this longing, the ache of wanting to be with her
and love her. They are lucky that hey have a chance with her, but us? I doubt Master would even blink if we offer ourselves to her wholeheartedly--"

"--with rose petals scattered on her bed and us without any clothing on?"

.

.

.

"VIVI-HYUNG?"

Cue two face-palming dongsaengs, one internally, one only half succeeding since he’s holding a long sharp weapon.

"I was being serious hyung, mou! Do you really have to ruin it with that image!"

"As much as I agree with you Chimin-hyung, Aruji doesn’t fully understand her effect on us, walking in the hallways of our home in just a towel even with us there. Kami if I don’t have respect and morals I’d ravish her on the spot."

Supposedly innocent, sweet maknae SuYoon says what now?

"SuYoon-chi what the-- when did you grow up to be such a pervert! I didn’t raise you to be a ravenous beast!"

"I’ve learned from the best Chimin-hyung~ Ne Vivi-hyung?"

"WHAT?! VIVI-HYUNG, EXPLAIN!" Chimin shrieked indignantly swerving their SUV in the wrong lane, enraged at the little tidbit of info their maknae has told him.

"Hoh, don’t worry Chiminie~ I’ve only taught him a few important things~"
Glaring at his Vivi hyung from the rear view mirror as he carefully drove back to their lane, Chimin muttered at few cuss words under his breath, cursing their eldest for spreading his perverted tendencies, corrupting their sweet maknae SuYoon.

“God hyung, it’s hard enough for me that you and Moonie are damn perverts, why do you have to corrupt our maknae too.”

“He has the makings of a great Casanova so I can’t resist. Who am I to say no to our cute maknae? He needed help so I gave him materials, the rest is up to him~”

“So all the lip bite, the sultry looks, the misleading sexual words and touches to our Master were your doing!? Aish, wait till Hopie-ah hears this!” Chimin growled some of his words in a low timbre of voice, similar to his Original’s Busan satoori killing his perverted hyung in his mind repeatedly.

“Chiminie~ Don’t act like your innocent ne? Remember that noona a while back in the woman’s toi--

“Speak a word about that incident hyung, and I’ll shove my war fan up your ass!”

“Maa, maa~ That incident sure does bring back nice memories no?”

“Nice memories my ass, we saw that noona’s vital regi--

“Aish, Chimin-hyung, Vivi-hyung hajima!”

“Humph!”

[Taetae hugs Luva closer to him, nosing her collar]
"Well done 'Author-nim', now for your reward."

"M-mwo? YAH STOP BITING MY NECK YOU BLOOD SUCKER!"
Chapter Notes

Luva-chan's Notes:
Luva-chan: Omo, omo! 100+ Kudos! Oh god I think I’m going to have a heart attack! You guys are awesome! So much love! Thank you for waiting my lovely readers! Here is the chapter ten of Doll Master!

[BTS Persona MV comes out before Luva can finish typing her notes]

Luva-chan: Be right back need to watch our boys MV! ☆*: .  o(≥▽≤)o .:*☆

[comes back unconscious with her soul out of her body]

Vivi: Do we always have to do this every-time our Originals makes a comeback? ( ‸ )

Chimin: [pokes Luva’s cheeks] Maa hyung you can’t blame her, Boy with Luv was beyond spectacular (b≥∀)ँ ँ तँ

Hopie: [dancing while humming the tune of Boy with Luv] o(≥▽≤o)

SuYoon: While our hyungs are acting like children, shall we move on with the disclaimer Jungko-hyung?

Jungko: Ne SuYoon-ah, Luva-chan doesn’t own anything in this story other than us, her OC’s and this story’s plot. ¯\_(ツ)_/¯

SuYoon: Our author is sorry for updating late, and thanks you for your love and support.

Vivi: [whispers] she’s just lazy and has been playing online games nonstop--

Chimin: [covers Vivi’s mouth] Shh! Hyung!

Hopie: We hope you enjoy this chapter! If you haven’t watched boy with luv go watch it! Bye bi~~ o(≥▽≤o)(o≥▽≤o) IllegalArgumentException

"Love is nothing stronger" - thoughts

"Than a boy with love" - spoken together by two or more people

Please stop reminding me about the toilet incident! - denotes flashback

See the end of the chapter for more notes
"Noona are you there?"

The man formerly known as agent 707 asked from your left ear, your earpiece buzzing with his frantic voice.

“GOD DAMMIT SEAYUNG CHOI! WHERE THE HELL ARE THEY?!"

“Calm down noona, I've got their location! Vivi, Chimin and SuYoon are on their way as we speak!”

“FUCK! I TOLD YOU NOT TO GIVE THEM THEIR LOCATION UNLESS WE'RE SURE HE'S NOT THERE! NOW TELL ME WHERE ARE THEY!”

“But noona it's dangerous! The Doll Necromancer will find you!”

“Tell me .”

“...Park Hyatt Seoul Hotel in Daechi 2(i)-dong, Gangnam-gu...”

“Thank you Searan.”

“Come back safe noona.”

“I make no promises, I’m so tired of running and hiding. If it’s me they want, then I’m coming at them with everything I’ve got…screw the consequences, there will be bloodbath…they’ve messed with the wrong Doll Master.”
Chimin’s hands were quivering as he gripped the steering wheel of the black SUV Volvo van he was driving, his silver eyes hard as he gazed at the car’s gps then at the road in concentration, fearing for the life of his dongsaengs and their adopted hyungs, Min Yoongi and Jung Hoseok.

