"Not like that? You're Korea's number one hero and now you tell me you've been helping him? Suga- the villain who just put Jungkook in a hospital?!!"

He swallowed hard. It sounded bad, especially with how Namjoon had put it- but Yoongi wasn't like that, at least not with him...


OR Park Jimin is Seoul's number one hero and when he finds himself falling for Suga, probably the world's most notorious villain, he finds he's long past caring, because in comparison, the world has yet to meet a real villain if they think Suga's anything even close to evil...

Notes

+ I currently do not allow translations or reposts of any of my fics, please respect this decision, thanks
See the end of the work for more notes.
“Ah.”

Jimin snapped his head back over to the bed watching the panting male with growing distaste.

He really shouldn't have done that.

He'd known it was a mistake from the moment the villain had hinted at it weeks ago, but of course that hadn't stopped him from being strung along until he'd caved. But with how he looked and the filthy words that tumbled from his lips he couldn't really be blamed. With his lingering touches and cocky expression he was positive the villain had fully intended on sleeping with him at some point in time, and well? Villians usually got what they wanted. Suga was no exception.

He didn't seem to be able to move much though so he didn't think he would face any precautions. It would be just as bad for the villain as for him if anyone found out what they'd done. Fuck, the villain community would probably kill Suga before any heroes could get to him.

“That was great huh?” The villain slowly pulled himself up and readjusted the mask hugging the bottom half of his face. Even with his face mostly covered Jimin could practically see the ghost of a smirk on his lips.

“You just laid there you didn't do anything,” He paused as he continued to button up his shirt watching as the male crawled off of bed, his face scrunching in slight pain as he weakly moved to grab his pants. At least he knew he defiantly wouldn't be able to attack him. Not like this anyways. Biting back a smile he nudged them closer to him taking pity as his frustration became more and more clear.

His brows were creased as he swiped his hand at the floor, stubbornly refusing to simply get up to grab them. He would have to get up to put them on. His resolve was impossibly adorable though, he'd give him that.

If only the world could see him now he thought blandly.
The infamous Suga, looking nothing more than a kicked puppy. *Cute.*

“Shut up- you could- you could go to jail you're an hero!” He panted snatching up his pants angrily with an agitated growl. He could feel his face growing warm at the action and bit down harshly on the inside of his cheek trying to get the fog quickly filling his mind to disperse. His lover sent him a look as if to say 'really? Now you're embarrassed?'.

“y-yea? I can have you arrested  *Suga, Im a hero, ”*

“*Kinky,* ” The villain cooed wiggiling an eyebrow playfully. “Next time you can cuff me hero- It’ll be the only time you ever do,”

As much as those words would probably annoy him any other time, now, alone and away from prying eyes, he could feel them curling into the pit of his stomach.

The villain reached forward grabbing a hold of his tie to pull him in closer and gently pressing his lips to the corner of his mouth. He bit back the urge to rip his mask off instead settling for glaring at him as he drew back with mirth dancing in his eyes.

The villain had seen him without his mask but *of course* the elder didn’t seem to like the idea of taking his off unless he’d first covered his eyes. It was hypocritical really but he didn't suspect any less especially coming from a villain.

“*There will be no next time,* and I will cuff you, I look forward to exposing you to the world,” He hissed slapping at the hand pulling him in closer. He could absolutely *not* be roped into another round. Namjoon would *kill* him if he knew he was late because he was horny. He'd probably castrate him if he knew he was with a villain of all people.

Suga’s face fell, something unplaceable flickering across it but disappearing just as soon as it came.

"I'm not into exhibition," Jimin sighed. He should have known he would comment on *that.* “I prefer *vigilante* though - villain’s nice too...fits with the whole yin vs yang thing, you know?”

"Okay *Yin,* buy me coffee as a ‘sorry I make you chase after me at three am every night this week’?”"
He nudged the male watching as he tugged on a hoodie, wincing slightly as it dragged across a particular dark bruise near his hip. *Shit.* Maybe he had been a little too rough. He hadn't meant to but having him taunting him *constantly* during had definitely made him more physical in bed. He had wanted him to remember him but from the glimpses of pain he would let slip past his face he had clearly been too rough. He could get seriously hurt if he didn't lay off on getting into fights for a while.

“*Excuse me?* Buy me coffee! I'm going to be limping all week I won't be able to take down anyone for forever!”

He felt his shoulders go slack. He really shouldn't worry about villains but Suga felt different. Jimin could feel laughter bubbling up in him as he watched the villain childishly stomped over to where his phone and weapons were, pocketing them with distaste.

“No aftercare, no coffee? I knew all heros were trash,” Jimin rolled his eyes at the mock hurt on the villain's face.

“Get out of here, you have two minutes before I call my partner and tell him some bratty hookup I had tried to attack me,”

“*Bratty? How the fuck am I the bratty one-*” The villain waved a blade at him pointedly looking offended.

“*Ah-ha- Namjoonie? I have a situation-*” He broke off lowering his phone at the look of horror washing over the villain's face as his eyes nervously darted between the device and the door.

“Go Suga, before I really call him,”

The villain nodded his eyes cast down, looking as if he wanted to say something.

“Will...can we see each other again? Like- can we do this again or h-hang out sometime?” Jimin's eyes flickered down to the hand hesitantly moving to take his own. Pulling his hand back he brought it up to cup the side of his face.

“You're a *villain* and I'm a *hero*...this was a mistake I'm sorry Su-”
“Yoongi,”

Yoongi.

It suited him...but that didn't mean it did him any favors. The name felt like ice, painfully piercing through his heart to allow guilt to curl up in the newly formed hole.

Thankfully the villain didn’t look to be too surprised by his answer, he didn't think he would be able to stand it if he was hurt. God he was weak. He needed to stop getting attached so easily. He offered him a weak smile.

“Yoongi, I'm sorry... we just have conflicting ideals,” He kept his voice soft watching sadly as the villain drew back his face quickly becoming impassive as he nodded to himself.

“Hm, that’s fine, I’ll still play with you so it’s not like I’m too disappointed,”

He could tell he was trying to seem as if he couldn't care less but he could tell he wasn't completely unaffected by it.

Hesitantly he reached out to take a hold of the front of his hoodie, shutting his eyes tightly he pulled down the villain’s mask with his free hand sighing softly at the feeling of his mouth slowly moving against his own. His lips were small but they slotted between his own perfectly and for whatever reason they seemed to ignite sparks throughout his chest, filling him with an addictive warmth. After a few moments he felt the villain tap his cheek gently signalling for him to pull back. Feeling the finger tap him again he opened his eyes staring at the now remasked man.

Yoongi seemed more human than most of the villains he’d encountered...villains were heartless, impasive to anything unless it gave them sadistic joy. Sex he could understand, but wanting to pursue a relationship of some sorts?

It confused him.

Villains weren’t suppose to look so normal, they where supposed to look like they plotted the death of puppies not like they got nervous over something so trivial as asking someone out.
He was weird.

He was snapped from his trial of thoughts as the villain quickly pulled him to his chest.

“Bye hero,”

*Bye Yoongi.*
Park Jimin had known from the moment he had decided to become a hero, that he wouldn’t have many of the luxuries normal people were afforded. He was at peace with it though. It was a sacrifice someone had to make and seeing as it was for the greater good he saw no reason to resent it. That being said in a world full of hate, love was nothing more than an uncommon affair, and well, he’d have to be stupid to think he could have something like that even if he were to have a normal job.

If one were to fall in love it would certainly be more of a burden than anything else. You never really know your own parents so why would you think you could trust someone who wasn’t blood? What were their moral like- Did they uphold any you opposed? In the long run most people agreed that it was better simply not knowing. Living in ignorance was better than the storm of conflict that was sure to come when knowing if someone opposed your very existence.

For Jimin?

Given the line of work he had chosen he was determined not to fall in love, at least not for a civilian. He was a hero so it wasn’t very hard to tell what his moral criteria was. The thought that he could become attached to someone who better thought him dead for his job? It shook him to his core.

Unfortunately however villains weren't in the minority and heroes were few in number. Every villain had a different set of beliefs and why they did what they did- but at the center of it all was to do as much damage as possible for the sole purpose of hurting as many people as they could.
To say the least, he was disgusted by them. Villians would wear a mask and then after they were done hurting and ripping peoples lives apart they would continue about their day normally. They could be the barista that served you coffee with a cheery smile, a childhood friend who you would play with at the park or arcade after school.

Villians were good at hiding in plain sight and because of that you never knew who to trust.

He imagined villains thought much of the same thing. Someone they knew and- hypothetically cared for could be a hero, slithering their way into their lives only to gain their trust and betray it once they were sure they were a villain and could safely be apprehended. The thought made him smile.

For the most part Jimin wholeheartedly regretted sleeping with Yoon- Suga.

For the most part.

He was still having conflicting thoughts.

On one hand Yoo- Suga was a villain. He was the literal embodiment of pointless hate. He had to consciously come to the decision to hurt someone day after day. Just the other day on the news he had watched a breaking story on how he’d murdered some politicians kid. Their kid. He could be more sympathetic towards politicians- some were corrupt and really politics were just too messy for anyone to be free of guilt- but their kid? What did they do to him? Did they call him a name? What would warrant sneaking into their home- entering their domain and graphically gutting them?

Probably the most distinctive thing that set Suga apart and made him objectively one of the most hated villains was the fact that he broadcasted his killings. Yep. With every kill he or his partner would film the other committing the hanous acts, streaming it live for the world to see. It made him feel slightly better, at least if he was ever on one if their lists of ‘people to fuck up’ he already knew what would happen to him, but then again he could never stomach watching the broadcasts even to look for clues as to who they were.

From what he could knew, they split their targets into three categories ranging from how much they disliked them. Obviously the higher ranking they were the more pain they would dish out when assaulting them. The worst they’d ever done was cutting someone open and removing their heart-which, if you asked him, was a bit dramatic but then again so was filming and streaming the killings.
On the other hand a part of him didn’t really think that he was that bad. Like sure he’d murdered a lot of people in cold blood- but then again given the right circumstances he had been forced to kill some people too. Maybe Suga had just got on the wrong track in life and he was destined to set him straight? He didn’t seem like that bad of a guy. The guy had rambled on about his dog Holly for a solid thirty minutes and he swears the only reason the villain had left so soon was because he couldn’t stomach the idea of missing one of his and Hollys 'bedtime cuddles' as he had put it.

He really shouldn’t have slept with him that being said- whether in the end he thought he was ‘better’ than most villains or if he was just a piece of shit like the rest of them. It was what Suga wanted and caving that easily- to a fucking villain of all things was despicable. If a villain wanted to do anything like that with him, well that should of served as enough of a sign.

So instead of confronting what they had done, what that meant, or if he should even be questioning Suga’s morality in the first place he had been doing everything in his power to avoid the villain.

As far as Jimin was concerned he deserved a medal for avoiding the villain so far. He was pretty sure he would become flustered if he ran into Yoongi again and seeing as it was three weeks from the time he last saw him- which fuck? That had to be a record considering how many villains he took down daily and that half the time Suga was one of the villains he would encounter?

Jimin felt he had done a good job. He felt giddy, like when he was little and he would sneak out at odd hours and didn't get caught.

It wasn’t that he was embarrassed he had slept with him. He just knew that if he was to see him again that he wouldn’t be able to tolerate his playful taunts.

Ushally they made taking him down more fun and less like a job, but he knew if he were to grab him by the waist or tease him in the middle of a fight he’d probably just flat out let him walk away. He was a weak man what could he say?

So to put it lightly he really just didn’t want to run into him, at least anytime soon. He was a hero, if he let a villain go consciously...well, the news tabloids would be more than enough to bury him.

Yoongi was different than he would have imagined in bed though. He was a lot more gentle, pliable, a lot more human than what he was use to seeing villains as. Even after they were done he didn't jump back in to trying to kill him. He had lied with him for a few hours and just droned on lazily about a story he wanted to write before asking for a second round.
He confused him and it did absolutely nothing for him. Villians were human obviously, but they didn’t treat other people that way. He’d really just prefer it if Suga would just go on committing hanous acts so he could get it through to himself that he was a horrible person and he should absolutely not be humoring the idea of ‘changing him’ or any more intimate commitments.

“Carmel frap for Park Jimin,”

He snapped his gaze up from his phone forcing a routine smile to his lips he pocketed the device stepping forward and mumbling a soft ‘thank you’.

“Thank you have a good day,” The barista nodded smiling back almost as forcefully as himself. Accepting the drink he turned around more than ready to leave the small coffee shop seeing as he had spent so long waiting in line already, before pausing feeling a hand fist his sweater.

“JM as in Park Jimin?”

Jimin could feel his heart slamming forward into his chest as he processed what was said. Whipping around he shrugged the assailants hand off of him, clapping his free hand over his mouth. Frantically he scanned the building his panic only building up from within him.

No one- and he means no one knew his real identity asides from a few close friends and even they knew to never utter his allias and real name in the same sentence. It was just common sense. Nearly a fifth of the population in Seoul were villains and that meant anyone who could overhear his identity probably cared enough to use it to help put him in the hospital.

There weren’t many people in here and from what he could tell none of them had heard the stranger. Fuck this was bad. He never thought a stranger would guess his identity- he just wasn’t someone people would pay attention to when off the job and well only people with something to hide concealed their names.

Letting out a hollow breath he cold feel anxiety crawling up his spine at the feeling of a warm tongue ghosting across his palm. Whipping his head around he yanked his hand back watching as the strangers cheeks quickly bloomed bright red, his hand stinging faintly.

“ You know,”

The stranger rubbed distastefully at his cheek, his lips turned down into a slight scowl.
“If I were a hero about to deny my identity being outed I wouldn’t react like that.”

