Summary

One day a boy from Busan named Park Jimin transfers in Seoul Heroes Academy and joins the team with Kim Seokjin the 3rd year who can create fake illusions with his mouth, Kim Namjoon, a telepath, Jung Hoseok who had the power to dopple gang himself and Min Yoongi a fire manipulator.

Drama ensues.

(Taehyung and Jungkook are introduced later on).

Updates every Wednesday and Saturday.

Notes

Please dont repost this story on anywhere without my permission!! Thank uu (¬‿¬)
Hello!! This is my first ao3 story and I'm kinda new to all this stuff so sorry if this is really bad. This story will get better overtime I promise the more I get the hang of ao3? Please comment some tips below!!

This is inspired by my hero academia and one punch man and miss peregrine's home for peculiar children (there will be some references of course)
Prologue

yoongi: fire manipulation, can control fire. hates being labelled a pyromaniac, and usually comes off as a stoic dark top student that wants to be alone. an per-student council member because he got in a huge fight.

namjoon: a telepath that can go through peoples darkest secrets, read thoughts, can see what an opponents next move is. is the student council president.

???: very powerful telekenis, can control anything in his will.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Not all days were bad days. However, this say was somehow a mix of melancholy and irritation that thrived through Yoongi's brain everytime he hears his two best friends chatter endlessly.

On the other hand, Yoongi thought "days like this could've been worse, brain, what's the bitchy attitude for?"

"Have you heard? There's a new student."

"No."

"Apparently he has multiple powers."

"That's not true! Imagine Min Yoongi the best student losing against him!"

"You never know how strong he is he maybe can't control his power."

Yoongi could all hear the fuss about the new transfer student right from Busan.

Gritting his teeth angrily, scribbling on his homework page, knowing he's a hot head, feeling uneasy about this transfer student.

Being the top student, he knew that people that had powers from Busan were incredibly talented due to their small culture - at the age of 5 they are destined to train hard enough to be a prodigy with their parents training them until their muscles ache and their kids scream and whimper, with bones reckless.
Luckily, Min Yoongi was born in Daegu, a place where all his favourite traumatic events happened. First of all, burning his mother's hand on accident at the age of 4 when Yoongi got attached to his father's lighter.

Fire, burning flames was beautiful, not threatening to little Yoongi, he thought they looked so pretty. So beautiful.

Yoongi groans at the flashback.

His pencil breaks.

"For fuck's sake," He mutters, staring at his pen that was broken in half, black plastic cracked with tiny shards poking his porcelain skin. "I'm stupid."

"You stressed?" The orange head asks, looking through his hyung's eyes. Hoseok, Jung Hoseok was an annoyingly good best friend in fact, but him having a doppleganging power pissed Min Yoongi the most because he will be there in one minute, then another Hoseok will be behind him poking his back.

The fire manipulator finally looks up to Hoseok with a shit-eating mischievous grin, sitting in the desk right next to him.

"Are you fucking me?" Yoongi rolls his eyes, cussing, "Hoseok I'm trying to do my homew-"

Hoseok scoffs only in response, stealing his sheet, throwing it to the other side of the class room then crossing his arms.

Class room lights reflected onto his face, "Look I need to talk to you."

Have you heard the rumors?

Yoongi looks away, mouth slowly forming a tight line, "Of course I have Hoseok. Of course."

"Now listen dude," Hoseok says seriously, now pointing at Yoongi, ready to spill the news to him, "People are planning to see who's the most powerful between you and the new transfer student coming on Monday. Nerve wracking for you right? Even for me."

All Yoongi does is nod, looking down.

He really felt uneasy.

"But bro, don't get it fucking towards you! Just because he's from Busan, doesn't mean his powers are strong."

"You heard the rumors about him coming from Busan?"

Hoseok nods, "There's only 1 person from Busan in Seoul Academy...it's that nerd that has the power metamorphosis. Or shapeshifter, whatever the fuck it is." Hoseok quietly whispers, looking behind him. "His name is Jeon Jungkook a second year. I heard he can't really control his power, that's why he barely does the Seoul tournaments against other academies y'know? Although he's second strongest out of the academy, no one knows his potential."

Yoongi remembers that name eerily.

Last year, the little kid was in a huge fight against a boy named Kim Taehyung, a ice manipulator in the cafeteria.
Ice manipulators weren't rare, but they were different types of ice manipulators that were considered as rare who can actually make ice out of thin air.

