For Our Lives

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Summary

He was almost certain that he had fallen asleep on the plane, so how was it that he had woken up outside of it?

The screaming stopped momentarily, then started up again. There was something so familiar about the screams, he felt as though he knew who it was but couldn’t quite remember.

Yoongi decided he should open his eyes.

He opened his eyes, and saw hell.

When their plane crashes in the middle of the Canadian wilderness, the boys of BTS must fight for their lives to survive until help arrives.
Yoongi

Min Yoongi woke up in a place that was almost certainly not his bed.

Now, it wasn’t as if this was an uncommon occurrence. The life of an idol meant that falling asleep in places that weren’t your own bed was commonplace. Yoongi, in particular, was known for his ability to sleep wherever, whenever.

This was different.

He could hear the buzzing of insects, leaves rustling high above his head, a loud whirring that sounded like an engine. And screaming. Somebody was screaming.

He was almost certain that he had fallen asleep on the plane, so how was it that he had woken up outside of it?

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He opened his eyes, and saw hell.

He was seated where he had been originally, Row 3 Seat 3. To his right was the seat where his backpack had been. Must’ve slipped under the seat. He looked to the floor to see if he could spot his bag, but realized that there was no floor to look at.

The floor under him, and the entire left side of the plane were missing.

All he could see were trees.

He tried to get up, but realized his seatbelt was still strapping him in. He made to unbuckle it with both hands, but his shoulder flared in agony.

“Ah!” He instinctively made a noise at the sudden pain.

He looked down at his left arm, and felt sick to his stomach.

His shoulder was twisted forwards, unnaturally so. A broken piece of his seat was lodged into the muscle underneath his shoulder blade. Blood ran down the back of his arm in dried rivulets. His hand was dark purple, his pinky and ring finger both bent completely backwards, trapped underneath the seatbelt. His thumb also looked broken, the knuckle concaved and his nail missing.

Yoongi wondered why he didn’t feel any pain.

The screaming interrupted his thoughts.

Why was that voice so familiar?

Yoongi looked back to his right side, looking for his members.
The plane had crashed.
And he was alone.

“Namjoon-ah!” Yoongi called, knowing the younger had been seated directly in front of him. 
“Hyungnim!” He called again, remembering that their manager, Seijin, had been seated next to Namjoon.  
He received no response.

He needed to find them.

Deciding to ignore his injured arm for now, Yoongi undid his seatbelt with just his right hand. He could already feel his hips bruising from where the seatbelt had held him tight. He figured that it had probably saved his life.

His feet were dangling over forest floor. Carefully, he removed the section of plastic seat that had been lodged in his shoulder, and hopped out of the chair.

“Fuck.” He hissed, pain quickly engulfing his arm. He cradled his injured shoulder.

Looking around, it seemed as though the left side of the plane had been completely torn off. He took a few shaky steps away from the wreckage in order to get a better view.

This was crazy.

They had been on their way to L.A to promote there for a couple weeks. They had taken a private flight, with only enough space for them and their managers to fit on board.

Yoongi looked at the seats that remained intact. He could now see the part of his seat that had been broken and was covered in his blood. There was no sign of his bag, which had been in the seat next to him. The two seats behind his own had also been used for storing the other members luggage. Those, he saw, were still there.

The back of the plane was missing. He could see a valley of black, broken trees and smoke where the plane had obviously crash landed. The air smelled of plane fuel, smoke, and burning flesh. Yoongi felt his stomach roll.

Yoongi turned, and took a few steps toward the front of the plane. Namjoon wasn’t in his seat, but his manager was.  
“Hyungnim!” Yoongi called, rushing over to assess his managers situation.

The older man was unconscious, but as Yoongi watched, he saw his broad chest rise and fall evenly. He was alive. His glasses were broken, and his face was scratched from the pieces of glass. Yoongi shakily removed a piece of glass embedded just below his eyebrow. He wiped the blood away with his thumb.

“Seijin!” Yoongi tried again, shaking the managers shoulder to try and rouse him. No such luck.

He looked around desperately, searching for anyone else.

“Wake up! Please!” He tried again, even daring to give his manager’s face a few quick slaps. No response.

Yoongi tried to calm his breathing. It would do no good to work himself into a panic attack right now. Seijin was breathing and had no noticeable injuries besides those on his face.  
He had to find the others.
He reached for his phone, which was in his back pocket. The screen was shattered, but it miraculously still turned on. He cursed under his breath when he saw the battery was halfway empty, but at least it still worked for now.

There was no service.

Of course there wasn’t.

He was in the middle of some random forest in some random country, of course he didn’t have service.

Yoongi breathed deeply again to calm himself, wincing at the pain that was still pulsing in his shoulder.

He kicked the front of Namjoon’s seat angrily and let out a shout.

“Is- Is someone back there?” A female voice called out from the front of the plane.

Yoongi looked. The floor of the plane was still attached to the wall dividing the cockpit from the cabin.

The pilot?

Yoongi walked over to the floor, which was wedged into the dirt ground at an angle just above his knees and emitting sparks. He warily avoided the torn wires and broken machinery. Yoongi climbed up, trying to avoid putting pressure on his left arm in the process. He stood up and opened the door to the cockpit.

The nose of the plane seemed surprisingly intact.

The front windows were cracked, and the control board seemed to have collapsed, but the walls and floor were still there, which was more than what could be said about the area which Yoongi had come from.

“Hello?” Yoongi called out. “Is someone there?”

“Oh my God! I’m here! Please, get me out!”

The voice came from the pilot’s seat. Yoongi looked over to the adjacent seat, and his stomach rolled again at the sight of the copilot. Blood and vomit ran down the man’s chin, his eyes were rolled back in his head.

Yoongi had never seen a dead body before.

“Hello? Are you still there?”

Yoongi forced the image out of his mind and walked over to where the voice was coming from.

The pilot was a short, squat woman. Her black hair that had obviously once been neatly pulled back into a bun was now a mess. She was crying, and her legs disappeared under the control board.

“Are you… the pilot?” Yoongi asked.

The woman nodded frantically. “I am, oh my God I am. My name is Ha Jisoo. I need… I can’t feel
my legs. Are they… can you tell me if they’re still there?”

Yoongi swallowed through the lump in his throat and nodded mechanically. He crouched down to try and get a look under the control board.

His mouth filled with bile at the sight. He swallowed it roughly back down.

Her legs were mangled. Only one was still attached, the other was separated just above the knee. The blood made it hard to see, but it was obvious to Yoongi that if this woman made it out alive she would never walk again.

“Well? What do you see? Are they still there? God I can’t feel them at all.” Jisoo began to panic.

Yoongi stood up, surprised that his legs could still support his weight. He felt a bit faint.

The pilot looked at him with watery eyes, “Please tell me they’re still there, I have two daughters at home, I need my legs.”

Yoongi exhaled shakily, and nodded. “They’re there. They look… fine. I’m sure the… weight… is just making it so you can’t feel them.”

She sighed in relief. A hand over her heart. “Thank you.”

Yoongi blankly looked around the cockpit, still feeling faint. “Are we… are we going to be rescued?”

This was insanity.

Jisoo looked at Yoongi, an emotion in her eyes that he couldn’t identify.

“I don’t know.”

Yoongi looked at her for a few more seconds, then turned and left. He paused in front of the cabinet in the hall that was still intact. Amidst the clutter inside, he found two orange blankets, a tool box, a first aid kit, and a flare gun.

He decided to leave the blankets and tool box, for now, he could grab them later. He pocketed the gun and grabbed the first aid kit.

He needed to find his members.

He figured the screaming he’d been hearing since he woke up would be a good place to start. He took off in the direction of the wails, injured arm pressed tightly to his chest. He jogged through the forest for what he assumed to be about five minutes before he needed to rest. He squatted down and put his head between his knees, trying to calm his breathing.

The forest seemed endless, his surroundings unfamiliar. As he ran he passed by pieces of metal larger than himself, broken trees, a plane seat, puddles of fuel... His mind couldn’t process what was happening. A plane crash… wasn’t this the kind of thing that happened in movies only?

The screaming grew closer. Through the branches Yoongi could make out a fallen tree. From the looks of it, most of the left wing of the plane had detached and collided with the huge tree and knocked it over.

Another scream.
Why was it so familiar?

Yoongi felt dizzy. What was happening? Who was it?

The scream got louder.

Memories of laughter, bright smiles, goofy dancing.

The screaming turned to wailing.

Sparkly coats, jazz hands, a flower costume.

Harsh sobs cut through the wails.

Hilarious duets, jumping hugs, sunshine.

“S-someone please! It hurts! I need- someone please!”

Hoseok. The screaming was Hoseok.

Yoongi’s legs moved before his brain caught up to what he was hearing.

It all made sense now, the reason the screams sounded familiar. It was Hoseok. Yoongi had only ever heard screams of fright or laughter from the younger boy.

He’d never heard the younger sound like this before.

Yoongi jumped over the winding branches of the fallen tree, he used his good hand to propel himself over the trunk and-

Oh god.

Hoseok was lying on the ground, clutching his leg tightly. The hair that wasn’t matted to his forehead with blood was messy and full of twigs. The coat the boy was wearing was ripped, partially trapped under the weight of the fallen tree.

Yoongi found his eyes drawn to the part that stood out the most. His leg.

Trapped underneath a heavy branch, Hoseok’s right leg was clearly broken. It was twisted unnaturally to the side, the hands that were holding it were covered in blood.

Yoongi took a step towards his bandmate. “H- Hoseokie?”

Hoseok’s head whipped towards Yoongi. “Yoongi?” He said weakly, relief evident in his eyes.

“Oh God.” Yoongi gulped, then rushed over to his friend, wrapping him in a tight hug. Hoseok immediately pressed his face into Yoongi’s shoulder. Yoongi held the younger for a moment, saying nothing as he felt his shirt grow damp.

Hoseok sniffed one more time, before leaning back and looking at Yoongi. “Hyung, my leg- “

Yoongi looked, and resisted the urge to vomit for the fourth time that day.

It was worse from up close, and Yoongi felt his blood run cold at the sight of white bone peeking through the blood.

“Hobi.. I can, I can see- “
“I know hyung.” Hoseok interrupted, voice watery. “I see it too.”

Yoongi gulped, fear clouding his mind.

“What… What the hell happened?” Yoongi asked hesitantly. “I don’t remember anything, I fell asleep in the air and woke up on the ground.”

Hoseok exhaled shakily through his mouth. “It was terrifying hyung. You’re lucky you were asleep.”

Yoongi felt oddly guilty, but said nothing as to not interrupt the younger.

“Everything was fine ya’ know?” Hoseok continued, tears marring his voice. “But then suddenly, the lights in the plane all flickered, and then suddenly it felt like we were falling. I had a window seat and I, I remember seeing sky one second and trees the next.”

Tears trailed lazily down Hoseok’s face, Yoongi remained silent, gently wiping them off the younger’s cheeks.

“Hobeom manager-nim was holding onto me… I heard Jin-hyung screaming from in front of me.” A shaky breath. “I saw… Jiminie and Tae get sucked out the back… And then I heard a crack and suddenly Manager-nim wasn’t holding my arm anymore. The wind was so loud in my ears hyung… I fell. It was only a few seconds… I- I hit a tree I think. It broke my fall.”

Hoseok looked down at his leg. “Wasn’t the only thing it broke.”

Yoongi felt sick once more. He got to his feet shakily, managed to get a few steps away from Hoseok before vomiting all over the forest floor.

He squeezed his eyes shut. How was this real? How was any of this real?

“H- hyung?”

Yoongi took a deep breath, turning back to face the younger member.

“I’m okay Hoseokie… it’s just, a lot.”

“I know…” Hoseok winced, the pain drawing his attention back to his leg.

Yoongi suddenly remembered the first aid kit he’d found in the cockpit. He quickly removed the strap from across his chest and began to rummage through its contents. Hoseok watched silently, panting quietly in pain.

Yoongi grabbed a small plastic wrapped ball of bandages, he went to tear the plastic, but remembered his injury too late.

“Ah!” He yelped in pain as he moved his shoulder.

“Hyung?” Hoseok asked, immediately more alert. “What’s wrong? Are you hurt?”

Yoongi nodded weakly. “My shoulder, and my hand, see?”

He held up his hand gently, broken fingers on display.

Hoseok’s mouth tightened. His expression turned stormy. Sorrow to rage. He made a fist with his hand and hit the forest floor with all his might.
“Damn it!”

Yoongi pursed his lips. “Hobi, calm down.”

“I can’t! What the hell? Why is this happening to us?” Hoseok shouted, frustration and tears leaking through his words. As angry as he tried to sound, all Yoongi could hear was fear.

Yoongi had no response, he felt the same way as Hoseok did. But he was the older one, he had to take responsibility. And besides, they had five more members to find, as well as their other manager.

“Hobi, I need you to calm down, at this rate you’re going to injure yourself even more.”

Hoseok hiccuped, lips drawn tight, but settled down. Yoongi passed him the plastic bag of bandages, which the younger opened without difficulty.

“Okay, so I’m pretty sure for broken bones you need to like, set it.”

Hoseok looked wary, “Like in movies? With a wooden plank?”

Yoongi frowned, lips forming a pout as he looked around the area. “Well maybe not wood…” He spotted the back of one of the seats that had once been in the plane. Trying to ignore the implications of a plane seat being this far away from the wreck and what it meant for the other missing members, Yoongi walked over and grabbed the flat piece of thick plastic.

“Here! Let’s try this Hobi.”

Hoseok looked pained at the thought of moving his leg, but nodded reluctantly. Yoongi grabbed hold of the seat, and dragged it back over to where Hoseok was seated. Rummaging back through the first aid kit, Yoongi found a bottle of rubbing alcohol. He looked at the bottle in his hand, and then at Hoseok’s bare bone peeking through his leg.

Putting this shit on scrapes hurt, how the hell was he supposed to pour this into Hoseok’s leg?

Hoseok seemed to agree with Yoongi’s unspoken thoughts, squeezing his eyes shut and tilting his head towards the sky.

“Just get it over with hyung, please.”

Yoongi swallowed, then nodded. He scooted closer to where Hoseok’s leg was, unscrewed the lid of the bottle, peeled the tab off, then carefully poured it over the long wound.

Hoseok’s scream was the worst thing he’d ever heard in his entire life.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry, I’m sorry-” Yoongi muttered under his breath, working as quickly as possible. He grabbed the bandages, positioned the leg on top of the seat, and began to wrap.

Hoseok stopped screaming. Yoongi looked over in worry, only to find his friend unconscious.

‘He must have passed out from the pain…’ Yoongi thought to himself.

He took a breath, trying not to gag at the thick smell of blood, then finished wrapping Hoseok’s leg.

Looking up at the sky, Yoongi was thankful that there was still sunlight. But by the looks of the sun, there wouldn’t be for much longer. Thinking fast, Yoongi reasoned that their best bet would
be to return to the plane. He knew he’d left behind the emergency blankets he’d found, and that there might be some sort of flashlight or lantern that he’d missed.

He looked at Hoseok’s prone body, and sighed. Well, at least he wasn’t awake for this.

Yoongi grabbed hold underneath the younger boy’s shoulders, ignoring the now-familiar jolt of pain in his own, and began to drag Hoseok back in the direction he’s come from.

He no longer had any hands free, and the number of bugs biting at his cheeks and arms was worrying. He shouted out a stream of expletives at the bugs, not caring that they couldn’t shout back.

His back was killing him, his shoulder felt dislocated at this point, his fingers were burning, and his legs were aching. But Yoongi kept himself moving by sheer force of will.

He’d made it this far in life. God damn it if he wasn’t going to make it out of this too.

Finally, he made it back to the wreckage. The clearing was lit by a small fire near the edge of the wreck that still hadn’t gone out. It was, thankfully, far enough away that Yoongi wasn’t worried about it causing any damage.

He dragged Hoseok over to the side of the plane, arranging the few luggage bags he could find into a makeshift bed to lay the other member on.

Once Hoseok was positioned on the bags’ Yoongi sat heavily on the ground next to the dancer. He let his head thump backwards against the side of the plane. He took a few minutes to catch his breath and wipe the sweat off his brow.

“Unngh…”

Hoseok stirred, but did not wake.

Yoongi felt a wave of relief wash over him. He wasn’t dead. He hadn’t killed him.

Sitting in the wake of the wreckage with only Hoseok’s silent body to keep him company, Yoongi found himself crushed with the weight of a familiar feeling.

Loneliness.

A feeling he’d felt many times in his life. In his recording studio, in interviews, sometimes even in the dorm surrounded by members. Loneliness was a constant in Yoongi’s life, and he was almost grateful that it was there for him now. While not a good feeling, it was at least familiar, and in such an unfamiliar situation Yoongi decided to take what he could get.

He was pretty sure the sun was setting. It had disappeared behind the tops of the trees, leaving only pastel-coloured clouds in its wake.

Yoongi watched as a bird landed on a piece of plane wreckage near him. It twittered about, pecking once on the hard metal and frightening itself with the noise that ensued. It quickly flew away, off to do something else.

He was trapped here.

He hadn’t quite thought about it yet, but there was a very real possibility that no one would be able to find them out here. Yoongi felt himself begin to panic, but almost felt as though it was justified.
He was trapped here.
He was trapped.
Trapped.

His vision became blurry. He heard a ringing in his ears. He was freezing, but clammy from sweat.
What if no one rescued them?
What if no one came?

“Yoongi-hyung!”

Suddenly, Yoongi felt himself wrapped in a tight hug. His sight was blinded by black fabric; someone’s shoulder. He hugged them back, he’d recognize that voice anywhere.

Jungkook?

“Yoongi-hyung, breathe with me okay?” Jungkook quickly instructed, recognizing the panic attack almost immediately. He remained in firm contact with the older member, hands gripping his thin shoulder tightly enough to ground him.

Minutes passed before the older was able to match the younger’s breathing, but it happened.

Jungkook smiled weakly at his hyung, before averting his eyes to the body lying next to him. Fear spread across his handsome features, a look that Yoongi hardly ever saw on the youngest member.

“Is Hoseokie-hyung…?”

“He’s alright.” Yoongi said, “But his leg’s fucked, he passed out when I wrapped it.”

Jungkook’s eyes traveled down Hoseok’s body, taking in what he was seeing. He swore softly at the sight of his leg.

Yoongi swore in agreement, emphatic. They both giggled a bit hysterically at the absurdity of the situation, choosing to ignore how crazy they sounded.

Jungkook blinked heavily a few times before turning back to face his older hyung. “Hyung, I need your help.”

Yoongi felt trepidation engulf his exhausted body, still on edge from the panic attack he’d just come off of. “What’s wrong Jungkookie?”

Jungkook bit his lip. “I don’t know what happened to you guys, or when you woke up, but I’ve been awake for a few hours. Jin-hyung woke me up- “

“You were with Jin-hyung?” Yoongi interrupted, eyes growing wide, “Where is he? Why isn’t he with you?”

Jungkook looked upset at being interrupted, but said nothing, choosing to continue. “It’s Tae-hyung, I- I think he’s dying.”

Yoongi blanched.

Jungkook continued. “Jin-hyung says that he stayed conscious through the entire crash, I have no
idea how. His leg’s a bit messed up, actually maybe it’s his hip… but it’s not as bad as Hobi-hyung’s.” Jungkook gestured towards Hoseok.

“Anyways, he found Tae-hyung and I near each other. He managed to wake us up, but something’s wrong with Tae-hyung. He can barely talk or move, and his eyes are all weird looking. Jin-hyung sent me to go look for help, see if anyone knows first aid and can help him.”

Yoongi took a moment to process the information. Logically, he supposed that they were lucky to still be alive at all. But his stomach still couldn’t help but roll at the thought of their second-youngest in such peril, he hadn’t considered the possibility that they could die here. The situation suddenly seemed so much more real.

“I have a first aid kit,” Yoongi told Jungkook, “But I don’t know how much help it’ll be. Hoseok should be fine for now since I’ve stopped the bleeding. I also found Manager Seijin in the plane near me when I woke up, he’s unconscious but alive, so that’s good I guess. The pilot is trapped at the front of the plane, I’m pretty sure her legs are crushed, and the co-pilot…” Yoongi trailed off.

“The co-pilot?” Jungkook questioned.

“He’s… dead.” Yoongi said.

They shared a moment of silence, coming to terms with their reality.

Yoongi reached forward and gripped Jungkook’s shoulder tightly. “Ok, take me to Jin-hyung. I’ll see what I can do for Tae.”

Jungkook nodded seriously, an expression that Yoongi would have found cute in another circumstance. The older members often found it adorable when Jungkook acted serious and mature, a fact that Jungkook detested.

