"Taehyung! Let him the fuck go! I have your fucking money, he's just a kid!"

"It's too late Yoongi..."

"Karma's a bitch."

Your brother owes the South Side big money. One night that the payment is late leaves you in a place no child should be in, one day and secrets are being unearthed before your eyes, one week and you're afraid for your life, one month you're lost and confused, one lifetime you never thought you would fall in love with someone just as broken as you.
So this is a dark fic, I'm not kidding. That is why this warning chapter is up. If you have any complaints about the rags or think I should add more or anything, please tell me ;-;
WARNINGS AND INFO

Chapter Summary

Just something you probably should look at *shrugs*

This story is not for the weak stomached or for others who are triggered easily.

I do not condone these acts, writing is a coping skill for me. Please do not send mentally harmful comments or anything offensive to me, the guys would never do this, this story is just an act of pure fiction of my imagination and the fact that I want to prove to the person who has hurt me in the past that I can write and for myself.

I do not mean to harm anyone with this story, I would appreciate if you would not dog me on anything.

**Warnings**

- Pedophilia
- Rape
- Emotional hurt
- Self harm
- Major death
- Blood
- Other things I have yet to add

**PLEASE THIS IS THE LAST WARNING I'M PUTTING IN, IF YOU'RE EASILY TRIGGERED DO NOT READ, I HAVE GIVEN THE WARNINGS SO THERE SHOULD BE NO NEED TO HARASS ME FOR SOMETHING THAT IS PURELY MADE UP.**

I love the guys, I am proud of how far they've gotten. I'm not trying to harm them in anyway with this story.

**THE WARNINGS ARE UP, IT IS ON YOU TO READ THE STORY. DO NOT BLAME ME FOR ANYTHING THAT TRIGGERS YOU, YOU'VE HAD YOUR FAIR WARNING.**

also so before it really really starts. There's a few things that are not added in the summary, I'll explain everything.

**There are gangs**

There are three.

- **South Side**
- **Black Snake**
- **Red Side**
**South Side**

It is one of the main gangs in the story. It is run by the Kim family runs it.

Taehyung's father is the leader.

The gang is the biggest one and overruns the other two. They are allied with Black Snake through marriage.

They have the most area in the city, the majority of it is in the South.

**Black Snake**

The gang is also run by a family of Kims.

Namjoon is the leader of it, taking after his father.

The gang is allied to the South Side through Namjoon's marriage to one of the South Side Kim family's members.

They are the second largest gang. They have the borders to the upper East, Central, and partial Northern borders

**Red Side**

The gang is run by the Jung Family. They do not have any heirs.

The Jung family's close friends eldest son is the heir, through a pact made by the two families.

They owe a hefty amount in debt to South Side.

They are the smallest gang in the city, having the smaller borders to the East and most of the North.

**Why there is not much information on characters.**

Actually there's zero information. I did it this way to explain throughout the story and let you find out as you read.

I do have the characters figured out and their roles but I don't want to spoil the good parts of the story so have fun reading to find out
Prologue

Chapter Summary

The beginning of the end.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Taehyung! Let him the fuck go! I have your fucking money, he’s just a kid!”

“It’s too late Yoongi…”

“Karma’s a bitch.”

*If you think you are free,  
There is no escape possible*

-Ram Dass

Chapter End Notes

Can I just say that this story is up on my Wattpad, but I wanted to try and post it on here. XD
Two person Family

Chapter Summary

Your family is strange. You're a little too old to act that way and your mother and father is your brother.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

_A little boy who's sick, who needs medicine to help him get better._

_A little boy who's frail but always holds a smile on his face._

_A little boy who giggles at everything, who loves his big brother with all his tiny heart will let him._

_A little boy who was hurt in the past, but blames no one._

_A little boy, innocent to the world._

_A little boy who no one can protect from the devil._

_A little baby who grew into an angel only to be trapped in a cage by the Devil himself._

Let mercy take hold of that baby... Save him from the darkness no innocent child should have to suffer.

Your eyes gazed out of the window, your small body propped up on the windowsill.

A smile stretched your lips as you counted how many black cars you seen, listening to cartoons playing on the TV behind you.

Footsteps alerted you and you turned your head, silky hair hidden under an oversized beanie on your head.

"Hyung!" you giggled, running over, raising your arms, making grabby hands. The shirt hung off of your body, too many sizes too big, your body was overly skinny, too frail for your age.

Your brother chuckled and picked you up, sitting down on the couch.

"Hey baby, what are you doing up so early?"

You grinned and snuggled close. "Waiting for hyung, N/n's birthday is in two days!"
You piped up, holding two fingers, a wide grin stretching your lips while talking in third person.

"Ah, is that so? And how old is he going to be?"

"Fourteen! Fourteen!" you squealed a giggle, (e/c) eyes lighting up brightly. The young adult chuckled as he pinched his little brother's cheek.

"Then we'll have to go buy him something"

You pouted, bottom lip jutting out. "Noooo hyung Imma be fourteeeennn" you whined, huffing.

The other just smiled, holding you close. "I know baby I was just teasing, don't get mad"

You yawned, exhaustion finally hitting you from not sleeping properly, setting your head against your hyung's chest, the morning was much like others you've had throughout your life.

"Hyung... You won't be gone for long right? I don' want you gone with those scary men."

You slurred sleepily eyes closing. Fingers ran through your hair to soothe you into a peaceful sleep.

"Don't worry baby, your hyung will be home in no time... You promise to be good for Jiminie today?"

You nodded, eyes closing. "I'll be good, wanna watch cartoons and eat candy..."

The other chuckled, the noise lulling you to sleep, listening his words before you slipped into your dreamless sleep.

"I'm sure he'd love that."

You're life was fucked up as you grew. You could hardly remember through the amnesia that clouded your brain but you have a feeling, you know, that something bad happened.

Sickness tainted your body, uncontagious, but dangerous. Your brother fed you pills throughout the day on a strict schedule, all day everyday. It doesn't set you back, you smile through the confusion and pain. You're only a child once, right?

Chapter End Notes

My auto-correct on my phone might of changed some words and made it funny sounding or weird lol. Please bear with me ;;
Chapter Summary

You and your brother decide to have some fun and prank your longtime babysitter and his secret lover.

But there's something suspicious about the boy...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"M/n, wake up."

You whined, pushing the hands away that were shaking your sleeping form. It was still early morning, you knew that. Your brother always woke up super early to get what he needed done on the weekends, just so he could spend time with you.

"Five more minutes hyung."

You heard Yoongi sigh and walk away. Smiling, you slowly drifted off to sleep again. 'So tired...'

"Nope! You don't get five minutes!" You squeaked as Yoongi yanked the blankets from you, goosebumps instantly traveling up your arms and legs. Your (e/c) eyes shot open to glare at him angrily.

"Whyyyy? i'm not doing any.-"

"Shush" Yoongi held his finger to your lips. "Jiminnie is gonna be here soon, don't you wanna scare him?" Yoongi's voice was quiet, his lips holding a mischievous smirk. You knew that face all to well from all the times you remember pulling pranks on Jimin that could send any elderly person to the hospital. Luckily Jimin is 20 and not 70.

You blinked a few times, tired brain processing what he said before a huge grin stretched your lips. "Yes!!"

Yoongi chuckled at your excitement and pulled you up by your hand. "Ok, ok, now you gotta get dressed if you're going to scare him with me."

You nodded excitedly and looked up at him, crossing your skinny arms over your chest. Yoongi sighed, knowing exactly what you wanted and grabbed a black shirt from his dressure. "Fine, but, you can't get anything on it."

You grinned and put the shirt on. "I won't hyung, I promise!" The shirt was large on you, almost hiding your shorts that you wore under them.

Yoongi smiled and picked you up, carrying you into the living room. "How are we going to scare him?" you cocked your head, looking at him expectantly.

"Good question" your brother grinned, showing off his teeth and gums. He sat you down on the
floor and pulled some things out of a box. You blinked and looked at the stuff.

"Why is there fake blood hyung?" you looked up at him in confusion and he just grinned.

"A murder scene, and you, my little buddy, are going to be the murderer."

Your eyes lit up like christmas lights on a tree. "Like in the movies?!" Yoongi chuckled and patted your head.

"Yes, like in the movies. Now, cmon, we have to get ready, he'll be here in a few."

Yoongi got the apartment ready, smearing the fake blood on the walls and floor. The coffee table was pushed up against the wall where the window was, the silverware in the kitchen was partially dumped on the floor, a knife missing from the wood block, there were a few broken plates that were old and Yoongi let you smash them for fun. Some of the lightbulbs were unscrewed and there was a fake blood trail to Yoongi's room down the hallway.

The bathroom had fake blood in the sink and the bathtub, red smeared on the white tiles, the organized sink was messed up, bottles on the floor. Your room was untouched as always, but locked, luckily your brother had a key to get into the room. And finally, in Yoongi's room the sheets were strewn out, a knife covered in fake blood lay on the ground beside the bed, fake blood covered the old sheets and an old comforter on the bed. In the center of the mattress Yoongi laid limp, breathing as shallow as he could. His shirt was ripped down the middle, some makeup on his stomach and chest serving as fake gashes that looked red, thanks to the internet and telling you two what to do. He had makeup and fake blood on his face to look like he was beaten up.

The two of you had fun calling Jimin and acting like you were taken and Yoongi was getting beat up, the fun thing was is that he let you shove him while he was trying to talk to make it sound like he was struggling. Jimin pretty much freaked out when Yoongi told him that someone was in the apartment and they took you and were going to kill him. You and your brother cracked up afterwards after he hung up.

"Jiminie, please I ne-.... I need you to come here please!"

"Huh? What why? What's wrong?"

"Please! They mh... they took M/n... I don't think I can hold them off much longer until nh until i'm dead."

"Wait, hyung, i'm coming right now, don't worry, you'll be safe."

"Jiminie don't-"

You could still hear Jimin's panicked voice as he hung up. Maybe the two of you went overboard, but you've played pranks on the other boy like this plenty of times, he was just too gullible to believe the boy who cried wolf... a million times where there was no wolf.

Surprisingly to you, it did look like your brother was murdered. You made space in the pantry of the kitchen, looking out through the crack in the door. The kitchen was dark, the only lights were
where the stove was.

'We're going to have to wash the dishes... again.'

The thought in disappointment as you waited for Jimin to arrive, dishes were never fun to do. You tried to stay as still as possible, fidgeting in your spot out of habit.

The door slammed open and you flinched, not expecting such a dramatic entrance. "Yoongi! Shit... Hyung! Where are you?!"

You watched as the pink haired boy rushed around, checking in the kitchen, his wife, panic filled eyes landed on the fake blood trail. Jimin froze in place, you could hear his breathing hitch.

'We got him.'

"Y-Yoongi?" He slowly walked into the hallway. Once he was out of sight, you carefully and quietly stepped out of the closet and peeked around the corner of the doorway, seeing him near your brother's bedroom.

'Almost there...'

Slowly, Jimin pushed the door open more and rushed inside. "Yoongi! oh god! Can you hear me?"

You heard him panic more and you slipped into the hallway and into the room. Jimin shook Yoongi and tried to get him up. "C'mon Yoongi!"

You could see the tears in the pink haired boy's eyes, you felt pity well up in your chest. He really cared for your hyung, a lot.

'I wonder how hyung keeps a straight face through all of this...'

yoongi's face held a passive, almost dead look. It was impressive, really.

Slowly, you crept up behind the panicking Jimin. He moved to check the 'wounds' on your brother's body and that's when you pounced.

"GOTCHA!"

You grabbed ahold of his shoulders and jumped up and wrapped your arms around his neck. He shrieked, squirming around to push you off. "Get off! I swear to god i'll-"

Yoongi lost it, seeing your confused face as Jimin tried to grab you and the angry look on Jimin's face as he went from crying to 'I'll beat your ass'.

Jimin stopped and looked over to the older boy, blinking. Yoongi rolled around on the bed, in tears, laughter falling from his lips in a choppy melody. The boy that you were latched onto looked behind his shoulder at you and met with your big smile.

"Wha.... wait, hold on."

"Hi hyung!" you hopped down and grinned wider, grabbing his hand. "Don't be mad at me. It was Yoongi hyung's idea." You looked up at him innocently with round eyes, you knew Jimin was a sucker for the puppy face, just like everyone else was.

"Wait, that's not true! He wanted to do it too, don't blame me you little shit!"
You giggled as Yoongi tried to defend himself with a pout, crossing his arms like a child. Jimin sighed.

"You can't just do that to me."

Yoongi smiled. "Jimin, it was just a joke."

"It may be a joke to you, but it's not funny to me! What if that actually happened to you?" Yoongi rolled his eyes and sat up on the edge of the bed. "It won't, I wouldn't let it happen. You know that."

"Yea." You pipped up "Hyung would never let us get hurt!"

Jimin offered a small smile to you and sighed, patting your head. "I know, but..." He looked to Yoongi. "You need to buy me dinner for my troubles."

Your brother rolled his eyes and grinned. "Fine, fine, your highness."

"Yah! No sarcasm!" Jimin lightly smacked the back of Yoongi's head and you giggled. The blond haired man only pouted and rubbed the back of his head.

"Hey M/n, can you go get my phone in the living room, it should be on the table."

"Yup!" You darted out of the room and to the living room. Your eyebrows furrowed, not seeing your brother's phone anywhere on the surface of the coffee table.

"Is it under the blanket?"

You asked yourself, lifting the blanket on the couch up. Still no phone.

You huffed, nose scrunching in irritation, you gave up and walked back to Yoongi's room. "Hyung your phone isn't-"

You stopped in your tracks, hearing your brother and Jimin speak quietly.

"You should just move in with me... You and M/n."

Jimin spoke softly and genuinely, you peeked around the door frame. Yoongi sat in the same spot on the edge of the bed, this time, Jimin stood between his legs with his arms around your brother's neck.

"You know I can't." Yoongi gripped the younger man's hips lightly, looking up at him.

Jimin frowned. "It would be safer, please..."

"We will, after I pay off what is left." Yoongi said softly, pulling Jimin down, kissing him softly. "I promise."

The pink haired boy sighed, putting his forehead to the older's own forehead. "You better."

"Hyung?" You stepped out from the doorway. Yoongi looked up and smiled.

"Did you find it?"

You shook your head no. Jimin moved away from Yoongi and gently picked you up, allowing you to cling onto him.
"Yoongi told me that you'll be 14 tomorrow."

You grinned wide and threw your arms into the air. "Yup! I get to eat all sort of sweets too!"

Jimin let out a soft giggle and looked to Yoongi. "Are you having a party for him."

The older shrugged "When I get off work, we'll come over to your place."

"Sounds fun, doesn't it?" Jimin looked at you and you nodded.

"Yup and we'll play games!"

Jimin chuckled at your enthusiasm. "We'll do just that."

Yoongi stood and took you from Jimin. "We'll be going out later, wanna come with us?"

Jimin shook his head. You looked at him curiously, wanting to know why he wouldn't want to come with, it was more fun to spend time with both Jimin and Yoongi, just like a little family.

"I have work in an hour, but I'll see you guys tomorrow." Jimin's plump lips held a small smile as he explained.

Yoongi smiled. "OK, you should be heading out, I need to get this shit ready." he teased, pinching your cheek. You giggled and swatted his hand away.

"Great, I'll see you later." Jimin smiled, him and Yoongi looking to each other for a split second before he walked out. Yoongi looked at you. "Cmon, let's get you a shower then we can go do whatever you want."

"OK Hyung."

You looked to the door where Jimin left through. Sometimes he said he has work, but neither you or Yoongi knew what he did.

'Hope he doesn't work with the bad people...'

You willed away the thought, knowing, believing that Jimin is the sweetest person and would never do what your brother does. Ever.

Chapter End Notes

Heyyyyy oof so this chapter is pretty boring ik -_- but I'm trying not to rush things, considering I already have all the chapters written, so I've been adding some fillers and what not, it's pretty stressing.

Anyways, I hope you enjoyed this and stay tuned for next time.
The Car

Chapter Summary

Time with your brother is the best thing in life to you, but hidden dangers seem to be everywhere, even in the form of people.

Chapter Notes

Hey, it's me again. This chapter is pretty short, lol. When o wrote it at the time I had no ideas, but I kept it as it was.

Always, enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The sun blazed down onto the city, people crowded the streets, walking to work, from work. Squealing giggles and the pitter patter of small feet fell on the sidewalk.

You hopped along the sidewalk, small feet missing the cracks in the ground purposely. Your shaggy (h/c) fell across your shiny (e/c) eyes as you giggled, small, skinny fingers clasping the hand if your older brother.

"Hyung! Hyung! Don't step on the cracks! You'll break Eomma's back!"

Your elder brother's catlike eyes watched you with adoration and amusement.

"M/n, you know it won't break her back."

He chuckled, teeth and gums showing off as he grinned, his thumb running over your tiny knuckles.

Your plump lips fell into a pout before stretching into a wide grin, much like your brother's when you seen the shiny letters of the candy store.

Sweet Tooth

"Yoongi hyung! Can we go there?" you tugged at your brother, yoongi's, hand. Your free thin arm raising to point excitedly.

Yoongi sighed playfully a grin still making its home on his lips. "I dunno, you are pretty hyp-"

"Please hyung! Please, pretty pretty please!" You begged, hopping in place. You gave Yoongi your best puppy eyes, really craving candy.

Yoongi gave in, chuckling. He's always been a sucker for your puppy face.

"Fine fine, but you don't get to eat it all at once you gotta save room for dinner."
Your lips stretched into a huge grin, dragging the young adult with you into the building. It's like heaven to you as you ran around, picking all sorts of candy out.

Your brother always spoiled you, day and night, making sure you're the happiest little boy on the face of the Earth.

You showed your brother candy, babbling on about what they are, avoiding the sour tasting candy, your taste buds too sensitive to them.

Yoongi smiled as he watched you closely and protectively, listening to you talk about all your favorite candies. His gaze fell to a sleek black car that pulled up. His eyes narrowed, meeting a familiar gaze of the man inside.

"M/n, cmon, let's pay" You looked over and grinned, running over with a bag, letting Yoongi pay.

Your head cocked to the side as Yoongi pulled you with him, confused when you seen no smile, just seriousness. "Hyung?"

He draped his large jacket over your small frame, walking faster. "Shh, cmon, let's just get home"

The walk was silent, Yoongi kept looking around, panicked. Your little brain couldn't comprehend, shining (e/c) eyes looking back as a car followed you.

Your bottom lip trembled, whimpering quietly, feeling intense tension as you arrived outside the apartment. "Yoongi hyung I'm scared..."

Yoongi looked down, eyes softening at your tear filled orbs. He reached down and picked you up, letting you wrap your skinny legs and arms around his neck like a little koala.

"Shh baby it's going to be okay" he rubbed his hand up your back soothingly, unlocking the door.

Your eyes caught sight of the car across the street as your brother stepped inside, making eye contact with dark eyes through the tinted windows.

❤ ❤ ❤ ❤ ❤ ❤ ❤ ❤ ❤

"He's fine... No asleep..."

You peeked around the corner of the wall into the dimly lit kitchen, finding Yoongi pacing, talking on the phone.

"Yes I know. No, you have no right to see him after what happened.... I don't care if it's his fucking birthday, you already fucked up!"

You flinched as he raised his voice on anger, looking at the clock. 12:01.

'My birthday'

"No Mother, I have legal guardianship, I have say in where he goes, he's perfectly safe with me... No, they don't know about him" Yoongi's voice fell into a hushed tone.

You knew it was wrong to eavesdrop, but you just wanted to surprise your brother, to be held on your birthday. Clutching Mr. Kitty close, you watched closely.

"No, No, they wouldn't dare, you know that. He's staying here and that's final, I already have the debt... yea, bye" He huffed in frustration, angrily ending the phone call. You jumped when the phone slammed against the wall, the glass shattering and strewn out on the floor tiles.
"Bubby..." you whimpered in a small voice, stepping out from where you hid. Yoongi looked up, heart aching at the nervousness on your face, fear.

"Hey baby, what are you doing up?" he spoke as softly as he could, to calm your nerves, clearly seeing the wetness glistening in your eyes in the dim light. You casted your gaze to the floor, hugging the plushie closer to your chest.