The complete opposite of Yoongi having to always bring a lighter with him in his uniform pockets.

The fight was completely brutal, people cheering them on, chanting 'fight fight fight', whilst the Jeon kid never does anything - crying so much tears on the floor as his whole body was starting to freeze up in a ice statue.

Yoongi could remember the Jeon kid yelling with his brown hazel eyes turning into a different colour, a bright vibrant green, screaming "I don't want to hurt you," over and over again like a broken music box until Kim Taehyung stops freezing his body, and starts hugging him out of the blue.

"The fight that Jeon had was fucked up honestly." Yoongi mutters, "Busan people are weird."

"Right..right." Hoseok agrees. "Anyway-"

"HOSEOK! WHERE ARE YOU WE HAVE A MEETING?"

Hoseok flinches.

It was Kim Namjoon one of his best friends and also part of the student council.

Min Yoongi hated telepaths as if they were disgusting little pests except Kim Namjoon.

He is only an exception.

Telepaths were complete privacy breakers, always reading your minds and always able to cheat on tests, and in dome fights they would be able to calculate your moves so easily it's a pain in the ass.

Literally.

Hoseok pats Yoongi on the shoulder with a crooked smile, and walks off out of the dimly lit classroom.

Yoongi sighs.

Chapter End Notes
Non of the chapters are edited so if some part doesn't make sense or there's a missing word or typo

(Because I literally do these at 1am :^))

please let me know!!
Monday.

Everybody hated a typical Monday, waking up early around six am in the morning with a groan ready to face hell, (literally) named Seoul Heroes Academy full of fights and battles, studies and many subjects to learn that doesn't even mean anything to grab the hero license that you need.

Min Yoongi fucking hated Mondays.

It irked him, waking up this early to eat some food to gain some energy, however, he was busy up at night reading a library book that the librarian offered him at that Friday after his school to waste some nice time of life and actually have some sort of peace instead of the usual: random powers out of no where, villains running violently on the streets.

Just a quiet library that he can keep quiet without the gushing of fan girls near the fire manipulator.

Right now, taking off every single piece of clothing in his empty dorms of Seoul Academy, (that usually has another person living in) he walked into the shower, turning the switch to put the hot water on.

Water began pelting on Yoongi's face, then the temperature slowly rised.

Out of all honestly, all Yoongi did was just look through the glass that separated him from the fresh painted walls of navy blue, and blooming plant pots that sat on the shelf of the bathroom, humming a catchy tune as the see through glass started to steam up little bubbles.

Everything was a blur.

He sighed in content as his hands brushed away his own soaking hair away from his eyes, noticing his raven black hair was growing alot faster than he expected, breathing out watching the cloud of breath form into a cloud.

His head pounded.

After a several minutes, Yoongi turned the whole shower off, pulled the handle to the side, sliding
the glass to the other side so he can exit the shower safely, grabbing the white towel on the boiling hot radiator right next to him.

Pampering himself, and wrapping the towel against his waist, he walked out of the steamy room walking next to his bed.

"No never mind, do it a thousand times.." Yoongi’s breathy voice spoke. He had the song in his head for ages now.

The room’s walls were black, simplistic even. There was a black leather couch replacing the bed that was supposed to be there, brown oak wood shelves full of books neatly arranged in alphabetical order. Then, on the right side of the dorm room was a working table where Yoongi can do his homework easily which also had a macbook (gifted from his mother), on the desk.

Plant baskets where attached to the ceiling, small fairy lights around his bed that had also a black white bedding was Yoongi’s personal style.

Out of all honesty, Yoongi wished he had someone to talk to, someone other than the cat that always sleeps on the perch of his window that he secretly let’s inside. "I guess they’re not here today."

He changed into his Seoul Hero Academics uniform, hearing the white clock that contrasted with his black wallpaper tick each second.

Asshole 😏

oi yoongi in the student council we were discussing something about the new student

Yoongi immediately took interest, texting Hoseok back.

Me

What's his power??

Asshole 😏 is typing...

Asshole 😏

They never really said anything about his power. All we know his name is Park jimin and he's going to move in ur dorm this morning. Lolololol
Me

He's going to stay in my dorm?

Yoongi bit his lip.

Asshole 😊

Yh he's going to move in the afternoon.
He's going to start his lessons first tho
Namjoon thought that u two would get along
Y'know

Me

No I don't know?
Is he actually from Busan?