“Please stay alive.”

His main focus may be on driving, but his honed senses were well aware of the activities of the van’s occupants tuning it first to his Vivi-hyung who was seated at the very back row of their car with a raven colored wireless earpiece on his right ear, his nimble fingers busy typing fast on his laptop while in a heated debate with Saeyung Choi, one of their Master’s few true friends that knows about her Dolls’ existence.

“Lohavete-noona is headed your way Vivi, I strongly suggest you wait for her and Narciel-noona before engaging him.” Luciel’s usual cheery disposition was not found. He’s in serious mode using his somewhat deep tone of voice, trying to convince your Dolls to not continue their suicide mission.

“We lost them once Luciel-hyung, we aren’t going to lose them again.”

“But are you willing to sacrifice your life and those of your current Doll brothers? If something happens to the rest of you, your Master will go insane.”

“...”

“Believe me I know how it is to loose someone important to you, I’m just glad that he’s back into
my life now but, do you want to inflict more pain to your Master if your plan backfires?"

“No, of course not, but we have to risk it even if the odds seems to be against us… and please whatever happens, don’t tell Master about our whereabouts…”

It is exactly that time when you called Seayung’s main number, your anger transmitting even though the earpiece he trademark headset demanding about your missing Dolls location.

“GOD DAMMIT SEAYUNG CHOI! WHERE THE HELL ARE THEY?!"

The infamous hacker 707 made a fetal error hanging up on you.

“SHIT!”

“Hyung, your idiocy knows no limit.”

“Searan!”

Luciel whined, hugging his dear twin fearing for his life. He had faced Mint Eye and his former organization, but they are nothing compared to an angry, livid you.

He was so lost in thoughts clinging at the former hacker Unknown that he only heard his twin’s voice trailing off, telling you your Dolls whereabouts.

“... Park Hyatt Seoul Hotel in Daechi 2(i)-dong, Gangnam-gu...”

“It’s too late for that, Searan already told Lohavete-noona and she’s livid.”

“Can you at least try to hold her back a bit hyung? With your expertise, I know that task will be a piece of cake.”

Sigh.

“Understood, take care Vivi-chi~~”

Beep.

Beep.

Beep.

The eldest of your Dolls sighed, carding his digits through his silver locks in slight aggravation.

“Forgive us Master, but we have to do this.”

Eyes in the shade of liquefied mercury stared at the screen of his laptop before closing it, recalling all the information Luciel has ‘given’ him to prepare them for their impromptu rescue mission.
“Let’s just hope that we make it in time…until then, just hold on a little longer Moon-ah, SeoJi-ah.”

Composing his jumbled thoughts, your eldest Vivi’s tired stare zeroed on the wary forms of his dongsaengs.

The first target of his scrutinizing gaze was Chimin who was the one in control of the wheel. His blonde dongsaeng was garbed in one of his bright crimson silk battle cheongsam, the blood carmine color symbolizing how serious he is with this mission, ready to main and decapitate, opposing to his usual calm, peace-esque cerulean hued garments.

The sweet aura that seems to follow his dongsaeng everywhere surrounding the mochi-like Doll was gone, replaced by a cold frozen exterior as he smoothly handled the car’s steering wheel. His light steel colored orbs were busy scanning the road, on the look out for any ambush that they might encounter as they drove through the dim-lit high end streets of Seoul in gangnam.

With a quiet rustle of movements, Vivi met the eyes of their maknae through the reflection of the blade of SuYoon’s katana. No emotion were seen on their sweet youngest eyes, he was looking at his hyung with such battle-hard countenance that Vivi was forced to look away from Suga’s Doll clone with guilt.

For the first time in their existence, they have disobeyed you, their Master, in order to save their Doll brothers including the adopted hyungs of their heart, Suga and J-hope. They know it’s not logical to run into their enemies trap head on like this, but there is a feeling of imminent danger lurking in their bones, a feeling they’ve felt three years ago when their Dolls brothers were killed.

It’s calling out to them like a light beacon on a dark stormy sea…they can feel the essences of their Doll brothers Moon and SeoJi weakening, and if they don’t get to them now, then they might loose their Doll brothers for the second time.

They definitely don’t want that.

“I’m sorry to drag you guys into this Chimin-ah, SuYoon-ah…if only we have more options…”

Chimin adjusted the rear-view mirror so his Vivi-hyung could see his incredulous face with a raised left eyebrow, his plush lips forming into an adorable pout. “What are you saying hyung? You’re crazy if you think we’ll leave you alone to do this…plus you suck at combat, you’ll die before you could take a step out of this van.”

“YAH!”

His two dongsaengs ignored Vivi’s pathetic protests in order to let their opinions be heard.

“Ne, as Chimin-hyung said, we’re Doll brothers, we look out for each other and we stick together no matter what.” SuYoon added as he continued to carefully clean the blade of his katana in the middle row seat of the SUV, dressed in his onyx hued military uniform for battle with the mixture of ivory, crimson and golden colors emphasizing his pale skin more.

“We never did disobey Master, admittedly she pretty much asks nothing from us, but to do something like this behind her back…we’re lucky if she don’t lay us to rest when we come back.” your eldest trailed of with a silent sigh, his silver hues melancholic.

“… Master won’t do that to us, she loves us too much to do that Vivi-hyung.” Suga’s Doll clone huffed, rolling his eyes at his hyungs.
“And we love her too SuYoon-ah.” both of his current hyungs chorused in unison with conviction.

So, so much.