“Alright,” the maknae said, breaking Yoongi’s train of thought, “Let’s get moving.

“Wait!” Yoongi said, turning to the side and rummaging through Hoseok’s pockets until he found what he was looking for. His phone. It seemed unscathed, and Yoongi quickly unlocked it (all of Bangtan knew Hobi’s password, he was that kind of guy). He typed in a quick explanation of where he was going into the notes section, then left the phone on Hoseok’s lap with the flashlight turned on.

“Won’t that waste battery?” Jungkook commented.

“Maybe,” said Yoongi. “But I’d prefer that, then to Hoseok waking up alone, in pain, and in the dark somewhere he doesn’t know.”

Jungkook nodded in understanding, and the two stood up together.

Jungkook led Yoongi through a different path in the forest. This path had much more wreckage, debris, logs, and rocks than the way Yoongi had been walking earlier, and Yoongi found himself grateful that he hadn’t had to drag Hoseok through this, he’d have given the poor kid a concussion too.

The pair walked in silence, both boys quiet and contemplative. Neither felt the need to make forced conversation, it wasn’t the type of situation where it would have been appropriate anyways. Neither could bring themselves to speculate their circumstances, and neither wanted to think about the implications of the still-missing members.
Eventually, two familiar figures came into sight. Jungkook broke into a slow jog, which Yoongi instinctively refused to copy, before remembering the situation and following the younger’s lead.

“Jin-hyung!” Jungkook called.

Yoongi watched as the elder looked over at them from where he was crouched on the ground. Yoongi’s stomach dropped, he supposed that meant that the body Jin was leaning over was-

“Jungkook! Yoongi! Help me with him!”

Both called members broke out into a sprint at the tone of urgency in their hyungs’ voice. As they approached they saw what the cause was.

“He’s seizing! Quickly! Help me roll him on his side!”

Jin cupped his head gently yet firmly with his hands, Jungkook slid his hands underneath his body, and Yoongi found himself at his feet.

Taehyung….

What happened?

He remembered Hoseok saying that he’d seen Taehyung and Jimin get sucked out the back of the plane.

Yoongi felt helpless as he watched his younger brother spasm violently.

“Yoongi! C’mon we need your help!” Jin’s voice broke Yoongi from his trance.

“Yeah… sorry…”

Yoongi grabbed Taehyung’s legs, and helped the others guide him onto his side. Done with the task, the three boys were left to do nothing but watch their friend seize. Yoongi heard soft sobs coming from beside him, but kept his gaze on Taehyung so as to give their maknae some privacy.

Finally, after what seemed like eternity, Taehyung’s body went still.

Jin was the first one to move, using his shirt sleeve to wipe the thin trail of vomit from the side of Taehyung’s face. He rolled the younger back onto his back. Taehyung’s eyelids fluttered weakly.


“I know Taetae,” Jin-hyung soothed, brushing the hair out of the younger’s face. “You’ll be okay, we’re going to get you some help, don’t worry.”

“What’s wrong with him?” Yoongi asked, terrified. “Why can’t he talk?”

Jin continued stroking Taehyung’s hair, “I don’t know Yoongi, I think he hit his head.”

Jungkook lay down on the ground next to Taehyung, allowing the older to wrap him arms around him. The two older boys watched in silence as the two youngest members cuddled together on a bed of pine needles and rocks, whispering comforts to each other. Yoongi suddenly felt very much like crying.

“Are you hurt anywhere?” Jin questioned quietly.
“Just my shoulder,” Yoongi replied, “I think it’s dislocated.”

Jin hummed, “Want me to pop it back into place?”

Yoongi paused, turning to his hyung, “Have you ever done that before?”

Jin smiled tightly, “Nope, but I’ve never been in a plane crash either.”

Yoongi blinked, then nodded. He gestured towards his injury. “Well have at it then, not like it can get any worse.”

“Famous last words,” Jin joked, as he placed his hands on either side of the shorter man’s injured shoulder. “On the count of three, ready?”

Yoongi nodded.

“One-“

Yoongi screamed.

His vision went blurry, then black, then blurry again.

When he opened his eyes again he was on the forest floor, Jungkook peering concernedly at him.

“He’s awake hyung!” The youngest member called, and then Jin was there as well.

“You son of a bitch!” Yoongi swore.

Jin laughed, “Yep! He’s awake.”

Yoongi blinked. His shoulder was achy, but definitely did not hurt as much as it had before.

“Any better?” Jin asked, fake smile on his face. Yoongi went to call him out on it, before he realized that the lie was probably not for him, but for the younger members who were still looking worried.

Yoongi fake smiled back, “Yeah. Thanks, hyung.”

Both Jungkook and Taehyung let out sighs of relief.

Yoongi rolled his shoulder experimentally, hissing at the slight pain that ensued. Jin rolled his eyes at him, and Yoongi pouted in response.

“Tae-hyung?” Jungkook called.

The two older boys looked over, Taehyung’s head had hit the ground, eyes fluttering.

“Jus’ fee’in’ dizzy…” Taehyung mumbled, slurring the words.

Jin pursed his lips together worriedly.

“We should move him, it’s going to get dark soon.” Yoongi commented, looking at the quickly darkening sky through the leaves of the trees above.

“We can move him to Hobi-hyung?” Jungkook suggested.

“Hoseok? You guys know where he is?” Seokjin exclaimed.
Yoongi winced, he didn't realize he'd forgotten to tell them. “Oh. Yeah, I was with him when Jungkookie found me. His leg’s busted so he’s resting. But I brought him to the plane, there are supplies and shit there, and Seijin.”

Jin nodded, “Ok then, we’ll move Tae over to him.”

Yoongi helped Jin to his feet, but frowned when the older boy stumbled. Only then did he remember what Jungkook had previously told him about his leg.

“Your leg’s hurt?” Yoongi questioned.

Jin laughed awkwardly, “Ah! Don’t worry about it, it’s just my hip- “He lifted his shirt to reveal a myriad of dark blue, purple, and yellow bruises covering his upper hip and stretching down beneath his pants further than Yoongi could see. “-And my ankle.” The older boy then pointed at his foot. Yoongi couldn’t get a good look at it, but the fact that Jin’s entire shoe was soaked in dried blood told him all he needed to know.

“Shit.” Yoongi swore, “I didn’t notice- “

“Because I didn’t want you to.” Jin interrupted. “Look, Yoongi. I’ve been awake for hours, I’ve had more time than you’ve had to come to terms with the fact that we’re stranded out here. The least that I can do is provide my dongsaengs with a smiling face.”

Yoongi thought, not for the first time, that the eldest member was acting too selfless, but held his tongue. He didn’t want to discount his hyung’s efforts. He turned towards the maknae, who still hadn’t left Taehyung’s side.

“Jungkook! You aren’t too injured to help me carry Taehyung, are you?”

Jungkook whipped around, shaking his head determinedly.

Together, the rapper and the singer got Taehyung to his feet. Yoongi worried when the boys head lolled around, but maintained his resolve.

“It’s this way.” Yoongi nodded in the direction he’d come from.

The four boys began to walk, or limp in Jin’s case. The atmosphere was different from what they were used to back in Seoul. No constant buzz of electricity, no staff members bustling around; only the sounds of bugs and the wind.

The forest grew darker around them, and Yoongi began to worry. He had never been afraid of the dark, but that was when he’d always had a source of light available. This was different. There were no city lights in the distance. No civilization to save them.

Only darkness.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!!! More to come soon :-)
Hoseok awoke with a pained groan. God damn did his leg hurt. He didn’t remember injuring it in dance practice...

He opened his eyes.

Everything came flooding back to him

Their plane had crashed somehow. One second, he’d been trying to take a cute picture of the clouds outside his window for twitter, and the next second his phone display had shown trees as the plane began to nosedive.

Hoseok thinks that he might have been the first one to start screaming, but Jimin and Taehyung in the seats behind him had been pretty loud too.

He remembered the blinding sound of the wind rushing through his ears and the deafening screech of metal tearing when the back of the plane was torn off. He remembered looking back and watching his two dongsaengs fly out the back, the pure terror on their faces…

He remembered falling. And then waking up to blinding pain. He remembered screaming and crying and screaming, desperate for anyone. And Yoongi came and then it was darkness again.

Hoseok couldn’t stop the fresh wave of tears from streaming down his face. He hiccuped, and futilely attempted to wipe them away with the back of his filthy hand.

He looked down at his leg, and the tears got even stronger.

God, he’d never be able to dance again.

And so Hoseok wept. Wept for the loss of his dream, the loss of the thing he was most passionate about. And all he could think, was that life was truly cruel.

“Hey… Are, you okay?”

Hoseok hiccuped in shock, and quickly tried to wipe the tears away again. He pressed his lips together to stop himself from crying, but ended up crying even harder.

“Shit, sorry kid didn’t mean to scare you…” The voice was coming from above him, inside the plane. “Are you hurt at all?”

Hoseok tried to speak through his sobs, “M-my leg- “Speaking was hard to do through the lump in his throat.

“Shhh, shhh, it’ll be alright sweetheart. Take some deep breaths.” The voice soothed.

Hoseok followed the instructions, the voice reminded him of his mother. He felt a familiar pang in his heart as he thought of how much he missed her. He wondered if he’d ever see her again.

“There you go, what’s your name sweetheart?” The voice asked.
“Jung Hoseok.” Hoseok sniffed, unwary of revealing his identity. What did it matter now anyways?

“Well it’s nice to meet you Hoseok-ssi. I’m Ha Jisoo.” A pause, and then, “I wish we could have met in better circumstance huh? Or at least face to face… My legs are hurt too see? They’re trapped under this damn control panel…”

Hoseok frowned to himself, “Control panel? Are you the co-pilot?”

A chuckle, “Afraid not, Hoseok-ssi. I’m the pilot herself.”

The pilot… Hoseok felt a flash of anger course through him. So, she’s the reason that the plane crashed. She’s the reason that he can see his femur poking through his thigh. She’s the reason that he’ll never dance again.

Angry tears trailed down his face, but he squeezed his eyes shut. He didn’t want to cry anymore.

“Why did the plane crash?” Hoseok gritted out, reigning his anger in.

There was a long silence after his question. So long, that Hoseok began to worry that the pilot had left.

“Hello?” He called out, “Are you still there?”

“I’m still here.” Jisoo responded, sounding infinitely more tired than she had before.

Another beat of silence.

“If I thought that we were going to get out of here alive Hoseok-ssi, I’d probably lie to you right now.”

Hoseok’s heart sank.

“I’d tell you that the plane malfunctioned. That I had no control over it. I’d tell you that I did everything I could do stop it, that I did everything I could to save you.”

Hoseok gulped. His mouth was dry, and tasted faintly of copper.

“But the truth is, Hoseok-ssi, that I doubt that I’ll survive this. And so, I’ll tell you the truth, ‘cause by the sounds of it I doubt you’ll survive either.”

Hoseok squeezed his eyes tight, willing himself not to cry again.

“Hoseok-ssi, I crashed this plane on purpose. I was instructed to; at 4 hours and 15 minutes into the flight, steer the plane into a nosedive and kill everyone on board.”

…

“Hoseok-ssi? Are you still there?”

Hoseok didn’t know how to respond. He didn’t know if he wanted to. This woman… just admitted to trying and killing himself and his bandmates.

A sigh. “I’ll just assume you are. The truth is, the man that instructed me, well… I don’t know who he is. I never saw his face. He wore a mask. I never saw him in person either, just over video call…”
Hoseok frowned, confused. Was the woman, the pilot... crying?

“H-he, he has my two little girls you see? They’re only 3 and 5, they didn’t know what was happening.” A muffled sob. “H-he told me that if I didn’t do this... that’d it’d be them instead. He had a gun Hoseok-ssi... I couldn’t let him... It had to be you... I’m- I’m not sorry for what I’ve done. If I had to choose between you and my daughters I would choose them every time.”

Hoseok couldn’t move. He couldn’t speak.

“He told me that the people on board were a popular idol group. He didn’t tell me why he needed you dead, only that it had to happen. I- I never wanted to be a murderer Hoseok-ssi, I never wanted... I’m not a bad person please- “

“It’s okay.” Hoseok interrupted her.

“It’s okay.” He repeated, listening to the woman sob up above. “I’m sure they’ll be okay, your daughters.”

“Th-thank you.” The woman responded after a while once she’d calmed down. “I hope they will be...”

The crying soon turned to coughing.

“Jisoo-nim? Are you okay?” Hoseok questioned worriedly, sitting up a bit straighter.

There was no response form the pilot, only harsher coughing.

“Shit. Are you okay?” He tried calling again.

The coughs sounded wet, Hoseok couldn’t prevent the new tears from leaking.

“Jisoo-nim?” He called weakly. His face contorted into anguish as he heard the coughs peter out. Despite all she’d done, Hoseok couldn’t help but hope she was still alive.

He began to cry again.

His eyes hurt from all the weeping he’d done. His heart hurt, for the poor little girls that were being held hostage because of him. His leg hurt, the thick white bone peering up at him through the blood and flesh.

About an hour passed before he heard movement in the woods in front of him.

He lifted his weary head, and watched as Yoongi-hyung and Jungkook appeared, carrying Taehyung between them. Jin-hyung trailing along behind them. He tried to call out to them, but had no energy left to do so.

He felt sad. An aching sorrow, that weighed down on him heavier than any weight he’d ever known before.

He missed his family.

“Hoseok-ah!” Jin called, looking relieved to see him.

Hoseok managed a weak smile. “Hey Jin-hyung."

Hoseok watched silently as the group of boys made their way towards him. Relief warmed his...
chest at the sight of the band members he hadn’t realized that he’d missed until now. They were all covered in blood, sweat, and tears, and Hoseok snickered despite himself.

"Nae pi ttam nunmul~" He sang softly under his breath. Yoongi snorted at the song. Hoseok felt strangely proud.

"Got any space beside you?" Jin asked, out of breath.

Hoseok looked around at the assortment of luggage he was propped up on. He made a noise of affirmation, and scooted as far over as he could without moving his leg. He stubbornly refused to look at it.

It would only make him feel worse.

He watched Jungkook and Yoongi lower Taehyung carefully beside him. The young singer looked pretty bad, eyelids fluttering as though he was fighting to stay awake. His face was pale and sweat was visible along his hairline and upper lip. Hoseok clenched his teeth, mouth pursing in worry.

"What's wrong with him?"

No one spoke immediately. After a moment Jin spoke up.

"We don't know... I think he hit his head, but this seems worse than a concussion."

"He had a seizure." Yoongi added, Jungkook and Jin averted their eyes and nodded in sullen agreement.

A silence followed this pseudo-diagnosis. No one seemed to know what to say.

"What do we do?" Hoseok couldn't help but ask. He felt tears well up again but refused to cry anymore.

No one spoke.

"What about the others?" This got their attention. "Jimin? Namjoon?"

"I haven't seen them." Yoongi admitted quietly.

"Me neither." Said Jungkook.

The three looked to their eldest, who appeared lost in thought. At the prolonged silence, he seemed to snap out of it, shaking his head 'no' to answer Hoseok's question.

At this, Hoseok couldn't stop the tears from rolling down his cheeks. "Could they be..."

"No." A weak voice said.

The four boys turned to look at Taehyung, who's eyes had closed.

"No," Taehyung slurred, "...they aren't dead... They can’t be..."

Hoseok sniffed wetly at the word 'dead,' but otherwise didn't protest the younger boy's conviction.

Harsh coughs sounded from the plane above. The pilot, Hoseok remembered. She's alive.

The other boys, sans Yoongi, looked both frightened and hopeful.
"Could it be-?"

"It's not." Yoongi said quickly, at the sound of hope in their maknae's voice. "It's just the, pilot...?"
He looked to Hoseok, who nodded in confirmation.

"Yeah," Hoseok said, voice hoarse from his earlier screaming, "Just the pilot."

Jin looked thoughtful, "Have you talked to her? Does she know why we crashed? Or when we're getting rescued?"

The boys all turned to look at the eldest.

"Why are you looking at me like that!" Jin scolded, a hint of the over-dramatic flair he used when he felt funny tinting his voice.

"Of course we're going to be rescued! Planes of idols don't just disappear and never get found!"

As faux-irritated as he sounded, Hoseok couldn't help but feel reassured at his hyungs words. That's right, he thought, even though the pilot had been crashed the plane on purpose, that didn't mean that they wouldn't be found. The pilot didn't seem to be making any further moves to kill them.

But wait, Hoseok thought, cold fear sending goosebumps up his bare arms. If they didn't die, would the man who was holding the pilot's daughters hostage kill them? Would they be responsible for the deaths of two children?

Taehyung snuggled into his side, Hoseok instinctively wrapped an arm around the taller boy. He was shaking.

Yoongi had begun going through the luggage on Hoseok's other side, muttering to himself. He chucked a sweater that Hoseok recognized to be Jin's at Taehyung, who seemed too lethargic to understand what it was. Hoseok grabbed the hoodie and pulled it over his dongsaengs head. Taehyung made a noise of gratitude, slipping his arms through the sleeves before cuddling up to him again.

Jungkook seemed to be looking for cell service, phone in hand, walking around the clearing in large circles. Hoseok remembered his own phone, which he found on the dusty ground next to him, flashlight on. He quickly read the open note that Yoongi had left him, and smiled to himself. He turned his phone off, conserving battery.

Jin was looking through the first aid kit that Yoongi had found. Bandages, gauze, band-aids, tape, rubbing alcohol, a scalpel, gloves, and a sewing needle and thread all laid out in a line on someone's coat.

"Is this all there was?" Jin called out, question directed at Yoongi, who nodded shortly in response. The eldest sighed, worrying his bottom lip.

Hoseok didn’t know if he should tell them the real reason why the plane had crashed. He felt as though he understood the pilot’s lack of desire to be found out. Knowing that there were two children that would be safe if they died certainly made Hoseok wonder.

Ultimately, despite the immense guilt he felt at the thought, he would rather he and his bandmates be rescued, and the two girls be killed than vice versa. Those girls were the pilot’s family, but these boys were his.
He didn't know if he wanted to put them in the same position though. Choosing to survive despite knowing that you may be indirectly killing two children? It put a strain on his heart that he wasn't sure he wanted the other members to suffer.

Taehyung moved a cold hand into Hoseok's own, which he grasped immediately in response. Tae smiled weakly.

Hoseok thought that no, he couldn't make it any more difficult for them. Not when they’d need every ounce of determination they had to survive this.

Night had fallen, the last beams of sunlight peeked through the valley of destruction that the plane had created. Crickets chirped around the injured boys. Hoseok felt himself grow cold with the night air, and held Taehyung closer.

"Can the pilot hear us from here?" Yoongi asked, accented voice cutting through the forest noises.

It took Hoseok a moment to realize the question was directed at himself. "Oh, yeah, she can."

Yoongi nodded shortly before turning his head upwards towards the window of the plane. "Jisoon-nim! Can you hear me?"

A faint cough was heard, "Yeah I can hear you!"

If the other boys were shocked to hear a woman’s voice, they did not show it.

"Do you have any idea where we are?"

There was a longer pause, then, "Canada, I think."

"What? Canada?" Jin exclaimed, "We were going to L.A, weren't we?"

Another pause. "The flight got re-directed..." She didn't say any more. Hoseok knew why.

"Well shit." Said Yoongi. "Wonder if we'll see a moose."

"Moose?" Jungkook looked vaguely excited, and Hoseok couldn't help but smile at the younger boy.

"I hope not," continued Yoongi with a shudder, "Those things are huge."

"Like a horse?" Hoseok asked, trying to picture it.

Yoongi shook his head. "Bigger, I'm pretty sure. With huge antlers."

Hoseok laughed out loud at the expression on Jungkook's face. "Yah! Don't go running off trying to find one!"

Jungkook smiled deviously, wiggling his eyebrows, which made Hoseok laugh harder.

Yoongi rolled his eyes, but he was smiling too.

Hoseok's laughs petered out happily, he was grateful for the familiar banter. The atmosphere felt a bit brighter.

"What are we going to eat?" Jin interrupted, brow furrowed. "And drink?"
The resounding silence from the boys held all the answers.

"Well, fuck." Jin swore, taking a seat atop an overturned plane seat. He stretched his leg out so his ankle was on display.

"Here, lemme wrap that." Yoongi said, walking over and kneeling next to the singer. Jin smiled a toothless smile, one that seemed more forced than his usual ones, and nodded.

Jungkook, on the other hand, sat down on the forest floor in front of Hoseok and Taehyung. Taehyung had fallen asleep again, Hoseok held his dongsaengs hand tightly. Afraid that if he let go, the younger would slip away.

"We could always drink our own pee?" Jungkook suggested.