Asshole 😊

Yup
he also used to live with his grandma in Busan
Usually we discuss about his powers but
Namjoon said he didn't want to talk about it
Imagine he was powerless
But he shouldn't be he wouldn't be invited to the elite school lmao

Me

So he's here rn?

Asshole 😊

Nah he's gonna come around 8:50 or 9
Get ready yoongles
"All of us have a power right?" Yoongi's Religious Studies teacher asked rhetorically.

In Yoongi's hands was the book that the librarian gave him to borrow, all about that. Religious Studies were actually pretty interesting to him, but other than that, his best friend Hoseok hated it and always wanted to fall asleep and groaned everytime the teacher would speak something unbelievable in some sort.

He didn't really believe all this, it's just a legend from millions of years ago, it could be altered time to time pass generations.

"Well back then, humans like us didn't have powers. All of us depended on the Gods and Godesses like Zeus, Aphrodite - you know, the Greeks." She said, grabbing her chalk piece, writing on the dark green chalk board infront of her, the words: Greek Gods. "Legends say that Satans pawns, the Ten Commandments were also friends with the Greek Gods even though people saw them as sinners that defiled the Gods themselves."

Yoongi hears Hoseok snoring right next to him, dribble slowly coming out of his mouth.

Yoongi cringed.

Mrs Lee wrote the Ten Commandments on the board this time, "Please write notes down, class."

Everyone began to write down quickly.

Period one was the longest boring period since they had to write down every single note they can jot down to remember in the exams.

"These ten demons were Satans most powerful team. The strongest out of the ten was his own son after all. Each of them had a colour, and first commandment represented pride, owning the colour red.

One day, Satan does something unforgivable breaking one of the Greeks rules, marry a Goddess. The couple was actually together for ages, and no one noticed until Satan wanted to let the world to know.

Zeus was in infuriating anger, and banished the two. The down side was that Satan also helped the Earth with the Greek Gods.

The two did a deal, deciding that each one thousand years they would do the Deadly Games, and whoever's side wins the battle, they get get to rule Earth for another 1000 years and do whatever they wanted to it.

A thousand years ago, powers started coming up, and all of us were granted with special attributes just like from an action movie. Although we don't know which side did this permanent effect on us. It's unknown."
Namjoon, the student council president raised his hand up, which wasn't unusual at all.

"Yes Namjoon?"

"Is this all a true? A legend? A myth? Just a rumour?" The telepath asks, confused. "That's the reason why we all these powers?"

Mrs Lee chuckles, chalk on her hands after writing the shortened notes on her board. "I can't answer that, but people still believe it. Some people just think that Greek Godesses and these Ten demons don't even exist anymore or it's just some hoax."

Yoongi thinks a little, hands clutching on the old battered book he has with old tea stains on, hard book cover rounded with pages creased or slightly torn.

Greek Godesses and Gods?

Yoongi thought that was some bullshit.

Chapter End Notes

wattpad and twitter : necromaancyy
Chapter Two: Introductions and Tears

Chapter Summary

Goodie bag - still woozy

Chapter Notes

Sorry if this is bad! Not edited!!

Warning: suicide mentions

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Today we have a new student, please introduce yourselves."

Period 2.

Oh gosh, how Yoongi hated period two with the rambling teacher excitedly talking about how different types of powers work.

He didn't hate the subject.

He hated the teacher.

She was just like Hoseok, but way more annoying-er than him. The way she talks, the way she ever exaggerates everything - she acts like a student, not a proper teacher.

Yoongi looked up.

It's the transfer student.
His voice was smooth just like honey, with huge plump lips, pretty red luscious locks and eyelashes that were longer than a girl's, eyes innocently looking at him.

The boy that was only two centimetres shorter than him, blinking slowly, eyes meeting Yoongi's as he parted mouth, pursing his pouty lips, "My names Park Jimin! Nice to meet you. I-I hope we get along." He mumbles, fidgeting with his small fingers.

Of course, the teacher squealed (which pissed the hell off Yoongi), "Well Jimin, Where are you from? What's your power?"

Everyone stared at the transfer student, then looked at Yoongi suspiciously.

Yoongi felt the transfer students dark brown eyes stare burning through his soul.

Yoongi felt uneasy with the powerful aura Jimin had.

Jimin felt strong.

It scared him.

