Rest and Relaxation

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Summary

It was supposed to be a fun, relaxing vacation. Time to chill. Unwind. When their cabin gets invaded by unknown assailants will Bangtan be able to keep the group, or themselves, together?

Notes

Hello all!

This is my very first fan written work EVER, so please be gentle if there are some grammar mistakes or discrepancies! I hope you all enjoy the fic, I don't know where to go with it yet so some of the tags may change, but most will remain the same. It'll be a fun, crazy, emotional, scary trip!

Thanks all!

2na
Chapter 1

Chapter One

“Yoongi! Do we have any milk?” Hoseok shouted as he pulled a bowl down from a cabinet. “Yoongi?.. YOONGI?!”

“Ah, what?” The man in question shuffled into the kitchen, heading towards the table with laptop in tow.

“Milk. Do we have any?” Hoseok tried again, shifting through the silverware.

“Why do you need to ask? Why don’t you just look?”

“Well you were just at the store, and Jin was wondering if he should get some while he’s out.”

“Ah. Well, I didn’t. Slipped my mind.” Yoongi opened up his laptop and started skimming through some emails Bang PD had sent him. He wondered why they even bothered going on a vacation for a week, especially if Hitman was going to give him stuff to work on anyway.

“Thanks, I’ll shoot him a text.” Hoseok finished pouring his ramen into his bowl and picked up his phone. The vacation house they were staying at didn’t have great reception, since it was practically in the middle of the woods. It was beautiful and homey, a gigantic log cabin that they felt lucky to have wifi in. The home was almost like a split level, having a main floor with a living room, family room, dining room, kitchen with a breakfast nook, and access through the kitchen to the garage. On the other side of the house was where their bedrooms were, split with three up a few steps and three down a few steps. Very spacious and comfortable. Hitman said they could use a break to relax and regroup, so they were taking a few days away from the bustling city.

And they had no milk.

Taking advantage of the time off, Jin, Namjoon, Jimin, Jungkook, and Taehyung had all taken a big shopping trip into town, since their current residence was barren of food and supplies. Yoongi naturally wanted to stay back and Hobi thought he could use company, even if he would never admit it.

Smiling to himself, Hoseok put his phone down and glanced at his fellow bandmate. I wish he’d take some time to himself, he thought as he walked over to the table. Yoongi was clearly focused on something work related, as per usual. That didn’t stop Hobi from pestering him a bit though, telling him things the members had done earlier that day. Yoongi didn’t want him to feel bad however, so he just nodded half listening, half reading.

“So then Jin turned to Kookie and was like-”

*Knock knock knock*

Hoseok almost pushed his bowl onto the floor from turning so fast. Were the guys back already? That was a record. The doorknob jiggled a bit and he let out a sigh, getting up and making his way towards to door. No one knew they were out here, it had to be them. Must’ve forgotten their keys. He swung open the door ready to tease the other members, but stopped suddenly. Standing there were a few men, dressed in all black. They had a professional look to them, almost as though they belonged to an orchestra or the like. All but one kept their heads bowed.
“Hello,” one of the men said, smiling subtly to him, “we are here for the service call we received about solar panel installation.” Hoseok let out breath he didn’t realize he had been holding.

“Oh, I’m sorry, you must have the wrong addr-" Hobi cut off his sentence midway as one of the men readjusted his belt. There was a gun. Tucked away, but it was there. He snapped his attention back to the man who spoke, whose smile had spread a bit wider.

There were armed strangers in front of their isolated vacation home. Immediately his mind froze, but surprisingly his body reacted, spontaneously reaching behind the door to slam it shut. Before even making sure it closed he ran towards the kitchen, shouting at Yoongi to follow him. Yoongi hesitated slightly before seeing the look of sheer panic on Hobi’s face. Quickly, he shut his computer, abandoning it as he followed the dancer. They sprinted down the hallway ducking into one of the bedrooms. Hobi pulled Yoongi into the closet, trying to hush his shuttering breathes.

“Hope, what’s going on?” his hyung asked in a hushed voice.

“I don’t know, but someone’s here.” Hobi’s voice was barely a whisper as he tried to make the least amount of noise as possible. This was trouble. He almost felt like it didn’t happen, but he knew by now that those people had made their way into the house. He didn’t lock the door, there was no time, and now they were stuck.

“Who?” Suga pushed, following the other’s lead and making his voice as quiet as he could.

“I don’t know. They were in black, with their heads down. And guns. My God Yoongi, they had guns!” He buried his face in his hands, panic beginning to set in. This couldn’t be real. That had to be his imagination. Problem was he didn’t even see things like that in his imagination when he was a child, so why would his mind act up now? He pulled his hands away and frantically started searching himself for his phone. Wait.

Shit.

It was on the counter. He had put it down on the counter.

No, no, no, nononono- His mind started racing, he had no way to contact anyone.

“Yoongi. Yoongi, do you have your phone on you?” The desperation in his voice made Suga’s heart drop as he finally realised this was not some dumb prank. This was not some stupid concoction of Jin or Taehyung’s. This was real fear in his friend’s voice. And real fear in his as well.

“It’s charging. In my room. Fuck…” He looked down, not knowing what to think. The only thing the two of them could hear was the sound of their hearts beating a mile a minute as they tried to even out their breathing.

The heavy echo of boots interrupted their thoughts. They exchanged nervous glances at each other, Yoongi beckoning Hobi to bury himself deeper in the clothes. They waited, hearing multiple pairs of shoes shuffle through the house. It wasn’t very loud, but all of their senses were on hyperactive mode, listening for the tiniest abnormality. And they were sure these strangers were doing the same thing.

Deep in thought, Yoongi was trying to think of a way to make it out of cabin and into the woods. Hobi is fast, he can run faster even if I can’t. He’ll get out and get help, I just have to find a
way to do that. If we wait until these people are on the other side of the house, we can make a break for the window and- his thought was suddenly cut off by one word that carried through the wooden walls.

“Hyungs?”

Their eyes snapped to each other.

Tae.
I've decided to take a few liberties that I want to note. First off, the maknae line will commonly refer to the hyung line as "Hyungs", but between themselves the hyung line will only say it when there is a serious moment. I hope that doesn't become confusing, but it makes writing easier yet keeps interactions endearing. Second, if anyone wants a specific time period, I'm writing this with Dope era in mind. I hope that makes visualizing a bit easier and explains any descriptions. Enjoy chapter 2! ^_^
drop but more like a wall. A wall? No, not a wall. An object. No, a person.

Tae swung around, expecting to see one of his members, that they would shout in his face “gotcha!” and start poking at him. But no. It was a man. A brick wall of a man, taller than even their leader and wearing a mask. Tae let out a gasp and jumped back, terrified, only to bump into another body, who grabbed his arm, pulled him against him, and placed a finger on his lips.

“Shhhh…” They whispered against his ear, and Tae started panicking, struggling against the hold and yanking the finger away.

“Hoseok! Yoongi!” He shrieked, pushing away, only to be grabbed again by the big one. He was much stronger and Tae could barely move in his grip. “What are you doing?! Who are you?! Where are they?!” He suddenly freaked out, the thought of these men doing something to his hyungs was unbearable.

“Taehyung…” The smaller man mused. Tae looked at him in shock. They knew who he was. This wasn’t some random break-in, this was calculated, planned out.

“Where are they?” He asked again, trying to regain some of his composure. “Please, you didn’t hurt them did you?” The man didn’t answer, just walked to the dining room and gestured. To Tae’s surprise, three more men entered the room. The man then looked straight at him and cocked his head.

“Didn’t you know they went to town? Surely you must have, you almost went with them!”

Tae’s eyes widened as his mouth dropped a bit.

“How did you-”

“As for the two who were here earlier, they decided to not give us a proper greeting and thought playing hide-and-seek would be more fun. Care to help us find them?”

Before he could even answer, the man holding him yanked his arm up into the most uncomfortable position Tae had ever experienced. He let out a quick yelp, but apparently that was not good enough for this “leader”. The big one pulled it more and Tae felt his arm suddenly strain, a wave of pain coursing through his muscles. His shout reverberated through the house, longer and louder then the last one.

“Min Yoongi! Jung Hoseok! We know you’re in the house,” the man bellowed. “We have dear Taehyung here with us and we are waiting ever so patiently. For your sake, and his, please reveal yourselves.” The house was deathly silent for almost 30 seconds. The man sighed, looking to the big one and nodding. Tae shrieked as his arm strained more, and he could feel a hot flash of agony coursing through the right side of his body.

He’s going to break my arm, oh my God, he’s going to break my arm! Tae’s thoughts were running through his head a mile a minute when he heard a familiar voice behind them.

“Stop! Stop! We’re here, please stop!” J-Hope was standing at the top of the stairs with Suga, their hands up to show they were empty. They looked pale, scared out of their minds, although Hobi was showing it much more. The man smiled, a thoughtful look on his face.

“Please gentlemen,” he made a long gesture from the stairs to his men. “Won’t you join us?”

Hobi glanced at Yoongi who didn’t take his stare off of Tae. His gaze was cold, hard, murderous. And yet… terrified. Hobi looked back down the stairway and took a step forward, only to be stopped with an arm in his way. Yoongi was blocking his path.
“We’re here,” he declared, voice surprisingly even and strong. “Now leave him alone.” Hobi’s jaw dropped as his eyes widened. Was he serious? These men were obviously dangerous and Taehyung was with them!

“Hyung!” he harshly whispered, but Yoongi wasn’t paying any attention to him. Just keeping his eyes, and arm, in place. The longest 10 seconds of Hobi’s life passed when he suddenly heard a blood curdling scream. He burst past Yoongi’s arm and down the stairs to where Tae’s figure was hunkered over on the floor, but before he could reach him someone grabbed his upper arm and pulled him back against them.

“V!” He strained against the grip, thrashing as hard as he could to break away. “Let me go damn it!” Tears formed in his eyes out of what, frustration? Fear? Having one of his best friends be hurt? What was happening to them, was this real? It couldn’t be real, this doesn’t happen in real life. It doesn’t. It couldn’t. He was so overwhelmed that suddenly his mind needed to run. His eyes closed. He went limp.

“Oh my God.” Yoongi ran forward, bounding down the stairs. He pulled Hoseok away and towards Tae, scared out of his mind and feeling like a trapped animal. “Stay away, stay the fuck away from us!” he spat as the men tried to approach him. He couldn’t hold Hoseok’s weight and they both sank to the floor. His head whipped to Tae, then to Hobi, then to all of the unfamiliar faces, frantically trying to understand, to control. “What the fuck are you doing here?! Get out!” The man who was the obvious ring leader knelt down in front of him. He studied Yoongi for a moment then reached his hand towards him. “Don’t-” Yoongi started softly, tightening his grip around Hoseok’s waist, “don’t touch us.” The man paused, his blank expression unwavering.

“Men,” he said, “escort Mr. Min and Mr. Kim into the living room. See to it that Mr. Jung is comfortable. We have a long afternoon ahead of us before the rest of our hosts arrive.”
Chapter 3

Namjoon took a deep breath. The cool, crisp air felt like new life as it filled his lungs, and he hadn’t felt this free in awhile. No work. No worries. Just relaxing with his brothers for the next seven days. His smile grew as he heard Jungkook explain to Jimin why it was so important for Tae to win rounds in Overwatch. Among the talk of scores and skin unlocking, Joon pulled out his phone and snapped a selfie with the two in the back. Just as he was about to upload it to Twitter, a disapproving cough came from the seat next to him. Without taking his eyes off of the road, Jin knew exactly what he was doing.

“What? I think it would be nice to share with everyone,” Namjoon cocked his head to look at the oldest with a slight smile.

“Mhmmm,” Jin smiled back, eyes still focused, “and after that they’ll expect it everyday. But you won’t keep up with it everyday, so Jimin will tweet, and then Hobi will need to tweet, and then I will have to tweet, and I don’t want to tweet Namjoon.”

“You don’t have to tweet Jin. ARMY understand, they know we’re on vacation. Didn’t realize you were so stingy about it.”

“Normally no, but I think we should really take this week off off. No rehearsals, no studios, and even no fans. I love them too, but they can survive a week without us! I believe in them!” Namjoon chuckled and looked back down at his incomplete phrase. After a moment of hesitation, he decided that Jin must be right, ARMY could just wait awhile to see the picture. He put his head back, closed his eyes, and filled his chest with the air of young autumn once more. For the first time in quite a long time, he felt free of responsibility.

“Hyung, how much longer until we’re back?” Jungkook asked, poking his head in between the front seats. “Tae needs me!”

Jin scoffed, “You think that I want to rush around today so you can go play video games? Nope, we’ve got one more stop, I want to get something for myself while we’re out.” They turned into a strip mall and Namjoon sighed. This was their 4th stop of the day, and to be completely honest he wanted to head back to the cabin. Sleeping sounded really good.

They all hopped out of the car and Jin couldn't hide the smile that spread onto his face. He used to come to this place all the time when he was younger with his family. He beckoned the others to follow as he headed towards one of the outlet stores. Jungkook jogged to catch up with him, but Jimin held back, waiting for Namjoon to pick up the pace.

“Hyung?” his eyes reflected the concern in his voice.

“Yeah?”

“Are you alright? You were pretty quiet in the car unless Jin-hyung spoke first.”

Namjoon stopped at this. He was? He looked Jimin softly in the eyes and let out a small sigh, quickly followed up by a relaxed smile.
“Ah, Jimin,” he started, “I guess it’s just that… Well, we can do whatever we want. It’s almost overwhelming.” He let out a small laugh, “You know, I’m spending so much time wondering what we should do that by the time I think of it our vacation will be over.” He flashed a toothy grin at that and looked down, “But we have it. And it really does feel nice.” Looking up, he saw Jimin softly smiling back.

“It sure does. Come on, let’s catch up,” he turned back to where Jin and Jungkook were standing, Jin waving his arms so they would hurry along. “And hyung,” Jimin turned back to Namjoon, “Any time we spend together is time well spent, but take some for yourself this week. I know you said you wanted to be around us more because you spend a lot of time in the studio at home, but really do something personal and for yourself.”

“Thanks Chim. Alright, let’s head over, Jin looks like he’s going to have an aneurysm.” And with that they lightly jogged over to where the other members of their group were, the oldest scolding them lightly for making them wait while they could have talked and walked simultaneously.

Finally going into the store, Joon looked around to see if he could find anything that would interest the members back at their temporary home. Jimin was looking for something for Tae to cheer him up and just because the other two weren’t there doesn’t mean they should be left out too. He also had a sneaking suspicion that Hoseok only didn’t come along because he was worried about Yoongi not actually taking a moment away from work. Typical, thoughtful Hobi. He wandered around the store and eventually came across some really unique strap bracelets, with various shades of green intertwined in the designs on the beads. Perfect, just Hope’s style. Now for Yoongi. He was a guy of less luxurious needs, but a little something would be good for him. He eventually found himself in the electronics section and decided that the best thing to get Yoongi would be a portable charger. Surprisingly he didn’t have one yet and he was always complaining about how his battery life was ass. As he went up to the checkout line, he noticed Kookie walking towards him with a huge grin on his face.

“Hyung! You will never guess what they have here! Or rather ‘had’, because I’m buying the last one!” From behind his back he pulled out what looked like a DVD case. Or, wait, a video game case. “Mario Kart 8! We haven’t even had time to get it, and now we’re on vacation! Jimin and I are both going to surprise Taehyung with it! Jin-hyung said he’d even play, being such a Nintendo fan and all!” Jungkook could barely contain his excitement, his voice boarding on giddy fanboy and over enthusiastic gamer.

Namjoon grinned, “That’s awesome Kook, I’m sure he’ll really appreciate it. Lucky you got the last one!”

“I know!” Jungkook’s smile spread even wider when their other two members suddenly appeared behind him. He started talking to them about the new characters they could play as in this version, karts they could unlock, and a bunch of other things related to the gameplay that even Jin and Jimin started to get lost in. After checking out and practically being pulled to the car by Kook, they start their way back home. It’s 5:31.

It’s 5:47 when they start down the long road that leads to the driveway of their cabin. Namjoon gets ready to jump out of the car, he’s so hungry even though they last ate around 2:00. He’s a growing young man after all. Jin lightly scolds him for taking off his seatbelt before the car has stopped, but he brushes it off with a dimpled smirk and the second the gear is in park he’s out of the door, Kookie not far behind him. As he fished for his keys something seemed… strange. He wasn’t sure what it was, but the house seemed to be pretty dark on the inside for three people being home. Kookie got impatient and jiggled the doorknob, letting out a surprised “oh” when it turned.
Okay, that’s really weird, Joon thought to himself, I know I locked it. I double checked. Kookie stepped into the house and Namjoon held the door for Jin who was holding bags of groceries. He was going to hold the door for Jimin too, but Chim insisted Namjoon go first. Stepping into the house, he knew something was wrong. Even Jin and Kook were stopped in the foyer. It was quiet. Way too quiet for a house with Hobi and Tae in it. The front door creaked shut.

“Hyungs?..” Namjoon turned around to face a nightmare he didn’t even know he had until now. Standing in the shadows was a man. A man with a gun. It was pointed right at the side of Jimin’s head.
Chapter 4

Hello all!
This is the first chapter to have some detailed violence in it, so be ready for that. The chapters are also going to start getting longer, which is awesome, but they will take some more time to put out so please bear with me! I will update at least once a week, maybe sometimes twice, but I will not abandon this fic.
Thank you so much for reading! <3

Chapter 4

Yoongi was still. Still. Tense. Alert. His eyes trailed each of their “guests” when they came anywhere within 5 feet of the couch that he, Tae, and Hobi had been planted on. He would only break concentration to glance at the two to his left, and every time he did his anger would boil back up. Tae’s arm was not broken, but his elbow had been partially dislocated. One of the men, who must have had some medical background since he moved the dislocation back into place, called Tae a “pussy” for “screaming like a child” at that type of injury. The thought infuriated Yoongi.

“Are you okay?” he whispered for the hundredth time to Taehyung. Tae nodded.

“It’s a little sore, but really, I’m okay hyung,” he brushed his fingers over Hoseok’s hair again, something he knew was very comforting to him. Hobi had woken up about an hour after passing out and hadn’t lifted his head off of Tae’s lap. He just stared into space, not saying a word. Both Tae and Yoongi were extremely worried. They tried to get him to say something but would only get lifeless blinks in response. Another two hours passed in quiet tension. It was then that Yoongi noticed.

Hobi’s cell phone was still on the counter.

All this time and these “professionals” had overlooked it sandwiched between a pile of magazines and an aloe plant. He needed to get that phone.

“Hey,” he called out to the closest man, “I… I have to go to the bathroom.” The man looked towards him, scoffed, and looked back. “Come on, I didn’t exactly fucking plan on my pee schedule being interrupted.” The man looked back over with eyes of pure irritation. He slowly walked over to the couch, footsteps heavy and distinct. Looming over Suga for a second, he finally huffed in response and nodded towards the stairs. The stair that were the opposite way of the counter. “There’s one right over there,” he tried, pointing his hand towards the hallway near the kitchen doorway.

“Nope, sorry kid, too close to an exit.”

“I’ll keep the damn door open, please, I don’t want to walk too far, I might not make it.” The man let out an exasperated sigh and checked in the direction of his leader, who was typing away at his computer in the breakfast nook of the kitchen, back to them.
“Alright. Follow me, and be smart. I’ll keep my back to the door, but you better make it short and sweet, got it?” Yoongi nodded. He couldn’t ask for anything more. He got up with Tae looking wide eyed at him, and trailed behind the stranger. As they passed by the opening for the kitchen he located the phone and in one quick move, swiped it from the countertop and stuffed it in his front pocket. A risky, bold thing to do, but once it was secured in the safety of his pants he almost shook out of relief. No one saw it. Not wanting to completely screw up his plan, he decided not to use it in the bathroom, doing his business quickly so he could get back to the others. Even leaving them alone for a minute made him a nervous wreck.

As he walked back to the couch he made intense eye contact with Taehyung, who was almost taken aback by the it. It wasn’t the first time Yoongi had looked at him like that, Lord knows, but this was different. He looked almost… brighter. When Yoongi took a seat next to him and the man resumed his position by the window, Tae leaned ever so slightly closer to him.

“Phone,” was all he heard, barely a whisper. Tae’s heart leapt up into his throat and he gave Hobi’s shoulder a light squeeze. A phone. Yoongi had a phone. They had a chance to, at the very least, warn the others and have them get help. Stop them from being sucked into this nightmare.

Yoongi was pouring sweat. He kept his hands clenched against his knees to keep them from visibly shaking. He had to do this soon, he couldn’t put it off too much longer or else it would be too late. Doing a once over, he whispered “eyes” to Tae and started to inch his fingers towards his pocket. Tae got the message, having his sight constantly shifting from person to person. Yoongi silently slipped his hand into the fold and slowly tugged the phone towards the opening. He was doing his best to keep his breathing even, his face relaxed, his body calm. It wasn’t as easy as he thought it would be. Not that he thought it would be that easy anyway. Finally the glass edge of the phone broke through the fabric barrier and the rest slid through with ease. He made sure he had it wedged between the cloth of the couch and his pants. He hit the main button and swiped up on the screen only to have all of this progression come to a screeching halt when the words “ENTER PASSCODE” appeared at the top of the screen.

Oh fuck.

They had to get a password out of their practically comatose friend. Quietly. With no one watching. Yoongi could feel his heartbeat quicken from the pressure, but he let out a huff of air and slightly turned his face towards Taehyung, looking down at Hobi with only eye movements.

“Hope,” he breathed, “Passcode.” Hobi continued to stare ahead. “Hope, please,” Yoongi begged still keeping his voice low, “For the others. Please.” A few more seconds of nothing passed, but then it was as if something was jolted awake in Hobi. He moved his eyes towards Yoongi and blinked. But these blinks were different. Instead of being lifeless and empty like the ones before them, they had a quick, deliberate movement to them. He was blinking the passcode. Minimalizing speech. Ecstatic not only to have the code, but his brother returning as well, Yoongi flicked his eyes between Hoseok’s and the screen. The first time he messed up, giving a slight shake of his head to show he didn’t get it. After a second of resetting and focusing, he managed to get the numbers.1. 0. 6. 3.

He was in.

Quickly, he opened the messages app and vigorously tapped the first name he saw. Jimin. While he succeeded in seeing the name, he failed to notice the last thing Jimin sent Hobi. A video clip of a howling dog. With his persistent smacking on the screen, he set the video off, literally releasing the hounds into the barren silence of the room.

SHIT, NO, FUCKFUCKFU- In his haste Yoongi kept setting the video on and off, on and off,
until he squeezed the screen lock button and it all went quiet again. But the damage was done. Five seconds of a fuckup and they were screwed. Within those five seconds, every man who was guarding the house had swarmed them, eyes hard. Suga had managed to push the phone down into the crease of the couch, but it was a futile effort. He knew they would find it, but he didn’t have to help them.

Another 10 seconds went by and the slow, methodical fall of boots coming towards them nearly made Hoseok pass out again. The leader passed through the middle opening of this men, staring with such ferocity at each of the trio.

“Well,” he finally speaks, “hand it over.” The boys just exchanged dumbfounded looks.

“I’m sorry?” Taehyung said, a look of confusion plastered onto his face.

“Please,” the man scoffed, “If you give it to me now it will be much easier for you.” His eyes hardened and he stretched out his hand. “The phone.”

“We don’t have our phones. You searched us for them remember?” Yoongi snipped. The man sighed.

“Min Yoongi. So caring yet… so careless. I don’t want anything further to happen to you three, but I am not above such… incidents.”

“I’m sure you’re not,” Yoongi spat. He knew he shouldn’t. He knew he should just play like Tae and plead ignorance even if it didn’t work. But his tongue proved to be his vice yet again. The man in charge crouched down and moved closer, only inches away from his face. Tae was terrified and not sure what to do. He just kept one arm draped protectively over Hobi while his other hand continued to rub his head, something he wasn’t sure was more comforting for Hobi or himself. He hated looking at the man, but he was afraid that if he took his eyes off of the scene in front of him, even for a second, he would never see his hyung again.

The man, on the other hand, took his outstretched hand and, at the speed of light, slapped Yoongi square across the face. Tae almost didn’t see it, Yoongi’s head seemingly snapping to the side on its own, the sound hollow and sharp. Hobi flinched in Tae’s arms, but he wouldn’t let him look.