Hoseok made a face, trying not to gag at the thought. Jungkook giggled a little, but he also looked slightly perturbed at his own words.

The throbbing pain in his thigh turned into a stabbing pain, and Hoseok groaned aloud. Swearing. Jungkook straightened up a bit, "I didn't really get the chance to see it earlier... your leg."

Hoseok laughed a little desperately. "Yeah, I'm pretty fucked huh."

Jungkook said nothing, he just reached out to squeeze Hoseok good leg. Hoseok put his hand atop the maknaes.

"I'll be okay Jungkookie, don't you worry about me."

Jungkook looked up at the sky, blinking rapidly.

"We'll all be just fine." Hoseok continued. Trying not to show any of the immense pain he was feeling on his face.

"Why don't you go see if you can find any drinks in our bags?" Hoseok asked, "I know Jimin was drinking one next to me..." He trailed off.

God he hoped Jimin was okay.

Jungkook nodded, a determined look settling on his face. He squeezed Hoseok's leg once more, before climbing up into the wreckage.

Hoseok watched the maknae narrowly avoid skinning his knee on a piece of jagged metal, and then proceed to run face first through a dangling airbag. He quickly scurried out of view.

Hoseok smiled, but the smile quickly fell off his face as he reclined once more.

His leg really fucking hurt.

Below his mid-thigh, where he knew his femur was still sticking out, his leg was beginning to go numb. His toes were cold, had been for a while, and had only grown colder after Yoongi had wrapped up his leg.

He wiggled them, once, twice, just to make sure he still could. The imprint of his big toe just visible through his balenciagas.
"Alright guys." Jin called out. "We need to make a fire. It's too dark for us to just be sitting around. And it's getting colder too."

Hoseok hadn't realized it, but Jin was right. The air had gotten significantly cooler. He rubbed his arms brusquely.

"Jungkook!" Jin called, "You find anything?"

"Yeah!" Hoseok heard the maknae's voice call from above, "Half of Seijin-hyung's energy drink is left, and the seat next to his has an almost-full bottle of water!"

"Namjoon's..." Yoongi muttered from beside Jin.

Jungkook faltered, "Uh... yeah, I guess so."

After a beat of silence, Jin spoke again.

"Okay, well that'll do for now. We'll take turns taking sips. Try to make it last as long as possible."

Hoseok didn't hear an answer from Jungkook, and assumed he nodded, because the next second the youngest was jumping down from the plane next to him and Taehyung.

"Here, you guys drink first." He said, offering the water bottle.

Hoseok took it, nudging Taehyung with his shoulder. "Hey," he said, "It's time to wake up Taetae."

After a pause that was too long for Hoseok's liking, Taehyung's eyes fluttered open.

"Hmm?" He made a noise, brow furrowing slightly. "Wha..?"

"Have a sip, a small sip." Hoseok instructed.

With one hand cradling the back of his dongsaeng's head, he used the other to guide to water bottle to his lips.

His hand was shaking.

Luckily, he was pretty sure it was too dark for Taehyung to see anything. Either that or he chose not to comment. Taehyung wrapped dry lips around the bottle and took a gulp. Hoseok let him take a second one before he moved the bottle away.

"I'm thirsty." Taehyung whined, leaning after the bottle.

Hoseok felt his heart break a little, but guided Taehyung back down. "Later," he said, "You can have some more later."

"All done!" He called out to the others, who were looking around the trees.

'Right,' thought Hoseok, 'We need a fire.'

Jungkook jogged back over, though he looked a bit out of it. Hoseok narrowed his eyes.

"Are you alright Jungkookie? You look a bit unsteady."

"I'm fine," Jungkook said evasively, "You guys both get enough to drink?"

Hoseok couldn't help but think he was changing the topic, but decided to let it go for now.
"Yeah," he said. "Here, you three need some too. You guys are the one's doing all the work."

Jungkook frowned at this, but took the water anyways. He walked over to where Jin and Yoongi had made a pile of sticks.

Hoseok sighed in relief as he watched the three take turns drinking.

"You didn' have any." A voice slurred from beside him.

Ah crap. He was hoping that he wouldn't notice.

"Yeah I did." Hoseok lied, turning to face his dongsaeng. "Before I woke you up."

"Ah, good." Taehyung said sleepily, snuggling up to Hoseok's side. Hoseok wrapped an arm around him, wincing but not vocalizing his pain when Taehyung's leg brushed against his own injured one. "'m sleepy."

"Go to sleep then." Hoseok whispered, stroking his hair as he watched the younger drift off again. He fell asleep after a few minutes, head resting on Hoseok's shoulder.

A cheer rang out through the night. Hoseok looked over, and couldn't help but smile at the sight of fire.

It was small, and he wasn't sure if the pine needles Jin kept throwing on were helping at all, but it was a fire. Hoseok watched Jungkook wipe his hands on his pants, he must have used gasoline or something from the plane to get it started.

The three boys huddled close around it, leaving a empty spot on the side nearest himself and Taehyung. Honestly, he was too far to feel any real change in temperature, but he appreciated the thought nonetheless.

Eventually though, their glee turned back into the oppressing hopelessness Hoseok knew they'd all been feeling.

They were strong, they'd had to be for so many years. Struggle was an uncommon word in their vocabulary.

But they were stronger as seven. They always had been.

And right now, they were five.

Once the sun had set, night came quickly and unforgivingly. They decided that the three able-bodied boys would sleep around the fire, using sweaters as pillows and the two neon orange blankets Yoongi had found earlier has blankets.

Yoongi had tossed the last one to Hoseok, and he'd quickly spread it over himself and Taehyung.

They took turning peeing in the woods, and Hoseok couldn't help but be reminded of Jungkook's words from earlier. He hoped they wouldn't have resort to drinking it.

One by one, they drifted off. Hoseok's leg hadn't stopped throbbing painfully, he wondered if he'd ever fall asleep.

He had to pee too, but he didn't want to wake any of the other boys up to help him stand. He wrapped Taehyung in the blanket and, using the side of the plane, got to his feet.
Fuck his leg really hurt.

He hopped away from the plane and the fire, each jump jostling his leg. The plastic seat attached to his leg didn't make it any easier, just weighed him down even further.

He was crying again, but gritted his teeth. He wouldn't piss himself in front of the boys. He was capable, he could still walk.

He had to believe that his leg would be okay again.

He peed against a tree, sweat dripping down his face from the exertion. He knew he couldn't afford to loose any more liquids, he'd already lost enough blood.

He turned back, and slowly hopped back to Taehyung.

He wished he could have washed his hands.

He tried to keep his laughter quiet but couldn't. What was wrong with him? They were in a plane crash, had nothing to eat or drink, and Jimin and Namjoon could be dead somewhere.

But he wanted to wash his hands after peeing.

He laughed a while longer, until the laughter turned back into more tears. He felt exhausted, more exhausted than ever before. He curled into Taehyung, under the blanket, and finally fell asleep.

He woke up to birdsong.

Far above him, in the trees, bird sang and flew and pecked at the wood.

He opened his eyes blearily. The sun was barely up.

He looked around.

Surprisingly, Taehyung was awake. He and Jin were whispering to each other, obviously trying to keep their voices down for Hoseok. He felt touched.

Yoongi and Jungkook were both still sleeping where they'd fallen asleep last night.

"You're awake!" Hoseok turned to look at Jin and Taehyung, who were now looking at him. "Want some water?"

Hoseok shook his head, though his mouth tasted disgusting and he could barely move his tongue. He couldn't waste their water, not when all he was doing was sitting around. He yawned, moving up a little.

His leg flared up in pain as he moved, and he cried out a little. Jin rushed over to help him sit up, and he did so slowly.

The morning passed in a blur. Yoongi woke up next, then Jungkook. Jin tried to collect the morning dew off of the grass into their plastic bottle, but even Hoseok could tell that it wasn't going to happen.

They talked. They talked about how they could get out of there. Though Hoseok was unhappy to hear that most of their plans were ultimately screwed due to his inability to walk.

They'd been using Jungkook's phone to check the time. Hoseok's phone had died in the morning,
and Yoongi was saving his for when Jungkook's died. Neither Taehyung or Jin knew where theirs had gone.

"Hey," Jungkook called out, "Our L.A interview starts in an hour."

"We're going to be late!" Yoongi deadpanned.

"Our next question is for Jungkook," Jin joined in, his korean nearly inaudible due to the heavy american accent he was using. "What's your favourite thing to eat when your plane crashes and you're stranded in the woods?"

"Hmm..." Jungkook mused aloud, as Hoseok and Yoongi giggled, "That would have to be bugs. So delicious!"

"Bugs!" Jin exclaimed, "Oh my goodn-"

With a loud BANG! Taehyung's head hit the side of the plane.

Hoseok jumped, startled. He whipped to the side to see what had happened.

Taehyung's eyes were rolling, eyelids fluttering, his arms spasming uncontrollably. He was shaking.

"Fuck! He's seizing!" Hoseok heard Jin yell. "We need to roll him!"

Hoseok watched, helpless, as the three boys rushed over to his side and rolled the younger boy. The smell of vomit filled the air.

Where had this come from? They'd just been talking and then...

"This can't be healthy!" Yoongi began to yell, "How do we know he'll keep waking up?"

Jin pursed his lips in worry, "I don't know! I don't know what to do!"

"What do you mean?" Yoongi demanded, "You've known what to do this far! Are you just giving up?"

"No!" Jin yelled, despair creeping into his tone, "I just don't know what to do!"

"What's going on?" The female voice from above interrupted. "What's happening?"

Hoseok jumped. He'd forgotten about the pilot. She hadn't said a word since yesterday.

The four boys watched Taehyung continue to shake. "It's our friend," Jin eventually called back, helpless. "He's having another seizure."

"Another? How many has he had?"

"One, yesterday," Jin responded. "I think he hit his head, he's been in and out of consciousness, and his pupils are two different sizes."

Hoseok hadn't even noticed his eyes, but supposed they'd been closed most of the time anyways.

"Well shit." Said the pilot. "Damn I wish I could move right now."

When Taehyung finally stopped convulsing, they rolled him back on his back. He was unconscious. Hoseok noticed clear fluid leaking from the ear closest to him. He recited this
information back to the pilot, who swore again in response.

"Fuck! Well I don't suppose any of you are trained in emergency surgery, are you?" She asked sardonically.

This question only served to frighten the boys even further, "No.." Jin called out fearfully, "Are you?"

"Well it doesn't matter much with me trapped under here and all," The loud bang of a hand meeting a metal surface could be heard, "But yeah I actually am. I was born in the States, served as a trauma surgeon in the U.S army for 17 years, I've seen my fair share of emergency surgeries."

Hoseok's mouth felt dry. Surgery?

Jin echoed his thoughts out loud. "You keep saying surgery... does- does Taehyung need..." he trailed off, gulping.

A sigh could be heard from above. "I don't want to frighten you boys, but yeah, he does. Sounds to me like your friend has some sort of brain bleed, and a bad one at that. If all the symptoms you've told me are true, then I doubt he'll live to see tomorrow."

…What?

Hoseok put a hand over his mouth, silencing the sob that tore through his sore throat.

Jin blinked harshly a few times, eyes shining. "And- and you could do the surgery? I mean you've done it before and-"

"'Fraid not sweetheart, as your friend could probably tell you," Hoseok assumed she meant Yoongi who was furiously wiping tears off his cheeks as though he were angry with them. "I'm trapped under the control panel. I can't move an inch, can't feel my legs either."

Jin gulped again, Hoseok watched listlessly as his hyung rubbed furiously at his watering eyes. "But you know how to do it."

Another sigh. "Sweetheart I know it's hard but there's nothing you can do-"

"But you know. How to do it." Jin repeated, frustration staining his words.

A beat of silence. "I do know how to do it, but I can't very well perform a surgery from up here, and your friend is in no position to be moved. Quite frankly you probably shouldn't have moved him over here to begin with."

"You said he needs this surgery to survive." Jin repeated, ignoring the rest of her words.

Hoseok felt confused, why was Jin so hung up on this surgery that couldn't be performed?

"Yes, that's correct." The voice said, sounding exhausted.

"You can't do it from up there."

"Like I said I'm trap-"

"But I can do it down here."

Another silence. The mournful sound of a crow echoed through the clearing.
"Hyung?" Jungkook spoke up, face wet with tears. "What are you saying."

Hoseok watched Jin's jaw clench as though he were steeling himself. "If you instruct me on what to do, I can do it down here right?"

He continued, calling up to the pilot. "And if I do it right, he'll live, right?"

It took a while for the pilot to respond. When she did, she didn't sound angry, or appalled, she just sounded tired.

"It is very unlikely that you will do it right." She said cautiously. "There’s like, a one in a million..."

"But that's still better than his odds of living without it right?" Jin argued.

The pilot seemed to struggle with the weight of the words Jin had spoken.

Hoseok didn't know what to say, he looked at Taehyung, who had never seemed smaller. His skin was waxy, lips were a faded blue, if he didn't feel the faint rise and fall of his ribs pressed against him, he would think that he was already dead.

"Do it." Yoongi spoke Hoseok's thoughts aloud. "Do the surgery."

Hoseok felt Jin's gaze turn to him, and nodded in unspoken agreement. He heard Jungkook murmur an affirmation moments later.

Jin sighed heavily, the weight of a human life falling upon his shoulders.

"If Namjoon finds out I'm doing this..." He said jokingly, Hoseok offered him a tepid smile in response.

He felt nauseous, and couldn't even begin to imagine how his eldest hyung felt.

Hoseok thought that Jin was the bravest man he'd ever known.

Jin turned determined eyes towards the window of the plane once more, "Pilot-nim, will you help me?"

"Please, if we're doing this you may as well call me Jisoo," The pilot's voice said, shaky but clear, "And yes, I will help you."

Jin closed his eyes, steeling himself, "Alright, where do I start?"

Chapter End Notes

This one came out pretty quickly!! I'm hoping the chapters will be done daily but we'll see :-(
Chapter Notes

Absolutely not medically accurate!!!!! I did my best to make it as accurate as possible, but remember that with all of the injury depictions in this story I've taken some serious creative liberties!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Here, hyung.” Yoongi held out the bottle of disinfectant to him as Jisoo had instructed. His other hand holding his phone so that the flashlight shone onto Taehyung's head.

Jin took the bottle from him, blinking harshly a few times.

Damn, his contacts were irritating.

“Alright, now you need to sterilize the area.” The pilot called from the plane.

Jin nodded, dabbing the disinfectant onto the cotton swab Yoongi had given him. Then rubbing the swab around in little circles on Taehyung's head.

“Place three fingers horizontally above his ear,” Jin followed her instructions, “And then from there, two fingers vertically. Put your finger on it, I’ll assume you’re doing that, then sterilize the area.”

Jin could feel Yoongi’s presence beside him, he was crouched next to him, anxiously monitoring his every move. Jin felt equal parts annoyed and thankful for it, so he let the shorter boy do what he needed.

“Now you’ll need the scalpel.”

Yoongi wordlessly held it out for him. Jin couldn’t help but wonder if his mom would be proud of him, it’s like he became the surgeon she’d always wanted.

He voiced this aloud, Hoseok weakly laughed in response, although anyone could tell it was forced. Jin couldn’t blame him, if he were about to watch one of them attempt this he wouldn’t be laughing either.

He held the scalpel in his hand. He closed his eyes, whispering a prayer his dad had taught him when he was young.

“Make the first incision right where your fingers are, should only be 3 cm long, make sure to cut down to the skull.”

Jin nodded, but felt himself continue to nod even after he meant to stop. He forced his head to stop moving, trying to exhale his anxiety.

He could do this.
He had to do this.
For Taehyung.
He made the first incision.
He hated how little pressure he had to use to split open his dongsaeng's skin. He let Yoongi to wipe away the excess blood. He blinked harshly a few times more.
Damn contacts.
“In the center of that incision is where you’re going to make your first hole.”
Yoongi held out the power drill they’d found in the tool box in the cockpit. There was nothing Jin wanted to do less than take the drill from him, and yet he found himself doing so anyways.
For Taehyung.
“Remember, when you feel the drill give, that means you’ve made it through the skull. Do not keep going otherwise you’ll drill into his brain.”
God was he really about to take a freaking power drill to his dongsaeng's skull?
“Seokjin-ssi?” Called the pilot.
Guess so. “I can do this.” He muttered to himself, taking the drill and steadying it in the center of the incision he’d made.
For Taehyung.
“Taehyung-ah,” He said, traitorous tears staining his voice, “Hyung’s going to save you, okay? I promise. I’ll make you okay again.”
He refused to look at the others, he could hear their tears and that was enough.
“Hyung loves you Taehyung-ah, survive this.”
He turned the drill on.
It wasn’t as loud as he thought it’d be, just a small whirr dulled by Taehyung’s skull encasing it.
It only took a few seconds before Jin felt the drill jolt a little, marking what he assumed to be the end of the skull.
“I’m in!” He called.
“Alright, what do you see?” Jisoo asked, sounding urgent.
Jin looked. He felt queasy. When he wiped away the small amount of blood he could faintly see the fleshy brain within.
“His…” He swallowed down bile. “…brain? I thought you said there would be lots of blood?”
Jisoo swore from above, she sighed, then said “You’re going to have to do another one. You aren’t in the right spot.”
He was helpless to protest someone with medical training, their only shot at saving Taehyung. Jin swallowed, but nodded. Then he realized she couldn’t see him and called out a weak affirmation.

“Move your fingers another 3 cm over from the incision and make another one. This is no longer the Temporal lobe but the Frontal lobe. This means that the skull is about 5 times thicker here okay?”

He gulped. He hated this. Who was he to take Taehyung’s life into his hands? Why should he be the one to decided whether he lives or dies?

Jin forced himself to keep breathing. Forced himself not to panic. It just wasn't fair. But he couldn't leave this up to one of the younger boys. He had to shoulder this burden alone.

For Taehyung.

Jin waited for Yoongi to adjust the flashlight, then repeated the drilling process, once again ignoring the wave of dizziness he felt at the sight of the drill in his hands.

He was killing him. Drilling holes in his dongsaeng's head.

He felt the drill give, and stopped.

This hole looked different, it was all clogged by thick globs of blood. He relayed the information to the pilot above, who cheered.

“Alright that’s good! You’ve found the bleed, you need to get that blood out of there, use your finger if you have to. Drill around the hole as well to expand the opening. This will help relieve the pressure on his brain.”

Jin did so until this hole looked slightly bigger, digging out blood with his finger until this hole looked just a clear as the previous one.

“Okay,” Jisoo said once he’d told her he’d finished, “Now pack the holes with gauze to minimize the bleeding.”

Yoongi got to work immediately as if called to action. Jin remained immobile.

“I- That’s it?”

“You’re all done.” Jisoo agreed. “Now it’s a waiting game, see if he wakes up.” She coughed harshly, louder than the small coughs that had been intermingled with her instructions previously.

Jin felt his legs give out from his kneeling position. He fell heavily to the side, where Jungkook was quick to catch him.

“Hyung?” He asked, worry clear in his eyes.

“I killed him…” Jin whispered, tears finally falling. “I must have- “

"Shh, you're okay, Taehyung's okay, you need to breathe hyung.” Jungkook soothed.

Jin inhaled, breath wobbly. But he exhaled too quick when he looked back at Taehyung. Then inhaled too quick again when he saw the power drill still in his hand.

He started sobbing.
Vaguely, he felt Jungkook take the drill away. Felt himself be held.

"I'm a murderer." He gasped, panic wracking his body, "I- I killed-"

"Please don't," Jungkook begged, rocking him back and forth. "Don't say that, you did what you had to. He'll wake up-" His reassurances losing their effectiveness with the way he broke down in tears before he could finish his sentence.

"Is he still breathing? Heart still beating?" The pilot called down from the plane.

"Yeah," Yoongi called back, "So far."

"Let's hope he stays that way." She responded, a tone of finality in her voice.

"I- I can't be here." Jin said suddenly, standing up.

He had to get away. He couldn't be here when Taehyung stopped breathing. When he became a killer. He couldn't be here, he had to go.

"I-" He ran into the trees.

He heard Jungkook shouting his name, Yoongi and Hoseok calling after him.

Branches scratched his face, bugs flew into his eyes, his mouth, he stumbled over a rock.

Minutes passed. He kept running.

His foot snagged under a tree root. Down he went.

His forearms braced his fall. He could feel them bleeding.

And now that he wasn't running anymore he could feel the pain in his ankle again.

He wondered if it was broken now? It certainly looked more fucked up than before.

His head ached, his ears rang.

Murderer. He thought.

He lay there, on his front in the dirt. His leg was in some sort of underbrush. Large leaves tickled his ears.