Yoongi didn't expect Park Jimin to look surprisingly pretty and petite - he thought he would look like a person that's taller than Yoongi, eyebrows curving in anger, but Park Jimin was this guy that was standing infront of him, batting his eyelashes, "W-Well..I'm from Busan, and my power..." He trailed off, silent. "It's uh, t-telekinesis."

Some people gasped in the class, and some remained silent, but everyone was shocked or wanted to even stay away from the student immediately.

Yoongi bit his lip.

Everyone knew what telekenisis are like back then. They were seen as criminals, or even freaks because of how much power the held, they completely destroyed tournaments, and people who held the power got banned. They stopped the rule a few couple years ago now, since there were only a few telekenisis' left in the world.

Hoseok nudged him out of his thinking trance.
"What?"

Hoseok whispered with a horse face, "You seemed like you were stating out of space. I just gotta tell you, the nerd looks like some bad news."

Yoongi shrugs, "You don't see much telekenis these days do you?"

"But you know that telekenis are fucked up in the head and also overpowered. Their hard to find."
Hoseok insults, and Yoongi really thinks he's too judgemental - although it's his annoying personality he has been stuck with it for a couple of years. "Are you listening?"

Yoongi nods, "I am."

In reality, Park Jimin was the one that's nervous here. All eyes were on him, and he could feel like everyone was judging him the moment he stepped in.

Why were they staring at him so aggressively?

Jimin knew that the history of telekenis were incredibly dark. His nerves were about to go haywire at any time, not wanting to stand up in front of pairs of eyes glaring at him.

He knew people thought telekenis' are a harm to human society.

But what's not a harm to society now a days?

"Wow! Do you now how to fully control it Jimin? Can you give us an example? You know the history of people who had telekinesis!"

Jimin nods hesitantly. He was uncomfortable, "Yeah? I guess..." The transfer students' eyes scanned
"Can you test it on someone?" Curiosity got the better of the teacher, and Jimin slightly shivered at her suggestion. "Like make someone float? Hoseok, can you come up?" The teacher said, and Hoseok groaned in response, burying himself in his school blazer. "Hoseok."

The doppelganger user whined, clutching onto his black and red blazer with the Seoul Hero Academics badge sown on, "Me?"

How unexpected.

The teacher huffed. "Yes. Yes you."

The orange haired boy spoke out, "Why me? Pick someone else please?" He said with his trained puppy eyes. "Jimin could hurt me!" He jokes. "He's a telekenis."

The class giggles.

The teacher did a false laugh, "You're always sleeping in class. Take it as a thing that you'll do everytime you sleep." She sighs putting g her hands on her hips, "I wont let Jimin harm you." She reassures, and Hoseok finally gives up a few seconds after, walking next to Jimin, giving a glare.

Jimin innocently smiles, trying to act friendly, but Hoseok gives him a stern face.

The telekenis' smile falters a little with the response he was given.

Does his new classmate not like him?

"O-Oh," Jimin whispers to himself.

Hoseok huffs, crossing his arms looking down towards the transfer student, "Your are shorter than I expected, telekenis." He snorts, mocking the guy.
Jimin didn't like that.

Jimin knew he was short.

Jimin knew he had telekinesis.

Why did Hoseok label him like that?

"W-What?" Jimin murmurs, clenching his fists. Jimin didn't want to get mad, he promised himself he wouldn't so nothing would get out of hand. He wanted just to make friends, not end up like this.

Hoseok raises his eyebrows.

With a smirk, he mouthed the words. "I said, you're short. Are you deaf?"

Yoongi didn't want to interfere, but Hoseok did do a bitch move right there.

"I-I'm not deaf." Jimin says suppressing his stress, pointing a finger at Hoseok.

The orange head gives his signature shit-eating grin, "Look, you're just a Busan kid. You look like some little school kid. I bet you'll end up like all those other telekenis-"

The red head stepped closer towards Hoseok, "Don't."

"-going crazy and committing suicide."

Yoongi sighed.

The teacher sighed aswell, "Hoseok, watch your attitude."
The class starts 'oooo' ing and snickering at the transfer student, and Yoongi sits there at his desk, focusing on the two. He thinks how annoying this could be for Jimin.

He actually pitied the student, being picked on just because if his over-powered power.

Yoongi knew how Hoseok can wind up students easily when he felt insecure and frightened, it was some defense mechanism he always had when they were kids.