“But hyung, as much as it pains me to say this, it’s no secret to us Dolls that our Master is developing feelings for our Originals…whether she notices them or not.” Chimin uttered softly, sadly gazing at his Doll brothers through the car’s rear view mirror.

“…”

“Even if we admit or not, it’s the bitter truth we Dolls have to face at some point…to be replaced by our Originals…what are we Dolls created to the likeness of humans compared to the real thing?”

The collective silence in the van was heavy with the Dolls suppressed emotions…the feelings of deep agony and despair they were experiencing were spilling from their well built titanium walls, leaving them in an unending loop of misery and heartache which you’ve unknowingly inflicted on them since meeting the first five members of Bangtan.

"It hurts."

“It hurts so much Master …”

“Please, make it stop… please.”

Chimin’s previously stated sentence were no news to your Dolls, they were there beside you as Jimin and Taehyung started to visit you (out of pure curiosity after your first meeting), soon to be followed by their maknae Jungkook as the months go by (being shy as ever, blushing till the tip of his ears at his first visit alone) their hyungs Hoseok and Yoongi not too far behind with their last stopover before they got taken.

They saw Bangtan’s members’ hidden meaningful glances towards you, even if the Idols themselves haven’t realized their own growing feelings at that time yet since their only focus were their music, their career and most importantly, their group Bangtan Sonyeodan.

"Why couldn’t Master see our love for her? Not just as our Master, but as a woman we want to spend the rest of our lives with not matter how long or short it may be.”

They don’t know when it began, maybe it was the months when you started to carefully build their ball-jointed bodies, carving their faces and dressed their lifeless doll bodies. Maybe it was when you breathed them life and embraced them for the first time. Or it maybe when you patiently taught them how to be ‘human’ and made them feel.

And over the years of being with you, they have fallen hopelessly in love with you not as Lohavete their Doll Master and creator, but as [L/N] [Y/N]… the unique, humble, strong and loving woman you are.

And it’s driving them insane with hurt and jealousy every time you focus your attention on their Originals, the way your mesmerizing eyes would light up at their mere presence and how much joy their Originals could bring to you by simply being there, being them…being human.

“We’ve been trying to woo Master for years, I don’t know if she’s THAT oblivious to our advances or if she’s just playing dumb, but sometimes I wish I was human instead. If, if I was human like my
Original Jiminie, would Master look my way like she does when he visits with Tae and Kookie? Will she get flustered if I get too close, will she give me...us a chance to win her heart?

“Chimin-ah...”

“It hurts hyung, I love Master and I’m sure we all fell for her because of her charms, kindness and loving heart. But she’s too kind hyung, but won’t she cross that line for us? We may be Dolls but we care and love her more than any human can and will.”

“I know Chiminie, we all feel that way towards her. As promised, whomever wins her affection will have the support of the rest of us...but we didn’t include our Originals in that equation, which leads to this fetal error...the probability of losing our Master to them...”

“It hurts hyung, so so much. More than words could ever convey, more than any action could ever express. I don’t know for how long can I contain this longing, the ache of wanting to be with her and love her. They are lucky that hey have a chance with her, but us? I doubt Master would even blink if we offer ourselves to her wholeheartedly--”

“--with rose petals scattered on her bed and us without any clothing on?”

“VIVI-HYUNG!”

Cue two face-palming dongsaengs, one doing it internally because he’s driving. The other one only half succeeding since he’s holding a long sharp weapon, fighting the urge to stab their eldest since he doesn’t want to spill blood inside the van and on his clothes.

“I was being serious hyung, mou! Do you really have to ruin it with that image!”

“As much as I agree with you Chimin-hyung, Aruji doesn’t fully understand her effect on us. We maybe living Dolls, but we are still of the male specie, her walking in the hallways of our home in only just a towel even with us there. Kami if I don’t have self-control, I’d ravish her on the spot.”

Supposedly innocent, sweet maknae SuYoon says what now?

“SuYoon-ah what the-- when did you grow up to be such a pervert! I didn’t raise you to be a ravenous beast!”

“I’ve learned from the best Chimin-hyung~ Ne Vivi-hyung?”

“WHAT?! HYUNG, EXPLAIN!” Chimin shrieked indignantly, swerving their SUV in the wrong
lane, enraged at the little tidbit of info their maknae has shared with him.

“Hoh, don’t worry Chiminie~ I’ve only taught him a few basic important things~”

Glaring at his Vivi hyung from the rear view mirror as he carefully drove back to the right lane, Chimin muttered a few cuss words under his breath, cursing their eldest for spreading his perverted tendencies, corrupting their sweet maknae SuYoon.

Worst thing is, his hyung looks so damn proud about his accomplishment.

“Smug bastard.”

“God hyung, it’s hard enough for me that you and Moonie are damn perverts, why do you have to corrupt our cute maknae too.”

“He has the makings of being a great International Playboy so I can’t resist. Who am I to say no to our cute maknae? He needed help so I gave him materials, the rest is up to him~”

“So all the lip bite, the sultry looks, the misleading sexual words and touches to our Master were all your doing!? I know there was something wrong when I saw SuYoon watching those certain BTS videos on YouTube! Aish, wait till Hopie-ah hears this!” Chimin snarled some of his words in his low timbre of voice, similar to his Original’s Busan satoori, killing his perverted hyung in his mind repeatedly.

“Chiminie~ Don’t act like your innocent ne? Remember that noona a while back in the woman’s toi-”

“Speak a word about that incident hyung, and I’ll shove my war fan up your ass!”