He panted, the dirt spreading with each breath.

He watched an ant crawl out of an anthill. He held his breath, instinctively trying not to scare it off. It scuttled passed him, disappearing into the grass.

Jin exhaled, resting his forehead on the ground. He let the world exist around him for a moment.

He heard the winds through the leaves of the trees, the birds calling out to each other, the bushes rustling around him, the river flowing over the rocks-

Jin opened his eyes.

The river flowing over the rocks?

"Jin-hyung!" Two voices called out in dissonance. Yoongi and Jungkook.
He heard them run up behind him.

"Oh my god! Hyung are you okay?"

They reached down and helped him to his feet. He let them, mind elsewhere.

"Do you guys hear that?" He asked.

Jungkook and Yoongi exchanged looks of complete confusion.

"Hyung, what the hell are you talking about?" Jungkook asked.

"The water."

Yoongi's eyes widened. "What?" He said, "Like running water?"

Jin nodded, trying to hear the sound again, "Yeah, a river or something. Hold on..."

The three stood in silence, sure enough, they heard it.

"This way!" Jin yelled, running in the direction of the sound, only to immediately stumble over his injured ankle. He swore.

"Hyung!" Jungkook yelled.

Yoongi grabbed his arm and steadied him, "Idiot. This is what you get for taking off into the woods."

Jin's eyes widened. Taehyung. How had he let himself become distracted? He looked back in the direction of the plane.

"No time for that now," Yoongi said, draping Jin's arm over his good shoulder. "I'll help you walk, we need to get that water."

"But-" Jin started.

"Hobi-hyung will take care of him." Jungkook interjected. "Water is the most important thing."

With a final longing glance, Jin turned back in the direction of the sound.

"You're right." He said finally. "Let's go."

They started moving. It was slow-going, Jungkook eventually swapping out for Yoongi as he had two good shoulder's as opposed to Yoongi's one.

As they walked, they started going downhill. The ground was mostly rock, a few moss patched growing here and there. A squirrel ran up a tree ahead of them.

Jin's ankle throbbed with each step. And he'd started smelling something metallic. He kept checking his ankle to make sure he wasn't bleeding.

The smell grew stronger as they got nearer to the bottom of the hill.

"I can see it!" Yelled Jungkook. "The river!"

The youngest ran off ahead, leaving Yoongi and Jin to stumble along after him.
They reached the bottom of the hill and were greeted with Jungkook's back. He wasn't moving.

"JK? What's wron-" Jin trailed off, he too stopped walking.

He'd forgotten about the flight crew. The two flight attendants and the receptionist that'd been on board with them. He'd forgotten.

They hadn't been looking for them. Their bodies.

The male flight attendant lay at his feet. His spine stuck out of the side of his neck. His eyes were filled with blood. His jaw was hanging.

He heard snarling. Ripping.

They were fighting over the other two bodies. Animals. Cougars, maybe. Jin had never seen one before.

They sank their teeth into each other, growling, growling. The other body near them was a woman, Jin thought maybe she could have been his age.

He couldn't quite tell though, her face had been torn off.

He heard Jungkook vomiting next to him, felt the spray on his leg where his pants had torn.

He felt a bit faint.

"Water..." Yoongi whispered, "There's water...."

Jungkook dry heaved again, coughing when no liquid came out.

His vision spun, was he going to pass out?

"Water.." Yoongi began to walk towards the river. Towards the bodies.

Towards the cougars.

"Yoongi-" Jin reached out to grab him, to stop him, but he couldn't reach. His ankle buckled.

The cougars ripped open the girl's stomach, their maws red with fresh blood.

Jungkook continued to retch. Should he be this sick?

Jin hadn't realized how thirsty they all were. How desperate.

With a snarl, the cougar closest to Yoongi turned. Stared.

Time stopped.

The other animals turned too. Eyes dark, blood dripping from their teeth, their claws.

He's going to die. Jin thought. He's going to be ripped apart in front of my eyes.

The smell of blood was so thick, so cloying. it invaded all of his senses.

"Yoongi..." Jin called, terrified. "Stop. Moving."

He couldn't watch another one of them die.
Jungkook, no longer vomiting, walked shakily towards Yoongi. Slowly, so slowly.

The cougars watched, the one in front growled.

Jungkook grabbed Yoongi’s shoulder.

"We gotta run." He said.

Yoongi shook his head, apparently no longer in a stupor. "They’re faster than us."

"We gotta," Jungkook tugged at him, they began to move back towards Jin.

The cougars began to advance, no longer enticed by the bodies. Their eyes were glued to Yoongi and Jungkook.

Jin had to do something. He couldn't kill them too.

His foot brushed against the corpse of the young flight attendant. The blood from his face smearing onto his shoe.

Jin looked at the corpse, then back at the cougars.

"When I tell you too..." He began, plan forming in his head. "You guys need to run as fast as you can."

The two younger boys whipped around to look at him.

He gathered the boy’s body in his arms, grunting with the effort it took to pick him up.

He hoped it would be enough to satisfy the predators for now.

He gulped, looking at Yoongi. The rapper looked sick, but nodded.

"3..." He adjusted the body over his shoulder.

"2..." He was just at the gym, he told himself. Just tossing a weight.

"1..." This was the right thing to do. It had to be.

"Run!" He shouted, using the last of his strength to hurl the body at the cougars.

Jungkook and Yoongi raced towards him. A deafening roar came from the cougars as they began to run, only to be hit with the weight of the corpse.

Jin nearly fell over, out of breath.

Jungkook grabbed his arm, or was it Yoongi?

He was pulled, and then he was running.

His ankle was on fire his ankle was on fire.

How was he doing this?

"Don't look back," Yoongi yelled as they ran. "Just keep going! Upriver!"

They ran for minutes. With every step Jin was less sure his ankle would ever heal.
The snarling stopped eventually. The growling and the ripping faded away.

Jin saw the eyes of the boy he'd thrown in his head. The boy he'd thrown to the cougars. The boy who's body he'd let be desecrated.

He saw Taehyung's eyes.

It hadn't been his dongsaeng had it? They'd left him behind at the plane.

Or had he just thrown him to the cougars?

He replayed the scene in his head. He'd looked down, it'd been Taehyung, he'd thrown Taehyung to a bunch of wild animals and let them feast on his body.

Murderer. He thought.

He stopped running, "Taehyung!" He shouted, turning back. "We have to save him!-" His ankle smashed into a rock as he turned.

"Hyung stop!" Jungkook cried, grabbing his hands, his arms. "You're hurting yourself!"

"Taehyung!" Jin said again, struggling. But it was no use, he wasn't strong enough. His energy was spent. "I'm sorry..." He let himself go limp. Collapsing to the ground with Jungkook.

Jungkook hugged him tightly, "That wasn't Tae-hyung, hyung... You need to calm down."

Jin couldn't tell how much time passed as they sat there. His chest heaved with every breath.

Birds flew by. He felt like he was going crazy.

After a while, Jungkook spoke again. "That wasn't Taehyung-hyung... you know that right?"

Jin didn't know what he knew anymore. He'd seen it in his own head.

"I- I saw-" He muttered.

"It wasn't him." Jungkook repeated firmly, Your brain's just messing with you hyung. It's lying to you."

Jin wanted to believe him so bad.

"Then believe me hyung."

He guess he'd said that out loud. Maybe he wasn't as aware as he thought.

"It wasn't him. You didn't- it wasn't him. You did the right thing, throwing the body... I mean, who knows what would've happened if you hadn't-." Jungkook rambled.

Jin cut him off, "I drilled holes into Taehyung's head though. That was real?"

Jungkook paused. "Yeah, that was real." he said after a time.

"So I am a murderer." Jin said.

"No- no we don't know that. Taehyung was fine when we left. And-" Jungkook sniffed wetly, "And even if he does die hyung, even if he does it isn't your fault-"
"I drilled his head with a power drill, I saw his brain-"

"It isn't your fault. You were doing it to save him." Jungkook hugged him tighter. "You were doing it to save him."

"I- I drilled..." Jin trailed off. He was tired. Too tired to speak.

"You guys are still here."

Jin barely had the energy to move his head to look at Yoongi. Who'd... left? He wasn't sure.

"Drink." The younger man said quietly, holding up a plastic bottle to Jin's mouth.

He did so mindlessly. It was water. He drank faster, ignoring the chemical aftertaste.

"Slow down..." Yoongi said, pulling the bottle away. "You'll make yourself sick."

Jin listened to Jungkook drink behind him. Jungkook asked something in a low tone he couldn't quite hear.

"-emptied the rubbing alcohol bottle from the first aid kit. Tried to get it as clean as possible." He vaguely heard Yoongi reply.

He guessed that Yoongi had been getting water.

When he thought of the river though, all he could see were the dead eye of the corpse he'd-

"Up we go." Jungkook was helping him to his feet again.

He felt spent. Like he had no more of himself to give.

He let Jungkook drape his arm over his shoulders once more. He let Yoongi take the lead.

"Let's head back." Said the rapper.

So they did. Jin's ankle hurt so much he wished it would just fall off. Every step shoot needles of pain up his leg, his head throbbed in time with his heart.

Would Taehyung still be alive when they returned?

As they walked, the sun disappeared behind the trees around them. The boys around him became dappled in the golden light.

When he could see the remains of the plane through the trees, Jin stopped walking.

He almost didn't want to know. He didn't want to face it.

It took the other two a moment to notice that he'd stopped. When they did, they turned to look at him, faces knowing.

They extended a hand each, Jin watched them, and thanked God that these boys were here with him. That he was not alone in this.

He took their hands.

They saw Hoseok first, sitting up next to Taehyung, who lay where he had been when they'd left. He was stroking the younger boys hair, lip moving in.. song? Rap? Prayer? Jin couldn't hear.
"We're back." Yoongi called quietly.

Hoseok looked up, eyes widening. "Oh thank God, you guys were gone for so long... I was worried something had happened...." He trailed off, worry etched on his face.

"Sorry Hobi-"

“But guys!” Called Hoseok, cutting him off. “Come look!”

Jungkook tugged Jin forward, who followed mechanically. He didn't dare to hope.

“What’s going on?” Asked Yoongi, "Is he-?"

They gathered around the pair on the ground. Jin forced himself to look. Then to look again. Jin laughed incredulously at what saw. “His- His eyes are open.”

And open they were. A bit sluggish, but not strained or fluttering like before.

“…’sup.” Taehyung said, grin slowly sliding onto his face.

Jin had never been happier to hear the deep timbre of his dongsaeng's voice. He wrapped the younger in a hug, letting his tears dampen the singer’s shoulder.

“You saved his life.” Yoongi’s eyes were wider than Jin had ever seen. “Holy shit.”

“It’s a miracle.”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks again for reading!!!! And thank you sososo much too everyone who's commented or given kudos or bookmarked!!!! You guys have been making my days brighter!!!!
Taehyung

Chapter Notes

Thank you so much everyone for reading!!!!!!! I hope you enjoy this chapter! It was a harder one to edit ;;; but I got it done!! I know its a bit shorter, but its for good reason!! :'-)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Taehyung had seen better days, he’d admit.

He'd woken up with a headache, and they’d been out of painkillers when he’d looked.

Ugh.

Then they’d all been rushed to the airport at ass-o’clock in the morning to get on a plane.

Double Ugh.

Then the plane had crashed.

Triple Ugh.

Admittedly, he didn’t remember much after that. He remembered flashes; his hand being ripped out of Jimin’s by the wind, colliding with the ground, Jin and Jungkook, and then… Yoongi? And Hoseok? It got pretty foggy there. Then he’d blacked out again.

And then he woke up with another headache.

Ugh.

“Anyone got a painkiller?” He asked.

Jin just hugged him tighter.

Right.

Since he’d woken up, he’d pretty much gotten from Yoongi and Hoseok that Jin had performed an emergency surgery and drilled holes in his head… Sick.

It did hurt a LOT though.

It had been a few hours since the 'surgery' and he was in an unbelievable amount of pain. He'd been unconscious mostly since it happened. The only things signifying the passage of time being his members.

This was the first time in a while he'd been awake for longer than minutes at a time, according to Hoseok he'd been in and out of consciousness ever since they'd returned from getting water.

The pain in his head was red hot, and throbbed in time with his heartbeat. Worse than any migraine he’d ever had. He also felt sick, like he had to throw up because it hurt so much.
“Here.”

Taehyung looked up. Yoongi was holding out a bottle of Ibuprofen. Taehyung wondered where he found it.

“Maybe it’ll help?” He offered feebly.

Taehyung smiled and thanked him, but internally thought that these pills were meant for headaches not head surgeries. He took them anyways, sipping from the river water that they had found, desperate for any release from the pain.

He wanted to try and fall asleep, so he wouldn’t be in any more pain, but Jin was sort of preventing him from doing so.

As in, his eldest hyung hadn’t stopped hugging him since he’d woken up.

Which was, in his opinion, fair. Because he’d drilled holes into his skull and probably thought he was killing him but did it anyways to try to save him. Taehyung could understand why the older boy was so clingy.

And hey, if he was comfortable, who was he to tell him to stop?

He made to lie down, and Jin followed him down, adjusting so the younger was more comfortable.

Taehyung sighed and closed his eyes.

Guiltily, he couldn’t help but think that Jimin’s hugs were better.

His eyes shot open.

Jimin.

“Where’s Jimin?” He asked, shooting straight up. Causing his vision to warp and his head to explode in pain once more. He cried out, and immediately there were three sets of hands holding him.

They waited for the pain to die down, which took more than a few minutes. Once he thought he could speak without dying of pain, he repeated his question.

"Where is Jimin?" He croaked.

Hoseok was the first to speak. “We… we don’t know Taetae.”

Taehyung frowned at this, frustrated. “Well why haven’t you guys been out looking? What if he’s hurt?”

Yoongi and Jungkook both looked at his head, Hoseok’s gaze moved to his own leg.

“What about Namjoonie-hyung? Where’s he?”

“We don’t know Tae.” Hoseok repeated.

Taehyung felt frustration build up inside of him.

“But what if they’re injured like me? Who’s helping them then?”
No response, the boys looked uncertainly at each other. Taehyung felt tears build up behind his eyes, adding pressure to the already immense pain he felt in his head.

“What if they’re already dead?”

“Taehyung-ah.” Jin soothed from beside him. “There’s nothing we can do right now. It's too dark, and we're too injured.”

Taehyung glared at the small makeshift-campfire Jungkook had constructed a few minutes ago. The flames were barely the size of a candlelight.

“We’ll look for them in the morning.” Jin continued, guiding Taehyung back down. “You need to rest, you’ve been through a lot today.”

Taehyung was still upset, but felt more exhausted than he’d ever felt in his life, so he let Jin manhandle him into a comfortable sleeping position.

He fell asleep to the sound of Jungkook singing quietly to the fire.

Taehyung woke up to the smell of gasoline. And shouting.

“…Hoseok-ssi, please, I’m just trying to be realistic.”

“Just stop talking to me! I don’t want to fucking hear it!”

Taehyung opened his eyes. Hoseok didn’t yell like this… he couldn’t remember the last time he’d heard Hoseok sound this angry.

Taehyung tilted his head to the side. Jin was still hugging him, but the eldest’s eyes were open as well, watching Hoseok.

Taehyung yawned and rolled over in his hyung’s arms, wincing at the pain that accompanied the movement. Jungkook was still sleeping, or at least his eyes were closed, curled up on the dirt floor. Hoseok was where he’d been since they’d got there, propped up against the plane, leg bound to a plastic seat. He seemed to be arguing with Jisoo-nim, the pilot.

“Well whether or not you want to hear it doesn’t change anything! I told you how to fix your friend and now I’m telling you that if you want to live to get out of here you need to start thinking about the hard decisions that must be made.”

Taehyung watched his hyung clench his jaw and squeeze his eyes shut in frustration.

“I won’t do it.” Hoseok said finally. “No matter what.”

A sigh came from above. “Hoseok-ssi-“

“If I can’t dance I’m nothing.” Continued Hoseok, “No matter what I’m not… fucking cutting off my leg.”

“Hoseok-ssi amputation might become your last-“

“I already said no.” Hoseok interrupted. “Stop trying to convince me.”

She didn’t respond.

Taehyung wished he could hug the dancer. Comfort him as he’d been comforted by him countless
times before. His head still pounded though, and the thought of moving made him feel sicker than he already felt.

Movement from the corner of his eye alerted Taehyung to Jungkook, who’d grabbed the neon orange blanket that had been wrapped around him and made his way over to Hoseok. Silently, the youngest sat down next to him and spread the blanket out over both of them. Hoseok still seemed pissed, but rested his head on the maknae’s shoulder gratefully.

“’m hungry.” Jungkook mumbled.

Taehyung frowned. The plane food and drinks were in the flight attendants’ compartment, at the back of the plane.

Staring at the severed nose of the plane, Taehyung felt his own stomach rumble. He couldn’t remember the last time he ate.

“Plane food is in the back of the plane.” Taehyung said finally, when he realized no one else had any other suggestions.

Yoongi emerged from the plane wreck, carrying Jungkook’s combat bag on his back. Jungkook cheered quietly and made grabby hands for it. The youngest rifled through the bag for a minute, then whooped in success and held up a fistful of protein bars.

Yoongi looked at him flatly.

Jungkook pouted at him, “Fine, none for you then.” He tossed two over to Jin, who gave one to Taehyung. He ripped it open and immediately began chewing. Chocolate!

He vaguely saw Jungkook pass one to a quiet Hoseok, and another to a reluctant Yoongi.

“And how long’ll these last us?” Yoongi asked around a mouthful of chocolate.

Jungkook looked a bit put upon at the question. Hoseok rubbed his shoulder reassuringly.

“We need to find the back of the plane.” Taehyung said again. “That’s where the food is, and that’s where Jimin was sitting too.”

Jin nudged him in the back with his elbow, “You were sitting there too! And you ended up on your own in the middle of the woods! Why should we assume Jimin is with the back of the plane?”

Taehyung frowned, and rolled over to look at his hyung, hissing at the pain that flared up once again. Jin worriedly cupped his face at the noise, staring at the gauze on his head.

Taehyung looked up at Jin after a moment. “But where else can we look? It’s the only lead we have.”

Jin pursed his lips, smoothing Taehyung’s hair with his hand. “We should stay here. Or, at least you and Hobi should. It’s better to stay all together anyways. Jimin and Namjoon will find us eventually.”

“But what if they can’t walk?” Taehyung argued. “At least some of us can walk for certain, it makes more sense for us to go look for them than to just wait here and hope they’re alright!”

Yoongi spoke up. “I hate to say this hyung, but Tae is right. It couldn’t hurt to have a look around could it? Just in the nearby area?”
“Exactly!” Taehyung moved to get up, only to be stopped by Jin’s hand on his chest.

“Easy there Tae, remember, the only thing keeping your exposed brain safe, are a couple pieces of gauze.”

Taehyung’s hand flew to his head, fingers brushing lightly against the gauze.

“Right…” He said nervously, sitting down again.

A moment passed.

“Alright,” sighed Jin, turning to Yoongi. “If I stay here to make sure Tae and Hobi are alright, you and JK can go and look around a bit.”

Yoongi nodded, and immediately started walking towards the forest. Jungkook scrambled to his feet after him, causing Hoseok’s head to dip slightly with the sudden loss of a shoulder.

“Stay safe!” Jin called after them, lips pursing together in worry.

“They’ll be fine hyung.” Taehyung said, wanting to reassure him.

Jin smiled down at him, carefully running his hand through the part of his hair not near the open wound. “It’s actually not them I’m worried about. It’s Jimin and Namjoon. You and Hoseok as well.”

Taehyung couldn’t help but pout a bit at that. Jin slid back down, wrapping his arms around him once again and holding him close.

The clearing was silent for a few minutes. The only sounds were those of birds chirping and leaves rustling in the wind. Autumn left a slight chill in the air, and Taehyung burrowed deeper into his hyung’s chest for warmth. He tried to match his breathing with Jin’s to distract himself from the pain radiating from his head.

“I want my mom…” He found himself saying into Jin’s chest.

Jin sighed.

“Me too.”

“Hyung… I’m, I’m really scared.”

“Me too Tae.”

“I want to go home.”

A sigh.

“… I do too.”

Taehyung looked over at Hoseok, who was staring off into the woods. Brow furrowed. Hie leg was propped up on an airplane seat, tight bandages wrapped around his thigh.

"Hobi-hyung!" He called, hating the frown that adorned the dancer's handsome face.

Hoseok turned to look, he smiled reassuringly. "What's up Tae?"
"Where are we?"

He'd been wondering this for a while. He had a feeling in the back of his head that he was supposed to already know, but he couldn't remember.