The transfer student leans towards Hoseok forgetting the teacher was there, and Hoseok steps back.

"So.." Jimin looked up to Hoseok, "Why does that matter to you?" Jimin's eyes go darker, head clouding.

Hoseok mutters shit under his breath, immediately regretting his decision. It was if the transfer student switched to another person when he gets irritated, and Hoseok didn't expect that.

"Well.." Hoseok murmurs, "I'm just saying."

The transfer student raises an eyebrow in anger. He had another, "I'm not dumb to not remember the words you said, Hoseok." Jimin thunders. "Just because some people are better than you, no need to be insecure about it." His voice was laced in venom, stating each fact that was completely true.

Hoseok laughs nervously, watching the transfer students eyes turn into a blood red colour.

Oh no.

"Boys! I want you to stop arguing immediately." The teacher yells, but Jimin ignored her.

His eyes began to glow even brighter, anger pulsing through his being, the ground began to shake matching with the whirlwind if feelings he had, right hand raising slowly.
Hoseok does as well. His whole being was being raised, eyes widening at what's happening, watching all the students' desks slowly levitate up. "J-Jimin, I was only joking...I was just.."

Jimin tilts his head like a cat, mouth opening with a small little gasp, red eyes with pupils growing bigger, "You were just joking?" He purrs, faking a shocked expression. "Joking about normal people like me going crazy and committing suicide? That's pure bullshit." He whispers under his breath.

A gush of wind goes through Yoongi's whole body. He could feel the vibrations coming from the floor and the ice cold breeze on tickling his fingertips with a following desk (that was his) violently smash into the shelves from the other side of the room where glass tubes and beakers of experiments were, and tiny pieces of shards were flying around the classroom.

Everything that was glass shatters in a split second, freaking out the students who just wanted to learn.

Including Hoseok was levitating higher, legs dangling, with his face contorted in fear.

He felt guilt.

The telekenis smirks, hands doing a small gesture, batting his eyelashes in excitement, as Hoseoks red tie tightened around his neck causing him to choke and cough in pain.

"M'sorry! J-Jimi...puh, puh-please! Leh-let go!" Hoseok shouts, begs, shaking hands clutching onto his own tie that tightened more everytime he attempted to undo it. "Ji-Jimin!"

"Mr Park, you must stop now." The teacher says, slowly. "Please turn off your power now, or I'll do it myself." She told Jimin, who was enjoying Hoseoks pain.

All the students were chanting 'fight! fight!', not helping the situation anywhere.

It really didn't.
"Mr Park!" The teacher yells.

Hoseok’s eyes were watering, begging so much, his eyes closed mouth opening and closing trying to suck in air.

Hoseok *couldn't* breathe.

He *couldn't*.

He was focused on breathing more, instead of thinking to doppel gang himself because there was no point.

Jimin could strangle his other doppelganger anyways.

Meanwhile, the students weren't allowed to use their powers inside the class anyways. They knew what consequences they faced.

They stood up, not wanting to go near the transfer student who was suffocating Jung Hoseok in thin air.

Yoongi was slowly grabbing his lighter out of his blazer pocket, frozen in his seat with a look that read: pissed. He also was terrified, not knowing the small transfer student (although he was two centimetres below his own height), could cause such a ruckus in a few seconds.

Yoongi, *do* something.

*Your best friend is* hurting!

Jimin stops all of a sudden, backing away from what he has done, blinking in terror at himself, eyes watery and face twisted in pain as his eyes switched back to the normal deep brown. His hands cover his mouth, staring at Hoseok and staring at Yoongi.
It happened again.

And someone got hurt.

Desks that were floating immediately dropped.

Hoseok fell violently down onto the floor coughing and choking, with a thud.

"T-Teacher..I-I-I'm sor-sorry!" Jimin cries, in fear.

Yoongi saw how scared he looked.

Jimin was scared of himself.

"I-I - thuh-that wasn't me! I-I l-luh-lost control all of a sudden." Jimin panicked, and the teacher immediately reassured him that he isn't in trouble.

"Jimin, don't worry..I know - it's okay. I should've stopped Mr Jung." The teacher sips her coffee, looking tired.

Jimin started crying more, tears cascading down his chubby cheeks, "Buh-But I hurt someone and b-buh-broke your experiment equipment!"

The teacher sighs, "It can be easily fixed okay?"

"O-Oh, o-okay." Jimin whispers.