“Maa, maa~ That incident sure does bring back nice memories no?”

“Good memories my ass, we saw that noona’s vital regi--

“Aish, Chimin-hyung, Vivi-hyung hajima!” SuYoon interfered, frowning at his immature hyungs.

“Humph!”

With one last withering glare towards his chuckling Vivi-hyung, Chimin faced forward with a glower plotting his revenge.

“You are on my shit list hyung, just watch…Maybe I should…heh, that will be perfect!”

Without garnering the attention of his perverted hyung, Chimin stealthily yet forcefully stepped on the car’s clutch, then on it’s break and lastly it’s gas to halt the SUV abruptly. The force of the stop resulted with your eldest Doll’s face kissing the back of SuYoon’s seat’s head rest hard.

Finding the result of his doing amusing with his Vivi-hyung’s face smashed on the surface of the seat’s leather making out with the fabric… your mochi like Doll can’t help but giggle at the sight, their maknae SuYoon peering at his disgruntled hyung trying hard to mask his chuckles but ultimately failing enjoying his Vivi-hyung’s misery.

“I’ll make you regret your words hyung…this is war.”

With a small, barely noticeable smirk on his lips, your second oldest Doll drove the car on a sudden
reverse resulting on Vivi’s head bumping on his seat’s head rest this time, your oldest Doll turning pale as a sheet of paper as he hugged his laptop for dear life when Chimin encountered a road curve shifting into high gear and did the road curve trick dragging the wheels of the van on the asphalt like he was drag racing, followed by an inertia drift out nowhere, relishing the terrified look on his hyung’s face as they almost crashed on a seemingly innocent sign post at the side of the road.

“Chimin, h-hajima…jebal!”

Chimin was having the time of his life as he controlled the wheel ecstatically, pulling impossible Initial-D like moves on irregular intervals like the 360 degree turn he did just now, further scaring the shit out of Kim Taehyung’s Doll Clone.

“YAH! STOP IT! DO YOU WANT US TO BE ROAD KILL!”

“Ehh?~ Aniyo, I won’t stop hyung. This is soo freaking fun~~ Miro yo, SuYoon-ah isn’t even affected at all~~” Chimin replied in a deceptively sweet voice dripped with poison.

“CHIMIN!”

“Hyung~~”

While his two oldest hyungs were busy being children, SuYoon prompted to ignore their shenanigans to finish cleaning his katana. His focus was solely on it’s blade, dabbing it softly with his stone cleaning powder using his uchiko ball grumbling things under his breath…

“This is why I can’t leave this two hyungs alone, sheesh! Where’s Hopie-hyung when you need him.”

…Well, that is until his sharp silver hues caught a quick glimpse of an upright positioned black coffin on the road, which to his utter disbelief, both his dorky hyungs didn’t take notice of when they are the ones with the keenest senses when it comes to this kind of stuff.

“M-mwo? How could they not see that-- It was just there! -- Aish, seriously these hyungs of mine.”

The maknae of your Dolls almost dropped his weapon at the peculiar sight in shock, gently sheathing his elegant Japanese sword leaving it at his left hand’s grip. He rolled the tinted window of the van down cautiously, wanting to double check if he really did see that casket only to be dumbfounded when he found it gone, obscured by the thick white fog spilling over the streets, the weird hued vast firmament attracting his attention next.

“This doesn’t look good, this feeling of deja vu is not welcomed.”

“Chimin-hyung, could you slow down the car a bit, I need to check on something.”

Your second oldest leveled his dongsaeng a frosty glare,”Sure maknae. But remember, you’re not out of the waters yet you byeontae.”

SuYoon just chuckled at his Chimin hyung’s cute glower, adding an exaggerated gummy smile to the mix as his response before he peered his head outside the car’s window. He didn’t expect to see the sky still bathed in the color of verdant vomit, gasping as he took in the view, not liking the sight in front of him.

“Is the sky supposed to look like someone just spilled green toxic on it hyungs?” Suga’s Doll Clone asked, his silver hues trailed to the ominous heavens matched with the condensed dark
obsidian clouds as he retreated inside their vehicle, the scene in front of him was calling in goosebumps with the heavens devoid of any stars that glimmers in the usual night sky.

“Nani SuYoon-ah, what’s the matter hmm?” Chimin inquired as he looked at their ash blonde maknae, also catching the inquisitive eyes of their oldest Doll brother.

“Look hyungs, the sky is not normal…it feels wrong in so many levels.”

“Heol…” Taehyung and Jimin’s Doll counterpart breathed in fear as they looked at the familiar eerie night sky.

“Hyung, I…”

“I know Chimin, trust me I know.”

Min Yoongi’s Doll Clone swallowed a lump in his throat at his hyungs reaction, confirming his initial thought at the scene before them, feeling parched suddenly with how the atmosphere shifted from a light and friendly bantering, to a dead serious one in a few milliseconds of a blink.

“This is getting dangerous Vivi-hyung. It’s so quiet even for their standards and I can’t even feel anything at this place, not even a single human soul.”

“Well, we do know that this is a trap SuYoon-ah. We just need to be vigilant, they are ready for us so we must return the courtesy tenfold no?” Vivi sported a conniving smirk as he said that, locking eyes with his two dongsaengs.

“Ne hyung.” Chimin and SuYoon replied, mimicking their Vivi-hyung’s sly grin.

“Chimin, we’re almost there. Stop here, but make it less suspicious, blend in and act like we’re just there to park and buy from that convenient store.”