"I wanted to surprise you... I'm..." you took time to think before speaking again "fourteen"

The young man scooped your small form up, cradling you close, fingers brushing a few stray tears from your cheeks, smoking softly.

"You surprised me baby, happy birthday"

His lips landed a gentle kiss onto your forehead. You smiled, clinging to his shirt with one hand.

"N/n wants to sleep wif hyung" You mumbled quietly, yawning. Yoongi's heart softened, taking you to his room across the hall from yours. Laying in bed with you, petting your silky (h/c) strands.

You snuggled close, eyes drooping, focusing on his heartbeat. "I wuv you..."

You felt gentle pressure at the top of your head as Yoongi pressed a kiss to your hair.

"I love you too N/n... I love you too."

Chapter End Notes

The next chapter is when the real triggering stuff goes on... I'm disappointed in myself, but, however, it'll probably be a while before its posted. I'm just giving you the warning now.
The sun shone through the curtains, sending dull light through your eyelids. Your lashes fluttered against your soft, unblemished skin as you cracked them open.

Your lazy gaze landed on the empty spot beside you on the bed. Sitting up, you stretched your thin arms above your head, elbows popping, yawning softly.

"Hyung is probably at work... I wonder if Jiminie hyung is coming over."

Tired (e/c) eyes glanced around as you got up, your feet softly padding against the hardwood floor as you made your way to the living room. Your gaze landed on a small, neatly wrapped box on the coffee table along with a note.

Your lips stretched into a grin and you reached for the note, knowing it's from your big brother.

'M/n, I'm sorry I had work today, I didn't want to wake you up. I bought you some cupcakes, have as much as you want. Your hyung loves you so much, my little kitten, happy 14th birthday, don't have fun without me.'

You giggled and held the note close as your dainty fingers neatly undid the wrapping paper on the box, not wanting to rip it. Your eyes lit up at what was inside.

"Oh my bejesus!"

A phone!

You had begged and begged Yoongi for a phone, often getting scolded for being too young for one.

Finding that it was charged, you turned it on and squealed. The background was of you and
Yoongi. Going through the contacts, you found your brothers best friend and your normal babysitter, Jimin, and Yoongi. You giggled at Yoongi's contact 'Kitty Hyung'

You sent a quick text 'Hey hyung i love youuuu, have a great day, can't wait until you come home'
You giggled, loving the feeling of the phone. "Now I'm like hyung!"

"This is so cool! I love Yoongi hyung so much!" You squealed, hopping around the space of the living room. You hopped to the kitchen and found animal decorated cupcakes, snatching one you settled in the living room, watching your cartoons.

❤ ❤ ❤ ❤ ❤ ❤ ❤ ❤ ❤ ❤ ❤ ❤ ❤ ❤ ❤

Hours passed through the day, still no sign of your brother. You laid, curled up on the couch, taking a small nap when a knock at the door woke you up

"Did hyung forget his keys?"

Sitting up, a bit confused, you waddled over to the door. You hopped to peek out through the peephole, catching sight of a man, and familiar dark eyes.

"That's not hyung..." you whimpered out of fear, squeaking when he knocks again, harder.

"Min Yoongi! Open up!" a deep voice spoke angrily, scaring you shitless. Out of instinct, you ran to your brother's room, grabbing your kitty plushie, and crawled under the bed.

'Yoongi please come home, please!'

The beating on the door continued, louder, harder. Angry insults and demands filled the apartment, then it all stopped.

Tears fell from your eyes, purely terrified. You knew your brother's work was different, he worked with bad people, bad men, but he would keep you safe. Right? Your small hand felt around your pocket, heart dropping when you felt the absence of your new phone.

"wh-what..." you chewed your lip, whimpering, tears streaming down your face as you listened.

Nothing, everything was silent. Crawling out from under the bed, you slowly and cautiously, made your way to the open room. Eyes wearily looking to the door as you felt around for the phone on the couch.

"please please, wanna call hyung..." your fingers grasped the cold object, pulling it out of the cushions. Your eyes lit up, pressing the power button.

Nothing.

Eyebrows furrowing, you pressed again and again, harder each time. A battery symbol popped up, your heart dropped and skipped a beat.

"it's dead?" you snatched the charger off the table, hastily plugging your phone in, sighing in relief when it started charging. Still, you heard nothing.

Deeming it as safe, you sat back and peeked out the window, seeing nothing. The sun was going down, dark reds and oranges streaking along the sky with the last signs if the celestial light.
"No one's here, hyung will come home and we'll eat cupcakes... yea" you smiled despite your fast beating little heart. It's always safe when Yoongi is home.

You crawled back up on the couch, pulling a soft blanket around your form, cuddling Mr. Kitty close. Your body slowly relaxed as you fell into sleepless sleep.

'Darkness, that's all I see, all I feel, nothing.... I like dreams like this... Hyung will wake me up soon and we'll eat cupcakes and watch cartoons.

Thumping, is that my heart? It's getting louder. What is that! It's scaring me! Stop please stop!

"Yoongi.... Damn... Up!"

Who is that? I can't hear you.

"Open... Out!"

His voice is deep, do I know him? The loud bang, hinges breaking. Is it... it's the door!

You shot up where you laid, breathing fast and shallow, wide eyes looking around, landing on a figure in the doorway. A smile stretched your lips, thinking Yoongi was home, before dropping quickly.

'No... no, where's hyung?!

You internally panicked as you gazed at the unknown man standing by the broken door. He is tall, his skin a honey tan, his face is beautiful, perfect, hair a vibrant red shade. The only thing about him that bothered you were his eyes, so dark, filled with emotionless emotion.

"Well well, what do we have here~?"

His voice is deep and smooth, it's anything but soothing, it's terrifying.

He took a step towards you, then another, and another. Your lips parted, no words came out, the man smirked wide. A stranger, a complete stranger broke into your home.

'No! Go away!'

Danger lit up everywhere in your mind as he reached out. Swiftly you grabbed a decorative glass cat you and Yoongi bought for the apartment and threw it hard, hitting him square in the face before darting up.

The man howled in pain as you ran into Yoongi's room, frantically crawling under the bed.

Your jaw clenched shut to hold in the whimpers as angry footsteps neared the room, your eyes blurring with tears.

'Go away, go away! Please!'

"Little shit, where the fuck did you go?" The man's voice growled in anger through clenched teeth, terrifying you, chilling your frail body to the bone.

A pair of expensive shoes entered the room, walking towards the closet. You flinched when the door was yanked, the handle smashing to the wall, drywall crumbling around it.

"Not in here hm? Or are you here?"
The man paced over to the chest filled with your plushies at the end of the bed. Since you practically lived in Yoongi's room, you kept your toys in it.

The lid was lifted and dropped on the floor near your face, you flinched terribly, curling up in a tight ball, biting your thumb nail.

"Come on baby, come out, I won't hurt you~"

You trembled at his voice not understanding anything. The man only turned, walking out of the room. Your small body relaxed, hearing his footsteps recede back into the living room.

'Please hyung... come home, I'm scared'

You whined quietly, covering your ears at the sound of smashing glass and wood breaking. Muffled noises of boxes being dragged and furniture being overturned passed through your hands and to your ear canals.

You sobbed quietly, curling up more, freezing when it stopped, footsteps walking back to the room. You caught a glimpse of an old beer bottle on his hands in the mirror, little fake flowers and paint from where you decorated it for Yoongi.

Your body completely froze, shifting uncomfortably at the silence. If the man listened closely, he could probably hear how fast your little heart is beating.

"Fine little bitch, you want to play that game." he growled lowly, pissed off. "I'll play too, and you won't like it."

You squeezed your eyes shut.

'Go away, go away go away'

❤

❤

A rough, large hand curled around your small ankle, yanking you out from under the bed, your skin dragging and rubbing painfully on the floor. You yelped, your body roughly manhandled and rolled over onto your back.

The hand disappeared, pressing down onto your shoulder, pinning your small body down. A low chuckle filled the silent room as you looked up at the larger man, maybe a few years older than you.

His dark eyes scanned over your trembling body, landing on your jutting bottom lip as you tried to hold in your tears.

Your heart stopped when his lips stretched into a blood chilling smirk.

"Found you baby~"
I don't know if you noticed but I had a little fun with the hearts XD lol.
I need a nap ;__; goodnight.
The love of the Sun and Moon

Chapter Summary

Nine years ago, everything seemed as if it was all your life would ever be.

It's all blurry memories now, forgotten dreams.

The Sun and Moon are always there, but miles apart. How could they ever love?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

9 years ago

“Hyung, why does the sun always set?”

Your question was soft as you say on your brother's lap on the roof of your mother's house. Yoongi's arms wrapped around your frail waist to keep you from falling forward.

A kitten and puppy decorated cast encased your left arm. Your right hand held onto yoongi's hand. Dark bruises covered your arms and neck.

Yoongi spoke soft and slow to make sure your five year old mind understood, knowing your mind will blank if he goes into depth.

“You know how we sleep?”

You thought for a few seconds, thinking about all your sleepless nights, afraid of the dark and the creatures in your house. You nodded. The older boy raised his left hand to pet your messy bedhead hair.

“Well the Sun has to sleep too, so as it sleeps, the Moon stays awake to make sure we all are safe.”

You raised your gaze to the full Moon, wide (e/c) eyes shining with its soft glow. Deep inside you wished it were true.

“Are they in love hyung?”

Yoongi took a deep breath and kissed your head softly. “Yes baby, they're madly in love.”

You snuggled back into the newly adult's warmth, feeling safe and secure. You wondered, about the Sun and the Moon, about all the monsters who have tried to snatch you at night to eat.

“Like Eomma and Appa?” You turned your head to look up at him. Yoongi looked down, dropping his hand to gently rest on your cast.

“No, not like them baby, not like them.”
What a short chapter lol. I hope you liked it.
His Name

Chapter Summary

Confusion and fear. It's the only words you can describe from the trauma you're experiencing.

Where is Yoongi at this time, why isn't he coming home?

Chapter Notes

So I suck at descriptions lol XD. Anyways, this chapter contains abuse, no smut, none at all.

I'm nervous about adding it lol, anyways enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You cried out in pain as the man dragged your small body with force to the living room by your hair. You thrashed, kicked and screamed, clawing at his wrist to get away.

“Let me go! Let me go!”

The man only tightened his grip in your silky hair, yanking you forward harshly, slinging you to the floor, having no care for how your young body bruised easily.

A yelp slipped past your lips as you hit your face on the hardwood floor, sluggishly rolling over, head lolling to the side. Your vision blurred with tears as you felt blood running from your nose, dripping down your lips, painting the flesh red.

The TV was cracked, broken, painted black, white, red, blue, green, other colors you couldn't comprehend. Glass of decor you had bought for your brother lay in ruins where it had been smashed.

Your glassy (e/c) eyes landed on him again, stepping towards you slowly, his dark eyes scanning over your trembling form like a wolf with a plump rabbit in its jaws.

Quickly, you crawled back, pressing your back to the wall, eyes darting around to anything to defend yourself with.

‘Hyung please!’

"P-please..."

The man watched you with dark amusement, bright red hair falling over his forehead as he tilted his head.
“Baby, don't run, I won't hurt you… too bad.”

He tilted the bottle, dumping the contents into the floor, your heart skipped a beat. He took slow steps towards you, licking his lips slowly, predator-like.

“Why don't you come here? Don't be scared, I'm a friend of your hyung.”

“N-no! Hyung isn't friends with b-bad men!” You pushed further back to the wall, hoping it would consume your body and let you disappear. Your fingers curled around a sharp piece of glass, feeling the razor sharp edges cut into your skin and your crimson blood ooze out.

The man's eyes darkened with your words, reaching down to grab your arm.

“I'm not a bad man baby.”

Your heart sped up, eyes widening in panic and you lashed out. The glass sliced through the man's forearm, deep enough to leave a small, bleeding gash. The man stilled, stunned by what had happened. You ran.

“No! Don't touch me!”

Ducking, you darted around him, making an escape to the door, stumbling clumsily as you tried to gain balance through the throbbing headache in your skull from being thrown around.

“Fucking shit, you little bitch!” He grunted in pain, reaching out, tangling his long fingers into your soft hair. You yelped in pain as he yanked you around and manhandled you to the ground.

His hand left from your hair, taking hold of your wrist tightly. He twisted the small appendage up, pressing the back of your hand on your spine between your shoulder blades. Tears sprung to your eyes as you screamed out in pain, squirming to get away.

He tightened his grip on your arm, relishing in your screams of pain. “Do you know who the fuck I am?”

He growled, his hot breath fanning across the shell of your ear. Your body shivered involuntarily. Whining out you shook in fear, mouth opening, no voice coming out from the trauma that already coursed through every cell in your body.

‘Hyung! Come home please, please!’

“Answer me you dumb bitch!”

He yanked your arm up more, searing hot pain traveling to your shoulder and down your body. A cry if pain shook from your body as you sobbed, voice weak and pitiful.

“No! Stop please!”

The man chuckled, deep and malicious as he shifted, knees spreading your small legs, crotch pressing against your ass. Something hard rubbed against you through layers of clothing.

“My name is Kim Taehyung…” you whimpered as he pressed to your body more, grinding slowly between the soft globes of your ass. Tears streamed down your face at the sudden assault, confused and paralyzed. His presence making the air heavy around you.

“And you better fucking remember that.”
“Don't play dumb, you know exactly what you did.”

The deep voice of a man. He sounded angry, very angry. A small voice spoke up after. It was just a meek cry.

“No Mr. Min! I didn't do anything-”

You squirmed, eyes squeezing shut at the voices in your head, whimpering quietly.

"Please..."

Chapter End Notes

What did you think? I'm not sure what I think about it, it's a bit short tbh, buuuttt I'm leaving it like this, I don't want to give too much away.
An Eye for an Eye

Chapter Summary

It's the beginning of your fall in Taehyung's hands.

What did you ever do to deserve this?

Chapter Notes

This chapter does have Rape.... I feel bad for writing it.

If your uncomfortable with underage material or rape, any sensitive topic, please don't read this.

I'm putting this warning up because you deserve to be warned and know what you're talking into. I don't want you to read this and be offended without any sort of warning at first.

Now that the warning is there, it's not on me if you get triggered by what is written so please don't comment hurtful things, I too go through hard things in life, I am human too.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“L-let me go… p-please!”

You pleaded, squirming under the young man above you, purely terrified. Taehyung chuckled, yanking your small arm to the side, rolling you onto your back. His brown orbs scanned over your face.

“Shit, Yoongi has been hiding you for all these years?”

He spoke slow, wetting his lips slowly. Whimpering, you pushed against his chest with your free hand, sobbing when his rough hand grabbed your jaw. His gaze watched large tears run down your soft skin.

“My fucking lucky day finding a little prize like you here.”

He tilted your head to the side, examining every feature, every flaw. You trembled.

“Let me go! Y-yoongi-hyung will beat you u-up!”

Taehyung chuckled, smirking darkly, showing off his vicious pearly whites. Swiftly, he had your tiny wrists pinned and restrained above your head with one hand.
“Y’know, I came here to collect my money from your shitty older brother of yours.”

He reached over, grabbing a coil of rope. You whimpered and kicked out at him, shaking your head no, twisting your body to get away as he tied your wrists tightly with the scratchy material to the leg of the table.

“Was going to show him how much it fucking hurt.”

The man growled, red hair covering his eyes as he reached into his back pocket and pulled a sharp knife into view. Your (e/c) orbs widened, body freezing up as he brought the blade to your body, ripping it through your oversized nightshirt, exposing your soft, tiny body beneath it.

“No n-no no” you sobbed, mumbling more to yourself than to Taehyung, body arching as large, impossibly warm hands slid across your tummy, down to the band of your underwear.

“This is much better yea? An eye for an eye.”

He yanked your last article of clothing off, nails raking across your bony hips and thighs, leaving dark red marks in their wake. You yelped, screaming out for help, unconsciously to the one you needed the most.

“Hyung! Help please!”

Taehyung chuckled, gripping your bony kneecaps and spread your legs wide, pinning them down.

“Stop screaming baby, no one's coming to save you~.” He smirked down at you, eyes glinting dangerously. You kicked and squirmed, fruitlessly trying to get away.

A loud, sharp crack reverberated off the walls of the living space. The pain barely registered in your mind as your head snapped to the side, cheekbone smacking against the shiny wood floor.

Slowly, you turned your head back, finding it hard to breathe when your teary (e/c) eyes locked with Taehyung's blazing dark orbs.

“Shut the fuck up, little slut.”

A pitiful whine escaped your throat at how fucking terrifying he was. Taehyung tilted his head, the joints in his neck popping loudly, causing you to flinch. The irritation radiating off of his body was nearly tangible.

His head turned to the side, gaze landing on the bottle that lay on the floor near your trembling, small form. He reached out, long fingers clasping around the brightly painted glass bottle.

“I'm done with playing games with you, time to get to the real fun.” His voice growled, chilling you to the bone with the promise of hurt and pain. His free hand grabbed your right leg under your knee roughly, yanking the small limb over his shoulder. The harsh treatment elicited a sharp yelp, your thighs twitching as your sensitive hole was exposed to the harsh, cold air.

The man above you chuckled again, darkly. You made no move to kick him away, to fight back, too scared of being hit or beat.

‘I just want Hyung… let it be a dream, please please~’

Something glass dragged against the floor, snapping you back out of your head. Your gaze looking up to Taehyung, instead if finding the other's seething gaze on your face, his eyes were fixated
between your legs.

Your heart plummeted to your stomach. You aren't dumb, you're just a very sheltered child. Sure you heard Yoongi speaking hushed whispers to your babysitter Jimin, you seen the too-friendly touches between the two, yet you never thought much of it. You were just too sheltered.

"N-no please I'm sorry... Please-!"

Your begging was silenced as something foreign, hard and cold pressed against your tight puckered skin. Brightly colored glass peeked out from between your legs at you. Your shock filled brain processed slowly, piecing together what was happening.

'What is... Is that the bottle...?'

Taehyung's devilish smirk set the ticking bomb off in your head

“No! Please! Please! D-don't! L-let me go!”

You screamed, kicking your left leg out, arching your back, raising your small hips to get away from the object

With an amused look, Taehyung pressed your hips down with scary ease. “You were a bad boy, you'll take what I give you, yea?”

You whimpered softly, squirming the best you could against him as the pressure on your rim increased. With one final, harsh push, your back arched sharply, a cracked screech ripping through your throat.

Blinding pain and searing hot shocks traveled up through your spine as the bottle was pressed deeper and deeper. The wide base if the neck stretching you horribly.

“Shhh baby, it's punishment, take it like a good pup~.”

Taehyung watched your tight hole hungrily as it ate up the cold glass. His dark gaze traveled up your spasming body, landing on your face. It was a delicious sight to take in, his sick lustful mind eating it up.

Your rosy lips formed into a very enticing “o” shape, your glassy, unfocused eyes gazing up at the ceiling. The once silky soft (h/c) hair stuck to your forehead from the cold sweat that broke throughout your body.

His favorite was none of those, your delectable body was something euphoric, but your noises were something entirely else. Broken whimpers and soft cries fell from your gorgeous lips, sobbing in pain. Fuck, he loved it.

“So beautiful” he breathed out, lips stretching into a wider smirk.

You trembled, eyes squeezing shut, sharply inhaling. Your drool glossed lips widened in a silent scream. Your body was pushed to its limits as the beginning of the body of the unforgiving glass pressed in.

“N-no I can't.” you whimpered softly, hips jolting. “No! Please!”

‘Make it stop.’

You turned your head to the side, hiccupsing. Ugly sobs wracked through your body. What did you
ever do to deserve this?

Chapter End Notes

So this was awkward... Anyways, the next few chapters will have the same sensitive topics in them, just a fare warning. I'll write in the end notes if the next chapter is safe to read or not, I do t want any of you reading something without knowing what It is at first.

Anyways, have a good day   bye.
6 years ago

You sat at the desk in your room. The space dark, the only light sad radiating from the lamp on the smooth surface of the table. Your brightly colored red pencil scratched against the paper of your coloring book.

The pages all adorned elaborate colors in patterns and designs, some of them your brother did. Next to you, you had a shelf filled with 5 large coloring books. Yoongi bought you one every year to keep you occupied and out of sight from your parents.

