Tough Luck [BTS x Male Reader]

by Sophiebybophie

Summary

[Canon Universe] Meaning the boys are still Idols.

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April 2014. A Gang Leader from Japan is on the hunt for a man. Only going by an old photo, his search takes him all the way to Korea. In a new place, he's a duck out of water! He not even fluent in the language! At the same time a Boy Band by the name of BTS has just released their new MV Just One Day! What happens when two totally different people cross paths?
He knelt in a field of overgrown plants, the cold grass folds beneath his weight. Curling in on himself, tall grass helps to hide him from the harsh world.

Looking up he can only see grey skies.

“You deserve this.”

A burning pain shoots up down his arm, reaching his palm. His eyes widen and he snaps his jaw shut. Like flames, his arm burns. He fights to withhold a scream and hot tears stream down his face.

“Ungrateful child!”

Time passes, and slowly, his pain dulls, turning into an aching, throb. As soon as he can take it, the small boy collapses. His sweat drenched forehead presses into the ground.

He swallows and mouthful of spit. Unclenching his jaw he lets out a shuddering, gasping wet sound.

The morning air’s cold and her warm breath sticks to his face. A morning bird sings it’s song.

Licking wet lips, the child slowly sits up. Raising his uninjured arm. His hand cast a shadow over his face.

He wipes at the snot running down his nose.

“Little Bi—!”

A scream sounds from the distance and he jolts up, eyes wide and searching. His breathing turns shallow and quick.

With his bruising face and watery eyes, he clasps his hands together— mind too far to mind the pain.

His heart beat fast in his chest. His words come out barely above a whisper.

“S-someone…!” Solid, clogging, sobs fight their way up his throat. He looks up to the sky, begging for a miracle that will never be granted. “Anyone—!”

“—please save me!”

Year: 2014

You throw your fist forward. Breaking his nose with a sickening crunch. His body hits the pavement and people scream.

‘Heh.’

Standing straight, you roll your shoulder and tilt your head. Raising an eyebrow, you meet a pair of furious blue eyes. And the sight is electrifying. You can't stop the smile that spreads across your
A bit of blood trickles from his nose.

‘What a fuckin idiot.’

The bark of your laughter causes several people to quiet. You glance to a few faces and seeing their uncertain fear, you laugh harder; grin wider.

You look back to your target, spitting, “Fuck you!”

Blood stains your teeth. You step forward.

No one moves, watching in tense silence. Legs ready to run, arms ready to swing, waiting for the figurative string to snap. You breathe out, almost proud at feeling their nervous energy, ‘Ah...so they’re not all stupid.’

With each step, bringing you closer, you watch as your opponent tries and fails to get up; a wounded fawn in front of a hungry predator. The absolute power this gives you is breathtaking. Like standing on the edge of a building. On top of the world, where no one can stop you.

You pull out your knife.

The boy on the ground, Omura, pales, and a chill runs down to your toes, you can practically taste his fear. A few of his members step towards you, but your gang keeps them back, sealing the former leader’s fate. You playfully twirl the knife, spinning the thing around your hand. You love this, playing the part you were most comfortable with; The Villain.

Crouching over Omura’s defeated form you raise the blade. He’s scrambling now, slipping in the mud, open to attack.

You bring it down and— People scream. Omura cries out— Stab the knife into cold dirt.

Silence.

Omura sits defenseless in front of you, his arms raised in a useless attempt of protection.

‘Heh,’ You lock onto his trembling hands, ‘pathetic.’

Omura flinches, and oh, you had said that out loud.

Glancing to the side, no one dares move.

You stand up.

Looking through the one-way tinted eye holes of your mask— it only covers your face above your nose— you speak. Your voice coming out rough and powerful, “Get your wannabe gang outta here Omura.”

Omura’s stares back in disbelief, blood still dribbling down his chin. His eyes lite with rage. “You —!”

Snapping your leg back you send it straight into his jaw, and his head meets the earth. You laugh, harsh and cruel, “This is our territory, Omura.” You lean down, “Here? Ya ain’t shit.”

Towering over his beaten form, you reach out and grab onto his jacket collar. Yanking him forward,
his hot breath hits your face. You’re sure he can see through your tinted eye holes. Liking the way he stiffened when his blue eyes meet your dark depths. “We’re called the Shifters for a reason Omura.” The fabric on his collar starts to tear, “Unless,” You grin, showing off your bloodied teeth and sharp canines, “you’d like another reminder...?”

A sheen of visible sweat coats his skin, and a beat of silence passes.

He looks away away and you know you’ve won. You let go and he slumps to the ground in defeat.

Although you’ve won, no one celebrates. You watch in silence as his buddies go to him, helping their fallen leader up. ‘What a sad sight.’ You turn away, sliding your knife back into your side pocket.

“You Shifters...” You pause looking to the guy who speaks besides Omura. “Weren’t you all supposed to be dead...?!”

[///]

“— (Y/N)...Now.—!”

You shut your eyes, the sounds of gunfire muffled by someone’s large and rough hands over your ears.

You’re so goddamn helpless!

[///]

You stumble, pausing at the invading memory.

“Well,” your mouth turns into a snarl, “you thought wrong.”
Chapter 1: Search

Jung Hoseok has been called many things in life. Sunshine, optimist, friend, brother, and the glue that keeps Bangtan together.

Jung Hoseok is human. Like everyone else, he can get tired, angry, and selfish. He’d stressed out so much before and after BTS’s debut. Thoughts a mess at times. Sometimes he forgets how much his words are worth.

The dancer doesn’t want to let ARMY down; He wants to be their hope.

As the lead dancer he feels a weight is set upon his shoulders. A responsibility to learn all choreography first, just so he could help the others catch up.

Jung Hoseok, like the other members of BTS, is a humble person. He knows he’s not perfect.

So when when Jin asks why there’s no milk in the fridge, he’s already up with an apology at the tip of his tongue. Being so busy with this new choreography, he’d forgotten to pick some up…

Jin just smiles, “Oh, that’s oka—”

—but the boy is already at the front door, “Be right back Hyung!”

And the door slams shut behind him.

Reader POV

So, this is Korea.

You stand still on a busy sidewalk and watch the people.

The sidewalk is huge. Mobs of people push by towards their destinations. A woman bumps your shoulder, but makes no move to acknowledge the action. You don’t mind.

You begin to walk forward once again.

It’s cold out, being the springtime, you wore a coat— It was mostly grey with white sleeves— and plain blue jeans. Nothing extraordinary, plain.

You are quite tall, easily able to see above the sea of people around you.

Children walk with their parents, teenagers stay in groups, businessman and women walk at a brisk pace ...

It reminds you greatly of Japan.

But, at the same time it didn’t at all.

Still, it seems no matter where you went, humans are all the same. Different social structures of course. But despite everything we are all human. You...aren’t fluent in Korean, but you can
communicate your thoughts, and wants if need be.

Though it’s sound choppy at best…

You grumble to yourself in Japanese— your mother tongue, “Should’ve listened to Yoshinori-Ojisan’s…”

He’s always told you about other cultures, wanting you to learn a few languages. But you always scoffed at the idea, never thinking you’d even need to if you’d never planned on leaving Japan.

What a dumbass move.

Still, it’s not like you’ll need to speak to anyone anytime soon. So, you won’t bother with forcing yourself to speak Korean unless spoken too. It’s not like you’ll be staying here long. Simple phrases, and words are enough for now.

You continue your walk around the area, remembering just how you got yourself here...

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**FLASHBACK**

You’re so close. Nerves on edge for what is about to come tonight.

But that isn’t now. No, right now you’re stuck with your gang at some rundown dinner…

The rush of movement, laughter, and excited chatter, “...seen the new group...?!” Someone squeals, and teeth flash, “—she’s so cute!”

“I know right?!” Another girl leans forward, bare arms press against the red table top.

A tired sigh escapes your lips. You don’t even know who this girl group is. ‘Some metal girls?’

You roll your eyes and continue to sip from the cold soda can.

Looking out across the large table and booth, you watch the girls and guys talk to one another. Their eyes bright and smiles wide. With this new obsession of theirs, you know you just have to get used to it. You lean back into the cheap red-leather booth with another sigh and put down your drink.

Sitting near the edge of the seat, your right side open to the busy restaurant, you glance down to your phone’s screen.

6:00pm

“Ah,”

You snag a few cold fries from the tray closest to you and chow them down. Swallowing, you lick your lips and look out across the table, “Hey.”

Conversations cease, and the group quiets down, eyes on you, their leader. You slide out of the booth, standing beside the wide table, “I’m leaving.”

No one moves and you blink.

...it’s not like you expected a goodbye.

Grabbing your soda you gulp down the rest and step back. You’re bag hangs lazily over your shoulder.
“Wait.”

You pause, and one of the guys stand up.

It’s the new guy.

A speck of curiosity blooms, and you watch as e shuffles free from the booth. When he’s finally free, he faces you, and beams.

You blink.

There’s an awkward silence, and you wonder why he’s not saying anything.

You raise an eyebrow.

His face blanks, before flushing a deep red. He quickly bows, “Banchō!”

‘Air-head.’ You feel a smile pull at your lips, “Hai?”

His head snaps up, and when he speaks, short pink hair bounces from the movement. You don’t miss the quick glance to your bag.

“Should one of us to walk with ya?”

“No, I’m fine Aito.”

The guy’s eyebrows furrow, showing hints of concern; weakness, “Ya sure?”

You growl, “A, you questioning your leader?” You step forward, “Don’t trust me?” Aito’s green eyes widen and his shoulders rise. The room chills, becoming tense. Your eyes flash and you take another step forward—

“—(Y/N).”

Snapping your head towards the new voice, your eyes lock onto a brown skinned girl, Keiko.

You pause, emotions whirling switching from anger and pride. Keiko stares at your face, and you have to bite your tongue in order to keep quiet. Then, Keiko’s brown orbs soften. You stiffen, hating it.

“Whatever.” You turn away, “Was jus' jokin' Aito.” You lift a hand, calling out to the rest, as if everything okay, “See ya guys later!”

The dinner doors swing shut before you hear a response.

‘As if there would be one...’

The cold night air hits you hard. It helps clear your racing mind. You walk a few steps away from the dinner, only to stop.

Standing in place, breathing harshly.

‘I need to calm the fuck down.’

Taking a deep breath, you look up to the full parking lot.
“I’m okay…”

You walk over to your beautiful bike. It’s set up near the side of the dinner, near rest of the gangs bikes. From here outside, you can still hear their loud laughter. You feel like an outsider.

What would Yoshinori-Ojisan’s think?

An outsider to your own gang?

The hot anger is back. The light from the dinner colors the concrete a bright yellow. Your shadow stretches so far it drapes over the bike in front of you. You breathe through your nose. Taking a moment to admire the bike’s real beauty. a 2017 Honda Grom. It’s not the fastest, but it’s got a great motor and it’s easy to take care of. With its neon colors and lightweight, it’s aesthetically pleasing to the eyes and fun to ride.

The raging beast inside, turns to a steady growl. No longer lashing out at random. A burst of pride fills you and a smile pulls till your teeth show. You grab your bag and pull out a pair of red biker gloves. You slip them on.

Flexing your fingers in satisfaction, you reach in again and pull out a black leather jacket. The back details the face of a snarling panther, and the word, ‘Shifters.’ is embroidered into the thick leather.

Putting it on, the jackets familiar smell fills you with warmth.

Last, comes your helmet. It’s Modeled after Nitirinos motostudio’s Neko-Helmet, only with cat ears pulled back. The helmet’s pitch black with neon blue markings that outline a cat’s snarl. It’s finished with two slit-blue-pupils colored over the faces shield.

Holding the straps of the helmet you pull it over your head and clip them together. ‘Nice and snug.’

You turn back to your bike.

Standing on the left side, you grip the handle closest to you and swing your leg over. You can’t help the excitement that fills you. You continue to grin, making sure your bag rest in front of you.

“Alright—” With the flip of a switch and push of a button, the motorcycle roars to life. “—let’s get this over with.”

Your heart’s racing and it fills your head; You start slow, but in as soon as you leave the parking lot, your off.

[15 minutes Later]

You stop once you’re sure you’re far enough away from the main street and turn off your bike. Now you wait.

It’s quiet.

Your eyes dance about, scanning the area. But it’s just some dark alleyway that splits off in two different directions. If you wanted to go forward you’d have to choose left or right first. Not that your going to. You just need to wait.
Rain still pours from the sky and the ground reflects the faint glow of the stars above. In this alley the sounds of the rest of the city turn muffled, everything you do, from shifting in your seat to breathing, makes noise; It pisses you off.

Where the *fuck* are they—?

You freeze.

The sound of...footsteps.

Your eyes survey the area...

...*There!*

Laughter.

You clench your teeth, legs tensing around your bag protectively.

Coming from the shadows, a man walks forward, two others flanking him. The guy has a shaved head and he sneers at you. Already your mind is giving your warning signs. Screaming at you to leave.

You restrain yourself and asked, “Ya here to play games Kobayashi? I thought we’re here for business?” Your voice dripped with charm, and you could tell it throws him off.

The guy tilts his head, before he addresses the guys beside him, “Leave.”

They don’t pause, or hesitate. Merely leaving like the good dogs they are.

Alone, you two eye each other.

“Kage.”

You don’t react to your fake name.

Kobayashi looks away, raising a hand and places a cigarette between his chapped lips. He lites it, and takes a drag before blowing out the deadly smoke, “Ya have the…”?

“Only the best.”

Kobayashi blows out another lungful of smoke, “Follow me then.”

“My bike?”

He turns back, “Just take bring it, we got a place for it.”

Your mind screams at you to leave. But you don’t listen.

Yoshinori- Ojisan’s gonna kick your ass later.

You meet the other two guys behind a large grey building. You don’t know what it looks like at the front, but here you see metal stairs that lead up to a thin black door near the top. It’s so thin, only one person could fit though at a time.
You let Kobayashi lead you, following close behind.

Your bag is slung over your shoulder, and you rest one hand over the top zipper.

Inside, the air is warm. The floor and walls vibrate from a deep muffled bass. Music is being played somewhere in the building. You look around the hallway, the walls are white with pieces of old posters, and flyers stuck to them. A mess.

Kobayashi is taller than you, and bored, you look up and eye the tattoos that crawl up the back of his neck. So many…A flower of some kind, a lizard, and a reaching hand. All of them twist around each other.

Kinda pretty.

You both stop outside of a closed wooden door.

Your bald headed acquaintance knocks, “Hey! It’s Koba. I’m ‘ere with Kage!”

You look away, looking back to the empty hallway.

The sound of movement, and the door creaks open. You look back and step from behind Kobayashi, showing yourself the the person inside.

It’s a girl with neon green hair and many piercings all over her face. She eyes you up and down. You finally stare at your helmet. But you only shrug. No like now’s the time to take it off. She narrows her eyes and opens her mouth, “Wha—?”

You raise up the side of your jacket and shirt, showing off your stomach.

The girls eyes widen. She swallows and nods her head.

Putting down your clothes you step back behind Kobayashi and follow him inside.

You’re hit with the sound of music. The darkened room you’ve entered is full of flashing lights, and the smell of food, and sweat— It’s disgusting.

The music continues to blast throughout the large room, echoing off walls and creating a world of noise. Because it’s already night out, you know the later it gets more and more people will be showing up. It's to be expected after such a busy week. Still, you know better. These people aren’t just random locals looking for some fun. Most of these guest happen to be from the local gangs, people who either hate you, or want to work for you.

You keep an eye on the people around you and feel the buzz of movement as people dance to the bass. All the swaying, and laughter mixed together with the feeling of everlasting changes, excitement, and adrenaline? It becomes a whole new world.

A place you want to lose yourself in.

Your eyes remain half-lidded and you take a second to enjoy the feeling of complete and utter chaos. Voices fill the spaces of the beating bass. Throughout the wave of dancing people, there are a few hidden gems. People that outshine the rest with their skills.

Against your better judgement you look away from Kobayashi, eye searching the crowd. This place really brings you back. A smile curls its way onto your face. Walking through the crowd of cheering people you turn.
A girl stands up on stage, (if you could call it that. It's only a slightly elevated block of wood that stretches along the back far wall.) She's only distinguishable from the rest of the crowd as they are surrounding her. Isolating her, and giving her space.

She has pale skin that's covered in tattoos. Half of her head is shaved, the rest in dreads. You cringe, not the most culturally appropriate thing in the world… You almost look away. But...you watch her spit out a string of words like she's under a spell. The words string together in beautiful highs and dips of pure feeling.

Her body is moving with each hit.

This is only one of the best underground rap clubs of Japan after all.

Your heart is picking up speed the longer you listen. The rhythm, sending your nerves buzzing with life. You lick your lips. You can’t look aw—

“You can play later if ya want.”

You blink, just now noticing Kobayashi had stopped in front of another door.

He looks down to you, “But we need to get this over with first.”

The world snaps back and you snarl, “I’m not goin—”

“To stay around?” He laughs, “Could’a fooled me…”

You look away, and move passed him, pushing your way through the door.

It's a small room, a black leather couch in front of a low coffee table. The walls are covered in posters. You take a seat.

When Kobayashi closes the door behind him, the music and noise from outside is muted.

This room is soundproof.

The cushion next to you shifts, and an Kobayashi takes a seat next to you. You scoot away from him.

Neither of you speak at first. But the silence gets to you and you lift up your bag. You can feel Kobayashi’s heavy stare. Before you open it you speak quickly. “He here?”

“Yes.”

You tighten your grip on the bag, and turn to look him in the eyes, “Where?”

There’s a knock at the door.

Kobayashi tries to smile, “That should be him.”

The door opens and you tense.

You meet a pair of red eyes.

He looks back at you, black hair a mess and a silver snake tattoo that slithers it’s way up his left
cheek and above his eyebrow. His voice is heavy and smooth, “Ah, my apologies Kage.” He closes the door and take a seat to the far left of the room, away from you. “I had assumed you would have arrived at a later time...”

“Nick.” The foreign name easily rolls off your tongue, You lean back against feigning a calm attitude. “...It’s a pleasure ta see you again.”

It took all your strength not to hit the person. You were practically vibrating in your seat. Your blood rush threatening to drown you. There he was. Right in front of you.

Kobayashi shifts, and you still. He can probably feel your intentions, hand moving to hidden weapon, eyes shooting in your direction. A taunting laugh came from the new comer. “Ah ha,” Piercing red eyes slid down to meet yours, “Is this how you treat your business partner Kage?”

You gave, what you hoped to be, a pleasant smile.

His hand, the one thrown carelessly his side of the couch, “Why don't you tell me what you want Kage?”


He laughs, “Ah, Kage, you really are getting better.” You slumped in your seat and it’s like he’s released you from some spell. The weight of his presence eases.

You grumbled, “Yeah yeah, But you’re still better than me...”

He only laughs louder, “Aye, but you’re bloodlust is still impressive!” He sneers, “But you’re still holding back. We both know the old man wouldn't let his favorite disciple to come to harm.”

You gave a shit-eating grin, “That's bullshit and you know it!”

He just rolled his eyes, letting them fall to the table. A more comfortable silence stretches between the two of you and you kept your eyes away. When he coughs you nearly jumped. You looks back, “Yeah?”

Nick glances to Kobayashi. “Maybe...we should find somewhere more...inconspicuous?” An amused smile spreads across his face.

You narrowed your eyes, “I'd rather not get killed or ambushed tonight.”

“Do you really think—?”

“Yes.” You deadpanned.

At the corner of your eye you see Kobayashi shift.

“The gun,” Nick leans forward, “You have it?”

You pick up your bag, and open it.

Nick and Kobayashi watch as a dark object is pulled out. You take your time, turning it over and showing that it’s empty. Setting it down you reach in and grab a few boxes— **ammo**. “Here.” You hand it over to Nick, and he looks at it lovingly. “We have 50 more ready for shipment. Ace sends his regards. Now,” You lean back, “Do you have what I want?”
His smile slips and he looks back at you coldly, “What do you want?”

“A name”

Both of the men freeze.

Name is dangerous. You know this. A name could be worth the life of ten men. You know the guys are wondering of you’re really this stupid. Whose name do you want that you think is worth so little? A few guns? Really?

You reach into your jacket pocket, and Kobayashi tenses.

They are both relieved when you only take out a photo.

“Tell me who this is.”

Present Time

And so now you’re here sniffing down an unnamed man.