*Excuse me?*

He watched dumbly as the stranger entwined their hands his eyes crinkling slightly. He swears to god he’s heard that voice before. He squints trying to remember where he’d seen him before. Soft looking lips, narrow cat-like eyes, button nose…he was drawing a blank.

“Yoongi?!”

The male smiled gummily at his realization motioning with his own drink towards the back of the shop.

“Jiminie,” He parroted fondly. “You owe me coffee but technically this works too I suppose,”

He could feel his cheeks heating up at the nickname and prayed his face wasn’t as hot as it felt.

Noticing his embarrassment Yoongi swiped the pad of his thumb over his cheek with a crafted smile, tugging him down to the very back of the store.

Sighing he let himself be dragged away and shoved down into a booth, the villain climbing in next to him happily.

Well at least now he didn’t have to worry about being outed. Yoongi knew his identity and he knew his so there wasn’t much to fear. He doubted he would out him if he could just do the same and to be blunt villains had a lot more to lose than he did.

If his identity was made known well not much would change. It’s not like he had a photo of him so he could easily deny it and he was sure there was at least fifty ‘Park Jimins’ in Seoul alone.

Feeling his cup shift in his hand he blinked watching as the villain took the straw in between his lips, not breaking eye contact and pulling a face. He frowned. He didn’t really have anything to do so he guessed he could humor him for a while. Hopefully he could get some new leads too.
Yoongi was ranked rather high as a villain and he definitely knew stuff that could help him at least take down some others. Plus with how cutely he scrunched up his face it didn’t do anything for how bad he was beginning to feel about avoiding him. From the look in his eyes he could positively say he knew he had done so on purpose.

“You know I haven’t seen you around lately, I had to deal with that hero J-Hope,” His face pulled into a sneer as he brought his own cup to his lips sending a fleeting glare to the drink clasped in his hand like it had wronged his family for generations.

“J-Hope isn’t that bad. He’s nicer than I am when it comes to taking you down,”

Nervously he looked around. He didn’t expect anyone to recognize him- he kept a basic half-mask on when he was on duty, same for Yoongi- being seen together and talking about their line of work still made him nervous though.

If a hero and a villain were seen together, well, to put it lightly one or both of them would have to die in the end, and the process of it wouldn’t exactly be the most pleasant.

Being a villain was, obviously, illegal and well if he was seen together with one everyone would assume he was going to aid him in some way and would thus be arrested and then thought of as worse than a villain and not a hero who had aided a villain.

Even if he wasn’t aiding them and simply trying to get close to them for information or to arrest them it didn’t matter in the long run and he would still be considered the same in the government’s eyes.

“J-hope is an asshole! He thinks I can become a ‘good’ guy if he smiles hard enough!” The elder waved his cup around angrily. “He’s the only hero who still gives those stupid speeches it’s so annoying god, I have a deal not to kill him but I swear his partners on thin fucking ice!”

Vaguely Jimin wondered why the hell he would tell him this, it was literally his job to stop him from committing crimes. Groaning he let his head hit the window watching dully as the villain continued to ramble on criticism on one of his best friends and their partner.

Personally he didn’t like Hoseok’s partner all that much either, she was brash, rude, extremely ignorant - and over all a shitty person who just took up the job for fame. Well, so did he but he also cared about helping people.

Maybe he could get Yoongi to kill her
“You know, I think you and Hoseok are quite similar,” At his words Yoongi choked bringing up a hand under his chin as coffee dribbled down his chin. Swallowing down a giggle he bit down on his bottom lip silently hoping his amusement was still visible because honestly his annoyance was cute as shit.

“Excuse you?”

Picking up a napkin he passed it to the villain an airy wheeze slipping past his lips.

“You both put up a defiant upfront but once I get you both in bed you shut up and can't seem to get a word out,”

The villains mouth dropped open his face red. Jimin watched in amusement as he closed his mouth again his brows furrowing in irritation before he opened his mouth once more in determination only to shut it looking upset.

It wasn’t true of course, him and Hoseok had never been together like that and he was disgusted at the idea of seeing him in a romantic light, but seeing Yoongi so upset by the mention of his behavior in bed and the comparison was more than hilarious.

“See? Not even in bed and-” He broke off his eyes widening at the feeling of something sharp pressing into him just above his pelvis, barely noticeable but just enough to make him pause.

Sparing a glance down he swallowed watching as a small blade slowly pushed into his abdomen. Fuck. He could feel his lips trembling as his stinging skin split open. Biting down on the inside of his cheek he could taste blood and flickered his gaze back up to the villains.

The blade was small and thin and he knew it wouldn’t hurt him too much even if it where to be fully pushed into him, right now it felt no worse than a bee sting. Nothing that hurt too much. Not enough to overreact too. He didn’t need to punch him- it was fine- he wasn’t going to punch him. He breathed out shakily trying to ignore the slight pain.

Momentarily he was reminded that this was what made Suga a villain. Villians would hurt people just because they did or said something to offend them.
Yoongi was watching his carefully, slowly he brought his hand out and placed it just above where the blade was buried. As soon as his fingers touched his skin he could feel a cooling sensation crawling rapidly beneath his skin, easing the slight pain into nothing more than a light buzz.

He could control fire- knowing that the elder didn’t have any power’s and clearly only had a knife he was certainly at a disadvantage. He didn’t want to expose his identity but he had a face mask in his pocket and given his childish behavior, if he had to fight him he would.

He glanced around bringing his straw to his lips casually, ignoring how his hand shook. Nine people in the shop including the barista. Namjoon could wipe their memories clean no problem. Humming he let his gaze gloss back over to the blade watching as a dark droplet of blood began to bleed through the white fabric of his shirt.

“Yoongi,” He looked up watching as the villain’s gaze didn’t waver from the staining blade. “You have one small weapon on you, disarming you would be a joke,”

He supposed he really should be more affected by being fucking stabbed but he couldn’t help but find this more amusing than a problem.

Yoongi didn’t reply only extending one of his fingers to catch the drop of blood glistening as it hugged the blade looking at it much like a cat fascinated by its catch. He resisted the urge to shiver. He would also never understand this part of villains. Having a fascination with blood just wasn’t normal. They weren’t even pushing their ideals...they were just being...weird.

“Why do we even fight?”

Jimin pulled his gaze up feeling the knife retract.

Was he joking?

He let his eyes jump around his face. He couldn’t sense anything other than sincerity. He swallowed. Weird wasn’t the right word for him he decided.

“You do stuff that’s legally wrong,” He pointedly jabbed a finger down to his stained shirt. “It’s my job to apprehend you- or at least try, you always manage to flee before I can arrest you,” He mumbles watching as the villain quickly picked up a clean napkin, lifting up his shirt and pressing it
to his skin.

“Thats not what I asked,” Yoongi placed the knife on the bench, popping his blood stained thumb into his mouth sweetly. He sighed.

“I fight you because you wont willingly let me arrest you or you attacked me...You fight me because you dont want me to take you in or you like to play with your food,”

“Play with my food? I’m not a cannibal, im a villain,” He rolled his eyes watching as the villain replaced the tissue with his thumb. Feeling the light stinging in his stomach disappear his eyes widened watching as the hand was pulled away.

“I- I’m healed- you healed me?"

Yoongi nodded sending him an odd look as if he had just asked him if something obvious. The villain picked up the blade again not raising it above the table he peered around the small shop. Jimin pulled a face watching as he popped the metal into his mouth quickly before retracting the blade and putting it back in his pocket.

He just said he wasn’t a-

He shook his head.

“You can heal people?”

“What about it hero?” Slowly he nodded eyeing him as if it was a trap. Yoongi leaned back slightly his throat bobbing as he took a drink from his cup.

Ah yes.

And Suga emerges.

He was wondering when he would slip back into his cockiness. It felt slightly refreshing, more
familiar, this more human version of the villain made him uneasy, he couldn’t assess what he was thinking as quickly. One minute he was blushing like a school girl in some cartoon, the next pushing a blade into him. He could tell he was purposefully trying to throw him off though which didn’t exactly help ease his anxiety, but at least it was more familiar.

“You! You could- why...why don’t you use your powers for good? How do- how do you even heal? Is it your saliva- i’ve heard of that, Namjoon just touches the area in question though- is it different from healer to healer or-” He broke off noticing the look of disgust on the villains face.

“For good? As far as im concerned if anything you do is good then I don’t want any part in it! Fuck good!

He opened his mouth before snapping it shut. He shouldn’t have expected anything less from him. He just couldn’t understand it though. He could be saving lives and instead he purposefully goes out of his way to maim and kill people? All anyone ever wanted was to be happy, he couldn’t understand why he was so against helping people or at least not harming them.

“Dont look at me like that, I dont voice how despicable what you do or dont do is,”

Yoongi downed the rest of his drink, tossing the cup in to a trashcan not very far away he sighed cracking his neck before fixing him with an unplaceable look.

“Well, this was fun but I gotta go. Little kids to take candy from, kittens to put in trees all that stuff,” He snorted his lips unconsciously pulling up into a grin. “Thanks for the date,”

“This wasn’t a-” The villain swatted at his hand gently before pressing their lips together in a gentle kiss, pulling back, his cheeks pulling up slightly as he smiled down at him gummily.

“See ya,”

Yoongi clapped his hand to his back, sliding out of the booth he sauntered out leaving him staring after the swinging door in a mixture of awe and defeat. He was weird. He stabs him and kisses him all in the span of what? He tugs out his phone staring at the blinking numbers.

Oh.
He hadn’t realized it had been an hour. He’d thought they’d only spoken for maybe fifteen moments at most.

Sighing he swiped at a message staring back at him doing his best to ignore how whenever they parted ways he was left feeling hurt. There wasn’t even anything to feel bad about this time.

Namjoonie

-Chim chim I just saw Suga!! (8:37 AM)

Him and the villain JK just assassinated someone, look for the sinkhole on Huam-ro 4 gil

- JIMIN!! Suga just escaped where the shit are you?! (8:40AM)

-JK got away too I know neither of us would of been able to take them down together but just know I’m not letting you back into the apartment without food (9:03AM)

-Jin’s here to heal me and he said get Bibimbap (9:08AM)

Oh god.

He was wondering why Suga would even bother to speak to him. He should of known he was just needing an excuse to hang back and avoid being spotted or recognized after killing someone.

Groaning he pocketed his phone heading across the street and ordering four large bowls knowing very well that most of his food would end up stolen especially given he didn’t come help his partner with the fight. Namjoon would probably- no, he would definitely kill him if he knew he was making small talk with Suga and well he for one would like to be full when if he was to be on his deathbed.

As soon as he knocked onto the door of his apartment the door was flung open, both Namjoon and Seokjin resembling attention starved puppies who hadn’t seen their owner in weeks.

“I brought food-” He broke off as the bags were snatched from him and carried into the living room. Choking down a sigh he shut the door, toeing off his shoes and walking over to where Namjoon had already taken two of the bowls hostage. Noticing the elder drumming his fingers against the bowl in
his lap, staring foggily at his own bowl he snatched it up resisting the urge to smack his hyung.

“Did Suga record the fight this time?” He asked through a mouthful of food. He was curious. He hadn’t seen even a drop of blood on him which was well, impressive, especially if he had just gotten out of a fight with Namjoon. His partner didn’t shy away from violence and neither did Suga. It was only common sense they would hurt each other.

Namjoon nodded pointing his chopsticks at the laptop resting on the coffee table. Humming as a reply he moved his bowl to the table pulling the device into his lap and clicking on the paused video.

Immediately flames jumped to life on the screen, from what he could tell Suga was recording and JK had his blade buried into the chest of a middle-aged man who was shrieking loudly in pain. Jimin winced watching as blood continued to gush out in conspicuous amounts onto the stained wooden floor. The video continued on for some time, JK continuing to toy with and stab at the man while Suga would occasionally mumble something to the other that he couldn’t make out. The flames were spreading rapidly though and the two men onscreen seemed to be noticing this too as they exchanged a few words before leaving out a window.

Suga turned the camera to himself seeming prepared to go on about his usual monologue before his almond eyes widened in horror before settling into something else. Smugness. He could practically see the villain smirking through his mask. Faintly he could feel his lips buzzing and he found himself almost missing the gentle weight that had rested against them earlier that day.

“**Suga JK- what the fuck are you two doing here?!**” Namjoon growled from the screen and the camera was tossed to JK before refocusing on Suga who had his hands on his hips as his eyes took him apart.

“**We’re just heading home calm down mr.monnie,**” He could hear JK’s soft voice and although he couldn’t see him he could imagine he was red in the face. It wasn’t exactly a secret the villain had been crushing on Namjoon, which was definitely the main reason he never tried too hard in their fights.

Vaguely he wondered if the reason Yoongi never tried too hard in their fights was that he was crushing on him.

“**Heading home from what-**” The Namjoon on the screen gasped his eyes widening in horror and reflecting sparks of orange from the smoldering building in front of him.
“What the shit JK?!” Namjoon had both of his hands up yanking at his hair in uncontained frustration. From behind the camera JK let out a choked laugh sounding pained but also humored.

“Come on mr.monnie I have people to do, asses to catch, dicks to get, step aside,” Suga motioned for him to move ignoring the heros sputtering and Jimin really wished he would act normal if he was going to film it- serious even but he supposed that was asking too much.

“Step aside?! You want me to let you go so you can fuck?!”

If he was being honest Suga looked slightly startled by the heros anger. Shaking his head the villain regained his grounds moving up to him he tossed one of his arms around him.

“Well yea hopefully, if he wants too that is... Actually,” Suga broke off in fake concentration using his free hand to scratch at the back of his neck. “I think you know him...have you ever heard of JM?”

Jimin swallowed sparing a glance to Namjoon who didn’t seem to be taking his words seriously and only shook his head while he chewed looking annoyed.