The man grabbed Yoongi’s chin, growling “I’m going to ask you one more time. Where is the phone?”

Yoongi simply smirked, “How can you be asking again when you didn’t ask the first time.” His smirk fell, “huh?” The man stood up and after considering the three for a moment he chuckled.

“You sure have some fight in you Mr. Min, I will give you that. But what’s that saying? Fighting only leads to more fighting?” Suddenly, one of the men sprung forward and dragged Hobi from the couch by his hair, pulling him into the middle of their circle. Two of the men stepped out and held back a screaming Tae and thrashing Yoongi. The leader went first, kicking Hobi in the stomach, knocking the breath out of him. As he curled into the fetal position, another kick found its way to the side of his face, causing a trail of blood to come flowing out of the corner of his mouth.

“You bastards! You… You damn cowards!” The words ripped out of Tae’s throat between his sobs as he saw his friend, his role model, his brother being beaten to a pulp. After straightening him up, one of the other thugs landed a hard right to his cheek, then another, causing almost instantaneous swelling. They then kneed him in the chest and threw him back on the ground. After a few more merciless kicks to the back and sides when he tried to get up, the leader finally gave
one last cold look to Yoongi before picking up an umbrella from the coat rack and ramming it, handle first, into J-Hope’s neck. The dancer choked and fell completely silent. He landed on his back and started clawing at his neck, not caring about the rest of the agony his body was in, just wanting to breathe. Tae froze, not able to completely process what his tear stained eyes had just witnessed. Yoongi had stopped moving as well. The whole world seemed to slow down around him. He felt numb. He didn’t even register when the leader suddenly materialized in front of him. He wasn’t smiling. He wasn’t mad. He wasn’t... anything. He just gazed icily into Yoongi’s face.

“I’m sure a lesson was learned here hmmm?” Yoongi almost didn’t hear him. The man’s words were like white noise. All he could take in were the gasps of his friend. His best friend. He nodded so slowly, so slightly he didn’t know or care if the man had noticed. With that the man nonchalantly walked past him to the couch and pulled the phone out from between the cushions. In one swift move he forcibly threw it to the left where it made contact with the stone of the fireplace. Glass shattered. The screen went black. He turned to one of his men, simply stated “zip ties,” and the lackey suddenly produced a few from his pocket.

“Wait!” Tae suddenly cried out. The man turned to him. “I... I need to make sure he’s okay.”

“He’s alive isn’t he?”

“Please! He can’t breathe!”

“He’ll live Taehyung. I highly suggest you quit while you’re ahead.” With that he made his way back to kitchen. Tae desperately took up at the man holding onto him. He was the same one who let Yoongi go to the bathroom.

“Please...” He bowed his head, the sounds of Hobi struggling for air still echoing throughout the room. The man hesitated before looking at one of his comrades who promptly looked away.

“Thirty seconds,” was all he said before pushing Tae in Hobi’s direction. Tae immediately got down and held Hobi’s hands to stop him from scratching up his neck.

“Hyung,” his voice was gentle and he did his best to sound calm, even though he was still shaking. “Hyung, please relax. It’ll be easier to breathe if you relax.” As Tae soothed J-Hope, Yoongi was approached by the guard who had done them far too many favors. And the guy knew it too.

As he zipped Yoongi’s hands in front of him, pulling the tie too tight, he angrily muttered, “Next time you have to take a piss I strongly suggest you hold it.” With that he shoved him back down on the couch and put another tie around his ankles. As the man and Tae got Hobi up and to the couch, Suga could only blame himself for what happened. He knew he should be blaming the assholes who put them in this position, but the guilt was eating at him. Once Tae and Hobi were next to him, situated in the same fashion as him with Hope slumped up against Tae’s side, Suga could only look down.

“I’m sorry,” he whispered, “I’m so, so sorry Hope.” It was 5:23.

It was 5:47 when they heard the rolling of tires on cement.

No, Yoongi paled, they’re home.
Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

Hi all! 
Whew, okay, things are finally moving ahead, but this chapter is a liiiittle slower and clunky at times. Don't worry though, I'll make up for it with the next one! 
Thank you all for your sweet comments, they really motivate me to keep going! 
Enjoy! ^_^

Chapter 5

Jimin stepped into the house right after Namjoon. Just like the others, he could feel that something was... off. Any doubt he had quickly left his mind when the door closed behind him and he felt what seemed to be a hard, cold pole pushed up just over his ear. He stilled himself.

“Hyungs?..” Namjoon spun around hearing Jimin call out and the look on his face confirmed Jimin’s suspicions. Someone was holding a gun to his head. Jungkook was the next to look, and he immediately kicked into fight mode, eyes going wide as he took a few quick steps forward only to be pulled back by Jin. They couldn’t risk something happening to Jimin.

“What’s going on?” Joon finally asked, dumbfounded and, quite frankly, shocked. The man just gripped Jimin’s shoulder by his shirt and jutted his jaw to the living room.

“Move,” he commanded. The others just stared at him, still in disbelief. “Move.” He said again, digging the gun a little harder into Jimin’s hair. Chim gasped and snapped his members out of their daze, Jin holding onto Jungkook’s sleeve to guide him and Namjoon blindly feeling his way backwards as they went through the arch leading to their attacker’s required destination. The man gently nudged Jimin forward, which surprised him considering the guy was holding a lethal weapon to his head. He never looked away from Namjoon, his hyung making sure Chim could see his eyes at all times. Their ever comforting and reassuring leader.

When they finally turned the short wall that opened up the rest of the room, Jin did a quick intake of breath and Jungkook let out a small whimper. Namjoon did not want to break eye contact with Jimin, but when Jimin looked away to see what the other were looking at, he conceded. He almost wished he didn’t. His knees felt weak and he was thankful Jin was there for him to steady himself on.

Jimin really wished he hadn’t looked away from Namjoon either. On the couch in front of him sat Yoongi, Tae, and Hobi, all with their hands and feet trapped in what looked to be zip ties. From there he couldn’t decide what the most nauseating thing was; Yoongi sitting there looking hopelessly at the floor as though his life force had been drained, Tae sitting next to him with yet another man with a gun pointing the weapon at his forehead, or Hobi slouched onto Tae with fresh bruises forming on his face and a raspy noise escaping his throat when he exhaled. What the hell happened in the 4 hours they were gone? What the hell was happening right now? He could feel the tears fall down his cheeks before he even registered they had formed.

“W-what’s going on?” he heard Namjoon repeat the question he asked earlier. “Are you all
okay?” Joon then took a daring step forward, stopping when three more figures entered the room from the kitchen entrance.

“I wouldn’t worry about them Namjoon,” the man in the middle said, a sly smile plastered on his face. Namjoon took him in then took a few more steps forward, past Jin and Kook not stopping even when he feels Kook’s hand brush on his skin. Only when he hears the cocking of one of the handguns does he freeze, just a few feet shy of the men. The middle one gestured to the couch, “Come Namjoon, take a seat. Seokjin, Jungkook, Jimin, please join him.” The man with his gun trained on Jimin released his shirt, and Chim immediately darted to sit next to Hobi. Jin took the space next to him while Jungkook sat next to Suga. Deciding to sandwich their younger members, Namjoon filled in the last space next to Kook. At least they were all together... Right?

The man came and stood in front of them, looking unsettlingly pleased. One of the other men came over and swiftly freed Yoongi, Tae, and Hobi of their binds. Suddenly the man in front of them changed, his demeanor shifted and his face fell. He looked at each of the boys sternly, stopping at Namjoon in particular. He would be the key to cooperation between the two groups in the house, and he needed to be submissive. Tricky, but not impossible.

“I’m sure you all have your questions. I will make this simple. We are keeping you here for awhile, the reason is not of your concern, only of the concern of your company. We do not wish to harm you, but clearly,” he nodded towards Hobi, “we will take certain actions if we are given trouble. Know that if any of you make this decision that any of you could end up in a compromising position. This is your only warning. Take heed of it and everything should smoothenover in no time. In the meantime,” he beckoned his men to step forward, “to make things easier, we have a very simple system. No bathroom without permission. No showering without supervision. No electronics. No going off to any part of the house on your own. You will all sleep in here, on the couch or the floor. As far as names go, we all know yours. You may call me Alpha. This,” he pointed to the bulkiest man who had hurt Tae’s arm, “is Beta. He,” the ‘doctor’, “is Gamma. These two here are Delta and Omega,” the quietest man and the one who had been kinder to them. Had been. Yoongi was pretty sure their lucky streak had run out with him. “Now that we all are acquainted I need something from four of you.” His thugs went up to each of the members who had just joined them. “Hand them your phones gentlemen.”

Jin and Jimin had no problem pulling out their cell phones, anything to make the men back up again. Namjoon was also placid, but not happy about it. He deliberately made his movements slow, considering he didn’t trust these guys any more than he trusted a tick. Jungkook was the one who was most hesitant. He was terrified of giving up his only method of communication with the outside world. That he wouldn’t be able to tell his mother, father, or brother about his situation and that he was scared but he loved them. What if this all went horribly wrong and he never got to say goodbye? He paused for a few more seconds, running his thumb up and down the side of his hard plastic case.

“Kookie?” He almost jumped out his skin, even though Joon’s voice was gentle when he addressed him.

“Hyung, I… I can’t do it.” It was such a simple, such a basic task and yet he found himself unable to go through with it.

“Then give it me Kook, alright? I’ll take care of it for you, don’t worry.” Namjoon could feel beads of sweat forming on his brow, he knew from looking at J-Hope once that these guys were not messing around. He opened up his hand to Kook who still looked unsure and hugged the phone to his stomach.
“Come on kid, hurry the hell up,” ‘Gamma’ groaned as he watched the exchange. Jungkook looked up at him then sucked in a big breath and handed his phone over to his leader. Joon softly smiled at him then handed the phone to the man in front of them. “Bunch of pussies all of you,” he grunted and walked back over to Alpha. Namjoon couldn’t help but notice that all of the men wore masks except for Alpha. This made him extremely nervous since they could use this as a reason to not let them live. He tried not to focus on that, instead looking towards his members, all of whom (with exception to Yoongi) having their eyes locked on their assailants.

“Yoongi,” he said quietly, “What happened?” All he got was a head turning away from him. “Yoongi I need an answer.” Still nothing.

“They caught us with a cell phone,” Tae interjected. “Yoongi-hyung tried to tell you all we were in trouble but… it obviously didn’t work.”

“And they beat up Hobi for that?” Namjoon asked.

“Of course they did!” Jimin answered for Tae as he gently stroked Hobi’s arm, “Do you think they wouldn’t?” Tae was silent and Namjoon could tell there was more to it than that given Yoongi’s demeanor, but he didn’t push it. They had been through enough today. Suddenly his stomach gurgled. Crap, he thought, I’m so damn hungry. Jin seemed to catch on, and keeping the ‘rules of the house’ in mind, he got up and walked confidently towards one of the men, ‘Delta’ he thinks.

“Hey,” he says, “we’re hungry and just got home from the store. If you’re not going to let us do it ourselves, would you mind escorting me to the kitchen?” Jimin was awestruck with how his hyung could still talk so bluntly to people who were so dangerous. Apparently Delta was taken aback too, grunting a “sure” then eyeing up Jin as he picked up the bags with food in them and walked into the kitchen where Alpha was back at the table. Omega leaned up against a wall in the living room, Gamma was in the front hall, and Beta went to take a leak.

“Hyung,” Jungkook turned to Namjoon, “I really have to go to the bathroom. I don’t feel very good.”

“Okay Kook, come on.” They both started getting up when Omega, who had overheard them, stopped them short.

“Nah-ah-ah, if you don’t gotta go you stay here.”

“Sorry if I sound rude, but I don’t exactly trust any of you,” Namjoon stated, his eyes narrowing.

“I’ll go with him hyung,” Jimin piped up, “I have to go too.” Namjoon let out a sigh and continued to glare at the man in front of them.

“Fine, but please be careful you two,” he sat back down as Omega called Gamma to take the boys to the bathroom on the upper floor. He wasn’t about to have anymore ground floor bathroom fuck-ups on his watch. His cohort was amazingly more than willing to take on the task, which unnerved Jimin a bit. He laced his fingers together with Jungkook’s as they made their way up the stairs with Gamma.

Namjoon watched them go, still a little nervous, but slightly more at ease now that they had each other. He thought that now would be a good time to try and get what happened out of the three sitting with him.

“So,” he began, “tell me. What actually happened.”
“Like Jimin said. They were mad we got the phone,” Taehyung wouldn’t look Namjoon in the face, a direct sign that he was lying.

“Okay, and then what?”

“That’s it.”

“That’s not it Taehyung.”

“Really hyung.”

“No,” Namjoon looked down at Yoongi who had finally spoken up. “It was my fault Namjoon. It was all my fault. My idea, my big mouth.” Namjoon could hear the remorse and guilt in the older’s voice.

“It wasn’t your fault Yoongi. None of this is. You did what you thought was best, you tried to keep four of us safe.”

“But I failed,” a choked response. It hit Namjoon hard. “I couldn’t stop being a smart ass for two minutes. I had to run my mouth, and that is why Hobi got hurt. Not because of the damn phone, because of me.” Yoongi buried his face in his hands as his back jolted with silent sobs. He could only take so much of this stress and actually saying it out loud really did make him see how much damage he done. It was better just to shut up and keep to himself, not let the other get hurt anymore than they had already, keep them safe, just disappear into his mind and-

“Hyung,” a swollen, rough voice pulled him out of his thoughts and he looked to his left with tears stinging his eyes. Hobi was looking at him very alert and very seriously. He had never seen such a look on Hoseok’s face outside of dance practice. “I don’t… blame you…” Hobi had to take in air every few words. It made Yoongi flinch, but the younger was determined to say his peace. “You stood… your ground. I-... I would never, could never… be mad at… you.” Tae decided to move to the other side of Namjoon, breaking the barrier between J-Hope and Suga. Yoongi wanted to leap at his friend, tell him he was the most wonderful thing in the entire world, that he wished he could be as kind, brave, and forgiving but he found himself unable to speak. Instead he scooted closer to Hobi and enveloped him in a careful, warm hug, letting his tears absorb into Hobi’s shirt. They sat that way for over two minutes when Namjoon moved to Hobi’s side and put a hand on either of their shoulders.

“You two take your time, but I want to inspect Hope’s injuries soon so-”

He was suddenly interrupted by an ear-piercing scream.

It came from upstairs.
Okay, I wanted to push this out because this was BY FAR the hardest chapter to write and I'm glad it's behind me!

Note: this is the chapter that caused certain tags to be on the story. While it is mild compared to other stories, still be warned.

I love reading all of your comments, y'all makin' me uwu

Please enjoy! <3

Chapter 6

Jungkook and Jimin precariously started up the stairs, Jimin glancing once to look back at Namjoon until the figure of another man stood in his way. A frown formed on his face as he turned back to Kook and squeezed his hand tighter. His stomach was in knots and he was really hoping it was because of how badly he had to go to the bathroom.

When they got to the top of the stairs Jimin beelined for the bathroom, dragging Kook along while Gamma took his time following behind them. As Jimin tried the handle he was surprised to find that it was locked.

Oh, he thought to himself, that’s right. That one guy is in there. He fidgets and looks around the hallway, at a place that for a short while felt like a home away from home. Felt more like a prison now. His hand was still interlocked with Kook’s and he could feel how sweaty his friend’s palm was getting and one quick glance confirmed how queasy he looked.

Suddenly the door flew open, causing Jimin to slightly jump. He and Jungkook quickly stepped to the side so the big one, “Beta”, could get past them. Kook quickly made eye contact, before breathing heavily and running into the bathroom, only to vomit the second he got to the toilet.

Jimin got down next to him, patting his back and murmuring comforting words. He knew Kookie wasn’t sick, but all this stress was really getting to him. Once Kook was in the clear he glanced at the doorway, eerily seeing that both of the guards were still there, one facing towards them, one facing away. He sent a glare to the man still looking (“Gamma” was it?) and blocked his indecents from the doorway as he did his business. Jimin helped him too, feeling really creeped out that Gamma wasn’t looking at their faces. When Jimin was up, Kook did the same for him, blocking any view the man might have gotten had he not been there. He also noticed a little smirk appear on the man’s face when Jimin pulled his fly back up. It sent all sorts of bad vibes Kook’s way and he felt a flame flicker somewhere inside of him.

As they shuffled out of the bathroom they noticed that the big guy had gone, probably back downstairs. They headed towards the direction of the landing, when suddenly Jungkook was pulled into one of the bedrooms. Jimin gasped but had no more time for any other reaction before he was pushed in by Gamma, the door slamming shut behind them. He was shoved against the wall, a hand quickly covered his mouth as a choked sob escaped his throat. His eyes searched wildly for
Kookie and found him on the opposite side of the room in a similar position except a knife was stuck under his jaw. Tears formed in Jimin’s eyes again as he looked his attacker right in the face, his featured etched with fear and confusion.

“Shhhhh…” Gamma whispered in his ear, “don’t cause a fuss Little Red,” Jimin shuttered at the pet name, “cause listen here. If you give me any problems, my friend over there is going to give your friend a nice new slit across his pretty little neck. Got it?” Jimin gave a ghost of a nod when the hand was lifted off of his face. The man turned around and hissed at Kookie, “Same goes for you, capisce? Both of you would be dead before anyone could get here!” Jungkook just gave him a terrified look, and assuming he got the message, Gamma grabbed Jimin’s shirt and dragged him to the bed, practically throwing him onto it. Jimin immediately retaliated, working himself upwards only to be tackled down by Gamma. The man gazed at him, only lust in his eye as he flipped Jimin onto his back and pinned his wrists above him head. Jimin whimpered and looked away, too disgusted to look at this man and too embarrassed to look at his little brother. He could feel Gamma’s breath on his neck as he got closer to him, could hear the air from his mouth as he eyed up his prize.

“Please…” Jimin whispered, but it only seemed to make things worse as the man got fully on top of him and took off his jacket and his mask. Chim squeezed his eyes shut, not wanting to make the mistake of looking at him so they’d have an excuse to kill him.

“Come on Little Red, look at me,” the man purred in his ear. He scrunched his face tighter. “I said look at me damn it!” He grabbed Chim’s face with his free hand and forced it straight, but his eyes still wouldn’t open. “I’ll give the word and have him gutted right now if you don’t fucking look at me Red.” Jimin let out his breath and slowly opened his eyes. Gamma didn’t look like a doctor, that was for certain, but he wasn’t even Korean. The man in front of him was easily European, possibly North American. His eyes were a piercing blue and his hair was a shaggy dirty blonde, emphasis on the dirty. His skin looked tanned from the summer, but you could tell his natural tone was much lighter than what he was wearing. Jimin shriveled under his stare.

“Please,” he whispered again, “let Kookie go. I’ll let you do anything but please, please don’t hurt him.” He heard a muted cry come from the youngest and he tried his best to put on a brave face. What else was he supposed to do?

“Cute that you think you have any say.” He felt the hand release his face, a single finger sliding down his neck, his chest, his stomach, stopping at the bottom of his shirt. It slowly pulled up the fabric and felt along his abdomen, it’s owner letting out heavy breaths as he traced along grooves in his muscles. “Man, I just can’t resist redheads,” the man muttered. Jimin broke out in a cold sweat as the hand dropped lower, starting to fiddle with his belt buckle. He let out a startled sob when it opened and his zipper was pulled down. The man let out a low whistle and slowly started shifting his pants lower. When they were about halfway down Chim’s pelvis, he flipped him onto his stomach and started working on his own belt, with some struggle.

“If I let go of your hands will you be a good boy Red?” He slid his lower lip up the side of Jimin’s face and that’s when it happened.

Kook snapped.

He bit down on Beta’s hand stronger than he even thought he could and when the man jumped back, startled, he kneed him in the groin. Jungkook wasted no time tackling the upright figure on the bed, making both of them land on the floor.

Jungkook was grappling to find his hold when he was slugged in the face. “You little shit,” the man spat at him. And he spat right back. Literally. He got another quick one to the face and felt
dazed but still clawed at the man now on top of him.

Meanwhile, Jimin, after getting over his initial shock, sprung off the bed and landed on all fours, crawling his way across the floor. As he reached the door he turned the knob, but was pulled back by a strong arm. Beta had recovered. Jimin turned himself around to kick the man in the face when he saw the glint of a knife reflect off of the hallway light. He let out the most gut-curdling scream as the weapon cascaded down towards Jungkook.

He took action quickly, smacking the man in the face with his foot as he heaved himself at the arm trying to stab their maknae. When he latched onto to it he, was shoved to the side with great force, bruising his shoulder on the wooden bed frame. The knife rose again and he barely had time to experience another sense of panic when the door to the room flew open.

“What the fuck is going on.”
Chapter 7

Jin walked into the kitchen, bags in hand. He was frustrated, scared, worried, angry. He was frustrated that he couldn’t do anything, scared that they wouldn’t get out of this mess, worried for the others, and angry at these men for ambushing them. He was the oldest, he should be able to protect them. All of them. Well he wasn’t going to let them push him around, but he knew he had to be smart too. Can’t let what happened to Hobi, or worse, happen to someone else. Especially for a stupid reason. His heart suddenly hurt thinking about Hoseok and he tried to think of something he could do for him. Looking at what he got from the store he decided a soup would be the best thing to help Hobi’s throat, at least hopefully help with the soreness and be easy to eat.

He started prepping everything, pulling out some veggies and chicken from the bags, and a container of chicken broth from the cabinet. Good thing he knew he wanted to cook this week. He put the broth in a pot on the stove and turned on the gas, lighting the flame. Picking up some carrots he began slicing them, trying to ignore the eyes on his back. He knew they were going to watch his every move while he was in here, especially since he had a knife, and it was extremely unnerving. He tried to ignore the feeling and focus on his task at hand, think about how it was for one of his brother’s and keep him relaxed and unbothered. That was the only way he wouldn’t want to rush someone with the utensil he had in his hand right now.

When he had everything ready he started putting away the other groceries, almost forgetting about them in his concentration. He could hear Yoongi saying something in the other room, but felt that it was best he didn’t eavesdrop. His brother was facing his demons. It didn’t feel right. Besides, something told him it would only make him even more upset about their situation, so he left it be. As Jin picked up the jug of milk to put away, he heard a sound.

A shriek.

From upstairs.

He immediately disregarded the rules and dashed for the entryway closest to the stairwell. He glanced to his right, seeing Tae and RM running from the couch fueled his panic as he saw Jimin and Jungkook were not in the same room as them anymore. Omega was trying to stop them from leaving, but only managed to grapel Namjoon, Tae slithering away and booking it in Jin’s
direction. Jin’s brain turned back on and together he and Taehyung bolted up the stairs, hearing Namjoon’s desperate protests to his captor in the distance. With all of the other doors open, it was easy to identify the slightly ajar door as the one their missing members must have been in. As they reached the door however, they were suddenly shoved aside with amazing force and had a gun pointed in their direction. They stumbled and looked back.

“Don’t move,” Delta growled as Alpha opened the door behind him.

“What the fuck is going on.”

As soon as Jin heard Alpha speak those words his stomach completely twisted and he felt like he was going to throw up. Tae took in a sharp breath beside him and Delta looked away, backing up towards the door to peer into the room. A deep frown formed on his face and he let his aim fall towards the floor. Jin knew something was wrong. Gently taking Tae’s hand and guiding him forward, Jin apprehensively looked into the room. What he saw made his heart momentarily stop.

Jimin was propped up against the frame of the bed, gripping his shoulder with a petrified look on his face. When Jin noticed his pants had been shifted down he felt his jaw clench and the anger overtake his other emotions momentarily. It wasn’t until he saw Jungkook that he really understood why Jimin had that expression on his face. Jungkook looked dazed with red cheeks underneath the man Gamma, who had a knife frozen not six inches above their youngest member’s chest. It took all of him not to spring forward and take their maknae out of harm’s way, to hold his place and to hold Tae in his too. This was dangerous, more dangerous than he had previously comprehended. Gamma was panting and had a raging look in his eye that was slowly fading.

“Just teaching these pussies how to man up,” he finally answered, putting the knife securely back in it’s thigh holster, the slowly coming up into a standing position. “Where the fuck is your mask.” Gamma halted. He remained silent. “I asked you a question.” Alpha looked composed, but his voice was thick with fury.