‘Bubby is gonna love this kitty picture’ you thought happily, grinning from ear to ear, proud of the brightly colored cat on the page. Your smile fell, grip slipping on the pencil as you trembled. Your father’s angry voice echoed throughout the large house, followed by your older brother yelling back.

Curiosity overtook your fear as you got up, reaching for the door. The large scars, long and jagged up your left arm glared at you in the light of the room.

With soft padded steps, you perched yourself on the stairs, peeping through the banister to the family room.

Your drunk of a father was drinking out of a quarter full booze bottle, his face full of rage, the type that made you tremble and cower in fear

Yoongi stood in the middle of the room, angrily glaring at the man on the couch. It scares you the most, that your brother holds the same rage filled face as one of your makers.

“You can't make fucking deals with him! Do you not realize the shit your family will get into?!” Yoongi rages, gritting his teeth, glare hardening with every word he spoke.

“It's a few bucks, boy you better shut your trap, it's none of your damn business.” your father growled calmly, taking a large gulp of the foul liquid that swished in the bottle.
“No! You don't understand, Kim Taehyung will ruin your fucking life, your family!”

Your father stood, eyes glinting with rage and something you didn’t understand. “Yoongi, shut the fuck up.”

“I'm not letting you do this, not with M/n he-” A yelp of pain escaped his lips as your father grabbed the back of his neck, dragging him forward, pushing him face down to the couch.

“What, sticking up for that little shit now? Huh?!”

Your eyes widened. You've seen your father beat Yoongi before, he even hit you around. But never in your life have you seen this.

Your brother shrieked out in fear, squirming. “Stop! St-” the angry drunk man grabs the younger's flailing wrists, pinning them to the small of his back. His other hand hooked into the back of his jeans.

“Shut up, you deserve this, slut.”

‘Is Appa going to give hyung spankings?’ you wondered, shifting uncomfortably at the vibes you got. You flinched, body jolting at yoongi's animalistic shriek. The noise haunted you, making you tremble as you seen your father's hand sink into the back of your brother's pants.

Your eyes were wide as you seen the tears fall freely, his face scrunched in pain. A small whimper fell from your lips, not able to stand the fear and pain on Yoongi's face. Your father stopped, his dark beady eyes landing on you. Yoongi looked up, eyes widening in despair, silently trying to tell you to run.

Your father's lips fell into a disgusting smirk. “I have a better idea.”

Roughly, he tied Yoongi's wrists tightly behind his back, shoving him to the floor.

“W-wait! Leave him alone!”

Yoongi's voice was filled with fear, not for himself, but for you. You were frozen in place, breathing coming in short, panicked gasps, anxiety building up in your chest.

“M/n baby, come here.” Your father spoke in an authoritative tone, eyes holding promise of another beating if you didn't comply.

Slowly, despite your brother pleading you to run, you made your way down the expensive wooden stairs and to your father.

“Yes Appa?” you looked up, bright (e/c) eyes filled with child innocence and fear. Your father licked his lips, grinning, breath filled with the stench of intoxication. He grabbed your thin wrists, trapping you between him and the luxurious leather cushions of the couch.

You laid paralyzed, confused, wide eyes looking up to your father. “Are… are we playing a game?”

God your father loved that about you, no matter how many times he beat you, you always trusted him. You were an amazing boy, an amazing baby boy.

“Yes, a fun game.”

“Please! Don’t touch him! He's only eight, Let him go!” Yoongi’s voice broke and cracked, tears
filling his eyes and spilling over his cheeks.

“Yoongi, watch, this is what you get for defying me.”

Your father spoke venomously, smirking at you brother. His huge hands dumped the bronze liquid in the bottle out, looking down at your body with pure hunger. Your eyes widened, a sob escaping your lips, confused by your brother's crying and how your father acted.

“Good boy, cry more for daddy~.”

❤❤❤❤❤❤❤❤❤

The world was dark, filled with pain. Your broken sobs muffled by the ripped cloth of your dinosaur print underwear.

Your upper back laid in a painful arch, arms tied up, elbows bent awkwardly, extension cords securing them to the legs of the table painfully. Your wrists bled from how much you struggled.

Your soft ass hung off the table, skinny legs limply dangled, toes barely touching the floor, legs wide.

Crimson, iron drenched liquid dripped down the glass bottle that was left lodged in your small, trembling body as far as it would go. It hurt, the abuse to your inner walls, your prostate rubbed raw, the stretch of the glass bringing you to the brink of passing out multiple times as you played a ‘game’.

Your skin was bruised and broken by the slashes of a knife, hiccups decorated your inner thighs and hips like sprinkles on an ice-cream cone. Your limp cock lay aching from pain between your legs, sticky white painting your soft, slim tummy.

You whimpered and sobbed behind your makeshift gag, hiccuping quietly as you heard your father's heavy footsteps.

Tears ran freely down your face, shapes blurrily moving around you. The sound of material ripping, torn apart by a sharp blade filled your ears, causing your whole body to cramp and tense up. Your pain doubled.

“Clean this filthy mess up and next time. Don't piss me off or I won't hold back from taking him.”

Your father's voice sent paralyzing fear throughout your already stiffened body. Your hazey eyes shifted around the room.

You flinched, feeling a soft, warm hand on you. A weak cry escaped from your gagged mouth, sobbing more.

“Shh baby, it's me, hyung's here, don't cry.”

Yoongi’s voice soothed you softly. You looked up, barely able to make out the figure of your brother. Long fingers pulled the saliva soaked cloth out of your mouth, coughs and whimpers escaped your trembling lips, thick, leftover white substances sliding down your constricting throat.

The cable fell from your bruised and bloodied wrists, freeing them. You had no strength left in your body to move, your body lay limo like a ragdoll.

“h-hy-hyung, don't!” You yelped, head lolling to the side, new pools of tears forming in your eyes
as his fingers reached for the bottle between your legs.

“Hey, hey, calm down baby, we have to get this out.” He soothes, his voice shaky and weak as he took in the horror of you, his fucking little brother, ruined on the table you colored and ate at when you were younger.

He pet your thigh gently, watching as you calmed down at the soothing touch. Yoongi grabbed the offending object protruding out of your bloodied body.

You screamed bloody murder, your raw throat feeling ripped and abused. Your weak legs kicked out as your inner muscles convulsed around the hard object.

“Hyung! H-hurts! Stop!”

He kept pulling, his heartbreaking at how terrified you sounded, how scared you looked when you squirmed, how traumatized you were. Tears ran down his face as he watched you scream and bleed, he felt just as helpless as you.

Once it was out, he gently scooped you up in his arms, not missing how your frail body stiffened then relaxed to his touch. He carried you to the direction of the downstairs restroom.

You peeked over his shoulder, your pain filled eyes meeting the emotionless gaze of your mother. ‘When did she get here? Is she gonna yell at Appa?’

“E-Eomma...” your voice was weak as you calmed out, your small, bruised arm reaching out.

“Baby, don't look at her.” Yoongi spoke softly, hand pushing your head down to his shoulder. It didn't stop you from catching the hatred burning in your mother's eyes.

'Is she mad? Mad at me? What's wrong mommy?’

❤❤❤❤❤❤❤❤❤❤

“Baby, what did you get at the park?” You grinned as you hopped into your brothers apartment. He just got it, you didn't know your brother got so much money working at a cafe!

You giggled, setting your bag down, pulling out paints then two bottles. Yoongi frowned, jaw clenching at week old memories. Your bruises were just now clearing up, it pained him to even see a booze bottle.

Your innocent eyes looked up and you patted the floor beside you. “Hyung, you can't hate the bottles, it's not their fault.” you grinned wider.

“Let's paint then to show how much we appreciate them holding all sorts of drinks for us!”

He couldn’t say no, not to the big eyes staring at him, not with the words coming from an eight year-old that sounded so wise. He sat beside you, painting the bottles with you.

The two of you sat the bottles on the windowsill with fake flowers in them, bottles that were long gone forgotten, now have a purpose again. Yoongi held your tiny hand in his.

Everyday the two of you went looking for bottles in the park, painting and putting fake flowers in them. You even gave some away to the pregnant ladies and little kids at the park, telling them how important it was to appreciate the bottles too, to see how pretty they were when made into something new.
It was admirable, how strong you are, to deal with what goes on behind closed doors. And that scares him more. A thousand bottles filled with flowers seemed to make the world more worth living in.

Chapter End Notes

Well there it is, I'm going to add a shit ton of tags just to be a hundred percent sure that I've got everything covered.

Anyways, next chapter is going to have the same set of subjects besides incest. I'm sorry for all the triggering content -_- and I'm sorry that I'm not 100% perfect at writing.

Anyways, have a good day/night.
Take it like a Good Boy

Chapter Summary

The world is full of pain for you. It's just the beginning of the end of your perfect Utopia you lived in.

Chapter Notes

So this chapter, yet again, does have rape in it. So again, if you're uncomfortable with the acts of non-con, please don't read, I don't want to scar you or hurt you emotionally in any way.

Anyways, read on at your own risk.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

‘Fuck, he's perfect, so beautiful.’

Taehyung's pink, plush lips parted. His hand pressing the bottle harder into your small body. His dark gaze watched as you arched, and squirmed, crying in pain.

Your chest rose and fell with shallow, quick breaths. The pain was horrible, it tore your mind apart, ripping your thoughts to shreds. A warm hand slid up your body, the touch felt so hot, too warm. Fingers slid over the smooth expanse of skin of your chest, brushing over one of your perky, pink nipples.

You flinched, a hoarse moan echoed off the walls of the room, bouncing back at you. Taehyung smirked down at you, his fingers pinching and pulling, watching your nipple bloom a flaming red at the harsh treatment.

His grip on the bottle tightened, twisting it up at an angle, jabbing hard.

“No! St-stop plea-ah!”

You threw your head back, knocking it against the floor harshly, gasping. A sharp spark of painful pleasure shot up your spine. It felt so good, hurt so bad, it confused you thoroughly.

Your body trembled, the heel of your left foot dug into the floor and the muscles your right leg strained on its perch on Taehyung's shoulder.

Taehyung's eyes lit up, smirk stretching wide. “Did you like that hmm~?” He pressed the bottle harder twisting it, the paint scratching on your sensitive rim.

“N-no hah ah- stop puh-p-please!”

You begged, shaking your head, hips jolting up at the torture. Your teeth tore through your lip hard at the tingling sensation in the pit of your stomach, short whines vibrated through your throat.
Taehyung's large hand on your chest stopped pinching and slid down, fingers bumping over and in the dips of your rib cage.

‘It hurts.. I don't like it I wanna wake up! Let me wake up!’

You squeezed your eyes shut, your choked sobs and whines filling the silent room, the pain unreal. If it were a dream, you're sure the pain, the all too real feelings would wake you up. This is reality, not fantasy.

The hand left your body, leaving you gasping at the sparks pricking your skin where it had been.

“Oh, what's this~?”

Taehyung's reached down, amused, grabbing the half hard flesh of your cock. Your lips parted, inhaling sharply, body arching up. His hand tugged lightly, dragging up and down dryly, coaxing loud high pitched moans from you.

“pleeease ngh, I don… don like!” You slurred, crying out when the bottle harshly hit your prostate.

The young man continued to tug at your hardening flesh, thumbing at the slit. His other hand worked the bottle harder and harder, slamming it into your trembling body over and over, ignoring your pleads and begs.

“Hmm ngh…stop ah!”

You begged, confused at the millions of little coils in your stomach tightening up, the muscles in your body tensing.

Taehyung's thumb slid over the pink head of your hard cock, spreading the beads if precum over the hard flesh, allowing a wetter slide.

Your body jolted at the stimulation, arms tugging at their bonds, wanting to get away, needing to.

A dark smirk adorned the young man's face as he watched you struggle with a confused, pain and pleasure twisted face. It was Absolutely gorgeous to him.

He leaned down, lips ghosting over your cheek, hair tickling your skin as he spoke hotly into your ear.

“Scream for me baby, cum all over my hand like a good boy.”

His hand sped up, squeezing lightly. Your hips rocked to the bottle and the warm hand over your cock unconsciously. Taehyung's dark gaze locked with your teary one.

“N-no a-ah!”

Your pretty, teary eyes rolled back into your skull, lips parting as you cried out, broken and cracked. The coil deep in the darkest pits of your stomach snatched, your hips pushing up as you came onto his hand and your stomach. Sticky, white fluid slid down your skin and onto the floor. Your mind faded in and out of the situation, eyes drooping sleepily.

“There you go, just like that. So good for me.”

Taehyung praised, stroking your softening member steadily. Your body shivered and jolted in protest to the oversensitivity running through your every nerve, whimpering softly.
Taehyung stopped, letting go of your soft flesh. He lowered your leg, keeping it wide apart from its
twin.

‘It hurts...’ You whimpered, eyes half lidded, your body feeling too heavy to move. Taehyung left
the bottle lodged in your body and stood up.

Your blurry eyes looked up at him, seeing the rectangular shape of a phone in his hands, the click
of a camera barely registering in your mind. Your head lolled to the side, eyelashes stuck together
with tears.

“Fuck, so pretty.” He mumbled, his hands undoing the rope around your wrists, letting your arms
drop limp onto the floor.

Your muscles attempted to relax, inner walls clenching around the painful object lodged inside.
The pain was numbing, your senses fried.

“Baby, looks like you gave me a little problem~”

Taehyung's singsong voice brought you back down to Earth, a cheshire grin adorning his features.

“P-problem?” Your voice was weak, barely audible as Taehyung kneeled between your spread
legs. The tent in his pants caught your eyes.

Panicked, you squirmed, feeling his hands grab your legs, nearly encircling the small structure of
your thighs, rolling your weak body over onto your stomach.

"n-no more." you whimpered quietly, voice cracking. The plea went unheard.

A zipper undoing rang in your ears, the sound making your stomach twist and feel sick.

Your head turned to look behind, catching a glimpse of the older's large, rock hard organ, standing
proud with an angry red color.

It was frightening, more than the bottle.

“N-no please...”

You whimpered, trying to crawl away, yelping loud when the bottle was yanked away harshly.
Your rim clenched and throbbed in pain, trying to close up.

Warm hands wrapped around your hips, fingers digging into her flesh, pulling you back roughly,
scraping your knees against the floor.

“Don't run away, you're going to fix what you caused.”

Taehyung said, pulling your ass up more into position. Your eyes filled to the brim with tears once
again, feeling something warm and hard push against your sore, puckered skin.

“No... no... I don't wanna.” Your nails clawed at the floor wiggling your hips to get away.

You couldn't let it happen, not with how your insides throbbed and convulsed in pain from the
harsh treatment from earlier. Not with someone you didn't know, someone who wanted to hurt
your brother, someone dangerous.

A hand cracked against the soft flesh of your ass, leaving a large red handprint to bloom in its
wake. The pain stung through your nerves, your cry filling the room.
“Shut up and take it like a good boy”

He pushed past your sore rim, dry, pushing in forceful. Your mind blanked, breathing coming in short, shallow gasps as the large girth of the older's cock stretched you, filling you full of his hot, hard flesh.

Taehyung groaned, the noise loud in deep. Your mind processed it like a broken record, the images around you blurring as your tears fell to the floor, splashing in small, baby puddles. He nestled himself deep inside your clenching cavern, sighing in content completely pleased with the tightness of your body.

“Damn, so tight for me.”

He grunted, rocking his hips slightly, nudging deeper. Your eyes widened, squealing out as he pulled out halfway, snapping his hips back to your ass.

“N-no! Take it out! o-out ngh~”

You clawed the floor, blood coating your torn nails, crying out with each thrust as he ignored your begs. Your mind clouded with pain as he emptied and filled you, skin slapping against skin filling the room.

“Pl-please! Please! H-hurts!” You sobbed, crying in pain. Red hot liquid slid down your twitching thighs, coating them like a sick blanket.

Taehyung's chest pressed to your back, his hot skin feeling like a brand burning through your flesh, body molding to your own small one almost perfectly. His hands slid around your waist and up your sides, fingers sliding around your small wrists, pinning them to the floor. Hot breath fanned over the shell of your ear.

“Just enjoy it baby.”

Taehyung's hips shifted, cock slamming directly to your swollen bundle if nerves. The pleasure was borderline painful as you screamed out a sob-like moan.

Taehyung smirked, lips connecting with the flesh on the back of your neck, sucking, nipping and licking, leaving large bruises. His hips continued pound to yours roughly, balls slapping against your plush ass. You cried and moaned, neverending tears rolling down your cheeks as he abused your prostate over and over. It all egged him on to go harder and faster.

“Doesn't… d-don't feel good.” you drooled, protesting weakly, muscles clenching and throbbing around Taehyung's cock. You gasped, squeaking as he gripped your neck, cutting off half of your oxygen in warning.

“Shut up.”

He squeezed harder, coaxing pathetic whimpers and whines from your throat. ‘Let it stop’

Drool dripped from your lips, pooling on the floor beneath you, mixing with your salty tears.

Teeth bit into your shoulder harshly, fingers digging into your windpipe, nails biting at the delicate skin. Your body rocked along with Taehyung's, the pain serving as a reminder to your too-gone mind that it's all real.

“Scream my name baby, scream for daddy.”.
You did, you screamed Taehyung's name as he fucked into you. You screamed even when your throat begged for you to stop. You screamed until you couldn't, until the world faded in and out around you.

“Taehyung… daddy-... Ngh h-.....rts. Tae- ah!”

Your eyes rolled back, body arching weakly as you came again, painting the floor white under you. He didn't stop. You thrashed and writhed, begging and sobbing through the pain of overstimulation.

"w-wait wait please... N-no please! I-i-i can't!"

You babbled, hiccuping, attempting to pull your hips away. Your thighs shook, body threatening to collapse.

Taehyung pressed deep, hips flush against your ass, leaving no space between. His moan was one of pure pleasure as he filled your convulsing cavern.

Taehyung pulled away, spreading the plush cheeks of your ass. His cock twitched curiously at the sight of your puckered hole fluttering and clenching down on nothing, warm cum dribbling out and down your thighs.

It was the most beautiful thing he's ever seen.

You slumped down onto the floor, broken physically and mentally. The world was hazy, soft around the edges. Your mind buzzed, thoughts coming shortly and breaking away before you could grasp onto them.

"Damn baby."

Taehyung rolled you over onto a pile of glass, the shards digging and cutting your soft skin, the pain barely processed in your mind. He took in your wreaked form and smirked.

Your lips glistened with drool and blood from biting them so hard, eyes half lidded and teary. Your arms and legs lay limply, skin flushed a pinkish color from the heat, neck covered in dark hickeys. Cum slid and dried on your thighs and stomach. He absolutely loved his artwork.

He looked into your glassy (e/c) eyes. Tilting his head, he licked his lips.

“Don't die on me yet, we're not over.”

You sucked in a stuttering breath, vision brimmed black. All hope of being saved, waking up, seeing your brother again was all swept away by the hands of a bad man named Taehyung.

Chapter End Notes

I hit almost 2k words with this chapter, I realized I could've put this one and chapter nine together, but I had the past chapter between.... I didn't think that through -_-.

Anyways, if you read it I hope you enjoyed, it was hard for me to write it but I pushed onward with one goal, to satisfy my readers and to keep the plot on track.
Anyways, I was thinking about writing like a behind the scenes book for this, kind of like when movies have bloopers, just to have a more lighthearted and crack like book. I thought it was an interesting idea. Should I do it or not? Please tell me and I'll get to work XD
Debt Taken

Chapter Summary

After hours of abuse, you're taken from your home. Money can never amount up to how much you're worth to the enemy of Yoongi.

Chapter Notes

This chapter has mentions of non-con elements (not that I haven't written any of that but just thought you could have at least a warning, the acts aren't in this chapter, but a very clear reference to it.) and it also has kidnapping.

Anyways, here's the chapter, enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Smoke clouded the room, your dull, once bright (e/c) eyes gazed glassily to the shattered TV mounted on the white wall.

Your stomach felt full, disgustingly full, bloody lips parted, a heavy bitter taste smothered your tastebuds. Your small, drained body laid in the broken glass of decor and the broken painted glass of bottles. An oversized shirt swallowed your body up, shoulders and neck exposed, bruises of dark purples and red littering the skin. Various cuts ornamented your body like a Christmas tree, soft flesh split and scabbed up. Sticky white cum and dark crimson blood dried and clung to your skin.