On screen Suga jumped back just as the words left his lips, Namjoon growling in agitation he swiped his hand out causing thick shards of ice to erupt from the ground and forcing the villain back.

“I’m arresting both of you, put your god damn hands in the air!” Namjoon swiped his hand again causing ice to climb up JK’s leg, the young villain seeming not to notice as he continued to film, an outline of his mouth hanging open visible from how his mask tugged down in awe. He never asked but he got the feeling JK idolized Namjoon and wanted to be a hero but somewhere along the way got lost.

Personally he thought he would make a good hero. He was smart, kind (for a villain) and knew how to use his power to his advantage. He was also incredibly open minded so he didn’t doubt that if Suga could be persuaded into ‘changing sides’ or at least behaving more like a civilized human being then he was sure JK would follow too. From what he had gathered Suga had somewhat raised the boy and well if he was right if Suga didn’t object to a change in morality neither would JK.

“You’re arresting us? Alone?” Namjoon seemed to be thinking the same thing but still nodded stiffly a spear of ice forming in his hand. “Okay and what exactly for? You haven’t seen us committing a crime!” Suga sneered jabbing an accusing finger at the hero who was moving towards him.
The Namjoon on the screen didn’t seem happiest in the slightest that he was being forced to fight and Jimin could see him weighing the probabilities of survival. The hero swept his arm his teeth digging down into the bottom of his lip as he concentrated, trying to form a wall of ice to separate the advancing villain, Jungkook still frozen and he imagined he probably had his mouth hanging wide open.

Suga didn’t seem phased at all and simply quickly darted around the barrier before it could spread leaping at the hero who barely managed to dodge his attack, using a blade of ice to block the pole that nearly crashed down against his head.

“You don’t even have a reason to arrest us! All you heros are always looking to start shit,”

The villain grunted his eyes squinting in pain as his arm was hit hard, the sound of ice ringing out as Suga clenched his fist, bringing it down to the center of the hero’s chest. Namjoon let out a soft moan barely able to kick the villain off of him from shock, stammering up shakily.

“Well at best you set fire to a building and at worse there’s someone in there,” He swung the blade at Yoongi who jumped back with ease pulling out a second thin pole resting at his hip and swiping it up, crashing it into the blade of ice.

“If there’s someone inside monnie shouldn’t you be trying to help them…? They could still be alive,” Jungkook hummed from offscreen and as soon as the words left his mouth the newly formed spear of ice fell from Namjoons hand shattering on the pavement as he darted past them and the video ended.

Well it could have gone worse if he was being honest. Namjoon was primarily a healer so him fighting on his own was never a good thing but luckily the two villains seemed more eager to get the hell out of there than stick around. That part wasn’t reassuring though. he wondered who they had killed and if he could stomach looking for a full video of the murder.

“Did the guy live?”

Namjoon shook his head stealing a bite of meat from Jin’s bowl and looking pissed.

“You guys’ll get them next time don’t worry,” Jin said. He glanced over his brows furrowing. Namjoon nodded along not seeming to find anything wrong with his words. Jin didn’t seem to be speaking as if he believed what he was saying- which wasn’t odd, Jin often reassured them even when the doubts where in their favor, but Jin spoke as if he knew he wouldn’t really apprehend
Pushing a bite of chicken into his mouth he shook his head. Jin didn’t know, he couldn’t. He hadn’t mentioned his hook up nor Yoongi. Logic said he couldn’t know...but then again something deep within him argued against that.

The next time they met unfortunately didn’t seem to allow the same comfort the previous two occasions did. Jimin had been in the middle of a fight with the villain JK, he was winning too but of course Suga just had to drop in and of course he wasn’t interested in the slightest in helping him. He didn’t know why he thought otherwise, Suga was a villain, their previous encounters off the job didn’t mean anything.

“Suga get him- no dont!” Jimin growled watching as Suga threw a handful of colorful pellets to the road, immediately the ground splitting open almost comically. Blinking he jumped back, cautiously raising his hand out in front of him he watched as flames jumped to life running along his arm.

“Hey JK, long time no see eh?” Suga put an arm out in front of the villain to stop him from falling forward into the forming sinkhole.

“Oh! Hyung you still owe me lamb skewers!”

Jimin watched in amusement as the taller villains denier changed, punching Suga before throwing his arms around him. Huh he guessed Suga didn’t like paying anyone back. Taking the opportunity he crouched down splaying both of his hands to the concrete, concentrating he bit his lip as flames darted over frantically towards the two villains, both of them having noticed what he was doing leaped back urgently, Suga drawing out a long steel pole from his back and JK rolling up his sleeves, electricity visibly flowing beneath his skin.

“If I help you take down JM-” He leaped back just as flames danced close to his chest. “Call it even,” JK wearily glanced over towards the hero, his gaze snapping back he nodded scampering out of the way as more of the ground beneath them gave away.

“So Chim Chim,” Jimin swiped his palm down surging forward, fire leaping from his fingertips as it tried to latch onto the villain. God damn. He absolutely did not want his identity being made known- if Yoongi even dared to breathe his name again he would personally castrate him screw his ‘off the
job morals’.

“What’d JK even do to get you all upset?”

He ignored him dodging the rod as it was nearly brought down on his head, losing his balance he winced feeling his back crash into the road.

“He killed five people what the fuck do you mean ‘what did he do’?! ” Rolling back onto his feet he fisted the villain’s shirt, his eyes widening he brought his rod down on his side painfully.

“Mother fucker! ” Hissing he clapped both of his hands over his side his face scrunching up in pain.

“Mother? I dont have an oppa kink sorry kitten,”

Feeling himself crash to the ground he grabbed the villains ankle hearing the male let out a pained yelp he smirked trying to yank away his footing. Letting his gaze fall on the plant leg he bit his lip. Damn. He should have guessed from all their past encounters that his clothes were fire proof. They looked like normal jeans though.

“Suga back off- I need to arrest JK I swear I’ll arrest you too” Closing his hand into a fist he swung at the villain. Technically he couldnt arrest him for any past crimes- all villains could only be charged with a crime if and only if the hero had eyes on them the entire time and didnt escape or else they could just claim impersonation. But he could arrest him for obstruction of justice, which sadly was only a misdemeanor. He’d be out in a day and would just have to pay a fine. He sighed. He wished the judicial system would weigh crimes the way they use to before powers emerged, even things like murder- taking away someones life- wasnt given the amount of jail time it should have.

“I dont have an exhibition kink but you can arrest me if we go back to that hotel-” He broke off his eyes glued to a spot just above his shoulder. Throwing the villain off of him he snapped his head behind him his eyes widening.

“JM! Back up is on the way,” A police officer drew his gun, the object trained on Jk who was currently engaged in combat with another hero. Yoongi following the policeman’s gaze shoved him away at the sound of a shot firing, he winced as his back crashed to the ground watching as Suga leaped forward, deflecting a bullet with his rod he brought it down on the side of the mans face. The police officers face crumpled in pain, the male curling up in a ball on the ground, blood staining the pavement.
“Suga! You can’t just hurt a police officer- they don’t have any powers!” He pressed his palm to the ground watching as flames darted after the male, circling the villain in flames.

“He shot at Kookie he wasn’t even moving towards him!” Suga brought the rod down hard into the man’s ribs, the sickening sound of bones snapping barely audible over the crackling of the flames. Sparing a glance towards the other villain his eyes widened noticing the male clutching his arm in pain.

“Suga we need to go!”

Watching the villain stand up his flames faltered just enough for the other to dart through them, he kept his rod raised threateningly as he walked around him.

“Stop me and I will kill you Park, do you hear me?” As if proving his determination he fired a shot behind him with the gun he’d snatched up from the officer, the hero snapped his gaze over watching as an approaching officer fell to the ground a bullet visibly embedded in his skull. A perfect shot. He was serious. He swallowed hesitantly moving his hand to grab at the blade lying by his side, noticing the villains gaze following him he bit his lip settling for watching as Yoongi hurriedly rushed over to JK, kneeling down beside him.

Hearing the sound of sirens approaching he flicked his hands causing a wall of flames to leap from the ground, shielding the three of them from anyone else. Just as he turned around ready to try and talk the two villains down his mouth dropped open, the two of them having completely disappeared.

Chapter End Notes

Well if you made it this far be sure to leave a comment and let me know what you thought!
By some miracle, it seemed the police and internal affairs hadn’t seemed to notice him helping the two villains escape—unintentionally of course, or the things Suga had hinted at them doing together, which was quite surprising especially given the whole fight had been televised much to his horror and the press were always looking for a way to undermined heros.

The prime minister also seemed to think that since he was so brave to single-handedly go after two of the most feared villains in Seoul, that he deserved a medal and a key to the city.

Honestly the last part he didn’t get. The key did nothing. He had gotten one back when he worked in Busan and it honestly didn’t do shit but collect dust under his bed.

A large part of him suspected the gala they were going to give it to him at didn’t have any security and that they just wanted an excuse to have some form of safety, since there were plenty of things that could go wrong. He was slightly honored that they thought high enough of him to protect hundreds of people from who knows what could go wrong, but more insulted that they seemed to think they could buy him so easily.

He also suspected they wanted him to reveal his identity, which well, wasn’t going to happen. According to the invite he’d received the event had a ‘no mask policy,’ which was a ‘not fucking going’ policy in his mind. Unfortunately though, the prime minister was quick to assure him that he could keep his mask on as soon as he had mentioned it being a hiccup for him, quickly squashing his plans of not going.

Sighing he readjusted his tie glancing over to Namjoon who was busy on his phone, a drink in hand. He looked nervous.

He knew he didn’t like social situations in the least, he probably felt awkward seeing as he hadn’t even been initially invited to the event and it was only after he had stubbornly refused to not come that the minister had caved again.

He could probably convince him to give him a few million won, he thought vaguely, eyeing the cup in his sidekick’s hand. He wondered if what he was drinking was stronger. He definitely needed something stronger if he was going to get through this night.

Namjoons thumb paused from his scrolling and Jimin watched as he glanced around warily, turning to the side to adjust his mask to take a sip of the bitter liquid before replacing it.
The elder met his eyes with red cheeks and he knew an awkward smile was hidden beneath the black fabric. Namjoon didn’t particularly like to drink, but he knew holding something gave him something to do and helped ground him from his anxieties.

It seemed like a burden for when he wanted to drink though, having to make sure no one was paying attention to them, but he supposed it was the price to pay. Plus there was free food.

The two of them had spent a good hour and a half after first arriving making trips to the food bar, piling their plates with food before disappearing to a supply closet where they could eat in peace.

It had mainly been Namjoon getting food, and by the third trip Jimin had realized his hyung just wanted to escape from the possibility of socializing.

The minister had made the event a ‘phone free area’ hoping to encourage partnerships knowing him, but he had told the elder that the minister could shove it up his ass if he had a problem with it.

He had seen a few others at the gala slipping their phones out, which the minister was almost scarily quick to snap at them to put it away and to socialize because it was fun. So far he yet to say anything to his hyung and he got the feeling a pointed glare was all it would take to keep it that way.

Pulling his gaze away he froze, his eyes landing on a man who he was sure had just slipped something into a woman’s drink at the bar. He blinked hard squinting at the drink a dozen yards away.

He had to be imagining things. The alcohol finally taking its toll. No one-no one would be stupid enough to try and do something like that-especially with a dozen known heroes in the room!

He squinted again and sure enough, he could see something blue swirling in the clear liquid.

Oh god.

He bit the inside of his cheek. He should confront him. Namjoon wouldn’t like being left alone and he was sure a confrontation would take a while but nothing good would come of waiting. No. He had to do something. Taking one last sip of his drink he set it down, replacing his mask and his eyes widening.

What the fuck was he doing here?!

Yoongi- out of all the people who could be here it just had to be him? It’s not like he didn’t want to see him again- the two of them had been texting a lot recently after another run in where he had slipped him his number- and his company was more than welcome- but from how he was stalking up to the male by the bar he knew this wouldn’t end well.
It shouldn’t that being said- he was almost positive he knew what he was going to do to him- but there were legal ways to handle this damnit! His breath froze in his throat. Oh god- Yoongi had the man by the front of his shirt now and he was slightly surprised that he could lift him- fucking lift him from the ground like cartoons often portrayed-

Did he just punch him in the face?!

Pinching the bridge of his nose he hurriedly crossed the room. He had to stop him from doing something stupid. Something even stupider- him punching the man in public and without a mask- had to be the dumbest fucking thing he’d ever witnessed.

“Yoongi!” He grabbed the back of the man's blazer just as he lifted his leg to kick at the man on the floor who was clutching at his nose and looking pain. “You can’t just punch someone!”

“He slipped something into that girls drink! He deserves to be gutted!” The villain snarled, struggling to throw his grip off of him.

Jimin groaned already feeling the hint of a headache forming as he dragged the squirming villain away and threw him to a wall, far from the bar and back by the table him and his sidekick had been at.

Namjoon glanced up from his phone seemingly uninterested and his eyes flickered back down before he nearly dropped his phone, fumbling to catch the object, as he finally processed what he’d seen.

“Is that fucking Suga-”

Jimin clapped a hand over his mouth shaking his head frantically.

“What the hell are you doing here?!”

Yoongi glared brushing off his shirt as he straightened up.

“I was hired to assassinate someone,”

Jimin’s jaw promptly dropped. He didn't just confess to that did he? He did know that he could lock him up right now, just for that- he wasn’t really going to assassinate someone- no this had to be a joke- a joke - he was drunk- he had to be hearing shit there was no way- it was his stupid dry sense of humor-

“He killed a few people don’t worry, he doesn’t have family that would give a fuck either, I did my research,”

Yoongi waved his hand like it was no big deal and he jerked his own back at the feeling of his hyung poking his tongue out to lick at his palm, his face crumpling in disgust as he wiped it dry on his pants. He glared at his partner. His mask looked damp with saliva and he could feel his lips quirking down in slight disgust.
“Excuse me did you just say you were going to kill someone?” Namjoon hissed his eyes wide. Yoongi nodded dismissively, eyeing his drink.