That’s right. Nick knew jack-shit, same with Kobayashi. At the end of your wits, and filled with blood lust, the only thing you could get outta them was a location.

Korea. Pretty non-specific.

You’d cursed the both of them out, or at least, you’d wanted to curse them out. But Kobayashi taught you better than that. Better not burn the bridges of your most ‘trustworthy’ buddies in crime…

Now you're stuck here until you can dig up a trail.

You sigh, creating puffs of white air.

Well…

Might as well start in one of the busiest places around, Seoul.

Around you is the smell warm food. Stalls open to the public. People are all around you ordering food, and various hanging merchandise—Tourist and locals alike. Looking over a stand close by, you are almost drawn to the sight of mouth watering grilled meat. But you can’t indulge in the temptation. Now right now at least.

This city reminds you so much of home. Your city, and your fr— gang.

“〜♪♫♪〜”

You stop and answer your phone, “Yeah?”
Chapter 2: Unlikely Meeting

“So wha’d he say?”

Keiko puts her phone away. When she spoke, voice is deeper than most girls— something she hates— “He’s in Seoul already and wants us to try our best here in Busan.”

Flicking her hair back Keiko looks to her companion, studying his blank expression.

She knows he’s disappointed at the lack of information. (Y/N) isn’t the type to tell others how he’s feeling. Her legs are bend underneath her, easily supporting her upper body. Her presence is like that of a lone wolf— Powerful. The few people that walked around kept their distance; As if instinctively knowing to avoid her.

The morning air is cold and crisp, and it turns her breath into puffs of white. Beside her sits Aito. The pink haired boy’s face is flushed from the cold temperatures. Keiko smiles. She knows the boy is smart, and maybe one day...(Y/N) would see that too.

Aito nods, “We will. We always do.”

She doesn’t have anything to say to that. Her smile turns pained.

“Yeah.”

“…”

Around them, tall buildings climb their way towards the skies. Being in this park surrounded by the city only make them feel small to the world.

Keiko’s brown eyes return to looking ahead. The hand into her coat pocket and fingers the slip of paper she needs to turn in today. Ugh, (Y/N) is such a stickler for rules. But it’s not like she’ll ignore him. His orders, are what keeps the gang safe. Without him...she’s not sure she’d even be around this long.

She swiftly stand up and moves away.

Aito give a startled squeak before rushing to catch up.

Keiko is silently glad Aito chose to remain quiet and not ask many questions. Questions she’s not even sure she could answer. (Y/N) was like that sometimes. Secretive and cold. She doesn’t always know what she’s allowed to share with the other members.

As a tall buildings came into view, she admired there glass windows and double doors open and welcoming.

Keiko stops aways away.

“Ai-chan~!” She keeps her eyes on the building, though her face transforms into that of an excited teen girl. “Can you see if you mom’ll let you stay the night while I go see if uncle’s busy?”

Aito catches on quickly, a huge grin easily stretching across his face. Her eyes holding onto false cheer, “H-Hai! I’ll be over there!”

Keiko follows his finger to a modern and stylistic Cafe. She laughs, “I won’t be long Ai-chan!”
Aito waves, and turns, making his way to the busy establishment.

Keiko keep the pleasant smile on her face, and for a second, it feels real. That’s right Keiko, you guys are just some Japanese tourist~

The few people that had watch the bubbly interaction, slowly went about their business. Keiko looks to one of the tall buildings.

“Well, time to start this hunt.”

Jung Hoseok went about his shopping quickly, paying the cashier and grabbing his bagged milk. (He didn’t want his hand to get cold.)

The world was a mess of noise in the busy city. It had started to rain down hard when he was inside.

Around him only a few people would glance at him with interest, but that didn’t bother him. With his hood pulled up, and his mouth mask on, he was almost invisible to any fan who might recognize him. Sure they weren’t that popular, (yet) but better safe than sorry!

He likes to think he has a pretty distinctive face after all— not like Joonie’s though. Most foreigners could recognize Joon’s face pretty well.

Bantan sonyeondan had just released the new MV Just One Day and ARMY loves it! He’s proud, and the choreography was fun to learn, not that fun to teach though..eh, he’s sure Jin and Joon with get it soon wither way, those two work just as hard if not more that the others at times. Each person bringing their strengths together, showing just how bright BTS can shine!

It maybe just because they’re on a short break since shooting the MV, but Hoseok couldn’t get rid of the joy that fills him. It’s such a relief off his shoulders.

CRUNCH

He stumbles and catches himself. Looking down, he sees a phone, it’s screen shattered from his foot. He crouches down, picking up the device. It’s soaking wet.

“—OP!”

He yelps, head snapping in the direction of the shout. An alleyway to his right. Crouched and looking down it, he feels an ice cold shiver run down his spine. What’s going on!? He...if someone’s in trouble, he should call someone! Right? He stand up on wobbly legs, looking down the the phone in his hand.

He goes to take his own out—

When the broken phone rings.

He jumps, nearly dropping it. Eyes wide, he eyes the screen that lights up, a name shines back at him.

“K...?”

Keiko’s face scrunches, eyes subconsciously narrowing, “Who’re you?”

The person on the other side of the line is silent. Aito sits on the couch next to her, watching with
“Hey—”

“—I found this phone on the ground, do you know who it belongs to?”

Keiko bite her tongue, someone has (Y/N)’s phone?! She take a deep breath, relaxing her poster, “Where did you find it?”

There’s the sound of movement on the other side this time, then the voice sound a bit further away, “Just on the sidewalk a little was away from a small shop near XXX street.” The voice comes back closer, louder, “I think someone’s in trouble…”

Both Keiko and Aito freeze.

And then a beep is heard.

“Ay, this phone almost out of power…”

“Wait!” Keiko loud voice startles Aito.

More movement, is he running?

“Call the poli—!”

CLICK

Neither move. Eye wide, staring at Keiko’s phone in alarm. Aito’s the first to snap out of it. “W..we need to do something! Banchō’s in—!”

“—I know!”

Keiko is already inputting another number, “Aito, go call Byung-ho!”

“H-hai!” He’s off the couch and off to his room.

Keiko’s heart is racing, thoughts on overdrive as they try to process what had just happened.

Something wrong. Something’s very wrong.

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**Reader POV**

The sky is covered in a blanket of grey storm clouds. Rain coming down in buckets. Rain sucks. It’s soaked through your jacket, hood, and hair. The rain drains your body heat, leaving you cold.

‘Should’ve bought an umbrella…’

It’s dark. Not night, but..grey. The clouds block out the sun and the world is dim. The few lights come from passing cars, and store buildings; coloring the surrounding area in red and orange. Tall buildings rise into the sky casting huge shadows and making the day even darker. Less people now walk the streets, heading inside or driving off as the rain continues to pour. The few people around, walk quickly with umbrellas.
Shops and other buildings embroider the sidewalks, advertising goods outside their windows. You keep your eyes away. With what little money you had on your person, you would've had to shoplift anyway...

You pick up the pace.

Soon, you slipping into an alleyway, moving away from the busiest parts of the city. The scenery changes, becoming bare, dirty, and even colder. You’re left with some garbage bins and some pieces of litter.

You move past that.

The man you’re to meet up with should be around here. Behind a building of some restaurant isn’t the most conspicuous place. But he said that he’d take you to a room inside the building once he’d seen you’re tattoo. You roll your eyes, kinda naive right? Someone could fake there tattoo. You frown. But that’s not the real reason he wants a look. They always want a view of the —!

You spring back. A heavy trashcan crashes and bounds away from where you’d just been standing. It rolls away to your left. Turning to your right you look to it. Your hands becoming fists.

You look forward, eyes narrowed.

A woman steps out from the opposite alleyway, two man flanking her sides. She’s tall, black hair pulled to the side, and curled neatly. She’s putting on a show.

She gives a small bow before coming back up. Her smile looks more like a sneer.

You restrain yourself from snarling back, the hairs on the back of your neck raising. You instead ask, “Seo-hyeon?” If feels gross to smile, “Jae said you wouldn’t be coming.” You know of this woman. A woman who working in human trafficking and drugs. Rumor has it she even sold away her own children.

She laughs, sounding like ringing bells. Seo-hyeon gestures to one of the burly men, “I think you want Kage.”

Damn. Though your slightly relieved when she speaks Japanese, your blood at the implication. Your body's moving on it’s own. You sprint at her, your hand going into your jacket pocket.

The men seemed to of predicted this. The woman’s fist snaps out, going for your face.

You ducked, but her leg snaps up and hit you in the stomach. Gasping, you rip your hand out of your jacket, brandishing a gun.

A legs comes from your left and you’re reminded of the other two men. His legs kicks down, hitting the gun out of your hand. The weapon goes flying and you turn to go after it—

The whistle of wind being cut—

You dodged to the right, an inch away from being cut by a large knife.

Leaping you land in a roll across the ground. Pushing up, you slip on the wet concrete and your face kisses the floor.

No one moves.

“Fuck, no one said you'd be armed!”
It’s Seo-hyeon.

You move back up, seeing your ground a foot away from you. You make a grab at it.

But someone’s already by your side. Grabbing you by your hair and yanking you away from the gun.

You roar, twisting on the ground like some kinda parasite and kick out.

There’s a grunt of pain and you are released. You spring to your feet, skull numb from adrenaline. You see you’ve been dragged to the other side of the alleyway. You turn on your three enemies, facing away from where your gun had landed.

It’s still raining.

One guy is holding his stomach, the other is facing you, in his left hand he’s holding a knife. The woman is behind the both of them, face a mash of rage and hatred.

You aren’t breathing heavy yet, you’ve had longer scraps than this.

You take a step back. Both men tense.

‘You can do this (Y/N)!’

And then you turn, hand reaching for your gun and—

A body collides with yours and knocks you onto ground. The solid concrete does little to cushion the impact and your head takes the full force of the attack. Your vision blurs, mind and hearing going out for a second, only to be replaced with a loud ringing.

Heavy breathing and the sound of rain come into focus. Something cold is pressed up against your throat. You swallow. “Get off me—!” Too familiar. This is too familiar. Your mind scrambles. The knife, a body pressed against yours, your dad — Fear takes control. Why am I so damn weak?!

“—OFF!”

The man holding you down doesn’t budge. Seo-hyeon laughs somewhere to your left. Her shoes tap against the ground as she comes to your front. Stopping next to your weapon. She kicks it far from reach.

“Beautiful.”

You grimace, lifting your head to glare at her. She looks down at you, face flushed. Her hair is soaked, but she doesn’t seem to mind. Crouching down, one of her hands comes to caress the side of your face. You hate the way you nails trail along your jawline.

“I wonder how much you’d be worth darling ...”

She looks away, “Inject him now. I’m done talking.”

No.

You yank your right hand free and, with extreme flexibility, turn to the side, curving your body. The body above you grunts in surprise. You reach into your boot and swing your arm back slashing at the man.

You hear a string of high pitched curses and smirk. Blood trails from your nose and you taste blood.
The body is off you. However, before you can get up a boot kicks you in the side. It’s the woman. You roll and come up on your hand and knees, growling and spitting like a wild animal.

“FUCK. YOU.”

Seo-hyeon is beyond pissed, the man you had swiped at earlier is holding the side of his neck and—oh, yeah he’s going to die…

“How dare you kill one of my men.”

You narrow your eyes, “Well he ain’t dead yet.”

This sets her off and she screams. The other man rushes you brandishing his own knife.

It becomes a dangerous dance. You dodge, slash, duck and step away from danger. He’s huge, using his reach and body at a wall you have to avoid. If you’re not careful, he could easily trap you against one of the alleyway walls.

You’re sweating, but the rain sucks the heat from your body. If you survive this night, you’ll probably get a cold.

You remember your lessons with Yoshinori-Ojisan. How to hold a knife, where to aim for, keeping balance, and using the weight of your body against others. You just have to go through the motions, keep your mind clear and free of the past.

You’re hit a few times, little nicks and paper cuts like slashes against your skin and cutting at your clothes.

But he’s looking much worse. A long diagonal cut that stretches across his shoulder to his hip. You’ve got this! An animalisting smile spreads across your face. Your eyes widen in excitement as your earlier pain numbs.

“(Y/N), you must never underestimate your opponent.”

There’s a sharp pain that stems from the back of your right shoulder. It burns. “AGH!” You snap your mouth shut, swallowing your screams. The man in front of you takes advantage of your pain and cuts at your hand.

You drop your knife.

You turn, Seo-hyeon is holding up a bloodied blade, “Think I only provided weapons to my pets?”

Before you know it, your back is pressed up against one of the alleyways bricks walls. You’re pinned. Blue eyes meet yours. The guy you’d been fighting smiles. His long black hair a mess. His breath smelled like smoke, “Kage, you lookin for a man right—?”

You freeze.

“Heh, Don’t look so surprised.” He presses into you deeper. “Why would the famous Kage be here in South Korea? Business? When he can just send in his lackeys? Why ricks the upset of his absence?”

A petite hand settles on the man’s shoulder, and Seo-hyeon pulls her pet back, “I’ve been looking for you Kage.” She purrs, “See? Someone wants you gone.”
That...that honestly isn’t surprising…

Her dark eyes lock onto your’s. Something roams on the other side. Something hungry and _wanting_…

Seo-hyeon looks amused, “You seem confused. I imagine you’ve got a large number of enemies.” Her eyes trail down your face to your bloodied lips, “I don’t want you dead though, Kage.” One of her hands reach out and you are tempted to twist your head away. But the man would kill you if you even blinked wrong. Her thumb, with sickening gentleness, touches your bottom lip lovingly, “I just _want you~_”

You feel your stomach churn.

No. FUCK NO. Seeing red, you twist your face and bite her hand. The woman yells out and you’re being slammed into the wall, bruising your back. Your legs give out and you try to scramble away, but her pet pressed his waist into yours caging you.

You start cursing, “Jae will find out! He'll kill you. No— he'll do worse. You'll be begging for your life to end!” You keep shouting out threats, fear flooding your veins. The blood draining from your face.

The man speak, “Who do you think set you up?

“S-ST-STOP!”

Nothing makes sense anymore.

It was as if someone had pushed his pause on a remote. All tension stills. You slowly turn your head eyes widening at the sight. A stranger— some masked guy?— stand quite a ways away down the street, pointing a gun at you and your attackers.

What...what the hell is going on?!
Chapter 3: Rescue

“L-l-lea-v-ve h-him a-lone!” God he was down right terrified. Mind moving at a thousand miles per hour. How did his day turn to something so wrong?

Jung Hoseok stands there, gun in his hand and pointed at the scene in front of him. He didn’t know what was going on, but...that guy, the one pinned against the wall, he was in trouble. He needs help.

Hoseok takes a deep breath, trying to control his fear.

He could see a downed person laying not that far from the group. D E A— unconscious. Yeah, he’s just been knocked out.

This time when he spoke, his voice came out clearer, harsher, “Leave him alone!”

Reader: POV

“I-idiot...!” You curse under your breath.

Looking back to the stranger, you can see his hands shaking. The gun, jolting about. Still, he manages to keep it in your general direction.

“Hah,” You look to your attackers, locking onto Seo-hyeon, “Heh, heh, ha~” She laughs, her pet joining her. Like a clan of hyenas they snicker and howl.

The long haired man holding you dropped you and you fell to your knees, coughing. Before you could gather your thoughts a heavy boot kicked you into the wall, pressing hard. You couldn’t move, your earlier injuries beginning to weigh you down.

The woman spoke, this time in Korean. You could understand most of what she was saying. Missing only a few words, “What’s a local doing this far away from its flock?” The guy didn’t move, face neutral, eyes wide. “Ya think you can shoot us? Listen to Noona and get outta here unless you want to meet the end of your life.”

Her pet raises his knife in the direction of the stranger.

The click of the gun was loud enough for everyone to hear. You raise your head a little more, rain causing your hair to nearly block your vision. What does that guy think he is doing? You didn’t know. But it excited you to see the blank expressions of your attacker above you. You watch in interest as the frightened guys eyes change. When he speaks, his voice is more confident, “I said, LEAVE HIM ALONE!”

It was as if the world was in motion again, only in fast forward. Long haired guy turns, raising his arm, ready to slice your throat. The woman steps towards the guy.

The sound of a gunshot shatters through the sound of falling of rain.

The man stumbles toward you, dropping his knife. He shouts, grips onto his shoulder. You take your chance and push his boot away. You spring up, and sock him straight in the jaw. The move sends him sprawled across to the ground.
You can feel your heartbeat, a nauseating feeling taking over your stomach. You look to the scene, the woman barreling towards your savior.

She’s screaming something in Korean, but it doesn’t make sense to you.

The guy looks pain, yelling out in fear before pointing the gun towards the crazy woman.

Nope.

You swipe the knife off the ground, and throw it.

The woman’s instincts kick in and her hand shoots out, only to get stabbed straight through with your blade. You look to the guy, and he looks so incredibly pale.

“Run!”

His head snaps into your direction and for the first time your eyes meet.

He doesn’t seem to be all there, like his mind is somewhere else.

“I said run you idiot!”

Oh.

You’re shouting in Japanese.

Before you could can try and use Korean, the sound of an engine fills the air. A bright white like blinds all in the alleyway.

A motorcycle.

And then, in the distance, there’s the sound of police sirens.

Everyone is frozen like startle deer.

The woman takes one last look to the stranger, hair a mess and blood pouring from her hand.

“Fuck!” She spits, “Shit!”

You hear movement and turn to see the man beside you get up, he’s still putting pressure on his shoulder. You stiffen, but when he moves, he completely ignores you and walks over to his master. He grabs her, uninjured hand and they dash off.

The lights on the motorcycle turn off.

You nearly crash, relief hitting you hard. Recognizing the blue design of the bike.

“Byung-ho…”

The man get of his bike, taking off his helmet. He’s wearing a face mask, “We need to leave right now.”

Everything is happening too fast.

You look back to your hero, the scared little local. He notices and drops the gun.

“Who’s he?”
The both of you turn to Byung-ho. Your voice intentionally comes out harsh, “No one important.” You see the stranger stiffen.

Byung-ho narrows his eyes at you and you wonder what he has to be suspicious about. Whatever. He shrugs, “Aight, then get on.”

The sirens are getting closer.

You run forward, but not toward him, but to the stranger that had saved your life.

“Come here.”

What are you doing?

You pull him to the motorcycle and Byung-ho scooches up making room.

(Y/N) what are you doing?!

The guy is surprisingly compliant, but that probably because he’s a bit in shock. You don’t care. Whatever makes this easier. You don’t want the guy even more freaked out and so you have him sit between the two of you. When you get on behind in, and press against his back and oh...he’s got muscle. For such a scaredy-cat you never expected the guy to be this fit.

Though he’s trembling.

You don’t reassure him, but you do have one thing to say before you guys speed off, “Thank you.”

You’re sure he’ll understand that little bit of Japanese.

I listened to this song while writing Jhope's part. I didn't listen to the lyrics, just the rhythm.

Hoseok didn’t, couldn’t, understand what had just happened in the span of five minutes. He didn’t want to. Trying really hard on ignoring the fact he was on a high speed vehicle with nothing stopping him from a horrific death if said vehicle happened to turn wrong and lose its balance. Nope, not today.

He could still remember the feel of the gun in his hands. The grip and kickback as he pulled the trigger. The power.

He shutters.

And that woman and man—men.

She would be beautiful if she didn’t seem so scary, murderous. She wanted to hurt—kill—him. Like how he had hurt—killed—that man.

His stomach turns to knots, bile doing backflips.

A pair of arms tighten their grip on his body and he’s snapped back to reality. Warm. He took a few unsteady breaths. He felt hot suddenly thankful for the stranger he had saved.

Hoseok doesn’t know what had been happening before, how this stranger had gotten into this mess. He only remembers rushing to the scene and seeing the man’s fearful face. He needed to do something!
He just glad he’d been there to help.

His nerves still feels numb though. Like his thoughts are being processed through mud. Slow. One in a while he’d remember to blink, finding himself starting blanking ahead at the other strangers—Byung-ho’s?—back.

Byung-ho wears a red leather jacket. On the back was a white flower of some kind. Pretty.

The arms around his waist shifts and he remembers to blink again.

He just wants to get home now.

Reader: POV

With the three of you racing down the road you taste the air; cold and crisp. The motor purrs below you like a constant hum, and that quickly becomes background noise. You guys speed up. You’re constantly aware of the cars that surround you guys. Like some instinctual dance, you move your body with the driver, pressing your front down onto the stranger in front of you, forcing him to do the same. Your arms are constantly moving with the motions.