“Even if it looks like we’re the only ‘living’ thing out here hyung?”

“Don’t sass me, just do it you fluffy mochi.”

Your oldest Doll inputted the coordinates from his laptop together with the map of the area, passing the location to Chimin through the screen of their dash-cam on the SUV’s rear-view mirror which was modified by Vivi, a red hover dot signifying the area of their stop.

Nodding briefly, your mochi like Doll significantly slowed his driving to a five kilometers per hour speed, getting anxious as the fog thickens when they neared Park Hyatt Hotel Seoul. Their guard were raised to the highest level imaginable, wary at the lack of ‘greeting’ from their expected enemy’s part.

Placing their SUV on the parking area of the seven-eleven near Teheran-ro 114-gil, three pairs of alert hues in the color of mercury glanced at their vicinity noticing the lack of human presence on the
streets, the shops and other buildings near the hotel were also devoid of any signs of life.

It was frighteningly quiet, the sky was giving them a awful vibes with the streets overflowing with an unknown crimson sticky substance… and before them stood a good number of sleek black closed coffins, crowding the streets instead of the humans that shunned them and accused them of being monsters…of being the spawn of the devil.

With his grip on his katana tightening, Suga’s mini me in Human form inched closer to his hyungs as they sat in the middle row of the van, silver eyes sharpening. “Hyung…what is this? Some kind of a sick, twisted dramatization of hell on earth?”

Vivi’s sharp light steel hued eyes were gravitated at the ominous peculiar scene before lading on Min Yoongi’s mini me in Human Form “Perhaps SuYoon-ah. Be prepared, I can feel Yoongi-hyung and Hoseok-hyung’s aura mixed with Moonie and SeoJi-ah, but theirs are diminishing as we speak.”

Copying their maknae, Chimin also went closer to his Doll brothers, war fan’s out and ready.

“Vivi-hyung, isn’t this scene eerily familiar? It was also like this when we lost Moonie, SeoJi and Jungko…” closing his eyes to suppress the memories of his three dongsaengs first death, your second oldest were shaking from all the emotions surging through him, hearing the cries of pain and agony of his Doll brothers inside his mind on repeat.

“It was also like this three years ago when we faced him on a killing spree in Europe Chimin, kami how many more does he have to kill to be satisfied…tch.”

“…”

Silence occupied the SUV for a few seconds, your three Dolls in Human Form were staring at each other for moral support and motivation, prepping themselves before they start their mission.

“Are you guys sure you want to do this?”

Your oldest Doll glanced at his dongsaengs anxious forms, his guilt further eating him with how tense they are, as they avoided his piercing gaze.

“Ne hyung, anything to get them back. It isn’t the same without them, we aren’t the same without them.” SuYoon replied, closing his eyes holding back his tears.

“I won’t stand here and wait. Seeing them die for the first time is horrible enough, I’m sure as hell will do anything to prevent the second one from happening Vivi-hyung.” Chimin’s voice was filled with cold steel conviction, staring at their hyung’s wavering ones.

“SuYoon, Chimin…Hontounii no?” Vivi asked again in a small voice, his knuckles turning white as he clutched his laptop.

“Un, hyung daijoubu. We’re both sure of this.”

“Fine. I’ll take all the blame once Master comes for us, but for now, let’s do this.”

“Ne!”

Closing their brilliant orbs in the hue of mercury in sync , the three of your Dolls in Human Form glowed in the varying shades of sapphire, silver and ivory. Luminous particles like glowing stardust floated around their figures, dancing in tandem with the translucent rose petals and butterflies
made of pure light in the shade of those three mentioned colors, enveloping Chimin, Vivi and SuYoon in a warm embrace, bathing them in the brilliance of those tiny specks of light.

“Let’s go, remember to never let your guard down. I’ll be staying here to be your eyes and ears, be careful out there you two.”

“Hai Vivi-nii!”

Chimin and SuYoon gave their Vivi-hyung identical feral smirks as they exited their black van, readying themselves to traverse their way to Park Hyatt Hotel, cautious and on high alert as they blended into the shadows of the convenient store, not a trace left on their aura and presence.

As if they don’t exist in this plane of reality.

“I don’t believe in God after all the hardships we went through, but just this once, please look after them.”

With one last resigned sigh, Kim Taehyung’s Doll clone opened his laptop, seeing different camera views of sixteen focal points near their targeted area, on the look out for any sign or shadow of their enemy letting his miniature butterfly drones circle around their designated location while his worried silver hues were focused on the top left corner of the screen where his dongsaengs are.

Though invisible to be caught with the normal eyes, Vivi’s trained ones followed his younger Doll brothers movements, ready to warn them if any threat arises.

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Under your eldest Doll’s careful watch, Chimin and SuYoon traversed the small distance of the second seven-eleven store to the prestigious Park Hyatt Hotel cautiously and stealthily on foot safely, hiding through the shadows and gliding through high rooftops on extreme speeds to hide from view and to give them more vantage point to attack.

With their Vivi-hyung staying back at the SUV to be their guide using his miniature butterfly drones to further scope his two dongsaengs parameter for any enemies, which luckily so far they have encountered none, only to discover more of those enigmatic obsidian coffins eerily cluttered at one point and another in a systematic design or pattern.

They stopped near the hotel, still one with the shadows with SuYoon on the rooftop of one of the buildings while Chimin crouched at one of the high street lights scoping their area, finding more of those obsidian coffins clustered on the road, not even encountering a single human being as they arrived a block away from the hotel.