“Yeah, keep up, well...not ‘going to’ actually, I already poisoned him,” The villain made air quotes with his hand before picking up his glass and downing its contents. Jimin really wished he hadn’t.

He really could use a drink right now, his head was spinning even worse and he knew the sweet sweet relief of having a conscious was only going to be provided in a shot. His vision blurred the longer he glared at the empty glass on the table. Maybe he didn’t need another.

“You- You can’t just do that! There’s a system- he has to go to court and be tried, I can't believe you!”

“Yea and if that system worked I’d be in jail by now, I just kill the bad guys calm down,”

Bad guys? He was a bad guy! He was technically supposed to be security here- he had to do something-

Jimin jumped with a startled shout, his back hitting his partner’s chest as he clapped a hand over his mask. From how shallow he could feel Namjoon's breathing he figured he’d seen it too.

“The fucking prime minister?!”

Yoongi took a sip of his drink before hesitantly glancing over to where the minister was lying on the floor, blood pooling around his mouth like it wasn’t that big of a deal, an eyebrow raised.

“Yeah?” Yoongi sat the glass down smugly eyeing the man who was shaking as he violently coughed red up onto the marble floor.

He was killing someone- they were going to die! And he’d killed before too- this wasn’t even a one-time thing and regardless of the circumstances or justification murder was never okay. He couldn’t keep making excuses for him- god he could have turned him in months ago but no- he’d decided to what? Sleep with and sort of befriend him?

“S-Suga, aka Min Yoongi please turn around and put your hands behind- behind your back,” He pulled out a pair of cuffs from inside of his jacket that he had long since learned to keep on him. Yoongi stared at him, his mouth open in shock.

“Excuse me?!”

“You have no weapon, please put your hands behind your back or I will use force to subdue you,”

Out of the corner of his eyes Jimin could see Namjoon moving behind the villain. Yoongi looked stunned. Like he had just shot him and was asking for his bullet back.

“Why are you arresting me?! You- you don’t have grounds too!” He sputtered standing up straighter he balled his fists seeming to regain his composure.

“Not only did you confess to committing a crime but I also know of your real identity, if you escape I will release it to the public. Please put your hands behind your back,” He was getting impatient. He was a hero. He had to arrest him. He’d taken someone's life- a political figure at that- and numerous
times before he had done just the same with men, women, children- anyone and he’d certainly do it again if he didn’t act.

He slid his gaze past the villain, slightly surprised that no one had realized the confrontation that was going on, everyone seemed far too busy with trying to get a better look at the dying prime minister.

He was slightly horrified by their morals that no one was bothering to help him or call for help, then again Suga was notorious for his poisons being irreversible, he doubted this would be an exception.

Yoongi opened his mouth looking angry. He’d never seen him angry before, he usually kept himself collected and well composed, never letting anyone see him upset. But now his cat-like eyes were narrowed, mouth thin and Jimin was fairly sure the villain going to punch him.

“You can’t arrest me,” Yoongi spat, his lips tugging up into a smile. “We had sex, if you’re accusing me of being a villain then you committed a crime too,”

He swallowed refusing to meet Namjoons gaze as his cheeks turned red. It was a stupid law- one that seemed unbearably unfounded at times, but if you were a hero and so much as didn’t report a villain when seeing one while off duty you’d be thrown into jail. Him knowingly sleeping with one- well, he’d seen enough cases of people getting their heads chopped off as a public spectacle to know what would happen to him.

From the corner of his eyes he could see his partner’s were wide with disbelief, and he was sure a vein was twitching on his forehead. He blinked as his eyes began to sting with tears. He had to be bluffing- he’d really report him-

He swallowed dully. He had been stupid for thinking he meant shit to him- of course he didn’t- then again he was threatening him too- no- he hadn’t done anything! Yoongi had killed someone- robbed them of their life-

He couldn’t believe he was being blackmailed by him. With villains he was use to the attempts, politicians too, but he felt like him and Yoongi had established at least something.

Then again, they definitely shouldn’t have had a relationship of any sorts to begin with. He was a hero and Suga was a fucking serial killer.

“You’re a villain who would believe you?” He had hoped his voice would come out steady but he could feel the words trembling even as they left his mouth.

“You’ve been fucking Suga?!”

He bit down on his bottom lip. He could feel panic rising in him, like a damn ready to be breached and Namjoon wasn’t helping.

“A jury will be made up of normal people, they don’t trust heros, they’ll know a hero reported me as
a villain but they won’t know I’m a villain because it’s hear say,” He hissed and he knew he was trying to push him further across the brink of panic.

“Jimin!”

He snapped his head over to his partner who looked scared, horrified and a million other emotions etched into his face that sent guilt swirling in his stomach and ironically he could feel his heart steadying, realizing he wasn’t the only one who was anxious.

Then again he was more often than not anxious and he knew it to never be something which could be brushed off. Jimin blinked again. Wait- He was scared? Not angry?

“Is it true? The guy you’ve been sneaking off to see? It’s fucking Suga ?!”

He didn’t need to voice it. From the way his hyungs voice shook he already knew it to be true. Voicing it would only damn him further. No one was listening to their conversation, and they were too far away from the dispersing crowd to be overheard but then again saying it would mean he had to come to terms with what he had done, and that, he couldn't do.

“Can you fuck off?” Yoongi turned to Namjoon looking rather upset that he was interrupting whatever the fuck this was. “Why the shit are you really arresting me? Because I’ve killed someone? You have too!” Yoongi smacked at the hand gripping his cuffs causing them to clatter to the floor loudly, the sound ringing out throughout his skull.

“I’m-I’m a hero! I only kill people who break the law!”

“You heroes label me as a villain because I do the same fucking thing?! But what? I kill first and not as a last resort- instead of letting the justice system do its thing?! That shit doesn't fucking work!”

Yoongi had him backed into the wall, threateningly resting his hand at the base of his neck and he couldn’t help but think that his touch felt impossibly warm and more comforting than it should be.

He was fucked.

“You heroes kill vigilantes! You apprehend criminals! That's all you do! The murders, rapists and horrible bastards out there go free after a few years in jail- and what the people who put them in a coffin are sooo bad that they deserve death? You heroes almost never kill criminals it's always people who take down criminals for you!”

He opened his mouth. He was wrong. Hero's didn’t just go off killing villains. There was a process! If you find a villain and catch them in a crime you arrest them- if you can’t arrest them then you did everything to subdue them and if that meant murder then what the fuck did it matter!

“Come on,” Jimin winced at the painful grip on his wrists. “If you follow us I swear to god Jimin will be attending a funeral next and not an award ceremony,” Yoongi spat at Namjoon, the younger seemed stunned, looking as if he wanted to object before nodding stiffly.
He could handle himself- he didn’t need Namjoon looking out for him. He wondered what Suga was going to do. Torture him? Kill him? All of it seemed so out of character with the past months they had spent getting to know each other, but as of now he wasn’t so sure he wouldn’t do it.

“I’ll talk to the authorities when they arrive,” Namjoon’s voice came out breathless, cool, and he was surprised he wasn’t shaking.

He hoped he would go to Jungkook or Jin, they could help him, Jin could use his powers to make him feel better and despite Jungkook not having any powers himself, his hyung always seemed to relax around him.

Jimin nodded his eyes glued to the white grip on his wrist.

He stayed silent as he was dragged out of the building, head tucked down in an effort to not draw attention to himself. Yoongi shoved him into the passenger seat of his car not speaking as they drove. He was fairly certain he was going over the speed limit but he had the feeling that if he said anything Yoongi would wreck the car killing them both just to spite him. Seeing no point in keeping it on he tugged his facemask off pushing it into his pocket.

It was going to be a long night. Hopefully not his last.

Half an hour later the car stopped and he was dragged inside a cramped apartment, and unceremoniously thrown towards a couch.

“Sit,” He complied, straightening up and feeling like a child about to be scolded even when he hadn’t done anything wrong. “Strip.”

He blinked back at him. He had to be drunk- he did not hear him right.

Strip?

He didn’t know where or why he was being dragged away- he presumed Yoongi would prefer to continue the rest of their conversation away from potential witnesses but he wasn’t going to fucking have sex with him. No. Doing that had clearly been a mistake before and he just couldn’t risk it again.

“No?!”

Yoongi narrowed his eyes a low growl falling from his lips.’
“I don’t want to fuck you, you stupid hero- just take off your damn shirt,”

Jimin watched him. Why the fuck should he? For what? He didn’t think he would stab him or anything, Yoongi wasn’t like that, he wouldn’t hurt him without a valid reason, but then again he wasn’t exactly doing what he wanted at the moment.

He was clearly in the wrong and needed to be brought to justice! He wouldn’t be in jail for long, murder wasn’t weighted heavily, only a handful of years and since he could heal people he was certain he could get a lighter sentence in exchange for helping people. He liked the idea of him becoming rehabilitated and maybe even interning as a hero’s assistant- he had hope . He could save him from a lifetime of regrets-

He watched as the villain let out a frustrated shout and he wondered if he turned any redder if he would combust.

“I’ve seen you naked! What the fuck are you so stubborn with taking off your shirt?!”

He bit into his bottom lip ignoring the heat pooling in his cheeks. Reluctantly he pulled off his shirt.

He didn’t know what point this could possibly have but if it got Yoongi to listen to him he guessed it was fine. With his compliance Yoongi followed suite removing his own shirt with folded arms.

“What do you see?”

Really ? They were doing this ?

“A chest,“

If Yoongi wanted to do this he could be just as stubborn. The villain narrowed his eyes in annoyance uncrossing his arms.

“Anything different ?”

Jimin let his eyes roam over his chest and soft looking stomach. It didn’t look any different since he’d seen it last.

There were a few more scars littering his body since he’d seen it last but besides that it looked pretty much the same. There weren’t a tone of scars, most of them were on his back but a few marked the sides of his chest and stomach.

God this was going to be that kind of talk.

“There's a few more cuts I guess?”

Yoongi nodded.
“Exactly. How many scars do you have?”

“None,.”

“Yes or no, we both apprehend people we deem to have broken moral or civil laws,”

He wouldn’t phrase it like that.

Apprehending meant they made sure the person stayed alive. Yoongi did nothing of the sort. Reluctantly he nodded hoping he would get to his point. He didn’t like being talked down to and he could feel himself growing impatient.

“Yes or no, you objectively come out clean from battles in comparison to villains, such as myself,” He nodded again.

It was because he was good at his job, he wanted to tell him that, but he had spotted two guns and a handful of blades scattered throughout the apartment already and he’d only just glanced around.

“Do you think the laws are lacking in punishments,”

“I uphold the law Yoongi, breaking the laws has consequences,”

“Do you personally feel that the laws are lacking in punishments,” Jimin could see a vein twitching in his neck, any other time he would find it amusing.

Slowly he nodded. He did think they were. He felt the death penalty should be used in certain cases such as unjustifiable murder, and sexual assault. Crimes that no one could redeem themselves from.

Yoongi knew that already though. They’d once talked about it sleepily on a rooftop after a run in with a particularly nasty rookie villain, one which Yoongi had ironically helped him take down.

“So why that whenever I follow through with what’s just that I’m in the fault? That I deserve prosecution and to be stripped of my rights?”

“Because that’s how the laws are! You don’t know for sure if they’re guilty or not! It’s ‘innocent until proven guilty’ for a reason! The criminal has to go through a process to make sure it’s not just an accusation or there wasn’t something that made it a reasonable thing to do!”

“But I do my research! I make sure the person I kill did it, I get a confession at least! Heroes like you don’t even double check suspicions on if someone’s a villain! You just kill first and ask questions later!”

Jimin swallowed. He wasn’t wrong. Then again if you saw someone in a mask running around and they didn’t claim to be a hero, there weren’t exactly many variables left.

“Murder still isn’t justifiable,”

“Unless you’re a hero killing someone or just a normal criminal...then it’s fine,”
He bit into his bottom lip until his vision cleared. His head was starting to hurt. All of what he was saying was right...but it still felt wrong. It contradicted everything he knew.

“What did the prime minister do again…?”

Vaguely he wondered if Yoongi had even heard him, if he’d even forced the words out of his mouth but from the look of surprise on his face he had.

The villain nodded to himself moving to sit down beside him, a noticeable distance between them, vaguely he wished his thigh would press against his own, shaking the thought from his mind almost as soon as he realized what he was thinking. The villain was humming softly.

“He killed this woman he was having an affair with ‘cause she told him she was pregnant and would tell his wife if he didn’t help her out,” He was positive Yoongi had said he didn’t have a family back at the gala. He ignored it. If what he said was true he doubted his wife would care too much.

The prime minister wasn’t exactly a great person and he could see that happening. If he did take someone's life- if and if it wasn’t in self-defense he supposed it wasn’t too bad, Yoongi had killed him...he still took a life though...he still took justice into his own hands.

“How can you be sure he did all that?”

“The girls brother contacted me and sent me audio clips...they weren’t obtained legally so a judge would have had them thrown out and he wouldn’t have been convicted,”

He nodded slowly.

A lot of people went free unfortunately due to small things like that. He was all for privacy but sometimes he questioned on if really certain exceptions should be made to cases such as this one. For awhile he humored asking him to show him the recordings, to prove he wasn’t just bluffing, but he looked serious, slightly annoyed too, and when he lied he seemed more stoic.

“You make sure for all your murders?” He asked slowly, the words forming uncomfortably on his tongue.