“Right here,” Gamma said, whipping it off the bed. He glowered at his leader as he returned the mask on his head and shimmied his jacket back on. Alpha slowly entered the room, and as he did so, Jimin scurried along the back wall of the room to Jungkook and started helping him up, half lifting half hugging him.

Alpha stood right in front of Gamma with a look of contemplation on his face before he leaned over and whispered in his ear, “If you even think about trying this shit again… I will fucking end your miserable, perverted life.” Gamma just grunted and stepped around him, exiting the room with daggers at his back. “And what the hell were you thinking?” Alpha turned to Beta who was struggling to get his bulky frame off of the floor, rubbing his hand over his sore nose.

“He promised me… some more of his cut,” Beta trudged out, obviously embarrassed.

“Pathetic. I hope it was worth it.” And without even glancing at the boys again he made his way to the door, stopping at Delta. “See to it they get back to the living room.” Delta nodded. With the threat and the leader gone, Jin and Tae bypassed Delta into the bedroom, all of them latching onto each other for a second before Jin started looking Kookie over.

“Jimin…” Chim turned to Taehyung who was gazing at him with a softness that made his knees weak. His best friend. His brother. Jimin found himself clinging to Tae, sobbing into his neck as he realized how this whole situation could’ve gone a different way. Kook could’ve been killed, he could’ve been… Could’ve been… His sobs practically turned into wails as Tae rubbed his back, singing comforting words into his ear. He suddenly felt even warmer as more bodies joined, Jin and Kookie enveloping their arms around the two. Tae took one of his arms and wrapped it around
Jungkook, clutching his sleeve so hard his knuckles turned white. He almost lost him. They almost lost him. They stood that way for a good few minutes until they heard a familiar voice carry up the stairs, “What’s taking so long? Are they okay?” They couldn’t let their leader worry anymore. Carefully they all broke apart and made their way to the door, Jimin pulling his pants all the way up and putting his belt back in place. Tae went first, then Jimin, Kook, Jin. There was no way he was leaving them on an open end.

As they descended the stairs they saw Namjoon first, still being held back by Omega. When he saw them his whole body relaxed, so much that they could physically see it. He put on a smile of relief that only lasted until they got closer and he could see Jimin’s tear stained face and Kook’s bright red cheekbone. “Are you.. Are you guys alright?” Namjoon asked cautiously, not wanting to prod but needing to make sure they didn’t need any emergency attention. Jimin gave him a soft smile and Kook nodded while looking towards the wall. He reached out and gingerly touched Kookie’s face, earning a wince from the younger as he instinctively pulled back.

“It’s fine hyung,” he insisted, “It’ll go away.”

“What about you Chim?” He unknowingly put his hand on the sore shoulder earning a quiet hiss. Quickly he retracted it with a worried look but Jimin’s grimace faded fast.

“Just sore hyung, it’ll be okay, I can still move it without much pain.”

“Still…” Namjoon’s voice was laced with concern and yet… he still didn’t know half of what happened up there. The memory coming back, Jimin felt ashamed and looked away from his hyung, a strong sign to Namjoon that there was more to the story. Something worse than a bumped shoulder.

“Jimin… Kookie…” The two turned towards the couch where Yoongi still sat with Hoseok, both of them using their faces to practically plead with the younger ones to come over to them. They obliged and headed over with Taehyung trailing behind them.

“What happened Jin…” Namjoon muttered when they were out of range.

“I don’t know Joon. But I have a pretty good idea. I’m sure it’s not far off from what you’re thinking.” The statement made Namjoon freeze, as he wasn’t necessarily thinking along those lines. He stared at Jin, a look mixed with shock and disgust forming on his face. “I don’t think it got far but… Namjoon, Kookie was almost killed. That insane ‘doctor’, or whatever you wanna call him, had a knife going right for him. We very easily might not have him right now.” Namjoon turned back to the scene before him, mind whirling as he looked at two of their group’s youngest members. Hoseok reached out and took Jungkook’s hand as he sank to the floor in front of him. Jimin sat in front of Yoongi, resting his head on the elder’s knee while Tae completed the circle sitting in between the two already on the floor. They sat in a comfortable silence, relishing each other’s company. Namjoon took it all in.

I could lose them. I could lose any of them. He banished the thought as soon as it came, knowing he was not going to let that happen. He would never let it happen. He was suddenly turned and pulled into a hug. “Jin?” he sputtered.

“We’re going to get through this Joonie,” his hyung softly spoke into his hair. Although he initially didn’t know how to react to Jin’s embrace, he found himself clinging back and whispering a “thanks hyung” before they pulled apart. Suddenly the elder’s soft facial expression went wide eyed as he exclaimed, “Oh crap, the soup!” He dashed towards the kitchen as Namjoon looked after him. He admired their oldest member so much, even though he could act like one of the younger ones most of the time. He was strong, dependable, and took such good care of them when
Night fell. With everyone in the living room stacked on pillows and blankets and full off of what they could eat (or rather what Jin made them eat), they got ready for bed. Jin, Yoongi, and Namjoon agreed that they would all take rotating two hours shifts during sleeping hours. Hobi also wanted to help, but one ‘you’d better lie down and get to sleep or I’ll knock you out myself’ look from Jin convinced him that maybe he should let his body heal. Yoongi asked to take the first shift, as he wasn’t very tired anyway. Namjoon was skeptical, but knew it was best not to argue with him after everything they had gone through that day. He also noted that the guards were taking shifts too, obviously they had to sleep at some point too. They came and stood in the front entrance, pacing the small area and making sure the boys were all accounted for. The night dragged on with little to no events happening. At one point during his shift, Jin had sneezed and the supervisor at the time, Omega, grunted a bless you. But that was it. So far, everyone was safe. As Joon was woken up at 3:00 to take his shift, he saw that Omega was still in position. They’re shifts were much longer. Not long after Jin had fallen asleep snuggled next to Jimin did someone come to switch with him. It was Delta. Joonie tried to hide the fact that he wasn’t asleep, and closed his eyes when a flashlight peered their way.

“Good?”

“Yup, all seven of them still here, just like they were five minutes ago,” Omega yawned with a hint of sarcasm in his voice. Delta just grunted in response. “Hey… is it true? The things we've been told about these boys’ manager?” Joon tensed.

“Would we be doing this if it wasn't?”

“I mean I guess not but… wow that's fucked.”

“Murder is always fucked.”

Murder.

Murder?

Namjoon couldn't comprehend what he was hearing. Bang PD? A murderer? That couldn't be true, he’s known him for years!

“Yeah… Could you ever do it?”

“Have.”

“... Could you ever kill one of them?” Namjoon assumed Omega was talking about them of course.

“If I had to?.. yeah. It's part of the job.” His heart sank and he subconsciously fished for the closest member’s hand and held it tight as he waited for Omega’s response.

“...Oh…” Oh. That was it? Would he ever kill them under orders? Namjoon could feel his hand sweating into who he assumed to be Hobi’s, but he didn’t let go. He had to think of something. Fast.

They had to escape.
Chapter 8

Hoseok awoke with a terrible ache in his throat. And his side. And his back. His face wasn't feeling great either. He shifted and looked around to see if anyone else was awake yet, and realized that Namjoon’s hand was locked around his even though he was sound asleep. Worry etched his features even in sleep. Hobi gave his leader's hand a gentle squeeze before pulling his free, careful not to disturb him. He needed all the rest he could get. As he carefully sat up with a grimace he noticed Jin was also sitting, head turned, staring into the front hall.

“Hyung?” he called out, his voice still raspy and weak. Jin quickly faced him, his hard expression going soft with a small smile when he saw his member. “What time is it?” Jin peered at the clock on the mantle.

“7:15,” he answered.

“What are you looking at?” Hobi quickly counted the rest of the sleeping bodies, and all of them were there.

“We aren’t the only ones awake Hobi,” Jin mumbled, his face taking on a dark look again. Hobi leaned over to see what Jin meant and his insides churned. Staring into the room at them with equal vigor was Gamma. His gun was low in front of him, his finger playing with the trigger in an almost daring way. It was as though he was just waiting for them to try something.

“Geez…” he breathed, trying not to think about how the man had helped in his beating the other day. Or about what he tried to do to Kook and Jimin. He was easily the most unpredictable and dangerous of all the men in that group. He scoffed at the way his mind thought of them. They weren’t a group. Jin, Yoongi, himself, Namjoon, Jimin, Taehyung, Jungkook. They were a group. These men? A gang, a terrorist organization. Not a group. They were barely a cohesive unit.

“Hobi?” Jin’s voice snapped him out of his thoughts. “How do you feel? Don’t speak too much if you don’t have to, at all even, just show me.” Hobi just kind of shrugged at him with a lopsided expression but couldn’t help but grin a little bit at how sensitive his hyung was being. Jin sighed,
“At least you aren’t hurting too much I guess. You shouldn’t be hurting at all,” the last words were hardly said at him though, as the oldest aimed his words at the man staring them down. He just smirked and jerked his gun teasingly in their direction. “Bastard,” Jin muttered.

Gamma’s smirk dropped and he entered the room. “I’d watch those words if I were you pretty boy,” he said, directly aiming his weapon at a sleeping Jungkook, “That one is still on my shit list.” Jin glared but said nothing, his heart beating a mile a minute. At least this beast of a man couldn’t see that.

One by one the members started to wake up and they tried to act normal while going through their morning. They all single filed to the bathroom with no one wanting to separate, feeling that the seven of them together was going to be their safest option from now on. Jin prepared breakfast with Tae and Jimin’s help and all of them did their best to eat what they could. Yoongi only had a few bites, and only at the insistence of his leader who said he would need to keep up his strength. Hobi once again had to have something soft and felt like such a weakling because of it. He hated that the others had to cater to his needs and fussed about him when he was one of the older members. Namjoon was strangely quiet and the boys decided it was best to not probe too much. He seemed to be deep in thought, or so they hoped. Jungkook, on the other hand, was very clingy, although he tried his best to hide it. He always needed to have someone touching him, even if it was simple, like Yoongi’s knee bumped up against his while they ate.

Most of the morning was spent lazing around and talking quietly amongst themselves. They didn’t have the freedom to use any form of electronic and none of them were in the mood for things like reading, board games, drawing, or card games. They found peace doing nothing but being in each others company, given the circumstances. It was when the afternoon rolled around that they found trouble.

The men guarding them had mostly left them alone, watching from a distance and not giving them grief. That was until positions switched. Omega was by the stairwell in the front hall, Delta the living room, Beta the back hall, Gamma in the kitchen with Alpha resuming his normal spot at the table in the breakfast nook. Jin had come into the kitchen once again, this time with Namjoon and Kook. Kookie internally panicked at the sight of the man, but made no sign of it as he waited for Jin to instruct them on what to do. It was a late lunch since their appetites had all but left them. Jin was thinking a light noodle dish and hopefully they could just have this as their dinner too. Three meals was just too much for them at this point. As they shuffled around Alpha got up and left the room. The three eyed him suspiciously as he whispered something to Omega and headed upstairs. Gamma seemed to perk up at this, straightening his posture and letting a sly smile fall onto his lips.

“You’re a regular homemaker aren’t you?” he cooed at Jin. The oldest just shot his eyes over and back, not gracing him with a response. Gamma moved closer. “Guess that practically makes you a mama. Where’s the daddy?” Jin tightened his jaw. He was used to ARMY calling him a ‘mother hen’, even if he wasn’t too fond of it, but this? Hardly the same thing. He found it best not to respond again. He could feel Jungkook getting anxious as he pulled apart cabbage leaves and Joon getting heated as he peeled the carrots more harshly. Still, he needed to show them he wasn’t bothered, so he continued making his sauce.

Suddenly a hand grabbed his wrist and he looked up to stare Gamma straight in the face. “I think it’s best you answer me,” he growled, “I hate repeating myself.” Jin just yanked his hand free and started to walk away when it was grabbed again, more harshly this time, and he was pulled back. Gamma whipped him around so they were face to face again. “You really want to start a problem? ‘Cause if you don’t answer my damn question, you’re going to have one.”
Namjoon and Kookie tensed. Jin let out a sharp sigh, “There is no daddy, I’m not their mother. Now let me go.” He attempted to wrench his hand away, but Gamma just chuckled and pulled him in closer so his breath was mixing with Jin’s.

“If you ever wanna become one, just let me know. I’m the best daddy around.” He smiled and tilted his head into Jin’s, the younger man pushing his head back frantically. Kookie took a step forward and Namjoon let out a disgusted, “hey!” when Omega popped his head into the kitchen. Gamma had already covered up his perverted tracks, propelling Jin back against the counter moments before he thought the other would appear. He thought.

Omega came storming into the kitchen, shoving Gamma’s shoulders as he shouted, “What the fuck man?! Can’t you just leave these kids alone?”

“I don’t know what you’re going on about you psycho,” Gamma shot back.

“I fucking saw it man, what’s your problem? What, you can’t lay off dick for a few days while we do this damn job?”

“I prefer pussy anyways, but I do what I can to get by.”

Omega scowled, “You’re fucking disgusting. Leave them be and do your fucking job.”

“What, you going soft? For these faggots?”

“I don’t like people making my job harder. You rile them up, we’ve got a mess, and I’d rather not deal with that. Is that clear enough for you?” Gamma glowered at him, playing with the trigger of his gun again. Jin made sure Kook and Joonie were behind him, should anything happen between these two.

“Gentlemen? Is there a problem?” Everyone turned to see Alpha with an unamused expression on his face.

“Nope, no problem sir,” Gamma replied quickly, looking as though he was back to focusing on his post.

“Yeah… No problem,” Omega followed up, making direct eye contact with his boss and he resumed his position at the base of the stairs.

“Well I would certainly hope not.” Alpha nodded to the boys before going back to his original seat too. Jin was flabbergasted. Was that it? No reprimanding or punishment or anything? He guessed he couldn’t expect much, these men weren’t on their side. He, Namjoon, and Jungkook finished up their food as fast as possible, bringing the other members their hot bowls so they could release some of the tension they felt in the kitchen.

As he ate, Namjoon looked at all of the members one by one. He noted each of their rivals one by one. If the pattern of when each of the men took a shift was consistent, he had an idea.

After one more bathroom break and some time to blankly watch television, the boys started prepping for the night again. Even though they hadn’t done anything physically straining, the mental load was weighing down on them and the younger ones passed out after some back and head rubbings to each other and by the older ones. Namjoon didn’t want to scare them, so he made sure they were asleep before peeking at whoever was in the hallway (Beta, as he suspected) and turning back to his hyungs before any of them got settled.

“We need to get out of here. It’s not safe, and I… I thought of a plan.” The others looked
intently at him as he went into detail about what he wanted them to do. As he explained it, the others formed frowns on their faces, telling Namjoon that he was going to get some backlash, but he was prepared. “It’s the only way we’ve got, there’s nothing better. I’m ready and willing to do this, I just need to make sure you all are too.” Silence.

“I am.” Hoseok. Always there to support him. Namjoon could see tears sliding silently down his face, but he nodded at his leader. Joonie could feel his own tears build up, but he held them in, looking at the two eldest for their answers.

“Yeah… I…” Jin sighed. “I’ll do it for you Joonie.” Namjoon smiled, a tear falling. He wiped it away quickly and glanced at Suga. The oldest rapper was sulking, looking at the floor.

“Hyung-” he started.

“Stop.” Yoongi interrupted, “You aren’t going to persuade me to like the idea Namjoon. It’s risky, impulsive, and there’s no guarantee it’ll work. But,” he planted his forehead in his hands, “if you… if you think it’s the best shot we have then… I will stand behind it.” Namjoon reached out and grabbed one of Yoongi’s hands, the latter gripping it tightly as he scrunched up his face, not wanting to make Namjoon regret his decision.

“It’ll be okay Yoongi.”

“I hope so Joon... But I trust you.”

Now, all they had to do was wait.
Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

I HAD SO MUCH FUN WRITING THIS CHAPTER.

Thank you again for all of your kind words, I know there's been a lot of build up around this chapter, so hopefully it pays off! Let me know what you think!

Enjoyyy! <3

Chapter 9

Yoongi looked over at the clock, knowing it was almost time for his shift to end. Five minutes to 1:00, on the dot. Five minutes until Joon sprung his plan into action. Lying there pretending to be asleep with the others was painful and an overwhelming cloud of anxiety was taking over his thoughts.

What if they catch us? Would they kill us for doing this? Would they kill him for planning this? The time continued ticking down, and at two minutes to 1:00 he nudged Jin, Hobi, and Namjoon awake. It wasn’t hard considering how on edge they all looked. But they were ready.

1:00

Omega was standing the foyer, not paying attention to anything in particular. He still had two damn hours left of his shift and he was bored out of his mind. Thank God he downed some caffeine pills, or he would be out. A slight whimper from the room to his left caught his ear, but he ignored it. Those kids tended to sleep unsettled, not that he could particularly blame them. When it happened a fourth time he peered into the darkness with his flashlight, and saw one of the boys flinching around on the farthest right side. Their leader, Kim-? Joonie? Joon? RM? He had heard the young man be called many different names the past two days.

The man tiptoed closer, but as he did the boy’s body suddenly convulsed and he gasped, his eyes shooting open. Almost instantaneously they rolled back in into his head, his body still jolting and a choked wheezing sound coming from his throat.

“Oh shit, oh shit, what the fuck-” he was cut off when Namjoon suddenly began to spew up a brownish liquid, coughing violently. “Oh my God kid!” He ran up next to him and turned him onto his side, trying to help him breathe. All of the other boys had woken up, some still coming out of a dazed sleep, but Tae was immediately aware something was wrong and booked it to his leader’s side.

“Hyung! Oh my God, hyung!” he cried out, trying to reach out for his brother before Jin was behind him, wrapping him in a hug and pulling the younger boy back a bit. The problem was, when he first got up, he hadn't even noticed that Hobi put a finger to his lips and motioned for them to crouch. Hadn't noticed that Yoongi silently got up and started making his way to the front door. Hadn't noticed that Jin was trying to whisper something in his ear as he held him.
What he did notice was Namjoon’s wink.

_Hyung._

In the blink of an eye Omega was down, Namjoon grabbing him in a bear hug and slamming them both onto the floor.

“Run!” he yelled to the rest of them, nodding at Yoongi to open the door as Hobi dashed into the foyer, leaning on Jungkook while dragging a hesitant Jimin behind him. Jin stood pulling Tae with him, the younger looking with devastated eyes at Namjoon, he too being made to move towards the door. With his other members outside, Yoongi took one last somber look at his leader before closing the door behind him.

Namjoon let out a huge breath. From the second he grabbed the man this whole thing had taken less than a minute. They were outside. They were safe. They would find help. Omega had had the wind knocked out of him, stunning him for a good few seconds, not to mention the fact he was caught completely off guard. But now he was fighting back, straining against Namjoon and calling out to his sleeping partners. Namjoon couldn’t do much more than try to hold him in place, but his grip was starting to weaken considering the man was much more toned than he was. He heard footsteps, much more quickly than he expected, and his grip released when he was thrown to the side. He grunted when he hit the floor, but was immediately pulled up by Beta who latched onto the collar of his shirt. He squirmed in the grip, trying to pry the bigger man’s hands away from him when a voice made his skin crawl.

“Where are they.”

Alpha was seething. His low voice dripped with anger and when Namjoon looked at him his whole body seemed to encompass rage. Beta dropped him but before he had time to do anything Alpha had stalked over to him and backhanded him across the face. Hard. Namjoon let out a small gasp but whipped his head back to the man who dared call himself a leader. He wasn’t going to back down, they had nothing to use against him. Not even his own life.

“Where are they Namjoon.” The 20 year old just smirked at him.

“I don’t know.” Another smack. It took Joon a second longer to recover from that one, but even as he tasted blood in his mouth he didn’t care. He just smiled again at the man.

“If you don’t tell me where they went,” Alpha started, snatching they boy’s shirt by the shoulders and pulling him up to his nose, “I will hunt them down. I will kill them. And then I will kill you.”

“Good luck,” Namjoon mocked, “They’re gone. And I don’t fucking care what you do to me.” Alpha froze, and Joon thought he had him backed into a corner. That is until a sinister smile started to creep its way across the man’s face. Now Namjoon froze.

“Yes, I suppose you don’t care what I do to you. But they do. They’re going to come back for you Kim Namjoon, precious leader of BTS.” He started walking towards the kitchen, pulling Joon along with him. “Beta! Gamma! Delta! Go out there and find those brats, they couldn’t have gotten far! Omega, you’re with me, since you obviously can’t handle them. And you,” he balled up his fist into Joonie’s shirt fabric, “are coming with me. Let’s see how loyal your boys are.”

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“We have to go back,” Tae sobbed as they briskly navigated through the thicket, “We can’t
“Leave him there, they’ll kill him!” No response. “Hyungs!”

“Taehyung please keep your voice down,” Hoseok pleaded.

“Tell me why we left him then! Tell me why!” Tae stopped and yanked his hand out of Kookie’s, almost getting run over by Jin who was taking up the rear to keep a lookout.

“Tae!” Jin softly scolded, “We’ve got to keep moving!”

“No hyung,” he countered, “tell me, I have a right to know! Why did we abandon him?! Why did we abandon our leader?!”

“Because he told us to.” Tae’s tear streaked eyes turned to Yoongi. It was then that he saw, in the glimmer of the moonlight, that his hyung also had tears falling freely off of his face. Yoongi stepped around Jimin and walked up to V, studying him for a second before enveloping him in a hug. “He wanted us to do it Tae,” he said shakily into the younger’s shoulder, “He said another way was impossible and… that if we were safe it was worth it. We couldn’t say no to him. He was so stubborn about it, you know?” Tae could feel wet drops soaking the back of his shirt as Yoongi tightened his embrace. He held it for a moment more before whispering “he’ll be alright” and letting go. “We need to move.” They had barely gone another 10 steps before they heard the front door of their cabin slam shut and the cocking of metal in the distance.

Shit.

They picked up the pace for what felt like hours but was mere minutes, Hobi stumbling against Jimin and Kook from time to time and getting short of breath. After what must have been about almost a mile, they came to deviations in their makeshift path. Jin could hear people behind them, they maybe had a four minute head start, if that. There was only one thing he thought of.

“It might be stupid, but we should split up,” he panted, “It’ll be easier to hide if there are fewer of us to find. At least they won’t catch all of us.” Thinking quickly, not even waiting for a response, he partnered everyone up. “Kookie, you’re with Hope. Tae’s with me, and Yoongi, watch out for Chim. Be safe guys.” They all joined for a quick group hug before scattering in different directions.

It was do or die.
Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

Hi all!

So this might be my last chapter for awhile, the next week is going to be crazy, but I be able to squeeze one more in tomorrow night or Monday! The next few chapters might seem disjointed, but that's the whole point, they will come together nicely after awhile!

Thank you all again for the comments and kudos! <3

Chapter 10

Tae continuously glanced over his shoulder as he and Jin pushed their way through the shrubbery. He clutched onto the back of Jin’s shirt, not risking the fact that they could get separated. He tried to focus solely on their task; get out, get help, get back together. He repeated this to himself over and over as another four trees passed, as he looked back in fear. The thought that one of those men would spring out from behind a bush and start chasing after them life in a horror flick poisoned his mind, but their current situation made that possibility no seem too far off.

He missed them already, he was so worried- No, focus! He scolded himself for not being brave, for questioning his hyungs, for delaying everyone and endangering their lives because he was being childish. Not now. He would not let anything happen to Jin.

Jin, meanwhile, was in the exact same zone of thought. He tried to think positively about the others and convince himself that this was not a mistake. They would make it. They would find someone, get the police, and reunite with Namjoon. All of them.

“Are you okay?” he asked the younger, slightly worried by how quiet he had become in since they departed from the others.

“Yeah… I guess.” His heart tugged a little at how melancholy Tae’s voice sounded, but he knew they couldn’t turn back on their plan.

“We’re going to make it Tae. I promise.”

“How can you promise that hyung? Namjoon-hyung might be-…” He cut himself off from finishing the thought, but the implication still hung in the air.

Jin let out a painful breath. “Maybe I can’t Taehyung, but I did. So there, now it has to happen.” He heard Tae let out a short, quiet laugh behind him, much to his relief and surprise. “Is that how it works hyung? You can just say things and they turn out that way?”