Your body ached so bad, mind fried, unworking, unable to think straight. Despite the fact that you were clueless, not understanding what happened, you felt so familiar with the acts that tortured and pushed your body to its limits.

The shrill sound of a cell phone ringtone rang next to your head, the noise sounded so distant to your clouded mind. Your fingers shakily reached out, clasping around the foreign, cold object. Hazey eyes struggled to focus on the brightly lit screen.

Incoming call: Kitty Hyung

Your thumb swiped across the screen, holding it to your ear.

“Hyung?” your voice spoke, soft and shaky, cracking at the end.

“M/n, baby, I need him to pack your clothes an-”

You interrupted the frantic voice on the other end of the line. “Hyung… where were you? Wh-why didn't you come home?”

The back if your throat felt heavy, choking on small sobs, the hours of abuse returning to your broken mind vividly. Tears welled up in your red rimmed eyes, warm liquid running down your temples, soaking up in your greasy (h/c) hair.
The line fell silent for a few seconds.

“Please baby, get your bags, I'm taking you to Eomma.” It was strange hearing Yoongi refer to your mother in that way, it was strange enough that he wanted to take you to the person he kept you from seeing.

Footsteps neared the door. Your breathing sped up in panic, mind blocking out yoongi's voice, locking up. The wood panel screeched on its broken hinges. (e/c) orbs met beautiful, malicious brown eyes.

Taehyung stood in the doorway, cocking his head curiously when he seen the phone in your hands, vibrant red hair almost covering his eyes.

“M/n? You listening to me?”

Your body jolted, trembling in fear as Taehyung took long strides over to where you resided on the floor. His honey tan arm reached down, yanking the phone away from your weaker grasp, a cheshire grin stretching across his devilishly beautiful face.

“Min Yoongi, you're debt is past due, long past due.”

“Who the… what the fuck are you doing there Taehyung?” You could hear your brother's angry voice from where you laid.

Taehyung's grin widened, reaching down with his free hand, yanking you off the ground by your hair. The harsh treatment elicited a weak yelp from your trembling lips. It hurt, but your senses were numbed down by dull throbbing pain coursing through your body.

“I was here to collect my money, but… I found something way better.” You squirmed in his grasp, whimpering in pure fear.

“Yoongi hy-hyung…”

“Don't you dare touch him, I got your fucking money right here.” Yoongi's voice was pissed, desperate to get the young man away from you. The loud motor of a speeding car faintly came from the small phone speakers.

“I don't want the money. I'll be taking this little gem with me~.”

Taehyung pulled you closer, his minty breath fanning across your bruised flesh. You gulped, eyes widening.

“Taehyung! Let him go, I have the money, he's just a kid!”

A low chuckle rumbled through Taehyung's chest at Yoongi's pleas for him to let you go. His fingers tightened in your greasy, blood caked (h/c) locks.

“It's too late Yoongi…” He growled, angling your head, his lips brushing against your plump, bloody ones, relishing in the way you whined and trembled in his grasp.

“Karma's a bitch.”

The young man swiftly hung up before Yoongi could protest. His dark eyes scanned your body before picking you up.

Your head rested limply against his shoulder, Taehyung situated your legs to wrap around his waist.
as he walked. Your hands weakly clung to his shirt, fingers twisting in the fabric.

“Come on, let's go home.”

Your eyes gazed at your home, the apartment with the only memories you had in, as it slowly got smaller as Taehyung walked. Your eyes drooped and closed from exhaustion, too weak to protest against the young man.

Taehyung sat in the driver's seat of a sleek black car. Your fingers tightened in his shirt in protest when he tried to move you to the seat next to him. You pushed your face to his chest, seeking any type of comfort you could get, on Instinct. A hand placed itself on your back and the car started. You slipped into unconsciousness.

‘Home…’

.
.
.

‘It's your fault baby, there's no escape.’

A deep voice, scratchy and gruff, said in the back of your mind. It sounded so familiar, but it was a stranger to you.

Broken images if your memories played through, serving as dreams that would be forgotten in the light of the present.

'I want hyung.'

Chapter End Notes

Sooo I was actually motivated by some readers, one reader even encouraged me and motivated me further to write my blooper chapters for my bloopers book. You know who you are if you're reading this X3.

I know I know, it's just one reader that encouraged me, but even if it's one person it still matters, encouragement doesn't always come in big numbers.

Anyways, I hope you enjoyed so far, it's going to take me a bit longer for future chapters. I have multiple projects, I might have a oneshot book coming out aaannndddd I have my bloopers book, don't worry, I won't forget about this, I just have a bit of an over active brain X3.

ANYWAYS, GOODNIGHT AND SEE YOU NEXT TIME.
Chapter Summary

Taehyung wants to use you against your brother because of who your father is.
You wake up in a strange place with a kind man and a little boy with the cutest smile.
Why are you here? What do they want from you?

Chapter Notes

OK so this chapter isn't that great but hey man at least it's here XD anyways, there's nothing extreme in here, no non-con elements except for a slight reference here and there.

Anyways, enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The spacious office room was completely silent, besides the occasional rustling of papers. Taehyung sat at the dark wooden desk in the middle of the room, his eyes looking over the cluttered papers strewn out on the smooth surface.

The glass door opened and closed softly, expensive shoes clicked softly against the floor. Taehyung looked up to the face of a handsome man. The man's face was serious, his fluffy purple hair neatly done.

"Jin is taking care of him." His voice was melodic and deep.

"Is he asleep?"

The man nodded, placing a yellow folder on top of the cluttered papers. The gold band on his ring finger glinting in the bright desk lamp.

"All the information we have on him, it's quite... interesting."

Taehyung cocked his head, grabbing the folder and opened it up. He scanned the picture of the smiling face of a boy, his gums showing in his wide grin.

"Thank you Namjoon."

Taehyung read through, finding information like the boys favorite places, hobbies, his attitude. The man, Namjoon, placed his hand on the desk, catching Taehyung's attention.

"You might not like what's in that folder, Taehyung."

The younger rolled his eyes, dropping the folder back to the desk, crossing his arms. He tilted his
head, vibrant red hair falling over his eyes.

"I don't see the issue, he's a normal teenage boy. His name is Min M/n, most likely the son of Yoongi, maybe adopted or his cousin."

He shrugged, not really interested, reaching for the documents to the side that he was working on.

Namjoon sighed and turned the page in the folder over, more written words on the other side. "That wasn't all."

Taehyung's eyebrows furrowed, leaning up on his chair to read. "Min M/n, younger brother of Min Yoongi, the son of Min Siwon and Min Seong-gi..." he froze, trailing off eyes glued to the name 'Seonggi'.

"'No please..."

"'C'mon baby we're just starting, don't you want to play Taehyung?'''

"'No! ''

He shivered at the voices he remembered, the begging and screaming.

'So he had another?'

"Tae, you took the son of the man who-

Taehyung clenched his jaw, lashing out, swiping the papers off his desk, watching them flutter to the floor with a look of pure hatred.

"I know who that Bastard is."

Namjoon stood, face stoic as he watched the 19 year old hide his face in his hands.

"What would you like us to do with him?"

The teenager brought his hands down. "What would I like to do..." he looked up to Namjoon, his eyes holding burning fire in them.

"Keep him. Yoongi and his family will pay."

❤ ❤ ❤ ❤ ❤

'Warm... am I home?'

You rolled over, the world around you was soft and warm. You cracked your eyes open, reaching out sleepily.

"y'ngi hyung." your voice was tired, sluring over as you called put for your brother.

A chuckle caught your attention, the voice was definitely not Yoongi's. You shot up in the plush blankets, your wide eyes met the kind gaze of a young man. His plump lips stretched into a smile.

"Morning sleepyhead, you've been asleep almost all day." his voice was soft as he spoke to you like you were a kicked puppy.

"Who are you? Where am I?"
You scooted away from him, voice shaky as you spoke. Your fingers twisted in the fabric of the duvet that covered your trembling body. The man's eyebrows furrowed in worry as he carefully moved to sit on the edge of the bed, not looking to frighten you more.

"You're in the Kim house sweetie. I'm Seokjin but you can call me hyung if you'd like, or jin would be fine."

You flinched when he tried to reach for you, cowering in fear. His sighed softly and gently moved the blanket away. "Please don't be afraid, I promise I won't hurt you."

You gulped and looked down, unsure if you should trust him. "Can you tell me your name?"

"u-uh..."

'What if he hurts me like the scary man?'

You scanned jin, he just smiled at you. "I-I'm M/n..."

Jin's smile widened "Aww aren't you just the cutest thing!"

Your cheeks reddened in embarrassment, nibbling your lip lightly. Jin chuckled and held his hand out for you.

"Well M/n, I think it's time to get you cleaned up, yea?"

You looked at his hand and hesitated before placing your smaller one in his hand. His carefully helped you out of the bed and to the bathroom, helping you into the tub.

You stayed quiet as he washed you, looking down as the water rippled with every movement made. 'I wonder if water ever gets tired of being here...'

Jin carefully cleaned your wounds, looking at your small body in worry. You looked so older than eight, and sickly. He eyed at the dark purple and red bruises on your neck as he washed your hair, frowning. His eyes landed on old scarred skin along your back, on your arm, scattered along your legs.

'He went overboard... again... with a child.' Jin pitied you, having to go through abuse no child should have to endure.

Jin rinsed your hair and picked you up out of the tub, drying and getting you into a baggy sweatshirt and sweatpants. "These are Hoseok's but they should do for now."

You looked down at the sweater then to him, hour (e/c) eyes studying him. His brown hair looked soft, his shoulders were wide, but he acted more like a mother duck worried for her ducklings rather than a scary man who wants to kill you.

"Can you tell me how old you are?" you blinked a few times and mentally counted in your head before smiling wide, proud of your age. "14! I'm a big boy!"

Jin chuckled and gently took your hand, leading you downstairs. "Yes you are." the two of you entered a family like room. It was dimly lit with floor lamps, a couch in the center, a coffee table, fireplace and some bookshelves. Your eyes landed on the toys on the floor then to the sippy cup on the table, cocking your head in curiosity.

"Wanna meet someone who's been dying for you to wake up?" you blinked, then nodded, you were
ready to run if it was than man from earlier, no matter how much you wanted to trust Him, you couldn't let your guard down.

"baby you can come out now!"

You looked towards a closet as a little boy pushed the doors open. His black hair was staticy, his lips formed into a pout, little arms crossed over his chest. He was wearing a cute pink bunny onesie.

"Appa! How did you know I was..." he trailed off, his eyes landing on you. A big grin stretched onto his face, big bunny teeth bared to the world as he waddle ran over to you. Jin chuckled and placed his hand on your head.

"Kookie, this is M/n, now you've got to be nice OK? He just woke up."

Jungkook grabbed your hand and hopped up and down. "I know! I know!" his large dark brown eyes looked up at you, sparkling with excitement.

"Hi hyung! I'm jungkook!" you blinked a few times before grinning, excited that he called you hyung.

Jin watched over the two of you as you played. He felt proud of Jungkook. The little boy was able to get you to talk, play, and run around. His fingers played with the gold band on his finger, lost in thought as he watched the to of you play tag, he only wanted to make you comfortable and happy, knowing it won't last long.

'Tae, why did you have to pick such an innocent child?'

Chapter End Notes

OK so I'm getting the first chapter of my Bloopers book finished up, it'll probably be posted sometime tomorrow, I'm a little nervous, it was hard to make but since the chapter it's covering isn't all that eventful I went with what I had.

I love the support you guys show me, everytime I read your comments I'm close to tears, you guys are such sweethearts, I appreciate you guys reading my book, I really do.

Anyways, stay tuned later today for my bloopers chapters, it won't be part of this story, it'll be it's own book, but I'll make them a part of a series so it's easier to find X3.

I hope you enjoyed, have a great Easter.
Scars

Chapter Summary

Your hurt wasn't only emotional, it's physical, every past experience that comes creeping into the depths of your mind is written like a book all across your body.

Remembering is the only hard part.

Chapter Notes

OOOKKKKK so I wasn't going to post this tonight but today was a very special day and I was extremely motivated to attempt to fix it up and post it.

I hope you enjoy

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Hyung! I'm gonna getcha!”

You squealed and dodged Jungkook, running away. The two of you were playing tag in the family room, careful not to break anything as you dodged around tables and hopped over the couch.

“Nuh uh! You can't-oof!”

You ran around the couch and tripped on the fancy carpet, falling to the floor onto your tummy. Jungkook followed in close pursuit, falling on top of you. The little boy giggled, causing you to giggle too.

Jungkook rolled off of you and stood up, holding his hand to you. He helped you up and you grinned, tilting your head.

“You wanna play something else?”

Jungkook looked up at you with his big eyes and shook his head no. “Hyung what's on your neck?”


Jungkook huffed and took your hand, dragging you over to a large mirror, pointing to your neck. Your eyes looked at the dark bruises on your neck, you lightly traced the marks.

“I-i don't know…

Jungkook's eyebrows furrowed. “Do they hurt?”

You shook your head no, pressing your fingertips the painted flesh, feeling no pain.
“Uh… did someone hurt you hyung?”

You gulped, looking at the floor. “That scary man w-with the red hair.

The little boy gaped lightly. “Taetae hyung?!”

You flinched, shook. “I don't know his name…”

Jungkook nodded and grabbed your hand, pulling you with him. “C'mon! Let go ask Jin Appa!”

Jungkook dragged you to the hallway where jin left through earlier. You eyed the pictures on the wall as the two of you walked. There were pictures of a boy with orange hair, jungkook, Jin with a man with purple hair, pictures of the red haired man, and pictures of two young boys and a man.

He took you to a glass door, holding his finger to his lips and pointed to the door. You blinked at him and peered into the room.

Jin stood with a man, the same man with the purple hair in the photos. They were talking to someone sitting at the desk in the middle of the room, you couldn't see who it was.

“That's Namjoon Appa, he's married to Jin Appa, they're my dadas.” Jungkook pointed to the man with the purple hair, Namjoon and to Jin, grinning wide.

“I got a brother too, he's nice, most of the time. His name is Hoseok, but I call him Hobi hyung.”

Jungkook looked over your shoulder. “Taetae hyung is sitting there, but you can't see him.”

You nodded and watched as Jin spoke.

“He's just a child-”

“Jin, please calm down, after what Seonggi did it's only fair.”

Namjoon placed his hand on Jin's shoulder to calm him down. Jin shook his hand no moving away. His eyes narrowed.

“No, this 'eye for an eye' shit is just going to turn in to 'a tooth for a tooth'! I'm not going to let that happen! I'm not dragging our family into this!”

“It's not going to-”

Jin cut namjoon off with a deadly glare, balling his hands into fists. “No, Namjoon, how would you like it if one of those men took Kookie?!”

“Hyung, you know South Side won't let that happen.” a familiar deep voice spoke up. You froze, sucking in your breath.

‘That's…’

Jin turned to look at the man at the desk. You caught a glimpse of the familiar bright red hair.

“Taehyung… You need to let that go.”

“No, don't give me that shit again, I don't want to hear it.”

taehyung growled, you could hear the irritation in his voice. Jin crossed his arms. “Taehyung,
that's isn't fair to-"

“Stop, Namjoon, bring me the boy.”

You froze at Namjoon nodded and turned to the door, his eyes looking onto yours.

"No!"

You turned on your heel and pushed past Jungkook, darting down the hall. You could hear Namjoon yelling to you and Jungkook's confused cries.

You ran from them, ran up a flight of stairs and through various hallways. You ran until you didn't have the breath to run anymore.

The walls were white and black, nothing decorating the halls except for the occasional plants you stumbled upon. Your wide eyes looked around for any window to escape out of.

‘This place is so big… Where are the windows?’

A sigh fell from your lips as you walked, wrapping your small arms around yourself for comfort. You felt homesick, wanting to go home, be with your brother and go to the candy store. That wasn't going to happen, you knew that, but it never hurts to keep hope.

You turned the corner and met with a warm body. Hands grabbed onto you roughly and lifted you up. You yelped, feeling bruises form newly, old ones root deeper into your skin.

"don't wanna go!" you screeched, tears filling your eyes as you squirmed, hitting and kicking to get down. “Let me go! Get off!”

The man's hold on you tightened and you whimpered, going limp due to the pain.

“Stay still damnit.”

The voice, you knew it. Looking up, you met with the irritated face of Namjoon. Tears fell from your eyes and cascaded down your cheeks like mini waterfalls. You sobbed, trembling.

‘Why… Why me?’

“D-don’t hurt me pl-please.” your voice shook as you whimpered, bottom lip trembled in fright.

Namjoon's eyes softened and he loosened his grip on you, pushing your head to his shoulder as he walked.

“Shh, I won't hurt you.”

You just buried your face in his neck. You heard the sincerity in his voice but you were terrified of who he was taking you to.

The sound of a doorknob unlatching caught our attention. Your heart froze as Namjoon carried you into the room. It was cold and dark, you did not like it one bit.

“He's right here.” Namjoon spoke and you tightened your grip on his shirt, choking on another sob.

"Please don't give me to him, please.” You pleaded almost inaudibly, whimpering. You were sure Namjoon heard you. Two hands grabbed your small body and pulled you away from the purple haired man.
You squirmed again, bursting into a new set of tears as the man holding you held you on his lap and cradled your quivering body.

“Hey calm down.”

You hiccuped, eyes squeezing shut in fear of Taehyung. The young man ran his fingers through your clean, silky (h/c) hair.

He let you cry.

Your body jolted as hiccups tore through your chest, the tears on your face drying up as you say in the older boy's lap, body slowly relaxing to his gentle touch.

“You done?”

Taehyung spoke softly, petting your head. You sniffled and nodded slowly, unsure if he would push you and take you again. He sighed and pushed you to sit up straight. His dark brown eyes studied your face, looking over the bruises, traveling to your neck then back up.

"Please don't.
A little hiccup interrupted your breathing, pretty (e/c) eyes tinted red from crying. Taehyung shoom his head and patted your thighs to comfort you, well he tried.

“M/n, jin told me some concerning things…”

You stiffened and shifted on his lap uncomfortably, eyes darting to the other side of the room.

“I-i didn't mean to run a-away.” you whimpered softly, eyes filling with new tears.

“No, no I'm not mad.” Taehyung cupped your face with his large hands, turning your face towards his.

“I just need you to listen to me and do as I say, you can do that, right?”

Blinking, you slowly nodded. Taehyung offered a small smile at your cooperation. You weren't ready to trust him yet, you would never trust that monster. You could see through him, straight through like a window. He doesn't care, it hurt to believe someone hated your very existence for being… you. Still it was confusing, your little mind couldn't comprehend.

“Good boy, I need you to take off your shirt.”

You fidgeted, fingers slowly grasping onto the hem of the sweatshirt.

‘He's gonna hurt me… I wanna go home.’

“Go on.”

You gulped at his encouragement and pulled off the sweatshirt, shivering as the cold air hit your warm skin. Fear encased your mind, telling you to run. You stayed in your spot.

Taehyung reached out and you flinched away as he grabbed your left arm and lifted it up. He looked over the small limb, fingers running over the large, jagged scars littered over the soft flesh.

Your body trembled lightly, looking at him for any sign of danger, ready to run at any time.

“Turn around.”
You did as told, turning in his lap, back facing him. You felt paralyzed as his fingers touched your skin.

Taehyung slid his fingers over the bumps of your spine all the way down until they hit the band of the sweatpants.

A soft gasp left your lips as he pressed the tips of his fingers to a sensitive raised spot on your lower back, then another and another, traveling up your back.

“Calm down, I'm just looking.” he spoke softly to soothe your nervousness, feeling how hard your heart was beating by just a touch to your body.

Taehyung looked at the large scars on your back, touching each and every one of them. Some pink, some pale.

‘How did I miss this?’

His eyebrows furrowed, turning you gently to face him. He scanned over your face, unblemished, then to your chest and belly. Unsurprisingly, he found more rigid scars.

You furrowed your eyebrows as you watched in confusion. ‘What's he doing?’

He was just looking and touching, but not hurting.

Taehyung looked into your eyes and spoke softly.

“I need you to take the pants off too.”

Your breathing faltered and you complied, saying nothing as you slid the pants down your smooth legs.

‘I want hyung.’

Taehyung looked at you and you looked up, shivering, certain this was the end, that you were going to get it again.

You sat paralyzed as Taehyung looked over your legs, looking everywhere in the room that you could to avoid watching him.