“Retributions, and yes,”

He nodded hesitantly, his eyes trained on his bare feet. Objectively he wasn’t against what Yoongi was doing and he doubted he would lie to him.

He let his eyes flicker over to a pale scar curving along the villain's foot. He couldn’t remember if it was old or new and could immediately feel guilty blooming in his chest.

Heroes never really control how much force they used when fighting villains. With criminals, of course, in their eyes they could be redeemed, villains though ‘took the law into their own hands’ and in such, they were never even advised to treat them with even a little humanity.

A villain had never hurt him so much that he had a scar to show it. He was certain Yoongi could leave a mark on him with little to no effort. Even before they had become friends...lovers (?) he had
been gentle towards him and he wouldn’t even attack him physically unless he did first.

A voice in the back of his mind pointed out the coffee shop incident but he had healed him instantly and it didn’t even hurt all too much.

“Does it hurt?” He asked carefully, his eyes now tracing a faint scar that trailed from the villain’s shoulder and down his chest.

“I guess...when I first got it it did,” Yoongi didn’t seem too bothered about his question, like he’d expected him to ask it at some point in time. He felt numb. The scar looked painful. Really painful. They all did, but this one was so noticeable and with modern medicine only deep scars lasted. He pulled his gaze away.

“I...I can’t believe someone would do this to you,” His voice was just under a whisper but it seemed to draw in all of the villain's attention. His head had snapped up a snarl on his lips as he stared at him in disgust.

“Someone?” Jimin blinked at him startled since he hadn’t appeared inclined to speak about his scars for much longer. “Someone? You did this! You! You don’t even remember?!” Yoongi hissed his voice laced in anger. He could hear something thicker dripping from his words but he couldn’t place it with his mind quickly jumping into overdrive.

What?!

“n-no I didn’t! I would never do something like that!” Yoongi had to be remembering the incident wrong- he’d never-

“The fuck you didn’t! You threw a blade of fire at me when we first met!”

Jimin swallowed.

Yoongi didn’t seem to feel the need to elaborate and personally he didn’t need him too. He didn’t want him too. He didn’t like forming blades with his fire and only did so one time.

He didn’t do it often because he feared he might accidentally kill a bystander. The one time he did he had instantly regretted it. He hadn’t meant to- half of him didn’t even know if it would work and once it had he had no ways of stopping it or controlling the blade of flames once it had left his hands.

“I,” He needed to let him know he didn’t mean to- that it was an accident. He didn’t know it would scar over- and from the looks of it hurt that much.

Suddenly he couldn’t help but remember the sight of Yoongi after the blade had struck him. His features had softened in confusion and then before he could even blink his eyes had scrunched up in pain and he had crumpled to the cement, clutching his shoulder and letting out a choked sob.

He had heard sirens and with fear washing over him the only thing he could do was run. He was a
hero but he knew how it looked and he had been scared- horrified that one of the first persons he had tried to take into custody could have died.

“I know,” Yoongi sounded like he didn’t want to speak of it anymore so he settled for nodding slowly reaching forward to trace one of the small scars hugging the jut of his hip. “Are you still hell-bent on arresting me?”

He shook his head slowly not meeting his gaze.

“I don’t suppose you’re interested in joining me as a villain?”

If his stomach didn’t feel like it was in tumrolls he would have scoffed. He could feel the internal battle that was sure to come. Heroes weren’t perfect, he had always known this but lately, Yoongi had been putting that into perspective for him and tonight well...it wasn’t any different.

“I...I don’t think so...I like some of the stuff heroes do,”

Yoongi nodded slowly.

“Not all?”

“Some of it should be changed...and I...I...I don’t want to just sit back...if all the ‘good’ guys become villains and heroes will become corrupt,”

Yoongi nodded again but it seemed more of a common social curtsy than him actually finding his answer to be satisfactory.

“Can...I really should be getting back to Namjoon,” He said shakily.

He still wanted to arrest him but with guilt swarming so adamantly within him he felt like it would be wrong and he knew he was too weak to even fight back against him if he were to attack him for trying to arrest him, which he definitely would. Maybe not so much as attack, it wouldn’t take much to subdue him, he realized just how heavy his limbs felt. He wondered if he was even had enough energy to put his shirt back on.

“No, Namjoon knows who I am now...you don’t get to return to him until I can make sure he won’t say shit,” Yoongi’s eyes were narrowed, arms folded over his chest.

“I...” He didn’t expect him to say no- he hadn’t thought that he would but now that he had, he should’ve expected it. He didn’t even feel disappointed at his reply. He couldn’t feel much of anything really other than a dull stinging in the back of his chest.

“I won’t hold you prisoner or some shit,” Yoongi explained. “But I won’t let you leave without my permission,”

He stood up, leaving the room before returning with a small bracelet in hand, easily taking his limp wrist into his hands and snapping it onto his wrist, the bracelet becoming tighter as he twisted a knob before pulling it free and slipping it into his pocket.
“I’ll have the key, you can go anywhere in the apartment you’d like or within a few yards of the key…which I shall have,”

He nodded slowly and wondered if he should test it to see what would happen if he didn’t but he could feel it radiating slightly and he wasn’t sure if it was a good idea.

He knew Yoongi wouldn’t breathe down his neck but he couldn’t help but feel like this wouldn’t do him any favors either. By the gleam in his eyes he knew he was going to bring up the subject of him being a hero once more and he could feel a sense of dread bubbling up inside of him.

“I can’t leave…? You’re going to hold me prisoner here? Not letting me leave- that's literally the definition of holding someone prisoner,” He started slowly feeling like caving this easily would serve as a harsh blow to his ego. Yoongi’s eyes narrowed.

“What? You think putting me in a cell is any different?” Yoongi had his chin in his grip and he could feel shame filling him.

“I can’t fuckin’ believe you, what’s so different about this? You have free range of every- fucking-you think this is so much worse than what you were going to do to me?” The grip on his chin was burning into him and he wondered if there was going to be bruises in their wake when he pulled back.

“You heros- no- you think you deserve so much after hurting me, burning me, time and time again and yet when I’m doing my job- that’s not fuckin’ different than yours when you think about it- you decide to fucking threaten me after you play all sweet with me in bed? And when I’m trying to make sure I don’t get a bullet through the skull for killing rapists and murders you decide it's so bad to get to sit on your ass for what? A fucking day?”

A long time ago he had wondered what it would take for him to push Yoongi over the edge, make him lose every bit of self control he had now, and even now he knew this was nothing but he couldn’t help but wish he had punched him because that would hurt a lot less than the thorns crawling at his throat.

“I- I-” His brain was refusing to respond and he could feel anxiety settling in. “I’m sorry,” He whispered and he could feel his grip sliding over him carefully.

“I can’t believe you heroes,” He hissed and Jimin didn’t think he had ever stared at him with such a detested look before. Faintly he could feel tears stinging at his eyes.

“I- I’m sorry please-” Yoongi’s lips twitched as he glared at him and he could just barely keep himself from shrinking back. “I’m sorry!” The hand on his chin left and he couldn’t help but scoot forward.

“It’s fine,” The words came out forced and he could feel his heart dropping to his feet. “Let’s just go to bed, it’s late,” Yoongi stood up, stretching slightly. He looked pissed, features tight and he hated
knowing he was the cause of it.

“I’m-” Before he had even finished getting the words out Yoongi’s gaze had shifted colder than he thought possible and he found the words died in his throat.

“Stop fucking apologising, you think words can fix what you did? An I’m sorry can’t change what’s happened—what you did, grow up, you’re stupid for thinking they can,”

“I can- I’m really sorry- f-for everything hyung,” He breathed in frantically his eyes glued to the scar on his chest. “Let me make it up to you,” He pulled himself off of the couch, crawling over to where Yoongi was standing, hands resting on the buckle of his pants.

His mind felt numb as he slowly pulled the belt free from its buckle, and all he could think of was making him feel good—doing everything possible to make up for the pain he’d put him through. He couldn’t fix things by apologizing—Yoongi was right, words couldn’t fix it—but he needed to do something—anything. Feeling Yoongi’s eyes on him he pulled his gaze up hesitantly.

His mouth was hanging open and he could feel the guilt laying heavy on his chest only growing.

“Jimin- no...you don’t…” Yoongi trailed off pushing his hands off of him and stepping back a few feet to fix his belt. His face fell. He didn’t want him to— he swallowed numbly. Of course—of course, he wouldn’t want him too— he’d only made things worse.

“It’s late- let’s just go to bed,”

“No- please- let me-” He rushed out frantically, surging forward and only to be stopped by a hand to his throat that didn’t close around him.

“It’s fine,” His voice was heavy pitty and Jimin could feel it dragging him down into the sea as he helped him stand up slowly and blurrily guided him to his bedroom where he helped him into an oversized sweater that felt much too large for him.

“I’m sorry hyung-” He started slowly, the room had been engulfed in darkness for a good ten minutes now but he needed to say it— he’d hurt him—physically and emotionally— and Yoongi hadn’t done much of anything to him.

The silence was suffocating and he needed to let him know that he was sorry— that he regretted it and would give anything to take back what he’d done, or make it even slightly less painful for the villain.
The thought that he could feel so guilty over something he had done to a villain shook him slightly but he couldn’t change how he felt and a better understanding of it wasn’t likely going to do anything other than cause more anxieties to rush to the surface.

“Shh,” His voice was rough and he could feel a hand carding through his hair almost gently as he pressed his lips to his forehead. “I don’t care...I stopped caring a while ago, you didn’t mean too,” He could feel his lips trailing down to press to his nose, moving down to the corner of his mouth before resting at the base of his neck and he could feel his breath hitching.

“Hyung, please.” His voice came out broken and he was momentarily thankful that the lights had been turned out because he knew he wouldn’t be able to handle if his he could see how much he was affecting him.

He could feel the elder's lips pulling back slowly and he blinked back tears, squinting as he tried to make out his expression. He was frowning. He always made him frown.

“I didn’t mean it in a...” His voice trailed off softly, Jimin thinks he sounds broken and it's almost comical. From the weight on his chest he’s pretty sure he’s drowning. “Do you want some ice cream..? My roommate gets me it when....it helps me feel better,” Yoongi suggested softly and he could feel him sitting up, the blankets pulling down slightly.

Another wave of guilt washed over him. He was the one that attacked Yoongi. He’d actually hurt him. He burned him, hurt him, mared him for life, and yet here he was, feeling as if he had been gutted, only to be buried alive.

He had hurt Yoongi and instead he was trying to comfort him. He pulled the blanket closer around him. Yoongi didn’t seem to even give a fuck over what he’d done. He was just reopening an old wound.

“You have a roommate?” He asked weakly. Yoongi clearly didn’t want to talk about what he had done. He didn’t want to talk about what he had done, but he felt like trying to fall asleep now, not that he thought he could, when he felt wide awake, would be inappropriate. He could hear the villain humming softly before the bed dipped again as he settled back down beside him.

“Yeah...hyungs nice,” He wanted to ask him to say more. Anything, because his voice steadied his heart and he needed it because when he talked it was just about the only thing he could think about and at the moment his mind was swarming with a million things. He had been technically kidnapped by his lover- by Yoongi, said kidnapper he was open to allowing him to bust open his skull just as long as he didn’t hate him as much.

He was pathetic.

He could feel his hyungs gaze heavy on him. Calculating, and he wondered what he was thinking. No. He really didn’t want to know he decided.

“He’s not home right now...he texted me just before we got here that he was going to stay at a friends,” Yoongi hummed gently and he could feel a sleeved hand wiping at his tear stained cheeks. “I think you may know him,”
The last part came out hesitantly and he could tell Yoongi regretted saying so. He couldn’t tell why and he only sniffled loudly, blinking up at him in the darkness and hoping he would elaborate. He was willing to bet the elder regretted saying a lot when around him. He certainly would if he was in his place.

If he was roommates with someone he knew...there was a lot of implications. Where they a villain too? If not did they know Yoongi was? Was the mystery roommate the only reason he was alive? That meant it had to be someone who knew he was a hero-

“I don’t want to say who...but judging from the fact that you’re going to be staying here for at least a day, I suppose you’d find out sooner or later,” He mused slowly and he could feel his brows pinching together.

A pregnant silence lapsed over them was the only thing he could hear was the sound of their breathing and the occasional sound of covers shifting.

“Seokjin hyung,” He said after a while and he was slightly surprised he didn’t even feel remotely affected by the news. It was better than feeling even more he supposed. He grunted softly as a reply realizing his hyung was certainly waiting for his reaction. It made sense. Jin never-never let him come to his apartment, always insisting it was a mess and that he’d die of shame before he let his friends into that kind of environment.

It also explained why he didn’t think him or Namjoon would arrest the villain. He swallowed hard trying to ignore that bit of information that seemed to surface to the front of his mind.

“Jins with Namjoon!” He screamed bolting out of bed and his breath growing cold in his throat.

Jin was going to stay with a friend. Namjoon was his friend. He was going to message either him or Jungkook to comfort him- and Namjoon would surely tell him about Yoongi being Suga and- he wondered just when he had tried to get out of bed but he was only made aware that his feet where on the ground when Yoongi tackled him, fucking tackled him, unceremoniously shoving him back down onto the bed.

“I need to go- they don’t know- they’re going to- ” He didn’t think they would kill each other. God he hoped they wouldn’t.

Namjoon had never killed anyone- but when he was cornered Jin felt helpless and while he never outright admitted it he had joked about having killed people. Suddenly they didn’t seem like just jokes anymore and he could only feel his panic growing.

“You’re not going anywhere Jimin!” The villain hissed, his voice coming out cold, his weight heavy on top of him.