Jin smiled to himself, “Of course! You doubt your eldest hyung? I have more life experience than any of you, trust me, I know how these things go.” Even if he could put Tae’s mind into a false sense of ease he knew it would make things easier for him. The kid needed a distraction or at least some sense of hope. He could feel the pull Tae was giving on his shirt tighten, strangely
giving him the feel of being on a leash, yet he knew he was the one in charge of the two of them. The pressure was immense, but he knew that when it came down to it, if it came down to it, he could do whatever it took to keep Tae safe.

They continued walking for awhile, keeping a steady pace, when the grip on his shirt suddenly disappeared. He spun so fast he almost slipped on the slick road of leaves.

“Taehyung?” he whisper shouted into the dark. He squinted his eyes and faintly made out the figure of someone standing in the shadow of a tree a good 20 feet away. “Tae-?” he started, but his sentence was interrupted as he was pulled off to the side. He landed in a brush, flat on his ass, as Tae appeared next to him, putting a finger to his lips. It was a good thing he kept checking behind them.

The man standing in the shadows was Beta.

Jin could see him more clearly now as his heart beat drummed in his ear. He tried as silently as he could to adjust himself and make sure he wasn’t sticking out in any way, but as he did the leaves beneath him rustled and a small twig snapped. He froze. Tae froze. They all waited, even the giant lurking in the shadows. Tae tried his best to even out his breathing, to calm himself down and not give them away.

Shit. Shit, shit, damn it, how did he catch up so fast? Jin eyed the man through the branches of his hideaway, amazed the man didn’t see him before standing out in the open. Maybe where he wasn’t as visible as he thought, given the moon kept on dodging in and out of the clouds. We’ll just wait for him to pass or go back. He has to give up if he doesn’t know we’re actually here right? Beta suddenly moved forward, cautiously and carefully, making Jin think that maybe he did see them but he just wasn’t sure where they went. But he was getting closer. And he was being thorough.

“Hyung,” Tae breathed in his ear, “We need to move. He’s coming this way.”

“I know,” he practically mouthed back. The problem was he didn’t know how to get out of this discreetly. They could not care and make a completely break for it or scoot back slowly while attempting to not disturb their surroundings. The answer was pretty obvious. “When I count to three, run.”

“I’m not leaving you.” The man got closer.

“I’ll be right next to you Tae.” Closer.

“I don’t trust you hyung.” Closer.

“Then grab my hand.” There.

“Go!”

They intertwined their fingers together and bolted, startling the man so he stumbled back a bit. He quickly collected himself and took off after them, smashing through the bush like it wasn’t even there. Jin knew he had to think fast and cut corners, taking sharp rights and lefts through the trees, trying to throw off the maniacal man behind them. With adrenaline leading him and the need to protect Tae his driving instinct, he forcefully thrusted his arm forward and let Tae slip out of his grasp as he screeched to a stop. Tae was propelled forward and tumbled to the ground, looking up helplessly as his vision attempted to focus. What he saw momentarily stopped his heart. Jin took a stance in the middle of their path, acting as a wall between Tae and the man still hurdling himself
towards them. As the man came crashing into him, he kicked and torn at him, giving him one hell of a fight.

“Run Taehyung, run!” He yelled, still keeping Beta at a distance from the younger boy.

“Hyung no, please!” Tae begged, his eyes becoming blurry as he watched Jin struggle with his opponent.

“Tae go!” Jin shrieked, the large man finally getting the better of him and locking him in a levitating hug. Tae hesitated a few more moments before clenching his jaw and bolting back into the cover of the trees. He would not let his hyung down.

Jin let his body relax as he saw the younger dash into the brush. Thank God, he thought, at least he’s okay. The man holding him let out a grunt and heaved Jin up, keeping his feet from touching the ground. Jin decided that even though Tae got away, he wasn’t going to make this man’s life any easier than it had to be. He still kicked, strained, and fought as much as he could with his limited mobility. The problem was that Beta could barely feel any of it, given that the man was built like a car. But it didn’t even matter to Jin anymore. Not as he was dragged back the way he came, not as the silhouette of the house entered his sight, not even as he was pushed back through the archway of that god-forsaken door. He knew exactly how Namjoon must have felt, how his life didn’t even matter to himself anymore as long as the others were alright.

He felt that way until he heard a scream come from inside the house.
I'm baaack!

It wasn't easy, but I somehow survived the concerts! The boys were amazing, if anyone has the opportunity to go see them live, DO NOT MISS IT! They're seriously so good T_T

This chapter is a bit shorter than I intended, I blame my currently scrambled brain, but I needed to get back on track! Hopefully y'all still like it! <3

Chapter 11

Jungkook pushed past the branches of the trees and tried to not lose his grip on Hoseok’s pants. Sweat poured from his face as he tried to clear a path and support his hyung. Eventually he gave up on the brush and focused all of his energy on moving faster. He couldn’t hear anyone behind them, but he wasn’t taking chances while he didn’t have to.

Meanwhile, Hobi was doing his best to ease Jungkook’s burden. His fingers dug into the younger’s sleeve as he worked on maneuvering around stumps, dips, and rocks. Every once and awhile he tripped, making his arm fall off of Kook’s shoulder as he would stumble as well, but they would quickly regroup and continue.

“I’m sorry,” Hobi puffed out as they steadied their pace, feeling a small sense of security with how far they had gotten.

“It’s not your fault hyung. Don’t worry about it.” Kook readjusted his hand again, but let out an exhausted breath. “Maybe we could rest for a minute?”

“Yeah, sure Kookie.” Jungkook fell where he stood, sucking in wooded air as he looked around. Actually getting a second to think straight, he glanced at Hoseok who had carefully lowered himself beside him. They both sat in silence for a while, listening intently for any surrounding noises that might have been unnatural. Nothing.

“Is it bad-...” Hobi’s eyes shot over to Kook, who was staring at the ground. “It is bad that… I was hoping to hear something.” Hobi’s brow furrowed.

“What do you mean?”

Jungkook hesistated. “Well… I guess I mean that I was hoping to, you know… Hear the others.” Ah.

“Jungkook,” the maknae’s head slowly rose, “Don’t feel bad or think it’s bad for wanting us all to be together. You’re worried about them, I am too. And I’m sure they are just as worried about us.”

“I’m glad I’m with you hyung.” Jungkook blurted out. His cheeks immediately burned red with
embarrassment from saying something so mushy. But Hoseok just smiled, gazing up at the moon that had peeked out from the clouds. With soft eyes he turned towards his youngest bandmate, who was fixated on him while puffing out his cheeks, holding in a nervous breath.

“I’m glad I’m with you too Kookie.” The younger blew out the trapped air and gave into his elder’s contagious smile. “We’re really in a mess aren’t we…” Hobi’s bright expression was replaced with a thoughtful, concerned one, as though he was replaying everything that had happened within the past 72 hours over again in his head. Kook shifted and was about to stretch out his legs when Hobi suddenly held up his arm stick straight in front of him. They both froze.


“Let’s go!” Hobi pushed himself up with a groan and threw his arm back around Kook as they headed off again. “Damn it, we got too comfortable,” he grunted as his left hand clutched his side. He could barely hobble, all of the soreness from the beating catching up to him before his adrenaline kicked in. He let out a gasp and buckled over, Kook kneeling by his side and gently patting his back. The snap of a twig caused his head to fly up as he swung his head in every direction, vision alert to catch anything.

“Hyung,” he breathed, “we can’t stay here. We’ve gotta move.”

“I can’t,” Hobi panted, fingers still tangled in the fabric of his shirt. Panicking, Jungkook turned his back to Hobi and looked over at him, gesturing with his hands.

“Come on then hyung! Up!”

Hoseok glared, “I’m not getting on your back Kook, what kind of big brother is that?”

“A dead one! Please hyung, hurry!” Hobi let out a quick, heavy sigh and swallowed his pride, knowing there wasn’t much he could do otherwise. It was sit and wait to be caught or move and have a chance at finding help. He trudged forward and wrapped his arms around Kook’s shoulders, subconsciously noting how broad they were getting. He was growing up. He felt Kook’s hands secure under his thighs and he was lifted like nothing as the maknae started jogging through the woods.

“Kook, if you need to stop tell me okay?” He got a slight head nod and gave a split second hug before deciding be be somewhat useful and keep his senses alert. Hurried crunching not too far behind them told him that they were either being followed or trying to be found, and he relayed to Kook that they needed to proceed cautiously since that meant either way there was somebody out there.

Jungkook’s heart picked up and he could hear it pounding in his ears as he made his way through piles of leaves and around bare branches, doing his best to see now that the moon had decided to disguise itself again behind the clouds.

But his eyes didn’t see the hole.

Within milliseconds he was tumbling forward, Hobi somersaulting over his head, landing with a hard thud three feet away. He immediately scrambled around to look at Jungkook, who was stuck in place. His head was whipped back, face contorted into a look of of such immense pain, a silent scream piercing the air. Hoseok was shocked still for a few seconds before dizzily getting up and staggering as fast as he could back to Kook.

“Kookie?! Kookie, what’s wrong?!” Hobi tried to keep his voice down, but the urgency made
him a bit louder than he intended. The teen just clutched at his leg, whimpering before slowly pulling it out of the hole. He tried his best to mask a sob as he laid it flat, tears falling down his face. Hesitantly, Hobi started to pull up the pant leg. He let a small gasp escape as Kook’s calf came into view, swollen and starting to bruise.

“I-Is it b-bad hy-...hyung?” Kook choked out.

“I… I think it might be broken,” he admitted, guilt consuming him. *If he wouldn’t have been carrying me this would have never happened. My weight put all of that extra pressure on his leg...* As carefully and as slowly as he could he pulled the material back down, but his hand slipped off of the fabric causing his knuckle to push into Kook’s leg. The beginnings of a yelp formed and Hobi quickly slapped a hand over his mouth, trying to muffle it out.

“Shhh, shhhh, I’m so- I am so, so sorry Kookie!” He used his other hand to push back Jungkook’s sweat laced hair from his forehead and once the scream died down Hobi moved his hand to the other side of his face and cradled the teen’s head as he raced through his brain for an idea of what to do. They were here, completely exposed under some trees, both too injured to help the other, both too injured to separate. He looked down at Kook who had his eyes squeezed shut, obviously trying to focus on anything but the pain he was feeling. A sudden voice pulled him out of his thoughts.

“Unbelievable...”

Hobi’s stomach dropped as he recognized that voice. He shot his gaze up.

It was one of *them*.

Delta.

He was standing not two feet away from them, gun in hand pointed in their general direction.

“You all really know how to keep making someone’s job harder huh?”

Hobi pulled Jungkook a little closer as the tears he didn’t want to let out finally made their way down his face. All of that. All of that for nothing. He couldn’t protect Jungkook, not from a freak accident and not even from being found by these creeps on a 10 acre spread of land. As the man holstered his gun and got closer, all he could do was pray.

Pray that the others made it out.
Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

YES Y’ALL, I am sooo much more satisfied with this chapter! I hope you all like it too!

Hugs to all of you who are in concert recovery! And all of you going to concerts, stay safe and have fun! Cheer extra loud for Kookie and Jimin (extra, EXTRA this Saturday!), may they recover quickly and stay healthy the rest of the tour!

<3

Chapter 12

Jimin stared at the back of Yoongi’s head as he was pulled forward through the forest. They hadn’t spoken a word since separating from the others, the older of the two opting to grab Jimin’s hand and lead rather than engage in conversation. Jimin knew this is just how Yoongi typically operated, thinking instead of talking, doing what he thought was best. Putting others before himself. Jimin’s stomach clenched when he thought about how guilty Yoongi felt these past few days because of what happened to J-Hope. He heard about it from Tae. A time he decided to talk instead of think.

It wasn’t his fault though, Jimin told himself, this whole thing never would have happened if those guys hadn’t come. He shouldn’t blame himself. Still, he remained silent, hand squeezing the rapper’s in a reassuring grip. Yoongi didn’t react though, just kept a stone hard face as he quick walked, determined to get them somewhere. He didn’t know where yet, but this thick grove of trees had to end sometime. Jimin let his eyes bounce around them, taking in the trees, the pinecones, the moonlight, the leaves and pine needles littering the floor beneath them. Finally, after becoming bored and slightly less anxious, he decided it was time for some answers.

“Where are we going hyung?”

Yoongi didn’t even glance back at him. “As far as we can from there.” Jimin sighed.

“No one is behind us, can we at least slow down?” His whine made Suga’s face scrunch up in an almost scowl, but when he puffed out a breath the expression changed back to the one he had been harboring the past 30 minutes.

“We shouldn’t Jimin. It would only take them minutes to catch up.”

“They wouldn’t wait to come to us though, they’d try to get us right away! We’d already be caught if they knew where we went.” He let go of Yoongi’s hand and stopped in his tracks. Yoongi whipped around but Jimin put a finger up. “Listen…” And they did. Nothing. No footsteps, no wind, not even the sound of a scurrying animal. Yoongi fidgeted nervously, his head twitching from side to side as he made sure there wasn’t someone hiding, just waiting to rip Jimin away from him. He twisted his fingers around in his empty hands before reaching out and grasping Jimin’s again, turning to continue walking. Jimin let out a sigh, but followed compliantly, not wanting to
be any trouble. That would do no one any good.

As they kept up their march, turning slightly once and awhile, Jimin started to hear something. His breathing began to pick up as his eyes went wide and he hurried up his pace to stand next to Suga.

“Hyung,” he started, trying to meet the other’s eyesight, “do you hear that?” Yoongi looked at him dead in the face as their movements slowly ceased.

“Yeah…” He looked forward, the faint trace of a smile on his lips.

“The highway.”

They went faster now, still cautiously but with newfound energy, the possibility of getting help practically within an arm’s reach. Jimin could make out the grey road beyond the treeline, and he couldn’t help but break into a wide grin. As they pulled up to the trees closest to the road, Yoongi knew they still had to be careful and wary. Danger was still out there. They sat in the shadows of the trees, a few cars passing by. Which would be the right one to go up to? Would anyone even stop for them? The road was pretty dead, a car only coming by every few minutes or so, maybe two if they were lucky. Knowing that they needed to act sooner rather than wait for an eternity, Yoongi thought of a plan.

“Jimin,” he said, “I’m going to try to flag down a car. You need to stay here.”

“What?! Why?” The singer protested.

“Because Chim… if anything happens to you…” Yoongi trailed off looking away from Jimin.

“Hyung, what if something happens to you? What am I going to do?” He shook his head. “It’s both of us or neither of us.”

“Don’t be stupid!” Yoongi suddenly hissed, making Jimin flinch back a bit, mostly from the hurtful words. Yoongi immediately developed a look of regret, but softly continued. “We need one of us to make it Jimin. If we were both caught Namjoon would never forgive me and I would never forgive myself. If it’s safe I’ll give you a signal. Okay?” Jimin gazed at him, choking back a hard swallow. He gave a sharp nod while casting his eyes at the ground, making Yoongi feel guilty again. He walked up to him and wrapped him in a quick hug, muttering “Thanks Chim Chim,” before stepping out of their hiding place and heading towards the road.

Jumin watched with his heart in his throat, his breathing faster than normal as he saw Yoongi stumble up the small steep hill to where the road was. Another car drove by and he couldn’t believe they didn’t stop, but he guessed a young man looking worse for wear might deter some people from stopping.

Meanwhile, Yoongi wasn’t quite sure what to do. He had never hitchhiked before but knew of some horror stories. Then again, what he just went through was a horror story. Another car whizzed by and he knew he would have to get the next one’s attention if he wanted any sort of shot at getting a ride. He shuffled around for a short while before he made out the shine of headlights in the distance. With unintentional awkwardness he stuck out his arm and did a sort of half wave, waiting until the car got closer to make his movements really defined. To his astonishment, the car slowed down and pulled over. Yoongi almost too eagerly approached it, but calmed himself so he could really pay attention. But before he could get much closer, the driver’s door opened and a dim figure stood behind it.
“You alright boy?” a male voice asked. Yoongi relaxed, even when he couldn’t see the man very well. He held up his hand to try and cup out some of the light.

“Sir? Sir, please help!” he called out, walking towards the vehicle again, halting after a few feet. The man stepped out from behind the door, closing it and coming into visible light. Now Yoongi could see him, his sun-kissed skin and lighter hair with blue eyes projecting out from under his bangs. He was surprised, a foreigner in these parts was uncommon. Not impossible, but rare.

“What seems to be the problem? You’re out awfully late to be running around in the woods.” The man started closing the distance between them, making Yoongi take a few steps back, hoping the man would get the hint that he didn’t want his personal space invaded.

“My friends,” he started, “we’re in trouble. Some of us are hurt.”

“Ah, that does seem to be a problem.” Yoongi was thrown off by the man’s nonchalant manner. “Well,” he continued, “I can take you to the police if that’s where you’re headed. Any of your friends with you?” Yoongi was thinking about calling Jimin out, but he couldn’t do it. Something about this man felt… strange. He couldn’t place it, but he didn’t trust him.

“... No sir.” he finally answered, taking another small step behind him.

“Now son,” the man looked up at him with almost a sort of mischievous glare, “I don’t like to be lied to.”

Now knowing something was wrong with the man, Yoongi tried backtracking into the woods, not too close to where Jimin was. “You know sir, I think we’re gonna be fine, I’m sorry to have bothered you.” He turned around to make a break for it, but yelped when his hair was suddenly grabbed and he was forced back. “Let go!” he yelled, scratching and smacking as best as he could at the man’s hand to loosen the grip.

“No can do blondie,” he sneered, “now tell me. Who's with you?” Yoongi stilled himself, going stiff and shutting his mouth at the question. The man leaned in closer and whispered, “It's not Little Red is it?” He shuttered hearing the smile in man's tone. Gamma. His fucking luck.

“You pervert,” he spat. The man responded by pulling his head back to expose his throat, taking out a gun from behind his back and lodging the barrel underneath his jaw. Yoongi winced at the pain from the mental jabbing into his skin, but knew he had to stay put together. If Jimin came out from where he was…

“Ay!” Gamma yelled towards the forest. “I've got your buddy here! If you wanna keep his genius brain intact I suggest you come out!” Yoongi squeezed his eyes shut as he tried to will Jimin to stay in place.

“I'm by myself!” Yoongi shouted, but his words fell on deaf ears. Please, please don’t be an idiot, please, please, please! He could feel his hairline getting damp from sweat and his stomach tightened. Come on Jimin, stay put! More seconds passed with nothing. Gamma frowned and clicked off the safety.

“I will give you a countdown from 10. Then I pull the fucking trigger. 10-”

“I'm alone! Do you not hear me?!” Yoongi insisted.

“9... 8...”

“You psycho!”
“7... 6... 5...”

“Are you listening to me?!” Bullets of sweat trailed down Yoongi’s face. He was praying for a bluff, but the man was so insane he prepared to live out the final moments of his life right there. It would be worth it as long as Jimin kept his word.

“4... 3...”

“Come on, knock it off!”

“2...” Yoongi scrunched his eyes shut.

“Don’t-”

“Gamma?” The voice was muffled, but the relief Yoongi felt when he heard it practically made him lightheaded.

“Shit.” The man let go of Yoongi’s hair and snaked the arm with the gun around his neck, pulling him in close. Yoongi wiggled a little, but there wasn’t much he could do considering the gun was still right in front of him in Gamma’s steel hold. The man pulled out a walkie talkie from his belt.

“Yeah what?” He answered, annoyance clear in his voice.

“Report.” He sighed.

“Got one target, no others as far as I can tell.”

“Bring him in. Over.”

“Over.” He gave a hoarse grumble and began to drag the rapper back towards the car, opening the passenger side door and heaving him in. “For your sake, there better not be any of the others out there,” he said, words spewing like venom, “because you will damn well pay for it if there are. You and them, both.” With that he slammed the door shut, calmly walking to the other side and getting in. Then they were gone. Just like that.

Jimin sat behind a tree with his hands fixed over his sobbing face, attempting to stifle out any noise he might have made. The tears fell quickly and freely from his eyes, his face turning blotchy and his eyes pink from irritation. He dropped his hands and took in a shuttered breath, letting it escape to cry openly as he rested his head back against the trunk of the tree, a look of anguish plastered on his face.

“Yoongi-hyung…” he let out a few more stammered cries as he attempted to compose himself. “You can’t just sit here Jimin,” he muttered to himself, sniffing while hugging his knees. “He was right. It was best for me to wait here. Especially since... Oh God!” He stuck his face back into his arms, the fact of who just took his hyung registering in his mind. He could have died! That maniac was ready to kill him!

He allowed himself to let it out for a few more moments before running his sleeve across his nose and shakily attempting to get up.

“No use just sitting here,” he whispered, “I’ve got to find help.”
Chapter 13

Busy chapter with a lot going on, so I'm sorry if it seems scattered!

Thank you all again for the comments and kudos, they help keep me motivated through writer's block!

Thank you for reading too! <3

Chapter 13

Namjoon flicked his eyes between the two men sitting at the table with him. He had his hands fastened behind the chair and a wad a fabric had been stuffed into his mouth and secured in place by a wide strip of duct tape. He briefly sighed to himself, his heart running a mile a minute every time the walkie talkie on the table went off. Yet, there was no progress on their end.

15 minutes went by.

20.

30.

Joon could feel his body relaxing as he built up a sense of faith that the others got away. All of them. He could feel the leader of the criminals become more and more tense with every passing minute. They would have nothing without the other members. One was not worth it. Alpha became impatient and unexpectedly shot up from the table, slamming his hand on the wood. He gave Namjoon a death glare before turning to Omega.

“I’ll be right back. Watch him.” With that he grabbed the talkie, spun around to the garage door and left them. Namjoon stared at the table, honestly nervous to be alone with Omega. He could feel the daggers on him. They both remained still for a few moments before the masked man moved towards him, causing him to flinch and lean away.

“Stay still you little asshole,” the man muttered, hooking an end of the tape between two gloved fingers and tearing it off. Namjoon didn’t know what to do and just sat there with the cloth still in his mouth. “Well come on, spit it out!” Omega exclaimed, “I’m not gonna dig it out for you!” Still a bit hesitant, Namjoon pushed the cotton out until it fell to the floor, still carefully observing Omega so he didn’t piss the guy off more than he already had. Not that he could make him any more mad.

“Tell me,” his invader started, “How the actual fuck did you fake that?” Namjoon choked down his nerves to answer.

“T-the sauce,” he stated softly, “I saved some of… Jin’s sauce… from dinner.”

“Well shit…” Omega dropped his head back, slightly shifting it from side to side. “That was really fucking stupid kid.”
“Oh really?” Namjoon could feel himself get heated, “I was only doing what was necessary to protect my brothers.”

"Your brothers?” Omega practically yelled the word, catching himself at the last second. “You don’t even fucking know! I’m doing what’s best by my brother, my actual, blood brother. Don’t sit there and tell me anything about that.”

“What does your brother have anything to do with it?” Omega stopped and pinched his lips, slipping his head forward so he was only inches away from the young rapper’s face.

“Delta is my brother.”

Namjoon was stunned into silence. He could feel his jaw fall slightly agape, his eyes widening as what the man said took it’s time sinking in.

“You… You guys are siblings?” Omega nodded darkly to him. “W-why? Why are you doing this, why are you two involved?” He couldn’t believe it. Two of these people were related? Caught up in something so dangerous? They could both be arrested, maybe even killed by police if they came! When they come, he corrected himself. He knew his members could do it.

Omega sighed, “It’s a job kid. He’s been doing it longer than I have, but I know how it goes. It’s just another job.” He looked away. Namjoon’s pulse throbbed in his head as he attempted to gather the courage to ask once more.

“Why are you doing this?”

Omega just looked him over. After a minute he let out a heavy breath and opened his mouth, only to be interrupted by the garage door banging open, revealing Alpha standing there with what looked to be a little box in his hand.

“Well Namjoon,” he said with a sly smile, “It seems as though my men found some of your boys. I’m afraid a few still slipped through the cracks though.” A sudden spark erupted from the box. “Care to help us find them?”

When Jin heard the scream he could feel his insides twist. He instantly began fighting the giant’s hold on him, throwing himself around, trying to make it impossible for a hold to be kept on him. Eventually he slipped to the floor and scrambled forward, letting his ears lead him.

Namjoon, he could feel his chest tighten, Namjoon! He kicked himself up and dashed into the kitchen, the screams becoming even more intense.

“Namjoon!” he shrieked, seeing the younger’s body convulse as the gang leader stood over him, pressing a taser into his side, having lifted his shirt to expose his skin. Jin saw red, and in blind fury rushed at them to shove the man over. Alpha didn’t even catch a glimpse of him before he was tumbling over the table, the taser slipping out of his grasp. Jin stopped in front of the main rapper who looked dazed and exhausted.