Yoongi ran towards his best friend, patting his back, reassuring him he's alright, and nothing else is going to happen to him. "You shouldn't have wound him up. Hoseok...God.."

Yoongi nervously met eyes with the transfer students', whose eyes were now in his original colour.
"I apologise for my best friends actions, it was obviously my fault that I haven't stopped him."
Yoongi bowed in a ninety degree angle, and the students settled down, in shock. "Please forgive him, and please try out for the Seoul tournaments. It isn't your fault about what happened. I promise he will forgive you too."

Min Yoongi apologised to someone.

He rarely does that.

Hoseok hisses at Yoongi, "Really?! Are you going to invite him to the try outs that are on tomorrow? He's a psycho!" (He was still on the floor, about to stand up).

Yoongi whispers and Hoseok worried, "Look Seok, we only have three members off to compete. This kids strong - if we can invite him to the tryouts, we're able to add him to the team!"

Jimin stared the black haired fire manipulator, down.

Hoseok scoffs - the usual. He pouts, "Whatever."

The awkward silence was even uncomfortable for Yoongi.

"Y-Yoongi..." Jimin looks at the male. "I-I'd love to.."

"I can't believe it Namjoon! He just strangles n'suffocates me when I was only joking, then he starts crying yelling it wasn't him? What type of guy is he?!!" Hoseok yells, slamming the table with his fist, alarming the whole table with his rant, eating his baguette angrily.
Namjoon shakes his head, "The kid could have some mental health issues? Telekenis' are incredibly gifted and totally overpowered but the downside is the mentality.." He looks worried all of a sudden, eyes flickering towards Yoongi's. "And you," He points at the fire manipulator, "You asked him to do the try outs tomorrow?"

Yoongi nods, chewing on his cake, "Joon, we're off three members. Seokjin hyung doesn't even attend our practices we have every Friday!" Yoongi insists, persuading his friend, "The transfer kid is a good one. He's rare to find telekenis. A one in a probably, a million chance. He's a good kid I swear. I could tell his crying and how he felt was genuine when he felt sorry for accidentally suffocating Hoseok.

Yoongi had a point.

"You call that accidentally?!" Hoseok whines. Dramatically. "I was in the brink of death!"

Yoongi grimaces, "Says the person who joked about suicide."

Hoseok sneered. "Whatever."

Namjoon coughs, "Stop being so sour guys."

The three sat on the table in break to just have snacks, scoffing down the treats they bought.

Namjoon wolfed down his chocolate bar, "But don't talk about Jin hyung like that!"

"I feel like you are starting to have feelings for the illusionist now." Hoseok mumbles.

"Jin hyung comes when ever he wants to...he just does it when he feels like it." Namjoon pauses. "And you know how telekenis' are like. They end up angry and using all their power will kill them even more."

Yoongi click his tongue, "That's just a myth, idiot."
"Yeah..a myth."

"Not gonna lie, Yoongi did make a good choice to invite him to the try outs last minute," Hoseok said, being honest changing the subject a little, "I have to admit it is my fault for doing that. I gotta apologise to the kid."

Namjoon realises Hoseok was in a mood, and Yoongi was quiet.

Namjoon gives a piece of his chocolate to Hoseok.

"Thanks!" Hoseok cheerfully takes the chocolate and nibbles it. Hoseok mood shifts quickly, "Have you checked out the list where the people wanted to join in the tryouts?"

"I haven't yet. It's probably full anyways on the dash board we pinned it on for the public." Yoongi replies, munching on his cake, near to finish it, "I'm going against the people in our year? That means I'm going against that Park Jimin dude.." Yoongi shudders remembering the immediate switch of personality the transfer student does when he feels angered.

Namjoon laughs, "I believe you can do it hyung."

"Oh you're using honorifics now?" Yoongi chuckles.

"He's doing it to make you feel better, idiot." Hoseok laughs aswell, "I'm going against the second years. I'm guessing Kim Taehyung’s going to be on the list."

Namjoon looks up in surprise, "How so?"

Hoseok thinks a little, still eating the chocolate, then let out a little 'ah!' as if he had a light bulb moment, "In the morning he was talking to a student, blabbering his mouth off that he wants to join the team to defeat another ice user in another school for some sweet revenge." Hoseok says, confused, "I over heard him. He said it with the most deepest voice it gave me the chills."

Yoongi takes interest, "All because of some ice user?"
Namjoon rolls his eyes, "That's pretty childish, don't you think?"