"We're in Canada, Tae..." Jin answered instead, looking concerned. "You... don't remember? The pilot told us that yesterday."

Taehyung smiled to mask the unease that crept into his belly at Jin's words. He didn't remember that at all. "Ha! Got you!" He pouted exaggeratedly, "I was trying to play a game with Hobi!"

Jin chuckled nervously, "Right! Sorry, I thought you didn't..."

"It's okay if you don't," Hoseok said, "Remember, that is. You hit your head, it wouldn't be too surprising."

Taehyung said nothing, leaving them to draw their own conclusions. He didn't want to talk about his head anymore. He knew if he thought about it too much he'd freak out.

"Tae?" Hoseok prompted again.

"What?" He answered. Knowing he was being difficult but unwilling to stop.

He felt Jin sigh next to him. "Don't push him Hoseok, he'll tell us when he's ready-"

"What if by the time he's ready he doesn't remember his own name?"

Taehyung felt sick again. He closed his eyes.

"That's-" Jin sounded appalled, "That's a bit of an over-exaggeration-"

"Is it?" Hoseok challenged. "Cause while we sit here and do nothing, his brain could be getting worse for all we know! We should make sure we know where he's at-"

"Not by freaking him out!" Jin interrupted this time, "All you're doing is scaring him!"

"He should be scared! We all should! He almost died!"

"I know that!" Jin yelled. Volume so loud his words echoed around the clearing. "I know he almost died! I know I almost killed him!"

"Hyung-"

"But he lived, Hoseok! He lived! So shut up with fucking theories and leave him alone!"

"They aren't theor-"

"Just because you're scared about losing your damn leg doesn't mean that he should be scared of losing his memories! It's not the same!"

"...Jin-" Taehyung tried to interrupt.

"Why isn't it the same?" Hoseok challenged, fire in his eyes.

"Because we already know!" Jin yelled. "We already know that you'll never walk again! Taehyung's been doing just fine."
Taehyung looked at Hoseok, who looked like he'd both heard what he wanted to hear, and yet hated what he'd heard.

"Jin-hyung..." Taehyung tried again, trying to keep his voice as level as possible. "We shouldn't be arguing."

Jin opened his mouth to say something, but harsh coughing from inside the plane cut him off.

"Jisoo-nim?" The eldest called after a minute passed and the coughs were still going, "Are you okay?"

The only response they got were more coughs.

Jin sighed, "I'll go check on her. See if she's okay."

Jin struggled to his feet. Taehyung felt his breath escape his lungs at the sight of his hyung's ankle. It was clearly broken, though there wasn't any blood. The skin was mottled and purple, the ankle clearly at an odd angle.

"Hyung..." He didn't know what to say.

Jin limped over to the open side of the plane, using his arms to haul himself up inside. He disappeared from view.

"I hope she's okay..." Hoseok mumbled.

"Hyung?" Taehyung asked, curious.

"We talked, earlier," Hoseok said, "She's got kids. Daughters, they're 3 and 5 years old."

Oh. Thought Taehyung. He couldn't even imagine.

After a moment, the silence became unbearable.

"He didn't mean it hyung..."

Hoseok pursed his lips. "He did. I- I needed to hear him say it."

Taehyung watched he older boy sigh heavily. "I already know I'm screwed. He just told me what I already know."

Taehyung hummed sadly, "He shouldn't have yelled though. You shouldn't have either."

"I know Taetae," the dancer said tiredly. "I'm sorry. The yelling probably hurt your head, huh?"

He hadn't even noticed, but Hoseok was right. The headache he'd had before had increased in painfulness. He clenched his teeth to try and relieve the pain to no avail.

Hoseok looked at him sadly.

They listened to the pilots coughs a while longer, he could tell when Jin found her became intermittent with hacked out words that he couldn't quite make out.

The coughing turned to muffled sobbing, Taehyung felt his blood run cold.

"Hobi-hyung..." He said worriedly, Hoseok's face echoing his feelings.
A muffled yell, the two boys startled.

A loud thump from in the plane.

Then silence.

"Jin-" Hoseok said.

Taehyung was already on his feet, or at least he tried to be. The world spun so harshly that he didn't even feel himself falling over.

"Taehyung!" he heard Hoseok yell.

But Taehyung was already trying to stand again. It felt like he was on a playground roundabout with nothing to hold on to. His stomach felt nauseous.

He took a few steps, feeling himself veer to the side but unable to control his balance.

Was Jin okay?

"Taehyung stop!" Hoseok yelled.

Taehyung crashed down to the ground once more. Landing on his side.

His head hit the ground.

Sound became muffled.

Where was he?

Hands grabbed him, footsteps, someone was standing over him.

A shadow. The world was spinning.

"-hyung! Taehyung please!"

Who was that? Why did they know his name?

The world went dark.

~

“Hyung... 'm cold.”

The boy’s words were almost completely obstructed by the chattering of his teeth. However, he’d heard these words enough times in the past hours that he could pretty much tell what the boy was saying.

He gripped the shivering boy tighter.

Namjoon’s back ached. The bark of the tree he was leaning against had almost rubbed his skin raw. The only protection between his bare skin and the bark being the thin shirt he’d been wearing underneath his sweater and coat.

Of course, he was no longer wearing those things.

Haggard breathing clouded his ears, the frail body against his going through another coughing fit. He hugged the boy between his legs tighter, burying his nose in his hair.
The coughing fit died down eventually.

“…We're going to be rescued, right hyung?”

Namjoon nodded into his hair.

"And... the others.... they'll be okay too?"

He nodded again, eyes growing damp.

The boy, Jimin, coughed weakly again.

“I'm… I'm tired hyung.”

“…”

“I'm going to sleep some more, you should too.”

“…”

“G'night hyung.”

“…”

Namjoon looked up as far as he could. The sun beamed through the trees.

He knew Jimin shouldn’t be sleeping this much. That eventually, he wasn’t going to wake up.

That eventually he would stop breathing.

He opened his mouth to try and speak, to protest, to keep his dongsaeng awake.

But no words came.

And so the younger fell asleep again. Head lolling back onto Namjoon’s shoulder.

Namjoon inched his legs closer together, keeping Jimin from rolling onto his side.

He couldn’t help but wonder why no one had found them yet.

Perhaps they were the only survivors.

Not a new thought, that one, but one he’d been panicking over for hours.

He wondered how long it’d been. Since they’d crashed.

Since he’d woken up alone in the woods.

Since he’d found Jimin, crying and rasping for breath, chest and limbs covered in horrific burns that bubbled and bled.

Since he’d dragged his dongsaeng to the closest tree and enveloped him in an embrace, hugging him tightly and willing life into the dying boy.

Since he’d screamed himself hoarse, screamed for help until he could no longer make a sound.

He thought his voice ought to have come back by now, and yet he couldn’t speak.
He couldn’t sleep either. Not since he’d found Jimin.

He’d forced himself to stay awake. To monitor the younger’s breathing. He didn’t know what he’d do if he woke up with Jimin dead in his arms.

It was dark, then it was light, then dark, then light. Time no longer tangible. He felt bugs bite his skin, he watched them crawl into Jimin's shoes, picked them out of his wounds.

So, there he’d sat. For, unbeknownst to him, 47 hours. Awake, terrified, and unable to make a sound.

In the night, he’d heard a howl. He had wrapped Jimin up in his sweater and coat, trying to hide him from whatever was out there. He’d squeezed his eyes shut and pretended he wasn’t afraid of the dark.

That he wasn’t afraid of dying.

Every time Jimin said he was cold, or that he was in pain, or that he was scared, and he couldn’t respond to comfort him, Namjoon hated himself a little bit more.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!!!!! I hope you enjoyed!! Next chapter will be a bit longer I promise!!!
Yoongi was walking very fast.

He ran to the top of rocks, searched under overhangs, even looked up in the trees, calling out the names of those who were missing all the while.

Jungkook thought, belatedly, that wasn’t he typically the athletic one?

It didn’t take a genius level IQ for Jungkook to realize that he was concussed. He'd been vomiting constantly, everything felt a little foggy, his ears hadn't stopped ringing, and loud noises caused his throbbing headache to get worse.

However, it also didn’t take a genius level IQ to know that informing his hyung's of his injury would help no one.

It’s not like he was injured as badly as the rest of them.

He’d felt sick since he’d woken up to Jin slapping him across the face.

Apparently, he’d been knocked unconscious during the crash. It made some sense seeing as he didn’t remember anything, falling asleep on the plane and waking up in the dirt.

He’d felt sick when he saw Taehyung seizing uncontrollably.

When Jin told him that he had no idea why Taehyung was, for lack of better word, dying, and that Jungkook needed to go find help he’d ran as fast as he could. He’d fallen twice, and ran into a tree, but had found Yoongi.

He’d felt sick when the pilot coached his eldest hyung through a freaking brain surgery.

Afterwards, when Jin was firmly attached to Taehyung’s side, pretending he wasn’t crying, and Hoseok and Yoongi has drifted off to sleep, Jungkook had run behind the wreckage and heaved, vomiting for what felt like hours.

He felt sick now that they couldn’t find Jimin or Namjoon.

And Yoongi was walking very fast and Jungkook was too scared to tell him that he couldn’t keep up.

“Yoongi… Jin-hyung said just to look around the area…”

Yoongi ignored him, calling out for Namjoon again. His voice cracked.

“We’ve been walking this way for almost an hour now…”

It was true. The debris and wreckage had been dwindling down, and now all Jungkook could see were trees and rocks. He couldn’t help but worry about the looming night.

His stomach growled.
Yoongi… hyung- “

“I will not, be giving up.” Yoongi growled, accent slipping through. “We have to find them… even just their bodies…”

Jungkook exhaled, and followed. They'd been searching for a while. He hoped that the other three were doing alright back at the plane.

He hoped that the cougars wouldn't find them while he and Yoongi were out here.

Jin and Taehyung weren't very bloody, just minor scrapes, and Taehyung's head was all wrapped up. Hoseok, on the other hand, stank of it. His leg a bloodied mess. Jungkook hoped they'd be alright because if the cougars came, Hoseok wouldn't be able to run. Not with his leg the way it was.

Yoongi was probably the second most bloody. Jungkook wasn't sure if his hyung had noticed, but his face was a mess. Caked with dried blood, dirt, and sweat.

They hadn't had the water to spare to keep themselves clean, and they were all pretty filthy. But the amount of blood on his smaller hyung's face was scary, to say the least.

"Are you even looking?" Yoongi's voice interrupted his thoughts.

"Ah, yeah, sorry. I am." He responded, feeling out of it. "Was just... thinking."

Yoongi made a face, but turned around and kept walking. His movements were hurried, injured arm dangling beside him.

Jungkook looked away from his mangled fingers. It was gross, and he already had such a weak stomach right now.

"We should head back." Jungkook tried once more, "We're too far away."

Yoongi paused. Jungkook watched his fists clench and un-clench.

"We have to find them." Yoongi said again.

"We will." Jungkook said, though by the look on Yoongi's face he could tell his hyung knew he was lying to himself. "Well, I mean..."

Jungkook sped up a bit to keep up with Yoongi, who'd begun to walk again.

"I don't know." He said finally. "They probably are dead, I guess."

Yoongi looked at him, "Jungkook...?"

Jungkook laughed, not a speck of humor in his tone, "I mean, we've been out here for days and they haven't turned up right? They're probably dead in a tree somewhere or I don't know, maybe those fucking cougars ate them!"

"Fuck you.” Yoongi growled, shoving him away from him. "Fuck. You." He sped up yet again. Jungkook knew he wouldn't be able to keep up. He felt so nauseous. His stomach rolled.

He knew he was right. Yoongi just didn't want to accept it.

"I'm right!” He called after his hyung, for good measure.
This, apparently, was the final straw. Yoongi did a 180, and was in Jungkook's face in the blink of an eye.

"You are not right." The rapper said. "You are not- he's my best friend. We've been through hell together. Like hell he'd die in a place like this."

Jungkook looked away, he couldn't make eye contact.

"And Jimin? He's stronger than any of the rest of us. If we're fine, then you can be damn sure that he's fine too."

Yoongi plowed on ahead, ripping branches off small trees that stood in his way.

Jungkook couldn't keep walking. He leaned over, hands on his knees, his vision warping dangerously.

Jungkook couldn't help it, he felt bile rising quickly, he leaned over and vomited on the tree.

His throat burned. He wished he had water or something to wash out the taste. He coughed a few times, each cough felt like it was rattling his brain.

He tried to stand upright, to follow Yoongi. Instead, he ended up stumbling wildly to the side, falling into a rock. He shouted out in pain, vision going spotty as he felt himself roll down the steep hill they’d been on top of.

The world was spinning the world was spinning the world was-

Still.

He could barley see, his head swaying involuntarily. He could still taste the bile in his mouth.

He wanted to go home.

“Jungkook!” He heard Yoongi yell from the top of the hill, “Fuck! Are you okay? I’m coming!”

Jungkook groaned. He put a hand on his head, but it did nothing to stop the spinning.

He looked around blearily for Yoongi, and saw him making is way down the steep hill, careful not to slip and fall as he’d done. Yoongi jogged over to him before kneeling, eyes full of worry.

“God, you’re hurt, aren’t you?”

Jungkook could only blink slowly in response.

“Damn it. Damn it!” Yoongi swore, shaking his head.

Jungkook couldn’t help but feel guilty. He felt as though he was fifteen again.

Yoongi didn’t miss it this time, quickly wrapping him up in a tight hug, one that was uniquely Yoongi. Jungkook let his head rest on his shoulder.

Jungkook felt Yoongi inhale and exhale a few times.

Then he froze. Body rigid.

Jungkook leaned back, “Hyung?”
Yoongi was staring, wide-eyed, at something behind him.

Jungkook turned, following his line of sight, eyes widening when he saw what Yoongi saw.

It was Jimin.

In the distance, leaning against a tree, wrapped in more than one coat, was what was unmistakably Jimin. He saw pink hair, tinged with soot.

“Jimin…” Jungkook whispered.

“Jimin!” Yelled Yoongi, leaping to his feet.

Jungkook watched his hyung sprint towards the dancer, and forced himself to get to his feet as well, leaning against the tree that had broke his fall for balance. He shakily broke into a light jog after his hyung, weaving and stumbling.

“Is that- Is that Namjoon? Namjoon!” He heard Yoongi call from in front of him.

As Jungkook got closer he could see it. Behind Jimin, in between him and the tree, was their leader. In contrast to Jimin’s many layers, Jungkook could see that Namjoon was wearing only a thin t-shirt.

By the time he got there, Yoongi was already crouched down in front of the pair, talking to Jimin, who’s eyes were closed.

“-re you okay? Jimin? Can you hear me?”

They looked terrible.

Jimin’s cheeks and forehead were pink with fever, his face slack due to sleep. He was breathing weirdly, Jungkook noticed, harshly, as if it was difficult. And his face with nearly black with soot.

Jungkook could barely see the older boy, except for his legs that bordered either die of Jimin, and his arms which were wrapped around Jimin’s midsection. They were covered in red lumps, bug bites maybe? As well as scratches and a deep cut on his right elbow.

“Joon? What about you? Can you hear me?” Yoongi asked, panic creeping into his voice.

At the mention of his name, Namjoon lifted his head from the back of Jimin’s neck. It took Jungkook a moment to recognize him.

His eyes were open. His hair was matted to his forehead, dried with crusted blood. His lips were blue, the same colour as the bags under his eyes. But what made him almost unrecognizable was the expression on his face.

He was absolutely terrified.

After a moment, Yoongi continued talking. At a quieter volume. “Namjoon… are you okay?”

“…”

Jungkook didn’t know what do to, he’d never seen his leader this way before.

Yoongi nodded slightly, Jungkook wondered what was going through his head.
Yoongi tried again. “Do you know who I am?”

After a moment, Namjoon nodded.

Both Yoongi and Jungkook exhaled a sigh of relief.

“Do you… Namjoon do you know what happened?”

“…” Namjoon said nothing, eyes flickering from Yoongi to Jimin, then back again.

Yoongi nodded thoughtfully. “Ok, mind if I take a look at Jimin?” He reached out a hand for Jimin.

Namjoon panicked, kicking at Yoongi with his legs, squeezing Jimin tighter around his stomach. Yoongi reeled back in shock, eyes wide.

“Sorry! Sorry… I’m…” Yoongi looked scared now, “I’m not going to hurt him Namjoon. I just want to see what his injuries are.”

Namjoon gulped at this, looking at a spot behind Yoongi. Both Yoongi and Jungkook turned to look, but saw nothing.

When they turned back, their leader had once again hidden his face in the nape of Jimin’s neck. He was trembling. Yoongi and Jungkook looked at each other, bewildered.

Suddenly, Yoongi seemed as if a thought struck his head.

“You know what’s wrong with him?” Jungkook whispered.

Yoongi nodded slowly, “I- I think it might be sleep deprivation.”

Jungkook drew a blank. That… that wasn’t what he had expected. Sleep deprivation?

At the puzzled look on Jungkook’s face, Yoongi continued to explain himself. “I mean, I'm not sure… But it'd make sense right? I think he's hallucinating.”

Yoongi turned to look at Namjoon, who was peeking at them from behind Jimin.

“Namjoon,” Yoongi started slowly, “Do you remember the plane crashing?”

A nod.

Yoongi exhaled through his nose. “Were you… awake? When it crashed?”

Another nod.

Jungkook began to see where his hyung was going with this.

“And you,” Yoongi looked at where Namjoon’s arms were wound tightly around the dancer, “You’ve been protecting Jiminie, right?”

A fierce nod.

Jungkook stop help his lips from upturning just a little bit at that.

Yoongi nodded to himself, then back to Namjoon. “Namjoon, have you slept since the plane crashed?”
He shook his head.

Yoongi’s head fell into his hands.

Jungkook felt confused again.

“Hyung, what’s wrong? It’s only been like a day, right?”

Yoongi turned to look at him, “Jungkook… Seokjin was awake for like almost the full day before he found you and Tae. And it’s been two days since then.” Yoongi turned back to look at Namjoon. “He’s been awake, and probably terrified out of his mind for all of it…”

Jungkook didn’t quite know what that meant, but knew it couldn’t be good.

Yoongi continued his train of thought aloud, “So maybe, if he's been awake for that many hours... I don't really know a ton about it, but I know that at some point people who’ve experienced sleep deprivation sometimes begin to hallucinate.”

Yoongi turned to Jungkook. “And combine that with the fact that he’s probably in shock, I think it’s safe to say that our leader isn’t in his right mind.”

Jungkook looked at Namjoon, and couldn’t help but agree with Yoongi.

A wave of determination swept over him.

Ever since he was a kid, Namjoon had looked after him. He’d been the one Jungkook looked up to, always there to support him, practically raised him in his teenage years. Namjoon had protected him, all of them, from the hate they received the best that he could, always hearing Jungkook out and telling him to follow his dreams. Helping Jungkook with songs he wanted to make and lyrics he wanted to sing.

Namjoon had looked after him for years.

He’d been the one Jungkook looked up to, always there to support him, practically raised him in his teenage years. Namjoon had protected him, all of them, from the hate they received the best that he could, always hearing Jungkook out and telling him to follow his dreams. Helping Jungkook with songs he wanted to make and lyrics he wanted to sing.

Namjoon had looked after him for years.

It was Jungkook’s turn now.

He placed a hand on his hyung’s shoulder, and looked him in the eyes.

“Namjoon-hyung, its me, Jungkook. I know you’re scared, but you looked after Jimin, you kept him alive. Let me, let us help you, okay?”

Namjoon looked at him, and Jungkook forced himself to keep eye contact. To let his hyung take what he needed.

After what felt like an eternity, Namjoon nodded.

As if given a sign, Yoongi hauled Jimin off Namjoon. Dropping him on the forest floor when his broken fingers gave out with a pained shout.

Jungkook immediately got to work. Ignoring the dizziness and nausea he felt, he stripped Jimin of
what seemed to be Namjoon’s coat and sweater, and quickly wrapped them around the shivering rapper.

Turning back to Jimin, Jungkook immediately threw up in his mouth when he saw what lay underneath the layers.

Burns. Jimin was covered in burns. His shirt was torn up, revealing a chest full of red, blistering skin. Where the shirt was still on him, it had cauterized to Jimin’s skin.

And the smell... Oh God the smell...

Jungkook spit out the mouthful of bile, before turning to Yoongi.

“We need to carry him back, now.”

Yoongi seemed frozen, unable to look away.

"Hyung please." Jungkook pleaded, gathering the smaller boy in his arms. "I need your help to get him on my back."

Yoongi nodded slowly, eyes glued to Jimin's chest and arms.