“Joon? Joonie?” He lightly tapped his cheeks, getting practically no response. Glancing down, he noticed the two swelling marks near Namjoon’s stomach. Burns. Slight burns, but burns nonetheless. He gritted his teeth and tried to get Joon to focus again when he was suddenly slammed in the face out of the blue. Omega stalked towards him as he crumpled to the ground. He was hauled to his feet and shoved back into the living room, despite his protests. Omega pulled a zip-tie out of his pocket and forced his hands behind his back, locking them in place before pushing him
“What good does shocking him do?” Jin sputtered.

“Considering the windows are open, it does a whole lot of good.” Alpha replied, walking into the room after them with a slight limp in his step, which made Jin feel at least somewhat satisfied. “Those other brats will come running.” He looked at Omega, “Bring him in here.” The younger henchman left, leaving an open space between Jin and the ring leader. The man came straight at him, slapping him square across where Omega had hit and tangling his hands in Jin’s raven hair. A gun appeared underneath his chin, digging into the skin. “If you pull any shit like that again I will not hesitate to put a bullet in you and ‘Joonie’!” the man mocked in his face, their noses mere centimeters apart. Jin held back his nausea, trying to focus on keeping his breathing even when the front door swung open and Yoongi came stumbling in, tripping over his feeting and landing on the floor. The gun was removed from Jin’s chin as Alpha turned to greet Gamma.

“Just him huh,” he commented as the scruffy man shrugged.

“If there were more out there they were willing to risk his life.” Jin saw a faint smile appear and disappear on Yoongi’s lips after the comment was made. Jimin got away. He closed his eyes in partial relief, fear still hovering in the corner of his mind.

They have three of us... His eyes scrunched tighter as he heard a gasp from Suga, opening them when he heard steps approaching. Yoongi was made to sit next to him on the couch, his hands in an identical position, a scowl on his face.

“Where’s Namjoon?” the younger whispered to his hyung. A good question. It shouldn’t be taking so long for Omega to bring him by them. Anxiety gripped the eldest again as he leaned over and tried to make out anything in the kitchen. All he could hear were faint whispers. He pushed out a quick breath and decided to give his attention to Yoongi. There wasn’t much else he could do.

“Jimin?” he muttered.

“The woods. Safe.” Yoongi shifted his eyes to him “Tae?”

“Same.” There was relaxed silence between them. At least two of the youngest had gotten away, as far as they knew. No sign of Hobi and Kookie either, which they took as a good indicator that they were still out there too. However, their relief was short lived when there was a pounding on the door. Jin nearly jumped out of his skin and Yoongi tensed. Gamma crept over, gun at the ready, when he unexpectedly grumbled and opened the door. Delta came shuffling in, and Jin’s heart sank. Kook was slung over his shoulder, expression pained and coated with sweat. Wrapped in the thug’s other arm was Hobi, being half lead and half dragged into the house. As soon as they were inside, he released Hobi from his grip and the brunette tumbled to the floor. Yoongi made a move to get up, only to slowly lower himself back down when Gamma’s gun swung in their direction. Delta gingerly walked to the couch and lowered the teenager down by the eldest, taking care not to bump his leg. Jin took note of this in confusion, but let it pass. At least someone was being human. Hobi was more or less thrown onto the couch beside Yoongi, who was irritated at the lack of regard they were giving his co-rapper.

He turned to say something to him, but all of their attention shifted when four figures appeared in the kitchen doorway. It was Namjoon sandwiched between Alpha and Beta, Omega trailing after them looking rather unhappy. Joon still looked a bit out of it, but not as bad as when Jin had first found him. Seeing that most of them had been caught, he couldn’t help but frown and bow his head. Overall, he failed. They hadn’t made it. They only had Tae and Jimin out there to do something.
“I’m sure you five know what I’m going to say,” Alpha began, voice strong with a hint of malice. “What you did was stupid and there will be repercussions. Although I’m not sure that you all understand the severity of your actions.” He passed Namjoon entirely over to Beta, who held him in a vice like grip. Alpha let out a long sigh as he waltzed up to the boys, looking over Hobi, then Yoongi, then Jin, and finally Jungkook. He smirked at Kookie, “Shame there. You really messed up that leg.”

Suddenly, he pulled a gun out from the back of his belt, pacing by the member’s one at a time again. “We’re going to play a game of chance. Just as risky as the one you took here tonight, yet much more… lethal.”

“Don’t.” Alpha whipped around and made direct eye contact with Namjoon. “Don’t hurt them. Please.”

Alpha laughed, “You think your pathetic ‘please’ is going to save your friends? No,” his expression went sour, “I don’t think so.” He turned back to the lineup on the couch, attention directly on Jungkook. “The young really do pay for the sins of their elders.”

The gun rose.

Eyes widened.

A scream.

A BANG!

And in that moment, all he could feel was fire.
Chapter 14

Jungkook was numb.

Emotionally.

Physically.

The only thing he could feel was the warm sensation of blood covering his hands and how hard the floor beneath him was as he laid there. There was screaming, noises all around him. Yelling, scrapings, thumpings. Thumpings? It took him a minute to register that the sound he was hearing was his heartbeat, filling up his eardrums as things became more and more muted. A fogginess was beginning to crawl into his vision and he played with the idea of letting it overtake him. As his eyelids fluttered two hands cupped the sides of his face.

“Stay with us Kookie,” a strong voice coaxed.

“He’s going into shock!” Hoseok-hyung?

“Oh my God, there’s so much blood…”

“Stay calm, we can’t think right if we panic, just keep putting pressure on it hyung. Jungkook?” Kookie looked up in a daze, following wherever he thought the voice was coming from.

“Jin needs you.”

Jin-hyung.

Kook’s breath quickly caught in his throat as everything rushed back to him. The bullet. The body in front of him. How it collapsed. How he collapsed next to it. Tears. The blood.

The blood.

It wasn’t his blood.

Jungkook turned his head and it finally set in.

Jin was shot.

He was lying there in a pool of his blood, Yoongi applying pressure to his abdomen and back with what looked to be the sweatshirt he had on earlier, Hoseok propping his head up in his lap. Namjoon was in between Jin and Kookie, trying to keep everything together as it was clearly falling apart.
“Kook,” he said again, reaching under his armpits to drag him into a sitting position, “talk to Jin okay? Keep him awake, it’ll keep you awake. I’m going to look for medical supplies okay? For your leg and Jin.” Kookie could only move his head up and down slightly as he was slid a few feet over to where he could get a view of what was easily a scene out of his worst nightmare.

Jin was pale, his face covered in sweat and his breathing irregular as it passed through his shaking lips. He stared with a glossy look up at Hobi who stroked his hair and made soft noises to him, almost words but not quite. Yoongi looked almost as pale as Jin, blood covering his hands and clothes as he continued to try and stop the bleeding. He was trembling, obviously trying to keep his composure.

Namjoon made a move to get up, making Jungkook instinctively panic. He grabbed onto his leader’s pant leg, almost bringing him back down, but he caught himself. “Kookie,” Namjoon crouched next to him, taking Jungkook’s bloody hands in his own and looking him straight in the eyes, “I need to go. If I don’t,” he hesitated, mouth pinching for a second, “Jin might not make it. I’ll be back as soon as I can yeah? Help your hyungs.” He gave the maknae's hands a final squeeze before releasing them and heading towards the stairs. Jungkook watched him with a longing gaze, not wanting any of them to go anywhere. His brain couldn’t comprehend what was going on, this couldn’t actually be happening. He looked back down at Jin. He was still awake, but his foggy eyes were now trained on Jungkook. His lips twitched almost going into some sort of half-smile and it seemed as though he wanted to say something. Kook could feel the tears build up in the corners of his eyes and he desperately looked for one of his hyung’s hands, horrified to realize that they were still tied behind his back. He glanced over at Yoongi, remembering that his hands had been restrained as well, and noticed red bruising and razor thin cuts around his wrists. He broke them.

“Jungkook,” a soft voice called to him, “stay focused buddy, we can’t have two of you passing out.” Kook faced Hobi who held out a hand to him. His hand had red stains on it too. So much blood. The younger grabbed it, maybe tighter than he intended, and returned his attention to the eldest.

“H-hyung… Why…” His voice trailed off, hardly a whisper. A dry chuckle responded to him.

“Why wouldn’t I Kook?” The tears spilled over now, falling down onto Jin’s shirt. He shuddered as he sucked in another breath, planting his cheek lightly on the eldest’s shoulder.

He had to live.

Namjoon practically flew down the stairs, his mind working frantically. He could hear someone following him but he ignored it, deciding to target the bathroom and start rummaging through the drawers.

“Damn it!” he sputtered when nothing turned up, he whipped around towards the closet when an arm closed over his bicep. He clenched his fist as swung around, ready to nail whoever dared to slow him down, but it was caught and held there by non other than Omega. “What the hell do you want?!” Namjoon was furious, he couldn’t afford to waste any time.

“You’re not looking in the right spot.” Namjoon froze. He relaxed his arm as the man dropped it, heading back to the door. Namjoon picked up on the hint and followed quickly, jogging down the hall to catch up. They came to a door that the boys had originally assumed lead to storage and hadn’t bothered to try and get in to. Omega fished a key out of his jacket and unlocked it, leaving Namjoon astonished as he looked into the area.
Beds. Buckets with food labels. Another bathroom. Metal lockers with labels. Supplies for survival situations packed on shelves. This place looked ready for a zombie apocalypse. Omega walked in and stopped at a shelf that he plucked a redbox off of. A first aid kit. Namjoon almost jumped out of excitement, but stopped when it dawned on him.

“This was all completely premeditated wasn’t it?”

The whole house was prepared. Thinking about it, Namjoon realized there were only two exits, not including windows that only partially opened, no super dangerous kitchen utensils, no lighters, no mirrors outside of the bathroom, not even anyokers for the fireplace. They never paid attention to where the men went at night, assuming it was just another bedroom. They never noticed what they were eating, or if they had showered. It didn’t even enter their minds considering their priority was themselves. Namjoon knew it was planned, but he didn’t imagine it was to this extent. What could they be asking BigHit for that could possibly require this amount of preparation?

Omega disregarded the question, “Just get this to your friend.” He handed Joon the pack and pushed him towards the stairs, which he unsteadily climbed. He noticed Alpha, Beta, and Gamma all standing in the foyer, watching the others with icy, expressionless faces. He passed by them, trying to remain unfazed, but he couldn’t help but flinch when Alpha’s voice hit his ears.

“Gamma. Go.” Joon peered behind him to make sure he wasn’t coming his way, but anxiety engulfed him when he saw the man was leaving the house. He was going back out there. Back out there to find Jimin and Tae. And Namjoon couldn’t do anything. He gritted his teeth and tried to focus on the situation in front of him. His hyung was dying.

“Is he still awake?” he asked as he approached Jin’s side closer to the wound.

“He’s in and out,” Yoongi grunted. “The bleeding is still pretty bad, but I think it’s slowing down.” Namjoon took note at how the puddle had grown and wasted no time unzipping the kit, first pulling out scissors and handing them to Jungkook with the instruction to snip off the zip-tie. He reached into a side pocket and retrieved some gauze and sterilizing spray.

“I’m sorry hyung,” he muttered as Yoongi stepped aside and lifted the sweatshirt, exposing a nasty, deep red wound penetrating the side of Jin’s abdomen. He let out a deep breath and sprayed the disinfectant directly on it, causing the older boy to whimper and move reflexively, only hurting him more as he let out a cry. Jungkook was now gripping one of his hands, having successfully freed them, but Jin was holding it back even stronger, knuckles going white. “One more,” Namjoon continued, having Yoongi help him lift Jin’s side a little bit to expose the exit wound. That hole was even bigger, but Namjoon was thankful there was an exit point. He knew that a bullet could cause even more problems. Jin let out another wail when the spray hit, the sting riveting through his body.

Namjoon and Yoongi attempted to clean up the area as best as they could before applying gauze and tape, collapsing backwards when they finished. The adrenaline had worn off and they were exhausted. Namjoon sat back and rested his forehead on the tips of his wrists, the only place on his hands that wasn’t coated with the older member’s blood. He felt sick. A hand came to rest on his shoulder and give it a reassuring squeeze.

“You did good Joonie.”

“Thanks Hobi,” he whispered.

This was really all they could do before help came. And it had to come.
Or Jin would die.

Chapter End Notes

Wooo, that was exciting to write!

I'm sorry for giving people heart attacks, although I'm sure this chapter didn't really help X_X Sorry Jin stans!

I couldn't believe it either, someone guessed what was going to happen (kudos to you 0re0_C00k135)! I'm going to try to update again this weekend, thanks for the comments and kudos guys, I love hearing your thoughts! Know that I appreciate them even if I can't respond! <3
Chapter 15

Chapter Notes

It is way too late where I am, so I’m not going to say much and go to bed XP

Thank you all for your support and as always feel free to leave thoughts in the comments! Sometimes they help me with ideas, and they always help with motivation, so don't be shy! ^_^

Much love! <3

Chapter 15

Jimin pushed back another branch, not sure where he was going. He decided to stray away from the road, deciding it wasn’t safe anymore. Now he was stranded in the middle of the forest, unsure which way was the right way. Yoongi was gone. Namjoon was stuck back at the house. The others were somewhere out there, maybe caught too, maybe hurt, maybe actually finding help. He didn’t know, his head was swirling from thinking so much. From worrying so much.

As he stumbled onward, the waning moonlight his only guide while dodging stumps and logs, he began to lose hope. He had no idea where he was going, he was emotionally drained, had no one to help him, support him. He stopped where he stood and could feel himself start to fall apart. He wanted his hyungs. He wanted Tae and Kookie. He wanted to close his eyes tight and open them to his bed in the cabin, to sunlight streaking in through the blinds in the room he shared with Jungkook. He wanted to turn over and see Kookie showing a video to Tae and Hobi-hyung, the three of them laughing and smiling gathered on the maknae’s bed while he whined at them to be quiet as he broke into a grin too. But when he opened his eyes he was only greeted by the same darkness he had seen for hours. He was forced to remember that he was separated from his brothers. That he was all alone.

On the verge of breaking down, he squatted and tried to control his breathing, stray tears leaking out of the sides of his eyes. He slowly started to clear his mind and absorb the situation for what it was when he heard something.

Snap.

His head shot up. There it was again. Paced. Deliberate.

Someone was walking towards him.

Fight or flight kicking in, he decided to book it, using light footsteps to hurdle himself back into the dense grove, doing his best to keep an eye on the ground. If he tripped it would be over. Behind him, the snapping of twigs was intertwined with the crunching of leaves, the person obviously not being to careful about concealing their sounds. They were confident. Jimin started panicking, his vision becoming delayed and sluggish, not registering things in time. Things like large rocks.

The singer went flying to the ground before he even realized he wasn’t running anymore. The
noises approached, coming closer and closer. He buried his face in the ground, praying that they would just bolt right past him and not notice. His heart was beating so fast he thought he was going to throw up. But there was nothing. Silence. All he could hear were his labored breaths.

Out of nowhere a hand grasped his shoulder. He yelped and immediately started to crawl away, but the person had tangled their fingers in the fabric of his shirt, leaving him unable to get more than a few inches. He cried out when he was turned onto his back and he swung at his assailant blindly, as the moon abandoned him in his time of need. His wrists were seperately grabbed and held down, gently, but restrained nonetheless. The person had started speaking, but with all of the blood rushing in his ears he couldn’t make out what they were saying and he didn’t care. He just wanted to get away from them.

“Let me go! Please!” He bellowed, arching his back and kicking his legs up, hoping to catch the man in his tender area.

“Shhhhh!”

“Please! The others, don’t hurt them! Don’t hurt Yoongi-hyung or Namjoon-hyung, please, I’ll go with you!” He was begging, eyes squeezed closed with fresh tears spilling like rain. The hands removed themselves from his wrists and he felt them press softly on either side of his face.

“Jiminie.”

Jimin’s eyes shot open. He knew that nickname. Only one person was allowed to call him that.

“Tae Tae?” he croaked out, his words a soft whisper. The tanned face. The brown hair. The concerned, warm eyes that looked him over. “Tae…” He sprang up and engulfed his best friend in a hug, sobbing into his shoulder for the second time in the past few days. Tae held him back, pulling him closer as he shuddered, rubbing his back with one hand as the other soothingly swept over his hair. He let out a sigh of relief. He found Jimin. When his breathing started to even out, Tae pulled him back and wiped away a few remaining tears, his lips in the form of a soft smile.

“Chim,” he began, almost afraid to finish his sentence, “where… Where’s Yoongi-hyung?” Jimin stared at him doe-eyed for a moment before casting his gaze to the ground. Tae’s heart sank, but also began to pick up. He delicately lifted Jimin’s head back up with his long fingers, trying to keep his eyes even and his voice calm. “I have to know Chim Chim. Was he hurt?”

“No… at least I don’t think so.” Jimin’s voice sounded so weak, like it was taking all of his energy to talk. His face suddenly filled with fright, “B-but he might be now Tae. That man, Gamma, he was so mad, he was sooo mad Tae, he was going to shoot him! A-and I didn’t know what to do, Yoongi-hyung wanted m-me to stay in the t-trees and I didn’t want to Tae, I didn’t want to, but he was right, he was so right and now he’s gone, they took him away—” Jimin was edging on hysterical and Tae was beginning to get anxious just from listening to him.

“Chim, hold on Jiminie,” he interrupted, slowing down Jimin’s ramblings. “Just take a deep breath okay? It’ll help, I’ll do it too.” Jimin nodded and together they both sucked in some air, held it for a split second, and slowly let it out. “Alright. Better?” Jimin nodded again, looking more controlled.

“Wait…” Tae could see worry lines begin to appear on Jimin’s forehead and knew where he was going. “Where’s Jin-hyung?”

“... He was… taken back to the house…” Jimin’s mouth fell open as he took in what Tae said. His senses were going numb. Three of their hyungs were back in that prison? Who knows what was
happening to them. They hadn’t seen any trace of Hobi-hyung and Kookie, together or apart either. This was just a disaster. A dangerous, scary, unreal disaster.

“What are we going to do Tae?”

“We’re going to help them.”

“How? How in the world are we going to help them?” Tae paused and a thoughtful expression passed over his face.

“Well… we’re going to need to contact the police. Or BigHit, or someone who can get help out here.” He looked in the direction he came from. “The cabin in that way Chim. We aren’t that far, maybe 100 feet or so.” Jimin blanched. Had he really walked almost the entire way back to the cabin without realizing it? Had he really erased all that progress he and Suga-hyung had made by getting to the road? But he had found Tae. That made him feel better. He found his brother. “Chim Chim.” Jimin glanced towards Tae’s voice.

“Hmmm?”

“We… we’re going to have to go back to the house.”

What?!

Jimin opened his mouth to protest when a sound pierced the quiet forest.

The sound of a scream.

“Joonie-hyung,” Jimin whispered, the name almost getting caught in his throat. Before Tae could register what he was doing, Jimin took off in the direction of the noise, the thought of Namjoon being hurt unbearable to him.

Hyung! Hyung! Namjoon-hyung! His name and face bore into Jimin’s mind as he continued through the thicket, not caring about being scratched or poked by protruding twigs and needles. He could see the lights of the house when another scream, more clear and more anguished, cut through his ears again. He whimpered and started to pick up his pace when Tae’s body came around his in a back-hug, stopping him dead in his tracks.

“Tae! Joonie-hyung!” Jimin shrieked as Tae tried to quiet him down.

“I know, I know,” Tae’s tear tracks glistened in the moonlight that peeked through the clouds. “I know,” he choked once more, pushing his face into Jimin’s hair. These maniacs were torturing them. Those inside, and outside. They knew what they were doing. “We can’t fall for it Chim, I’m sorry, we can’t. Or else...,” his breath hitched for a second as he snuggled deeper into Jimin’s red locks, “or else it will be for nothing. Nothing.” Jimin stopped fighting him and let his head fall back onto Tae’s shoulder. They stood there comforting each other. Tae knew they had to go back to the house. But not to get caught. Not to fall into the trap these monsters had set. They needed a radio or a phone, a laptop or something, anything. And now they had to be even more careful about it.

“We need a plan Jimin,” he mumbled as his head fell to the dancer’s neck.

“Yeah…” At least he was reasonable now. Tae let out another huge gust of air, a behavior he was becoming all too familiar with. His attention was swept away when he noticed the lights of a car passing over some trunks of the trees. He felt Jimin’s body tense and his head flew towards the brightness. Tae let go of him and they slumped to the ground, crawling over to some bushes to use
“Let’s go, outta the car!” The heard a voice shout as a door slammed. After a few seconds they heard another door close more softly and made out the familiar stature of Yoongi being gestured into the house by the blonde haired foreigner. Jimin bit his lip. At least he knew he was alive. Not even a minute after the two had entered the house did they hear a clamour of crunching leaves from far down the tree line. They waited to see what or who it was, crossing their fingers, hearts, souls, that it was Kookie and Hobi coming after they heard the screams. If they could intercept them then at least they would be together.

When the boys saw not two, but three figures emerge into their eyesight their stomachs twisted into knots. From what they could see there was one taller more muscular man carrying somebody over one arm and supporting somebody else with the other.

“Oh my God,” Jimin gasped, a flash of lamp light scaling over the person on the man’s shoulder. “Kookie.” What happened? How had this gone so badly? Four out of the six of them who had escaped got caught, so five of them in total were in the house? Jimin dropped his head down. He would not lose it this time. He was determined, he had to focus. It was up to him and Taehyung.

They watched with burning gazes as the last two were dragged into the house, sitting in complete silence as they sorted through ideas in their heads. There was always a way. And they were going to come up with the way that all of them would make it out. Alive.

At least, that’s what they thought before they heard the blast of a gunshot.
Chapter 16

Hoseok wiped his bloody hands on his sweatpants. Namjoon had relieved him of his head holding duties, replacing his lap with a pillow. He was trembling. He was nauseous. And he was terrified. His eyes trailed over Jin again, afraid that he would find him not breathing in his sleep. Sure, the bleeding had momentarily stopped, but how bad was the internal damage? How long did he have? He needed surgery, and these assholes couldn't care less if he died. The thought made the dancer's stomach clench and he started rubbing his hands on his pants again, almost hoping that if the blood was gone the damage to his brother would be gone too.

“Hope,” he turned towards the voice, meeting Yoongi's sympathetic eyes on the other side of Jin's body. “You'll rub a hole in them if you keep that up.” He reached his arm out, across their hyung, and gently turned Hobi's hand over so his palm was exposed. Hobi instinctively curled his fingers into a fist, not wanting to see it. “Why don't you go wash your hands,” he suggested, his tone deep but soft.

“I-” he cut himself off and squeezed his eyes shut. He knew it would make him feel better but what if… his jaw clenched, the thought lingering in his mind. What if…

“Go ahead Hobi.” This time it was Namjoon speaking. As if reading his mind, he added on, “He'll be here when you get back.”

But will he be alive? He threw the idea away. If he gave up on his hyung so easily then he would give up on himself. He had to have faith.

“O-okay,” he sputtered out, slowly getting up and backing towards the hallway by the garage. He glanced in the direction of their captors, but none of them seemed to be paying attention to them. Gamma had left, Beta was guarding the front door, and Delta seemed to be distracted by the wall. Or he was letting him have space. Hobi didn't know, but he didn't give it much thought as he jogged down the hallway on light feet. He ducked past the kitchen doorway and dove into the bathroom, turning on the faucet at full blast and sticking his red stained hands underneath the rushing water. The two swirled together, creating a pool of red hued liquid at the base of the sink. Suddenly it hit him.

He was going to puke.

Almost too late, he opened the toilet lid and emptied out what little contents his stomach held. He hated throwing up, it was a terrible feeling and he couldn't help it when he started crying. Hiccups followed soon after, and his dry heaving mixed in with his sobs. It was horrible, he felt as though he was suffocating, choking on his own air. Eventually it faded, probably faster than he thought, but it felt like an eternity. He slumped against the wall, gulping down air, gaining control of his body again. He swiped away the tear tracks on his face and took a few more deep breaths. He was finally coming to terms with what happened. He had to get ahold of himself or else things would just get worse. Reluctantly he pulled himself up, using the wall to help with balance. He sluggishly headed back towards the living room, but suddenly stopped when he heard whispering coming from the kitchen. It was almost too loud to be considered whispering actually, but it was
“I didn’t sign up for this man! I didn’t know you were gonna fucking shoot one of them!” It was Omega. Hoseok pressed his lips together. He knew who he was talking to.