The feeling that fills you reminds you of fear. The way it threatens to take your breath away, to leave you gasping for air as the idea of death looms in the back of your mind. One mistake on this thing, and you’re all as good as dead. Still, the fear isn’t absolute. A certain kind of freedom takes hold like a pair of wings sprouting from your back. Telling you, that you could soar free and far if you truly wanted to.

You can’t relax, you have to keep moving. The exhilaration leaves you wanting more.

People, lights, and noise blur past you guys. Buildings rise up like giants before you’re all speeding past them. Again you take a deep breath.

You guys pass a car that plays loud music. You roll your eyes at the bass that threatens to shake the vehicle. Keeping your eyes forward, you see red lights ahead and slowly Byung-ho comes to a stop. The car from before pulls up to your left, and you glance at it. The people inside eye you with curiosity. That is, till you meet there stare head of. Eyes dark and predatory. They look away in fear. You smirk and the light turns green.

It’s fifteen minutes into your ride the rain begins to let up. Even if the windy ride manages to dry you off in a bit, you’ll still have to shower once you get back to the apartment.

The leftover rain rolls off your jacket and now that it’s stopped you find the experience peaceful. Red lights flash again and the flow of traffic slows. You blink, ‘Ah.’ you still need to drop of the stranger…

You speak up once the bike stops.

“Aye, where ya—?”

He’s slumped forward, face pressing into Byung-ho back. Despite everything that’s happened you laugh. You know Byung-ho doesn’t care about physical contact. But, it’s so…different from what your used too. Who falls asleep around a couple strangers?

A smile settles onto your face, pulling at your lips and exposing your canines.
He must be exhausted.

Yo! I have a question, Should Reader take Hoseok Home and go to bed? Or just wake him up when they reach his apartment and take him home then? Please tell me what you want! Thank you!
Chapter 4: Reaction

As soon as traffic starts again, Byung-ho pulls forward. He speeds past slow cars and finds an opening. He breaks free and turns down a darkened road. He heads into a quieter part of the city; more towards the edges that surround Seoul. Few people now fill the streets.

Small shops and other buildings line the sidewalks, advertising goods outside their windows. Smelling food, you force your gaze forward, you’ll eat at home.

Soon, you guys are so far out, lights don’t reach. The scenery changes and now the only people you see are some drunks, and a groups of teenagers enjoying their weekend.

Friends…

You think back to your gang. Having fun without you. ‘Do...do I even have any— No, no time for that.’ You rest your forehead against the stranger’s back. ‘I don’t need anything like that.’

You guys slow before pulling into a quiet parking lot. It’s dark now, time having past throughout the day. You climb off the bike, hands still on the stranger and keeping him from falling to the side. You frown, not particularly happy about what your about to do.

You can feel Byung-ho’s burning stare. But when you look up, he only flashes you a toothy smile, lip piercings on display. Shame washes through you and you meet his eyes, “I’m—”

“Not now Kage. Let’s talk tomorrow, you look tired.”

You nod, “Aight.”

Looking back to the stranger, you plant your feet, and place your hand around his waist. You have to turn him but in one swift motion he’s slumped over your shoulders like a sack of potatoes. You bounce with the added weight and groan. He honestly wasn’t that heavy, but that didn’t mean you liked carrying someone around.

You take one last look at Byung-ho, “Later.”

He drives off and your left in the quiet parking lot.

You look around, a few cars are around, and there’s a sidewalk that borders the lot. Ahead of you is the apartment complex. It isn’t big, doesn’t cost too much, and only has two rooms, the living room/kitchen, and the bedroom.

The washroom was the public bathhouse a few streets away.

Yep, nothing fancy.

You get on the side walk and walk to your apartment room. Up the stair you struggle for a bit but soon you are opening your door. It smells like vanilla. Clean. You use your foot to kick the front door shut and move over to the couch. Depositing the stranger none to gently a huge yawn escape your mouth. God your so tired…

You crack your neck, tomorrow you’ll take a wash, then you can get back to business like usual. Your eye look down to your...guest. Today was just a one time thing.

As soon as you reach your room you’re out like a light.
Remember, this is only my second BTS fanfic, so I’m not confident with writing the boys. Please be gentle /bows/

Seokjin worried when Hoseok didn’t show up fifteen minutes after he’d left. Seokjin worried when it was dinner time and no one had managed to get in contact with the boy. Seokjin worried when Jimin and Yoongi and dashed over to the dance studio and still no one knew where he was. 

Hoseok was missing.

Namjoon had called around, and Taehyung had contacted a few friends asking if Hoseok had decided to spend the night.

Nothing.

They were a small group, it’s not like Hoseok was kidnapped. They weren’t that important, right?

The night ended with all of the boy sat around the dining room table. They all look exhausted, faces worn with worry. Jungkook had turn quiet, falling into himself. Yoongi was no better.

Taehyung started the with the questions, eyes wide, “What if he’s been taken?”

No one moved. The tension in the room rising.

Jin was the first to speak, voice light, “No, Hoseok would just be kidnapped.” He looks to Namjoon, “He’s smarter than that.”

Namjoon almost opened his mouth to correct him, to tell Seokjin that being kidnapped wasn’t always because you weren’t smart enough. But he quickly shut up, knowing it would only worry everyone else, The only other person who seemed to share his thoughts was Yoongi.

“Tomorrow,” There small rapper looked up, straightening his back in an effort to display his older status, “if he’s not back tomorrow after lunch we’ll call the police.” He looks to the side.

Jungkook moves closer to Taehyung, “Why lunch?”

Yoongi gives a weak smile, “If he just slept somewhere like some dork. He’ll have time to get here before we blow this thing up.”

Jimin nods, moving over to hug there golden maknae, “He’s probably just fine Kookie.”

They all went to bed that night, trying so hard to believe those words.

Reader: POV

You took one look into the living room, and seeing the same guy from last night still out like a light, you left. A bucket in one hand, and a towel in the other, you made your way down stairs. The cold morning air refreshing and waking you up.
You hopped down the stairs, and reaching the bottom you took out your phone, already making a call.

“Hey K.”

“What the hell happened to you?!”

You pulled the phone away from you ear and sneered, “Fuck was that?”

There was a burst of movement on the other line, voices, till finally you heard the familiar voice of Aito.

“S-sorry Banchō!”

You scoff, “Jus tell K to watch herself next time…”

“Hai!”

You look up to the sunny sky, a nice contrast from yesterday’s rain, “I was set up.”

This time you heard two sets of voices, “What?!”

You yawn, “Yeah, Jae lied to me and I got into a lil scrap. Nothin I couldn’t handle, but now I’m back to square one without any idea where to head.” It hurt to say but you learned long ago that the pride you only protected was you gangs image, and your leadership role. From what you knew from Yoshinori-Ojisan, leaders weren’t afraid of telling others when they needed help. They just had to know who to tell first. Well, you trusted Keiko enough.

Aito spoke up, “Uh, Banchō…”

You wait.

“Do…” He hesitates, “Ah, don’t worry! We’ll pick up our trail here, we’ll find something!”

“Good.” What else could you say? You hung up and resumed your walk to the bathhouse.

God it’s so bright..

Hot…

He could taste his pasty mouth, he hadn’t brushed his teeth before bed. Gross.

He rolls over, arm slung over his face and—

 Falls onto the floor.

Eyes snap open and Jung Hoseok looks around an unknown living room. W-what? He sat up, hair a mess. Where…?! He patted his jean— ugh he’d slept in them…—and pulls out his phone. He needs to call Namjoon, Jin? Well, Namjoon could tell Senji and—

Hoseok pauses, curling into himself. Then he could call Jin and tell him tha—

The sound of a coffee maker went off, the sound of the hot liquid could be heard pouring into a mug. Hoseok’s head snapped towards the kitchen. The only thing separating it from the living room was a
There, he saw a guy. The guy he saved.

Clean, you take a sip of your Coffee. Your wet hair stuck to the sides of your face. From over the counter you watched your guest stare back with wide eyes. You...honestly didn’t know what to make of the guy. He’d practically showed up outta nowhere and pointed a gun at your assailants despite his fear.

If he wasn’t a local you’d have called him cool.

No, instead he was stupid. Stupid enough to try and save you.

‘But he did...save me.’

Stupid and courageous.

You set down you coffee, and try to speak in Korean, lest start with something basic, “What...what is your name?”

You watch his shoulders raise.

You smirk, this time you spoke in japanese, “Unless ya want me calling ya Scaredy-Cat?”

His eyebrows scrunched up, and he mumbles, “N-neko..? Cat?”

Ah so at least he knows that word. You take another sip of your coffee and nod your head, “Hai, Neko is cat.” He only looks more confused. Wondering why you’re talking about cats. You walk from behind the counter and walk to your stranger. Er— you mean the stranger.

He watches you, observing your every move. It’s times like this you wish you could come off as less...predatory. Locals never wanted to be around you, and most of the time that was ideal. Except for right now.

You crash on the couch behind him, and finished of the warm drink. You try to speak Korean again, “Neko...” He scooches away from the couch—you. “If you don’t tell me your name I’ll just call you Scaredy-cat.”

“Young.”

“That’s your family name.”

He looks away.

This is stupid. A rush of anger burns in you chest and you snap, “What is your name!”

You regret it instantly.
The boy’s face turns to fear and he shout in surprise, jolting away and over the coffee table. He crashes on the other side you and quickly stand up, setting dow your mug. He only looks more panicked the moment you step towards him.

“W- wait!”

He’s standing now. Back pressed against the far wall, and edging towards the kitchen counter.

“Stop!”

He does.

You both stare at each other and you’re hit with the wish to turn back the last few seconds. But. Now’s your chance, he’s listening. You raise both your hands, palms forward like your talking to a frightened animal. What happened to that crazy courage from the alleyway?

You try to smile, “Sorry. Yelling.”

He doesn’t move.

You swallow and step back, “Sorry…” You messed up. You should just open your front door and let him run out. You don’t know why you brought him back with you, you could’ve rented a motel room and left him there.

What are you doing messing with some local?

You sit back down, turning away from the guy.

“Jhope.”

Huh? You turn back, tilting your head. The guy looks...annoyed. Arms crossed over his chest.

“That’s your—?”

“Call me Jhope.” his frown twitched for a sec, like he’s trying to hide a smile, “Your hope…”

You blink. Even more confused. You open you mouth, only to shut it and sigh. Time for another cup. You swipe you mug from the table and move back to the kitchen. Whatever, you’ll go alone with his weird...nickname?

“Nice ta meetch’a Jhope…”

You press the start button on the coffee maker and wait.

“Your name..?”

You look back over the counter, seeing...Jhope move to the couch once again.

“Huh?”

He huffs, “What’s your name?”

Oh. You shrug, “Jus call me, Kage.”

“Kage?”

You nod and lift up your fresh cup, blowing on it before taking a nice long sip. You finish this one
quickly, setting the empty mug into the sink. Jhope watches you move around the kitchen. Smiling when he sees you take out a toothbrush from one of the overhead cupboards, and begin brushing your teeth from the sink. He doesn’t know you. Doesn’t even know what kind of person you are. But...he doesn’t think your bad…

You spit into the sink and wipe your mouth, “So where am I dropping you off?”

“…Eh?”
Chapter 5: To Restart

Jungkook splashes water into his face over the bathroom sink. He’s...not scared. But he is worried. Hoseok has been missing all night. He could barely sleep knowing his hyung wasn’t here. The rest of the boys had tried to alleviate the constant worry. While the three oldest went and did who knows what, Jimin took it upon himself to watch after the two youngest. Gathering their things and bringing them all to Taehyung's Room to play some video games. Later, when the games were put away and the boys had begun falling asleep, Jimin stayed with them, sharing Taehyung's bed. Jungkook thinks that's because Jimin shares a room with Hoseok and he didn’t want to be alone tonight...

When he woke up, the first think the youngest did was walk into the hallway, peeking into Hoseok's shared room. He wasn’t there. He frowned and moved to the living room. He wasn’t there either.

A pit formed in his stomach and he moved back to the bathroom. Where are you hyung?

Now’s he’s standing in front of the sink, looking into the the mirror. He’s trying hard to calm his thoughts. He may be the youngest, but he doesn’t want anyone worrying about him when they should be focusing on Hobi-hyung.

He dries his face with a towel.

Kim Namjoon’s thoughts are a mess this morning.

He gets up early, and meets Seokjin in the kitchen. They say good morning, but nothing else. Both thinking about their missing member. Namjoon makes a cup of coffee and downs it in record time.

“I’ll be back in a bit.”

Jin doesn’t look away from his mug, “Okay.”

The leader slips on a pair of shoes and goes for his morning walk.

It’s cold outside, but he knows it’ll only warm up as the day goes on. He ignores the few curious stares as he makes his way down the sidewalk, a black mask covering the bottom half of his face. He’s wearing a grey long sleeve sweatshirt. Something simple.

The park is close by and as soon as he’s really getting into his walk he lets his mind drift.

Hoseok...Hoseok is smart. He wouldn’t up and disappear without telling anyone. If he did go out and get drunk he wouldn’t of been alone.

None of his friends had seen him anyway.
Namjoon huffs, making a puff of white.

He hasn’t told their manager anything yet. It’s not even been twenty-four hours yet. All they can do it wait. If by lunchtime he hasn’t returned, they’ll call the cops and he’ll call Sejin. He really hopes it won’t come to that though.

Once the police know, other’s will find out. Article’s will be written. For this to happen out of nowhere for such a small company would be breaking the camel's back. They’d have no time for anything else. Would they lose their grip on this steep climb called life? No, he’s sure ARMY would stick with them. But, they’d definitely would be struggling even harder than they already are now.

‘Selfish…’

He stumbles.

It’s…

It’s not like he’s not worried. He’s...Hoseok's— A heavy, wet pain causes his throat to tighten— his best friend.

Reader POV

Getting on your bike, everything hurt. Sure you knew you were injured, but even as you were cleaning your injures this morning, the pain hadn’t fully set in as your mind was someplace else. Washing in the public bath house you were used to hiding your tattoos with your towel. Hiding your injuries— the bruising on your back and stomach, the small nicks and slightly swollen lip? Way harder.

You had to wrap your towel around your stomach, and quickly wash. A bit of your tattoo still showed though.

It didn’t seem to matter. That morning only a few old dudes had gone out to wash. They’d eyed you but otherwise kept to themselves.

Other than your lip, you could hide everything underneath your clothes.

But that didn’t mean you weren’t in pain.

Leaning on your bike you wilt, wanting to curl in on yourself. Pathetic.

“—okay?”

You turn your head, looking at the guy standing beside your bike. Jhope. You give a bare toothed smile, “I’m fine.”

He doesn’t look convinced.

You look forward, thinking of the right words, “Get on.”

He doesn’t move.

You look back, and growl, “Get on.”

Jhope glares.
‘There’s that bite…’

He gets on behind you, unsteady and trying to keep his space. You scoff and reach back, grabbing his arms and jerking them forward in front of you. The guy makes a startled noise, chest pressing against your back.

“Wouldn’t want ya to fall off.”

Though you said it in Japanese, he doesn’t move away, so he must get the idea. You feel him shift about, trying to get comfortable. Makes sense, you didn’t think the average local had gone riding before.

When you turn on the motor you feel him flinch, “So I just have to drop you off near XXX right?”

“...Yeah.”

Jung Hoseok still doesn’t know what to make of you. He...doesn’t really like Kage. But, Kage are and have been helping him this whole time. So, he isn’t wholly evil. Kage does have anger issues though and he doesn’t really know what sets them off. It’s so far been because he hasn’t been listening to him. But it really feel more sportatic.

Hoseok tries to relax against the guys back, but it so...muscly, too hard to settle against. Not that he’ll move away from it. He is not willing to risk falling off a high speed vehicle.

At least his back is warm. It’s still cold out, but the sun has started to heat the guys leather jacket.

The guy said something in Japanese, and Hoseok frowns, does this guy really not know much Korean? He’s definitely a foreigner, and Jhope doesn’t think he’s been here long. He wonder what he’s doing in Seoul. With how he’d stumbled upon the guy, it didn’t seem to do with anything good.

Hoseok wonders if he’s been to jail before. There’d been a gun and the scene, had he killed that other man? He swallows suddenly very conscious of the man he’s pressed up against. Hoseok didn’t think there’d be a lot of gang activity in Seoul. Despite what foreigners think, seoul was probably one of the only places with little to no gang activity as it was highly enforced against. Anyone found doing or even knowingly friends with others involved in such things, could get in very big legal trouble.

But that doesn’t mean all of Korea was free of organized crime. No, there were sighting in busan…

Now, how does be know all this? Easy. Going to dance competitions, meeting strangers, you had to know who to stay away from. Because of this he decided to brush up on some knowledge. It was just a general interest.

He wonder’s just how dangerous the man helping him is.

Reader POV
The ride is relaxing, the sun has now risen and you’re warming up. You’re pulling up to your destination with ease. Thinking.

You know Jhope’s seen your face. And many people would kill for just that. But, you didn’t worry. You’ll be outta Korea soon enough and it’s not like he’s part of some rival gang set on killing you. He’s smart. Or, at least you think he is. He’s got a back bone somewhere in there, and he doesn’t look to just be a coward. You know whatever he does in life he works hard. The muscles he has despite is build proves that. He hasn’t tried to ask you any question either besides your name.

Sure maybe that had to do with not knowing how much you could understand Korean, but you like to think it was because he knew better.

You wondered if he’s ever met dangerous people.

You frown.

You...hope you’re wrong.

You shake your head and focus on something else.

You’re going to have to call Byung-ho, thank him. He knows he’s got an edge over you now. It pisses you off. But this is what you get for trying to mess with some unorganized street gang you knew nothing about. Seoul was full of shits like that. Teenagers and piss-poor young adults just wanting to cause trouble.

And now it seems like Seo-hyeon sunk her claws into them. Byung-ho’s gonna wanna do something about this, and with all that’s happened you feel like you’re going to be involved with whatever plan he’ll think up.

Great…

Ten Minutes later

“We’re here.” Your head snaps up, having parked your bike. You see the boy slide off your bike and onto the sidewalk. His legs are wobbly but he smiles. You lean back and watch him.

The motion makes you wince.

You wave and the guy, bowing your head, “Nice meeting you.” You sit back up and you reach into the leather back that you keep upfront. “And,” You aren’t really thinking about anything else but...it’s the best you can do at the time. Even if you guys never see each other again. You pull something out and hold out your hand, “Here.”

The boy sees you holding out a ring...He tilts his head in fascination, quickly taking the gift. He places it on his palm and examines it. The ring is brass, Jade embedded and circling the outside. It’s pretty plain, but, it’s pretty.

Jhope looks up to you, smiling. He bows, “Thank you.”

You feel your mouth go dry, face heating up. It’s...it should help keep him outta trouble. Of could this is the least you could offer after he helped save your life! Your eyes snap to his face, he- he didn't seem to know what it means...maybe you don't have to...You shake your head and grab your things.

“Thanks.”
Before you can start your mother, his hand grabs your arm. You look to see a worried expression on his face. This time when he speak he does so slowly, as if he isn’t sure you’d understand, “Hospital—”

“No.” No way in hell would you do something so stupid. The guy furrows his eyebrows. He open his mouth, weather to ask a question or make a statement you wouldn't know, because you turn away from him starting your bike. You mutter, “Goodbye.” and push forward.

You don’t look back and drive away. Leaving behind a very confused and concerned Jung Hoseok.

As soon as Hoseok steps through the front door he’s bombarded with questions, and hugs. Pulled into the living room as everyone gathers around him. Seokjin makes sure he's okay; same with Jimin who sits right next to him.

Jungkooks crying, sitting on Hoseok's lap as soon as he sit around. He teases hi about it but only holds him tighter.

Taehyung laughs, watching the two from beside Jimin.

Yoongi is quiet, but he’s sitting on Hoseokes other side, watching him as if he’s making sure the boy won’t just up and vanish again.

Lastly, Namjoon sits in front of him, and asks, “Where were you?!”

Hoseok gives an uneasy laugh, shifting back against the couch, “Well...—”

“And we’re still out of milk...” Seokjin sits beside Namjoon,

Jimin laughs. The room immediately warms up. Hoseok grins, Jungkook gives a small smile, a Yoongi shakes his head. There leader sighs, and sits back propped up on his hands, “Just...tell us what happened.”