Faintly he could see the male's wrist glowing blue ever so slightly and immediately fear began to snowball inside of him because that was not normal and he felt that maybe he was losing it.
Going insane, because out of all the things that should happen, as soon as Yoongi lifted his hand forward, placing it firmly against his chest he didn’t feel nervous and he could feel his eyes becoming heavy before darkness engulfed him.
Chapter Three

Chapter Notes

Hi before you read this if you've started reading before this update (6/8/19) I’d like to mention that I edited the last chapter a few days ago and I added some details and small things that set up this chapter better. If you've started reading since that little edit (or don't care), no worries!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

When Jimin woke up everything was dark. He couldn’t see anything and with the memories of last night slowly creeping back he wasn’t sure if he was thankful or not. He had fucked up, that much was clear. He tried not to let his mind wander to it too much.

“How do you feel?”

He flinched back, startled by the voice and suddenly all of his attention was drawn to the male not a foot away beside him. He didn’t even know how he had realized he was awake with how dark it was and suddenly he couldn’t help but wonder just how he had made it obvious.

He decided against replying. After everything that happened yesterday he didn’t trust himself to speak. Shame had long since coiled hotly in his stomach and he knew talking would only make it worse.

After several moments he could feel a hand coming to rest on his forehead, it was colder than he had imagined but slowly it began to heat up and the faint blue that engulfed his hyungs palms from yesterday returned. He didn’t know what to make of them other than that they illuminated the room ever so slightly and that he hated being able to see a mixture of concern and something he didn’t like on his hyungs face.

“Does...does that have s-something to do with your…” He trailed off. Powers sounded stupid but that’s exactly what they where. Most people considered things like fire- ice, impressive forces to be dealt with powers, and abilities like healing where nothing more than a thing . Yoongi grunted softly from in front of him and he wondered just what he was healing him of. He felt lighter than the previous night, he wondered if that seemed to tie into it somehow.

“I could tell you where going to have an anxiety attack or something last night so I knocked you out,” He mumbled and slowly he found himself nodding. Did that mean he was going to knock him
out again? Why did he even-

He jerked up, remembering exactly why he was so anxious yesterday- his heart stopping at the feeling of a hand moving to his chest to try and push him down.

“Jin’s home and Namjoons alive!” He hissed but he could just barely hear him over blood rushing hotly in his ears.

“Nam- Namjoon- and Jin- they’re okay?” He breathed out, eyes stinging from how wide they were and a sound of gentle agreement tore from Yoongi’s throat, a bony hand working its way into his hold where it squeezed gently.

Yoongi sounded so honest and he personally couldn’t see a reason why his hyung would lie to him, he was a villain, but then again the weight around his wrist wasn’t reassuring in the slightest.

Jin being fine he could confirm- Yoongi had said he was home so he could easily check his well being, but Namjoon? He could be dead and he would be none the wiser in his lax form of imprisonment.

Hearing an audible click, light flooded the room and the hand in his own slipped away along with his fleeing sense of comfort, leaving him with a pit of emptiness inside of him at the lack of contact. Before he could even pull the elders hand back into his own a phone that felt too cold and heavy for his likings was pushed into his fingers.

“Call your partner,”

Hesitantly his eyes met Yoongi’s and he quickly flicked it away and down to the device in his hand which he had since realized was his own.

Swallowing back a bundle of anxiety he clicked his phone on, and a low battery percentage flashed back at him as he weakly forced himself to put in his password and he was instantly met with half a dozen messages from the hero that did nothing to settle the storm inside of him.

Quickly he let his eyes scan over them, the initial messages letting him know that he had arrived safe at home, that Jin was with him, that he had left sometime around five in the morning and they progressively got more worried the more he read, the elder questioning where the fuck he was and
why he hadn’t simply come home if he wasn’t going to arrest Suga.

He felt disgusted in himself. Instead of panicking he should have contacted his hyung. Thought rational.

He hadn’t been in better shape than himself that night and yet he updated him regularly on his well being and yet he couldn’t do the same? Maybe he shouldn’t call him.

He could probably tell him his phone had died, that he hadn’t been able to reply until now and that he was sorry. He didn’t want to think about what would happen if his hyung knew he was technically Suga’s prisoner for the day or longer. Jin’s too now that he thought of it.

If he mentioned any of what had happened then he would have to fill him in on more and more and he couldn’t bring it in him to add that burden to his hyungs shoulders. Jin and him where the best of friends and while he trusted him- knew logically he loved and cared for them, if Namjoon heard the words ‘Suga’s roommate’ he was sure lasting damage would be dealt to their dynamics even if he didn’t express it to them.

He still didn’t feel good about having Namjoon believing he had just been careless and not replied. Neither lying or confessing sat well on his tongue and he could feel something bitter bubbling up from within him the longer he tried to decide the least painful way to hurt his hyung.

How would he even explain his whereabouts to him? Oh sorry hyung after Suga killed the prime-minister I crashed at his place. He could practically hear Namjoon’s jaw falling open at how the lie sounded even in his own head.

It wasn’t uncharacteristic for him, but then again how long would it be reasonable for him to ‘crash’ at his place? A day he could get away with lying about- but Yoongi would surely keep him hear longer knowing how stubborn his sidekick was and how long it would take to even gather the strength to confront him and he knew the absence of his presence wouldn’t go unnoticed.

He was fucked- beyond fucked didn’t even begin to describe it-

“If you’re not going to call him at least text him,” Yoongi’s voice drew him from his trail of thoughts and he blinked, realizing his thumb had been hovering over the phone icon for a good while now.
Slowly he nodded, typing out a robotic lie that he had crashed at *Yoongi’s* place and that he hadn’t meant to worry him. As soon as he had sent the message his phone had been snatched up from him and he could only watch numbly as it was powered off before being dropped into kitten printed pant pockets.

“It’s so he can’t track your location if he decides too,” The villain added, the bed jumping slightly as he crawled out, and stretched sleepily in a rather cat like manner. He watched him insensibly. He looked embarrassed. Whenever they were together he had quickly picked up on the fact that he acted overly casual, or his version of casual that was, whenever he was feeling some combination of nervous and awkward.

A part of him wondered if it was because he had tried to sleep with him to apologise for hurting him or if it was because he felt awkward about technically kidnapping him.

He never thought he would find himself hoping it was the later but with shame boiling back up at least he knew he could survive the mortification of last night if he knew Yoongi was also somewhat ashamed of his own actions.

“Are...are you hungry? I don’t really have food...Jin usually does the shopping and neither of us really eat breakfast- but we should have cereal if you want?” He suggested weakly, cheeks tinged and eyes averted.

He nodded weakly and on cue Yoongi offered his hand to help him out of bed. A small part of him was annoyed that he was treating him in such a delicate way but as soon as his feet hit the ground his legs wobbled and the floor swayed and he was immediately relieved he hadn’t tried to get out on his own, knowing full well that he would have hit the floor hard enough to bring him to tears. *It probably wouldn’t even need to be that hard though*, a voice in the back of his head reminded him painfully.

Yoongi didn’t seem to notice just how unsteady he was, if he did he didn’t mention it, simply dragging his hand to his elbow to lead him down to the kitchen, sitting him on a stool and silently going about to prepare the both of them breakfast.

“Namjoon will be worried if I’m not home soon...how long before I can leave?” He asked slowly, eyes stuck to the plastic that hugged his wrist. Yoongi remained silent, back turned to him as he pulled two bowls from the cupboard.

“Namjoon is RM?” He mused, mainly to himself from how soft it came out. “I need to make sure he won’t reveal my identity to anyone,” Yoongi turned around, two bowls full of some brand of cereal
he didn’t recognize.

He wondered how long that would take. A while certainly, Namjoon didn’t budge on much and he was sure he knew enough to turn in Yoongi if he put in the work to legally get the villain behind bars.

He wondered how much Namjoon would hate him if he where to reveal some details about himself to help even the playing field between the two. If Yoongi knew as much as Namjoon knew about him neither would go forward with what they had.

“Eat,” Yoongi had shoved a spoon into his hand but he couldn’t bring himself to do anything with it. He knew the food wouldn’t taste like anything in his mouth and his arms felt too heavy to even consider moving, he settled for gently placing the spoon down on the counter top, incredibly aware of the heavy eyes on him.

“I’ll talk to him today, I need to drop by your place anyways,”

This made him look up, his mind buzzing in confusion at his words.

“Does he know that Jin…” He trailed off. It was the only reason he could think of outside of the need for him to protect his identity for him to stop by. Both him and Namjoon were friends with Jin, if Namjoon was upset with him in even the slightest, which he quite honestly wouldn’t blame him for, then it made sense that Yoongi would try to protect his roommate.

“No. Hyung just said he comforted him, got him to go to sleep...made sure he didn’t say anything about knowing who I am. If he wouldn’t tell him then he probably won’t tell anyone else till you get back,”

He nodded but the pressure on his chest did not subside. One less thing to worry about he supposed. He found himself staring at the closed door by Yoongi’s. He wondered when the two of them had talked. Yoongi had mentioned that Jin was back but he hadn’t heard him come home or the elder leaving bed to go speak with him.

“Why do you need to go over there?” He brought himself to ask after awhile, turning his attention to his now soggy bowl of cereal and he could just barely bite back a sigh, eyes flickering up to Yoongi who was staring at his bowl with an expression he couldn’t read and for someone who exaggerated all their emotions he found it to be disheartening.
“I told Jin about last night,” The words felt heavy as they settled over his chest and he found he could only nod stiffly through shame. “He said you’re supposed to take anxiety medicine, I was going to go pick it up, talk to Namjoon,”

Yoongi was trying to sound casual again and it was almost painful. He kept his eyes down and nodded once more. He had absolutely zero intentions on taking the pills- if he could just avoid certain situations then he had absolutely did not need them. He was fine without them and the last thing he needed to do was make anybody worry about him taking something he didn’t need too.

“I don’t take them anymore...Namjoon won’t do anything either,”

“Jin said you’re supposed to be taking them,” Yoongi replied and he settled for glaring at the plastic wrapped around his wrist. “If you don’t need them then it won’t hurt you,”

He could feel his heart clenching at his words. That's not true. He felt disgusting every time he took them, not immediately, but after he waited a little he was always reminded that he was dependant on a fucking pill.

It made him feel unbearably small knowing he took them, and just as long as he stuck to a comfortable routine he didn’t need them and he could forego the uncomfortable aftertaste that would hit him hours later.

“I don’t need them hyung, they don’t do anything, I don’t feel anything other than normal when I take them so they don’t work.” He said picking up his bowl and forcing himself to stand up and carry it to the sink where he turned on the water, washing the contents down the drain.

“You’re supposed to feel normal all the time...yesterday wasn’t normal.” He could hear embarrassment laced in Yoongi’s voice, he focused on carefully pouring a small amount of dish soap into the bowl, watching as blue foam bubbled up inside of it.

“I’m fine now,” Half of him wasn’t sure if he had even managed to say it seeing as he couldn’t even hear his own voice but from the sound of the stool scraping against the tile, barely muffling a soft huff he’d take that he’d heard him.

Gently, Yoongi took the bowl from him, wordlessly motioning for him to go sit back on the stool, not wanting to disappoint him any further he sat back down, tucking his arms between his legs as he
“You weren’t fine yesterday,” Yoongi restated and his voice came out strained. Like he was concentrating hard and he wondered just when he would realize nothing would make him take the pill. “You want to be good for me right?” Yoongi’s voice was hard, ice dripping from it and he snapped his head up in a mixture of shock and horror.

He was very much aware of what he was doing- that this was the lowest blow he could possibly take and from the guilty look on his face Yoongi knew too.

“You’ve already hurt me in more than one way...I don’t suppose it would matter much if you disappointed me anymore,” Yoongi’s arms were folded and he was leaning back against the counter, eyes cold and void of emotion.

Jimin could feel ice forming in his throat and it hurt to even attempt to swallow around the lump.

“I’m going to your apartment anyways, you’re really going to make me waste my trip?” He asked and he found himself shaking his head numbly.

“I...I’ll take it,” He whispered and Yoongi stepped towards him, taking his hands in his own and pressing a kiss to to his temple.

“Thank you,” He replied, just as soft. “It’s not good for you to be cooped up, it’s a short walk, I want you to come with me okay?” He asked, moving his hands to his arms, drawing back to look at him and he nodded, allowing himself to silently be led to Yoongi’s bedroom, dressed in clean clothes that seemed way too big on himself and gently pulled out the door.

The walk was done mostly in silence and the hand in his own seemed to be the only thing grounding him from his thoughts. When they arrived at his door however he felt like the weight in his hand was far from enough.

Namjoon was going to ask questions. A lot. And he didn’t blame him. The prime minister had been killed—fucking killed and he was supposed to arrest his killer and yet it probably looked like the two had slept together of all things and now here he was taking the walk of shame back home.

The sound of Yoongi knocking on the door drew him from his thoughts and he brought his attention back to where Namjoon had just stuck his head out, hair disheveled like he had just woken up and grasped the stool.
mouth hanging open.

“We need to talk,” Yoongi said pushing past his hyung who had an uncanny resemblance to a statue.

“You- You’re Suga! Jimin!” He gasped, whipping around and slamming the door shut, Jimin could see the exact moment in his eyes that he seemed to realize he was with him and he didn’t think he’d ever seen the elder move so fast to take both of his cheeks in his hold, looking him over for any sign of harm.

With his hands on him Jimin could feel the knot in his chest lessening and his shoulders slumped.

“Are you okay? You feel really bad-” Namjoon’s hands had migrated to his shoulder and his eyes had narrowed significantly, staring past him and to where Yoongi stood.

“He needs to take his anxiety medicine, Jin said they’re in his room- that one right?”

He turned his head to see the room Yoongi was pointing to, nodding silently and the elder disappeared behind the door.