“This is exactly what you signed up for. You knew the risks.”

“The fuck I did! I was told no killing! They’re just kids!”

“My sister was just a fucking kid too Max! If you wanna blame anyone for that boy’s death, blame Hitman Bang ‘cause they’d both be alive and well if it wasn’t for him!”

Bang PD? What?! Hoseok’s mind was whirling, what were they talking about?

“... He’s not dead yet.”

Silence.

“He will be soon enough.”

“We can help him, call an ambulance, take the other boys somewhere else if we have to!”

“No.”

Hobi sucked in a breath.

“Let him die.”

He almost fell to the floor. Alpha wanted Jin to die. This monster was just going to let him bleed out and didn’t even care. But why? Why would he just throw away someone’s life like that?

“Are you serious!? We have options, he doesn’t have to die!”

“One of them was going to anyway. He just volunteered himself.”

“... You’re fucking kidding me. You planned this. You were going to kill one of them no matter what.”

“It’s what their fucking company deserves!” His voice was saturated with malice. Hobi couldn’t help but flinch a little when he responded, his muscles tensing with every word. One of them was supposed to die. That was this man’s intentions. Something happened with PD-nim and it involved this guy’s sister and the company. But how was any of that related to them? What, because they were under BigHit? That was his reasoning? Hobi could feel anger building up inside of himself. He hadn’t really felt it up until this point, mostly succumbing to his fear and worry. But this. Knowing they were being targeted for such a pitiful reason made him furious.

“They don’t deserve it though. I’ve had a lot of jobs before man, those people deserved it. I don’t kill innocents, especially when they’re kids.”

“You listen to me,” Hobi heard some shuffling and a thud on the wall as something, or someone, was pushed against it. “If you even think about pulling out of this I’ll make sure you’re ruined. You and your damned brother. You know I’m not past it. I know a lot of your enemies Max, and you can bet they’re out for blood too. Watch yourself.” There was a grunted reply.

Hobi tried to push down the lump in his throat as he heard footsteps crossing the kitchen. Quickly he tried to think of what to do, but before he could make up his mind a man came
bounding around the corner. Hoseok could only stare up at him, mouth agape. Omega. The man looked pissed and his frown only deepened when he saw Hobi, eyes sharpening and teeth baring. Oh shit. Hoseok realized he didn’t have his mask on. He had light brown skin, a handsome face with rich brown eyes that was framed with slightly curled hair. A foreigner. As he was still stunned, Omega snatched him by the shoulders and hurriedly dragged him down the hall and into the garage, slamming the door shut behind him. He pulled Hobi over to a corner of the room, the rapper frightened out of his mind as the man let go but loomed over him.

“What did you hear?” he demanded.

“Nothing!” Hoseok squeaked in response. He knew the man didn’t believe him, his brown eyes penetrating Hobi’s mind and soul. “Not… Not much…” he tried again.

“You fucking heard it all didn’t you. You little rat.” Omega (wait, Max?) ran his hands over his face, meshing together the beads of sweat that had formed at his hairline. “Fuck…” He looked away, but came back quickly, giving Hobi an even more intense gaze that the younger boy had no idea was possible. “Kid… If he knows you heard any of that… He’ll fucking kill you. You know that right? I’m not even being hypothetical, he will kill you.” Hobi’s body suddenly felt weak and he dropped his eyes to the floor. “Just keep your mouth shut and you won’t have to worry about a damn thing. Keep. Your. Mouth. Shut.” He nodded. A long sigh followed and the guy grabbed the front of his shirt by the collar and started walking them both back into the house when he stopped. The dancer shot the man a confused look, wondering what caused him to freeze. He quickly looked at the door, terrified he would see Alpha standing there, but no one was there. It was relieving, yet just as perplexing. Finally Omega spoke.

“Like I said kid, I don’t kill innocents.” He spoke carefully, like he was choosing each word precisely, thinking it over before he said it out loud. “Your friend is dying. He doesn’t have a lot of time.” He took in and let out a large breath before continuing.

“I’m going to help you.”

He couldn’t believe what he just heard.

“Wh-... What?”

Omega turned to face him, his face set and determined. “I’m going to help you and your friends. This man is insane, and the way he’s operating you’ll all be dead by morning.” Hobi’s stomach lurched again but he tried to ignore it.

“You’ll- you’ll call him an ambulance?” Hoseok’s voice was hopeful.

“No, I won’t.” He looked Hobi dead in the eyes, “You will.” Again they headed towards the door. And again, Hoseok was shaking. But this time, he wasn’t shaking out of fear or shock or being anxious.

He was shaking from adrenaline. He was ready.

Yoongi stared after Hoseok as he left the room. His nerves were scrambled and he kept checking Jin’s pulse every two minutes to make sure he was still alive. It was there every time, slow and shallow, but there. Namjoon had grabbed a throw from the couch and draped it over the eldest member. He was getting too cold, they had to keep his body warm. He took a second blanket, folded it over on the floor to cover up some of the blood, and gestured at Jungkook to lay

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by him and share heat. The youngest member dragged himself over and, with some help, snuggled next to his hyung. He wrapped one of his arms around him and buried his face in the crook of his neck, comforted by the sounds and movements of his breathing.

Sounds of retching reached their ears and immediately Joon made a move to get up, but he was held back by a pull on his fingers. He looked back to see it was Yoongi. The blonde shook his head but still Namjoon hesitated, glancing back at the hallway when he heard soft whimpering.

“Give him space Joonie,” Yoongi encouraged, knowing what the younger man was thinking considering he was suppressing the urge to run to the bathroom too. The main rapper sighed and lowered himself back down, deciding instead to turn his attention onto Jungkook’s leg.

“I’m gonna look at your leg Kookie,” he muttered, plopping down next to the maknae and gently tugging at his pant leg. The youngest member stiffened as Namjoon studied the damage. “It could be worse I suppose, but I think it’s definitely broken.” The leader ghosted his fingers over the swollen area. It was bruised and he could tell the alignment was off, which was worrying. It would heal wrong if he didn’t get the proper treatment soon. He could try to set it himself, but that wouldn’t be smart. He could really hurt him or screw something up. Besides, he was known for breaking things, not fixing them. The best they could do was make him comfortable, which sadly wasn’t easy.

“I’ll grab him a pillow too.” Yoongi snatched a small one from the couch and sandwiched it between Kookie’s calves before lowering the right back on top of the left. Routinely, he pressed two fingers against Jin’s neck and resumed his position by his hyung’s side. “Namjoon,” he whispered, facing his leader who turned towards him, “what are we going to do now?” It was a question Namjoon was tired of hearing. He was also tired of not knowing the answer.

“... I don’t know Yoongi,” he answered honestly. They couldn’t make any kind of escape without abandoning Jin, and there was no way in hell that was happening. Even if they could, moving him would be dangerous, if not fatal.

“Well we can’t just sit here and do nothing.”

“What do you think we should do then?” Namjoon snapped. He didn’t mean to, but he didn’t feel bad about it either. This situation was impossible to handle, he couldn’t be expected to have all of the answers! As if on cue, a faint tap met his ears. It was hardly detectable, and Yoongi didn’t seem to hear it as he was busy glaring off to the side, but Namjoon undoubtedly heard it. Following the sound, he tried to nonchalantly pass his gaze from window to window, hoping to catch something. That’s when he saw the long, tan finger. And he knew exactly who it belonged to. Initially he felt guilty knowing that Taehyung was back by the house, but he knew this could be good for them. If they could find a way to communicate, they would be able to work together to get out of this mess.

Just then Hobi stumbled back into the room, looking a little jumpy. He planted himself next to Namjoon and made sure Beta and Delta weren’t looking as he clutched at his leader’s arm.

“Namjoon,” he breathed. “We’re getting out of here.” Joon looked dumbfounded.

“What?” he whispered back, puzzled at Hobi’s sudden declaration. The dancer’s grip only intensified as an almost manic smile spread across his face.

“I’ll explain later, but we’re going to get help. Jin-hyung is going to make it!”

“Hoseok...”
“Just trust me!” Hobi leaned in even further, trying to seem inconspicuous. “I’m getting us a phone Namjoon. Trust me.” He let his smile fall and continued his somber ruse. Namjoon’s brows knitted together in concern. Surely he must have snapped, unable to cope with what was going on. But between that and Tae knocking on the window, this could be the opportunity they needed. Immediately the gears in his head started to turn.

He was forming a plan.

Chapter End Notes

I'm so sorry it took me so much longer than usual to update, I was having a serious case of writer's block! All of the other chapters before this had at least a small outline and I had no idea where to go, so I needed some serious brainstorming! As I said before, I will finish this story, even if I take awhile to update once and awhile, so thank you for your patience!

I'm really going to get the ball rolling from here on out, the clock is ticking down! A real name was revealed and part of the motive! I'm starting to think of endings too, and I was wondering if you all would be interested in a sequel to this story? Possibly? Just in case I were to leave the door open for one ^_^

Thank you all so much! <3
Chapter 17

Yoongi was in the dark to everything going on around him. Not that he was too aware of it, his time was very occupied making sure Jin was alive. He was relieved when Hoseok had come back into the room, but confused by his behavior. One minute he heard him heaving in the bathroom and the next he was sitting next to Namjoon with a Joker-like smile, turning it off in a split-second to a face that looked as though his puppy had just been hit by a car. Or his hyung had just been shot and was bleeding out on the floor. His stomach twisted and the reality that his only hyung dying was starting to take a toll on him. But he had to stay concentrated or else he would lose his grip on the situation, and that would be good for no one. He checked Jin’s pulse again, tenderly swiping Jungkook’s bangs out of his face as his hand came back up.

As Namjoon swept his eyes over everyone in the room again he knew he had to get into contact with Taehyung. That was the only way anything would get accomplished. Even if they did get a phone they wouldn’t be able to do anything with it. The responsibility of contacting help would be passed on to Tae, and he didn’t know how dire the need for emergency medical attention was. And where the hell was Jimin? Was he still out there searching for someone? Getting help? What if he was hurt? Joon had to push the thought out of his mind and stay positive. They were going to survive this.

*Please, please let us actually get that phone!* He didn’t know who he was a praying to. A God he didn’t believe in, a God who was actually out there. Maybe just the universe. Anything at this point.

He shot a look back at the window where Tae’s finger used to be. It was gone. His heart sank, knowing that the vocalist may try to think of a way to try and get to them while risking the plan he didn’t know existed. His worries were put at ease though when he saw a tuft of brown hair rise at the base of the window, followed by squinted brown eyes. Anyone looking in the general direction may have not even noticed he was there in the dark among the bushes. It was perfect. Namjoon locked gazes with him, intense and unyielding. Daringly he held up a hand in front of his chest and gave a subtle nod. Tae blinked back at him, hard and deliberate. Ugh, communication might be messy.

A re-masked Omega entered the room, paying no attention to the boys on the floor, and walked up to Delta. He whispered something inaudible to the man who proceeded to nod and stalk towards the kitchen. Namjoon wondered what was going on. Subtly he checked on Tae, still present by the window, before he passed a questioning face to Hobi. The dancer pressed his mouth into a thin line as he followed Omega’s movements. Silently, without Beta paying any mind to him, Omega leaned over and placed an object in the pot of a plant. Namjoon held his breath, he was way too close to the window with Tae, but when he saw what the man was doing it clicked. This was perfect. God, this was so perfect. The plant was very close to Tae’s window which was next to the couch. All they needed was to go sit down, open the window, get through the screen and Tae could do the rest.

Thinking quickly he started getting up, carefully pulling Hobi with him. “You’re not feeling too well Hoseok?” he asked, knowing he had seen it too and would probably catch on. “Maybe you
could lie down for a minute, yeah?” He did his best to keep his tone quiet, natural and unprovoking. Of course Hoseok understood what he was doing.

“Thanks Joon, I probably should.” They didn’t want to drag the other members into this, that might lead to more explaining and wasted time. They all had to keep their focus on what was most needed.

“Could he get some water?” he directed the question at Omega as he sat down in the spot closest to the plant, Hobi settling down next to him and putting his head in his lap.

Omega sighed and turned to Beta. “Hey man, do me a favor and grab me a water bottle from the fridge?” The bigger of the two flashed an annoyed face but mumbled an agreement and headed into the kitchen as well. Omega kept his back turned to the boys on the couch, allowing Namjoon the opportunity to reach over and swipe the item left for them.

It was a phone.

A real phone.

It was Yoongi’s phone in fact, and Namjoon wonders how he got it considering the rest had been confiscated, but a bright smile appears on Hobi’s face. “He was charging it. Oh thank God,” he breathes, almost inaudibly. Joon figures out that the men must have noticed that Yoongi didn’t have his phone and didn’t bother looking for it, giving Omega the chance to get it for them. An absolute miracle!

Namjoon slid the phone in the space between Hobi’s head and the armrest, leaving enough room on the side to tuck it down if he needed to. He couldn’t fuck up, it was literally a life-or-death situation.

Beta came lazily waltzing into the room at that moment and Joon smoothly lowered the phone into the crevice of the cushion. Luckily he didn’t come by them though, opting instead to hand the bottle over to Omega who then casually passed it on to Namjoon.

“Thank you.” And he meant it. This man was literally risking his ass for theirs. Joon handed the bottle to Hobi who cracked the cap open and drank a small amount before handing it back to Namjoon and whispering to him to put it on the floor.

“When you need to crank the window open you can act like your reaching for it,” he instructed him. And that’s exactly what he did. Placing it down, he took the time to crack open the window and look at Tae, who was still peering up at him.

Taking this opportunity, he softly grunted “phone” and “screen” at the younger, whose eyes widened in surprise. Namjoon just locked gazes with him and nodded. They were doing this.

As Namjoon went sat back normally, Tae crouched down where Jimin was beside him. “Namjoon-hyung says they have a phone!” he exclaimed in a hushed voice. “We need to cut the screen somehow, I’m pretty sure he’s going to try to give it to us so we can get help.” Jimin’s eyes sparkled with hope.

“Did you see the others?”

“... No.”

“Oh.” He felt a little disheartened, but hoped everyone was still okay. At least Namjoon was. His nerves were on edge after hearing the screaming and the blast of the gunshot earlier. He prayed
everyone inside was okay. Tae softly smiled and took Jimin’s hand in his, pressing it lightly to reassure him.

“Come on, help me look for a sharp rock or something.”

While Jimin and Taehyung got to work on their mission, Yoongi cast a confused look to Namjoon and Hobi. What were they doing? Their behavior was a bit odd, and now he was left in charge of overseeing Jin and Kookie, the younger of the two now passed out against the oldest. He affectionately brushed Kook’s hair off of his forehead again, also doing the same to Jin. He frowned as he noticed the singer’s skin had turned unnervingly pale, and in a slight panic checked his pulse again. Fuck it was becoming weak. He whipped his head to Namjoon, but noticed their leader wasn’t giving them any mind, making him angry. What the hell could be more important? It was then he noticed where the rapper’s eyes were locked. In his lap. In his lap? He was stroking Hobi’s head with one of his hands, most likely to explain away why he was looking down, but when Yoongi saw what was in his lap he nearly shit himself. It was a phone. Namjoon and Hobi were working on getting help this whole time.

Well he felt like an ass.

As he turned back to the sleeping duo, Joon had managed to unlock Yoongi’s screen (not that he even had a password, he was too lazy to constantly type it in) and start a message for Taehyung in the notes.

*Kook’s leg hurt. Jin badly hurt, shot. Don’t panic, call 911 then BigHit.*

Straight forward enough, he prayed Tae wouldn’t freak out but he needed to know so he could tell the operator. This was dire. He pressed the screen off and stole a glance at the window, seeing the faint outline of Tae’s hair as he roughly scratched at the screen with a pointed stone. He waited until he heard the soft rip of the plastic wire as it gave into the pressure to bend down to get the water bottle for Hobi again, opening the window a little further so he could fit his hand through. When Hoseok had taken yet another small sip, he sandwiched the phone between his hand and the plastic, his stomach clenching as he put the bottle down. With one last look at Tae, who subtly nodded to him, he reached his hand around the glass and exposed the phone. In less than two seconds it was gone, Tae squeezing the tips of Namjoon’s fingers as he took it. It was the most comforting thing Namjoon had felt in days. He heaved out a breath and bowed his head, grinning like an idiot at Hobi who returned the smile.

They did it.

Now all they had to do, all they could do, was wait.

As soon as Tae had the phone securely in his grip, he dropped back down into the bushes with Jimin. He was practically beaming from ear to ear, his boxy smile relieving Jimin of some of the tension he was holding in. Tae unlocked the screen, silently thanking God there was no passcode, but stopping short of celebration when he saw the note left by Namjoon. His heart felt as though it would stop. His features fell and his breathing picked up a bit as he read it again. He immediately exited the app and flipped to the dial pad, cursing to himself when the call dropped.

Bad connection.

“Jimin we’ve gotta move. We need a better signal.” He grabbed Chim’s wrist and they left the bushes as quietly as they could, heading back to the woods but skimming along the outskirts of the
driveway so they had a path to follow. Tae knew the reception by the highway was better, and he was about a 15 to 20 minute walk, 10 minutes if they ran. Thinking there was no risk in running, because no one was following them anymore, they took off, booking it to the treeline and down the grass.

“Tae what’s wrong?” Jimin puffed. He noticed how serious Taehyung had gotten when he opened the phone. Something was wrong.

Tae was silent for a moment before pushing out a heavy sigh. “Jin-hyung and Kookie are hurt.”

“What?!” Jimin skidded to a stop.

“We have to keep going!” Tae pleaded, still stepping in the direction they needed to go.

“How bad is it?” Jimin’s eyes pleaded with the brunette, but he turned away. “Kim Taehyung, answer me!”

“It’s bad Jiminie,” Tae’s voice was dark as he looked back at Jimin with piercing eyes. “We need to go. Now.” Jimin felt his chest constrict when he heard those words. Frantically he followed Tae who was full on sprinting now, knowing he couldn’t afford to lose more time. He kept the phone out in his hand with the screen on, checking every few seconds for a signal. At least he didn’t have to worry about it dying on him, the thing was fully charged.

He was still gazing at the screen when, before he knew it, he was flying forward, stumbling a bit before landing harshly on his cheek. He rubbed the sore spot before turning around to see what he had tripped on. What he saw instead made his blood run cold.

It was Gamma. He had Jimin pinned to a tree by his neck, the dancer struggling in his grasp. Gamma stared straight at Tae with a wicked smirk.

“Hello boys,” he purred, “who’s ready for round two?”

Chapter End Notes

Ooooo, I'm excited for the next chapter *_*

Thank you again for the comments and kudos y'all! You're all so sweet! Have faith in the boys, things are coming to an end! I have the other chapters planned and a schedule I'm trying to follow, so if all goes according to that this should wrap up by the end of next week! Thank you for sticking with me and the story! <3
Taehyung didn’t know what to do. He was stuck there, lying on a bed of leaves and moss while his best friend was fastened to a tree by his throat. To make matters worse, the phone had flown out of his hand and landed somewhere on the forest floor. He internally panicked, but the phone would have to come later. Jimin was much more important.

“Let him go,” he practically growled, eyes narrowing with fury.

“Now, I don’t think that’s how things go in these types of situations,” Gamma taunted, pushing a little harder on Jimin’s neck, causing him to inhale sharply. Tae froze. His mind was buzzing a mile a minute, trying to think of anything he could do. His first thought was to rush the guy, but he knew that wouldn’t work unless he was caught off guard. He could surrender, but that would never happen, not when his hyungs needed him so badly. So... why not combine the two?

“Okay, okay,” he said, raising his arms above his head and steadily raising himself to his knees. “I give up, just please don’t hurt him.” The man’s smirk never faded as he looked Tae up and down. In fact it seemed to... spread wider.

“You look pretty good on your knees there boy,” he commented, teeth grazing his lower lip. His eyes slid back to Jimin. “I bet you’d look even better.” His hand released Jimin’s neck only to tenderly glide down the front of his dirty shirt. Tae gritted his teeth and thought now might be a good time to rush him, but stopped himself short when he saw Gamma’s other hand reach up towards a holster on his belt.

Damn it. He had a gun.

Gamma pulled out the weapon and held it up to the dancer’s head, pressing the cold metal into his hair. Jimin whimpered and curled inward, cursing at himself for showing fear. Propelling off of that thought, he let out a deep breath, put on a brave face and straightened himself out, looking Gamma right in the eye. He wouldn’t be intimidated by this man anymore.

“Oh ho ho! Getting some balls are we!” He leaned in, a few inches from Jimin’s face. “I like that.” Jimin couldn’t help it when his mouth curled up in disgust and his anger suddenly rose. This was degrading, inhumane. How dare he.

Without putting much thought into it, Jimin swiftly took his leg and rammed it up, right in their attacker’s sweet spot. He grunted and pitched forward a little bit, but Jimin moved himself out of the way and started to try and pry the gun out of the man’s hand. Tae stared in surprise for a few seconds before realizing what was happening, but started pushing himself up once he saw Jimin was trying to gain the upper hand.

Wait, the phone! Taehyung’s stomach dropped as he realized he had to make a choice. Look for the phone, or help Jimin take that asshole down. He hesitated, knowing that helping his friend was the obvious choice, but if they lost or broke that phone…

“Tae! Get help!” Jimin shouted, snapping Tae out of his thoughts. That made up his mind.
He sprung forward, wrapping his arms around Gamma’s waist to try and pull him to the ground. The impact made Jimin stumble, and although he didn’t fall over he ended up losing his grip on Gamma’s fingers. Tae and the older man wrestled on the forest floor, each trying to take control but not quite gaining enough on the other. Jimin frantically looked around, trying to find something that could help them, only for his eyes to rest on what Tae had dropped earlier. The phone. He scrambled to it and picked it up, quickly slipping it into his pocket before twisting every which way to find a weapon. A rock, a stick- something!

Meanwhile, Tae was still struggling with Gamma. He was under him at this point, his palm pressed flush against the man’s face, while the other pushed on his shoulder in an attempt to get him off. The gun was still loosely held in Gamma’s hand as he tried to swing a fist at Tae, cursing wildly at him and dead weighting himself so the boy would give out quicker. Tae yelled out in frustration and thrashed out with his legs, hoping to knock the other off balance with little success. Wait. The soft crunch of leaves caught his ear and a smile spread across his face.

Gamma dropped the gun.

Using all of his remaining strength, he heaved the man off of him and flipped onto his stomach, army crawling towards the metal object as soon as he located it. Gamma rushed to collect himself, coming up behind Tae before he could brush his fingers over the gun and throwing him to the side. At the same time, Tae sent him sprawling with a painful kick to the side. Tae once again came up to the gun and actually managed to touch it, but let out a surprised yelp when fingers were laced through his hair and yanked him back.

“I’ve had enough!” Gamma bellowed, scooping up the gun and heaving the younger around to face Jimin, who froze in his place, the branch he had found falling from his hands. The man lined up the firearm with Tae’s jaw and glared daggers at Jimin. “That was really, really fucking stupid,” he said, voice dangerously low, “I hope you’re ready to make it up to me.” Jimin thought he was going to throw up. Or pass out. Or both. This was bad, this was so bad. Gamma tightened his grip on Tae’s hair and forced his chin up. Tae winced at the pain but didn’t dare move.

“I’m sorry!” Jimin cried out. “I’m so sorry, please!” He could feel his eyes start to water, but he would no give this man the satisfaction and blinked rapidly to get the tears down.

“Prove it to me Red,” Gamma hissed, slowly digging the muzzle of the weapon deeper into Tae’s skin. Jimin swallowed hard and stared at him, not exactly sure what to do. Gamma’s eyes flashed. “Take it off your shirt.”

“What?” Jimin breathed. Not only was he shocked, but it was chilly out, he was already cold from the autumn air. This guy was crazy.

“You heard me. Take it off.” He pulled Tae closer and nuzzled the side of his head, “You be good,” he whispered. Tae had never wanted to slug someone as badly as he did in that moment.

Hesitantly, Jimin hooked the bottom of his shirt in his fingers and started lifting the fabric up and away from his body. He took it off swiftly after the initial delayed start and pressed the fabric back to his skin once it was off. He could feel a heat work its way across his face.