The dancer closes his eyes, “Okay.”

Chapter End Notes

Any ideas you want to happen in future chapters will help me write faster :3! Thank you for reading!
Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Hoseok lied.

He didn’t tell his members anything of what had happened last week.

He couldn’t.

Even if he wants to, the words never made it past his lips. Instead he told a lie, something about catching up with someone from his days at Dance Academy. Someone he never really hung out with, an acquaintance really. Someone the boys wouldn’t know about. He told them how they got drunk together and that he’d stayed the night. How as soon as they’d reached the apartment he was out like a light.

They believed him.

He lied.

Sitting from his place on the stairs, Jung Hoseok sighs through his knows. Eyes lazily looking over the hallway in front of him. It was colors of white and grey. All except for the sunlight that spills in through the large windows on the right side of the hall. Beams of warm light showed off specks of dust like starlight.

Leaning on his hands beside either side of him, his gaze turns to the soda machine, and he lets his thoughts drift once again.

That guy, Kage— which Hoseok’s sure isn’t his real name. Kage was weird. Even still, Hoseok wasn’t sure if he liked the guy. But he was thankful. Stumbling upon that scene had scared him so bad. He at first wasn’t sure if he’d made the right decision in stepping in.

But he doesn’t regret it.

No.

He’d regret it if he’d gotten attack. If he’d lost his life trying to be a hero. He’d regret losing his life and leaving his family— is that was BTS is now? He hopes so— behind.

Be even if he’d be filled to the brim with regret, Hoseok is sure he’d do it again.

A wary smile settles upon his face. Yeah, he’d do it again.

“Hoseok-hyung.”

Said boy blinks, coming back to himself and turning toward the open door to his left. Jungkook. Hoseok sits up, “Jungkookie?” Ah, he’s really stiff...he raises an arm and stretches, giving a yawn. Jungkook watches him for a moment. Eyes wide like he’s searching for something. It takes Hoseok a but of will power not to flinch.

Finally Jungkook relaxes, looking away to the hallway. Hoseok can’t tell if the boy’s disappointed in something or merely just tired.
“Hyung, Namjoon-hyung was wondering where you went...”

Oh yeah, practise. Hoseok gives a near silent chuckle, and springs up, “I was just bout heading there Kookie~”

Said Maknae can’t stop the huge grin that blooms forth, “Alright.”

As Hoseok follows him through the door, thoughts of that night left behind for the moment

The woman yells out and you’re being slammed into the wall, bruising your back. Your legs give out and you try to scramble away, but her pet pressed his waist into yours caging you.

You start cursing. “Jae will find out! He'll kill you. No— he'll do worse. You'll be begging for your life to end!” You keep shouting out threats, fear flooding your veins. The blood draining from your face.

The man speaks, “Who do you think set you up?”

“L-LET—!” He slams you against the hallway wall, and pain blossoms from your back. You want to cry out but to your horror he starts putting pressure on your neck. “S-St...o...!” You meet his eyes.

And your father’s face stares back.

Your eyes snap open to the darkness of your bedroom. Chest seizing before you can scream. Your mind is a mess of static and you scan your room.

D— Damn it!

You swallow before breathing again. The air feels like cool liquid on a hot summer day. Reality soothing your mind and calming your nerves. You look to the clock beside your bed.

5:00am

You flop back into bed. Panic leaving your system and leaving you drained. So stupid. You pull up your covers and curl in on yourself. This time a dreamless sleep welcomes you.

The second time you wake up is much less eventful.

You get up still exhausted. Rubbing sleep from your eyes you quickly make your bed and grab your bucket of hygiene items— soap, shampoo, conditioner, a scrub, and towel. You head down stairs and head to the public washroom.

Twenty minutes later you’re back in your apartment and making a call.

“Byung-ho?”

His familiar slightly scratchy voice sounds from the otherside of the receiver. “Mornin Kage.”
You get to the point, “You want my help right?”
“…”
You wait.
“I don’t need your help Kage, you know that.”
You have the decency to feel embarrassed. “Ah, I mean, I owe you right?”
This time he laughs, “That’s right... You want to know about my progress with huntin down Seo-hyeon.”
It’s not a question.
Byung-ho moves the phone around, and you can hear him yawn, “Nothin. We’ve found no hide or hair of the vixen.”
“…”
He continues, “I’m only telling you this much cause I know you’re gonna be workin with us. If it weren’t for Yoshimura I wouldn’t even think of being so open toward you kid.”
You know. “Thank you.” There's the sound of a release of breath and you wonder if he’s picked up smoking again.
“Anyway, order your kids ta check out that small restaurant that recently opened up, it’s called XXX.”
You narrow your eyes, hating that fact he’s giving such sudden orders. A drop of molten lead hits your stomach and you have to bite your tongue to keep from snapping. Byung-ho laughs again and you know he knows just how much he’s getting under your skin.
You instead respond in Korean, “Thanks hyung.”
He laughs openly, “Do you even know what that means?. “
Whatever.
The call ends and you rest your head against the back of the couch, groaning. God, just learning a languages bare minimum was hard. You just just wanna head back home.

Taehyung watches his hyung dance threw the new choreography almost effortlessly. He truly admires just how quickly Hoseok-hyung could grasp the moves. And then Hoseok messes up and catches himself with a few steps. Hoseok laughs, brushing of the mistake before getting back into the dance again.
Taehyung knows it wasn’t just a mistake though.
No, he’s been watching his hyung closely these past couple days. Watching how is hyung’s mind would drift of for a bit before coming back to the present. When that happens, Hoseok would— just like now— act as if it never happened.
Taehyung isn’t...worried. He’s more curious if anything else. What distracts his hyung so much, it can even—for just a second—effect his dancing?

Right now, Taehyung is clueless, but he’s determined to figure this mystery out.

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_I’m Fine_

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Aito had joined the gang when he was 13 years old. Like many of the others that help make up the Shifters, he had only been a kid with family already apart of the much more powerful gang Time. Time is a gang run by (Y/N)’s mentor Yoshimura-sama. Aito grew up within a family surrounded by gang life, his father and older brother watching after him while he tried to live a normal life. He was supposed to be the normal one.

Until (Y/N) had walked up to him one day after school.

Aito didn’t know who this other kid was, but he seemed pretty cool. (Y/N) would laugh openly then, an animalistic grin on his face and hair short N spiked. He was your average cool kid with a little rebellious side to him.

Together the two would walk, and head to the train tracks.

Aito didn’t really have anyone to hang out with back then until he had met (Y/N). Now that he thinks about it, that’s probably why (Y/N) started hanging out with him.

Coaxing him away from the path of normalcy.

Aito learned that (Y/N) loved an adrenaline rush. From jumping out of the way of a moving train, to laying flat against the track and having the powerful machine run straight over him. Each and every time (Y/N) would come out unscaled, he’d be laughing his ass off. Leaning over and clutching his stomach before he’d look up with an energetic glow in his eyes. (Y/N) would stare at his friend and say, “I bet I could do somethin even crazier!”

He would.

Aito...didn’t really understand what had pushed (Y/N) to risk his life like that. His heart would be hammering and he’d try to talk the other boy out of doing these dangerous things. It never worked. (Y/N) would only get angry, snarling and laugh at the smaller boy.

(Y/N) was Aito’s only friend, he didn’t want to lose this friendship.

Half a year of knowing the boy, Aito’s older brother found out about this friendship. He wasn’t happy. Aito doesn’t exactly remember what had happened, but for the next few weeks after the discovery, he hadn’t seen (Y/N) around at all. It hurt.

And then he saw his friend again...

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_Flashback_

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The small boy keeps his head down; Dark brown bangs cover his eyes.
“—St like his brother, disgusting.”

Someone hacks, before spitting in front of his feet. He remains completely still, a chill washing throughout his body.

“—ould. Hey!”

He flinches, realising they’re now addressing him. He peeks up, mouth going dry, “Y- yes?”

Something smacks right into his face and he crashes to the ground. He hears laughter and lays stunned. The world had blanked out for a moment. Everything is dizzy and his face feels numb. Blinking a few times, the world come back to him.

The guy in front of his is laughing bending down and looking down at the boy with cold, dead eyes, “S’that anyway to address a senior?”

His mind scrambles before words are shooting out, “Senp—”

Another smack and his head jerks to the side, “No, try again.”

The boy is shaking now, tears streaming down his face. Everything feels hot. A part of him wonders if these guys are going to kill him. “Dana…?”

More cruel laughter, “Oh? I like the sound of that~ Little old fashioned tho…”

The boy tenses, waiting for more pain.

But it doesn’t come.

Instead Aito hears the woosh of something cutting threw air and then a sickening thwack of impacting flesh. Aito looks up and sees his attacker fall down into the gravel. Eyes wide they lock on to a large brick that land off to the side.

...What—?

“—Back the fuck up!”

All three of them look towards the boy who stands just a couple ways away from the clearing. Arm raised and holding another concrete brick.

The downed bully growls, sits up, and spits blood. The right side of his face is a mess, red and already beginning to swell. His friend steps forward, towards (Y/N), “Who the fuck are—?”

The brick in the boys grasp goes flying, and the bully has to move to the side to avoid it. (Y/N) Shouts, “I SAID FUCK OFF!”

Aito’s heart stops, mouth dropping at the site of his missing friends face. The way (Y/N) just stand there, fearless, and full of fury. Like always, his hair is a spiky mess. Face covered in swipes of dirt. His head is held high, and Aito can’t help but realise his own fear is nowhere to be felt. He...he feels safe.

Then the bully still standing moves toward (Y/N).

Only for another brick to come flying from the left. It hits the guy in the leg and he curses, head snapping and eye locking onto a brown skinned girl with eyes alight with rage, “He said go away!”
“Heh.”

Aito watches as the downed bully stands up on unsteady legs. His smile doesn’t meet his eyes, “Fine,” He looks away, “Let’s get outta here S.”

“But—”

“No.” He takes one last look at (Y/N), “This isn’t over brat.” before running off with his friend right behind him.

No one moves for a second. The situation settling in there minds. The adrenaline, fear, and excitement fading away leaving everyone with thoughts of concern and worry. Aito jerks back when (Y/N) runs straight to him. The other boy falls to his knees and his arms wrap around him. “I’m so sorry!”

“W—what?”

(Y/N) only grips him harder, his shoulders shaking, “If— If I wasn’t—!” He pulls back, and Aitos chest fills with pain at seeing tears stream down the normally tough boys face, “I left you!”

Before Aito can speak, the girl from earlier settles down next to them. She places a hand on both of their arms, “Are you okay?”

No. That’s the correct answer right? But...Aito looks around himself, injured and definitely going to be sporting a few bruises. No he’s not physically okay. Then he looks to his friend, and now to this new girl that had also shown up and...saved him.

He smiles. “Yeah, I think I’m just fine.”

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**Present**

Aito had— as you guessed it— stuck by his friends side since. Going so far as to joining his gang and traveling to Korea for him. Sure he sometimes wonders...had he thrown away his childhood in doing so? Maybe. But he would still do it.

Unaware, Aito’s thoughts echo a certain dancer.

If time were to repeat it self, he’d do the same thing over and over again, even if it’d fill him with regret.

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**Chapter End Notes**

Author's note: I planned out more of this fic! o.O Took me a couple days~ Sorry for the wait! If anyone has any idea they want to happen in this fic, please comment below~
Chapter 7: Foreigner…?

Keiko doesn’t know what to expect when she walks into the small restaurant. Maybe because she was told the place had just opened up, her expectations had been a bit different than what she faces now. Her mind going to something more fancy, food more expensive. But no. The place was just as ordinary as another family run restaurant in town. Course this place boast it has the best Jajangmyeon (Korean-Chinese noodle dish topped with a thick sauce made of diced pork and vegetables. A variant of the dish uses seafood.). But that’s really up to the customer to decide. Plus taste differs to everyone. Though, if you asked her, she’d say she prefers more dry foods.

And…she’s getting off topic.

Keiko blinks. She’s being handed a menu, and is escorted to one of the open tables. The room is full of noise, but it’s relaxing. From the quiet mummering of customers and staff, to the soft instrumental music that plays from the overhead speakers. She smiles.

Sitting, she looks over the food, and as she was told before, the ‘Best’ — how can a food be considered the Best if this restaurant just recently opened? — Jajangmyeon right on the first page. Should she try—?

“Keikoooo…”

She suppresses the urge to flinch; Warm heat runs up her neck. That’s right, Aito is with her. He’s totally bored. She glances up and over her menu. Sitting across from her is her best friend. She sticks her tongue out, “Yeah?”

He meets her eyes, pouting, and resting his chin on the table, “Aren’t we...ya know...?” He glances to the side before looking back, “Supposed to ‘check out’ the place out?” He watches her tap her nails atop the menu before turning the page.

“Yeah?”

He groans, she never tells me anything…! Narrowing his eyes he sits up and pushes away from the table, “I’mma talk with those waitresses.”

She looks back to the menu, not ever watching him walk off. He can do whatever he wants, it’s not her job to always watch over him. A sting of hurt stabs at her chest. We’re both (Y/N)’s best friends...Maybe she’s just tired. A lot of stressful stuff has happened these past few weeks. Traveling to a whole other country is small compared to the mess (Y/N)’s managed to get into...But he’s always been like that.

Sorta.

Not as much as he used too, that’s for sure, and not this bad before. Usually he’d just get into some trouble and then we’d all laugh about it later. He’s supposed to be their Leader—Banchō— and lately...it just feels like he’s not taking it seriously!

“Excuse me?”

Oh! Keiko looks away from the menu. A waiter stands beside her table. She gives a fake smile.
Keiko quickly tells her order, not really paying attention. The waiter bows before leaving.

Good thing I actually know basic Korean! Something out Banchō should know. But…

Her mind flashes to a picture of an abandoned warehouse. Two young boys and a little girl stand together, laughing. Dirt coats their cheeks, and the sun from outside fills the large space. That...had been years ago. Keiko sighs, (Y/N) had always been reckless, but he’s always cared about his friends.

This is all that... Man's fault!

“He needs someone to talk to…” Someone that isn’t me...

A Restaurant.

Aito rolls his eyes, what is he now? A detective? Lameee….What are they even supposed to be looking for? It’s not like (Y/N)— Byung-ho— told him anything else than, “Go check that new place out.” Taking orders...he’s not some dog! Sure he’d follow (Y/N) around, but Aito likes to think he’s grown a backbone growing up. Now, it’s not some blindness faith. No, now it’s because he trust and beliefs in his friends actions. He too wants to bring back the Shifters , a strong, large group that once expanded a third of Japan. Aito knows why this means so much to (Y/N), and being friends with the guy for so long? It’s started to become important to Aito as well.

Power isn’t everything. No, it never was. But, if it helps (Y/N) reach his goal then...that’s just what they’ll have to gain.

Aito lets out a breath of warm air, watches them turn white and drift away. It’s another mildly cold day. But a long sleeve shirt with fix that. The closer they get to may, the closer they get to summer, but it’s still April— April 20 to be exact. So it’s been almost three weeks since we’ve reached Korea.

Almost three week and we still haven’t found anything about that guy. Aito slumps, crossing his arms over his chest as he leans against the side of the restaurant. He drops his arms and rubs the back of his head, fingers playing with his hair. This is just getting annoying. He just wants to go back home with his friends. Go back to how everything used to be. He just wants some normalcy after the crazy week.

He wonders if Keiko notices (Y/N)’s behavior lately.

Whatever.

Aito talked with that Waitress, but all he got was that this was a family run restaurant, andddd that’s it. Nothing ‘unusual’. Byung-ho is weird and old. Like, responsible- adult old. Aito thinks he’s like thirty or something. It makes him uncomfortable every time he sees the guy talk with (Y/N), like he doesn’t take (Y/N) seriously.

Aito grinds his teeth, mindful of his lip piercing, Byung-ho is really starting to piss him off.

“Ughhhhhhh….” He straightens, hand going to his head and rubbing his head in frustration, “At least (Y/N) seems to trust him…” If we have to work with him, he’s glad it’s someone (Y/N) trust.

Voices.
Aito’s head snaps up curiously and he puts his hands down. Two girls walk out of the restaurant, they both have brown skin like Keiko! He wonder if they’re foreigners or if they grew up here. Course there are those that could move here later in life, like Keiko’s parents did in Japan. Either way, they’re speaking Korean and— from his little knowledge— they seem pretty fluent in it! Aito smiles, that’s one thing (Y/N) always said about this world. We’re all just people.

And then a man is walking up to the women.

Aito watches the scene closely, unlike Keiko, his knowledge on the language is more like (Y/N) maybe a little better...So most of the time he’s left with watching actions.

The man is short, shorter than bother girls. He’s wearing some loose fitting clothes. But his hair is nice and combed back. His face is round and when he smiles he looks so welcoming. Aito tilts his head, watching as the man gestures toward the two of them, speaking slowly. Ah, he must think they don’t understand him. The two women look to each other, of sneezes and waves her hand to the two before...walking off?

A stone hits Aito’s stomach.

Leaving her friend(?) the other girl is stuck with the man as they talk. It’s...uncomfortable, and then the girl laughs and they begin to walk off…Maybe they know each other? Aito could just go inside now and tell Keiko that he found nothing...But it doesn’t feel right.

Without a second thought, Aito follows the two strangers.

Taehyung walk through the dorm hallway, stopping a few feet from Hoseok-hyung’s door. He’s not here to talk. But to listen. These past few days have been weird. But, not weird enough to call attention to it, but just enough to where he couldn’t ignore it. Hyungs been his usual self, but nothings changed these last few days, Hoseok-hyung still isn’t fully paying attention during their practices, and now it seems he’s kept to himself more and more.

Taehyung doesn’t think he’s depressed though. No, his hyung is still the first to learn their choreo, and his energy still feels the same, not smothered. It’s again, curious. And so now Taehyung's decided to do some of his own investigating. Like a game. Nothing serious.

He sits down and leans against the wall, the hallway is large enough the others could easily pass by him. Andddd he takes out a pair of earbuds, placing them in but not turning on any music. This way the others shouldn’t bother him~

Smiling to himself Taehyung leans his head back and listens.

“Tae?”

He opens his eyes, head snapping in the direction of his eldest hyung. He pulls out his ear buds and stars up and Seokjin-hyung, “Hm?”

Seokjin doesn’t question why Taehyung is hanging out in the hallway, only shaking his head and looking back down the hall, “I’m making dinner in a bit, could you go out and get some scallions? I’m making Dak-galbi.” Seokjin looks back and meets the younger boys eyes, before looking to Hobe’s closed door. This feels familiar.

Taehyung springs up, “Kay!”
He runs down the hallway, before stopping at the front door to tie on his shoes. He’ll just have to snoop on Hoseok-hyung another time~

This will be the third time in Hoseok’s like that he’s researched the topic of Gangs in Korea. The first time happened out of curiosity in middle school, and the second was when he started going to dance competitions. Now? Hoseok plays with the ring on his desk, wondering if what he was gifted will bring him more harm than good.

Life is like a dance. Moving though it and feeling each incoming beat. Sometime life was loud and sporadic, thinking on your feet and having to move quickly in order to keep up. Other times, like was soft and harmonious. Move slowly and gracefully, sometimes there be moments of stillness where the melody would continue to play by itself.

The day Jung Hoseok met Kage, the world was a deep bass beat mixed with high pitched string instruments. Seeing the fear on Kage’s face sounded like the shatter of cymbals. His own heart beat, a racing energetic electric guitar solo.

Holding out the gun, his muscles tensed as all moise ceased. A break from the song of life.

Hoseok leans back in his chair and holds up the ring.

His blinds are open, letting sunlight stream in and hit his desk. He likes the way the light reflects off the jade around the small piece of jewelry. It reminds him of fresh grass and christmas trees. Maybe even a little like magic. Hoseok frowns. He still doesn’t know if it’s a spell or curse…

He gives up, putting the ring down on his desk and resting his head on his propped up hands. Does it even matter now— yes— all he’s been able to dig up is the known gangs in Korea.

He stills.

He...he did speak Japanese…

“Ding!” He sits up, excitement coursing through him and giving him energy. His hands are already flying over the keyboard. Wait...the dancers face turns red, did he just say ‘Ding!’ out loud? Ugh, Jhope’s really rubbing off on him...He smiles—Sarcastic— is this what it means to be a Idol?