“You’re meds- it’s not time yet you take it at eight- why the fuck is he here! Why didn’t you come back sooner?!” Namjoon’s hands where back on his face and if he weren’t touching him he was sure he would cower back.

“I…” He didn’t know what to say. Yoongi had sorta- not really cause he was stronger than him-kidnapped him and he was here to pick up his medicine because he needed to be good for once in his life and he’d already fucked up so much in one night and he couldn’t risk hurting his hyung anymore?

“Wait why did he say Jin-” Namjoon had snapped his head up from him to stare at Yoongi as hurried footsteps filled the room.

He turned his head just in time to see the elder carrying a glass of water and a pill to him. Surprisingly enough, Namjoon stepped aside with a single look from Yoongi and the elder easily pushed the pill past his lips and into his mouth, pressing the cup to his lips immediately after.
“How do you know Jin? -And how the fuck did you know where his room was?” From how high pitched his voice came out he got the feeling he already knew how he knew the last one.

“Jin’s my roommate, and me and Chim where drunk last time we came back here, just wanted to make sure it was the right room,” Yoongi hummed and he choked on the water, swallowing quickly just as worried eyes met his own and the elder took the now empty cup back, placing it on the coffee table.

“ *What the fuck do you mean last time*?! ” Namjoon screeched and Jimin was only slightly surprised he wasn’t stuck on Jin being his roommate.

“Well the room did look different than the one we were in...you may need to wash your sheets,”

Jimin could feel his mouth dropping open.

“ *We didn’t sleep in your room- he’s lying-* ” He rushed out and the villain glared at him, lips jutting out slightly and another wave of guilt rushed over him.

“Well yeah we didn’t sleep, I mean I couldn’t sleep for two days personally,” Yoongi shrugged and he found it better to keep his mouth shut rather than risking further spurring him on. “He’s *great* at eating ass by the way-”

Yoongi broke off and Jimin wasn’t even surprised by the fist that collided into his head. If he wasn’t thinking about doing the same he’d probably scold his partner.

The villain didn’t seem surprised in the slightest and simply wiped his chin.

“Kitchen too now that I think of it...living room-” Yoongi jumped back and jimin wondered if it was dramatic to wish for the ground to swallow him whole.

“ *How fucking dare you- what the fuck is wrong with you!* ” Namjoon swung at Yoongi again. “Why the shit are you even here?!”

“Don’t hero’s take some fucking oath not to hurt others unless it’s called for?” Yoongi caught his fist
before it could hit him and with a sharp twist Namjoon was on the ground. “We need to talk about some stuff,”

Namjoon glared up at him and Jimin wondered if maybe he should interject, make the both of them sit down and get them to calm down to the point where they didn’t look like they wanted to rip out each others throats. Then again that would definitely piss the both of them off anymore and the more he thought about it he couldn’t stand the idea of losing them both.

“About you murdering the prime minister last night?” Namjoon hissed, shaking the elders hold from his fist and moving to sit up straighter.

“And some other stuff,” Yoongi’s back was to him but he could still tell elder was talking about him and the knot in his chest bloomed once more at the thought that he wouldn’t even say it around him. “Do you know how long before his medicine takes effect?”

He blinked over to Namjoon who was staring at him again and he wished he could have told Yoongi ahead of time not to mention his medicine to him.

He already worried enough as it was and being a healer always made his health his hyungs number one priority. If he was still alive and kicking he had no reason to worry him. He already had enough on his plate, worrying about if he felt nervous or felt awkward shouldn’t be piled onto the long list of problems he had to deal with on a daily basis.

“Half an hour after he takes it,” Namjoon said and he could feel his eyes picking him apart, even Yoongi had turned to look at him again. A tiny voice in the back of his head said that becoming an arsonist and lighting the entire apartment on fire wasn’t that bad of an idea.

He wouldn’t do it, no, when they had first moved in together Namjoon had fire-proofed the entire apartment thinking he would be the clumsy one. Unlike Namjoon he hadn’t set the building on fire once in his sleep. He didn’t even know how the elder had managed that, him being a healer had to be some god taking pity on him and his temperamental nature. Maybe Namjoon could light the place on fire and he wouldn’t have to get his hands dirty…

“Jimin can you go get your charger, a change of clothes and some stuff?” Yoongi asked.

“No, ”
Yoongi didn’t look surprised by his answer in the slightest and simply raised an eyebrow.

“Please,” The word came out significantly less kind than before. He swallowed hard. “Me and Joon are just going to talk okay? In ten minutes you can join us,”

He let his eyes shift over to Namjoon who looked confused and a bit angry at the tone he was speaking to him in but nodded stiffly. He forced himself to nod and quickly went to his room, packing away his charger and a hoodie and pair of sweats, both of which he was sure where Yoongi’s.

He knew Yoongi also probably wanted him to change into some cleaner clothes seeing as these had been on his hyungs floor and smelled like he hadn’t washed them in a few weeks, but he couldn't bring himself to even think about taking his clothes off for too long before his heart began to twist painfully.

They smelled like Yoongi, an odd mixture of some flowery perfume he wore, sweat, and a faint carmel scent he had grown to learn comes from the many frappuccinos Yoongi wouldn’t be caught dead without.

He forced himself to look up to the clock by his dresser. He didn’t think they would want him to come out so soon. He didn’t like the thought of them talking without him there but then again he didn’t really want to know what they were saying about him.

Hopefully the two would just agree to not go forward with their identities and he could just crawl into his own bed under too many covers before the sun set. He wanted to be with Yoongi, he felt like a warm hug on days that it felt too cold to do much more than curl in on himself, but he didn’t want him to feel like he had to be with him.

Monitoring him to make sure than he wouldn’t go behind his back, something that still floated through his mind every few hours. It was something he had to do.

He could probably take him in in an instance if he wanted to. If he had the strength too. He could plan it all out in an instance. While walking here he had come up with a plan in maybe five minutes.

He would shove his hands in his pockets, heat his wrists up enough to warp the plastic of the bracelet on his wrist, snap it off, slow down so Yoongi was in front of him, put him in a head lock and pinch a nerve so that he would pass out then take him into custody.
It would be easy, too easy and he knew he could break Yoongi just as easily as he could break him. Probably quicker and a lot more efficiently. The thought scared him but it didn’t seemed more villainous as much as his curiosity wanted him to try something he knew he couldn’t do.

Grabbing his bag he pressed his back to the door, sliding down against it. He could hear faint words being exchanged and he wasn’t sure if he wanted to concentrate in on what was being said or not.

“I’m not sure if that’s the best idea,”

Namjoon’s voice sounded strained and he unconsciously pressed his head to the door to hear him better, unconsciously tucking his face into his- Yoongi’s shirt and inhaling deeply, his vision blurring as he pushed his nose further into soft cotton. It was starting to smell less and less like him and he didn’t know what to do with the knowledge that it was more than slightly upsetting. He hadn’t brought his own clothes home so he had an excuse to go back even if his sidekick and him did resolve their hate for each other, he could probably steal a shirt from him or something.

“Well someone has to…”

He probably wouldn’t like him stealing his clothes too much now that he thought of it. Him and Yoongi just had a casual relationship, and that was off the clock. On the clock the two did everything in their power to stop the other while protecting their own identities.

Well... Yoongi did, a week before Yoongi had first gotten him into bed he had been indifferent on if he could actually apprehend him or not. Afterwards he’d stopped putting in any real effort completely. Yoongi still put in a good deal of effort though and he doubted he would like it if he found out his fuck buddy had stolen a shirt of his because his fucking smell grounded him.

It was pathetic. Creepy.

“I’ll take off more time,”

He was pathetic.

Yoongi probably wouldn’t bat an eye at his death, would probably pull out a bag of popcorn and ask
him to light his hand up real quick before he died so he could have a snack and he’d all too quickly comply because he could very rarely say no to the gummy smiled boy.

“Because you love me so much I’ll pop by some to make sure of it,”

He could feel his brows twitch in confusion at the statement. He couldn’t have heard that right but then again maybe he had because he hadn’t exactly been listening too much.

Inhaling his hyungs scent one more time he pulled himself up on shaky legs, throwing the bag over his shoulder, adjusting his clothes and opening the door to walk to the kitchen where Namjoon and Yoongi seemed to be in a glaring match.

“I should just retire and have you arrested,” The younger hissed out with no real bite to it and he was slightly surprised to see Yoongi grinning.

“I’d never give you the chance, ‘only hero I’d ever consider letting arrest me would be Chim,”

He froze, quickly back stepping so that he was in the hallway and hidden from their view.

“Yeah, because that’s comforting,” Namjoon scoffed and he imagined he probably had his arms folded. “Give me your number,” He could hear something sliding across the counter and seconds later Namjoon sighed. “Still gonna play captor or do you not trust me to check a pillbox twice a day?”

He ignored the elders statement. He could easily empty the pillbox when he was supposed to take one, he didn’t have to take them to make it look like he did. He didn’t voice the thought, instead choosing to lean against the wall and burying his nose in the hoodie until his body started swaying ever so slightly.

“Don’t say it like that. You really wanted me to throw him out at two am with the state he was in?” Yoongi spat and he was slightly surprised that he sounded so offended. “Being a hero is probably more stressful than being a villian...having to monitor everything you do on top of work,”

Namjoon grunted and he found himself nodding to the villians question, silently wondering where this was going.
“At times...my morals don’t take a blow so there's that I guess,”

He could hear Yoongi pouting back at the statement.

“I don’t have any commissions at the moment,”

“Hits,”

“Commissions, so I’m going to force him out of the house for a few hours, be back home by his six pm bedtime and all don’t worry dad’,” He hummed montioously.

He got the feeling that Namjoon wouldn’t be amused by his sense of humor but Yoongi was weird in a way that he would grow on him in no time...if he ignored that he was a villain...if not then the most he could hope for was tolerance.

“And the cuffs?”

“After we come back here…” He trailed off and he found himself glancing over to his bag that had traveled to the floor from how long he had been standing there.

“You gonna go tell Jimin to get over here or would you like to talk dramatic back stories?” Namjoon hummed after a while and he froze.

“You just did, he’s been eavesdropping for a good fifteen minutes now,”

His breath stuttered and he could feel his face going red with shame. Of course he had noticed. Almost nothing got past Yoongi and he wondered just how bad his pride would suffer if he could read minds. He probably wouldn’t have any anymore.

He forced himself to place his bag on the floor. He wouldn’t need it seeing as he wasn’t going to be sleeping over. Breathing in deeply he stepped out, biting down hard enough on the inside of his cheek so that his vision cleared.
“See,” Yoongi replied looking as smug as ever and he shot his eyes down to the floor. “Let’s go,” The stool scratched the floor as Yoongi stood, mumbling something to Namjoon that was too soft for him to hear he slipped his hand into his own, dragging him out the door.

“How do you feel?” Yoongi asked as soon as the door shut and he let his eyes slide up to he elder who was looking ahead, face blank and he wasn’t sure if he had even said anything at all. “Do you feel better?” He still wasn’t looking at him and his pace sped up slightly so that he was pulling him slightly down the street.

“I...I don’t know,” He replied. He didn’t feel anything at all. He wasn’t numb but then again he couldn’t noticeably say if he was good or bad. He was fine. There.

Yoongi squeezed his hand slightly, stopping at an intersection and turning to look to him, eyes calculating.

“Kiss me,”

He stared.

“Why? ” He asked cautiously, letting his eyes flicker around them.

“No one else is nearby, it’ll make me happy if you kiss me, so be good and kiss me,” The hand wrapped around his own seemed a lot more threatening.

“Be good?” He parotid and something in the elders eyes shifted, his hand slid from his own and he jolted as he clapped him on the back, his hand quickly returning to his own to pull him across the street.

“I was just making sure...you know why I said that right?” Yoongi finished nervously and he could feel his hyungs hand growing sweaty. He nodded hesitantly. He wasn’t going to say it though. “You would have agreed to before you took your medicine,” Yoongi had stopped now, hand gently tugging him off to the side even though no one was around that would need to pass by them.

He really wished they hadn’t stopped walking.
“It’s important for you to stay on your medicine,”

He didn’t meet his eye. He was fine right now. He hadn’t had a bad day in weeks and he didn’t see why one needed to alter his chemical compounds.

“Jimin,” He let his eyes meet his own. They looked sad. Not worried, not harsh, just sad. They didn’t sting as much as he had expected but they still made his heart pull slightly. “They can’t harm you and they can only help,” He slid his eyes over to a spot just over his shoulder.

“I’ll try to take them,” He said as sincerely as he could but he knew the promise didn’t meet his eyes. This was probably the last thing he wanted to talk about, especially in public where he felt unbearably exposed.

“We can talk about it later...when you’re ready,” Yoongi said and he pulled on his hand again slightly, forcing him to fall back in pace with him. The last bit didn’t sound like something a villain would say. A lot of what he said didn’t seem like something a villain could say and he wondered why the fuck someone so gentle in every aspect would brand himself as one.

“Where are we going?” He asked after a while and Yoongi’s eyes found his own again.

“Arcade,”

He nodded, turning to face forward again before doing a double take.

“An arcade?” He repeated slowly and Yoongi nodded, lips pulled up ever so slightly. He wanted to ask why but Yoongi looked stressed lately and with having to put up with everything he had thrown at him he didn’t blame him for wanting to go to an arcade.

Before Jimin could even think any longer on the subject Yoongi was pulling him inside a dark building and pausing by the front desk.

“One game card please,”
Yoongi had pulled out his wallet and slid a dozen bills across wordlessly without even waiting for the total to be read aloud. Immediately his eyes jumped to the checkout screen and his heart fell.

He turned to Yoongi but before he could even open his mouth the elder had slapped at his hand, taking the game card with a polite ‘thank you’ before pulling him past the entrance and shoving the card into his hand.