“Aw, don’t be embarrassed baby! Let’s see that beautiful body.” Gamma couldn’t contain his excitement, grinning as though he hadn’t just been in a fist fight minutes before. Jimin frowned, but allowed himself to drop the shirt. “Mmmmmmm…That’s much better,” Gamma mused and Tae could feel his fingers twitching on his scalp. This man was an absolute pervert. He felt a surge of protectiveness form in his chest and scowled, not being able to act on it. If he got hurt he knew that Jimin would never forgive himself and that if Jimin got hurt he would never forgive himself either.
But he couldn’t let this go on.

“Leave him alone!” He knew it sounded pathetic, if not childish.

“What, jealous?” Gamma pressed their cheeks together, “You can have a turn if you want. Maybe getting back on those knees for me.” Tae gaped in disbelief, taken aback by the disgusting insinuation. Gamma sighed, “But,” he turned his attention back to Jimin, “he needs to fulfill a promise he made back in the bedroom, right Red?” Jimin’s brows furrowed in confusion.

“What?”

“You said I could do anything. Anything.”

“That was if you didn’t hurt Jungkook! And you did!”

“He lived. Besides, Jungkook, this kid, doesn’t matter. Same principle.” Gamma’s eyes darkened. “Get rid of those pants Red. I’m starving,” he groaned as he ran his tongue over his upper lip. “And come closer.”

“What the hell?!” Tae yelled, fighting against the man, not caring about anything that might happen to him. “Jiminie, do not! Don’t even think about it!” Gamma wrapped the arm with the gun around his torso to still him, while the other released his hair but forced his head to the side and covered up his face, making it hard to him to breathe and impossible for him to see.

“Shhhh,” he cooed at Tae, only making the young man angrier, “he’ll do exactly as I asked.” That was directed at Jimin. Shivering, he started fiddling with his belt strap but not before Gamma barked “Closer!” and he shuffled forward. His numb hands were even more clumsy than normal as the leather strap refused to cooperate. He closed his eyes to calm down, but Gamma was growing impatient. “For fuck’s sake, don’t stop, hurry up!”

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry!” Jimin repeated, continuing to fumble with the clasp. After what felt like an eternity he felt the pieces come apart and the denim around his waist loosen. Tae could feel Gamma take a deep breath and felt his soul turn black. Quietly, he moved his arm and blindly felt around until his fingers closed around what he had been searching for.

“Come on Red, stop teasing,” the man practically whined, “all the way now.” Jimin pressed his lips together and tensed all of the muscles in his face as he began to shuffle his pants off. “My God,” Gamma breathed once Jimin stepped out of the pant legs, “fucking hell Red.” Jimin knew his face was flushed pink and he was petrified. There was only one more thin layer of clothing protecting him. Gamma looked up at him. “You know what I’m going to say. Actually,” he paused, a look of false thoughtfulness crossing his face. “I’ll give you a hand.” Jimin blanched.

“Don’t touch him.” Tae’s slightly muffled voice spoke out, “or I’ll kill you.” Gamma let go of V’s head and pinched his cheeks together.

“Do you think you’re a threat!?” he mocked, laughing. “Do you?!” Tae felt the grip around his chest relax.

“Yeah,” he replied and swung his arm around, watching as the rock he found collided with the side of Gamma’s head. Within a split second the man’s face went from smiling deviantly to completely blank. He fell sideways and hit the ground hard, Tae and Jimin gawking in disbelief.

“Is- is he dead?!” Jimin cried softly.

“No, n-no, that couldn’t have-,” Tae cut himself off from his full answer and watched intently
for any signs of life. “See, he’s still breathing.” He looked over at Jimin before quickly looking away again, “Um, Chim?”

“You don’t have to tell me twice,” he mumbled, bending down for his pants and reaching for his shirt. Tae noticed he was shaking, and he didn’t think it was because of the temperature. As Jimin pulled his shirt back on, Tae stood up and approached him. Once it was comfortably on, he pulled his friend into a tight embrace and allowed the dancer to bury his face in his neck. This was three too many times for this to happen on their vacation, but Jimin wasn’t going to cry this time. It was done, it was over with, both of them were okay.

“We need to get to the highway,” he said neutral-toned into Tae’s skin. Tae’s eyes grew wide and he stepped away from Jimin looking frantically across the leaves and pine needles.

“Oh crap, the phone! I dropped it when I fell, oh my God, it’s probably-”

“Here?” Jimin held it towards him and his legs practically turned to jelly from relief.

“You’re the best you know that?” he beamed. They locked hands and continued their run along the trees, booking it faster than they had before to try and make up for some lost time. It was another ten minutes before Tae could make out the faint outline of metal and highlighter yellow stripes. Grinning, he glanced down at the phone and saw the service bar go to one. Then two. Then three!. When they finally reached the asphalt, they had four services bars and Tae was already dialing the first number Joon told him to call. He held the phone up to his ear.

“9-1-1, what’s your emergency?”

Chapter End Notes

Heeey, something good happened! Well, at the end at least!

I plan on updating again this weekend, thank you all once again for the amazing comments and kudos!

<3
Chapter 19

Namjoon still sat on the couch with Hoseok, not wanting to risk exposing their act. Every once and awhile Yoongi would glance at them, at first with a small amount of concern but gradually more curiously than anything. Eventually, after some time had passed, Hobi got up from Joon’s lap and slumped next to the blonde, throwing his arm around his shoulders and giving him a light squeeze. He really looked like he could use a hug. He used the moment to stick his face in the crook of Yoongi’s neck, right next to his ear, and fill him in on what had happened. It wasn’t fair to leave him in the dark, especially when he was the one fussing over Jin and Jungkook so much. He could feel tension leaving his hyung’s body and Yoongi’s head came to rest on top of his.

“You really gave us hope, huh Hope?” he whispered, a ghost of a smile gracing his features.

“We’re not out of the woods yet hyung. The paramedics need to be able to get in here. I’m praying they just surrender but…”

“Yeah…” Yoongi closed his eyes and let the thoughts linger in the air. No need to stress further, they would handle that when it came. They both felt a light weight around them as Namjoon joined the pile, landing his cheek in Hobi’s hair and placing a hand on either of their shoulders. The rap line were the glue to everything in that moment and they had to rely on each other.

“How are they doing Suga?” their leader asked, voice gentle.

“Kookie seems alright, all things considered. I’m getting worried about Jin though,” he gulped before continuing, “he’s still feeling cold and looks more pale by the minute. His pulse is slowing down Joonie, I’m actually freaking out but,” he turned to meet eyes with him, “what can I do?” the last part came out so quietly it was almost a whimper. Namjoon choked down his own swallow as he looked over the sleeping pair on the floor. It was true, Jin was looking whiter than usual, all color drained from his cheeks. There was still a rise and fall to his chest, but it was noticeably more shallow than before as well.

“We’ve just gotta hold onto faith in Tae and Jimin. It’s been almost a half hour since they left.”

“That’s a long time Namjoon. It’s a long time to wait for Jin.”

“It’s all we have.”

And that was true. They couldn’t do anything else, but that wasn’t good enough. Hobi nudged himself into a more comfortable position in their cluster, getting his head rotated back around so he too could keep a watchful eye on their oldest and youngest members. He watched as Kookie’s hand subconsciously gripped tighter onto Jin’s shirt as the eldest’s chest rose and fell. Rose and fell… he waited for it to rise again, brows knitting together as the seconds ticked by.

“Hey.” he pulled himself out of the huddle, reaching out to Jin and placing a hand on his chest. No movement. “Guys, he’s not breathing!” Namjoon guided J-Hope out of the way so he could lean over Jin’s mouth. No air, no noise. Nothing.
“Shit!” he exclaimed. He glanced over at Omega who had his head slightly turned in their direction, pleading with his eyes. He didn’t expect anything really, the guy had already stuck out his neck for them, so he was surprised when he began heading in their direction.

“The fuck are you doing?” Beta piped up from the house entrance as he crouched next to Namjoon. Ignoring his cohort, he directed the three rappers.

“RM you breathe when I tell you to. You, blondie, get the kid off of him. And you help him,” he finished, nodding at Hobi who nodded back. As calmly as they could, Yoongi and Hoseok peeled Jungkook off of Jin, even as the younger stirred awake from his disrupted slumber. “Okay, breathe!” Omega commanded immediately after Jungkook was gone. Namjoon did as he was told, pushing air into his hyungs lungs. When he came back up Omega went to work pushing even beats into his chest. “Again!” So Namjoon did. As they worked, Jungkook’s mind finally became cogent and he tried to look at what was causing all of the ruckus. Hoseok quickly stepped in, cupping his face in his hands and trying to distract him with questions.

“How’s your leg Kookie, it feeling okay? Do you want some water? Do you feel better after some sleep?” It didn’t work.

“Jin-hyung,” he said, eyes growing wide, “Hobi-hyung, where’s Jin-hyung?” Hobi tried to keep his face relaxed, but being a terrible liar, he wasn’t able to hide the concern laced in his features. Before he could answer, Jungkook batted his hands away and turned around.

He crumbled.

“JIN-HYUNG!”

A pair of steady arms wrapped around him as he sobbed, trying to push forward to get to Jin. “Kookie,” it was Yoongi. “Don’t hurt yourself. They’ll help him.” His voice wavered a bit, but his hold didn’t. Jungkook fought against him as Hoseok came around and tried to soothe him with comforting words and by stroking his hair.

“He just needs air Kook, they’re giving him air. We have to be-” he was cut off by thunderous footsteps coming into the room and they all held their breath. Alpha had stormed into the room, gun out, eyes blazing.

“What are you doing.” It wasn’t a question. Omega looked up at him.

“Breathe,” he said said to Namjoon, not breaking his gaze. The rapper shakily did so as Omega answered, “I told you, I don’t kill kids.” He started applying the pulses to Jin’s chest when a gunshot rang out. He stopped, and glared upward. Alpha had his firearm pointed towards the ceiling, a bullet hole now present through the drywall. It slowly came down and leveled with the man’s face.

“What are you doing.” It wasn’t a question. Omega looked up at him.

“You might want to rethink your decision.” Delta came running into the room at the sound, Beta also stepping closer towards the group.

“Hey man,” Delta started calmly, holding up his hands forward, one towards Omega, another to his leader, “what happened, what’s going on?” Alpha coolly turned to look at him, keeping his gun in place.

“Your brother is butting in where he doesn’t belong.”

“I’m trying to save this kid’s life!” Omega shot back.
“I told you to let him die! Let them all die!” Alpha barked in a sudden rage, his face contorting into a furious scowl. “I told you Max! You know what that bastard did! Hitman Bang raped my sister, she killed herself because of it! She was a fucking kid, a trainee, and he defiled her! He deserves to lose them just like I lost her!” He was practically screaming now, face red as his unstable emotions rose to the surface. The boys were taken aback at his accusation, faces stiff with disbelief and fright.

“Don’t do this man, this was supposed to be about money. Just get the money, you don’t have to kill them.” Omega managed to keep his voice level, steadily getting up from his place on the floor. Namjoon felt his heart pick up even faster when he did. Not just because of what was going on, but because Jin still wasn’t breathing. They were running out of time. Just as he started reaching forward to check Jin’s pulse, they heard a noise. Everyone stopped and started at the window.

“Fuck…” Alpha dashed forward and peered out the window. The noise was getting closer. Sirens. In a few seconds lights were bouncing off of the walls, red and blue. It was the police.

“Oh my God.” Namjoon breathed, a small smile curling on his lips. Tae and Jimin had done it. They had freaking done it, those brilliant dorks!

“Fuck!” Alpha yelled, aggressively throwing the curtains over the glass. He spun around, eyes practically burning holes into each one of them. There was a heavy silence in the room until he broke it. “Who did it,” he growled, voice low and gravely, scorched with rage. Jungkook continued staring at the window in shock while Hobi and Yoongi looked at opposite walls. Namjoon cast his eyes down to the floor. This was the showdown. Alpha stalked forward, to the three huddling together on the floor. He grabbed Yoongi by the front of his shirt and hauled him to his feet, making him stumble a bit.

“Hyung!” Jungkook automatically tried to cling to his pant leg, but he missed. Hobi hugged him close making shushing noises, terrified of what would happen if the man was set off again.

“If someone doesn’t fucking answer me I’ll kill us all!” He raved, turning Yoongi into him and shoving the gun into the side of his head, causing the rapper to wince.

“Please don’t!” Namjoon begged, getting to his feet quickly. He knew Alpha wouldn’t hesitate to shoot Yoongi, he was slipping further and further away from sanity. There was commotion outside that caught Alpha’s attention and he dragged Yoongi into the front hall, peeking out of one of the windows on the side of the door. Through the morphed glass he could see officers getting out of their cars, an ambulance with paramedics prepping a gurney, even the damn S.W.A.T team had come.

While he was distracted, Omega gestured to Hobi as he silently approached Beta. “Get them out of here and it’ll look good for you,” he whispered, “make up for the dumb shit you did earlier.” Beta frowned and clenched his jaw, but a few seconds under Omega’s glare and he relented.

“Only so I don’t get completely screwed over,” he mumbled as he stooped down to pick up Jin as quietly as he could. Delta watched wordlessly.

“Careful!” Omega hissed. He looked back at Alpha as Beta moved with Jin towards the garage door. Seeing he was still lost in his own world, he turned to Hobi. “Take him out too, get to safety,” he said, nudging his chin at Jungkook.

“But why are you-”
“No time, go!” Hobi shut his mouth and hurried over to Kookie, helping him up and throwing his arm across the back of his neck before giving one more grateful look to Omega. No, Max. He looked over at Namjoon, concerned, but their leader motioned for him not to hesitate. It wasn’t a moment too soon either, as Alpha snapped out of his trance and, with Yoongi in tow, entered the doorway of the living room, a panicked expression forming on his face. He looked down the hallway to the garage, seeing Hobi and Jungkook nearing the door. With an angry shout he took his gun away from Yoongi and pointed it in their direction, aiming at Hoseok’s back. Thinking quickly, Yoongi used all of his upper body strength to shove himself against Alpha, knocking him off balance and causing the bullet to hit the door frame of the bathroom. Hobi yelped and ducked slightly, picking up the pace and rounding the corner of the garage door with Jungkook.

Completely taken over by his anger, Alpha used his hand gun to pistol whipped Yoongi over the head, causing him to collapse to the ground. “I’ve had enough of your bullshit Min Yoongi.” He raised the gun parallel with the young man’s blonde head, finger twitching on the trigger, when he was tackled from the side and thrown to the ground. Namjoon ran over to Yoongi and checked his head, feeling a bump already starting to form under his hair.

“’Sss, fiiine,” Yoongi muttered, causing Namjoon to worry a bit. Hopefully he was just dizzy and there was nothing worse. His head whipped towards the wrestling figures on the floor, it was an intense battle. And unfortunately for the last two members of BTS, they were completely blocking the hallway.

“Here, out the front!” they heard a voice call. Max? Then who was-

BAM!

Another gunshot. Namjoon and Max watched as the two figures lay still.

“B-Brian?” Max called, taking a step towards them. Unexpected movement caused him to jump back. The bodies jolted a little bit, and Namjoon couldn’t tell if it was Alpha or Delta causing it. Abruptly the man on top was pushed from the other, lying limply on the floor, blood oozing from a wound in his chest. Namjoon’s heart sank when he saw who it was, empty eyes staring at him through the mask.

“Brian!” Max screamed, sinking next to him on the floor. Alpha sat up, blood soaking his neck and shirt. He blankly looked at Max, no hint of any emotion on his face.

“I warned you.”

Furious banging on the door caused Namjoon to jump and scoot Yoongi, who was still out of it, behind him.

“This is the police!” A deep voice boomed, “Come out with your hands up!” Namjoon wanted to run to them, throw the door open and get Yoongi and himself away from this hell. But he couldn’t do that. He trained his eyes on the psychotic man no more than four feet away as he stood up and casually looked around.

“They’re all gone,” he softly spoke, his gaze finding Namjoon and Yoongi, “all except you two.” His head dropped down, expression becoming more dark and sinister. “If I’m going down I’m taking you with me.” He jolted forward and seized Namjoon’s wrist, trying to yank him away from Yoongi so he could nab him too. Namjoon made his task difficult, pushing and struggling against him so he couldn’t get to his friend.

During their altercation the front door collapsed, S.W.A.T team members flooding into the
house. The commotion and sudden infiltration of bodies into the house stunned Namjoon, but Alpha took advantage and twisted his arm behind his back, causing a hiss of pain from the young rapper.

“Don’t come any fucking closer or I’ll kill him!” he announced, stepping backwards into the kitchen. Namjoon couldn’t feel the gun, but he knew it must have been trained on him if the unit wasn’t rushing them.

“Namjoon!” he heard Yoongi call out. He looked at him, and even though he was scared, and showing it, he gave a small nod. If it was going to be any of them, he was more than happy to take the hit. Yoongi looked crushed, but he was soon covered up by a metal shield that fell in front of him to protect him from bullets. Namjoon silently thanked that officer. He could feel himself being lead to the sliding door that they had been told was broken (obviously a lie) and before he was pulled out into the wilderness, he heard once last broken cry from his brother.

“NAMJOON!”

Chapter End Notes

Ooooo, six of them are in safety! Does that make them safe? Well... 0_0

Poor Namjoon, I've really been giving my bias wrecker the short end of the stick >_<

Also, don't know if y'all noticed, but I added another chapter to the final count, this would've been super long if I kept going. So there's that!

I really appreciate all of you who have been reading along, no matter when you joined in. Knowing people have been enjoying a piece I've been creating is an amazing feeling and I can't thank y'all enough really. I hope I can continue to entertain you until the end of the story! <3
Chapter 20

Jimin sat in the back of the police car, Tae’s hand gripped strongly in his. They had refused to go to the station with another officer, hysterically insisting that they stay to make sure the others were okay. Jimin exhaled harshly and stared at the house, anxiety coating each cell in his body. Sure, he was safe, and so was Tae, but they all needed to be.

“Chim Chim, it’ll be okay,” Tae said softly, patting the other side of Jimin’s hand with his free one. Jimin looked down at their interlocked fingers and saw that his knuckles had turned white from squeezing so hard, and yet Taehyung didn’t say anything about that. He was so kind and patient, that thought alone almost made Jimin burst into tears. His attention was diverted when he saw a few more cars pull up along with three ambulances. He prayed they wouldn’t be using all of them. Just the sight of paramedics prepping two gurneys made him sick, since he knew Kookie and Jin (oh God, Jin) would need them.

“Yeah…” he finally muttered back, attempting to ease up on Tae’s hand a bit. He watched S.W.A.T officers pass the car and immediately scooted to the edge of his seat, eyes darting between them and any exits of the house.

“Hold up!” Someone shouted. Jimin could feel Tae tense up next to him as they saw the officers draw their guns. Something was happening, they just couldn’t see what.

“Don’t shoot!” Someone else said that. Suddenly Tae gasped, his eyes growing large.

“Jin-hyung!” he whispered, the name hitching in his throat. Jimin followed his gaze and saw the Beta jogging out of the garage carrying a very pale and unresponsive Jin. They watched as paramedics rushed forward with a gurney, the man laying him out then putting his hands up. “Screw this,” Jimin heard Tae say as opened the car door.

“T-Tae, we aren’t allowed to get out!” Jimin hissed, earning a disappointed look from his friend.

“Honestly, I don’t care. You don’t have to follow me.” He watched Tae slam the door behind him before scrambling for the handle and letting himself out. Following his friend, they hurried towards the gurney as it was heading back to the ambulance, Jin strapped down with an oxygen mask on. The paramedics were talking frantically, faces hard and focused as they passed the two boys. Jimin felt like time slowed to a crawl. Everything around him seemed fuzzy as he stared down at his hyung, taking in his snow-like complexion and blood soaked clothes that stuck to a very still frame. He looked… dead.

This couldn’t be real.

An unexpected gunshot snapped him back to reality, Jin finally making it past them and into the vehicle. “Shots fired! Prepare to move in!” An officer close to them called out. He looked over at them and frowned, Jimin recognizing him as the officer who had allowed them to stay if they waited in the car. Before he could say anything, two more figures emerged from the shadows of the garage, one hopping as the other helped him. Jimin held his breath.
“Put your hands up!” An officer shouted before the early morning light revealed their faces. They each held up their free hand as they came out and Tae almost cried out in relief. Hoseok and Jungkook.

“Wait!”

“Those are our friends!”

The officers immediately aimed their guns at the ground, walking quickly towards them and helping them towards the cars. Tae and Jimin sprinted to them, ignoring the calls and yells from officers as they came up to another ambulance, Jungkook already taking a seat on the gurney. Hoseok turned to face the noise and his face lit up as soon as he saw them. Tae came crashing into him and latched him in a hug, unable to keep himself together as tears came spilling down the sides of his face.

“Hyung,” he choked out, pushing his face into the crook of Hobi’s neck, taking in his warmness, his smell. Hobi always smelled so good. Maybe not the best after a night of running through the woods and sweating from anxiety, but he still smelt like him. Hobi hugged Tae back, one of his hands going up to run his fingers through Tae’s dirty hair. Tears were threatening to fall from his eyes too, but he tried his best to keep them in. He was the oldest right now, he had to stay strong.

Next to them Jimin approached Jungkook, the younger staring with his head hanging at the ground. Jimin wanted to crush him in a hug, squeeze him until he begged him to stop, pinch his cheeks until they turned bright red, but... something was wrong.

“Kookie?” he started, placing a hand on his shoulder. For a few seconds he received no reaction until he saw little droplets of water fall and mix in with the dirt. He knelt down in front of Jungkook and gently lifted his head, meeting the sad gaze of their maknae.

“It’s my fault,” Kookie whispered, tears now tumbling down his cheeks, “Jin-hyung… hurt… because of me.” His breath was hitching as he spoke. Jimin carefully held the sides of his face, wiping away the tears with his thumbs.

“Nothing is your fault Jungkook,” he said softly, “Absolutely nothing.”

“He took the bullet for me!” Kookie wailed, “It was supposed to hit me! Why did he do that?! Why couldn’t he just let it hit me?! He’s gonna die!” Jimin pulled Jungkook’s head forward so their foreheads rested against each other.

“He’s not going to die Kook.” He spoke firmly now, “Don’t you give up on him. He loves you too much, you need to have faith in him. He’s not going to die.” Kookie threw his arms around Jimin’s neck and cried into his shoulder. Jimin allowed himself to cry too, stroking his hand up and down Kook’s back. He saw Taehyung join Kookie on the gurney, placing a secure arm around his shoulder, as he felt a chin rest on his own and warm arms wrap around his back. He didn’t need to turn around to see who it was. They all stayed that way for no more than 10 seconds when another gunshot echoed from the house, causing them to jump. All of their heads shot up and looked towards the house, shocked to see the S.W.A.T team working on busting the front door down. Hobi detached himself from their huddle and in a blind panic began running back to the garage.

“Namjoon! Yoongi!” He cried out when two officers stopped him.

“Sir you can’t go back in there.”
“Please hold on, there’s nothing we can do right now.”

“Our officers will get them out, please calm down.”

Hobi’s struggle in their holds died down as he realized all he could do was wait. He felt completely useless. Again. The officers let go and he squatted on the driveway, pushing back his hair and rubbing at his face. He looked back to see that the paramedics were getting Jungkook loaded into the ambulance despite his protests. Jimin and Tae momentarily looked conflicted as to whether or not one of them should go with him, but Tae climbed in knowing that Kookie really needed somebody and couldn’t go alone. Hobi turned his attention back to the house, his stomach twisting as he heard shouting but wasn’t sure what the people were saying. Jimin came up beside him and bent down, taking Hobi’s arm in a nervous grip. They didn’t say anything and held their breaths until a very clear name pierced the air.

“NAMJOON!”

Hoseok sprung up, pulling Jimin along with him, and started digging his hands in his hair, scratching harshly at his scalp. He scrunches up his face and his breathing became erratic as paramedics were called in. They weren’t asked to bring a stretcher. Hobi was so consumed by his panic, he didn’t hear Jimin calling out to him, trying to pry his eyes away from the house.

“Yoongi-hyung!”

That did it. Hobi’s gaze snapped around until his eyes set on his hyung as he exited the house surrounded by officers. Namjoon was nowhere in sight. Yoongi was led to the remaining ambulance and an EMT started flashing a light in his eyes and asking him questions as he sat on the back step of the vehicle. Jimin took Hoseok’s hand and guided him towards Yoongi.