Your walk is uneventful, your mind elsewhere— nowhere. Only the music from your headphones fills your head. Again, like every day here in Korea, people avoid stepping in front of you. Not that the same thing wouldn’t happen in Japan, but at least there you could fit in more. Even if some couldn’t tell if you were Japanese, you still acted like a foreigner, stopping a few people to ask for directions, or— more often— simply looking lost at the words that covered the shops and signs. Either way, people could tell you weren’t from the area.

You pick up your pace, people giving startled reactions to having to step out of your way. Some you were sure had cursed just by the sound of their voice. You let it roll off you. They didn’t matter.

You reach the small shop, and grin.

A gasp.
You blink owlishly and glance to your left. A grandmother with her daughter stare back before jolting into action, smiling sheepishly and running off. Huh, weird.

You shrug and walk into the shop.

It small, rows and rows of items, with the freezer section at the back behind glass doors. In your right hand you harry an empty shopping bag, Keiko said it was eco friendly. You honestly didn't care, just nodding when she gifted you the bags and going back to your computer. Now that you look at them...they're kinda childish...Pictures of cute animals decorated the bags outside, and base colors being pink and purple...You really need to pay attention more...and talk to Keiko later.

Keiko looks up from her food and pauses her eating. There’s a moment of stillness and her eyes unfocused.

“AH—” She jerks back, “—Choo!”

She sniffls and continues to eat.

You make eye contact with the cashier and he narrows his eyes at you. You roll your eyes and nod to him, ‘I’m not here to cause trouble old man…’

He goes back to his magazine.

Now, back to business. You walk towards the back, going straight for the easy make foods. A bag of rice quickly fills your bag. You hum as you work. Eyeing the shelved in front of you, you take in the various types of Ramen Noodles. Buldak Chicken Flavor, Kokomen, Teumsae, Sesame, Bibim-myun, Gomtang, Paldo Jjajangmyun, Bul Jjampong Spicy Seafood Noodles. You lick your lips. Grabbing a few packets—different kinds for different days—you end up completely filling up the first bag. Alright! That should be enough for all my lunches this week.

You know if Yoshimura finds out, your dead meat. But hey! He’s the one that wouldn’t give you a ton of money. He’s the one that’s always kept track of your income, keeping everything balanced. He’s been trying to teach you but...you’re still learning. You Look away from your bag and move to the next isle. Even if he did give you more money, it wouldn’t matter, it’s not like you can cook anything fancy. You just know how to survive!

You look back to the isle, moving to the left without really thinking, counting in your head the rest of the money for this we—

Ah.

“Excuse me.” You bow quickly, sorry for bumping into a random stranger. It’s strange because you’re used to people automatically avoiding you.

“No problem.”

Easy enough Korean to understand. But you don’t really want to continue the conversation, so looking back up, focus back to the isel and start counting again. Monday, tuesday...—
“...Foreigner?”

He’s talking to you. You turn to the guy, and he’s look right back at you. Meeting his eyes you feel the strength of his curious gaze. What does he want? Foreigner? He was asking if you were a foreigner? You nod your head and hope that’ll be the end of the conversation. Most Koreans you’ve met don’t really care to talk with someone that might not even understand them in the first place. But his smile widens.

He says a few words than mean absolutely nothing to you. The guy pauses, and seems to catch on to your blank look. He points to you— rude, “...Where...?”

“Japan.” Can he not. Just. talk to you?

He gives a deep laugh, the sound soft, like ocean waves crashing into fine sand. He says some more, and this time you understand a bit more. He’s also peaking slower. You hate it.

“Just cause I can’t understand you doesn’t mean you should talk as if I’m some idiot, idiot!”

The guy actually jumps, like a foot in the air. You know he doesn’t understand a thing you just said, but now he at least know your mad. Heh, maybe he'll stay away this time. You hear a cough, and turn, meeting the stern stare of the cashier. Gah, you don’t wanna be kicked out! You pick up your bag, looks like you’ll have to find somewhere else to—

The stranger beside you rushes pasted you, waving his hands and laughing— it sounds forced. He’s speaking quickly to the cashier and you watch warily. What is he...?

He turns back to you and grins, saying a few more words and nodding his head. You...think he wants you to do the same???

You nod back, eyes watching his every move. This is uncomfortable.

The stranger laughs again, more natural and the cashier— again— goes back to his magazine.

...What just happened? He helped you? You keep your eyes locked on the stranger as he moves back to his spot beside you, giving you a thumbs up...Okay? I guess you’re okay now. Licking your lips you get back to stocking up your last bag. You feel a pull on the arm of your jacket.

The stranger. He raising up a snack of some kind. You’ve never heard of it before. You shake your head, be he only holds it out for you, saying something.

Fine.

You take the snack and toss it carelessly into you bag. You look back at him and raise your eyebrow.

He’s grinning like mad, giving you another thumbs up.

“ Weirdo.”

“...hyung.”


“Taehyung!”

His name? What is he giving you his name? It’s not like you’ll ever see the weirdo again. You frown, but nod to him in understanding.
He points to you again— did his parents not teach him manners? It’s starting to annoy you! “Name?”

Ugh, yeah you of course understood that. You roll your eyes and give your fake one, “Kage.”

“...Kage?”

“Yeah.”

He laughs and bows, “Nice to meet you Kage-hyung!” Though it sounds more like, “Nicetameechu Kage-hyung!” And did he just call you—? You bite your tongue and the rest of your shopping is done in silence. The guy having left after shouting out, “Goodbye” for the whole world to hear.

At least you got your shopping’s done.

Author’s Note: Had to change the MV Danger to Just One Day because I got dates mixed up! ANyway, in this story it is...April 2014! For anyone who is confused. Um, should I just put that in the summary? Yes. Also! I know nothing about Korean food so I’m just making things up with what I find on Wikipedia /sob/ I’mma die now~ Love you all! Oh and next chapter wont take so long~
June 1st 2004

“Please mommy don’t go! Mommy!”

You hold desperately onto her shirt crying and screaming in front of the one story house. The neighbors could hear the commotion, but nobody did anything. You feel your world falling away from you, leaving you suspended in this horrible nightmare. You struggle to breath. You’re only five years old but you know what is happening, and that only confuses you more. How can your mom—someone who’s supposed to protect you—leave you with him?

But your actions don’t make a lick of difference. A pair of strong hands grab you by the back of your red shirt and your yanked away from her warmth. You scream.

Everything is moving too fast, a flash of blinding colors and emotions. A heavy buzzing fills your head like static and you can’t stop from thrashing about like some wild animal.

A hand comes over your mouth and you bite down—“FUCK!”—You hit the pavement.

There’s the sound of your flesh hitting the hard ground and you don’t register the pain. You quiet down.

There’s more yelling now, and you know it’s your parents.

You don’t listen, used to tuning them out. Instead you stand back up like a zombie, and reach out toward your mommy.

“Mama!”

She looks down to you and sneers. Your heart stops. The words on your mouth dry up. You can’t move.

She spits, “Get away from me!” and rushes past you into her car.

You turn around and watch her start up and drive out onto the street. And doesn’t look back before disappearing down the bend. You’re taking shallow breaths. The fiery hatred in her voice echoing throughout your head.

You’re numb. One thought settle on your mind.

‘What did I do wrong?’

Present Time

You sit across from Byung-ho and watch the older man finish off his cigarette. He blows out the foul smoke from his nose before smashing it into the glass ashtray. When he speaks, his voice is youthful, it doesn’t match his worn face, “(Y/N).”
A burning anger flickers to life, but you're quick to mask your emotions, “Yes?”

His jaw is strong as he turns his head, the pressure you feel is no means lighter, “Yoshimura...How is he?”

You’re on guard, such a casual question in a time where casualty is tossed carelessly away in this display of power. You stick with formalities and smile, “Fine, everything is as it should be.”

He doesn’t respond. You can head the the wooden floor creak as he moves in his chair. When he moves to take out another cigarette, you relax. “Good, good. He’s one of my closest friends. I hope you can tell him I’m still them same as well.”

“Of course.”

He lights up the new cig and places it between his lips.

You don’t like him. You know Byung-ho doesn’t treat you like the gang leader you are. No, he thinks you’re playing around. A kid pretending to be the bad guy in his room; while his mentor keeps the door open and watches over him.

He’s not...wrong. And that stings.

You know how Yoshimura looks after you. Making sure you don’t do something too stupid to come back from. You know Yoshimura only wants to help you achieve your dream. But you also know Yoshimura don’t do thing completely selfless.

You don’t resent him for it.

Byung-ho though, you don’t and probably will never trust. Just because he’s worked with Yoshimura for years, doesn’t mean he isn’t— what society would call— a criminal like you and everyone else you knew.

“I remember Hiro—”

You don’t remember moving. Only that your now standing at the table, and your chair is laying on it’s side. You’re breathing heavy, and there’s a gun pointed at your head.

Byung-ho stares right at you, and you know he’s judging you. His eyes are dark, a hard frown on his face.

You don’t move, the gun feeling like god’s judgement, one wrong move and it’ll blast your head off your shoulders.

Then, with the wave of a hand for Byung-ho, the guard puts the weapon away. You’re nerves are fried, but the anger is still there. How DARE HE— you force yourself to pick up your chair and sit back down.

“Exciting…”

You bite your tongue and look back to your host. He’s still not smiling though. Hyung how puts down his second cigarette, and leans forward.

“(Y/N)...For how long are you going to hang onto that name…? He wouldn’t—”

“You don’t know what he’d want.”
Byung who brings his hands together under his chin, “No...I don’t...” He stares you down, his words cold like glaciers. It’s like your strapped underneath a frozen lake, unable to break through the ice’s hard surface. “I wouldn’t know what a dead man is thinking.”

This time, you don’t move. No. Now the lake has frozen completely. Immobilizing you and keeping you prisoner to it’s cold hell. You move your tongue around your mouth, but your jaw won’t open.

Byung-ho narrows his eyes, “I know what you want to achieve (Y/N), but once you reach the end...what is there to do left besides laying in the ashes of a dead man’s dream?”

You speak, forcing the words out like a defense, “This is my dream! Mine alone!”

Seeing Byung-ho’s face fall, you don’t like the way it make you feel as if you’ve disappointed a teacher. But you can’t fall into that feeling. You use your hurt, and throw it into the ever present fire that fuels your every move, “...This is my dream...”

Kage.

A man (age unknown) who runs a growing gang— called the Shifters— in Akita and Aomori Prefecture Japan.

The Gang is known by its familiar Abstract Beast-like symbol.

Reported members have been charged with Substance-abuse, Drug-trade, Murder, Manslaughter, and Weapons dealing. However, the full extent of the gangs-reach and criminal activity is yet to remain unknown by both the authorities and the public.

Officials warn the public that if anyone sees anything amiss, or even the symbol itself, to stay away, and to report to the police right away.

Jung Hoseok looks at the report with wide eyes.

The ring in his right hand feels incredible heavy. His licks his lips, eyes darting around the screen to the blurry security footage to the left of the page. As soon as he hovers his mouse over the clip, it auto-plays.

He watches as Kage is stands in some convenience store, gun raised at the frightened casher behind the counter. Hoseok feels ill. The clips cuts out and he’s not sure he wants to know what had happened next.

He eyes read the text underneath...It’s years old. That doesn’t make him feel any better.

Hoseok restarts the video and pauses it just as quickly. Staring at the others face as he hold just a lethal weapon...Kage’s face is cast in shadow. But...the dancer can see him. He had only spent a short time with the stranger, but even he can see the way he hold himself. Like he’s angry at the world. Feet space apart like he’s holding a heavy weight. This is the same man, he had recklessly saved. Had risked his life for.

He’s the same man that had taken him to his apartment, calmed him down and driven him home.

It dawns on Hoseok like a rising tide. He knows where one of Japan’s more sought after Gang Leaders is staying. He knows the location of this wanted man.
And then his bedroom door swings open.

“Hobi-Hyung!”

As soon as Taehyung opens the door, he’s greeted with the smiling face of his hyung. Though, not everything is as it seems. Taehyung take notice of the way Hoseok's shoulders are raised, how his body is turned away from the computer. How open Hoseok is displaying himself, like he wants Taehyung’s full attention on only himself.

As if he’s trying to hide something.

Taehyung doesn’t really know what he’s doing. But that doesn’t matter. He got tired of waiting and listening around. Eavesdropping can only take one so far before the trail runs cold and he’s left with more questions and answers.

Well, right now Taehyung's decided he’s had enough of that. This time he’s going to the source of his curiosity.

“Hyung?”

Hoseok-hyung smiles and it’s wrong, “Tae! Is dinner ready yet?”

Ah.

“Uh...no.” He gives an embarrassed laugh, walking further into the room. “I just…” He sit on top of one of the beds, “What are you doing?”

His hyung tilts his head, “Hm? Nothing really.” He shrugs, “Just listening to some music Joon recommended to me.”

Taehyung looks past him and…

He is.

Tidal is open on the screen. That’s...normal. Too normal? Taehyung speaks, “Wanna hang out? Me a Kook were playing video games...” He knows his hyung won’t, but he asks anyway.

Hoseok-hyung turns to his computer, and removes the headphones around his neck. “Not right now, we still have to get up early tomorrow.” He spins in his chair, and beams towards the singer, “Maybe after our meeting?”

A part of Taehyung warms up to this, time with his hyung would be nice! Another tells him he’s gotten closer towards asking more questions, alone without a worry of anyone interrupting. His mouth moves before that thought finishes though, words leaving his mouth on their own, “Hyung, are you okay?”

He watched Hobi blink, face blanking for a second. And then time moves again. The dancer grins “Hm?” and leans forward, “Yeah. You?”

A pause.

He doesn’t answer. Taehyung sets his jaw, staring at the other directly, “You sure?” The air around them feels...heavier. They both smile. And then Hoseok wilts.

His hyung looks up to him with tired eyes, “Ah I’m just tired…” He grumbles, turning his body
away, “Learning the new choreography, and spending my free time to help the others.” He rubs the back of his neck and straightens, “I’m just trying to spend some time to myself~” His smile is lighter this time, merely an upturn at the side of his mouth.

Liar.

“Oh. Okay.”

Taehyung nods his head, and smiles back, “If you need a break—”

“—I can ask Joonie?” The dancer’s grinning.

Tae laughs.

“Yeah.”

He leaves the room then. Thoughts pulling and twist at their conversation. It’s not like he hadn’t noticed Hobi-hyung place something in his short’s pocket. But he’s not going to just call the other out on it, at least not yet.

This mystery, just keeps getting stranger...

Jungkook knows his two hyungs are acting different. But he’s okay with not asking questions if it’ll mean that everything goes back to normal.

It’s not working.

He’s seen the way Taehyung hangs around Hoseok's room, and before...Hoseok had gone missing for a day, it wouldn't of meant anything. Except, now it’s become obvious. This is more than just wanting to hang out. Jungkook knows Taehyung's become...suspicious(?) of their hyung. But he doesn’t know why.

Jungkook understands that sometimes people need space to themselves, being alone can be calming. He’s sure that’s all Hoseok-hyung needs to relax.

Human’s can be complicated, but sometimes things are simple, and maybe Taehyung's just bored and needs something to do. So he suggested some video games, again, it doesn’t work because now Taehyung’s going back to Hoseok’s room.

It was fun while it lasted. The two of them sitting in front of the TV. The lights turned off and only the graphics from the game lit up the room. The volume had been turned down, just background noise to the two boys while they’d chatted about life. His room’s still a mess, clothes and blankets lying on the floor. But...they still had a fun time together. Jolting about from their spots on the floor, completely focused on the video game.

Just another free day to wind down and have some fun.

Then Taehyung sets down his controller, his character dancing on the screen after winning the round, and spoke, “Ah, I'm done Kook.” He stands up, “I'm gonna see what Hobi-hyung’s doing…”

Jungkook pouts. He doesn’t want the other to leave. Taehyung won’t even look at him. Great, so his hyung still going to snoop. Or whatever. He leans back against the side of his matress. If Taehyung didn’t want to play, it’s not like he can force him. Jungkook looks back to the screen, hit’s the back
button once and goes to select one player mode. His voice is soft and he doesn’t take his eyes away from the screen, “Kay.”

The other remains standing, standing still. The sound of the video game music picks up as Jungkook starts the level.

Taehyung leaves. As soon as the door shuts behind him, the tv goes mute. The Game paused. Jungkook turns off the system and sighs.

This is...so boring.

Aito runs, not wanting to lose sight of the man and girl moving through the flow to oncoming people. This doesn’t feel right. Something in his brain warns him like red sirens, telling him to keep going. What used to be a desolate street, now fills with more and more people. He doesn’t know what time it was when he was still at the restaurant, but he was sure it was around lunch time. At least and hour has past since then.

The noise around him sounds far away. The voices, steps, and laughter, all so far away. It’s like he’s outside of a house while the people inside are throwing a party. He can only hear the rumble of the bass...It reminds him of highschool— Of looking on in curiosity and loneliness.

(Y/N) was always there to show up and take him away from those moments.

Now? His heart is racing, and he’s beginning to sweat. Looking on a head he and barely see the two, are they running? What’s going on? He doesn’t know. But he still need to follow them, needs to make sure that girl is okay.

Even though a small part of him wants to laugh all of this off. Telling him this is nothing to worry about and that he’s just blowing everything out of proportion.

He has to repeatedly tell himself that, no, something is wrong. That he needs to do something about it.

The two strangers stop, and he stumbles, watching.

The man is now holding onto the girls arm. There’s less people now. But the world still sounds so fucking far away.

Aito’s heart stops when the strange man jerks the girl into his side just as a black car drives up to the two of them.

Fuck.

It’s like a horrible movie, Aito opens his mouth, and the man throws the girl into the open side door.

“H-hey!”

He’s too late.

“Stop...!”

They drive off and he just now notices he’s still running. He’s cursing over and over again, and pull out his phone, already calling for help.

“Keiko!
Chapter End Notes

EDIT: Rewrote a majority of stuff, and fixed grammar to make it flow better.

I got a burst of energy and finished this chapter! Yes!!! Tell me what you think so far :3!!!
Chapter 9: Sudden Anger?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The curtains are drawn, casting the living room in darkness.

You sit upon your beat up couch and stare at your blank phone screen.

Your steady pace in life has become unbalanced, causing you to stumble over this new frustrating news.

Taken? Kidnapped?

You pocket your phone and stare at the ceiling. Some foreign girl forced into a car in broad daylight? Yet no one had reacted or even saw what had happened? Impossible, right? You exhale and lean back.

It’s not like you’re new to the world of...Human Trafficking. But it’s something you’d rather not think about in your day to day life. You’ve seen surveillance videos of people being taken in broad daylight before. Never to be seen again. You’ve met disgusting sick people who placed their worth over others.

This world is full of filth. You’ve been in Korea for no more than a month and already have wind of this dark business...Seo-hyeon has to be apart of this.

“Fuck...”

You’ll have to tell Byung-ho what’s happened.— ‘He already knows...’ A part of you whispers.— He picks up on the second ring, “Hello?”

“You were right.” He knows, he knows you’d find out...

You can hear him shift, clothes rustling, “What happened, Kage?” When you hearing him use your Fake name, you have to bite down the spark of annoyance that threatens to rise. It only means he’s in business mode, something you’re familiar with.

“A girl was taken yesterday while we were having our meeting. Foreigner, forced into a car.” Byung-ho makes a sound of agreement. “Byung-ho...why are you letting me...” into this ‘case’? Find out about this mess? Surely the police he works with would already—

“—Not anymore.”

What? You sit back up, feet coming off the coffee table, “Wait—”

“I’m done with you.”

“I’m done with you.”

A chill runs down your spine at the careless words— are they careless? Byung-ho is older than you, been in the game longer than you. He should know what he’s doing. He just wants a reaction from you. You clench your jaw. Byung-ho continues on, as if he hadn’t just forced your mind to just re-think itself. As if he hadn’t insinuated a death threat.
“Stay out of this Kage. Don’t go searching for answers, and don’t try to help out. I’m taking my men and we’ll handle this on our own. Thank you for the errand, but I think it’s best if we keep our communication to a minimum from now on.”

“Byung-ho—”

The call ends.

You stare down to your phone long enough for the screen to time out. Everything had happened too fast. What is he think—? No. It’s...none of your business. You know this. This place? You’re not in Japan anymore. You can’t do anything except look for a man with nothing but an old photograph.

You’re helpless, and it’s infuriating.

Your hand’s slam onto the coffee table, “D-damn it!”