“I have my own,” He mumbled as an explanation as he pulled a duplicate of the card in his hand from his wallet before shoving it back into his pocket.

“I don’t have any money on me,” He interjected and the elder immediately shook his head.

“It’s fine, you’ve bought me enough coffee so that where even,” Yoongi was looking around the arcade now and Jimin couldn’t help but think he looked like a cat. Eyes wide, and button nose scrunched up slightly as he scanned the area. “What game do you want to try first?” He asked, eyes now back on him and he shrugged.

“You can choose,”

Yoongi nodded and his hand slipped back into his own as he pulled him over to a console with two controllers and two animated characters flashing on the screen.

“So,” He started, pushing his card into the machine and picking up a controller. He followed suite wordlessly. “Seeing as you could never actually beat me in a real fight, lets see if you can beat me in a fake one,” Yoongi had already selected his character and he nodded, scrolling through an index of characters before picking one and clicking play.

Immediately the game screen blurred into an arena and without warning Yoongi’s character pounced, sword swinging and cutting into his own characters arm who jumped back in pain, body glitching red.

Snapping his head down to his controller he forced his thumb to slam into the joy stick, he snapped his head back up as he stuttered his other thumb over a button.

His character leapt forward, sword brandished as he swung at Yoongi’s, the elders character jumping to the side to and out of the way, his own sword coming down an inch from his own character.
He spun around and knocked a fist into the elders head, his character turned red just as his sword crashed into his side. He glanced to the top of the screen as he jumped back. Half of his health had already been depleted.

He swung his sword at Yoongi’s character who blocked it easily, he slid his thumb across the pad and to a different button, his character’s leg swung out and knocked Yoongi’s to his feat, he pulled his eyes up to Yoongi’s corner, his health was nearly full.

Seeing the screen flash red from the corner of his eye he snapped his attention back to the game just as Yoongi’s sword came down into his arm and his character collapsed to the ground, Yoongi’s character smirking smugly at the screen as an obnoxious ‘YOU WON!’ flashed across the screen.

He turned to look at Yoongi, controller sagging in his grip and he was met with a gummy smile and almond eyes shining.

“I guess you can’t beat me even in a game,” He teased, shifting the controller to one hand to wipe his palms on his pants.

“I- you’ve played this before it’s not fair!” He choked out and the elder shrugged turning back to the game.

“Fine, lets play again Jiminnie,” Yoongi said as he pushed his card into the machine and he followed suite, clicking ‘rematch’, thumbs perched on the appropriate buttons as the arena loaded.

As soon as the gear disapeared his character ducked, kicking forward and Yoongi’s character shook red as his sword swung down by his head, he jumped to the side just in time only to be met with Yoongi’s character forcing him to the ground by a solid punch.

He jumped forward even as his characters health drained and plunged his sword into Yoongi’s arm, Yoongi’s character struggles to jump to the side and he turned, kicking him in the side before landing a solid punch to his skull and Yoongi dropped to the floor dead.

“I let you win,” He said before he could even turn to him and he found himself grinning.
“Really now?” He asked, turning to him and Yoongi was pouting, soft pink lips jutting out and arms folded over his chest. He nodded dramatically.

“Yes,” He grumbled and his heart swooned. “I wanted you to win ‘cause it’d be the only time you ever would,”

“You’re still on that? I could take you in if I wanted too,”

He said putting his controller down and moving forward to take both of his hyungs hands into his own in hopes that his pout would go away. It only deepened and he was fairly sure if he was a kitten, which he wasn’t totally sure he wasn’t at times, his ears would be pressed flat to his skull.

“I’m sure you could beat me in other games...like neko atsume,” He hummed and his eyes narrowed.

“You can’t even win that game!” He hissed, sliding his hand from his own and knocking it into his arm. He grinned up at him biting back a giggle.

“Come on I wanna play some more games,” He said tugging him over to another machine.

Two dozen games later and a lot more pouting than he thought was reasonable him and Yoongi where at a claw machine. The both of them had been attempting to win something from the machine for the past hour. The two had been here so long that the arcade was jam packed and if it weren’t for the dirty looks Yoongi would send on lookers every time they tried to approach the machine he was sure there would be a mile long line behind them.

“I’m a genius let me try again,” Yoongi hummed, and he slid his gaze over to where he was sitting on the floor, back pressed to the machine and slushie in hand. The elder was eyeing his own slushie on the floor and he wondered if he should mention that it was probably all syrup from how long it had been there.

“You lost mario kart genius, I can do this just let me concentrate,”

Yoongi started slurping on his drink louder at his words and he glared at him, scanning his card
before grabbing the claws controller and hovering it over to the plushie he had been trying to score but kept slipping from his grip every time he felt even remotely close to winning it.

After succeeding in dropping the plushie three more times Yoongi stood up, shoving him out of the way with his slushie in hand.

“I use to work here, I’m a genius I know all the tricks,” Yoongi said as he promptly dropped the plushie half a foot farther from the shoot. He was going to scream.

“You use to work here?” He asked staring in disbelief as Yoongi pressed the ‘open’ button before pressing grab. He shoved the elder out of the way.

“No- trust me!” Yoongi fought back to get in front of the controls, grabbing the joy stick and pushing the claw behind the plushie.

“You’re behind it,” He hissed and Yoongi nodded, slurping on his drink loudly as he knocked the plushie with the arm of the claw right through the shoot.

His mouth fell open as Yoongi retrieved the plushie, pushing it into his arms with a cocky grin.

“Hyung you’re a genius,” He said hugging the plushie to his chest and the elder shrugged.

“It was nothing,”

He considered mentioning that it had taken him a dozen times to think of knocking the plushie into the shoot but kept his mouth firmly shut as the elder pulled him over to an empty wall to sit down.

“Did you have fun?” Yoongi asked for a while and he nodded slowly eyes stuck to the plushies face.

“Yeah, it was nice, I thought arcades where pretty boring but I had fun,” He brought his knees up to his chest.

“You’ve never been to an arcade before?” Yoongi asked and he could feel shocked eyes on him. He
nodded.

"I’m a hero, it’s out of place for us to do that,"

"No its not,"

"For me it is...it’s just not something I’ve done,"

"Have you wanted too?” He asked softly, he shrugged again.

“I never thought about doing it. Arcades are for normal people,” He replied looking over to him. He looked sad and he couldn’t understand why something like that would bother him. “But I had a lot of fun today...thank you for bringing me here,”

The creases in Yoongi’s forehead smoothed out and he nodded, bleached hair bouncing cutely.

“Of course...I had a lot of fun today,” He replied, scooting closer to him so that their legs knocked together and turning his attention forward. “I’m really glad you’re feeling better...you should talk to me if you’re not...I want you to be happy,”

“I am happy...really happy,” He mumbled and he could feel a smile finding its way to his lips.

The two of them sat in the arcade in silence for another thirty minutes before the elder begrudgingly pulled him to his feet and the walk home felt significantly less tiresome than walking to the arcade. The air was cool and he was slightly surprised that the air smelled so clean.

“Can I ask you something?” He asked and he was met with a gentle squeeze of his hand. He took it as a yes. “Did you...did you ever think about killing me?”

Yoongi’s head immediately snapped over to him and he sucked in a breath nervously.

“Why?” Yoongi’s eyes were narrowed.
“I’m fine,” He said hastily. “I was just curious,”

Yoongi stared at him for a while longer before shrugging and facing forward. He adjusted his grip on his plushie following suite and hoping he would tell him. He already got the feeling he knew the answer, but he’d still like to hear it from him nonetheless.

“Yes...a few times,” He started slowly and he could tell he was choosing his words carefully. “When we first hooked up...I was originally going to use it to get your guard down...I decided against it though,” He said delicately and he nodded.

“Why didn’t you?”

“I couldn’t make myself do it...something just said it's not the right time, not now, but like, all the time and I did some research on you after, decided you weren’t worth it,”

“Ouch,”

Yoongi scoffed softly from beside him.

“You’d rather I had killed you?”

He shook his head.

“Why’d you jump me in the coffeeshop?”

Yoongi’s face scrunched up at the comment.

“I didn’t jump you,” He sneered. “I thought it’d be fun to annoy you, plus I had to hide out from RM,” He said as the two of them arrived at his door and the elder reached into his pocket, fishing out his phone and pushing it into his hand.
“Thanks again hyung,” He mumbled and the elder nodded, taking his wrist into his hand and snapping the bracelet off easily.

“Text me anytime and I’ll come over,” He mumbled rubbing at his wrist apologetically and he nodded. “You’re happiness matters a lot to me...I like you a lot just so you know,”

“I know,” He mumbled, and Yoongi held his gaze, eyes soft and Jimin could feel himself growing warmer the longer he stayed in his space. “Can I kiss you?” He asked and Yoongi stayed silent, watching him carefully.

“You don’t have to ask...I just said I like you a lot,” He grumbled and he nodded moving his free hand up to cup his warm cheek before leaning in to gently mold their lips together in a soft kiss.

Yoongi’s breath was warm on his face as he pressed in slowly, the pressure on his lips feather light but he felt like it was perfect enough as it was as he opened his mouth hesitantly and Yoongi followed suite, their lips still just only brushing together.

He was slightly disappointed from how quickly he pulled back but he supposed it was getting dark and Namjoon wouldn’t appreciate it too much to see the two of them kissing on their doorstep like in a cheesy story.

“Text me when you get home?” He asked slowly and Yoongi nodded, eyes glossy as he leaned in to quickly kiss him sweetly before pulling back all the way and turning to walk home.

Jimin watched Yoongi until he couldn’t see him anymore before opening the door to his apartment and stepping inside.

“Tae?” He stared at the male who was sprawled across his couch, head hanging over the edge as he stared up at the ceiling.

“The one and only,” He grunted, rolling over to look at him properly as he kicked off his shoes.

“What are you doing here?” He asked as he crossed over to the male, nudging at his feet until he lifted them enough for him to sit down.

“Can’t I visit my best friend? Or is that too much to ask?” Taehyung hummed, shifting forward so
that he could lean into him. “Yoongles texted me and told me to babysit, make sure you get your daily dose of chill pill and cuddles,”

“Yoongles?”

Taehyung nodded pressing his face into his neck and wrapping his arms around him tightly.

“Yoongboon, Yoongie, pouty kitty? Villain you constantly deny being head over heels for?”

He scrunched his face up.

“I’ve never denied it was him…I just didn’t think you knew him,” He replied softly and Tae hummed back in understanding.

“Baby all our friends know him…like all, it was lowkey scary when I first realized… well, Jin was scary, cause… Jin, but whatever,”

He nodded. He wasn’t even remotely surprised that Taehyung seemed to know Yoongi and of his identity. He supposed it was strange especially given the younger had never mentioned knowing him but then again he supposed he wasn’t in a position to comment on secrets he kept.

“You two enjoy your date?”

“It wasn’t a date,”

Taehyung hummed in a robotic manner that said he didn’t believe him.

“It was nice,” He admitted slowly and he could feel a grin being pressed into his neck.

“Are you okay? He filled me in on what happen last night,” Taehyung asked gently and he shrugged weakly.
“I’m better,”

“That’s good, can’t have my soulmate all mushy and feeling guilty for being perfect,” He cooed, one of his hands moving to pinch at his cheek.

“I don’t feel guilty ever,”

Taehyung’s nose wrinkled.

“Well *normally* you don’t...maybe the chill pills make you evil,” He gasped and he scoffed knocking his hand from his face and back to his side.

“I’m not evil,” He groaned and the younger scoffed.

“Chaotic?”

“Better-” He broke off as his phone began to buzz violently in his pocket. Begrudgingly he pulled it out, clicking it on and staring at the message on his screen.

-Yoongi-

*I’m home*

*Be sure to take your med*

*Tae if you’re reading this make him take his med*

He frowned at his phone, Taehyung's weight shifting on top of him as a snort left him.

“Go take your med,” He demanded and he could feel his frown deepening as he clicked his phone off and set it on the coffee table.

“I’m fine right now,”
“And you won’t be if you don’t take it,” Taehyung hissed out, standing up with his hands planted on his hips.

“I’ll take it later, come back here,” He opened his arms pointedly and the younger cocked a brow.

“Take it or I won’t cuddle you,”

He could feel his face scrunching up.

“*You’re* the one that likes cuddling so much,” He glared at him but the younger didn’t budge.

“You like it just as much...come on... *please* ,” He offered his hand to him and after several moments of glaring at it he accepted it, pulling himself up and following to his bedroom.

Yoongi said it wouldn’t hurt him to take it and he didn’t like the idea of lying to him. If it made him happy he supposed he could try to take them regularly again even if he knew it wouldn’t last long enough to become routine.

Chapter End Notes

I really didn't enjoy writing the first few chapters of this but this one I really got into and i got *inspired* and when I say I'm so excited for where I'm taking this fic I mean I woke up from my nap and stayed up until three am these past few days to get this chapter out.

Also this fic has gotten so many kudos and comments and thank you so much, they all mean the world to me and I can't even begin to explain how happy it makes me when I see a kudo in my gmail or a new comment so thank you so much and I'm so sorry this took so long to get out, I promise I'll do better next time especially since the next chapter is where stuff really happens.

Also if you have anxiety, in all serious, keep up with your meds and if you dont have any try to seek alternative treatments (for example theres this (free) app called calm that can help with anxiety and panic attacks, its not perfect but it has helped me in the past and if you feel like you ever need help please seek out help because your well being is really important.

Sorry for the long end notes --- if you made it this far please leave a comment and let me know what you thought!
End Notes

I've been wanting to write this for so long and I've finally gotten myself to stop procrastinating after nearly a year of this being in my drafts.

come talk to me on twitter!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!