“What the hell…”

White hot anger was burning through their veins as they bear witness to a painful scene searing through their moistening silver optics.
“T-this can’t be…Moonie-ah, SeoJi-ah…” Chimin whispered in agony, his liquid mercury colored eyes brimming with unshed tears.

“Moon-hyung…Seo-hyung…please don’t be dead…” SuYoon’s disbelieving eyes were on his hyungs unresponsive forms, desperately searching for any signs of life.

Right in front of their very eyes laid Moon and SeoJi, Reawakened, suffering many deep and superficial wounds while bleeding profusely from the bullet shots on their shoulders accompanied by a mini crater surrounding their barely conscious forms. A tall lean man is hovering over them, the heel of his leather boots is on Moon’s destroyed phone as he glowered over your Dolls.

Min Yoongi and Jung Hoseok has discoloration and gashes on their bodies but otherwise there were okay, being held back by two hooded figures that were looking like wanna be Nobodies in Organization XIII from Kingdom Hearts II. The two oldest rappers of BTS were trying damnest to get out of their captors hold, eyes glued to their dying Doll brothers.

“Chimin, don’t.” Vivi’s voice cackled through Chimin’s earpiece, trying to get a hold of his raging dongsaeng.

Your second eldest is the most empathetic one of your Dolls, being more in tune with his emotions and he’s here seeing both his dongsaengs at the brink of death, their two adopted hyungs Min Yoongi and Jung Hoseok about to be killed by one of his damnable lackeys if their signature hood was one to clue them on the vicious three Human Dolls of that certain Doll Master equivalent to jack the ripper of the modern times but only he’s a hundred times much worse than that murderer.

“How. Fucking. Dare. You!”

With a cry of outrage, Chimin charged into the fray with the intent to maim and decapitate, jumping down from his position and wasting no time to savagely assault the two hooded figures who were manhandling the two kidnapped idols, hitting them hard with his war fan with a strong upper slash and downward slice combo using half the strength of his muscled arms.

“Kutabare kuso yaro ga!” [Die you bastard!]your second oldest Doll growled baring his pearly whites, folding his war fans close and impaling the blades of his weapons at each side of the hooded Dolls prompting them to let go of their hostages.

Bang

Bang

BANG!

Guns were fired, the sound echoing through the empty streets, Chimin being occupied with the third hooded Doll, SuYoon joined the battle having gone down from the rooftop he was occupying when they were distracted by your mochi like Doll drawing his sword and cutting the bullet that was supposed to imbued the skull of an unsuspecting Min Yoongi.

“Saa, shinitai no yatsu wa dare da? Bibiten jane zo, itakushinai kara~~” [So, who wants to get killed? Don’t be scared, this won’t hurt~~] Suga’s Doll Clone in Human Form smirked, further provoking their enemies with his steel like gaze.

Silence.

“HAHAHAHA!” the unknown figure leaning over your Moonie was laughing hysterically like a
total psychopath, body shaking with sadistic mirth, wheezing as he tried to catch his breath almost falling over on where he was standing.

“YOU FOOLS! IT’S FUNNY THAT YOU THINK OUR MASTER WOULD JUST LET YOU TAKE AWAY HIS TWO PRECIOUS SOON-TO-BE-DOLLS?!! WRONG! WE’RE PREPARED A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR YOU HEHE!”

The tall male pranced about gasping for breath trying to reign his laughter, but failing epically, leaning his body over one of the obsidian caskets, affectionately caressing it’s surface as if he was touching his lover.

“BEHOLD, THE CAUSE OF YOUR WOULD BE REOCCURRING NIGHTMARES! RISE AND FEAST AMONG THEIR FLESH AND BLOOD!”

Blag.

Blag.

BLAG!

One by one, the coffins littering the area fell down on the floor, like some unseen force was pushing them forward to the point of breaking.

Nothing happened at first, but after three solid seconds of deafening and heart attack inducing silence, the black caskets suddenly began to rattle erratically, as if something evil inside was trying to come out from within the confines of the coffins.

CLANG!

Simultaneously, the lids of the catafalques opened. Guttural growls emerged from its occupants crawling their way outside their confinement, allowing everyone in the vicinity to see dozens of Broken Dolls emerging from the coffins littering the area.

Vivi cursed from inside their van, hoping against hope that you, his Master together with your best friend and Japanese Doll Master Narciel would make it in time before the number of the Broken Dolls overwhelm his Doll brothers. Gathering his every bit of his healing chi, he sent his own personal plethora of silver butterflies to Chimin and SuYoon hoping to aid them at least in boosting their attack and defense.

Your second eldest and maknae were in the state of shock with the magnitude quantity of the Dolls that were Broken thirsting for their flesh, wanting to tear them apart for their heart and drain their body of their liquid life essence spilling on streets like a horde of undead zombies ready to shred them into pieces.

“SuYoon, protect Yoongi-hyung and Hobi-hyung with your life if needed be, I’ll take care of this damn abominations.” Chimin gently guided his wounded idol hyungs towards his blond haired Doll dongsaeng, Yoongi grabbing Namjoon’s Doll Counterpart, while Hoseok guided Seokjin’s Doll Version towards him, looping SeoJi’s shaking left arm around his waist, supporting the poison user’s weight with Suga mimicking J-Hope, doing the same with his self appointed charge albeit the staggering height difference.

“He’s too fucking tall like Joon-ah, augh (‸)

“But hyung, there are too many of them even for you! Do you want to die!”
“Master will come and help, I can feel her. I just need to last until she does…but if bad becomes worst, take Moonie, SeoJi and our Yoongi and Hoseok-hyung and run…run and never look back.”