With your built up frustrations, you do something...mildly stupid. You splurge, using some of your wealth to go to some fancy restaurant. It’s not...super expensive, but it’s not cheap either. Someplace high up and overlooking the city below. You’re meant to laylow here in Korean, but right now? You couldn’t give a bigger fuck.

Aito and Keiko are beside you, happily chatting about some new video game while you decided on what to choose to eat. It’s nearly dinnertime. A whole days gone by. You look over the restaurant from your place in the corner. You’re able to see both the entrance and exit. There’s quiet classical music playing somewhere from the front. Coupled together with the soft murmur of dining stranger, you’re almost lulled into the calm of the evening. Almost. You try to word your words carefully, “We’re done with following Byung-ho’s order’s.”

Aito’s head snaps up, and he opens his mouth— but it’s Keiko’s voice that asks, “What do you mean?”

Breathing out does nothing to alleviate the heavyweight in your chest. You put down your menu and look to your two...childhood friends, “We’re refocusing on the task that brought us here. That’s all.”

You watch the brown haired girl stiffen. She’s smart, already reading in-between the lines. Aito however….

“(Y/N!)” You meet his electric gaze, “You can’t seriously—!” He bites his tongue, “I saw that girl get—”

“I know Aito.” You watch him for a moment. He doesn’t move. It’s...not like this isn’t bothering you too. “Aito. We came here for our own goal. We can’t get dragged into something like this.” God, you sound like your old man. Yoshimaru would be laughing if he heard you.

The pink haired boy bites his lip and looks down to the table. It’s not like there isn’t anything that he can say. He could say a lot of things. But he knows you, and with the way your temper had worsened these past few weeks...it’s best not to say anything at all...He knows you.

Aito picks up his menu and you do the same. A slight ache in your heart. Yeah, you understand his frustration. You mumble, “You can order anything you want.”

You don’t look up to see if Aito reacts, but the atmosphere feels lighter.

Keiko scoots closer in case you need help with reading and understanding anything. You can...sound
out something’s, learning that wasn’t too hard. But understanding it was proving to be difficult. Keiko watches you struggle for a moment longer before speaking up, “I think I’ll just order you some Sundubu-jiigae.”

“Spicy?”

“Of course!”

“Fine...”

You lean back. Being here in Korea, you hunger for the ability to understand. At least until you find this guy. Once your back in Japan you won’t need to worry about something as simple as a language barrier.

Keiko’s pretty cool, learning another language is no easy feat. A part of you wishes you could be like her—

“—ever been here before!”

You sit up. Voices sound from the entrance.

Entering the restaurant is a large group of males, they all look pretty young, except for the older man with them. Three bounce with hidden energy, excited— you wonder if they’re younger than you.

It’s dark in the restaurant except for a few lights. You can’t get a good look at their faces. Still, the longer you hear their voices, the more sure of their ages. A few sound young, 15? 16? Either they’re sons to someone with some money, or...

A waiter comes up to the group and escorts them to one of the large tables further in the restaurant.

They pass your table first and you watch them with a trained eye. Your friends are already pretending to be occupied— Alert, following your body language.

They’re all wearing suits. One walks in front of them, he’s tall and his hair is light— dyed?— and shaved at both sides.

Idols?

You look away. Once the group takes there seat, you speak quietly, “They’re just idols.”

Aito is smiling, “Cool~”

“Yeah,” Keiko scoffs, “if you like pretty people with no real talent.” She rolls her eyes, “Most of them can’t even really sing.”

Aito’s mouth drops. “Hey—!”

“—Didn’t know, ya had such strong opinions on k-pop...” You speak up.

Keiko leans back, setting down her menu, “Jpop, kpop...Whatever.” She looks down to her nails, “What do you think I listened to when hanging out with Kat and the rest of the girls?” She waves her hand, “Anyway, I don’t really care bout that stuff anymore, it’s all so...fake.”

“It’s not fake!” Aito snaps, “They gotta work hard to get where they are! And—!”

“—Not if your from the big three! You’re practically handed awards once you debut.”
“Rookies—!”

“—Enough!”

Mouths shut and both of them look to you with eyes wide. You rub the bridge of your nose. God, since when did your friends have such strong opinions on something so...ridiculous?!

“Excuse me, sir?” A new voice interrupts.

You slowly turn in your seat to see a waitress standing beside you. She’s shifting from side to side, giving a strained smile. The mask slips on and you forced your shoulders to untense. “Ah, yeah.” A fake smile stretches upon your lips, “We’re ready to order.” It doesn’t take long to tell her your orders, which she quickly writes down. Once she leaves you’re all left with your own thoughts.

“...”

“Sorry Ai…” Keiko is the first to crack.

“Yeah...sorry…”

You sigh, suddenly tired. Your friends are such kids sometimes. You… “I miss Yoshimura…”

Hearing the softness in your voice, the two slump down. Aito rest his head on his arms, and Keiko throws her arm over the back of her chair.

You need to change the subject.

“Ya’know...even if I wanted to help out with this...traffic thing...we’re still foreigners, I have no real control here unless Byung-ho grants it.”

“We know.” Keiko looks to the large glass window, “Let’s just focus on your photo kay?”

Aito nods, “And our food.”

You...are truly lucky to have friends like these. Life goes on and soon your food arrives. You lift your glass and take a sip. The restaurant is nice, or, it would be except for—

“—a day to—!”

“—hyung—”

“Aiyee— down!”

God, were idols always so loud? You can’t even understand a third of what they’re saying. Still only able to catch bit’s and pieces of the loud conversation. You look over to your friends and catch Keiko’s amused smile. She laughs.

The pink haired boy joins her, “They sound like great friends.”

You roll your eyes, “Do you even know what they’re saying?”

“No.” Aito grins, “But I don’t need to. I can tell by their actions!”

“Whatever.”

Keiko watches you, “No,” She rest her head on her hand, “I agree, they sound like family.”
“I thought you didn’t like Idols…”

“They’re just people.” She sticks her tongue out, “It’s the industry I don’t like!”

“Isn’t that the same thing?”

“No!”

You huff and stand up, “I’m gonna go wash up.”

“Okay~”

You walk away from the table away from the corner of the room and into the organized clusters of seated guest. You’re brisk, moving swiftly around the tables of people. A few turn to watch you pass, curious. That doesn’t surprise you. A 19 year-old with this much money? Not unheard of, but that will definitely catch the interest of those assuming so. Again, it’s not a surprise, you knew this would happen. That doesn’t mean the reactions welcome. You’re leaving tracks. Traces the man you’re looking for could stumble across…

Ah….

It’s stupid so come here.

Once Byung-ho— because he will— finds out, he’ll— You pause. He’ll what? Scold you? Tell you off? Eh, if he’s anything like Yoshimaru…

You feel a cold shudder run through you. No, you’re sure he’s not like the old man.

Plus, he’s the one that wanted to cut of communication for a while, he should’ve known you would’ve done something like this once you’re not under the lens of a microscope.

No…that’s immature. He’s the one that’s supposed to watch you under Yoshimura's request…you can’t just do what you want here.

Still, that doesn’t mean you can’t have a little fun right? You needed this break away from hunting. Byung-ho will understand.

Right?

The exit of the main hall leads into a long hallway at makes a sudden right turn. Your shoes tap against the white tile floor. The walls are colored with a deep red trim a third of the way down. A stark contrast against the cream colored wall. A simple gold pattern of climbing ivy has been printed on the walls. Everything screams of plain money. It’s simple, but expensive. Easy and done with little effort. The average person could laugh about the restaurants design, yet would choke up at the cost of such a place. Even with money, you’re still tempted to joke about the place’s meaning of classy.

As you made that turn, you could see the restrooms. An opening in the wall, sections of into two opposite sides, one for men and the other for women. You guess if matters to some people, but honestly? It’s just a restroom. Still, you enter the men’s side, taking in the spotless, bright room.

You don’t really have to go. No, you just needed an escape. Time to stop thinking about all your problems that have begun to pile up. The weight of each thought weigh heavily on your mind, causing your shoulders to hunch over. Exhaustion crept upon you like a predator. A snake, slithering up your body and taking rest around your neck.
You step in front of one of the many sinks. Turning it on with the swipe of a hand, your stare into your reflection.

Your face is young, something you often forget. That’s right, you’re nineteen this year...It’s strange, because you don’t keep track of your birthday. Not that you don’t mind it. It’s just an event that hadn’t really been celebrated growing up.

You touch your face. Others only see the outside shell that hid all of your sins. All anyone ever wanted to see was the young adult built out of confidence. No one ever saw the deep scared that engraven themselves into your body and metal state.

In a way that would anger your friends...this made you happy. You could still look and act strong. Able to hold yourself up against the worst. To brush off words like dust, and take down those that stand in your way. You are strong. Of course you are. This rock hard shell is what you’ve earned through life trials.

You smile at the mirror and watch your other self do the same. You meet your eyes, and a wave of anger disrupted your confidence. Why do your eyes...always look so dead?

You shove that thought away...

When you leave the restroom you’re hands are clean.

The cloud the surrounds you is lighter, the storm only a mummer of distant thunder. You make a quick left and someone crashes into your chest.

You jerk back and grab the other for balance.

“Hey.” You bark eyes locking onto the—

You blink.

— young boy in your hold.

He’s small. A pair of wide, doe-like eyes look up to you.

*What is he? Like 14?* You growl and he flinches at the harsh sound.

The kid starts speaking, words spilling out quickly. He’s frantic, and you’re sure he’s said sorry more than a few times. The rest...It’s all gibberish.

You breathe through your nose. “Shut up.”

He’s small, eyes wide. What is he? Like 14? You growl and watch as he flinches. He’s starts speaking, words spilling out quickly. It’s all gibberish.

You snap, “Shut up.”

He does. His shoulders feel tense, and oh...You release him, stepping back, “Just...” You speak, turning slightly away, “Watch where you’re going next time.”

His eyes flash with recognition and the nest this he says...is in English, “O-okay.”

Well...you at least understood that little bit. It’s not Japanese, but...it’ll work. You smile and nod, flashing canines, “Okay.”
The kids eyes get bigger. With his mouth slightly open, front teeth in view, he reminds you of a rabbit.

"...Bye." You step forward and he backs up, quick to let you pass.

It's then someone else enters the long hallway, “Hey Kookie you oka—?” You meet his face.

He looks right at you and his eyes flash with recognition. He moves forward.

*Wait a sec! It's—!* You tilt your head, “...Hyung?”

The other guy stumbles but quickly catches himself. You watch his face flash with confusion for a second, but it's quickly replaced with understanding. He raises both of his hands and steps forward till he's only a few feet in front of you.

You tense.

“No nono!” He points to himself and grins, “Tae-...hyung.”

A confused, asking sound, comes from behind you. You look back. It's the kid. You step to the side and he's quick to shuffle around you, taking his place next to Taehyung.

The rabbit-like boy, looks to his friend(?), “Hyung—!” anddd you don’t understand him. Why does the other get to call Tae— Wait...is it a *nickname*? You huff. Wait. Isn’t *Hyung* like an honorific? Wasn’t Byung-ho telling you about this earli—?

Actually, you don’t care. You don’t even know why you’re wasting your time standing here…The other two guys continue talking to each other at rapid pace.

You should leave—“!”

*Taehyung* blocks your way, appearing out of nowhere.

The cloud around you crackles dangerously. Echoing you're feelings. Taehyung's looking up at you, practically buzzing with energy. He's tall, easily matching your own height. In this hallway...it’s suffocating.

He’s just some stranger. What does he even want? You're not here to make friends. You didn't travel all the way to Korea, to make friends.

As your shell threatens to crack, the familiar feeling of anger washes over it. For a moment, your emotions are yours. You’re in control. You need to get away.

“Hey, I’ve got no time fo—”

“!” He’s speaking again, fast and loud. Sounds that come out easily. Like some sort of practiced spell.

You cringe and step back. *What does he want?!* You’re reminded of the eyes that had watched in the main room. This guy's loud voice is just going to bring more unwanted attention. You look over his shoulder, a steady thump-thump fills your ears.

*I need to leave.*
You lick your lips, “Leave me alone.” Words just a whisper; Barely there at all.

But Taehyung's not looking at you anymore.

His voice flickers in and out, pausing when he glances at the boy at his side.

The kid's watching you intently. Like those eyes. Curious...familiar...fearful?

The storm around you thunders. You step forward and snarl, “I said fuck off!”

Taehyung yelps, biting his tongue.

The younger boy jolts, hiding completely behind the other.

Your face morphs into something unpleasant, full of hot anger and animalistic force. You bare your teeth, speaking harshly, “I can’t understand you!” You step around him, their eyes watch you. It's reminiscent of a wolf cornering it's prey. You've got them alone in this hallway. And you've just cut off the exit.

But your not here to fight.

You growl, "Just...fuck off.” and turn around.

You rush down the hall ways and re-enter the busy dining room. You’re quick to find your seat where your friends happily chat.

“Get up.”

The conversation cuts off. Keiko actually stumbles to her feet, “(Y/N)?”

Aito asks, “What happened?”

You’re too angry to answer, everything is too dull, the world far away. You just keep seeing Taehyung’s hurt and confused face. “We’re done, and I’m going back to the apartment.”

A few more people, strangers, are turn there attention to you. You swallow, more anger coming to overshadow the growing paranoia.

“We're leaving, now!”

They both keep quiet and soon you’re all leaving the restaurant. They don’t question you. You wouldn’t give them an answer if they did. It’s...irrational. You’re being so fucking stupid. But you can’t think and you just want to leave.

Chapter End Notes

Author Note:

EDIT: I added more content, and re-wrote this chapter! Made the scene with Taehyung and Jungkook longer too! I also tried to explain the Reader's emotions better!

ALSO...we now have the reader height and age (if i haven't mentioned it before...).
Hello ppl! I'm so sorry this took so long! I was really busy and went to my first BTS concert! I have the next chapter planned out already and am already working on it. I purple you all! ALSO! I have a poll out on my quotev account under the same username, it's for the symbol for (Y/N)'s gang. Please answer it! Thank you!
Late Halloween Special! Male!Vampire!Reader

Chapter Summary

[Jimin x Reader]

UM hello! I’m still working on tough luck, I’m kinda nervous about where it’s going O.O
So, in the meantime I have decided to write a ‘halloween themed fanfic’ like, I wrote this in october, but have only now finished editing the first chapter. Basically, I just wanted to write something for halloween.
This is in the same world as Tough Luck, kind of an AU of my own fanfic...ANYWAY! In this world, Reader is a Vampire. Boys are still Idols.

I hope you enjoy!

Tags: Non-consensual Blood Drinking, Sad ending(maybe?), drinking, drunk!Jimin, Bad Morals, opening ending(?)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“S-stop! Please—!”

Hands press against your chest, clawing and scrambling to push you away. You don’t budge, barely acknowledging your prey’s desperate attempts at getting away. You take in the whites of their eyes and see fear overtake them.

It’s what your presence does to others; Instinctual, natural. It’s what kept others— humans, because it’s always humans, because that’s just what you’re not.

Walking down the street, people part like the red sea. Even averting eye contact. Something— instinct, a reminder of something primal. Old lessons learned from the beginning of time— screamed in their minds that you just weren’t natural— I’m as natural as them. I always have been. I always will be.

Something bitter fills you, and your grip tightens on the other’s wrist. ‘I’m real. My existence matters.’

Right?

You blink, gaze roaming over your prey, reminding you of how he had landed here. Trapped, helpless.

Well, this brings up your presence again. That very same presence that can keep others away...can be flipped. Turning you into a magnet. It’s just a light brush of energy that settles of your form. It’s causes wandering eyes to land on you, and stay. Minds to halt, and words to die out.
You’ve become something of interest.

You switch to this mode when you hunt. It would be troublesome if you were under the spotlight too long considering what you are after all.

Tonight, you met the curious eyes of a passing stranger at a nightclub. The place full of various people looking to have a good time, either hanging with friends, scoping out the scene, or seeking another touch. The world had become a muffled throb of music and bodies pressed close together.

You give a small harmless smile; inviting the other over...

It works. The other—a guy with a bright smile—parts from the crowd and walks toward you.

‘Will you walk into my parlour?’ said the Spider to the Fly.

Jimin is drunk. A haze had long settled over his mind, leaving him a giggling mess. He stumbles left a right, and by some miraculous luck his body stays upright. Dark eyes land on his group of friends—brothers?—not all of them, just the few ones willing to join him for a night out at this nameless place. Jungkook, Yoongi, and Taehyung. The latter choosing to be the designated driver when all’s said and done.

He should stick with them.

But something—someone?—calls to him. Not with words, but with the way they stand off to the side of the dance floor. Isolated, yet surrounded by strangers. It was easy to single him out, not on purpose of course. Jimin couldn’t take his eyes off of him.

He turns away from his friends and mumbles something incoherent. It doesn’t seem like they notice.

Jimin meets the alluring eyes of the man standing on the other side of the room. Studying him. He doesn’t look to be over his low twenties, in fact he probably is twenty—Jimin blinks.—That doesn’t matter. That isn’t the reason the dancer makes his way over to this stranger.

Attraction…? No, no that’s not it either…

He pauses. Wait—What is he doing again? Jimin finds his eyes now gazing at the black floor. Stopping in the sea of dancing people. He...he needs to get back to his friends, he needs to—

“And excuse me?”

Jimin looks up in reflex, eye locking with—that guy! It’s…!

A hand comes to rest on his shoulder, steadying him. Their eyes never apart. The man is taller than him. “Wha—?”

“Sorry, I think it would be better if we spoke over there.” The stranger finally looks away, nodding towards the side where he’d come from. But Jimin isn’t thinking about that. No, instead he thinks about the relief of the crushing weight that left him. He hadn’t noticed it before, but now he feels light, free from the others gaze.

“Wai…” Jimin raises a hand to push the stranger away, now aware of their close proximity. The man is already moving, pulling him along. His already drunk self steps clumsily after him. Moving one foot after the other in an attempt to not trip over himself. “Who—?”
He’s looking up again, and their eyes meet for a second— third?— time, and his world falls away.

Where?

Thoughts are leaving him. Like he’s drifting in and out of sleep, his memory failing to grab at the tendrils of a dream. He...he’s a club...right? Wait. Why...? His body feels heavy and weak. Everything is a blur of neon colors. The stranger’s saying something and it’s like he’s underneath a thick blanket, it’s too hot and the world is muffled.

Words that aren’t his, ‘Everything is okay,’ leave his lips.

It’s like everything’s turned to liquid. His mind feels like melted ice cream. It’s easy to accept. That’s right. He’s okay, nothing is wrong.

Jimin’s not even looking at the stranger anymore, finding it too hard to focus on anything. Blankly forward as the other leads.

Other? Oh, yeah... His new friend, the guy that had asked him about his life, had wanted to get to know him. That’s...nice.

The dancer smiles, it probably looks ridiculous on his flush face.

A sigh leaves his parted lips and he unconsciously shifts his weight, practically leaning on the other.

He’s...okay...

Starving. Your stomach is in knots and it takes all of your crumbling will not to jump the next person— human—that crosses your path. Your senses are heightened, primal urges peaking, making locating food easier. It’s...— you swallow, your tongue dry—...everywhere. Blood.

But that’s the problem.

It’s not that simple and it’s never really been that simple. Once again you’re reminded of your human like appearance. Like a wolf in sheep’s clothing you were made to blend in with your prey. If you were to attack someone here and now, you’d blow your cover, revealing yourself to a world that is averse to change like water to fire. Even with how bright you’d burn, the wave of attention would still put you out.

Humans have only gotten stronger throughout the years. Not physically, but...with the way they organize themselves, and create such terrifying weapons...you know the truth of your existence would only cause a hurricane of trouble. Maybe even a new world way. Humans against the supernatural. That is...if your own kind hadn't snuffed you out first. Anyone willing to spread the existence of the supernatural so easily is asking to be killed by those who have walked the earth since the beginning of time.

You feel an ice cold shudder at the thought. Not even willing yourself to even imagine what...they even look like.

You’ve never seen them. Like most other supernatural being you’ve met and spoken with, the existence of the old ones remains an old warning. Something told to keep others in line. Still...even if there’s not proof— as many are too scared, or too wise, not to completely fuck everything up— you wouldn’t want to risk it.
Every leader of a city knows about the old ones. It’s their job to keep every visiting and resident supernatural being in line. Those who mess up...disappear.