Fingers brushed against the jut of your hip, nails lightly scratching the thin flesh. You froze, the muscle in your thighs spasming lightly at the touch. Taehyung's dark eyes glanced up to your face, scanning your expression before carrying on.

His hands slid from your waist to your thighs, observing the scars scattered along the expanse of your skin.

‘What is he doing?’

You thought, half expecting him to hurt you, your fear pumping through the veins in your living being. He didn't, not so far.

Taehyung was deep in thought as he looked at a long scar on the inside of your left thigh, it ran from your knee far up your thigh.

“How did you get this?”
You blinked as Taehyung muttered to himself, eyebrows furrowing, not completely understanding the question asked. The mark has been on your flesh for as long as you could remember, there was no memories of how you got it.

“Please stop-”

Far back Inside the depths of your mind you heard a voice plead softly, a voice if a small child. The world around you went silent, fear and agony coursed through your veins, the same fear and agony you heard in that small voice.

“Shut up, this is what you deserve.”

A deep voice spoke up, clawing its way through your clouded memories. The familiarity of it terrified you.

“I-I did nothing wrong a-” the voice receded, growing soft until you heard nothing left.

Taehyung caught you blanking out, his fingers pressed to the scar far up your thigh before letting go and gazing at the other closed off, healed wounds your body sported.

Your ankles caught his attention, long slash marks along each of your achilles tendons. You flinched away as he touched one of your large scars there, letting out a panicked whine. His dark brown eyes looked up to you in surprise.

Your skin burned where he had touched you, it felt as if a fresh wound had been reopened and spread. It felt so familiar.

You looked down, preparing to see a large gash, instead of blood and broken flesh, you met with only clean skin and a scar. It was all in your mind.

‘It's not real, I'm safe, I'm safe. Nothing happened.’ you reassured yourself, your little heart calming down.

Taehyung gripped your hips with his large hands, tapping your fair skin with his fingers.

“Turn around.”

You obliged, turning in his lap to face the desk once more. Your heart froze as he placed his warm hand on your back, resting it between your sharp shoulder blades, pushing you to bend. Boney elbows rested against the dark smooth surface to keep you steady, the pressure on your joints allowing a distraction for your mind. Even through the panic and the instinct to move away, you stayed in your spot.

The young adult carefully maneuvered your legs so he could look at the back of your thighs. His eyes roamed your flesh, pink cigarette burns, old and scarred, scattered along the skin. His gaze landed on the unmarked swell of your ass.

Slowly he slid his fingers over the soft skin, feeling small bumps where small scars worked on fading through the years. It was marked, your whole body was marked besides your pretty face. Even of he didn't see anything, there was probably more fading wounds that the naked eye couldn't see.

You flinched and whimpered at the touch, trembling lightly. Taehyung’s lips parted as he watched you in interest.
You peeked over your shoulder at him, making eye contact as he slowly pulled the plump mounds of flesh apart. The cold air hit your sore, now exposed, ring of muscle. You gasped, biting your lip and hiding your face in your arms.

‘No… You said you wouldn't hurt me. Please don’t…’

You pleaded, but not out loud, forgetting how to speak temporarily as your functions short circuited in shock.

Taehyung watched your thighs tremble. Tilting his head curiously, the red haired boy prodded and rubbed his thumb over the slightly red puckered skin.

A pitiful whine slipped from your lips, clenching your delicate fingers into fists, allowing your nails to dig and draw a bit of blood from your palms.

The temptation, the way your body was exposed to him, the small noises coming from the depths of your body, you seemed inciting, wanting. It all tempted him, Taehyung knows he should be ashamed as he toyed with your sensitive flesh.

He pressed harder, the rough pad of his thumb catching onto your rim, drawing out a long, high pitched moan from you.

Your eyes watered in panic, hips jolting every now and then.

“P-please no…”

Taehyung ignored your weak plead, too entranced with how the little hole clenched and unclenched almost needily. Biting his lip, the red haired male pressed harder, watching the tip of his digit slip in slowly.

Your body jolted, back arching at the sudden pain of his thumb slipping into your body, the intrusion sending familiar shocks of pain down your spine.

“No! Stop!”

Squirming, you let the tears roll down your face. The pressure stopped as you sobbed quietly, to your surprise the offending digit removed itself. You took deep breaths, sniffling quietly.

Taehyung grabbed your waist once more and turned you around to face him. You looked up to him, cheeks tinted a light pink as you caught his criticizing gaze rest between your legs where your flesh lay limp. It was embarrassing, really, the way he looked at your body without a care.

‘He didn't care before… Why should he now?’

“M/h, are you scared of me?” his deep, honey smooth voice spoke up. He spoke quietly, thumbs rubbing gentle circles on your waist.

“Yes’

“No…” you shook your head, not wanting to say what your truly thought, fearing he would use it against you.

“Why?” he looked into your glassy eyes, seeing his reflection in the seemingly doll like orbs.
“I… I don't know.”

‘You scare me, you hurt me.’

Taehyung's eyes were dark, calculating your every move, yet you caught a hidden emotion swimming somewhere in the hate and revenge he showed. It was only brief, only a little bit.

The red haired boy reached and picked the pants up from the floor, moving your body and slid them onto you.

‘What is he thinking?’

You wondered letting him dress you in the clothes you wore. You shifted uncomfortably at the lack of underwear but didn't argue, it was the man- Jin's fault, possibly, you weren't sure, you could never be too sure.

Taehyung stayed quiet, petting your hair. It took everything in you to not flinch away from his touch. His long fingers ran through your hair, your body relaxed at the touch, finding comfort in it.

“Do you know who I am?”

“No.”

Taehyung sighed, pulling you closer to him, fingers still rubbing gently paths through the soft forest of your scalp.

“That's a shame.”

Chapter End Notes

I WATCHED BBMAS AND I AM SO PROUD OF OUR BOYS AND HALSEYşıı
dep

I squealed and sat completely still to watch it, omg, I about had a heart attack. They are the most precious and the most loveable beings on this entire planet, I wanna cry ;-;

anyways, I hope you enjoyed this chapter. It took me a while to get things together, I'm sorry for that -_- but hey, the anticipation makes up for it ig XDDDD night everyone ❤❤❤
Before a Storm

Chapter Summary

Yoongi is angry, he wants you back.

You meet a boy, someone sick in the head. Nothing will be alright at this point you're scared, hope seems to never reach out and help you.

Chapter Notes

Okkkkk long chapter. I have nothing really to say lol, enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Trashed, it wasn't even the right word to describe for what Yoongi seen as soon as he walked I to the apartment. The door was broken, glass everywhere, the couch upturned and ripped, things that M/n made, ripped and smashed. It looked like a hurricane went off.

“Shit…”

Yoongi slowly moved through the debris, heading back to the open door of his room. Glass crunched under his boots as he carefully stepped.

‘Did he really take him?’ he hoped, hoped with everything that he had, that M/n was still in that little living space hiding somewhere.

He stepped into the room and his anxiety flared up. Slowly he headed over to the open closet, peering inside.

‘No sign if struggle, he wasn't here.’

He closed the door, eyes landing on the hole where the doorknob was in. Drywall crumbled out and to the floor.

“Fuck, what the hell was he looking for?”

Yoongi turned to the bed and stepped around the open chest at the foot of the furniture. Stuffed animals laid piled in it.

‘Hyung! Can we get the doggy too?’

Yoongi could still hear his little brother's voice beg for the dog stuffy he seen in the toy store. He always bought all the plushies M/n asked for, just to make him feel safe.

Pushing the memory out of the way, he looked to the bed. His side was untouched, still the same as when he woke up. M/n's side had the blankets pushed down, the sheets peeking out the length enough for his little legs to move to get up. If was proof enough that you weren't arts led while
“M/n, what happened baby.” Yoongi mumbled, turning to walk out of the room. Something colorful under the bed caught his eye. Turning, he got down and pulled out a plushies. Turning it over in his hands, he stared into the button eyes of the animal.

“Mr Kitty… what are you doing here?”

He squeezed the stuffed animal, lost in thought.

‘Hyung! Mr Kitty got ripped! Can you fix him?’

He ran his fingers over the stitches on the side of the cat. “Just like a surgery.”

Yoongi turned and walked out of the room with the cat stuffed animal. He checked the other two rooms in the back of the apartment, finding them untouched and empty.

Back in the living room he found a half eaten cupcake by the table along with the empty box of the phone he bought the day before.

“He opened it…” Yoongi picked the box up, watching his note flutter to the ground. Turning he spotted the blanket that him and M/n used to cuddle on the floor. He thought then picked it up, putting it over the side of the couch, seeing a cupcake stain on it.

“He was asleep, that means this wasn't in the morning.”

Yoongi clenched his jaw and looked around the room, finding a shard of glass with blood on it by the window, the only one with blood on it in that area. Pride filled his chest, despite his grim surroundings.

“He fought back..” looking over he seen the rope next to the leg of the table. “Until he couldn't.”

‘If someone comes at you, fight back. It doesn't matter if they're bigger than you, you may walk away with a few broken bones, but they will always have that scar, that memory that you were strong.’

‘I will Hyung, don't worry! I'm strong!’

A small smile stretched his lips at the memory of M/n's bright smile and giggle.

Holding Mr. Kitty close, he examined the spit beside the table. Disgust filled him as he seen the dried semen on the wooden floor along with blood.

“M/n… I'm sorry baby, I'm sorry this happened to you…”

He spotted the neck of a brightly colored bottle, blood crusted and dried on the rim and inside.

‘You can't hate the bottle, it's not their fault.’

Yoongi clenched his jaw and pushed back the sob building up in his throat. He let the glass fall to the floor, stepping on it.

“I don't hate it, I just hate what it was used for.”

Yoongi sighed and stepped out of the apartment, giving the living room one last look before going
outside into the cold, cloudy night. He rested his back against the brick building, dialing a number. The phone rang for a few seconds before a tired voice answered. “Hello?”

Yoongi took a shaky breath. “Jimin… I need you to get me.”

“Hyung? What's wrong? Is M/n-”

Yoongi cut him off, biting his cheek. “Please Jimin, just come get me.”

A pause sounded on the other line before the other boy agreed. “OK, I'll be there in few…”

Jimin sounded unsure and confused.

“Thank you.” yoongi breathed out and hung up, not wanting to talk any long, his thoughts stuck on what might have happened to M/n after he was taken. Still, it never hurt to have a little hope.

“Fucking Bastard!” He growled, kicking a can into the street, watching it clatter around and settle down onto its side.

Thunder rolled in the distance and the clouds parted slightly, the full light of the Moon shining down over the road and buildings. Yoongi turned his gaze up, resting his eyes on the soft white of the Moon. Tears fell from his eyes, going unnoticed by him.

‘Look hyung! I drew the Moon and the Sun!’

M/n’s voice rang through his head, proud and excited. He bitterly smiled at the memory.

‘Hyung? Can you be the Sun? Oh, I'll be your Moon!’

Rain sprinkled down onto his pale cheeks, mixing with the salty water of his tears. He couldn't shake the memory of his brother's beaming smile and shining (e/c) eyes.

“I'll get you back. Even if I have to fight… I'll get you back home.”

❤❤❤❤❤❤❤❤

“Yoongi hyung, can I meet your friend?”

The blonde haired boy looked down at you, shaking his head no.

“No, Seonggi doesn't want Taemin's son over.”

You blinked up at the fourteen year old with wide (e/c) eyes.

“Why not?”

Yoongi sighed in slight irritation, rubbing his face.

“His father is the leader of South Side M/n, Seonggi doesn't like him.”

“We can sneak him over, Appa wouldn't know.”

“Listen M/n.”

Yoongi leaned down, grabbing your shoulders to look into your eyes.
“Even if we could do that, you still wouldn't be able to meet him. His brother is getting married this week, he had a lot to do.”

You whined slightly in disappointment. You really wanted to meet Yoongi's friend, he always talked about him, saying he was sweet and super funny.

“Can I know his name?”

“No, that's for another time.”

You nodded, looking down as he tied your shoes for you. Yoongi always refused to tell you his friends name, always found an excuse to avoid the subject. You didn't mind though, he was your best brother friend anyways, he had good reasons.

“Now, you wanna go get ice cream?”

You grinned, nodding in excitement at yoongi's question. He always spoiled you, getting money from who knows where just to get you things and get away from your home life. You're glad to have a brother like him, who knows what would be happening on that house without him around.

❤❤❤❤❤❤❤❤❤

You woke up, gasping and panting lightly. The dream you had was strange, you were smaller and so was Yoongi. Everything felt so real, too real to be fake.

‘A memory?’

You frowned, your memories were never as clear as that, they were always blurry and too inaudible for you to make out what was going on.

Looking around, you found yourself on a dark red covered bed, the room was different from the one yesterday, it was empty besides the furniture and closet.

“Last night…”

The man, Taehyung, had forced some pills into your mouth after checking you over. They were the kind that made you drowsy, sleepy.

Rubbing your eyes you attempted to get up, nausea hitting you like a truck as you swayed. And oversized shirt and a pair of boxers covered your small frame. You made your way over to the door and peeked out into a blank hallway.

Your lips were dry and your stomach felt painfully empty. You woke up the day before in the strange house and no one bothered to see if you were hungry. Of course you probably wouldn't eat due to the fear you felt, but you still wished for something in your stomach. Pain isn't something you like to focus on.

Footsteps echoed off the walls, a boy, not much older than you came into view. His hair was bright orange, he had sharp dark eyes, his sleeves were rolled up to show the obvious muscle in his arms.

‘Who's that?’

You watched in curiosity as the boy came closer. A wide toothy smile spread across his face when he laid eyes on you.

“You just be the cutie Taehyung caught, damn, you really are beautiful.”
You shrank back when he reached out to you, grabbing your chin gently. The boy's eyes scanned you over. A shiver ran down your spine. You didn't like the way he looked at you, it was like the way Taehyung had, like you were some prey animal getting ready to be devoured.

“Don't be scared pretty, I'm Hoseok but you can call me hobi, can you tell me your name?”

Jungkook had mentioned Hoseok when you were with him, the older boy was his brother. You gulped, pulling your face away.

“M-Min M/n.”

Hoseok's eyes lit up and he squealed.

“Oh my god! You're adorable!”

Your tummy rumbled as he continued to fangirl over you, the orange haired boy stopped and looked at you. A dark blush spread across your cheeks in embarrassment.

“Are you hungry?”

You nodded shyly, looking up in hope that he would let you eat. Hoseok's smile turned malicious and he leaned close to you. It made you nervous, the atmosphere changed, your nerves went haywire yelling at you to turn and run.

“Too bad little pup, you see Taehyung wants you desperate, wants you to beg him for all your needs. You're just a useless pawn in his little game.”

You whimpered, leaning back seat from him. Heartbreak filled your chest as you looked down, tears filling your (e/c) eyes. You wanted to go home, see Yoongi, eat something. Just the thought of not eating caused rivers of tears to slide down your cheeks with no end.

‘I just wanna eat…’

Two hands grabbed your cheeks roughly, forcing you to look up.

“Don't cry baby, how about we go play some games, okay?”

Hoseok's voice was soft, greatly contrasting with the way he handled you roughly. Playing games wouldn't make you happy, anyone would know that, but you nodded, too afraid to say no.

The older boy smiled and grabbed your hand, pulling you with him.

“Good, we'll have lots of fun!”

❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️

You nervously played with a stuffed animal on Hoseok's bed. The sixteen year old watched as you touched the face of the bear, sorrow filling your pretty eyes. He felt the sick feeling of adoration for how you acted like a cornered fawn. So helpless, so scared.

Hoseok began to understand why Taehyung liked you, why he took you instead of the money. You were absolutely gorgeous, precious.

‘Stop, you have a job to do.’

He mentally scolded himself, he couldn't be taking you or harm you in any way. There was still
hope that you would let him have you, take you away once he got the job done.

“Hobi hyung?”

He looked over to see his little adopted brother run in, a huge bunny smile on his face. He hated it.

“What do you want Jungkook.”

The little boy merely ignored the rude tone in his brothers voice.

“Can I play too?”

Hoseok sighed and nodded. Jungkook was the golden child, the favorite of everyone in the family. He envied the little boy, he never got love and affection quite like he did.

Hoseok watched as you and Jungkook played, hate and jealousy bubbling up with how Jungkook seemed to make you smile so easily when he couldn't even get a twitch of happiness on your face.

“‘Find their weakness, anything will do. I just want their vulnerability.’”

A sinister grin stretched across his face, watching Jungkook squeal a giggle and play. He already had the weakness, it's been infront of him the whole time, for five whole years.

‘Oh how karma is coming for you, just you wait.’

❤ ❤ ❤ ❤ ❤ ❤ ❤

You looked at the door when Hoseok left, instant relief washing over you. The older boy said he would be back, that he had something important to do. You remembered the not-so-nice smile he sent to Jungkook as he watched the two of you play. You didn't like it, it made you more scared, not for yourself but for the little boy.

“Hyung?”

You looked to Jungkook, his big bambi eyes looked up at you in confusion.

“Are you alright?”

You nodded, lying easily. Of course you weren't, you were brutally abused and taken from your home, now you're stuck with a crazy man and his family. You wouldn't voice that to Jungkook, he was too young to understand.

“Is it Hobi hyung? Don't worry, Jin appa says he's sick and can't help the way he acts.”

“Oh, is Taehyung sick?”

Jungkook shook his head no, looking at his stuffed bunny.

“No, appa says he was hurt really bad a long time ago and he's just really really mad about it.”

You nodded dumbly, looking down. Taehyung seemed to know Yoongi, when he said ‘an eye for an eye.’ it confused you. A lot of things seemed off to you about the whole situation. The way this family treated you, your memories, Yoongi’s ‘debt’, Taehyung. You just don't understand.

‘He's mad? But if it was a long time ago shouldn't he just let it go?’
“Don't worry M/n hyung, it'll be alright, I promise!”

Jungkook smiled wide and you nodded yet again, offering a small smile back.

‘Nothing will be alright, I just want to go home.’

Chapter End Notes

What did you guys think? Chapters for the bloopers will take some time to write but don't worry, I'm working on them. My chapters seem to either be long or short, I've already gotten the next chapter written but I need to edit and add some things is.

Thank you for so much support, I'm always almost in tears when I read your comments. You guys are the sweetest people ever, I hope you liked this chapter. Have a great day, bye bye.
Taehyung stared at the wall of his father's office, waiting for the said man to show up. He was far beyond nervous, Jin had told him their father was not happy with what he had done.

In the past, a few years ago, his father pushed him to train and work hard to become the perfect leader. At the of the day it was never enough.

"Work harder, useless shit, your mother didn't die for nothing."

The words always stung like a wasp, over and over again. His mother died during childbirth and he was blamed for it.

"I should just sell you off in the ring"

'Maybe you should.'

He thought bitterly, it's where his mother came from, the ring. It was made apparent that the only thing he was good for was sex.

"Must run in the family."

That was then, he was young, a boy who wanted nothing more than to go to college, have friends, cut ties with South Side. A *false dream*, none of that would happen, none of it did.

The door opened, a man walked through, dark brown eyes glaring at Taehyung.

"Taehyung."

"Taemin."

He knew better than to say father, Taemin never once thought of him as a son since the *incident* years ago.
His father sat at his desk, not saying word. His eyes said it all. Taehyung's anxiety flared up ten times stronger.

“I should send you off for what you did. What do you prefer, death or the ring?”

Taehyung sat stiff in his spot at the question. He wanted neither to happen, but Taemin had the power to make it happen, he wouldn't hesitate to put his youngest through hell.

‘Death would be better.’

“By your lack of an answer I can only guess you don't want that to happen do you?”

“Why would you care what I want? You never have anyways.”

Taehyung should've kept his mouth shut. There's no taking it back now.

“You're right Taehyung, I don't care.”

His father said his name with pure venom, slowly standing, making his way to the stiff teenager.

“It would be a waste of money to kill you, I already have had offers from friends of mine to take you underneath their wing…”

Taehyung clenched his jaw when his father grabbed his chin, forcing him to look up. It was no lie, the man had people offer large amounts of money for him.

Taemin complained how disobedient Taehyung was, but he always gloated about how beautiful the boy was. To Taehyung's disgust, everyone wanted a piece.

‘Filthy mutts.’