Hoseok just shows a simple shrug, finishing his chocolate piece with a lick on his lips, "Do you even know any strong ice users that we went against last year?"

"Maybe they're Taehyung's age. First years couldn't compete last year in the Seoul Tournaments." Namjoon suggested.

"Maybe you guys need to take a break from all this mess." A familiar voice speaks.

The three knew that voice.

It was the illusionist, Kim Seokjin, that had a smirk on his face holding a tray with a friend. "I brought a third year that recently joined - his names Park Jimin. I thought you'll like him."

The strawberry haired boy blushes, "O-Oh it's you." He sees Yoongi and Hoseok (who looked guilty), sat on their seats.

Seokjin smiled at the second year, "You know these weirdos?"

Jimin looks away shyly.

"Why are you acting all shy now? You suffocated me with my own fucking tie the first time we met!" Hoseok barks, and Jimin flinches at his rough tone, "You think that we're going to let you on the team.?

Jimin fidgets with his fingers, lips wobbling. "I-I wanted to apologise to both of you...my power gets
o-out of hand and I act like a different person the more I use it." He looks up ashamed, with a pout. "The feeling of guilt I have is genuine, so please accept my apology gift!" Jimin shouts loudly, bowing with a basket full of sweets and expensive gifts.

"Cute." Yoongi mutters.

Hoseok looked at the basket filled with treats and goodies, and Yoongi accepted it as well.

"Thank you Jimin-ah."

Jin looked at Hoseok, "The child doesn't mean any harm." The illusionist finally sits down with his other three buddies that he had neglected so long.

Jimin finally sits down as well, just like a puppy, waiting for Hoseok and Yoongi to open the basket already.

Breaking the silence, Jin hyung claps his hands with a grin, "We're going to introduce ourselves to lil'Jiminie, aren't we?"

Jimin looks down with a blush on his face, "U-Uh I'm sorry if I can't speak up very well, I'm-

"There's no need to introduce yourself Jimin, we all know who you are, probably the cafeteria knows who you are now!" Namjoon continues, actually thinking the shy boy is pretty cute, sitting there, "My name is Kim Namjoon. I'm a telepath. I'm in the third year, same as you, but I'm in a different set, a grade higher, so you won't really see me often in your classes. I'm the leader of Tricpyth, Seoul Heros Academics team."

Hoseok smiles, "I'm sorry about earlier Jimin."

Jimin giggles, covering his small hands over his mouth, "It's fine Hoseokie hyung. All of us make mistakes, we are all human."

"Well - uh, I'm Jung hoseok, I can dopple gang myself how much I want but the problem is sometimes I multiply out of the blue!" Hoseok cheerfully introduces himself, and then he points at
Seokjin, "And that's Jin hyung, he's an illusionist and he can make fake illusions that can last long and mess with someone's head. He always is skipping our practices unless the practices are near the Seoul tournament."

Jin scoffs, pushing Hoseok I'm embarrassment, "Stop making me feel like a bad example to Jimin!"

Hoseok finally points towards the last guy, "And that's Yoongi, Yoongi hyung. He the strongest fire manipulator in the school! Isn't that cool?!"

Yoongi grumpily pushes Hoseoks finger anger from his face, "Stop acting like I'm good at everything to Jimin."But he faces him, with a small smile. "I'm Min Yoongi, and I'm second in command in the Tricpyth."

Chapter End Notes

I' promise it will get better !!!!
Chapter Three: Kim Seokjin, The Illusionist

Chapter Summary

I hope this is not bad I have my doubts
While writing this I was busy listening to alphabet boy
Thanks for reading !!!

Chapter Notes

the story gets better I promise :) !!!!
Yoongi let out a fake exhausted sigh, stretching his arms as he laid on his bed, staring at Jimin in curiosity who was taking out old books that were ripped or scuffed around the edges, colours fading away. Jimin was much more of an introvert than himself, always feeling uneasy near him and stuttering to much each time Yoongi's eyes met with his, he would blush and look away.

"Do you need help?" The fire manipulator offers, approaching towards the transfer student. He faces Jimin, "I could lend a helping hand-"

Jimin shakes head profusely, holding a book that was in the clutches of his small hands, clearly hiding a blush. "N-nuh-no, seriously it's fine!" The telekenis says.

Yoongi stays silent, watching Jimin slowly move the book away his round baby face.