So even if you want to eat out in the open, you know better.

Still...with such restraints, it only makes your hunger grown. Throat hot and burning. Your fangs ache, lengthening...

You don’t know why you do this to yourself.

Punishment? Starving yourself? Or maybe it’s because it sets you on the edge where you’re practically begging to feed. That feeling of finally filling your mouth with warm blood sends an electrifying tingle down your spine. Your senses sing, and you lose yourself in the whole beast-like state. It’s a feeling you revel in.

And so you wait ten days, it’s on the seventh day that your hungers cries out. You wait a little longer. The last three days are the worst. You catch yourself drooling, and staring blankly at another’s neck, finding the jugular at waiting to be pierced. You imagine the flood of blood that would burst forth and you have to physically pull yourself back into your mind. Not yet. Not yet...

And now this is where you are. Your empty stomach aches.

You find and wait in a local nightclub. Leaning against the wall is just a simple way of making you come off as more mysterious— or a loser, a snarky voice in your head echos. You shut it out. And then you flip your presence aura, calling out to any wandering eyes.

It works. Like always.

The closer you get, the stronger his blood smells. All humans have the same strong smell of salty meaty rawness. It’s was first makes your mouth water. But with it, they have their own defining scent...This human...He smells like...mountain mist, something sweet and...soft. Like a blanket fresh from the dryer. You swallow, heightened ears picking up his heart beat.

He’s perfect.

Oh, and not to mention good looking.

You pause.

Huh, he...could be an idol. Your gaze wavers and you look away. Do...do you even want someone who could be identified so easily. Such a hot target could get you in trouble. You’re supposed to prey on those that wouldn’t be missed, one’s that even their own families wouldn’t miss...

Unlike others of your kind. You aren’t so merciful. You take all you can and more. Their life plucks and consumed, leaving behind an empty husk. It’s a hit of miss situation, but again, you like living life on the edge. Yet...with how good looking this guy is...he has to be someone important. Right?

And then your stomach snarls and you find you don’t care.

It’s a few moments later that you’re escorting this stranger, a guy that doesn’t look over 18, out of the club. It took a moment to ensnare him in your gaze, but once your eyes met— at with the help of his drunken state— you were able to get him under your control.

Leading him out of the bar, you switch your aura again, giving off a dangerous air and keeping those with curious gazes from interfering.
The guy is a giggling mess, eyes unfocused and babbling on about some ‘night-out’ with his friends tonight. It almost makes you worry about anyone going off and tracking him down. Humans are like that, they can become very protective of each other. With that in mind, you pick up the pace and take him further away from that place.

He’s...cute. Yes, you’ve said that before. Face soft and hair blond. He’s also smart. Words turning to his love of dance. You’re sure he wouldn’t act so freely with you if you hadn’t already caught him with your gaze. For now he’s in your trance, mind too relaxed as he’s spills each and every thought that comes through his loosened lips. He also asks you about your own interest. You nearly pause, but continue down the now desolet sidewalk.

“I’m a writer and I’m currently traveling to finish my latest book.” It’s an easy lie.

The guy blinks, slow, and his mouth parts, “...Where did you come from?”

“Japan.” True.

“...Cool...”

His gaze unfocuses and he’s left looking off into the distance, eyes blankly.

Oh.

You easy up your hold on the trance, not wanting him to pass out.

The body at your side jerks. Air enters their lungs in a sharp gasp, “... Wh a—?”

“Hm?” You feign ignorance. Looking up while practically dragging him along. Like holding onto an imaginary foam ball, you give a slight squeeze, careful not to crush him.

He doesn’t respond. Good.

This isn’t the first time you’ve trapped your prey in a trance. But as the years have gone by...you may have grown careless. Too much pressure, and you could shred his mind. Not enough, and it won’t work at all. Not to mention how long you’re able to keep up the mental pressure. Being so hungry is already causing a strain in your abilities. You won’t be able to keep this up much longer.

Luckily, you won’t have to.

You make it to the a familiar run down motel, the cold night air shut out behind you. Inside, the place smells like dust, heat, and...blood.

The clack of a computer keyboard draws your attention to the person behind the counter. You nod in greeting, but the redhead just eyes the guy in your arms. You huff, and flash your fangs, “Just make sure no one’s following us.”

The woman rolls her eyes and returns to her work. That’s right, this was a common place for visiting...killers to stay. You could call it a temporary nest. A place all things that should not exist: could.

You leave the small lobby and enter the elevator to your left.
And that’s what brings you here: The present.

The trance had worn off completely. Your prey left in a state of confusion and panic. It’s nothing new though. You had been expecting this. The walls to your room are soundproof. Plus—with your true colors showing themselves—your inhuman strength is able to keep the stranger trapped against the wall.

He’s gasping, words stringing together as he tries to some up with some logical understanding to this scenario. You know he’s confused, lost, time had slipped away from him.

And then he sees your teeth.

Instinctively he wails, “No!”

You tense, keeping restrained.

He thrashes around, not letting up at all. His energy comes in burst. Each time you think he’s almost done, his picks up again, jerking and throwing himself about.

Besides the sounds he makes, the room is silent. You just have to wait.

“Let go!” His legs jerk up, but you’re quick to press into him. He’s...very flexible. Twisting and turning like he’s part serpent.

This struggle last for quite a while, his stamina surprising you, even with the knowledge of him being a dancer. However, like all living and breathing things, he tires himself out. After twenty minutes, his voice is now a horse whisper as his chest heaves. He’s even sweating.

Unable to overpower you, your prey’s left on the brink of utter fear. Staring into the pit of his own demise. His stomach heaves.

“There…” You lean back, watching him closely, “Keep nice and sti—”

His head slams into yours.

Pain burst from your forehead. “Fuck!” You hiss, and tighten your grip on his wrist. In a burst of anger, you yank him forward only to slam him back into the wall. “You stupid fucking human!” You can still smell his fear, but when he looks up to you, his eyes narrow in defiance. Anger burn within your chest, “I should kill you now.”

He opens his mouth, voice broken, “S— shut...up!”

If only you could use another trance on him, but your mental state is already drained. Plus, working on the same person so soon would only lead to a throbbing headache. Instead, you clench your jaw, and let the human go.

You can hear his heart—so close and full of blood—leap as he collapses.

You’re already moving. You grab his upper arm and toss him onto the large bed further into the room. He doesn’t have time to collect himself before you’re already on top of him, like cat pouncing onto a vulnerable chick that had stayed far from its nest.
Straddling his waist, you push him down. His hands press up against your chest, voice higher, “Stop! *Plea—!*

You grab a fist full of his hair and yank, leaving his neck bare.

Everything stops.

He doesn’t move, as if he too feels the shift in the room.

You become so still, it’s as if you’ve turned to stone. Red ruby eyes lock onto his neck. You can see the bob of his adam's apples as he swallows. Sweat trickles down his light golden skin. The room around you— like you remember from before— is sound proof, leaving you with the sound of this stranger’s heavy breathing and racing heartbeat.

A painful, twisting pull settles in your stomach, and you’re suddenly very aware of the hot burn in your throat. Tongue running over your teeth, you feel a familiar ache as your fangs lengthen. You’ve been waiting so long for an available food source. Torturing yourself with temptation. Adding into your mental exhaustion after exerting your powers? You lean forward.

‘I’m...So....’ The guy’s wide eyes stay locked on you. Drool builds up in your mouth and you reflexively swallow, “...Hungry....”

“Please…”

Inhuman eyes flicker up to meet his. Unshed tears cause his to shine. You haven’t lost completely yourself yet, so you watch him, tilting your head to the side curiously like some sort of animal. A shudder runs through him, vibrating underneath you. He closes his eyes and— He’s trembling. A part of you wants to laugh. Of course he’s scared of you. You’re a fucking monster. For as long as you’ve been reborn into this world, that’s all you’ve ever known. What a fucking joke— “Don’t kill me.”

“Hm?”

He doesn’t say anything after that. Huh. You don’t know if he even expects a response. It’s such a simple pleading request. His life. Ah, so it always comes down to this. Humans aren’t only scared of your kind. No, humans have many different kinds of fear. Your prey here?...is scared of death.

You, one of the most unmerciful creatures on this earth? Asked to spare a life? It’s laughable, and your prey is terrible unlucky.

You lean back, the bed doesn’t even creak from the shift of movement. But he must feel the lack of bloodlust, because soon a pair of dark brown eyes meet your red ones. You know you look inhuman. Skin lifeless, fangs flashing. You can tell he’s struggling to even meet your red eyes. A living nightmare. Yet, he hasn’t turned away yet. This leaves the two of you in a hum of quiet existence.

And then your stomach growls, reminding you of your dangerous hunger.

Your prey flinches, tuning away sharply and you know he’s going to give up. You’ve seen this hundreds of thousands of times from many humans you’ve fed upon. The way their eyes would turn dark, the spark of life gone. A living doll as they merely accept death.

Boring. You don’t want this.

“No.” You pull back even more. “I—” Your gut twist and you lurch forward, hands coming to your
stomach and throat. It still burns. It’s too late. It's too late. It’s too late. TOO L A T E.

Lips parting with a hiss, you place both hands on either side of his head. Your pupils are blown wide, sanity leaving you. He has no chance, your going to kill him. Another dead husk to the world.

‘I’m with my friends—’

“Heard of this group? Ah! They just won Top Socal Artist at the BBMA’s!”

“Aito, why the fuck would I care about some human kpop group?”

You watch the pink haired boy slump into the beaten couch. “I...I just think it’s pretty cool...Humans are so—"

“Stupid?”

He pouts, “Interesting!”

You roll your eyes, “Whatever, I’m leaving.”

“Wait!” He’s bounces up, shoving something in your face before you can pass by, “Can you at least see their acceptance speech? It’s so cool!”

“No.” You push passed and head to the front door, “Now, goodbye.”

Ah, it may have been a second. But you had seen the paused screen. Seven nameless boys. One familiar face—

You release his head. “I can’t...”

You lean back. Studying his face, “You’re too important...”

His eyes open, and...there. The spark is still there. “W...what?” His voice trembles.

You growl, baring your teeth, “I can’t kill you!”

Neither of you make a move after that. Letting silence engulf you both. Why did you have to pick up an Idol?

Your still so hungry.

“Then please...” You snap back to attention. The human below you. He’s so small under your larger body. He has a nearly blank face, but he hasn’t given up, eye glimmering, “...let me go.”

You lick your lips, voice coming out deep, “I can’t, I haven’t eaten yet..”

“N— No!”

He’s fighting again, and that alone reassures you that he’ll be just fine. He won’t lose himself to despair, he’ll keep going on. This will all just look to be some nightmare to him, a dream to be forgotten.
You swallow and grab a fist full of dyed blond hair. You crouch down, and press your face into the side of his neck. Inhaling you admire his enticing scent. “You smell so good…” With his pulse so close, it sounds almost like the beat of a hummingbird's wings. You breath once more, “I bet you taste even better.” and bite down.

“A— Agh!”

The dancer jerks, body still fighting to get away. You know your teeth hurt, sharp, burning. You stay latched onto his neck. Cold lips pressed against soft skin. It’s like time has stopped. You blink, and then the damn breaks. Hot— not warm but piping hot — salty copper spills into your waiting mouth. You swallow instinctively and the body below you goes limp.

Through the haze you can still hear his voice. He’s babbling, cursing. But it’s meaningless to you now. Your hands tighten— one holding onto his hair and the other on his jaw. He whines.

You take in another large gulp of blood, lips helping you suck down mouthful after mouthful. Greedy to ease the burning in your throat. It’s so good. You can’t stop now, even if you wanted too. You could be in this state forever. Something you’re used too. There’s an after taste of sweetness in his blood, like a burst of warm tea. Couple that with the dominating natural taste of raw meaty saltiness and he’s a full course meal complete with dessert. More, more, more. Your empty stomach fills quickly.

Something grips onto your shoulder and you tense. It only takes a second to understand that it’s your prey’s hand. Disgusting. You shake it off. It’s speaking again. Heh, probably begging for it’s life. But all you hear is it’s weakening heartbeat— STOP.

Your eyes snap open and you release him. Fangs unlatching with a wet pop, leaving you panting and flush with new blood.

Your hands move to rest on either side of his head, pressed against the mattress.

You had...almost killed him.

Wait. You can’t hear—

A deep growl rumbles through your chest and you press your ear against his chest.

...

...thump...

...

...thump...

A heavy sigh escapes you. God...That would've been such an immature mistake. Something a newborn would’ve made. He’s too important to kill. The Old ones, if not the City ruler would’ve had you killed if not punished severely. For now, everything is okay. A small smiley graces your face, and you watch as the wounds on his neck heal instantly. Leaving it flawless. Pretty. Your smile grows. Everything feels amazing. You’re so full of energy. Like you could run for miles. You finally flash fangs and look up to…

He’s watching you. Eyes half-lidded. His blond hair is a mess, and tears stain his face. It hurts. You roll off of him, God it’s so awkward when you have to keep your prey alive. If you could kill him, you wouldn’t have to deal with this!
He doesn’t move. Even with your weight gone you know he’s far too weak to go anywhere. The room is dark, the only light comes from the city lights that flash through the split in the middle of the drawn curtains. The moving bright orange lights of passing cars trail along bed. Crawling along the sides of your bodies.

Even if you were to just, let him out later tonight...this is a vampire motel. You don’t want him getting into any trouble.

You have to keep him here. He won’t like it.

You speak quickly, masking your emotions, “You will stay here tonight. I’ll let you out in the morning and escort you home. You won’t speak of this to anyone or I’ll find you and I will kill you.”

He doesn’t respond. But his chest heaves. You’re left staring down at him as he curls into himself and turns away from you. You can see his shoulders shake.

Now that you're full of blood, you’re left with the consequences of your actions. Oh god you feel like shit.

You stand up and pull your cell phone from your pocket. Turning it on you text one of your only friends.

---

You: Aito...

A: Y/N! Where are you? Keki wants to know if you still on for movie night~

You: I fucked up. I’m not gonna be there.

A: …

A: What happened??

---

You pause, staring down at the screen.

---

A: Hello??

You: I’ll tell ya later. Just tell K I’m sorry.

A: (Y/N)??

---

You turn off your phone. Ugh, what is with you tonight? You’re just gonna make your friends worry. You sit back down against the large comfy bed. You take a glance back to the guy curled behind you. He’s awake. Body shaking.
Why are humans so fragile?! You wish you could just kill him and move on. You don’t want to deal with this right now. You don’t want to—

Your turned around, a hand outstretched and hovering over the humans head. He’s still, like he can feel what you’re doing.

“You...said you...w-wouldn’t kill me…”

His voice is near silent. Like it’s hard to talk.

You hiss, “I won’t.” Trying to convince yourself.

He doesn’t respond.

“I...won’t kill you.” It’s not even directed at him. You bring your hand down gently and comb through his hair.

He cringes in response.

Why couldn’t you have just picked someone else from that bar? Why him?! You even saw him with a whole group of guys! This was risky from the start! You slide off the bed. The longer you’re here, the more stress your going to cause him. He needs to rest. You’ve reached a decision. “I’m going to sleep outside...The door with be locked and you’ll be safe till morning. Goodnight.” You turn and move swiftly to the front door.

You feel disgusting. Energetic, and full of ‘life’. But now you’re going to have one more person on this earth who knows how much of a monster you are. A killer. You’re supposed to be a cold-blooded killer. A statement your two friends would argue against, but hey, no sane person would ever stick around you. You turn the handle.

“Wait.”

“...” You don’t glance back, “What?”

“I...” His voice trails off, as if it’s hard to continue, “...don’t want to be...alone.”

Well, alright then.

Chapter End Notes

Will there be a part two? Maybe~ I ended sad, but leave room fro growth, plus...I like slow burns! If this one-shot get enough demand, (basically just a reminded it exist) I'll totes work on it! Next chapter however, will be more of Tough Luck!
Chapter 10: The Underground

Chapter Notes

Note: This took a long time cause I had to move and figure life out...Please tell me what you think of the chapter! Also, I'm not updating this cause that one person decided to comment, "Update." That's rude ^_^ lolz What motivates me more, is normal comments! Like, "Oh, i really like____." Or "Wha~ /this/ should happen!" Even, "Wait, I think it would be better if_______!"

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The place is similar to a club— hiding from public view and full of people looking to have a good time.

At the same time, it’s so, so, different.

Instead of dancing mindlessly to lustful music, people party to the voice of a rapper up on the stage. Listening and cheering them on. The hype is a fire, an ember that fuels your core. The bass that’s set up all around the room, causes the floor and your bones to vibrate.

Sure, the place is fun, but the crowd can also be extremely harsh, booing and tearing down those that don’t meet their high standards of lyrical poetry. It could get ugly, in fact, it almost always did.

It’s dark. Only the flash of colorful party light guide your way. The smell of sweat and alcohol burns your nose and you scrunch it up in distaste. Disgusting. It’s not unfamiliar, but it’s not pleasant.

The large venue is a hiding place for those with their own selfish desires. A place where both positive and negative energy thrive in a messy form of harmony. A place where druggies wander, a place where budding song writers fight for their chance in the limelight, and a place where small town heroes fight to make a name for themselves. Those small town heroes usually join this place after being tired of being a big fish in a small pound. Entering this place is humbling, because there are no big fish unless you've earned it through skill, talent, and luck. Here, you're just another fish in this tank.

Keiko and Aito walk close to your side, brushing up against you and blocking others from getting in your way.

It’s been two days since your stunt at the restaurant. Two days before your friends bring you to this joint.

The large venue is hot inside. The lack of proper air conditioning speaks for the lack of funds. Not that you blame them. Places like this only pop-up for a while before the crowd moves on. This place is a hidden gem where people unwilling-to-give-up-their-dreams can express themselves. The heart of a rapper or even lost soul, holds a special kind of tenaciousness. The will to hang on despite life’s hardships. They’re welcome as long as they choose to fight for themselves.

This is what people call: The Underground.

It isn't that simple though. The Underground...it’s really just an umbrella term for people trying to do
their best. "The Underground" also refers: The Community of Musicians, Fans and others that support non-commercial, or independent music. A breath of fresh air from the current world's view on music. Music has, and always will be, for the people.

Kpop isn't taken seriously for this reason. It doesn't feel genuine, like something's missing. The public know's it's fake just by the way it sounds.

A manufactured industry trying to copy western music? Idols would be eaten alive here.

You think to the boy's you'd seen and met at the restaurant. Taehyung's face flashes in your mind, he was around the same age as them. You shrug it off, not wanting to thing about him anymore. The thought leaves an uncomfortable weight in your gut.

You shuffle forward.

It's hot, which forces you to wear lighter clothing. A black tank top hangs on your muscular frame. Your arms are bare, sweat slick and glimmering in the harsh party lights. It leaves you feeling...bare.

If your friends weren't here, you wouldn't even risk wearing such revealing clothing. Usually you're wear a thin knife proof tank underneath, but that'd be too obvious now.

You have to rely on your friends if anything happens tonight. That's okay, you trust them. You don't expect anything to happen tonight. This night is so you can cool off. A time to have fun and live anonymously in the crowd of other nameless souls.

Other than the top, you're wearing plain grey baggy pants with a shiny black belt. On your head you have on a black bucket hat.

On your face rest a face mask. It's white with a smiling cat's mouth on it. Keiko gifted you the item before you came here on short notice. You have an inkling she's planned that for a while.

Your small group pushes forward until you gain sight of the stage at the back. You take a deep breath, breathing in the electrifying emotions from the people around you. Peoples hands are up, moving in sync with each other like a sea of breezy grass.

The rapper on stage is young. What comes as a pleasant surprise is the why he's rapping. It's not a race. The kid's not fast, no, it's about Flow and Wit. Even without knowing the language, you can tell the guys good. People around you holler, some cheer other laugh at each cutting burn.

This place is in a strange state of feral emotions. And for a moment, your lost, wondering if you even belong.

But the lost are always welcome.

One of the lights above flash— and the room is cast in a green hue.

The room erupts into cheer and wild screaming. Your feet stay grounded. The once over whelming waves of uncertainty leave you glue to the ocean floor. It's comforting on sun warmed sand.

It's as you expected. Different, yet familiar. The language is— of course— different. Even the age group is something new. Most of the people here are kids, or at least young adults. Yeah there are a few older people around, but they seem to enjoy watching than participating.

You wonder if that's because the older people here seem to let go of their dreams earlier that back home.
You wonder if getting an office job would be worth pursing than chasing a dream that you could never reach.