“Buy I think Seonggi would take you any day, yeah? That son of his would forget about this whole situation if you got what you deserve.”

Taehyung pulled his face away, he knew his father's sick game he wanted Taehyung to beg for forgiveness, beg to keep Seonggi out of it.

‘I'm not weak anymore.’

“Not going to say anything?”

The red haired boy kept quiet as his father walked behind him, flinching as the man grabbed his shoulders. It didn't go unnoticed.

“Don't act like your brave Taehyung, you aren't fooling anyone here. I'm giving you three days to fix your mistakes, if you fail, you're going to Seonggi. If you succeed, I'll step down.”

Taehyung's eyes narrowed. It was a challenge, everything Taemin threw at him was a challenge.

‘I'll win this time, you'll be the one with the bullet in the head.’

“You understand.”

His father's breath fanned across the shell of his ear. Taehyung nodded, holding back the shiver threatening to crawl up his spine.
“Yes sir.”

❤❤❤❤❤❤❤❤❤

“I'm going to get him back.”

Yoongi spoke softly, staring down at the city through the window if the hotel room. Jimin sat on the couch, looking at him.

“How? You know South Side is the power of the city. You can't just walk in there hyung.”

Yoongi knew that, South Side was the highest gangs, the leading power allied with Black Snake, they're virtually *unstoppable* by any force thrown at them.

‘*Not this time.*’

He looked at his pink haired lover, the younger stared back at him, sorry etched into his angelic face.

“I've got eyes and ears there, Black Snake is already in the plan, I just have to get the leader on board with it.”

“Your father?”

Yoongi clenched his jaw. The man of the question was not a father to him, but he wasn't temporary ally, only in the plan for the *prize* offered to him.

“Yes, I've already spoke to him.”

Jimin stood, wrapping Yoongi up in his arms. The embrace was comforting, Yoongi thanked the gods for having Jimin in his life

“What of he stabs you in the back again?”

The worry Jimin always expressed never irritated Yoongi one bit, it only made him love the pink haired boy even more.

“He won't, I'm giving him something he's always wanted.”

Yoongi offered a *very special* prize to Seonggi, a prize he's always wanted to keep in his filthy hands, yet something that ran out of reach long ago. Just as long as the plan goes through, Yoongi will be able to pay up the promise.

‘*Taehyung you're time is over.*’

❤❤❤❤❤❤❤❤❤

“Appa!”

Jungkook ran to Jin. You sat on the floor of the living room, stomach aching badly, staring at the toys laid out in front of you. You and Jungkook moved to the room when Hoseok left the older boy never came back much to your relief.

“*Stop please…*”

The sake words played over and over in your head for the past hour, it caused you to space out. It
wasn't your voice, but another child's, a young boy you've never heard before. You thought you've never heard before.

“Hey Kookie, you boys hungry?”

You looked up to Jin in surprise.

“A-am I aloud to?”

Jin gave you a confused look as he picked up Jungkook.

“Eat? Of course you can, why wouldn't you be able to?”

Instead of answering, you looked down, thoroughly confused. Hoseok has told you that you weren't aloud and now Jin was saying you could.

‘But Hoseok said Taehyung didn't want me to.’

“Hobi hyung was home today!”

Jungkook piped up, playing with Jin's shirt, looking over at you. Jin seemed to piece it together and held his hand out to you.

“C'mon sweetie, let's go get you boys something to eat.”

The young man led you to the kitchen, putting you and Jungkook onto high up stools at the kitchen island. Your eyes lit up at the sight of peanut butter and jelly sandwiches.

“Appa makes the best food!”

Jungkook cheered as he took a large bite of his sandwich.

Jin chuckled as he watched the two of you eat.

“It's just a sandwich, Kookie.”

“Still the best!”

You watched the two, scarfing down your food, only looking to fill the aching emptiness in the pits if your stomach. The food was like heaven.

“Please stop!”

You frowned to yourself as you heard the voice again.

“Why should I do that?”

Another voice spoke up, it was deeper, you knew it from somewhere. The same voice was always there in the back of your mind, in your dreams.

“I-it's... it's scary!”

The younger voice trembled, whoever it was, they were terrified.

“Oh, so they haven't don't this yet?”
“Wh-what?”

You blinked, confused with the voices, unsure about what was going on. You were completely immersed in your thoughts.

“This baby~.”

A cry followed after the deep voice. It sounded like it was in pain.

“Stop! It h-hurts!”

The little boy's voice continued to scream and cry, the noises blending together, growing incoherent and quiet. The outlines of a boy, one who looked so familiar popped up. All you could see was his crying face.

“Hyung?”

You flinched, snapping your gaze over to Jungkook's worried face.

“Huh?”

The little boys large doe eyes looked up at you.

“Jin appa left.”

You blinked, looking around to find Jin gone. You were so zoned out that you didn't notice him leave.

“Oh…”

Jungkook hopped down from the stool he sat on and motioned to you.

“C'mon hyung.”

Confused, you got up, following Jungkook as he led you out if the kitchen and down the hall to Taehyung's office.

“Jungkook, what are we doing?”

You wearily asked, getting deja vu.

The five year old nodded to the door and you peeked in, seeing Taehyung and Jin sitting on a leather couch. The red haired male had his knees pulled up to his chest as Jin rubbed his shoulder. You glanced at Jungkook then to the older two.

“He gave me three days…”

Taehyung deep voice was soft as he spoke, brown eyes unblinkingly staring in front of him.

‘His face…’

The little boy's face from earlier resembled Taehyung's face. It resembled him too much.

“Three days for what?”

Taehyung looked up at Jin at the question, arms tightening around his legs.
“To fix this mess.”

Jin's eyebrows furrowed, you could see his confusion.

“Why-”

“If I fail, he's going to give me to Seonggi.”

The nineteen year old cut off his brother, visibly tensing at the name. He looked distressed, bothered, he looked scared.

‘Seonggi?’

The name registered as father in your brain, confusing you. You've heard that name so many times yet you couldn't find the origin of the fear it put into you.

“You can fix this Tae, I promise that.”

“Why promise something when it's already over?!”

Taehyung snapped, glaring at Jin.

“Red Side already gave the message.”

Jin sighed, patting his little brother's red locks.

“That man's a monster.”

Taehyung's voice grew softer, leaning to Jin's touch.

“Don't be a hypocrite.”

The younger flinched at the older's sharp voice, hiding his face in his knees. His shoulders shook lightly.

‘He's crying?’

Jin sighed, running his fingers through Taehyung's hair.

“This is not about revenge anymore Tae. He's a boy, just like you were.”

Small sobs reached your ears as Taehyung stayed in an almost protective position. The familiarity of the sounds, his sobs, how vulnerable he looked hit you like a truck. Your mind zoned out again, hearing your brother's voice.

“‘I can make a deal if you stop hurting M/n.’”

“‘What kind of deal?’”

The man's voice from earlier spoke up. You froze, entranced in the memory, wanting to know more.

“‘South Side… I can get you the boy.’”

‘The boy?’

You wondered, remembering the little boy's pleas and cries, his face.
“Taemin's son?”

The name of the man that was mentioned in your dream, you should know who that is but you don't. It's there though, you can't grasp it.

“Yes! Taehyung! The boy who's been taking your money!”

'Taehyung…'

Your mind struggled to put the pieces together. The voices, what Jungkook had said about Taehyung, the revenge. It all slowly came together.

“Is that so?”

“Yes, he's been taking money for the ring. I can get you him if you leave my brother alone. You can do whatever you want with Taehyung.”

“Do we have a deal… Seonggi?”

You stumbled back, coming back to reality. Everything, it all made sense now. The man, the little boy, Taehyung. You felt overwhelmed by the information.

“M/n?”

Your large (e/c) jewels looked up, Jin stood there in front of you. Sudden fear of being hurt filled your chest. Jin made no move to hurt you though he just looked at you in confusion.

“Why are you over here?”

You looked around at his question finding Jungkook gone. The boy must of ran out of there when Jin came out.

'Left me alone.'

“I-i…”

The brown haired male sighed, setting his large hand on top of your head.

“Did you need me?”

You shook your head no, eyes glancing over to the now shut door.

Jin followed your gaze then back to you.

“You want to see Taehyung?”

You hesitated and nodded. So many unanswered questions filled your mind, only the boy behind the door could answer them.

Jin looked unsure, but opened the door and nudged you forward.

“Go on I'll be down the hall of you need anything.”

You looked at the older man to make sure it was alright. Jin nodded in encouragement and you headed into the dark room, hearing the door click shut softly.
Taehyung sat in the same spot he was in, sighing hard into his knees. His body shook and trembled.

You cautiously made your way over, grabbing a soft blanket on the edge of the couch. You wanted to run, get out of There, go back to Jin for safety. Taehyung looked vulnerable, like a child. He wasn't a threat now.

You huffed a small breath of air to shake your anxiety off, carefully wrapping the blanket around the sobbing older boy.

Taehyung flinched away, looking up at you in surprise. His pretty brown eyes were rimmed with red, tears staining his cheeks.

“What… why are you…”

He hiccuped softly. You offered a small smile.

“No matter what someone does, good or bad, they're still human. No one deserves to cry, even you don't… hyung.”

The older boy froze as you said hyung, more tears welled up in his eyes.

He reached out and uncurled himself, pulling you to his lap, wrapping the blanket around the both of you. His tears soaked the fabric in your shoulder as he sobbed softly.

“Did something happen to you?”

Taehyung sniffled, nodding slightly, a whimper slipped from his lips. You bit your cheek.

“What happened?”

“Seonggi…” He choked out, arms tightening around you.

“He… I was hurt.”

That name, it brought tears worth of emotional hurt and physical pain to your mind. All of that pain was buried under amnesia and the lie your brother made into your life.

“My father?”

Taehyung whined softly, holding you closer, crying harder into your shoulder.

This man was not the monster you met a few days ago, he wasn't the man who took you from your perfect lie. He's a boy broken, venerable, someone who's innocence was ripped away.

‘Just like me.’

“I-I'm sorry.”

You wrapped your arms around Taehyung as he sobbed, apologizing over and over.

You didn't say a word, as you thought about everything, letting Taehyung tire himself out until all he did was sniffle and home you, falling asleep.

‘Yoongi hyung caused this.’

The more you thought about your brother, the more you began to realize that he isn't the good guy
he made himself look like, but in reality, no one is, *not even you.*

Chapter End Notes

Heeeeyyyy so I couldn't wait to post this. I had too. I'm being left behind by my best friend, I guess you could say I've been putting all my emotional hurt into this chapter.

If you guys wanna talk to me on Twitter just looks up @box_smiles and you'll find me, maybe XD.

Anyways, I hope you enjoyed this chapter. Have a good day.

P.S. I know this story is getting to be a big mess, well at least it is in my mind. The book might be coming to an end soon ;-; I might be making another book, but I'll work on the bloopers first before that.
Nightmare/Kidnapping

Chapter Summary

You experience a memory that sets your mind on where you stand in this war.

Jin puts Jungkook to bed, hopefully, not for the last time.

Chapter Notes

soooooo this chapter does have rape in it and pedophilia. Pretty much the whole story, a lot of the little memory cutscenes hint at this so if you just skip the giant ass bolded section in the beginning, you should be good to go, but since i’m not 100% sure if it's only in the beginning, please be cautious and i'm giving a warning right here. You know what is in this chapter, please don't come complaining to me about it or whatever, I stayed up for almost 5 hours trying to think about how I was going to put this together.

Anyways, here it is

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Your small hands covered your ears to block out the angry yells of your father. Your tiny five year old form hid in the closet of your father's room, minutes ago you were playing hide-and-seek with your brother, now he was nowhere to be seen. It's been over ten minutes, why isn't he finding you? You always hid there.

'Maybe he's getting in trouble by Appa.' It seemed logical to you, Yoongi always got into trouble and yelled at by your father. He is a teenager after all.

A loud slam, glass shattering followed by a sharp scream filled the house. You flinched, eyes wide, the scream was too high to be your fourteen year old brother's.

'Eomma's not home... did one of hyung's friends get hurt?'

You knew Yoongi's friend was coming over, he said so many good things about the boy. Maybe he knocked over a vase and got cut.

More screams and shouts sang out like a song without beat, effectively scaring the shit out of you. Stomping footsteps up the stairs caught your attention.

"Fucking little shit, thought you could steal from me huh?!"

Your father's voice boomed on the other side of the bedroom door. Curious, you peeked through the crack of the closet doors. A sharp slap echoed.
"Answer me, dumb bitch!"

"N-no! I-i don't know-"

A voice, definitely not your brother's sobbed, desperate and terrified. You heard your father growl.

"You lie."

The door slammed open, you almost jumped and knocked the boxes in the closet over. A skinny boy stumbled in falling onto his side whimpering in pain as he landed on his arm. Your father stepped in, slamming and locking the door, trapping the boy and unknowingly you, inside the room. He was drunk and pissed.

"Get up."

The man reached down, grabbing a fistful of the boy's brown hair, dragging him up. The boy cried out, struggling and hitting the man as he was dragged to the bed. Your father shoved him down onto the fluffy white sheets, pushing him under his weight. You got a look at his face.

Dark brown eyes, asymmetrical eyelids, yet perfect. His face is like a god's, honey tan skin, long lashes, and soft brown hair. You could tell by his face that he was your father's friend's son, the boy your brother invited over when he told you to go and hide for your game.

His face and skinny, long limbs were decorated in fresh dark bruises. He kicked and squirmed under your father.

"Get off! My father will-"

The man you called father grabbed the boy's jaw roughly. "Your father will what? Kill me?"

The younger whined, pushing against the man's chest, eyes wide, terrified.

"I j-just wanted to play with Yoongi-hyung! Why are you hurting me?!"

Your father chuckled lowly, letting go of his jaw, swiftly pinning his thin wrists to the sheets below.

"Don't play dumb, you know exactly what you did."

his hands yanked at the boy's, tiger shirt, ripping it down the middle, severing the head off the tiger printed on it. More of his honey tan skin was exposed. The boy whimpered, pressing his body more to the bed as his top was ripped away from his body.

"No Mr. Min! I didn't do anything-" He yelped, head snapping to the side as your father lashed out.

"Yes you did little shit! You fucking stole my money under my nose!"

Your father's hands yanked the boy's pants down along with his underwear, leaving the young boy's body exposed to the harsh, cold air.
You froze, seeing the fear in boy's eyes and the dark look in your father's gaze as he studied the boy under him.

You did not understand the way your father looked at the boy, you did not understand what he was doing to him.

He squirmed, whining in discomfort. His cheeks reddening in embarrassment. Your father licked his lips slowly, undoing his tie.

"You really are as perfect as they say, aren't you?"

He spoke sweetly, sickening sweet, looping the silky material around small tan wrists, tying them tightly together to the headboard. The boy tugged at his wrists, twisting his body to get away.

'Are they playing a game? He looks like he's scared...'

"Please stop!" He begged, whimpering as you father slid his hands down his body, squeezing at his hips.

"Why should I do that?"

"I-it's.... It's scary!"

Your father's eyes lit up, gripping the te boy's trembling legs, spreading them wide while lifting them up.

"Oh, so they haven't done this yet?"

You shifted, spotting tears glistening on boy's cheeks. He squirmed, jerking his legs, trying to kick the older man away.

"Wh-what?"

Your father smirked darkly, hand reaching down between boy's thighs.

"This baby~"

The boy's eyes widened, crying out as the man's finger breached him, thrashing more. Tears poured from his pretty brown eyes.

"Stop! It h-hurts!"

Your father ignored him, continuing to force is finger in and out, adding another, listening to the little boy's screams and cries.

"Shh it will feel better soon~"

You eyes watched, wanting to look away but you couldn't. You felt sick to your stomach as you watched your father do horrible things to an innocent boy.

The man pulled his hand away, pushing his own work pants down, taking his hard, red cock out. The young boy's eyes widened, squealing in fear as the large man above him Forced his small legs to wrap around his larger waist.
"Please Mr. Min... I'm sorry."

He looked truly confused and terrified as his bruised body trembled violently.

"Shut up, this is your karma little whore."

Your father reached down, gripping his thin neck, positioning himself at the young boy's unused hole. The boy sobbed in fear, hips bucking away. Your father growled, grip tightening on his neck, forcing his hard flesh into the boy's stiffened body.

A shriek came from the boy's throat, loud and cracked. It was something that would haunt your dreams for the rest of your life.

Your back rested against the wall of the closet, sobbing quietly. Your father left a while ago, the boy's broken sobs died down. The room was completely silent.

You could still hear the boy's screams and begs as he was forced apart over and over. You could still see him in your mind as his body was put through hours of torture with no rest.

Gulping, you crawled out from where you hid, quietly stepping out of the closet. You froze at the sight on the bed.

The ten year old boy laid on his stomach, bruises covering almost every inch of his perfect tan skin. Welts in the shape of a belt, red lined and crusted in blood, coated his back and ass. His legs laid sprawled and spread out, useless. Blood dried on his inner thighs and on the bed. cum dripped down his ass, onto the sheets, his drool, hazy and white from how much your father used his mouth. His breathing came in short weezing gasps.

You slowly stepped towards the door, giving him one last look before slipping out. You were mortified, your brain couldn't wrap around the fact that your father abused his own friend's son, your brother's best friend. He was only ten, innocent with bright eyes and a bubbly laugh that your brother was so fond of.

Quiet, hushed whispers came from the kitchen, the dark house lit by the soft glow of the lights. You peeked around the doorway, seeing your father and older brother standing at the island counter in the middle of the large room.

yoongi stood with his arms crossed, listening to what the man had to say. "--- ta---ung back ---father ---- not playing around."

You or eyebrows furrowed, not able to make out what they were saying, your vision blurring.
"If you have trouble... ----gun... the brother getting in---"

Your vision faded and you fell.

--------

Your eyes shot open, breathing heavily as you woke up, heart hammering against your ribcage a million miles per hour. Your wide (e/c) eyes slowly adjusted to the dark room you were in. it wasn't the same one. you were safe.

'That was Taehyung...'

You frowned, shivering as the haunting images replayed themselves in your mind over and over again, every noise, every visual was engraved in your brain. Why did it happen, why?

The bed shifted beside you, a warm arm wrapping around your waist, pulling you close. Your eyes landed on the sleeping teenager beside you. Taehyung. His face was peaceful, he was so much more relaxed than you've seen in the past few days you've known him.

It surprised you how much he changed, you haven't even known him for three days and he was entirely different.

You reached out, placing a hand against his cheek gently.

maybe in reality, you've changed too, a lot. It was silly to think that you were innocent when your body was just as tainted as everyone else's. But you were still scared, still terrified of those voices that haunted your dreams. If only those who were close to you changed.

'Yoongi caused it all, if he hadn't had father do that then Taehyung wouldn't have a grudge against him....'

You scanned the peaceful nineteen year old next to you, frowning.

'He could've been happy.'

If there was a way for you to prove that Taehyung was innocent, that he didn't deserve what was coming, because you knew what it's like. You've seen it happen with your own eyes and no one deserves to be treated and used in that way ever. If you could prove Yoongi hadn't been that angel they all thought he was without him getting hurt... maybe you could just save them all from each other.

A small whimper caught your attention and you looked back at Taehyung.

His lips were formed in a pout, eyebrows furrowed deeply. His fingers twitched as he whined quietly.

You were curious but also worried, gently grasping his large hand in your own. You knew he was having a nightmare, he cried so much earlier that night that he tired himself out, he was awakening old memories, things he didn't want to remember anymore. He would have to suffer through his nightmares, just like you did.

'I'm sorry Taehyung.'

"Please..."
You flinched as he spoke, his voice was soft, slurred. It took you only a few moments to realize he was sleep talking.

"I'm sorry, didn't do any.... thing...."

Your head tilted as you ran your thumb over his knuckles to try and soothe him, afraid that moving any closer would cause him to wake up.

"Stop.... stop!"

He whined and squirmed, legs kicking out slightly, thrashing in his spot on the sheets. You couldn't watch him go through something like that, even if it's just a dream.

Gently, you reached out, wrapping your arms around him, petting his soft red hair, whispering to him and him only.

"Shhhh hyung, calm down, it's not real...."

'But it was real.'

He squirmed around some more before quieting down, body slowly relaxing, mind receding back to deep slumber.