Together, they maneuvered the dancer so that he was laid across Jungkook's back. He had to stoop to keep him from sliding off, since he hadn't woken up yet.

Jungkook tried to be careful of the burns, but the smaller boy showed no signs of waking up anytime soon.

Jungkook turned to Namjoon, trying to ignore how his vision swam when he did so.

"Hyung, you need to get up."

But he didn't seem to know how to. Their leader's thin arms remained curled into himself. His back never leaving the bark of the tree.

"Hyung..." Jungkook couldn't help but say, voice breaking. He swallowed back the tears. He tried to be strong. He had to be strong. "You've gotta get up..."

"C'mon Joon." Yoongi said quietly, lightly grasping the taller boy's arm. "I can help."

Slowly, so slowly, Yoongi helped him up. Jungkook thought he looked rather like Bambi in that moment, legs long and shaky, unsure of himself. What scared Jungkook was the way his legs trembled when he tried to take a step. Was the way his fingers were now digging into Yoongi's good arm. Was the way he hadn't stopped shaking, teeth chattering.

Was the way he hadn't said a single word.

Jungkook couldn't stop the tears from coming, and he wished he had his hands free to wipe them away. Plus, his now-clouded vision did not make the symptoms of his concussion any less bearable.

They found Jimin and Namjoon, but they didn't find their leader.

And God, they really needed him.

"Let's move," said Yoongi to Jungkook. "We're going to be slow-going, and it'll be dark in a few
hours."

And so they moved. Yoongi guiding a silent Namjoon, Jungkook struggling under the weight of his sleeping friend. The only thing keeping him going was the sound of Jimin's rattling breaths in his ear.

He's alive. Jungkook kept reminding himself. He's limp, and he's hurt, but he's alive. Now he just needed to make sure he kept breathing.

He was beginning to understand why Namjoon looked the way he did.

But Jimin's cheek on his neck was cold to the touch, and every breath sounded like it'd be his last. He wheezed, and struggled to inhale, Jungkook could barely feel the dancer's chest rise and fall.

He was alive. He reminded himself again.

They kept walking. Minutes passed, they were silent but the forest wasn't. The wind had picked up today, the leaves in constant motion. Bugs chirped all around them. They all panted heavily, the hike taking its toll.

He couldn't help but keep replaying his fight with Yoongi earlier. He'd been wrong. They'd found them.

He supposed his concussion was good for something, seeing as they might not have found them had he not fallen down that hill.

He was pretty sure there was blooding dripping from inside his ear, though. His ears had been ringing for days, but now his head felt vaguely like it was about to explode.

"-kook. Jungkook!"

Oh, Yoongi had been calling him.

"Yeah?" He responded, trying to keep the exertion out of his voice. "Wha's up?"

He was panting a bit too hard to hide that though, and by the look on Yoongi's face, he agreed.

"Do you need a break?" He asked seriously. "Your head-"

"No, 'm fine." Jungkook said. "I jus' wanna get back." He said, trying not to slur his words when Yoongi made a face.

The older sighed. "You told me that you were okay. You promised."

Jungkook pursed his lips. "'m fine."

"You're not." Yoongi said angrily. But looked over at him and sighed again, shoulders slumping. "Look, I don't want to keep fighting. I'm too damn tired. Just- can we have a look when we get back? Just to make sure?"

Jungkook looked away and nodded, glad the conversation was over.

Beside Yoongi, Namjoon tripped over a root. He crashed into the ground, hands breaking his fall.

"Hey!" Yoongi cried, surprised. "You okay?"
Namjoon remained there for a moment. Fingers squishing around in the soil.

Jungkook felt something wet on the crown of his head. More blood?

Namjoon looked up from the ground, seeming dazed. Yoongi crouched beside him, whispering so softly that Jungkook couldn't hear what he was saying. He watched the two older boys get back to their feet.

A drop. Then another.

He looked up. The sun wasn't setting, but the sky had grown dark.

Another drop.

It was raining.

"Damnit!" Yoongi cursed. "We have to get back, now!"

Jungkook was confused. Wasn't unlimited water a good thing? He voiced this thought aloud to the rapper, words coming out slowly.

"No! If we get caught in the rain, we'll freeze to death before help arrives." Yoongi answered, picking up the pace.

Jungkook struggled to keep up, Jimin's weight plus concussion equaling a tough freaking time. The rain slowly came down harder.

They stumbled through the woods, clothes slowly clinging to their shaking bodies. Raindrops trickled down though his bangs, making it hard to see.

By the time they reached the plane again, the rain had turned into a downpour.

"They're back!" Jungkook heard Hoseok yell in the distance.

Jungkook's vision had been spotty since it'd started raining, and could only hear the sound of muted footsteps against the forest floor before the weight of Jimin was removed from his back.

"I've got him," Jin said, "I'll help you carry him."

Grateful, Jungkook and Jin carried him over to Hoseok and Taehyung. They'd moved into the interior of the plane, Hoseok sitting on the once-carpeted floor with Taehyung asleep nearby.

They reached the edge of the opening, Jin taking Jimin's full weight and hauling him into the plane. Jungkook slowly climbed up after the eldest, immediately slumping against a nearby plane seat that'd been uprooted.

Jungkook heard the gasp when Jin noticed the dancer's chest.

"Oh God..." He whispered, fingertips tracing the marred skin.

Jungkook felt exhaustion weighing him down. He let his head rest against the hard plastic of the seat. He closed his eyes, the world kept spinning. He felt drunk, though he hadn't had anything to drink, let alone alcohol, not since they'd given the last of the river water to Taehyung earlier that day.

"And Namjoon! Thank God you're alright!" Jin cried out from beside him.
"He needs to rest." Yoongi panted, tired from hiking through the woods all day no doubt. "They both do. Jungkookie too."

With that, Jungkook couldn't help but open his eyes. He was fine, nowhere near the state that Taehyung or Jimin were in. He hadn't heard either Yoongi or Namjoon climb up, but they were now seated across from him. Namjoon not taking his eyes off of Jimin, who lay on the floor.

"'m fine." He slurred. "Jus' nee ta rest m' eyes." Oops. he hadn't realized how foggy he'd gotten.

Jin's eyes widened, "How long have you been slurring your words for?" He asked incredulously, "What happened?"

"He's been hiding a damn head injury, that's what happened." Yoongi ratted him out. "Remember yesterday when he promised he was fine? Yeah, all a lie."

Jungkook mustered up what little strength he had to glare at the traitor-hyung. Said traitor-hyung rolled his eyes back at him.

Jin leaned in closer, "Jesus Kook, why on earth would you hide this? After what happened with Tae?"

Jungkook couldn't help but sigh, they didn't get it.

"'s 'cause of Tae, he's hurt more." Was all he could get out.

"That doesn't mean you can lie to us-"

"Enough." Hoseok cut Jin off, speaking up for the first time since their return. "Stop, just... stop arguing. Please. No more fighting."

Jin gave him a look that Jungkook couldn't quite place. Had something happened while they were gone?

"We're all hungry, and thirsty, and in pain." Hoseok continued, looking away from the older boy. "All fighting will do is waste energy."

Silently, Jungkook couldn't help but agree. He was so tired, and really didn't have the strength to argue.

Minutes passed, Namjoon walked over, silently curled up next to Jimin and fell asleep instantly.

"Finally," Yoongi had muttered under his breath. "We don't think he's slept in days." He whispered to Jin, when he made a noise of confusion.

After a while, the rapper too, was asleep next to Hoseok. Jin fell asleep after him, beside Yoongi.

He watched his hyung's sleep. Huddled together while a storm raged beside them. He wondered if some of them wouldn't wake up the next morning.

The plane didn't do much to protect them from the spray of rain or the bitter winds.

Jungkook thought of looking for a tarp or blanket to hang, but with every passing second his eyes grew heavier. He barely had the strength to stay awake.

He wondered what the news would read if when the helicopters did show up, all they found were dead bodies. Corpses of Korean idols in the Canadian wilderness.
He wished he could have spoken to his parents, his brother, one last time. The last time he'd spoken to any of them being over the phone on his father's birthday.

His stomach contorted, and tried to make him vomit, but a lack of food and water just caused him to dry heave. He did so silently, not wanting to wake any of his tired hyung's up.

At least he'd die with them.

He crawled over to Jin's side, seeking out warmth in the chilly night, and fell asleep to the sound of six other boys breathing beside him.

At least they were together now.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!!! I'll try my best to get the next chapter up tomorrow but it'll more likely be the next day ;-; Hope you enjoyed today's chapter!!!!
OMG HAVE YOU GUYS SEEN THE MAP OF THE SOUL: PERSONA TRAILER?? I'm dead x_x Anyways thank you all for waiting!! The next chapter will be the last :) I hope you all enjoy!!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When he woke up, he was freezing.

"I'm cold." He mumbled, leaning back into Namjoon for warmth, just as he'd been doing for however long they'd been sitting there.

He paused when he realized that he was leaning on what felt like a pile of lumpy backpacks.

Where was Namjoon?

His eyelids felt heavy, heavier than they ever had after sleepless nights in the practice room. But Namjoon was missing. He had to wake up.

It hurt to breathe, and when he opened his eyes and saw what was around him, he inhaled sharply in shock. A sudden coughing fit tore through his lungs, his throat felt raw and bloody.

"Jimin!"

Suddenly, hands were all over him. Rubbing his back, cupping his cheek, murmuring reassurances. He squinted, the world was blurry.

But he'd recognize those voices anywhere.

"Jin-hyung? Hobi? Yoongi?"

"We're here." Yoongi replied, "You're safe now."

Jimin looked around, he was inside a plane. The plane, he supposed.

Where he and Namjoon had been, the only piece of plane in sight was the smoldering metal that he'd been trapped under.

It burned his chest it burned it burned it burned-

"It started raining," Jin said, breaking his train of thought. "So we had to move everyone inside the plane."

Jimin blinked. Then looked around the interior of the plane.

One side was missing, he was sitting facing the forest. The downpour was heavy, steam rose lazily from a piece of metal with wires sticking out of it outside the plane.

The sound of heavy rain on the metal roof was deafening.
Looking around the interior, he saw that the boys had erected a sort of wall with their luggage. He was lying against part of the wall, and on his left was Hobi-hyung.

Jimin looked at the dancer's leg. Then looked at his face. The two made eye contact.

Jimin gulped, and Hoseok looked away, lips pressed tightly together.

He didn't understand. How did he get here? He didn't remember at all.

And where was Namjoon?

"How are you feeling?" Jin asked, worry evident on his handsome face. "Your chest..."

Jimin looked down at his body. He struggled to keep his breathing even, especially because it was so hard to breathe at all.

He looked horrifying.

His chest was red and black, oozing in some places and dried out in others. He couldn't make out his nipples or his bellybutton, too marred by burns. His black shirt was stuck to parts of his chest, burned there.

He figured what with how burned he was, he shouldn't be feeling this cold. He was reminded of cool nights in Busan, where he and his childhood friends would dare each other to take off their boots and socks and go in the water. The burning sensation that came with suddenly plunging into freezing water.

It was constant. His whole body throbbed in pain.

"Jimin...?"

He looked away from the older boy, eyes watering. "I'm cold." He said eventually, "Where's Namjoon-hyung?"

"Over there." Yoongi said quietly, "He's... he's been quiet."

Jimin looked over at the older boy. Sure enough, he was silent. Watching Jimin with wary eyes. Jimin wondered what he was afraid of.

Looking down at his injuries again, Jimin figured it should have been obvious.

He was afraid of Jimin. Of what he looked like.

Jimin wondered if his parents would ever look at him the same way ever again, if his fans would, if anyone would.

He wondered if he'd live long enough to see them.

His breathing picked up, wheezes permeating every breath. Jimin knew he was worrying his hyung's but he couldn't help it. His chest hurt so bad.

"Jimin." Jin-hyung said sternly, hand on his shoulder, "You need to calm down. I think there's something wrong with your lungs, so you need to try to breathe as normally as possible."

Jimin wasn't all that surprised, his lungs had been getting more and more painful as the days had passed. Looking around, he could tell that no one else was really surprised by Jin's statement.
He wondered how long he'd been there for.

He looked over at the leader, who was watching him with tired eyes. Jimin didn't remember much, but he knew that the two of them had been on their own for what felt like days.

He sort of remembered screaming, though he couldn't remember if it was Namjoon's or his own. He remembered... They drank something, bad. Something gross. From the puddle that'd formed under the piece of plane.

Plane fuel, Jimin thought. That's what it'd been.

He'd peed in his pants, though they were dry now. A few times. When he hadn't had the strength to stand and Namjoon hadn't had the strength to help him.

He looked outside, thankful that it was day. The few times he'd woken up to darkness, and he couldn't rely on his eyes, were horrible. All he'd known was the feeling of his hyung behind him, and the low growl of the creatures in the forest. The hum of bugs that Namjoon swatted off of his legs.

He was so hungry. His stomach kept clenching, growling audibly. And he was so cold.

At least he'd been warmer with Namjoon at his back.

Now he was sitting against the cold metal walls of the plane that'd almost killed them all.

He shivered. He was getting tired again, which frustrated him because he'd only just woken up.

He saw movement out of the corner of his eye. Yoongi walked out of the cockpit, face stony. Jimin hadn't even noticed that he'd left.

"What the hell happened?" The rapper growled, looking at Jin.

"She's dead." The singer replied. "Surprised she lasted as long as she did. What with the amount she was bleeding..."

"Who's dead?" Jimin said, alarmed. "Someone died?" He felt his breaths quicken again.

"Hey! Whoa calm down!" Jin quickly turned back to him. "We're all okay. I'm just talking about the pilot."

The pilot? Jimin thought. He hadn't even thought about it, hadn't remembered that there were people in the plane besides his members.

He felt like a terrible person. Guilt bubbled in his throat.

"She didn't die from her legs Jin. What did you do?" Yoongi said, eyes still intent on Jin.

Jin looked at him, annoyed, "You need to stop. She's dead. That's what matters."

Jimin watched Jin walk away from him and back over to Taehyung, who was asleep on the ground next to Jungkook, who was also asleep. Jin sat next to the singer, immediately fussing over his hair of all things.

"Jin..." Yoongi said again, "Why are you lying to me?"

Jin said nothing. Hoseok, Jimin noticed, wasn't looking at either of them. Wasn't watching the
argument at all. Jimin felt confused.

"What..." He said, trying to swallow to wet his dry throat but unable to do even that. "What are you talking about?"

Yoongi turned to look at him, Jimin noticed his face looked... he didn't know how to describe it... haunted? Jimin wondered what he had seen.

"Hyung...?" He asked, when Yoongi's mouth opened but no words came.

Yoongi pursed his lips. "She was in a bad way, her legs..." The rapper swallowed, looking vaguely ill. "Um, anyways, she had a few cuts and stuff too, but that was it. She'd been helping us, she helped us with Taehyung..."

Taehyung? Jimin thought. What did he mean by that?

"-and she's dead but..." He trailed off.

"Yoongi..." Jin said in a warning tone.

Yoongi looked away from Jimin too look at the eldest again. "Her head. She died from a head wound."

Head wound? It took Jimin a moment to piece it together. The eldest looked back down at Taehyung, rubbing a thumb back and forth over his cheek.

Yoongi sighed and sat down in the seat in front of Namjoon, who gave no indication he was listening at all. "I- she- she got hit in the head and she died."

"Yoongi-" Jin interrupted.

"Hoseok said that Taehyung collapsed right?" Yoongi continued. "That he'd been trying to help you?" This was obviously directed at Jin. "That you'd gone in to check on her, to make sure she was okay?"

Yoongi was panicking, Jimin could tell. He wished he could do something to help but he was still so confused. So weak. He felt useless.

"What did you do hyung?" Yoongi asked.

Jin continued to watch only Taehyung when he spoke.

"You're right..." He said finally, voice almost a whisper. "What you're thinking Yoongi... you're right. I did it."

Yoongi wiped angry tears off of his face. Jimin felt like crying himself.

"I killed her. She- she asked me to." He kept talking. "I think she was confused about her leg, she- she hadn't known... she'd thought they were fine. But she looked down and saw them." He finally looked up a Yoongi. "And asked me to kill her quickly. She..."

Jimin was scared. Jin... he'd never heard his hyung sound like this before. So unattached. So emotionless. It scared him.

"She didn't want her daughters to watch her die slowly in a hospital. She said she'd rather them never see her like this. And she said that she deserved to die."
"She- what?" Yoongi said. "What do you mean?"

Jin shrugged, looking down. "I don't know."

"She did." Hoseok spoke. All of them turned to look at the dancer.

"Hoseok... what?" Yoongi asked.

"She did deserve to die." Hoseok said.

"How could you say that?" Jin asked, anger bleeding into his voice.

At least that's an emotion, Jimin thought despite himself.

"After all she did for us? After she saved Taehyung's life-"

"The only reason his life needed saving was because of her!" Hoseok yelled.

The plane went quiet, the rain continued.

"The plane- it wasn't her-" Yoongi said.

"It was her-"

"It was an accident-"

"No. It wasn't hyung." Hoseok sniffed. "It wasn't an accident. She did it on purpose."

Both Yoongi and Jin opened their mouths to protest but Hoseok didn't let them.

"Her kids are being held for ransom. A guy with a gun said he'd kill them if she didn't kill us. She crashed this plane on purpose. She tried to kill all of us."

Hoseok turned to Jin. "The only reason she helped save Taehyung was because she didn't think it would work. She never wanted you to succeed."

The plane was quiet for a while after Hoseok's confession.

No one seemed to know what to say.

Hoseok had crossed his arms and shut his mouth, face stony.

Yoongi had curled up into a ball on his seat, resting his head on something beside him that Jimin couldn't see.

Jin had gone back to watching Taehyung. Cleaning matted blood out of his hair, scrubbing dirt off of his face with his fingers.

Jungkook slept on.

Jimin felt colder than ever. The rain, louder than ever.

Jimin looked away. Upset.

He couldn't believe... it had been a murder attempt. Someone had wanted them dead. Was willing to kill children in order to kill them.
Jimin sort of felt like it was pointless now. Surviving. Because even if they did, they'd be living at the expense of others' lives.

Was it worth it?

Jimin tugged the bright orange blanket tighter around himself. The air was wet due to the rain, and he couldn't stop from shivering.

"Where's Hobeom-hyung?" Jimin asked after a few minutes had passed. Forcing himself along a new train of thought.

"We don't know." Jin said. not lifting his eyes, "We couldn't find him.

"And Seijin-hyung?"

Jin pointed towards Yoongi. Jimin leaned forward, and saw that the 'something' that Yoongi was resting his head on was their manager's shoulder.

"Is he...?" Dead? His brain finished.

"No. But he hasn't woken up either." Jin said, tone defeated.

Jin watched quietly as Jin arranged himself on the ground next to the two youngest members. Jimin noticed that the eldest's ankle looked wrong... bent unnaturally.

Jin noticed him looking. And reached for his hand, squeezing it gently. Jimin squeezed back, relishing in the warmth it provided.

Hours passed. Jin-hyung would sometimes ramble for minutes at a time about anything and everything. Then he would go silent for a while. Then he'd start on a new topic.

Jin watched as Yoongi would keep trying to talk to their leader in the seat behind him, would touch his hands, try to get the grime out of his hair. He watched Namjoon say nothing. Sitting still and silent, eyes wide open.

Jin watched the youngest two, hoping that the stain on Jungkook's front wasn't vomit and blood, hoping that the gauze on Taehyung's head was from a superficial injury. Though judging from the older boy's conversation earlier, it was from something far worse.

The younger boys slept on.

"Aha!"

Jin turned at the sound of Yoongi's voice.

"The overhead compartments! Why haven't thought of those yet?" He cried, rifling through the storage above Namjoon's head.

"Dunno..." Jin said from beside him. Exhaustion creeping into his tone.

They watched as the rapper looked through the compartments, climbing over the backs of the still-attached seats to look. He made a triumphant noise when he got to the one above their manager.

"Another first aid kit!" He cried.

Jin hummed. "Cool. But... do we really need it though? No one's bleeding anymore."
Yoongi turned to look at them, "Oh..." He said, a bit defeatedly. He climbed back down off of the seat, sitting in the seat next to Seijin once more.

Jimin felt his hand move with the force of Jin's sigh. The eldest spoke again, "I mean, we could re-wrap Hoseok's leg? We haven't touched it for days now, it could be getting infected."

Hoseok looked mildly alarmed at that statement, The first time in hours he'd looked anything but hopeless.

"What? Oh my God re-wrap it then, quickly!"

Yoongi perked up, though didn't smile, and hurried over to the dancer, first aid box in hand.