That could just be an ignorant assumption on your part though. You shrug and look back to the stage.

You aren’t surprised to see the blatant cultural appropriation. It’s a bit uncomfortable, but you’ve seen the same thing in your home country. That doesn’t mean you’re blind to it, you’ve only grown to know about this issue through your more international friends.

A smile pulls at the side of your mouth. You know if Nick was here he’d start something; another reason the guy avoided the hip-hop scene in Japan.

You side-eye each of your friends.

Both wear black face masks. No reason to show your face around these parts, Byung-ho’s already keeping you under his thumb after your little scene at that restaurant. You understand, totally. You were being a complete child back there, causing unwanted attention. So, you’ve come to a decision. If Byung-ho doesn’t want you messing with his own… ‘investigation?’ yeah let’s just call it that. If Byung-ho doesn't want your help, then you’ll just focus on the reason that brought you here to Korea: Finding that man...

...As soon as you’re done having fun with your friends.

The silent man stands with an uncaring attitude. Shoulder's wilt forward as his eyes scan each person that steps up to the stage. So far each, he's seen a few hidden gems. People with the potential to shine with given the right tools.

But he's not here to judge them. Even if the staff next to him asks his opinion from time to time. He's here to take a breather after spending the last few weeks locked away in his studio. He hasn't told any of the other member's where he's gone to, even if Hoseok would've begged to come— or would he? A voice whisper's in his head.

The guy blinks.

Ah, yeah, the dancer has been acting kind of off lately. Not as energetic as he once was. Obviously something was on his mind. As much as he's want's to know, he know's better than to pry into the other privet lives. Only if it starts effecting the group.

...would causing concern count?

A deep sighwhistles through his mouth, and he wilts even more.

"Agust." The man addressing him meets a pair of sharp cat-like eyes. The Staffer huffs, "Agust D."

Said boy's mouth quirks upwards. He hum's in acknowledgement.

The other man stands close, bending down slightly, "How's the line-up?"

"A few promising looking kids, that guy with the spikes and red shoes.” His voice is velvet, though carry a hint of tiredness. He can't help but let annoyance bleed into his tone, "There's a few girls that could wipe the floor with them."
He feels the man's tired sigh, and tries to ignore the hot breath. They both know the company's not looking for girls and Yoongi think's it's a waste. Just cause the first group went and— He turns back to the stage. It's not the fault of future girl groups if the past didn't do so well. He'll never understand why Band PD doesn't want to try again.

A part of him wonders if BTS would fall into a similar scandal...would they be dropped just as easily?

"That's not true."

He turns and meet's the staff's wide eyes. He steps back. Did he say that out loud? Or was he just that obvious?

Before the other can respond, the crowds begins to cheer again as another person steps upon the stage. He turns back, and his mouth parts. It's not often a foreigner stumbles into these places. He tilts his head, drawn and curious.

Aito pulls you ahead, saying something that's lost in the noisy crowd. Your ears are ringing, eyes wide. You don't even try to understand the language spoken around you. It leaves you feeling so alone despite being surrounded by so many people. Your feet nearly slip on the sweat drenched floor, but Keiko is right beside you, making sure people don't get to close.

You hadn't expected this. But your friends insisted. You hadn't expected a spot on the stage for you tonight. A time slot to show your skills.

But you seriously doubt the crowd would welcome you so easily.

You, a stranger in this even stranger community? A place where names are whispered and traded like special collectors items. A place where you've never even been to before? Like introducing a new pet. Something looked down upon with either curiosity or indifference.

You swallow wishing this was a fight. Those were easier. You knew your weaknesses and strengths. One-on-one is easy. Fighting a battle of words is hard.

Especially when you could barely speak any of theirs.

They lead you up some stairs, and each step sounds like thunder. Clashing against wood before you step onto the stage. Being on it, reminds you of the one's back home. Despite looking so small to the crowd, it's wide. A mountain overlooking the sea of people below. Intimidating to newbies, but a welcome place to those who've trekked it.

Somehow though, this is different. It's still a mountain, but it's not your mountain.

Someone pushes you forward and sound rushes to meet you. You stand their, lights bright and in your face. You step back and the crowd around you quiets. Now only a few people call out things that sound like nonsense.

You're stuck standing there, mind racing.

You have no choice, or rather. You are stronger than this. You have to be.

Your mouth opens, grasping at words sitting on the edge of your tongue.
Pressing those inky words onto thick sheets of paper, they spill from your lips with purpose.

You let emotion lead you, a wisp of blue leads you down a familiar path. Your journey led you to this stage, and you are Fate's puppet once again.

You can't hear a word from the ocean below, but you're sure they're making noise. Your ears are full with your voice. They fill, drinking down each sentence like it's something to savor. The flavor of your words enrapture the audience. A but your aren't sure if they're pleased or simply confused on the foreign language. Do any even understand?

You find you don't care anymore.

Agust D watches with sharp eyes. They drill into your performance, locked on. He watches you move, it's not a dance, but the way your move your body to certain sounds— cause that's what they are now, meaningless words that somehow define themselves to the ones who listen without prejudiced. You move your body, emphasizing and carving a picture of something heavier than the carefree shows that go on in a place like this.

The stage looks small with you on top and he can't turn away. Music doesn't play, leaving your words to form their own beat. But it's not a problem. Agust almost prefers the silence and few cheap words form the crowd. The experience feels more real. Brings him to the now, demanding he stay in the present and not miss a thing.

Your words end, and he stands one step away from walking off a path that's faded away.

Even if the near silence had drawn him, his mind begins to form the melody that would form around your act.

It's over, and he's left watching you step away from the stage. It's then he really notices the crowd.

And what he hears disgusts him.

"...Can't even speak Kor-"
"...Fucking Foreign-!"
"...thinks he's such a-
"...What's the point if you can't even underst-"

His lips thin and he looks down, "Who was that?" It's been a while since he's gone to one of these places, he's sure he'd hear about someone this—

"Never heard of them before, I'll ask the-" He drowns out their words. Ah, so he's right. A first time foreigner. The thought makes him frown, would the guy be staying long? Is this just a vacation? Either way, there's no way he'd be able to join. The company wasn't looking at Foreigner's.

...That doesn't mean he can't at least meet the guy.

Chapter End Notes

;_; Hello beautiful people! I'm so sorry for being gone so long! I have returned! I've
actually had this bit written for a long time, but I decided to polish it off and update. I'll have the next one out soon! Please comment, it helps me know if people are even reading this story. You guys are awesome and I purple you!

I made is so Yoongi's is using Agust D name here, but don't worry~ He's still Suga of BTS!

ALSO, I remembered the boys actually shared one room at this time, but i changed it for this story because blah.

ASDFGHJKL— Whatever! Let’s just overlook that /cries/ So in this fic it’s going to be two to each room:

Jin/Yoongi
RM/V
Jhope/Jimin
And Jungkook gets a room to himself!
You step off the stage. Words are being spoken. Laughter barks from somewhere behind you, but you ignore it. You don't understand so you don't care. People are people and will always have various degrees of opinions. Some hate your performance, some don't, and some are too drunk to give a fuck.

You just want to go home now... "What's your name?" Japanese, and it isn't from one of your two friends.

You turn to see a man trying to get past Keiko and Aito. He's waving at you, "Excuse me! Hey!"

You cringe and step back. Well, whoever he is, you're not interested. You turn away and his shouts get mixed with the buzz of the crowd.

Now... you're not running away. You just don't want to deal with... whatever that was back there. Today is your break away from being... you.

You make it through the mass of people, and reach the back. There's an exit, which you happily push through. As the door shuts behind you, the loud music and murmur of voices leave you with the light patter of rain. You lean forward, hands rest against your knees as you take in each refreshing breath of cool night air.

Ah, so the crowd had started getting to you. You lick your lips and stand back up. Your heart is racing, and you don't know when it had started to run.

Your in the same back alley that had brought you here. You blink and look up, the night sky is a glow of human activity. Rain lands on your face and you bask in the moment. It grounds you to the here and now. The door swings open from behind you and noise bursts out like water from a dam. You turn, pulling your mask back up— when did you pull it down?

"Hey."

Only your eyes are visible, and you narrow them at the stranger. He's a guy with black hair, pretty nondescript except... he's pretty(?) No he really is, a short guy with sharp eyes and a nearly blemish free face. But other than that, he's ordinary; And has an air of deep— real— toughness to him. You don't know what it is... but with the way he's staring at you— curiosity, watchful, even holding himself at a slight lower angle, like he's trying not to freak you out. It's like he's expecting you to act a certain way.

You're sure the stray wet cat look doesn't help that you look like a lost foreigner, scared and unsure in a harsh part of the underground.

You sneer, though he can't see it, and nod your head in acknowledgement, "What do ya want?" You roll your R's harder, meaner, it's a cliche, but the growl makes the stranger stand straighter.

He opens his mouth, pauses, and huffs. Ah, he must not speak...?— "Agust D."

...? You raise and eyebrow. What's that supposed to mean? You stand, tilt your head to the side, "What?"
You watch as his face blanks, before pointing to himself, "Agust D." He points at you. 

Oh, a name, and, he wants to know yours too.

You can't. 

You laugh lightly, "Sorry can't tell you that." You wave, "Bye Agust."

"!...Rap...S-sugoi..."

You turn back to see his face flushed. He's staring back though, and mummers a few things you don't know. Does...he watch anime? You want to laugh, so you do. He jerks back like he's been slapped. But he stays standing, still watching you.

You step toward him and he stiffens. You're grinning. Maybe you should throw him a bone? It's not like you'll ever see the guy again— it's stupid and you shouldn't do it, idiot!— but the word leaves your mouth easily, like it had wanted to in the beginning, "Kage."

He repeats your name and nods to himself. Locking eyes with him, you feel a spark, like when two stray cats cross paths and eye each other to see what the other will do. Both cautions, but with a shared respect. "Thanks."

You don't know what to say to that, because it feels like he knows how unusual it was to hear your name. How dangerous it would be to know in the first place.

The exit behind Agust D opens, and your two friends come walking out. He moves to the side, and Keiko walks up to you. Aito turns and looks at Agust, "Who's he? Bothering you?" You shake your head.

"No, but we should leave now, we need to get up early if we're getting back on the hunt."

Agust turns away from your pink haired friend and looks to you. You shrug, "Guess this is goodbye again Agust D."

"Raise a hand. "See you never."

You walk away and your friends trail after you. Aito looks back and stares down the stranger, curious, "You were talking to him Kage?"

You roll your eyes, "Not much to say when he doesn't even speak Japanese."

Aito laughs and runs up to you, you nearly fall forwards, cursing when your shirt rides up, "Hey!"

Keiko snickers, "(Y/N) you should really think about learning Korean, your in Korea after all."

"Not for long." You grumble, ignoring Aito's weight. Thoughts lock onto the photo in your jeans pocket. "Once we find and deal with that guy...I'm going back home and speaking to Yoshimura."

The discussion dies around you. You know what their thinking. But Yoshimura knew it was going to happen. You swore to him before you left. You swore you would start your own gang, one where you ran as the only leader, and one he had no control over. You were going to rebuild Cycle over again.

That...was different. At the same time, Yoongi could recognize similarities from his past self in the other, Kage. Sharp, cautious, and...searching. For what? He doesn't know. At the time, Yoongi had been searching for a break, a sign that would lead him towards something greater than starving every day with a few bucks in his pocket. A flyer, that's what lead him to Big Hit entertainment. What
brought in to the path he currently walks.

He takes a sip of his iced-americano. It's refreshing, a comfort after spending so long in the electric heat of the underground. He leans back in the car seat, phone on in his lap as he scrolls through unread messages. But his mind is somewhere else.

Kage had been different. Really, even if Yoongi could understand bits of what he saw of the other guy, something poked at the back of his mind. A warning. The other's eyes, even poster, held a self confidence his younger self would have begged to have. Even if the guy couldn't speak Korean, he spoke like Yoongi wasn't a clueless stranger. Sure it had a mocking hint to it, but Yoongi heard Kage speak that way with his own friends(?) that had shown up. It's like he spoke that way with everyone.

Yoongi wonder's why the other didn't stick around. Want to know why Kage didn't want to speak with the staff member. Why he was so eager to leave.

Wouldn't an upcoming, self employing rappers want to be noticed?

Yoongi's face scrunches up and he looks back to his phone. He closes the messages and opens the browser typing: Kage Rapper

What comes up...isn't what he expects.

'Is Kage the gang leader The Faceless Rapper?'

A — gang-leader? He scrolls past it, it can't be the same person.

Scrolling down takes him to a few pages in Japanese. Which...makes sense, the guys had been speaking Japanese in the alleyway. He clicks on a few pages, but finds nothing. A few mentions of a faceless Rapper that was once active in the Japanese Underground rap scene. He hasn't been seen since four years ago. A few users voice out their concerns of foul play. That the guy had been killed due to gang activity in the area he was last seen.

Yoongi looks up the date, and locates a news article. It's small, only a few details:

Gang fight turns into a massacre when five dead bodies are discovered by frightened locals.

The rapper frowns, but continues.

"Deceased: Makoto Owata, Hinata Takashii...(L/N) (Y/N)"

He doesn't recognize any of the names, but from reading the comments, many people speculate this (L/N) (Y/N)...was The Faceless Rapper.

---

**DreamChaser1463:** This all just an old fashioned set up to fool us locals. He's not really dead. Don't you think it's weird all these people 'die' right before a burst of activity from this new Kage guy? The Akihana have been around for a long time, I don't think their leader would just left someone like Kage run around without it meaning something. I think are Akihana a part of this.

**Kittycasso83:** You think...Faceless is Kage? Dude, this, this isn't a drama.

**DreamChaser1463:** No, but, i looked up to the guy, Faceless wouldn't just...die like this. He was always so...human? Maybe that's what made him feel even more invincible ya'know? Either way, this is too much of a coincidence to brush off.
NARUTOISLIFE: Once is happenstance, twice is a Coincidence, and Three times is a Pattern.

Kittycasso83: lol looks like @DreamChaser1463 has to wait for that third time~What's going on? Yoongi sits up, stretching. Conspiracy theories? He just wants to know more about...Kage? There's no way he's linked to this mess. He clicks on images, and a grainy photo catches his eye.

'Modern day Gang leaders from Japan.'

"Kage, a presumed 30+ year old with a hand in the black market..."

A photo of a guy wearing a white face mask.

He could be anyone, really, except...

"...Members of this gang are known to carry the unique Tattoo on their side:"

///

The pink haired guys laughed. He ran up to Kage, and crashed into the rapper. Yoongi watched, as Kage's shirt rode up and a tattoo flashed into view, and Yoongi stared at it.

///

The same tattoo from the web page.

Yoongi's mouth feels dry, it can't be real. He copies the image and paste it into the search engine.

"Symbol of 'Cycle' a Japaneses Gang."

A chill runs down his spine, hands tighten on the device. In that alleyway. That hadn't been a shared look between two stray cats...that had been a cat bumping into a wandering Panther.

You stare at the kitten and...he reminds you think of that guy from the alleyway. Both with narrow sharp eyes, Both in mostly grey. Both small. It's kinda weird, and what was that guy's name...? "Agust...Agust D?" Like the season? Why in English though?

It's been a few days since your time on stage. You were thankful to your friends, it was fun, so fun. It reminded you of simpler, more reckless times.

"Mew!" You look to the little fuzzball in your hand, and your heart aches. You've...always like animals. Cats, dogs, anything really. They have souls, thoughts like us. You wonder what this little guy is thinking. You would love to take him home...but you can't. You have no time to care for an animal no matter what type.

"Sorry lil guy." But...you can't just leave him here.

------------------------Pet Shop--------------------------

"I can't keep him."

"Why?"
"I don't like cat's"

"Well, whatever keeps your boat afloat, I heard the truth can be heavy." She jokes. But her face falls at the lack of reaction. "Hey..." You look back, away from the small kitten. "You okay?"

Your smile is small, and the energy in your body is gone. Usually this would make you angry, but you're too tired to even force a flame that isn't there. You hold out the small fluffy animal and her face colors with surprise."You really don't want to keep him?" She takes him from your hands and you step away."Can't my place doesn't allow pets." It's an easy lie.

A gloom settles around the woman, and she pets the cat's soft fur, "Oh, well...if you change your mind, he might still be here tomorrow."

You smirk, though the playful sound of your voice sounds defeated, "I don't think my landlord is gonna change the rules in our contract that quick."

She just looks up at you, "Okay."

You turn— The little guy mews— and run out of the pet shop.

You arrive to your apartment and throw off your clothes, sleeping in only your underwear. You lay in bed, and sleep takes you.

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**WARNING: Child Abuse, physical and Mental Abuse, Animal Abuse, Implied Animal Death**

You remember the first night clearly. Alone on the couch in your father’s living room. You had no room here, this wasn’t home.

Before she could even drive away, you were already dragged into the one story house. The front door slams shut and you’re being picked up and shaken like a rag doll. Teeth chattering you quiet down, and come face to face with your enraged father, “SHUT UP!”

You do, and piss yourself.

He drops you in disgust, and tells you to clean up. You sit on the ground and watch with teary eyes as he walks off. You don’t remember what had happened after that. But the next thing you remember is your cat. A grey kitten that was still in it’s carrier outside.

Fear for the little thing— your best friend— you went back outside and brought him inside. The mess on the floor was clean now, though your pants were still drenched.

“Smell bad…” You don’t know where your father had walked off too. But you knew he wasn’t around anymore. You were safe for now.

Sniffling you ran to the nearest room, peeking in before moving on. This search continued before you found a closet. You could feel safe here. This closet became your own getaway place.

Time past.

Everyday was a horrible nightmare. Not knowing what to expect of your father you hide away most of the time. He would bring food, though it was mostly take out. Some days he would be kind, calling out before watching TV together. You didn’t know how to feel about this. He had even bought cat food.
He would wash your clothes with his, and make sure you were clean too.

He was like two sides of the same coin. Your father, a kind man who laughed at the most dorkiest jokes...and a Monster who left your skin purple and blue.

For a while now, that was normal.

Until it wasn’t.

You sat on the couch after school, drinking some juice from a glass. You don’t remember what had happened. But you had dropped the cup, spilling red liquid all over the already stained couch.

You felt like your life would end. You wanted to cry right away, but was too scared you would wake your father up and he’d come out of his room. So, holding in your tears, you panicked. Your cat watched you pull your shirt and pants off, using them to try and soak up the mess.

But he did wake up, "What happened?!

You screamed, "I'm sorry!" Hands raised to cover your head.

Your dad storms up to— and passed you. You whipped your head up. And you watched your father as he grabbed your kitten. The small animal gives a choked squeal from the quick movement.

"NO!" You stood up, fear for yourself gone, you had to save your friend, "STOP IT! STOP—!!!"

"—STOP!"

You wake up, panting and sweaty. Your sitting up, jerked away from sleep. Your hands grip the sheets like they're trying to grip reality. Your here, now, in the present.

You break.

A hand claps onto your mouth and muffles a wet sob. You never cry like this. But it hurts. Your chest hurts so damn much. You lean forward and pull your knees up. You can still hear the— Your chest heaves and you crumble like old brick. Your mind is a mess. The fire inside of you burn brightly, deadly. Your shoulders shutter and you can't stop thinking about—!

You look to the clock next to your bed:

6:03am

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Choi pauses after getting out of her car. Standing in front of her Pet Shop is a guy with a white face mask, the same guys from yesterday. She walks up to him with the keys, "Excuse me."

"I've changed my mind I want—"

"—I figured." She interrupts, flashing a smile. "I'll go get him~" Unlocking the shop, she laughs to herself. Who knew such a scary looking guys could have such a soft spot.
Note:

I legit just started writing this today and got it done today! I've been a bit busy with life, but today was a free day and I got motivation! I love this story it's so fun to write! Also, I thought 'Shifters' was a dumb Gang Name so Reader's new Gang Name is Cycle! IDK sounds more mature and clean?

Hm...what's (Y/N) gonna do with a cat? He's kinda busy! Ah, sometimes character's run off and do what they want...

Next chapter's gonna be centered more around the boys! Love them so much!

Anyway! What should the Kitten be named?

Also just so keep you updated:

(Y/N)'s Gang: Cycle [currently working under Yoshimura]

Yoshimura Gang: Akihana

Byung-ho's Gang: (Leave Suggestions!)

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!