You yawned quietly, running a hand through your hair as you settled back down beside him, making sure to keep the younger teenager closer to you.

No matter what Taehyung did to you in the past, no matter whatever harsh words were said, whatever abuse was thrown at your body. He had been through enough and in your eyes, he was innocent, he was the true victim.

The culprit?

Everyone who started this mess in the first place. The man you feared and the boy you held close to your heart.

'We're going to be okay Taehyung.... we'll be okay.'

You closed your eyes, smiling soft as you heard the loud crack of thunder shake the house.

"Appa, is TaeTae hyung and M/hyung going to be okay?"

Jungkook looked up to Jin as he was tucked in, his adoptive father pulling the fluffy blankets up to his chin. Jin offered a reassuring smile to his son.

"Of course they will sweetie, there's nothing to worry about."

Jungkook nodded, holding one of his bunny plushies close to his chest.

How precious he was to Jin, he was one of the reasons Jin ever tried with anything anymore. After his marriage, the young man was considered as useless and kept inside like some trained pet, a
housewife. It wasn't that he didn't love Namjoon, no, he loved him with all his heart, besides, the
crummy lilac haired main wouldn't be able to live five minutes without him.

Jin sighed as he heard something fall off the wall in the hall.

'Make that two minutes.'

Taemin considered Jin as a useless pawn, he was all used up and just as disappointing as the last
when he was married off to Namjoon to create the alliance between two gangs. Hoseok, like Jin's
father had said, has no place in the family and never will, he wouldn't get a place in their family
business even if he tried. Jungkook was the one he truly had to fight over, his father had threatened
him multiple times to sell off the little boy for every little mistake Jin makes.

That's why he always pushes himself to be perfect, to do perfect.

"I love you Kookie baby, sweet dreams."

He gently placed a kiss to the sleepy boy's forehead, watching as his five year old little boy curled
up and closed his eyes.

The night was sure to be a good one, Jungkook was wore out, he shouldn't wake up to cry or use
the potty.

'He still refuses to wipe himself, stubborn as always.'

Jin smiled and shook his head, walking out of the room. He caught sight of Namjoon and Hoseok
talking a little ways down the hallway.

He frowned. Namjoon has never tried to bond with the teenager or even glance his way, even when
Jin encouraged it. So why did he look so interested in what the orange haired boy had to say to
him?

'I'll just wait until he comes to bed to ask.'

The thought seemed the best way to approach the subject. He knew that if Hoseok was mad or
even feeling it, he would tell Taemin that Jin was interfering with something important, so the
young man thought it was appropriate to converse in private with his lover.

Dusty pictures lined the hall as he walked, some a collage of pictures, other just single shots of one
or four people in them.

Jin's eyes landed on a picture of his brother, Taehyung. It was when his hair was Brown, before he
started dying it all sorts of different colors. He was so young in the picture, it was a year
before Seonggi happened.

The boy's bright box smile stared back at him, it was genuine and true. He was the only important
piece of Taemin's game. The boy was played out, trained hard, and always came back every time
with a new achievement but more disappointment. Jin knew for a fact, that if their mother was still
there that she would love and cherish Taehyung until the end of time.

Besides, she loved him before he even had a heart beat.

'Why did you have to turn out the way you did Tae? I tried so hard to keep you from going there
and yet.... you did it anyways. Was it worth it?"
Jin pulled on his pajamas, frowning at Namjoon's empty side of the bed before crawling into his respective spot.

He laid there in silence, staring at the wall, waiting for the lilac haired male to walk through the door any second.

seconds turned to minutes, minutes turned into an hour. Maybe he was just tired, it couldn't of been that long.

'Just talk to him tomorrow.'

He huffed quietly, closing his eyes, letting his body relax into well deserved sleep.

......

"Appa!"

Jin jolted up at the sound of Jungkook's shriek. He quickly got out of bed and made his way down the hall.

His son's scream was unlike the others he heard when the little boy had nightmares, no, this was different, he sounded terrified.

"Jungkook, baby!"

He shoved the door open to the five year old's room, heart dropping at the sight of the blankets on the floor and no Jungkook in the room. Panicking, Jin ran out of the room.

"Jungkook!"

His vision became blurry with tears as he ran outside, not caring if he stepped in the mud puddles the rain created. He needed to get his baby.

Jin squinted, trying to see through the rain, shaking his head as he sobbed.

"Kookie!-

His eyes widened as someone grabbed his arm, turning, he went to smack the hell out of whoever it was.

"Jin!"

He stopped, seeing Namjoon stand there with a bloody nose, busted lip, and a swollen eye. "Namjoon! What happened? Where's-"

"Jin, Red Side took Jungkook..."

Namjoon grabbed the older's elbows, successfully shutting him up, looking at his lover with grief stricken eyes.

"They said.... They said that if Taehyung doesn't surrender, they'll kill Jungkook."

Jin's world completely froze at the words, he couldn't hear a thing.

'Kill Jungkook? They can't..... They can't do that...."
"Jin, baby, i'm so sorry I-"

Jin sniffled and nodded, cutting him off, feeling his tears run down his face along with the never ending rain.
"I know Joonie, you tried... th-that's what counts..."

His voice trembled weakly, thinking about what Jungkook could be going through at the moment, who he could be with, *What will happen to him.* Jin couldn't stand the thought of it.

"Taehyung won't surrender."

Namjoon looked at him straight in the eyes. Jin's lover's expression changed to one stubbornness, Jin knew by that look that Namjoon wasn't going to take no for an answer from the red haired teenager inside the house. He was doing it for their baby, *their Jungkook.* It didn't matter if Taehyung was scared or not, they were going to get the little boy back one way or another.

'I'm sorry Taehyung, I really am...' 

---

Chapter End Notes

SoOoOoOoOo we might be ending the first part to this Book and or series. Like I have so many ideas, i'm really regretting my decision for rushing this story but since my plot only spanned the story out for about maybe a week or two, that's how it's going to be.

so what the next chapter might look like, definitely more information on what happened to our little Kookie. Uhm i'm going to start bringing in what the Reader has to deal with (the amnesia and the sickness we know so little about.), and what the hell is going to happen to Tae? What do you think?

But I thought about adding more parts with Jin and Namjoon in it cause why not, it'd add to the story.

AnYwAyS i HoPe YoU lIKeD iT
"Taehyung!"

A voice called out, echoing throughout the large mansion as if it were in a cave.

Taehyung's head snapped up from where he was looking down at the phone in his lap.

"Taehyung!"

The small 10 year old made haste with hiding the object beneath his blue and red blankets.

'Can't let hyung see it, I'll be in trouble.'

He grabbed the heart stuffed animal on his bed, pretending to be playing with it. He almost fell into the urge to really play with the stuffed toy.

Footsteps neared his bedroom and the door swung open. Taehyung watches as his brother walked in. By the look on the 18 year old brunette's face, it must be important.

"Have you seen father's phone?"

The younger Kim sibling shook his head no at the question.

"Nope."

His brother, Jin, huffed and frowned, clearly not pleased.

"Well if you do, give it to father, he needs to make some calls to Red Side."

Taehyung nodded, smiling innocently. He didn't know what Red Side was but he went along with it "I will hyung!"
Jin looked at him one more time before walking out.

Of course Taehyung seen his father's phone, it's hidden in the blankets. What he's doing was way important than what his father needs to do.

The muffled ding of a notification caught his attention and his eyes lit up.

'Yoongi hyung!'

Taehyung quickly grabbed the phone and opened it.

Yoongi:
   You can come over

The little boy's excitement grew as he read his 14 year old friend's message.

Me:
   Okay hyung! What are we gonna do?

Yoongi:
   Play games. You can meet my little brother.

'Oh! M/n!'

The little brunette giggled at himself. He's always wanted to meet M/n, but never got the chance until now.

Yoongi:
   Just walk in when you get here

Me:
   Okay!

Taehyung squealed and hopped up from his bed, grabbing the stuffed heart.

"Tata! I get to go and meet M/n!"

He swung the plushie around, excited. His mother made it before he was born, but his father gave it to him. Taehyung never understood why, he barely knee what it was like to have a mother.

The 10 year old stuffed himself into a tiger jacket, matching his tiger shirt and rushed down stairs, too excited for his own good.

'I get to meet M/n!'

He jammed his small feet into his sneakers. Jin watched from where he stood, raising an eyebrow.

"Whoa there, what's with the rush?"

"I'm gonna go play with Yoongi and M/n!"

His large excited brown eyes looked up to his brother. Jin's eyebrows furrowed in what seemed to be concern.

"Taehyung, I don't think-"
"Hyung! It's just Yoongi!"

Taehyung stomped his foot. Jin sighed out at his behaviour.

"Yoongi is 14. Taehyung, you don't need to be playing with kids older than you. 4 years older."

The 10 year old stuck his tongue out childishly.

"You're just mad 'cause I don't play with you!"

The older opened his mouth to object but Taehyung beat him to it.

"I'm leaving, bye hyung!"

Taehyung darted out of the house, not giving Jin a chance to say anything else.

'Stupid hyung! Jealous of Yoongi.'

Taehyung huffed, holding Tata closer as he ran. Hus bad mood quickly dissolved into excitement as he neared Yoongi's house.

He squealed. They're going to have all sorts of fun and play all sorts of games!

Taehyung opened the large door.

"Yoongi hyung!"

He little boy called out into the house as he took off his shoes. His large brown eyes squinted too focus in the dark house.

' Weird, shouldn't hyung be waiting?'

He shook his head clear of any doubt.

'We must be playing hide and seek!'

"Hyung!"

Taehyung giggles as he walked through the downstairs, looking everywhere for his older friend.

'Where...'

He thought for a moment, glancing around, curious eyes landing on the doorway to the kitchen and the dim light it emitted.

'The kitchen!'

"Hyung! You can't hide!"

The small tan boy hopped into the kitchen, eyes darting around before spotting a large, muscular man leaning against one of the counters. He had a glass of amber liquid in his hand.

Taehyung should've seen the warning signs and the dark eyes, but he didn't.

"Oh hi Seonggi hyung! Do you know where Yoongi hyung is?"

He asked the man, looking up with large innocent eyes. Seonggi didn't answer, he just watched
Taehyung, eyes looking over his little form.

"Back to take more money?"

Taehyung's heart stopped at the hostility. Never has anyone used such a voice towards him.

"Wh-what? No, I'm here to play with Yoongi and M/n..."

His little heart does up as the man's eyes darkened further.

Seonggi stepped towards him slowly.

"Yoongi isn't here you dumb slut."

Taehyung's brown eyes widened at the word, not understanding. 'Slut?'

"Come here."

Seonggi commanded, eyes trained on the small 10 year old in pure hate and something else Taehyung didn't quite understand.

"Taehyung, come here."

Taehyung whimpered, stepping back. He's scared, Yoongi was supposed to be there, to play and have fun

'Wanna go home...'

He couldn't move, when he had a free shot of running, all he could do was take little steps away. His body was completely paralyzed.

"I said now damnit!"

Seonggi yelled in rage, slamming the cup he held down.

Taehyung screamed in panic at the loud noise of the glass shattering. He screamed louder as his arm was grabbed in an iron grip.

"When I tell you to do something, you do it!"

The small 10 year old squirmed, tears building up in his eyes. "Seonggi, let me go please!"

He cries as the man tightened his hold. His arm throbbed painfully.

"Please! You're hurting me-"

Taehyung's head snapped to the side as a loud, sharp crack echoed in the large space if the kitchen.

Seonggi hit him and he cried harder.

"Shut up you little thief?"

Seonggi grabbed his jaw, forcing him to look up. Pain bloomed in his already bruised cheek from where the fingers dig into the soft flesh.
Taehyung's tear filled eyes met dark orbs. He pushes at the man and struggled to get away. 'I want to go home!' ❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️

Taehyung coughed and wheezed, eyes cracking open, not able to focus in the dark basement.

It's been three days and his body hurt so bad. He couldn't move, even when he was unchained, his limbs felt so heavy. 'The door is over there...' He squeezed his eyes shut and tried to move, stand, crawl, anything.

His body collapsed as he got up onto his forearms, the smallest movements sending sharp hit pain throughout his body. He sobbed at the numbing pain. 'I can't, I can't.' With each intake of air, his body trembles. It got worse when he heard the creaking of a door and footsteps.

Seonggi.

"Well well well, look at you. Finally awake hm?"

Taehyung broke into a hard sob, hearing the man kneel behind him, feeling large hands slide down his small thighs.

'Please... No.' "No matter how bruised you are, you're still so beautiful baby."

Taehyung felt like he was going to be sick. The sickening sweet tone Seonggi spoke in made him shudder in disgust. 'Let me go please.' "N-no, please! No more no more."

He begged and tried to crawl away as the man pulled his small legs apart. "Shhh baby, I know you love it."

The small boy squirmed helplessly in panic as he heard the man's zipper come undone and the rustling of clothes. 'No...' "Please Songgi hyung, i-im sorry."

He begged and sobbed. Seonggi chuckles darkly and grabbed his small hips, positioning his trembling body how he wanted it. "Please, please-"
Taehyung's begging was interrupted by his own scream of pain as the man's large hard cock shoved it's way into his tiny body.

He wailed and sobbed when fingers tangled in his dirty brown locks and his head yanked back as Seonggi pounded into his defenseless form.

"Baby you love it don't you?"

'Stop please, it hurts!'

Taehyung couldn't breath, he was choking on his saliva and sobs.

Taehyung, fuck, so perfect.”

'Please...'

❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️

"What the fuck is this?"

Taehyung's head rolled, hitting the shoulder of his brother as he father spoke up.

He couldn't remember how Jin found him, all he knows is that he's away from the pain and torture of the Min household.

'Appa...'

"He was at... At Seonggi's..."

Taehyung's heavy eyelids tried to open and he whimpered quietly, looking over at his father. Everything was so blurry.

"Put him down."

"But-

"Seokjin, put Taehyung down, he can walk."

Taemin cut his eldest son off sternly, glaring at the two.

Jin sighed and gently lowered Taehyung to the floor. The little boy's head lolled as his feet touched the ground, trying to cling to his older brother for support.

Once Jin lets go, Taehyung's bloodied and weak body falls to the ground in a wheezing heap.

The 18 year old didn't make a move to help him stand.

'Why won't they help me?'

Taehyung struggled to sit, his bare body slumping back down when the pain in his lower half gets increasingly agonizing.

"Leave Jin."

Jin obeyed his father's command and left the two in the room alone. Taehyung struggled to lift his head as his father kneeled Infront of him, his hopeful eyes looking at the man.
"A-appa."

He just wants to be comforted, to be held and told that everything is alright. The man only looked at him with cold, dark eyes and without warning, slapped the small boy across the face harshly.

Taehyung cried out and fell to his side. His hand weakly cupped his already bruised cheek, looking at his father with wide teary eyes.

"Don't fucking call me that you disgrace."

The small 10 year old cowered in fear.

"A-appa I don't understand."

The man's eyes narrowed and he lashed out again, smacking the boy once more, grabbing his filthy hair, yanking him up to his little bruised knees. Teahyung squealed in pain and grabbed into his Taemin's wrist weakly.

"I seen the fucking texts between you and Yoongi. 'play games'?! Already whoring yourself out, I thought I raised you better."

Tears streamed down Taehyung’s face. He didn't understand.

'Hug me please appa.'

"Appa pl- ah!"

Taehyung yelped as he was shoved into his back, his head hitting the polished floor harshly.

The little boy went rigid as his father shoved his legs apart and hovered over him.

"You're just like you fucking mother."

Taehyung squeezed his teary eyes shut, feeling his father feel up his small, trembling body.

"In every fucking way."

"A-appa, please I'm... I'm sorry."

He turned his head away from the man and his legs were lifted slightly, exposing his already bloody and used hole.

"Disgusting."

Taehyung's mind broke and he screamed for the first person he could think of.

"Hyung! Hyung!"

He cried and sobbed, catching a glimpse of his father discarding his pants.

"Jin hyung!"

He spotted his brother peeking around the door, a horrified expression on the elder's face. He made eye contact with Jin and reached out weakly and the man he calls father pushes against his rim.

"Hyung!"
"Taehyung!"

Taehyung's body jolted awake, teary eyes snapping open. He glanced around the room in panic, eyes squinting in the bright morning light.

He isn't in his father's study anymore. He isn't 10.

He reached up to his cheek and felt fresh tears.

'Just a nightmare.'

"Hyung..."

The red haired boy flinched, looking over when a small hand grabbed his arm gently.

His teary eyes met with worried (e/c) eyes. M/n sat in the bed next to him with a concerned look.

'Why does he care? I hurt him.'

He doesn't understand how the little 14 year old could just trust him after what happened three days ago.

Was it three days? Two? He can't remember.

"You were crying hyung... All night."

M/n's voice is soft and Taehyung looked away and to the sheets.

Every night he is plagued by the same memories. He couldn't do it, he can't deal with the painful reminders.

"Was it.... A memory?"

Taehyung heard the hesitation in the younger's voice and nodded, choosing to stay quiet.

"Why? Why do you care?"

His voice is harsher than he intended, but he couldn't help it. He isn't used to people really caring, let alone know so much about it.

"Because..."

Two hands cupped his cheeks and his head was turned. M/n looked up at him, eyes soft, but it with pity in them, no, with understanding.

"I know who you are hyung, I remember. I know your pain, you're a victim too. You're not cruel, you're not cold hearted, you're just scared hyung... That's why I care."

Taehyung sniffled softly and pulled the 14 year old close.

M/n's arms wrapped around him and held him equally as close.

Even with that, Taehyung still feels broken and guilty. Like everything is his fault.
"I'll have him surrendered tomorrow, just don't hurt Jungkook."

Yoongi listened to Jin over the phone. Ashe watched the man's little boy giggle and play with Jimin.

Jin thinks Jungkook is in danger, it's not what Yoongi intends to do. He couldn't do it even if he tried, he doesn't have the heart. That and Namjoon gave him a warning before leaving Jungkook there.

""You hurt my son in any way, you're dead."

'I'm not like Seonggi.'

"He better be here tomorrow. Oh and knock him out before, I don't want to hear him scream and cry when he gets here."

"Understood."

Yoongi quickly hung up and sighed.

"Hey mister, was that my Appa?"

The blonde looked down at the little boy tugging at his sleeve. The child's eyes were wide and innocent.

Just like his brother's.

"Yes, don't you worry, you'll go home soon."

"Tomorrow? I can see dad's and M/n hyung and Taetae hyung again?"

Yoongi clenched his jaw at the M/n and Taehyung's names

'That monster's name doesn't deserve to be said with m/n's.'

Jimin seemed to notice his anger and picked Jungkook up.

"C'mon buddy, let's go get you some food."

Yoongi eyed the little boy's cheek as Jimin walked away with him. Hoseok had hit him before and Yoongi felt guilty for it.

He knows he should feel guilty for the whole mess. His little brother's pain, the torture Taehyung was forced to endure.

He knows deep down that he's partially the cause, no he is the cause of the hate Taehyung held, the need to teenager had to get revenge.

But Yoongi always denies it.

'It'll be over as soon as if began. This time, for good.'
OmG I've been gone for like ever. I wrote this chapter last night and today was the day I decided to put it up along with all my new one shots.

I'm sorry guys, I'll start focusing on this, well I'll try, seems like we're almost at the end.

Anyways, see ya guys in the next chapter.
Deals, What is Love: Question

Chapter Summary

Deals are made and there's a strange feeling you have. A question, something you've only ever seen, but it's entirely foreign to you.

Chapter Notes

Soooo we're nearing the end of this book. So sad ;-;. Anyways, there's really no super heavy themes as most of my chapters, but there are still implied themes here and there. But what's new, if you've read this far, you should know that.

It's a relatively short chapter, sorry guys.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Can we go home?"

Jungkook asked for the millionth time, pulling at the 16 year old's shirt.

Hoseok scowled, already feeling a headache coming on. Yoongi and Jimin asked him to watch the 5 year old as they went to talk with Namjoon and the leader of Red Side.

'The Jung family, his fucking ironic.'

"Jungkook, shut up."

The little ravenette pouts, his chubby cheeks puffing up.

"Wanna see appas, take me home."

The orange haired teenager sighs heavily.
"Shut up, they're not even your parents."

Hoseok sees hurt form on his younger 'sibling's' face. A sick form of pleasure bubbles up in his very being at the sight.