Jimin crawled over to the sleeping boys and curled into Jin.

"I'm cold." He couldn't help but say, his teeth were chattering again. Another hefty shiver caused his whole body to shake.

"Shh, I've got you." Jin murmured, holding him close.

They watched Yoongi kneel next to Hoseok's leg. Because of the thick plastic seat underneath it, it was pretty high off the ground. Jimin wondered how he'd been sleeping.

"Ugh..." Yoongi made a noise of disgust as he began to peel off the bandage. "This is gross."

He was right, Jimin couldn't help but think. The bandage was crusted with blood, dark red flakes scattering as he unwrapped it.

Hoseok hissed through his teeth when Yoongi reached under his leg, tears welling up in his eyes. Jimin hated seeing him cry, and couldn't help the few traitorous tears that rose up in his own eyes.

"Ah!" Hoseok cried out, as Yoongi went back under his leg. The pile of bandages slowly growing beside them.

"Last one..." Yoongi said, getting a good grip.

Jimin's eyes widened as he watched, was that Hoseok's bone?

"AGH!" Hoseok screamed out. "Oh God Oh God Oh God..." He said, panic spreading across his face.

Yoongi looked a bit alarmed, and tried to soothe the dancer. "Hey, hey its okay, I got it all off."

They waited for a moment for Hoseok to calm down, for his pain to go away.

But he hadn't stopped crying out.

"It hurts! Oh my God please..." Hoseok begged, tears trailing down his dirty face.

Yoongi seemed at a loss. Jin had sat up beside him, and Jimin struggled to sit up as well, to get a better look.

He didn't like what he saw.

Where the bandage had been was now bloody. Blood was trailing steadily down the sides of Hoseok's leg. More blood than Jimin had ever seen.
"Is he supposed to be bleeding that much?" Jimin wondered aloud, worry seeping into his tone.

"I- I don't know!" Yoongi said.

"I..." Hoseok's breathing petered out, his eyelids fluttered.

"Hoseok!" Yoongi yelled, as the dancer slumped further over. "I need help!"

The dancer's face was growing pale, too pale.

Jin rushed over, grabbing the dancer's other side. He blocked Jimin's view of Hobi, and Jimin couldn't help but cry harder.

"Hobi..." He said, trying to get up, but crying out as the pain in his chest increased. He fell back down, reaching out for a handhold.

Hands grabbed him, steadying him. Jimin looked up, it was Namjoon.

The leader helped Jimin over to Hoseok, their steps slow and shaky.

"C'mon Hoseokie, you gotta stay awake." Yoongi begged, tears streaming down his face. "Please... keep your eyes open."

Jin was wrapping his leg with the new bandages, but the damage had already been done, he was losing too much blood.

At the sight of the thick bone peeking out of Hoseok's thigh, Jimin felt faint. The world spun and his face grew hot, a contrast to how cold his fingertips and toes had gotten.

He shouldn't have stood up, he shouldn't have tried to walk. He felt his wounds tear, saw blood bead along his burns.

He curled in on himself as he vomited, still clutching Namjoon in an attempt to stay upright.

It hurt, the burns chafed against each other as he hunched over. In between heaves he cried out.

Faintly, he heard Yoongi crying. Seokjin was swearing now, though his voice was breaking as he too began to cry.

We're all dying. Jimin thought. Neither Jungkook or Taehyung had woken amidst all this, despite Jin hyung's screaming and Yoongi's sobbing. Jimin wondered if they ever would.

Hoseok was limp now, eyes closed. Yoongi was curled over him, 'I killed him.' He whispered, over and over.

Jin kicked a suitcase out of the plane. Shouting.

Then it went blurry.

He felt himself be lowered to the ground. Namjoon, he could feel his leader shaking.

This was it.

This was the end of Bangtan.

He couldn't see anything anymore.
"I love you."

He hoped they heard him.

"Is- is that a helicopter?"

"Help us! Please! Help us! We're here!"

His world went black.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all sososo much for reading!!!! And a big thank you to everyone who had commented, given kudos, and bookmarked!!! You guys are the one who've given me strength to keep writing!!! :-) I hope you guys enjoyed this chapter!!!!!
Chapter Notes

Sorry this took so long to get out ;-;
I've written lots of fanfiction before, but this is the first time I've ever completed one!!!! So thank you for being a part of this journey with me!!! Thank you so much to everyone who read and commented and kudos'ed and bookmarked you all gave me the strength to finish this chapter!!!! <3 <3 <3
To be honest, I don't feel great about this chapter, I might go back and re-edit it so that it doesn't feel so rushed, thank you for reading!!!

Words had always been his most powerful weapon.

Through conversation, through poetry, through speeches, through rap. His words were bullets he used to tear down skyscrapers of hate.

Now, standing on the front lines, he was defenseless.

"RM! Over here!-"

"Is it true that-"

"Could I get a statement? I'm reporting for-"

"Is it true that there were casualties-"

"Can you confirm-"

"Sources have been saying that-"

His brain was working fast but he couldn't translate faster than the reporters were talking.

Every flash of a camera blinded him, the mob tightened around him.

"Namjoon! What are you doing? Here-" A manager pulled him inside, gripping his inner bicep.

The man ignored the reporters, letting the glass doors of the hospital slide closed behind them.

Already the hospital staff were rushing past them to, once again, send away the mob outside.

He tuned back into the one-sided conversation with his manager, "-know you aren't allowed outside yet Namjoon. Not until they clear yo- hey! Can I get some help here?"

When the man remembered that he wasn't in Korea, he stopped yelling and started waving a nearby nurse over with exaggerated arm gestures.

The nurse he flagged down hurried over, followed by the one Namjoon had ditched earlier. She was dragging his IV stand behind her, the tube that had been in his arm now dangling around the metal pole.
He let himself be escorted back to the elevator door. Waited through the awkward silence that ensued once inside the elevator, the kind of silence that comes when the people in the room speak two different languages and the only translator was mute.

Elective mutism.

He'd seen it written on his chart. He wasn't sure what the Korean translation was, nor what the first word meant. But he recognized the second English word. Mutism, or mute. Couldn't speak.

The manager that'd flown from Korea steered him back to his room, and the nurses quickly went to work re-inserting the IV, conversing quickly in English to each other.

His arm pinched as the needle was inserted.

The manager was already back on the phone, as he had been since the moment he'd arrived.

After a few minutes, during which the nurses both left, he hung up and turned to Namjoon.

"Bang Sihyuk-ssi has just landed. He should be here in less than an hour. He was on a later flight."

Namjoon stared at the man, who grew perturbed at the prolonged silence.

Awkwardly, he nodded quickly, and then left the room briskly.

Namjoon rolled his head back over to look at his IV again.

He watched the fluid drip, drip, drip.

His mind felt both blank, and yet so alive with horrors.


The fluid went drip, drip, drip.

His stretcher was rolled up to the wall next to Hoseok's.

His ears were ringing. He knew he was having a panic attack but he couldn't stop it.

He'd been in the air again.

They'd rescued them just to take them back into the air again.

The logical part of his brain that was buried beneath mountains of trauma whispered that logically they had to be flown out of there. In their conditions there was just no way they could go by land vehicle. But still he panicked.

He heard someone call for a sedative.

A pain in his arm.

The world slowed down.

He watched Hoseok. Heard them roll another stretcher on his other side.

He watched the doctors rushed around Hoseok. "...he's septic... multi-organ failure....get a crash cart....3, 2, 1..."
Hoseok's body lurched off the table.

The doctors shouted some more, another lurch.

They started scurrying around him again.

They were barely there for another minute before they were rolling him down a hallway.

On the other side of Hoseok had been Jin, who's head was rolled to face Namjoon's.

A tear rolled down the older's face into the pillow, Namjoon wanted to hold his hand. Reassure him.

He could barely move his fingers, but he reached towards the singer.

Another tear rolled down his face, and Jin reached back.

Namjoon felt his bed jostle. He turned his head, it was Jimin's stretcher. They rolled the younger into a small room with a large glass window. The last thing Namjoon saw before they closed the curtains was the younger's boy scream.

They rolled Taehyung down the hallways they'd taken Hoseok. Then Jungkook.

It was just Namjoon and Jin, Yoongi across the room from them. The nurses shined lights in his eyes. They prodded and asked questions he couldn't answer even if he'd been able to understand them.

Jimin kept screaming.

Namjoon tried to get up, to get to him, they were hurting him.

Hands held him down.

Another pain in his arm. The voices dove underwater, the room muffled around him.

Jimin kept screaming.

Namjoon blacked out.

He blinked.

Then blinked harder when the images refused to leave his head.

It'd been so loud. When they were in the helicopter the chopper's blades were deafening. When they reached the hospital, the rapid fire talking of the doctors above him was deafening. When his stretcher stopped rolling, Jimin's screams had been deafening. And now, in his room, the silence was deafening.

He hadn't seen any of the others since he'd woken up. It was dark outside, raining pattering against the single window in his room.

He was wearing a hospital gown, and he felt cleaner than he'd felt in a long time. He hadn't noticed earlier just how many cuts he had. A large red line on his arm had been stitched up, small lines of white tape holding it together. Smaller red lines littered his forearms and, when he lifted up the blanket, his legs as well. In the reflection of the window across from him, he saw more of the little white tape holding together a cut on his forehead.
Thunder interrupted the silence of his room, reminding him of how cold he was. He scooted further beneath the thin blanket he'd been given.

He wondered where the others-

"Namjoon?" He turned to the doorway, there stood Yoongi.

Like Namjoon, Yoongi also looked much cleaner. The layer of dirt gone revealed just how pale he'd gotten due to lack of food and water. The smaller rapper was holding onto an IV bag identical to the one Namjoon was attached to. A cut that Namjoon hadn't noticed along Yoongi's chin had been stitched up. And his arm was in a dark blue sling. A cast poked out from inside, wrapped around his fingers and up his arm.

Namjoon scooted over in his bed, a clear invitation. The older male slowly walked into the room, still clearly unsteady, but didn't sit. Instead, he spoke.

"They finished with Jimin. They just moved him into the room next to Jin's. Wanna come see him?" In this moment, Namjoon loved that Yoongi understood him so well. Tears sprung to his eyes uninvited.

He nodded slowly, and swung his legs over the side of the bed.

"We have to be quiet," Yoongi said softly, "Don't want 'em to catch us."

Namjoon grabbed his IV pole, and used it to help himself to his feet, Yoongi reaching out to steady him when he wavered.

At a snail's pace, the two rappers walked down the dimly lit hallway. Avoiding the nurse's station near Namjoon's room. The fact that the hospital was lit for nighttime at the moment helping them remain unnoticed. Yoongi led him down a series of short hallways, stopping in front of a door that looked just like all of the others.

"This one." He said. Namjoon hoped he was right, and that they weren't about to enter some random person's room.

But when they entered, a familiar sight of broad shoulders awaited them. Jin turned quickly at the sound of the door opening, only to relax when he saw it was just them. He shifted his chair over so that the could see him.

Jimin. He was alive. He was breathing.

Namjoon walked over slowly.

The younger was awake, sleepy eyes watching them move.

"-joonie-hyung..." He murmured, fingers flexing.

Namjoon noticed that he was careful not to move his arms or upper body. An assortment of dressings covering his burns.

Tears rolled down Jimin's gaunt cheeks. "Wanna hug..." He whimpered, all ten fingers curling into his blankets. He sniffed again.

Namjoon wondered how long he'd been crying. He reached for his hand and, carefully, so carefully, intertwined their fingers. Yoongi did the same on the other side.
"We're here Jiminie..." Yoongi soothed, "We've got you."

Jin sniffled wetly form behind Yoongi, resting his forehead against the smaller's back.

They stayed that way for a while. Room quiet except for the muted sound of weeping boys and the occasional rumble of thunder form outside.

Each rumble brought Namjoon back to the plane. Back to the woods. Back to the blood and the fighting and the starving and the fear. If he focused on the rain too hard, it started to sound like it was beating against the metal of the plane.

The door to Jimin's room opened, and the manager from earlier walked in. He looked up from his phone, evidently surprised to see them all here.

"Uh, well, you guys, er, you are supposed to be..." He trailed off, lowering his phone.

He sighed, then spoke again. "Whatever, saves me the trouble of going to each of your rooms. Here-" He walked over to the window was right beside Jimin's bed and took up nearly the whole wall. The manager rolled up the heavy white curtain that had been over it and- They saw it. It took a minute at first, for Namjoon to understand what he was looking at. The manager struggled to get the window open, but he managed to get it cracked just enough to hear it.

The singing.

Hundred of voices.

Illuminated by the streetlamps outside of the hospital, umbrellas shared, each person holding a light.

They were singing.

Hundreds of ARMY'S.

After a moment, Namjoon realized they were singing 'Sea,' their hidden track.

"Where there is hope, there is always hardship."

They sang in harmony, voices rising above the downpour.

"Where there is hope, there is always hardship."

Namjoon heard Jimin begin to sob beside him. Yoongi and Jin walking over to his side to see. They began to cry as well.

"Where there is hope, there is always hardship."

Their lights lit up the sidewalk. Undetered by the time and the weather, they sang for them.

"Where there is hope, there is always hardship."

Even across the world, ARMY was there for them.

The four members watched together, unable and unwilling to stop their tears.

It was far from the most beautiful moment in life, but rather the light in the darkest of times.
Afterwards, when he was escorted once again back to his own room. Namjoon felt their voices inside of him. For a few minutes, he hadn't heard the sounds of the forest. For a few minutes, he'd felt more himself than he had in days. It took him a while to fall asleep, but he fell asleep with a smile on his face. Feeling less alone.

Namjoon woke up to the sound of the blinds opening. He squinted, raising a hand to block the sun from his eyes.

Bang Sihyuk took a seat in the chair next to his bed.

"Oh! Namjoon," He said, "Sorry, I didn't mean to wake you."

Namjoon nodded absentmindedly, sitting up in the hospital bed. He felt sore all over, his muscles ached and his throat felt so dry he worried it would crack. He reached for the water on the table attached to his bed, the older man immediately passed it to him.

He drank, relishing in the feeling of cold water in his mouth, in his throat. He drained the bottle.

"Namjoon..." He turned to look at the older man. He looked like he'd aged in the time since he last saw him. He had bags under his eyes, the wrinkles in his face more prominent.

"Namjoon," He repeated, "I- I don't know what to say... I'm so happy you're alive."

The older man stood up and drew him into a hug. Namjoon didn't respond for a moment, still half-asleep, but weakly raised his arms to touch the older man's back once he realized what was happening. Bang Sihyuk settled down in his chair again, and looked at Namjoon sadly.

"So it's true, what the doctor told me. You can't speak?" Namjoon didn't respond. He didn't know how to. He still hadn't quite come to terms with it yet, and wasn't entirely sure he wanted to.

After a moment, the older man nodded. "It's OK, take your time. You've..." He looked over to the window, guilt in his eyes. "You've been through a trauma."

Namjoon didn't want to be reminded. But the word trauma just brought back images of a bloody leg, of endless burns, skin bubbling, a fire, screaming, screaming-

"Namjoon!" His breathing picked up, before he knew it, a nurse had rushed into the room and emptied a syringe into his IV.

His breathing slowed back down, he hadn't realized the machine next to him had been beeping like crazy but it too calmed down.

A sigh, "Sorry Namjoon, I- I guess I'll have to watch what I say from now on."

Namjoon wasn't really listening. He wondered how the other boys were doing. Jungkook, Taehyung, Hoseok. The last time he'd seen the latter, his lifeless body was contorting off of a stretcher. Was he even alive still?

A hand waved in front of his face. He turned back to his boss. "-joon. Look, as soon as everyone is stable they're loading everyone back on a plane to Korea. Now wait-" He raised his voice at the end when the machine started beeping quickly again at the word 'plane.' "I know it'll be hard but
we have to get everyone back to Korea."

Namjoon grabbed for a tissue from the tissue box on his bedside table. He motioned for a pen, which the older man gave him from his pocket. He struggled to write, his hands were shaking, and the tissue kept coming close to tearing. When he was done, he held up the paper for Bang Sihyuk to see.

**Sedate us.** It read.

The older man read it, Namjoon could tell he understood when a look of indescribable sadness appeared on his tired face.

He nodded, then clasped Namjoon's shoulder. "I'm going to go check in on the other's, we'll be leaving in a few hours." Namjoon blinked up at him, the man nodded, then left the room as quickly as he'd entered.

The nurse tried talking to him, but Namjoon didn't make an effort to try and translate what she was saying.

He didn't have the strength.

Hours later, a doctor came in and sedated him. He did his best not to think about the fact that he would soon be on a plane again. He thought back to what Hoseok had said, about how the crash had been a murder attempt. What if it happened again? He felt himself fall asleep, and prayed that the next time he woke up wouldn't be in the middle of the wilderness.

He woke up in a room, similar to the one he'd fallen asleep in but with noticeably easier-to-read signs, and much different weather.

He was back in Korea.

Funnily enough, with the 11 hour flight and the 13 hour time difference, it seemed to Namjoon as if no time had passed at all. It was still 8am. Granted, it was 8am the following day.

By the time he stopped feeling completely disoriented, his family arrived. His mother immediately swept him up into a hug, her glasses digging into a cut on his shoulder.

He didn't care, he hugged her back just a fiercely. He hadn't thought he'd ever see her again.

His father hugged him after, then his younger sister.

Geongmin set down the two bags she was carrying. And his mother began to talk, tears choking her voice. "Here- we brought you your favourite books, I know you've read them all before but we thought they'd be comforting." She handed the books to his father, who set them beside his bed.

His sister stepped forward, "We got you some headphones... we didn't know if yours were broken in the..." She trailed off. He took them from her gingerly, methodically wrapping them.

He ignored the looks his parents exchanged at his silence.

His room door swung open again, and four more people walked in.

It took him a moment to recognize them.

Taehyung's family.
Taehyung's parents, his younger sister, and his younger brother filed into his room.

"Who..?" Namjoon's father began to ask.

"Sweetheart, they're the other boy's family."

His mother interrupted.

Taehyung's mother nodded. She turned tear-filled eyes to Namjoon. "You- you look alright... They haven't told us anything... could you-"

"Is Taehyung OK? He isn't too hurt right?" Taehyung's younger brother interrupted.

Namjoon couldn't bear to look at them. He hadn't seen Taehyung conscious since the plane crashed.

His silence spoke volumes to Taehyung's family, however, because his mother began to cry. "Oh- Oh my-" She collapsed into the arms of her husband.

Namjoon's parents quickly rushed to comfort them, leading the younger boy's family out of his room and into the hallway.

Geongmin grabbed his hand. He turned to look at her.

"I'm..." She started to say, "We're.. we're just so happy you're okay oppa."

She hugged him once more, shoulders shaking.

Namjoon hated seeing her like this but was helpless to comfort her.

Helpless.

Like he'd been with Jimin.

Helpless.

His parents came back in after a few minutes, eyes red. They stayed with him for a few hours, but eventually had to leave to go back to Illsan.

Nurses came and went, checking his wounds, asking him questions he couldn't answer, helping him to the washroom. Once again, day became night.

With no one around, he started thinking again. People had always told him he had an overactive imagination, that he thought too much, spent too much time in his head. His mother used to say that his big brain was a blessing.

In a circumstance like this however, it became a curse.

He had two more panic attacks, one in the afternoon, and one in the evening that lasted almost two hours. Each one wore him out more and more. He tried to read one of the books that his parents brought but gave up after less than half an hour, the long lines of text giving him a headache.

The fluorescent hospital lights hurt his eyes. Blinking began to hurt because of how dry his eyelids were.
A day passed with no information about his band mates. Images of Hoseok, dead. Jimin, dead. Taehyung, dead. Jungkook, dead. Flashing through his brain. He even saw Jin and Yoongi, unsure if perhaps they'd suddenly died as well. He wouldn't put it past the universe at this point, since clearly it hated them.

Though maybe not, he thought to himself in the lone hours of the night. Maybe this was karma for all of the blessings they'd received. All of the good luck they'd had. Maybe they deserved this.

His door opened.

He looked over at the nurse, only to realize that it wasn't a nurse, but-

Jungkook.

The younger boy walked slowly into his room, shutting the door softly behind him.

Immediately, his hands fumbled against the wall for a moment, eventually finding the light switch and shutting off the lights in Namjoon's room.

The younger came closer, face lit by the buttons and screen behind Namjoon's head.

He was alive.

"Hyung..." Jungkook said.

Namjoon hadn't realized how much he'd missed the singer's voice. He hadn't heard it... he couldn't remember the last time he heard it.

"Can I...?" The younger motioned to Namjoon's bed. Namjoon understood the silent question, and scooted over so that the younger could slide in.