“Do you feel nauseous?”

“No....”

“Do you have a headache?”

“Yes....”

“Can you tell me your name and birthday?”

“Min Yoongi... March ninth nineteen-ninety-three.”

“Hmmm, I’d say you have a mild concussion, we’ll take you back to the hospital just to be on the safe side.” Yoongi scowled.

“I’m not going to the hospital until he comes back.” The paramedic pinched her lips together, opening them to say something when-

“Hyung!” Jimin and Hobi walked up, the singer dropping the rapper’s hand to envelop Yoongi in a soft hug. Jimin noticed how stiff Yoongi was, even as he gave Jimin a hug back. As soon as Jimin pulled away, Hobi spoke up, his voice shaking.

“Yoongi... Where’s Namjoon?”
Namjoon stumbled forward through the thicket, the hand clutching the back of his shirt relentless as it pushed him. He was completely on edge, his body tense and tingly, almost feeling light. His brain worked a mile a minute, thinking of how he could get out of this situation. Before, when things were dire and it was between himself and his band mates, he could choose himself to take the fall no problem, but now he had to survive. They were safe and it was just him. And he had to survive. Survive for them. The man behind him was cursing, mumbling to himself as he pressed into Namjoon, glancing around like a lost child. He had no plan. He had no idea where to go or what to do.

Everything went wrong.

“Fuck,” he grumbled to himself for the thousandth time. They could hear police yelling far in the distance and, wait, were those dogs? They came to an abrupt stop when Namjoon was thrust behind a tree and shoved up against the trunk. His groan of discomfort was cut off when a hand covered his mouth and the gun was pushed into his chin. “Scream and you’re dead,” Alpha warned before removing his hand. Namjoon nodded profusely, clenching his jaw. Alpha stepped back, swiping his hand under his nose. Namjoon was frozen in place not sure if he should move or stay there.

“Th-this is pointless you know,” he calmly spoke out. “They’ll catch up to us eventually, you can’t run forever.”

“Didn’t I tell you to shut up?” Alpha hissed, glaring daggers at him.

Namjoon continued anyway, “Just give up, please, this is only making things worse.”

“Worse? Worse?! I’m going away for murder after your little friend dies, it doesn’t get worse! This,” he gestured around, “is nothing. And I’d sooner have both of us die than go to prison.” Namjoon’s blood ran cold. If this guy didn’t get his demands met, whatever those might be, he was going to get killed. He needed to be smart about this.

“But if you die you’ll never see justice for your sister.” Alpha whipped his eyes back to him. “Watch what you say.”

“But think about it! Y-you’ll never see Bang PD put away for what he did, you’re whole mission will be for nothing!” Namjoon felt a stab of guilt for throwing out his manager’s name, but he had to roll with it.

“Oh, my mission succeeded. As soon as your friend took in his last breath, that’s when I won. BTS is done, there goes BigHit’s success.”

“That wasn’t the original idea though was it? It couldn’t have been! This was too thought out!” Alpha got really close to Namjoon, their noses almost touching.

“It was for both. Keep you alive long enough to get the money. Drain BigHit, then destroy their cash crop. In the end getting rid of you kids was the goal. At least for me.” A smile spread across his lips and he leaned in to Namjoon’s ear. “You have no idea how good it felt to finally pull that trigger.” Anger flared in Namjoon as he thought about what this man did to him and his friends. Beating on Hobi, hitting Yoongi over the head, dislocating Tae’s arm, putting Jimin and Jungkook in serious compromises with his men, trying to shoot Jungkook and Hobi, Jin sacrificing himself for their maknae, Namjoon himself getting pushed around and electrocuted, not to mention all of the therapy they would need to try and recover mentally.
He had enough.

He threw a punch right at Alpha’s face, sending the man sprawling to the side. “WE’RE OVER HERE!” he yelled as he kicked the gun from Alpha’s hand, earning a bark of rage from the man. He found himself on the ground after his feet got swept out from under him and Alpha was suddenly there, wrapping his fingers around his neck. “You little shit!” He shrieked, “I'll take you to hell with me!” He squeezed so hard that Namjoon could hear his ears start to ring. He wiggled around, trying to scratch and pull at Alpha’s hands when he distantly heard the barking of dogs and snapping of twigs getting closer. Just as his vision was becoming fuzzy, Alpha let go. Namjoon sucked in a deep breath, coughing and sitting up. The click of a hammer stole his attention. He looked up. Alpha had a mad look in his eye as he aimed the gun directly between Namjoon’s eyes.

“Say hi to your friend for me kid.”

Namjoon closed his eyes.

BAM!

Was he dead? He didn’t feel dead. Do you feel anything when you’re dead?

He slowly squinted his eyes open, widening them all the way when he saw what was in front of him.

Alpha was standing there. Staring at him. The tip of the gun was dipped towards the ground. A small, spreading stain of red was on the chest of his shirt. He blinked a few times, the gun falling from his hand completely as he staggered forward. Namjoon scooted back as Alpha reached out to him, falling at the rapper’s feet. He took a few shaky breaths and then… nothing. Joonie couldn’t believe it.

It was over.

It was really over.

Yoongi waited impatiently in the ambulance as the same paramedic kept coming up to check on him every five minutes. Jimin stayed glued to his side as Hobi paced anxiously at the doors, glancing up once and awhile when their environment shifted. The dogs were brought in shorty after Yoongi came out and were let loose to scavenge. But now it had been about 20 minutes since the incident in the house. Max had been escorted to a police car a few minutes prior, only glancing once at the boys with a sad look on his face. All they could do was give a sympathetic one back.

Yoongi had told the other two what happened, explaining that Namjoon was not the one who got hurt, but Delta. Jimin was unaware that Delta, or rather, Brian, was Max’s brother.

“This whole trip was a disaster…” he muttered before they all fell silent. Yoongi tapped his fingers on the metal of the vehicle’s floor, his nerves eating away at him. Nothing could happen to Namjoon. Right? He was their brave, powerful, smart, selfless leader. He would be okay… Right? His head was killing him, and the sun peeking out from behind the trees was not helping. Damn concussion.

They heard a sound in the distance, kind of loud, almost like a boom, and knew what it must have been. It had to have been a gunshot. Hobi’s pacing became a bit more rushed and his breathing picked up.
“Come on Hope, sit down, you’re making me tense up more.” Yoongi scolded.

“I’m sorry that I need to move when I get nervous.”

“You seem to need to move all of the time.”

“I’m an active person! It’s hard for me to stay still!”

“Clearly.”

“Well I’m sorry that I don’t want to be born as a rock in my next life.”

“Clearly.”

“You know wha-”

“Hyungs!” Jimin interrupted, “Please don’t get into an argument. I know we’re all stressed but fighting is just going to make you both feel worse.” They all went quiet again. They knew Jimin was right, they just wanted to aim their anger at something even if it was each other.

“I’m sorry hyung.” Hobi said softly. He plopped down next to Yoongi in the door frame of the ambulance. Yoongi said nothing, but placed his hand on top of Hobi’s knee firmly, his mouth pressing into a line. Hobi didn’t need to hear the words to know he was sorry too. He placed his hand on top of Yoongi’s and rubbed circles in his skin to try and help soothe him. It seemed to work as they all sat there, basking in each other’s company.

The rustling of leaves and murmur of voices emerging from the woods caught their attention. Hoseok jumped up again and wrung his hands together, letting out out a heavy breath. Jimin grabbed Yoongi’s hand, more so to calm himself than anything. Yoongi sat numb and waiting. The police started filing out of the trees, some with their dogs, a few others lingering in the grass as two paramedics joined them. It was all surreal. Yoongi’s leg started unconsciously jittering as he scanned the faces, looking for the only one he would recognize.

Then he saw him.

“Namjoon,” he breathed, getting up and heading towards him in a light jog. In that moment he didn’t care about his pounding headache or his sore eyes. He needed to see him. “Namjoon!” A smile made its way onto his face as their leader looked over to them and flashed his dimples. He started their way too, a bit faster so that they met halfway, Yoongi gripping his arms and looking him over before roughly pushing him away. Namjoon’s face fell.

“Hyung-?”

“Don’t ‘hyung’ me Joon,” Yoongi stated flatly as his face scrunched up in irritation. “That’s twice, two freaking times, within the past 12 hours that you put your life in the hands of that psycho. You’re so damn lucky you didn’t die.” Namjoon could see Yoongi’s eyes get glossy as he spoke.

“I’m s-”

“I’m not finished,” the rapper snapped. Jimin and Hobi were now on their side of their hyung, looking unsure about the situation. Honestly they just wanted to crush Namjoon in a hug, but if they did that they risked getting crushed themselves by Yoongi’s fury. Yoongi continued, “Do you know what we would do without you? Because I sure don’t. Bangtan would fall apart without you Namjoon, we wouldn’t be able to function as a group. All of our hard work, our efforts, would be
for nothing. Did you think about that? You’re Jungkook’s role model, what if that kid got some stupid idea to—"

“To what hyung?” Namjoon shot back. “Put others before himself? Do what’s necessary for the greater good? And don’t try to tell me you wouldn’t have done the same thing if you were in my position!”

“I should have done it! I’m older!”

“But I’m the leader hyung! It’s my duty! I needed to do what was best for all of you!” He walked back up to Yoongi and placed his hands on his shoulders. “But we’re here… We’re okay hyung.” He pulled Yoongi into a hug, the older folding almost immediately and clinging back to him.

“Jin’s not okay Joonie,” Yoongi whispered into Namjoon’s shoulder. “He’s not okay at all.” They pulled apart, Namjoon’s soft expression replaced with a somber one. He gave Hobi and Jimin each a strong one-armed hug as thoughts ran through his head.

“I know,” he softly admitted after they all broke apart, running a hand through his hair. “Let’s get to the hospital.”

Chapter End Notes

Well, now we just have to get through the hospital stuff :( and hopefully any remaining questions will be answered in the next chapter, because it's the last one! I'm really excited to almost have this done, the finale should be up in the next day or two!

Thanks all for the kudos, comments, and support! As always I really appreciate it! I'll go back and respond to your comments in the morning (it's late over here XP)! <3
Chapter 21

Jungkook sat with his arms crossed on the hospital bed. He stared down at the end of the bed, almost glaring at the cast on his leg. He was safe. Tae, sitting on the couch next to his bed, was safe. Jimin and Hobi? Most likely safe. Yoongi, Namjoon, and Jin?.. He had no idea. His stomach fluttered with nerves every time the door to his room opened. The first few times it was the nurse, and every time he saw her he couldn’t help but feel a bit disappointed. His uninjured leg bounced up and down as they waited for news. His hands sprung up to his head and started tearing into his hair, fast and agitated, pulling and scratching.

“Hey,” Tae said from next to him, gently pulling one of his arms back down, “be careful, you don’t want to give them an excuse to keep you in here longer.” Jungkook sighed, his hands plopping back down.

“Where are they hyung...” he muttered. Tae didn’t know what to say, just sat there rubbing circles into Jungkook’s palm as he checked on the clock for the hundredth time that minute. They should be back by now. If they were all okay, they should be back. He didn’t even want to think about if they weren’t… That thought lead to him thinking about Jin. He hardly saw him before they took him away in the ambulance. What if that was the last time he saw him? What if he never got to say goodbye? Tae tried to remove the thought from his head. Jimin had just scolded Kookie for thinking that way, he couldn’t let himself slip into that frame of mind either. An unexpected knock on the door startled them, and Jungkook couldn’t help it when a faint gasp escaped him.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to frighten you!” It was the same doctor who had fixed his leg. “I just have some visitors here who wanted to see you.” The doctor continued into the room and Jungkook could have laughed out of relief when he saw Namjoon and Jimin walk in behind him. Tae actually did, letting go of Kook’s hand so he could run past the doctor and crash into the two with a hug, lingering on their leader for a little while longer. “I’ll leave you boys alone for a bit. Buzz if you need anything, your nurse will be happy to help!” And with that he left.

The four stood and sat in silence looking each other over, taking in each other’s features, presence, everything. Namjoon found himself staring at Jungkook, watching his chest expand and contract through his shirt with each breath he took.

“Hyung?..” Their maknae started, jumping a bit when Namjoon practically sprung in his direction and sat at the foot of his bed, placing a hand on his uninjured leg’s knee.

"Sorry Kook,” he muttered, “I know what was weird.”

“You don’t have to apologize hyung.” Kookie placed his hand on top of Joon’s “I understand.” They shared gentle smiles with each other getting lost in their comfort when Tae’s voice snapped them out of it.

“Hyung, where are Hobi-hyung and Yoongi-hyung? And… and have you heard anything about Jin-hyung?” The last sentence was less confident, almost as though Tae was afraid to ask. Namjoon sighed and pushed a hand through his hair.
“Hobi and Yoongi are getting checked over by doctors to make sure they’re okay from their injuries. Jimin and I were looked at on the way over here in the ambulance, but they wanted X-rays for the others.”

“Wait what happened to Yoongi-hyung?” Tae asked with worried edge to his voice. Namjoon bit the inside of his lip.

“He got hurt by that asshole. Hit over the head, but he seems alright, don’t worry too much.”

“I’m glad that jerk is going to jail. I hope he rots.” Jimin and Namjoon both stole glances at each other then looked away quickly. Jungkook caught them and furrowed his brow.

“He is going to jail… right?” Namjoon pinched his lips together and looked at the white tiled floor.

“Actually, he um… he’s… he’s… dead guys.” Why was it so hard for him to say? The man had put them through so much hell and he had trouble spitting out what he was? Dead? He should be relieved, and not that he wasn’t in some way, but there was a heaviness that came with that. He didn’t have to die.

“He’s… dead?” Jungkook seemed bewildered.

“Wow…” Tae murmured, stretching his arm lazily across Jimin’s shoulders.

“Yeah.” Namjoon swallowed hard. “But Jin is in surgery. He’s still alive but… he’s lost a lot of blood. They’re doing their best, last I was told they got him breathing again but even that could… could…” He trailed off. There were a lot of things he was having trouble saying today.

“He’ll be okay hyung,” Jimin said softly. Namjoon didn’t have a chance to respond as the door to the hospital room opened again, revealing a nurse pushing Yoongi in on a wheelchair. He looked annoyed that he was being toted around, head wrapped in a bandage, but he wasn’t complaining.

“Sorry to interrupt but he insisted on joining you all!” She sang out chirpily. Yoongi huffed in either irritation or embarrassment, maybe both, before casting a glance at the others. “He has a mild concussion, so loud noises and bright lights might cause a headache. Other than that everything looks good!” She parked him at the end of the bed before flashing all of them a smile. “Your other friend should be coming in shortly as well, just finishing up a few things!” With that she left, shutting the door behind her.

“Hey hyung,” Jungkook called out gently, meeting eyes with the eldest rapper. “How are you feeling?” Yoongi let out a sad chuckle.

“Shouldn’t I be the one asking you that?”

“I suppose we could ask each other right?” Kookie lightly laughed back.

“Are you okay hyung?” Tae spoke up, dropping his arm from Jimin as they both approached the bed. Jimin sat on Kook’s other side as Tae wrapped a back hug around Yoongi, as best he could with the chair in the way.

“Yeah, I’m fine,” he sighed. “I’m just, I don’t know, concerned I guess.”

“I’m glad that’s all it was, I was scared for something worse to be honest,” Namjoon admitted. Yoongi hummed in response and they all stayed frozen in time, once again falling silent. Why talk
when there was nothing to say?

“I’m worried about Jin,” Yoongi whispered. So there was something to say. Tae squeezed his shoulders and pushed his chin deeper into his hyung’s neck to try and be comforting.

“We all are hyung.” Yoongi let out a deep breath and massaged his temples, not really getting a headache from anything in particular. At least, not anything in this room. A few more minutes passed before there was a light rasp on their door and it flew open, Hoseok strutting in like he was at an airport instead of a hospital. He cracked them all a toothy grin.

“Did you guys really miss me that much?” They all couldn’t help but give him genuine smiles after that, wondering how he had managed to pick up the mood just by walking in the room. It was a gift he had, even given the circumstances.

“What’s the diagnosis Hope?” Namjoon asked. Hoseok made a face.

“A fractured rib and a bruised throat mostly. Besides the other bruises I suppose. My throat just happened to get a bad treatment and be a very sensitive part of my body. Doctor gave it two weeks to be almost back to normal, 4-6 for my rib.” He plopped down on the couch next to Kook’s bed and only then did they realize how sad his eyes were. Getting a bit flustered, he tightened his body inward, crossing his legs and arms and looking at nothing in particular. Jimin went to sit down next to him, leaning on him when J-Hope’s smile fell to a straight line. They knew what he was thinking about. It was all any of them could think about.

There was another faint knock on the door, but no one came barging in this time. Namjoon got up and went to answer it. Upon opening it his eyes widened. Hitman Bang stood there, a somber and disturbed look spread across his face. Seeing Namjoon made some of the tension in his face leave and he pulled the boy in for an unexpected hug. It took Namjoon back a bit, considering he didn’t expect to see their manager at all, but he relaxed into it. Finally a familiar face.

He let Hitman past him and followed behind, hoping he had the answers they all needed. The others were also shocked to see their manager as he went to each of them to express how happy he was that they were alright.

“I’m sure you boys have a lot of questions,” he began, “But I’ll tell you right now that I don’t have any information on Seokjin. He’s still in surgery, although I’ve at least been told they have him stabilized.” His voice wavered slightly and he swallowed a hard lump in his throat before continuing. “As far as everything else is concerned, you all deserve answers. I suppose I should start at the beginning.

“The man who organized all of this was named Junho Lee. Quite a few years back his sister, Jihee, auditioned for the company and was accepted as a trainee.” He paused and sighed. “We had… undesirable people working for us at the time. One of them committed sexual assault on Jihee. It was bad. It was really bad. The poor girl understandably quit and pressed charges on not only the perpetrator, but BigHit as well. Her suit against us fell through and the guy… he only got three months.” He let out a grunt of frustration. “Three damn months. Her dream was ruined, her career was ruined, her life was ruined… She ended up purposely overdosing on drugs not even a year after the trial. Her family was devastated and blamed the company. I just never knew her brother blamed me personally.” He ran a hand from his hair down his face. “He must have completely lost it, he mixed up facts and details regarding his sister’s case and even went as far as to say I was the one that did the horrible act. Suddenly he stopped and was quiet for years, I thought he had moved on. Apparently not.”

“PD-nim,” Tae interjected, “What was he trying to get out of this?” Hoseok shifted
uncomfortably on the couch, earning a strange look from Jimin. Namjoon also looked disturbed as he averted his eyes. Their manager sighed.

“"A few days ago I got an email from an anonymous person. They said they wanted half of the company’s worth or… essentially bad things would start to happen to all of you.” Jungkook shuttered thinking about what details were being omitted. “Eventually he gave away his identity. I tried to send the police to the cabin’s address but all of the files had wrong information. Turns out he was an excellent hacker and changed everything around, including things about the house. Apparently it was in his name. He owned it and set the whole thing up by messing with documents.” Hitman let out another long breath and placed a hand on Tae and Namjoon’s shoulders. “I’m so sorry you boys got caught up in the middle of this. The doctors are doing their best for Seokjin, please be patient and try to stay positive. He’s strong and stubborn.” His voice sounded sad, but they could hear the sincerity all the same. He turned to leave and give them some alone time when Jimin broke the silence.

“PD-nim,” he called out, “Did they… did they find the guy in the woods?” Hitman slowly turned back to them, mouth tight.

“I’d like to give you better news but… no, they didn’t.”

“Oh…” Jimin sounded small, disappointed. So he was still out there.

“They’ll find him, I’m sure of it. Try to get some rest, all of you.” He gave them all one last small smile before exiting the room.

“Shit,” Yoongi groaned, leaning his head back into Tae, “more waiting.” But it was all they could do. And so they did.

Yoongi sat in the dimly lite room as the others slept. Well, most of them. Namjoon and Hoseok were awake too, seemingly unable to sleep. It had been hours since their arrival at the hospital and they still hadn’t heard anything about their eldest member. It had all of their nerves in a bundle. He fondly looked at the others. Tae had curled up on the bed with Jungkook, holding onto the younger boy as he slept. Jimin had fallen asleep on the couch, head in Hobi’s lap as the main dancer pet his head. Hoseok was busy whispering something about a book they’d been reading to Namjoon when the door opened. A doctor appeared from behind the curtain, a serious look on his face. Namjoon immediately got up from his chair as he approached them.

“Good afternoon gentlemen, I trust you’ve been getting some rest,” he said formally, a no-nonsense attitude present in his voice. “My name is Dr. Kang, I was the leading surgeon during Mr. Kim’s operation.” Namjoon tensed and wrung his hands together, knowing this was it, they were going to get the news they’d been waiting for.

“How’s he doing Doctor?” The man’s expression never waivered.

“I’ll be straight with you, it was looking bleak for awhile. His blood pressure dropped dangerously low and his brain was deprived of oxygen for a risky amount of time. But—” he stopped and looked each of them in the eyes, “he’s going to pull through.” Namjoon had to catch himself from falling backwards. The relief made him lightheaded as he went to shake the doctor’s hand.

“Thank you, thank you so much sir,” he spouted as the others grinned from ear to ear.
“I’m just glad he’ll be alright. Be careful now, I don’t want to see any of you back in my hospital for a long time.” The slightest trace of what could be considered a smile ghosted his face. “The nurse will come in when it’s clear for you to go see him.” And with that the boys found themselves alone once again. But for the first time in what felt like a lifetime they weren’t sad. They weren’t nervous or scared either.

“He’s going to be okay!” Hoseok sobbed out, tears of relief filling up his eyes even as he tried to blink them back.

“Thank God,” Yoongi mumbled, smiling at the floor. Namjoon couldn’t stop himself from shaking as he lowered himself back into his seat. Looks like Junho didn’t win after all. This had all been for nothing. And he couldn’t be happier about that.

After an hour or so, a nurse came in and told the boys that Jin was awake and ready to see them. Hoseok and Namjoon gently woke up the others, which wasn’t hard after telling them the good news. Jungkook, who was a heavy sleeper and a pain in the ass to wake up, tried to spring out of bed regardless of his leg and had to be stopped by all of his present hyungs. They fixed him up in a wheelchair that Namjoon pushed as they headed towards the recovery area, Yoongi being pushed by Jimin.

When they got to the door Hoseok knocked gently before opening the door, the six of them crowding into the room. They opened the curtain to expose the rest of the room and were met with the most beautiful sight they had ever seen. Jin was lying there, slightly elevated, in his bed with a soft smile playing on his lips.

“Hey guys,” he practically whispered. They quickly gathered around his bed, eager to touch him, talk to him. “Geez, I could use a little space,” he jokingly whined.

“Are you feeling alright hyung?” Tae asked, his hand landing on Jin’s calf.

“I suppose as good as I could feel after that dilemma huh?” Jimin took his hand and lightly squeezed it.

“We were all so worried Jin-hyung. You gave us quite a fright!”

“I’m sorry, I’ll be sure to think about that next time a life-threatening situation comes around.” He rolled his eyes, but weakly returned the gesture to Jimin, who couldn’t help but smile. Jin, always being a smartass, even right after major surgery.

“I’m so sorry hyung,” the voice was quiet, but they all turned to look at Kookie. “I’ve been wanting to tell you that for such a long time. I’m so sorry you did that for me. There’s nothing I can do to repay you for that, I couldn’t even begin to.” Jungkook’s voice was unsteady, but he looked right into Jin’s eyes as he said it.

“Jungkook,” Jin said, motioning for Namjoon to bring him closer so he could take his hand. “You never have to repay me. Ever. Brothers don’t need to, that’s what we’re here for. I’ll always look out for you and do what I think is best. If we had to relive that incident again, I’d still do the same thing.” Kook lowered his head, but Jin cupped his chin and brought it back up. “Understand?” All Kookie could do was nod as Jin pulled him into a hug. They were soon joined by Jimin, then Hobi, then Tae, Yoongi, and Namjoon.

They were strong. They were together. They were BTS. And nothing was going to change that.
And there it is! My baby is done! T_T

Thank you all so much for sticking around and reading it through, I hope you enjoyed it! I appreciate all of the comments and kudos you've left, I can only hope any fics I write in the future can get as much love as this one did!

Love yourselves, because I love you!

Until next time,
2na

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