"Yes they are!"

Jungkook stomped his foot, glaring and yelling at the elder sibling.

"No they aren't Jungkook, your didn't want you, they hated you. Seokjin and Namjoon don't want you. You're nothing."

Jungkook, the one everyone loves. Jungkook, the prized child. Jungkook, the wanted one. Jungkook, the one crying over false words, beaten down because his little mind is too naïve to realize they are wrong. The sound of the 5 year old's sobs only added fuel to Hoseok's pleasure.
The orange haired male stood, looking down at the little boy.

Jungkook hung his head, little hands trying to wipe his tears away as he sobbed loudly.

"Grow up."
Hoseok spoke harshly, knocking the small ravenette over as he walked to the kitchen.

'Only a few more hours and I get to see him again.'
❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️

"Jin already has a plan."

The house if the Jung family is quiet, the dim lights if the dining room illuminating the area.

For a violent gang, Namjoon can't help but to feel comforted, even with the subject at hand.
Yoongi and the leader of Red Side, a man in his fourty's with tired eyes named Minseok, sat at the table.

Being honest, the lilac haired male misses his adopted son. His smile, his laugh, he's the light in his and Jin's dark world.

'The last few nights had been rough, Jin cries himself to sleep every night."

He almost regrets the kidnapping set up. Jungkook must be terrified.

"M/n will be there, right?"

Yoongi speaks up and Namjoon can see the distrust in the small blonde's eyes, but there's a longing for the (h/c) bit hidden in that distrustful gaze.

"Yes, Jin will make sure he gets to you safely."

Yoongi nods and sits back, still looking at the 25 year old with cold, calculating eyes.

"Does Taemin know about this?"

Minseok's quiet question sends Namjoon's thoughts to the problem he's been thinking about all morning. Taehyung is prized to Taemin, the 19 year old is the heir, even if he were to fail the leader of South Side, Taemin would still benefit off of him. With money.

There's no doubt the man will be angry with no money in return of giving Taehyung away to another gang to be a vessel for pleasure and relief. But, Namjoon has a way with words.

'Taehyung isn't worth the air he breathes.'

"No, but Jin and I already have a solution to that."

Minseok nods, humming slightly at the answer before looking 25 year old in the eyes.

"May I ask for something also?"

Namjoon nods, without hesitation. Minseok had been nothing but patient, allowing them to plan as they pleased and do as they pleased in his territory. Namjoon only sees it as fair that the man gets something in return after he's been so kind.
"My son, Hoseok."

The lilac haired male had a feeling it was coming and he's glad the man asked. Namjoon has never liked Hoseok, even when they first took him in when they found him all alone. He just simply refused to be a father figure for him. The teenager is sick in the head, like Taehyung.

"I have no qualms about that."

A knock echoed through the large room and all three men looked towards the source as one of the large mahogany door opens.

The pink hair and cute face of the young man Namjoon met earlier popped in. "Yoongi, it's time to go."

His voice is soft and timid. Park Jimin, as Namjoon heard from earlier, is Yoongi's love and like a mother figure to M/n. He reminds the lilac haired male of his own lover, Jin.

Yoongi nodded and stood. "I'm glad we reached a fair deal, I'll see both of you later."

The blonde gave Namjoon one last look before grabbing Jimin's hand, walking out.

'I'll make all the deals you want, as long as I can get my son back.'

❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️

"M/n, wake up."

You groaned as a deep voice spoke to you and a hand shook your shoulder. Only days ago, that voice scared you, haunted your every move. But now, now you've grown a strange sense of butterflies when you hear it.

Opening your (e/c) orbs, you seen the form of the red haired 19 year old stand over you. Your heart spread up and pitter pattered against your chest violently,

'This feeling is strange. I don't hate him, even if he hurt me, he's just like me, but I've never felt this way about anyone before.'

"C'mon M/n, get up."

You whines and sat up, rubbing your tired eyes. The sun wasn't even up yet.

"Why so early hyung?"

Taehyung seemed to hesitate at the name, but smiled. His smile almost caused your heart to malfunction in its beat. It's the most beautiful thing you've seen, genuine.

"Because, we're getting you back home today."

A dream, it had to be a dream. It felt as if everything you've ever wanted came true and you smiled wide.

"Really?!"

Taehyung's smile grew at your excitement and he nodded. Before thinking, you squealed and
hugged him, your head on his chest.

"Thank you!"

The red haired male let out a small giggle and hugged you back.

"Don't thank me, it has to be done."

Even with your happiness, you felt your mind and heart falter. Every dream has unobtainable wants, something you can't have. You're leaving, but also leaving something behind that you can't out your finger on what it is.

"C'mon."

He pulled you up to stand and you followed, taking the clothes he handed you, your clothes from that day. You put them on without a second thought, it should be a terrible reminder, yet it isn't. You think you must be as twisted as everyone else to feel that way.

'Would Yoongi hyung be mad at me for thinking like that?'

You take the red haired boy's hand when he offers it to you and let him lead you downstairs.

You take the time to study him further. Taehyung is undeniably attractive with sharp features, pink full lips, long curled lashes, soft hair. Yet there's that feeling again, you've heard of it before, seen your brother act that way towards Jimin.

'What is love?'

"Taehyung."

You and and the boy in question look over as a voice speaks up. Jin stands, leaning against wall if the hallway, it's as if he's been waiting for the both of you. What you notice is his red puffy eyes. He's been crying.

Taehyung seems to notice too, a flash of worry crossing his face at the sight of his brother.

"Jin hyung, what's wrong?"

The older brunette sniffs quietly and crosses his arms over his chest.

"They have Kookie."

Your eyebrows furrow in confusion, not understanding Jin's statement. Who has Jungkook? You thought he was with his parents. But Taehyung knows.

"Why... What do they want?"

Jin's eyes move towards your smaller figure and you can't help but to feel uncomfortable.

"Him."

The 19 year old looks at you then to his brother, still holding your hand. You can feel tension radiating off of Jin, tension you don't quite understand, something that sets you on edge.

"I'm taking him back today."

Slowly, you piece the information together. The 'them' who took Jungkook has to be your brother,
he's the only one you know that would be that desperate enough to get you back, him and Jimin. Not that you don't want to, but you also want answers from your older brother, you want to know everything you can't remember and don't understand.

"I'm going too, I want by baby back."

With that, Jin turns and walks away. Something's off, terribly so.

'Why was he acting that way? I get they took Jungkookie, but he looked at Taehyung like he hated him. What's going on?'

You look up to find Taehyung staring off into space, he looks lost in thought, worried.

"Hey it's okay, you'll get Jungkookie back."

He looked at you and you offered a and. Taehyung gave one back, though not as hopeful as yours. Helplessness, something you're familiar with, from your memories you've been having and from the first time you've met Taehyung. But now, not able to help Taehyung ease up and not worry so much, that's a sense of helplessness that hurts your heart the most.

It brings you back to the question you asked yourself before.

What is love?

Chapter End Notes

Anyways, if you haven't noticed, each part that's in a certain characters POV is also all done in their own thought process, meaning that even though not all the text is italicized, it's still in their thoughts and how they feel.

I've felt bad about writing this book and have been thinking about taking it down, but since we're nearing the end I'll finish it for you guys, those of you who have actually stayed reading this trash XD. Anyways, tell me what you think in the comments, bye.
Fair Trade, A Cornered Animal

Chapter Summary

Hoseok plans and finds what he's been longing for, Jungkook is reunited with his family and Taehyung knew something was off.

Chapter Notes

Sooooo... This is the end XD I'll explain further at the end. Anyways, enjoy?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Jungkook?"

Jimin softly Knocked on M/n's room door where the little boy has been sleeping for the past few nights. The pinkette noted earlier that day that Jungkook was quite. Even after Hoseok left, he hasn't asked Jimin to play like he had before.

'Wonder what's wrong.'

The 20 year old suspected Hoseok did something. The teenager made Jimin weary everytime he's around.

"What?"

Jungkook's voice was muffled through the door, but Jimin could clearly hear how dull it was, how heartbroken. He opened the door, seeing the little boy on the bed.

"You ready?"

He hoped to see Jungkook smile and be more than ready to see Seokjin and Namjoon, but that's wasn't the reaction he got. The little ravenette shook his head no, refusing to look up. Jimin frowned, kneeling infront of the 5 year old, taking his small hands in his own.

Jungkook looked at him, cheeks wet with fresh tears, bottom lip quivering.

"H-hyungs don't want m-me."

Jimin's heart broke at Jungkook's words and his tiny sniffles. What hurt the most was hearing Jungkook refer to his parents as his hyungs.

"Sweetie, don't say that. Your appas have done nothing but ask about you."

The young man rubbed Jungkook's knuckles with his thumbs gently to sooth him. Jungkook shook his head.

"N-no they don't wan' me, Hobi hyung told m-me."
The statement struck a chord in Jimin and he felt anger build up inside of himself.

'That fucking asshole, why would he say that to a child, let alone one who was taken from his home.'

Jimin felt guilty. If they left Jungkook out of this mess, Hoseok wouldn't of said such hurtful things to the little boy.

"Listen baby."

He softened his voice to comfort Jungkook, wiping the child's tears away.

"Your appas miss you so much. They love you more than anything in the world, don't listen to Hoseok, okay?"

Jungkook sniffled, looking at him with large, sad doe eyes.

"B-but-"

"No buts Jungkook, you're their world. They want you back home so they can spoil you rotten."

He booped Jungkook's nose and the 5 year old giggled lightly, finally smiling.

"Okay Jiminie hyung... Can we go now?"

Jimin nodded, smiling as he stood up. Jungkook didn't wait for him and he ran out the door without a second word to the pinkette.

'So hyper, just like M/n...'

The young man looked around the room, missing the small (h/c) teenager.

'You'll be back home soon M/n.. I promise.'

❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️

"Why do I have to go?"

Hoseok glared at Namjoon as they walk down the street towards Min Seonggi's house. The lilac haired man doesn't answer him and he huffs.

"Hey, I'm talking to you."

"Because you need to."

Namjoon finally snaps at him.

Hoseok looked away, scowling. He hates the man with a passion, actually, the she family that took him in. The orange haired male hasn't experienced a hint of kindness or love all his life.

'I'm going to destroy you all, just you wait... Somehow.'

He doesn't know how, but he'll destroy South Side and Blacksnake, hell, all the gangs in the city.

They stop Infront of the large house and Hoseok spots Yoongi and Jimin along with another man outside on the sidewalk. His eyes narrowed in suspicion.

'That must be Jung Minseok, leader of Red Side.'
Upon seeing Namjoon and Hoseok, the exhausted looking aging man smiles.

"It's good to see you again Namjoon."

The man's brown eyes look towards Hoseok after greeting the lilac haired male. The teenager nearly cringes at the kindness in the orbs looking his way.

'You're a damn leader, act like one.'
He bites his lip to stop the insult from coming out, not sure how the man will react, but he knows insulting a gang leader can result to something much worse than getting a beating.

"It's been so long Hoseok."

The 16 year old raises an eyebrow and looks at Namjoon. The man pays him no mind, only wanting one thing, one person.

"Where's Jungkook?"

Hoseok rolls his eyes. God how he hated his 'family'.

Minseok smiles, ignoring Namjoon's hostility.

"He's inside with Siwon. Don't worry, Seonggi is too busy getting something ready to bother your boy. Go inside, the kid is dieing to see you."

He reassures and Namjoon doesn't hesitate before disappearing into the house.

'He acts like it's been years. Pathetic.'

Hoseok knows that when Jungkook tells his adoptive father what he said to him, he'll be beat, maybe break a few bones surely

"I'm sure you're curious why you're here too, Hoseok."

His gaze snaps up to the aging brunette.
"Uh yeah, I have more important things go do."

Minseok chuckles. The sound is warm, nearly comforting. The 16 year old feels a strange feeling was over him, like he knows that noise.

"I'm sure you do. But I'm here to take you home son."

Hoseok freezes. 'Son.'

The thought, the sound of it coming from Minseok shocks him. The leader of Red Side is his father, someone he's been longing for all his life. What makes it better is that he's a gang leader, making Hoseok the future leader. The plans in the teenager's mind start building.

"You might be unwill-"

"Gladly."

The man stops, surprisingly shocked by Hoseok's words. He just stares at the boy.

The orange haired male's Body moves on its own and he hugs Minseok, his father.
"I'll gladly go home."

The man smiles and hugs his son back. It takes all of Hoseok's will power to not smirk.

'You should've never found me Seokjin.'

❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️

Taehyung thought he felt nervous as soon as he sat in the back seat of the car with M/n, but now that they're on the road, he feels sick to his stomach. He can't bring his eyes up to look out the window, knowing that the feeling will only get worse if he does.

Jin has been quiet, not saying a word as he kept his eyes on the road. He hasn't spoken a word to Taehyung since telling him about Jungkook and it only makes the 19 year old more nervous.

The red haired male noticed the hateful looks from his older sibling. Everything feels off, like something's wrong and someone isn't telling him.

'I shouldn't be here, everything is screaming run.'

He doesn't realize he's gripping the expensive leather seat painfully tights until M/n puts his smaller hand on top of his own.

"You alright hyung?"

Taehyung looks over and sees worry clouding M/n's pretty (e/c) eyes. In all honestly, he's not alright, his anxiety is sky high. But, he forces himself to smile.

"Yeah."

M/n looks doubtful.
"It'll be alright hyung, I promise."

Taehyung looks away and to his lap, not saying anything, not knowing what to say.

'How?' The red haired teenager wants to ask so bad, but he's sure M/n doesn't know the answer either.

He doesn't want to admit it, but he's so scared. The sense of fear is foreign yet familiar. The teen almost forgot what true fear felt like.

"Hyung..."

M/n's hand cups Taehyung's cheek and forces the older boy to look at him. The (h/c) male is smiling softly, Taehyung's heart skips a beat at the sight.

"It'll be fine, after all of this is over, I'll come see you again."

Taehyung's heart swells in his chest as M/n leans in and pecks his lips softly. He feels paralyzed, butterflies squirming and fluttering in his stomach.

The 19 year old smiles and nods.
"Yeah."

When they pull away from eachother's personal space, Taehyung catches a glimpse of his brother's dark eyes in the review mirror and he shifts uncomfortably.
'Yeah, I hope.'

His brown eyes look out the window as they pull up to a house. Taehyung is hit with a sudden sense of familiarity at the sight of Yoongi standing in front of the looming structure. He doesn't like it.

"Yoongi hyung! Jimin hyung!"

M/n yells excitedly and throws the door open, running over to the two males. The red head watched the reunion of the small family and sighs in relief.

'It's over.'

He thinks, yet he feels uneasy again. Namjoon and Jungkook don't move from the sidewalk and Jin doesn't speak.

"Jin, why aren't they getting in the car?"

The brunette doesn't answer and Taehyung's heart starts to beat erratically, slowly building up.

"Jin hyung?"

Jin's eyes are trained on someone outside of the car and Taehyung slowly looks up. His while body freezes, everything feels like time suddenly stopped. He remembers why the house is so familiar, he knows why everything felt off in the beginning.

'No...'

Dark eyes filled with malice look into his fear filled orbs as a man walks towards the car. Seonggi.

"J-jin, lock the car..."

His voice is weak as his throat constricts, tears welling up in his eyes, threatening to spill over as so many memories rush back to him at once.

Jin doesn't move and Taehyung's body starts trembling.

"Jin!"

The 19 year old glances up at the man outside before he's jerking forward in his seat, hand reaching for the lock mechanism on the driver's door.

The older brunette grabs his wrist, stopping him. The grip is painfully tight and Taehyung flinches.

"No Taehyung, it's over. You already hurt so many people."

'What? No no no.'

A few tears fall down Taehyung's face as he rips his arm from Jin's grasp. He reaches under the seat with a shaky hand and grabs something metal and cold.

The door next to him rips open and he's ripped from the vehicle.

Taehyung screams, probably the loudest he's ever screamed in his life.

'Why? Please don't let him take me.'

❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️
Jin watches as Seonggi grabs a fistful of Taehyung's soft hair with one hand, the other grabbing the boy's waist, knocking the gun Taehyung held, away.

'Cornered animals, wounded animals, are the most dangerous. They'll do anything to escape the claws of predators.'

"Get off! Jin! Please don't let him take me!"

The brunette refuses to let his heart crack at the desperate, terrified tone Taehyung has. He refuses to react to Taehyung's tears as the boy is yanked around.

'Taehyung deserves this.'

A car, Yoongi's car, pulls away and Jin catches sight of M/h's face. He looks terrified, angry, for Taehyung. Jin pushes the thought away and looks over to Namjoon. His lover is frowning, a hand over Jungkook's eyes to shield him from witnessing the violence.

'Good.'
Jin thinks. Jungkook doesn't need to see it. He doesn't need to see Taehyung, his favourite hyung, get beat down to accept his fate.

"Jin please, please, please."

Taehyung sobs, hanging his head as Seonggi ties his wrists tightly behind his back with rough rope. He's a mess, skin dark red from where Seonggi hit him, tears rolling down his face incessantly, he's trembling violently.

"Jin hyung... D-don't let him... Pl-please- ah!"

Taehyung hiccups, crying out as the man behind him grabs his hair and yanks his head back.

"Shut up whore."

Jin looks at Taehyung with a dead expression as the younger's eyes plead for help. Taehyung's dead to him, he's been dead to him, ever since the red head was 10. He has to remind himself that, because he's already feeling guilty.

"Just shut up and accept it Taehyung. Stay with Seonggi and spread your legs all day like a good boy."

The words hurt to say but Jin forces his eyes to harden.
"You deserve this."

Taehyung seems to break hurt etching onto his face as he struggles and cries harder.

"Please! Plea-"

Seonggi hits him hard and he cries out, shutting up.

Jin watches as the man drags Taehyung with him to the entrance of the house. The 19 year old won't look up, he just gave up. He gave in and accepted his fate, trembling and sobbing in pure fear.

Jin makes eye contact with the man and Seonggi nods before disappearing into the house with Taehyung.
The young man sighs, relaxing against his seat. 
'It's finally over.'

Namjoon opens the backseat door for Jungkook and the little boy gets in, not saying a word. The lilac haired male sits in the passenger's seat and cups Jin's cheek with one hand.

"You did good baby."

Jin smiles and nods, starting the car, glancing at the house one last time.

He sees a strand of red hair on his seat, his heart breaks. Jin swears he hears his younger brother screaming and crying as he pulls the car away. He can't fight back the guilt any longer.

'Hyung's sorry Taehyungie.'

Chapter End Notes

So sad ;-; this story made me so stressed and made me feel bad.

Anywayyyyyss there will be a second book, I just need time to plan and get things together. The epilogue will be up later today. Anyways byyyyyee
Epilogue, What is Love?: Answer

Chapter Summary

What is love? You think you understand now.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Birds. There's so many different types so many colours and sounds, yet there are some who are caught in the claws of humans to never see freedom again.

It's something you're familiar with, yet you've never truly felt that way. 4 months since then, since that day and you've never been the same. Yoongi blames Taehyung. You know it's not his fault, it's yours. It's your memories.

You're not homeschooled anymore, you go to public school, you hardly act like a small child. All the gangs are allies now and you've seen Hoseok around but avoided him like the plague. The there's South Side, they've been quiet, haven't said anything since Taehyung.

'Taehyung...'

You stop the walking feeling the warmth of the afternoon sun seep through your school uniform. You look at the house to your left.

It used to scare you when you first started walking to school, but now you walk by it everyday in hopes of seeing him, even if it's just for a second, you long for him.

A glimpse of red hair through one of the windows catches your eye and you look. Whoever it is, they're gone. Deep down, you know who you seen, you can feel his pain bleeding out of the building. You can still see his terror and tears.

'What is love? My love is you Taehyung. I didn't understand before, but I do now.'

You stare at the house for a little longer before walking again, not noticing the eyes watching you from a window, the brown orbs always watched, always held heartbreak and longing everyday. But you've never noticed them.

'I promise I'll find love again, not in anyone else, but in you... I promise you Taehyung.'

"...Some birds aren't meant to be caged. Their feathers are just too bright..."

- Stephen King

Chapter End Notes
It's actually finally over.... Well, time to plan for a second book. It might take me a while, since I've got other stories to finish. BUT don't worry, I'll get it planned as soon as I can.

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