Jungkook sat on the edge, tentatively at first, then swiveled around to draw Namjoon into a hug.

Lots of hugs today. Not that he particularly minded.

"God..." Jungkook said softly into his shoulder, "I was so worried..."

Namjoon squeezed the younger a little tighter. Thankful to have him in his arms.

Jungkook readjusted, not releasing his grip on Namjoon, squirming around into he was lying next to Namjoon. The younger's face never leaving his shoulder.

Namjoon hated how skinny the younger boy was, how frail he felt in his arms. He rubbed his back, feeling the skin warm beneath the thin shirt under him palm.

As he rubbed, Jungkook began to cry.

It was barely noticeable at first. Just a slight shaking of the shoulders and an occasional hiccup. But that turned into more audible sobs, until the younger boy was bawling into Namjoon's chest. He felt his shirt grow damp. He hugged the boy tighter.

The boy's body was wracked with sobs intermittent with "'m still so scared...", "...was so worried...", "...'m so sorry..." Namjoon didn't know what the younger was apologizing for, but didn't try to stop him. He was helpless to comfort him.

Helpless.
So he did his best to show comfort through the tightening of his hold on the maknae.

After nearly half an hour, the younger fell asleep. Snoring wetly into his chest.

Namjoon wished he hadn't been so helpless... that he wasn't so helpless.

The youngest had had to take on all of this responsibility all alone, Namjoon let his own tears fall. Helpless to stop them, he fell asleep too.

The next morning, Jin and Yoongi joined them in Namjoon's room.

He noticed that none of the three were wearing hospital gowns, he wondered why he hadn't noticed last night.

He hadn't been discharged. He wondered why.

He listened to them talk softly, explaining Jungkook's concussion to him when he raised a brow in confusion.

When Jin complained to Jungkook, asking why he chose Namjoon's room over Jin's, Jungkook had teased "I needed quiet, hyung. You're the opposite of that."

Namjoon was grateful that those two had found some semblance of normality.

They spent the morning taking turns facing each other in checkers. Yoongi had pointed out the old box on top of the shelf and Jin had retrieved it for him. Jungkook had knocked over Jin's crutches twice, the first time on accident, the second time just to get a reaction out of him.

Namjoon listened to Jin talk about his cast, his prognosis of a torn ligament and two fractures in his ankle. He listened to the older complain about his crutches, and the long recovery time ahead. He tried not to pay attention to the way Jin snapped to attention anytime someone mentioned the others, the fear that never failed to fill his eyes.

Yoongi's explanation of his injuries was shorter, simply moving the sling with a short "They said Jin-hyung did an okay job at re-locating it." And a "These are all mashed up though, no more piano for me," when referring to his fingers. Namjoon saw through him though. It wasn't just no more piano for Yoongi. Namjoon knew that huge part of how Yoongi produced was through the piano in his studio and even through typing on the keyboard. Yoongi could pretend to be nonchalant all he wanted, but Namjoon could hear the despondent finality in his tone. Could see the regret painted across his face.

Namjoon empathized.

Would he ever speak again? Was he a rapper anymore if he had no words?

He understood what Yoongi felt, maybe even felt it more so than he did.

His career, his life, was finished.

"I win!" Cheered Jin.

Jungkook winced at the volume, hands clapping over his ears.
"Ah! Sorry!" Jin whispered, immediately withdrawing into himself. "Sorry."

Jungkook smiled weakly, "It's fine. I'm fine." He said, clearly not fine.

That afternoon, a psychiatrist came in to talk to Namjoon. The other three boys waited in the hallway. Like the nurses, she asked him questions, he didn't respond. 20 minutes later, she told him he was being discharged.

"I strongly recommend you see a speech therapist Namjoon-ssi," She said, "As well as a regular therapist."

At Namjoon's confused look she smiled for the first time since she entered the room. "Namjoon-ssi, all hope is not lost. With time, and with therapy, I do believe you will be able to speak again."

The dark clouds around his heart cleared a bit.

A manager he didn't recognize came into the room a few minutes later with some paperwork for Namjoon to sign. He did so quickly, then followed the man out of the room.

The three others were in the waiting room when they arrived.

They all got to their feet when they saw Namjoon.

"Alright, let's head back." The manager said. "We've got a car waiting out-"

"What about the others?" Asked Jin.

The manager pursed his lips, displeasure at being interrupted clear.

"You can come by tomorrow during visiting hours to see them." They all turned to look at him at this.

"They're okay?" Jungkook asked, eyes wide. "All of them?"

"They're alive?" Yoongi asked at the same time.

"Uh, yeah...?" The manager said, "Jung Hoseok and Kim Taehyung are in the ICU, and Park Jimin is in the burn center, but they're definitely alive..."

As if one, all four boys let out a sigh of relief.

"Thank God." Yoongi voiced aloud what they were all thinking.

With that reassurance, the four boys followed the manager to the black van that was waiting outside.

"Let's go home." Jin said.

Namjoon looked out of the window at the people walking down the sidewalks. These people... their lives are good. He thought to himself. They've all had wonderful weeks. He spent the ride imagining the different lives of the people they passed.

They reached their apartment as the sun began to set.

The city was beautiful at night.
Their manager opened the door to the apartment with little fanfare, they followed him in.

Everything was just as they'd left it. Their shoes in a pile by the door, Jimin's sweater thrown over an armchair. Dirty dishes still on the counter top in the kitchen.

Everything was the same. And they were so, so different.

The manager marched in and closed the blinds, dimming the lights for the youngest.

Jungkook nodded in thanks, quietly walking through to his room.

Yoongi and Jin, too, walked over to their rooms.

Namjoon looked around for a moment. Looking for a sign, anything, that things had changed. He found nothing.

"Here." A phone entered his field of view. He realized it was the manager, and took it from him.

"They recovered it from the crash site. It's all charged up."

The manager left before Namjoon's panic attack could start.

He broke out in a cold sweat. The crash site. Jimin under a piece of metal, the smoke, the fire, the smell of burning flesh. He was screaming he was screaming and he was helpless he was helpless-

"Namjoon, breathe! Jin grab a bucket I think he's gonna-"

Namjoon vomited, his chest on fire. He coughed and coughed. A hand rubbed at his back. Time passed. He was pretty sure he was crying still. He felt freezing yet he was sweating buckets.

"Let's get cleaned up." Yoongi.

Namjoon looked up. The rapper's pants and socked feet were covered in vomit.

Namjoon felt guilty, helpless.

Helpless.

Yoongi helped him up, he wasn't sure where Jin went.

In the shower, he wasn't sure how they got there, Yoongi turned on the water.

Namjoon couldn't tell the difference between the cold water and the warm, only knowing that it changed because Yoongi was narrating his actions aloud.

"-and now its warm. Alright lets get your shirt off..." Yoongi stripped Namjoon and guided him under the shower head, then stripped his own clothes off and followed.

Namjoon shivered, he let Yoongi wash his hair.

"Can you brush your own teeth?" Yoongi asked after he turned off the water.

The question resounded in Namjoon.

Of course he could brush his own teeth, he thought to himself indignantly.

He didn't realize he was scowling. Yoongi laughed a little.
"Alright then, I'm going to bed."

Namjoon proceeded to brush his teeth for nearly ten minutes.

He hadn't realized how fuzzy they had gotten, how gross they'd tasted.

He was beginning to realize that there was a lot of stuff he hadn't realized.

He walked into his room. His room. Not the forest floor, or the inside of a broken plane. His room.
He flopped onto his bed.

He hugged a Ryan doll close.

He decided to check his phone.

Unsurprisingly, there were dozens of missed texts. First, from days ago, from his family, the company staff, asking where were they. Then, from his parents begging him to still be alive. Then, from yesterday, from friends and colleagues, wishing him a safe recovery.

How did they...?

Namjoon opened up twitter.

Oh. That's how.

K-POP BOY BAND BTS SURVIVE PLANE CRASH!

BANGTAN SONYEONDAN'S PLANE GOES MISSING OVER CANADA!

BOY BAND BTS RESCUED FROM PLANE WRECKAGE!

He scrolled down, a video auto-played.

"And returning back to our story from earlier today. We've just received confirmation that the flight that crashed enroute to Los Angeles was indeed the private plane holding seven members of the hit K-pop boy-band BTS, and two of their managers. Emergency services are enroute to evacuate the survivors. We don't yet have any information regarding the extent of their injuries, nor the number of casualties. Please stay tuned, we will release new information as we receive it-"

He opened up the trending page. He smiled despite himself.

#STAYSTRONGBTS

#YOUNEVERWALKALONE

#ARMYSTRONG

Along with dozens of other tags were trending worldwide.

No, they didn't heal his voice. They didn't fix Yoongi's fingers or Jin's ankle or Jungkook's concussion. They didn't bring home Jimin and Hoseok and Taehyung. But they gave him enough strength to smile. And given how hard it'd been to do so lately, it was enough for him.
"I think he's doing it!"
"C'mon Taehyung, just a little bit more!"
"He's waking up guys! He's doing it!"

Namjoon wished he could cheer along with the other's as they watched the singer's eyes flutter open.

He clapped quietly instead, conscious of Jungkook's head.

"mm, wa'er.." Taehyung croaked.

"Water!" Jin yelped, grabbing the bottle from behind him with such force that it toppled to the ground. He fumbled with it, trying to pick it up, before eventually handing it over.

Like Namjoon remembered himself doing, he watched Taehyung down the entire bottle in less than a minute. The younger wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

At that moment, a nurse and a doctor walked in to the room. Huge smiles on their faces.

"Welcome back Kim Taehyung-ssi!" The doctor said jovially. "This... this is a medical miracle if I do say so myself!" The doctor clapped Jin on the shoulder, "Fine work you did out there! You could become a doctor yourself one day!"

He didn't seem to notice the dark mood that hung over the room at those words. Jin looking rather green at the thought.

They ran through a few tests, Namjoon moving out of the way alongside the others, giving the doctors their room to work.

Once they left, they crowded back in.

"How long has it been?" Taehyung said, voice raspy. "My voice..."

"It's been 8 days." Jungkook said, "Since they got us out."

Taehyung's eyes widened. He looked around the room, as if only just realizing that they were indoors.

"Oh- Oh my God!" His boxy grin spread across his face "Oh my God we got saved! They rescued us!"

They all grinned at his joy. Namjoon noticed Jin stealthily wipe away tears.

"And my head! It doesn't hurt! At all!" Taehyung kept talking.

"Pretty powerful pain reliever," Yoongi said, "You're a bit loopy right now."

Taehyung just smiled, joy apparent in every pore of his body.

"We were saved!"

They spent the next hour bringing him up to speed on what he missed.

"Am I the last one...?" He asked.
"Awake? Yeah, they had you in a medically induced coma so your brain could heal." Jin answered. "But Hoseokie and Jiminnie are both still in the hospital too."

Taehyung had nodded at that, eyes wide. "But they're okay?"

Jin paused,

Namjoon understood why. 'Okay' wasn't exactly the word he'd use either.

"They're recovering." Yoongi said when Jin didn't answer. "The three of you had the most major shit happen to you, it'll take longer to... adjust."

"Adjust?" Taehyung asked, worry in his tone. "Adjust to what?"

"Um..." No one knew how to tell him.

"Adjust to this."

Everyone turned at the sound of Hoseok's voice coming from the doorway.

"They mean it's taking me a while to adjust to this."

Namjoon knew without looking what the dancer was pointing to.

His leg. Or, lack thereof.

When they'd returned to the hospital the day after they were discharged, they hadn't been allowed to visit Hoseok. When they demanded to know why not, the nurse had told them that the sepsis in his leg was spreading too quickly. That, if they didn't amputate, blood poisoning would reach his heart before they could save him. That the choice had come down to his life or his leg, and his parents had chosen his life.

Namjoon knew that Hoseok wouldn't forgive them for a long, long time, for making that choice.

"Hyung..." Taehyung's eyes were nearly bugging out of his head. "Woah..."

Hoseok grimaced, and made his way over to Taehyung's bedside with his crutches.

"Yeah..." Hoseok agreed. "Woah. Gotta say, I had a much bigger reaction than just 'woah...""

Taehyung looked up at Hoseok's face, "Hyung, I-" He didn't continue, grasping for the right words.

Namjoon knew, the others did too, how he felt. It's what they felt too when they found out.

Namjoon was guiltily glad that he wasn't there when Hoseok first found out.

"We're gonna make it work." Jungkook said to Taehyung determinedly. "He's going to keep dancing."

Hoseok couldn't have looked less believing of Jungkook, but smiled anyways. "Yup, Jungkook's going to help me figure it out."

Namjoon admired his same-age friend, for being able to put on such a brave face day after day.

He'd been spared of doing so by the fact that he still couldn't speak. He couldn't be brave even if he
The next day, Taehyung and Hoseok were both discharged. Namjoon overheard Seijin-hyung, who'd been discharged with a concussion the day previous, say something about prosthetics to Hoseok. Hoseok, to his credit, did not outwardly show much of a reaction. But Namjoon saw the way his breath stuttered, the way his fists clenched at the word.

Visiting Jimin was always a bit hard for Namjoon. The younger boy lay in the hospital bed, just coming out of his sixth surgery.

Skin grafts, Namjoon recalled the nurse saying.

The dancer's eyes opened slowly as he woke up, grinning when he saw Taehyung standing next to him.

"Tae..." He said sleepily.

"Jiminnie!" Taehyung replied, going in for the hug, realizing his mistake, then settling for hugging his friend's legs instead.

Namjoon couldn't help but notice that Jimin looked a bit disheartened at the action. But he put a smile back on when Taehyung stood back up.

Namjoon was noticing more than he used to, being in the background without a voice.

He sat down in the hospital chair and fiddled with his phone while Taehyung and Jimin talked.

Yoongi had taken Jungkook home, the younger still refusing to follow his recovery instructions, but Yoongi clearly wasn't letting Jungkook fool him again. Jin had taken Hoseok to talk to Bang Sihyuk, to discuss options. Namjoon was thankful that Jin had volunteered, he couldn't imagine Hoseok going alone.

He sighed.

It was always a bit sad for him, visiting Jimin.

He knew that he visited the singer much more often than the others did, just like Jin had visited Taehyung much more often than the other's did.

It was a guilt thing.

He had been in charge of keeping Jimin safe. It'd been on him to make sure that no harm come to him. He couldn't help but feel guilty every time he saw the younger in pain, wincing and grabbing his chest.

He'd felt even worse when, the first time Jimin had woken up, he'd been convinced that Namjoon hated him. That Namjoon thought that he was hideous and grotesque he'd confessed in tears. And once again, Namjoon had been helpless to protest.

Helpless.

He'd written fiercely in his phone, not something he did too often, only when it was extremely
important.

"DON'T HATE YOU. COULD NEVER HATE YOU. HATE WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU. HATE THAT YOU'RE IN PAIN." He'd written.

Jimin hadn't believed him at first, Namjoon could tell. But as the days passed, and Namjoon came every day without fail, he thought that maybe, hopefully, Jimin had started to believe him.

It wasn't the burns that kept Jimin in the hospital for the longest though, it was the pneumonia. It took weeks for him to recover. Namjoon tried to stay everyday, but sometimes, on bad days, Jimin would just sit there and rant, belittling himself for hours. And Namjoon had to leave, he hated himself when he left, and always texted one of the other members to come comfort the younger. He hated it because he knew that in that moment, what Jimin needed were words of reassurance. And Namjoon couldn't give that to him. He just couldn't listen to him put himself down.

But eventually, almost two weeks after Taehyung and Hoseok's discharge, Jimin too was discharged from the hospital.

The following months were, without a doubt, the worst months of Namjoon's life.

Hoseok was probably the worst to be around, constantly angry and moody. Namjoon understood why, but hated what it made Hoseok become. Usually Jungkook or Yoongi were the ones to go with him to his physical therapy sessions, seeing as they were the only ones who could tolerate him afterwards.

Taehyung was hard, because he forced himself to take such an optimistic outlook about everything. But then he'd forget what day it was, or what he was doing while he was doing it, or he'd forget his grandmother's name, and then he'd lock himself in his rooms for hours and cry, the doctors saying that it'd probably be like this for the rest of his life.

Jungkook didn't understand the meaning of taking it easy, and with a concussion, you can't just skip the recovery. He'd sneak out to the gym, or play video games, or edit videos, and then he'd relapse so bad that they'd had to take him back into the ER three times. His constant risk-taking was stressful, knowing that they couldn't stop worrying about him.

Jimin had a hard time, things he loved to do, dancing, laughing, talking, all became so much harder when he constantly had to stop because of his lungs. He grew more reclusive, choosing to stay instead of going out. He began to resent the Bighit building, occasionally refusing to go at all. Fear took a hold of him, and he struggled to shake it off.

Yoongi tried so hard to remain as he was before the crash. But he wasn't and Namjoon could tell that it was hard for him to accept that. Namjoon had walked in on him, more than once, cursing at his fingers when he tried to hold a pencil. He'd broken his laptop in a rage one night, swearing that he'd never write another song. He'd gone to bed crying.

Jin became terrified of letting anyone out of his sight ever. If the answer to 'Where is ___' was ever 'I don't know,' he would become a ball of panic. His nightmares were the worst of all of them too. Namjoon hadn't told the others, but he'd found the eldest outside one night, at four in the morning, barefoot in the middle of the street, crying into his hands.

Soon enough, a year had passed. It felt odd, he thought, as the anniversary of the crash drew near.

It was a weird feeling, being out of work for a year. Being unable to speak, for a year.

He'd been trying, with his therapist. To speak again.
She'd given him exercises to do, told him to write in a journal, but ultimately she said that his voice would come back when it was ready.

He was on his phone, the company had just announced their comeback concert that was happening in a month. Twitter was going crazy.

Namjoon smiled. He was grateful that, after so much time with no music, no comeback, no content, that ARMY was still with them.

He couldn't deny that he was nervous though.

Doing a concert with no voice? It didn't make sense. They didn't know, either, ARMY. That he couldn't speak. They'd never gone into much detail about their injuries online. Dispatch had spread pictures of Hoseok with his prosthetic, and Yoongi's hand cast, but that was about it.

He was sort of terrified of showing them this weakness.

Weeks went by, and the concert day came.

They stood in a line, underneath the stage, dressed simply in jeans and white t-shirts.

They could hear the fans screaming above them.

"Namjoon-hyung!" Taehyung called.

Namjoon looked, Taehyung was holding hands with Jin, who was holding hands with Hoseok.

Taehyung's other hand outstretched towards him.

"Take my hand." He said.

Namjoon did.

He held out his other hand for Jungkook to take, which he did.

Soon, the seven of them were holding hands.

"Stage rising up in 3, 2..."

The stagehand called, showing the numbers with his hand.

The floor they were standing on hissed, and began to rise to fill the gap in the stage above.

The began to rise.

ARMY cheered. Louder than Namjoon had ever heard before.

He'd missed this, so much. Being up here. Looking out and seeing all of them, feeling their energy.

They let the cheers die out. Jin led them through their greeting, Namjoon mouthing the words he couldn't speak. He held a microphone for aesthetic only.

Down the line, everyone introduced themselves, thanking ARMY for sticking with them even after a year of absence.

Hoseok, at the far end, was the last one to finish his greeting.
Namjoon looked out at all of the little blue lights in the audience. His mind flashed back to that first night in the hospital in Canada. With Jimin in the bed, Yoongi and Jin and his side.

He remembered their voices.

"Where there is hope, there is always hardship."

He wouldn't be here, none of the seven of them would. Not if they hadn't had something they were trying to live for.

He lifted the microphone to his mouth.

The other six boys turned to him, eyes wide.

"The morning will come again." He said. "No darkness, no season is eternal."

He wasn't so helpless anymore. Not with these seven boys by his side.

He smiled. "Thank you ARMY, for saving our lives."

Chapter End Notes

Aaaaaand that's the end!!! I tried to get everything in there but I know there's so much left unsaid!!! Maybe in the future I'll write a bit more about the recovery from different perspectives hehe, and a sequel might also include more about why the crash happened ;-) Thank you all for sticking with me through this!!! I hope you all enjoyed reading :')

I know that the ending is pretty optimistic, and that it isn't the most realistic but I wanted a happy ending!!! Honestly, in reality Hoseok and Taehyung would both be long dead but that just breaks me little heart ;-;

Some injuries were given to members for a reason; the main ones being Namjoon, Hoseok, and Taehyung. I wanted to write about them loosing what was most important to them (Communication, Dance, and Memories), the other's injuries are more circumstantial but still just as important!!!

Anyways, if you're still reading this, thank you all once again for reading!!!!!!! <3 <3

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