“Chimin-hyung...”

The katana user of your Dolls bit his lip as he stared at his hyung’s soulful silver hues, ready to rebuke and fight beside him as the Broken Dolls came close, but there’s a certain look on his Chimin-hyung’s optics causing him to stop and follow his hyung’s orders albeit begrudgingly.

“Okay hyung, just don’t die on me and come back to us arraso?”

“Hmm~~ Ne, yakusoku suru wa.” [I promise]Flashing a mimicry of his Original’s eye smile to SuYoon, Chimin dislodged his war fans from the two hooded Dolls, their black blood flowing from their punctured sides adding two more deep slashes on their upper torsos, allowing his blue mana to flow through his war fans’ blades, then stabbing them on their chests watching with emotionless eyes as they fell down lifeless on the cold asphalt, their body dissolving into thousands of translucent fireflies, a sign that their cracked soul have been laid to rest.

Sliding down to his initial defensive pose spreading his battle fans out, your sweet mochi Doll prepared for his war dance under the ominous sky.

When the first wave of Broken Dolls arrived, Chimin brought his wrath upon them easily, slicing through their grotesque bodies while SuYoon diligently hacked those who came a meter radius near his idol hyungs, bile blood and flesh splattering everywhere.

Every strike was done with precision. Their pivots, dodges, and even the simplest task of flickering their wrists were executed with careful calculation and refined grace fit for royalties.

Sparks of azure and ivory hued glowing butterflies paired with the glints of the steels of their chosen weapons with a few hints of silver butterflies accompanied Park Jimin and Min Yoongi’s Doll Clone in Human Form, dancing to the deadly beat of the groans and growls of the Broken Dolls, parrying, blocking and reciprocating attacks from the damned abominations while protecting Suga and J-hope against pointed jagged teeth and broken human and doll limbs stitched together by strings wanting a bite out of their hyungs supple human flesh.

They were accessing all of their mana including their reserves in order to be able to ‘kill’ a Broken Doll with one hit, utilizing all their knowledge in combat to lessen the numbers of their assailants before they tire out.

Huff

Huff

Huff
Time flows and waits for no one, it is time they needed but didn’t have as they began to get exhausted.

Sweat were dripping from their foreheads and soaking their clothes as they were stretched beyond their limits, fatigue catching up to them in their Human Form, their body shaking for the extended duration they have stayed Human. Deep and shallow cuts littered their bodies ripping their garments open making them bleed, but Chimin and SuYoon didn’t let those negative factors consume them for the two oldest rappers of BTS and their two Doll dongsaengs needs them in order survive this madness.

**Clang!**

The sharp edge of Suga’s Doll Clone’s Katana collided with two pairs of clawed deformed hands that were reaching out for a shivering and frightened Hoseok (clutching to a non-pulsed Yoongi but somewhere deep, deep, way deeper inside he’s cared shitless too :P), cutting the offending appendages in one meticulous swipe.

“Get your filthy hands off of them!”

Beside him was his Chimin-hyung, fending off three Broken Dolls trying to break free from his deadly grip, with the blades of his war fans buried deeply within necks of the two Dolls nearest him, while the last one was being held back by his right leg outstretched as if to deliver a high kick, the sole of his foot planted at the cracked jaw of the Doll, pinning him place as it struggled to come closer, scratching at the silk satin of his pants ripping three quarters of it off.

“YAH! That was my favorite pair that Master made me!” with no remorse, Chimin quickly got rid of those three Broken Dolls, their guts, blood, and strings exploding everywhere. “I promised Master I won’t wreck this one…” your saccharine mochi Doll whispered, looking forlornly over his now ripped pants that was showing the nice smooth skin of right leg.

The patisserie of your Dolls directed his silver hues to his hyung’s exposed leg, deadpanning at first, but soon gave in dishing out his Original’s gummy smile whistling, giving his Chimin hyung a thumbs up “Whew hyungie, sexy legs~”

“Aigoo, hajima! Focus on your opponent not me maknae!”

“But hyungie, I’m jealous~~ I want legs like that!” to further emphasize his point, SuYoon raised his left leg, his black slacks torn off showing a good amount of his pale skin in the same shade as his Original, comparing his sexy legs to his hyung’s thicc ones by rubbing the said appendages together.

“Nuhn nuhmoo sexyhae hyung~~” [You’re so sexy hyung]

Flushing in total embarrassment, your mochi Doll intertwined their limbs to halt their maknae’s ministrations “Cut. It. Out. Maknae” He growled at his blond Doll dongsaeng staring him down, their faces only a few centimeters apart.

A heartbeat of silence.

Your two Dolls may seem like they were unaware of their surroundings the moment they focused on each other, but that can’t be more far from the truth. Their eyes may be gravitated to their Doll brother ready to fist fight, but their other honed senses were getting haywire, looking out for any movement from the Broken Dolls.
SuYoon met his hyung’s hard stare, scrunching his button nose cutely, giving his Chimin hyung an Eskimo kiss pouting all the way.

“Fine~~ You win this round hyungie~~”

Yoongi could only internally facepalm at the two Dolls as he watched their shenanigans unfold, though Hoseok was thoroughly enjoying the show, forgetting the danger they were in if only for a moment.

“Omo, omo hyung, Yoonmin is real!” Hobi exclaimed wiggling his eyebrows at his Suga hyung suggestively.

“Aish if I don’t die here in the hands of their enemies, I’ll die from secondhand embarrassment.”

Poor, poor Yoongi.

And too bad for the BTS’s sunshine, your Dolls have keen ears hearing his comment.

“IT’S NOT! WE ONLY LIKE MASTER!”

*Stab*

*Slash*

*Shing*

A shower of torn flesh and vile black blood was J-Hope’s reward from his teasing.

“Geez, I was only joking!”

“Those idiots!”

Slice.

Stab.

“Out of ALL the stupid things they do --

Gore.

**Blood.**

-- they went and go rescue their *dongsaengs* without informing me!”

Splat.

**Splatter.**
“I swear to every god in existence, I will castrate them in their Human Forms!”

Cue Broken Doll guts, blood, strings and rotten flesh flying everywhere as you raised havoc in the Doll infested streets of Yeongdong-daero 86-gil just in front of the famous Starbucks cafe there, raging mad and livid as you tried to plow your way through the ridiculous numbers of Broken Dolls to get to Park Hyatt Hotel.

“Maa, maa calm down Loha-chi. I know you’re angry, but save your strength for the big boss ne?” Narciel berated you as she did a three hundred and sixty degree turn, beheading every single Doll abomination that were standing on her war path using her famed Naginata.

“I know, but this is the first time they did this Narciel, I’m worried.”

Shing

Clang

Shing

Different types of silverware sailed through the air and into the vital parts of those zombie like Dolls courtesy of your action figure Doll Master best friend’s Sebastian Michaelis Doll in Human Form, aiding you and his Master in your quest of eliminating as much as those Broken Dolls as you could before you reach your Dolls Vivi, Chimin and SuYoon.

“My ladies, with the number off these abominations here, we will get drained before we can lay them all to rest. May I suggest something?”

“Yes Sebby-chi, you may~~”

“Well, I could make an opening for lady Loha and you Master, then stay behind here to prevent this Broken Dolls to come after you with the aid of Mister Oliver and Mister Flavio.”

The two mentioned gentlemen nodded in accordance to Sebastian’s proposal, grinning savagely at the prospect of spilling the blood of those sorry excuses for a Doll.

Your silver hues met that of Narciel’s sparkling cerulean ones, both conflicted on leaving the three men here with the Japanese Doll Master’s Sebastian with an unending army of those damned Doll abominations that were spewing from somewhere unknown.

“It’s alright poppet, leave this to us.” the one with the strawberry blond locks said giving you Narciel one of his cute smiles, his light blue eyes glowing as he evaded one of the Dolls, his grin expanding into an almost manic blood thirsty one. Since he can’t use his poisons on their current attackers, he just ‘took’ one of Arthur’s English swords assuming that his grumpy counterpart would forgive him this once to help their two close lady friends.

“Si mi bella amica~~ We owe you this favor. We don’t want our debts to accumulate no?” the Italian man dressed in Gucci from head to toe said, lowering his rose hued designer shades then kissing you on both of your cheeks in affection.

“And Allan did promise me that he won’t get involved with things like this anymore, but here he is way too deep in his schemes…that git needs to be punished.”

“So does mio fratello, he needs to stop getting caught up with every crapola that takes his interest. Mi dispiace bella.”
“You know what we are poppet, so need to worry that pretty head of yours cupcake.”

“We are more than capable enough bella. Go to your gli amanti Lohavete, they need you.”

“How many times do I have to tell you that they are not my lovers Flavio mou!”

“The moment you open your eyes and look poppet. Those Dolls love you more than being their creator.”

“Not you too Oliver.”

Narciel, Sebastian, Oliver and Flavio’s eyes met in what you could only assume as a resigned understanding. You are one stubborn woman, you stick on what you believe in and as long as you only look at your Dolls in a platonic light, your opinion on them not loving you as more than their Master will not be swayed, not as long as one of them makes a drastic move.

And they know that your Dolls won’t do it unless their place beside you is threatened.

As long as you love and care for them, it will be enough.

But, for how long?

“Be ready Master, Lady Loha. I’m going to do it.”

You and Narciel signaled for Oliver and Flavio to give Sebastian some space, in which you four did in sync decapitating some Broken Dolls along the way to give the Doll butler a wide berth to do his thing.

Closing his alluring crimson eyes, Sebastian laid his gloved palm over his heart, concentrating in finding that certain mana to access his other form.

Glowing crimson translucent butterflies surrounded his figure alongside with transparent silver petals of lilies, enveloping his Human Form in a whirlwind of flowers and butterflies burning bright and obscuring Narciel’s Doll butler from your view.

When the intense light-show faded into a dull glimmer of red, there stood Sebastian in his demon form, slit predatory ruby eyes on high alert, long claws extracted ready to mangle anything on his path.

“Shall we My ladies?”

Copying the demon Doll’s bloodthirsty gaze, you and Narciel tightened your hold on your weapons, geared for a long night of carnage and slaughter.

“We shall.”

τσε βε σοντινυεδ?

Chapter End Notes
ℓυνα-ちゃん's rant:
[Sobs] This chapter has FOUR versions before I got satisfied, so many rewrites o(T∇
To) < ｳ

There you have it guys chapter 10! Are you satisfied or is it lacking? Your thoughts on
the Dolls feelings for you? Is their jealousy on their Original's justified? How about our
two special guests? More action on the next chapter. Well Chimin, Vivi and SuYoon
made it to their Doll brothers before they got killed but the question is, will they survive
the upcoming battle?

See you guys on my next update!

I LOVE YOU!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!