"Yo-Yoongi ssi!" Jimin panics quickly, seeing Yoongi doing a small little smile.

"You can call me hyung - I'm older than you."

Jimin plays with the cuticles on his finger nails. He was obviously struggling holding the boxes and it was clear that he didn't want to use his power for some other reason. Although, powers are prohibited inside the school unless you are in the practice room or in the Battle Dome where the fights take place.

"Let me help then - you look like you're struggling," Yoongi insisted, hand holding Jimin's wrist so that he didn't have to cover his face easily. "You're really shy.."

Jemin feels a rush of heat rise to his face, "I-I get that alot." Jimin finally gives in, letting his new roommate help him unpack his own belongings. He turns away, pointing at the box with his messy handwriting 'Books'. "M-Maybe you can un pack those? Y-You don't have to.."

"Jimin, out of all honestly, I'd love to help you."

Yoongi helps him out, opening the box and grabbing out the contents. It was a variation of old books, spell books and new books that looked pristine. They were probably recently bought.
With a slight sense of peculiarity, his huge hands traced against the leather. Brown authentic leather with engravings of demons and Gods fighting each other in rage twisted on their faces, one holding a spear and one with a trident, poking the other.

Flipping the book over, the title was in printed ink, *The Forbidden Love Between Hephaestus, and The Demon.*

Yoongi learned about Hephaestus in Greek Mythology, apparently being married to Aphrodite to stop the previous arguments between families. Hephaestus was also considered ugly, but no one really had pictures.

They were rumors passed down generations, altered, changed - someone may have took a grudge towards The God of Fire.

Without Jimin's permission, (while he was opening his box of clothes completely occupied), he started reading the ancient words that looked like they were handwritten in the most fancy handwriting he has ever seen.

As Yoongi flipped the page with the spirit of inquiry, breath hitched as he gulped when an old unopened stained letter falls out in the silence, with letters written in pure ink: *To Jiminnie.*

The same handwriting the old leather book contained, but it was obvious Jimin's name was written, it was right there distinctive and clean.

"Shit."

Heart pounding against his chest, Yoongi's hand was about to grab the letter and place it back in so his room mate didn't know he was interfering his privacy-

"*Yoongi hyung..*"

Yoongi could feel a shiver slithering down his spine.
"What are you doing...?" The younger boys voice alarmed Yoongi - it was the same dark shrill voice he experienced when Jimin suffocated Hoseok a few hours ago.

"Jimin," Yoongi says, hands dropping the book, "An envelope dropped from your book that I took out of the box - do you want me to put it back?"

Jimin's whole face expression softens into a smile, whole body loosening up, "O-Oh, it's not your fault hyung, don't worry. I'll put it back later! C-Can you add them to your shelf of books? U-Uh, um it will be g-great if you did -" Jimin stutters and stumbles on his words, "I m-mean, there will be more room if you did."

The fire manipulator breathes in relief, noticing Jimin's personality change, "Of course, that will be great."

Jimin giggles, "T-Thank you hyung."

After unpacking all Jimin's stuff Yoongi falls down onto his bed, eyes flickering to the other side of his dorm room now, the complete opposite of his. "It looks great Jimin,"

Jimin looks away from Yoongi's gaze, "You also helped aswell," He speaks softly, shyness showing. His finger tips touch, pushing them together, body shrunk as he sat on his newly made bed. "I need t-thank you."

Yoongi's black interior contrasted with Jimin's red wallpaper - both agreed into changing the other side's wallpaper so it can fit comfortably with Jimins liking. It was hard, but the two managed it, moving some objects towards Yoongi's side, Yoongi helping Jimin sort his clothing in his own clothes in Yoongi's drawer.

Jimin's side consisted of a fluffy white rug, a small red shelf for his for each and every little ancient trinket he had, small little plushies sitting on his plain red coloured bedding with black polka dots. A desk was right next to his bed with a cup on ink pens and a ink box.

All the boxes were set aside.

"What made you join SHA in the first place?" Yoongi asks, trying to start a conversation.
Jimin approaches the elders bed, finally sitting down, beginning to speak, "W-Well, I was supposed to go to this school way earlier, but I used to go to Busan League of Heroes. My mom suddenly wanted to move to Seoul for an unknown reason. I-I also got banned from going to the Seoul tournaments back then because I hurt someone o-out of anger."

"Jimin, if it's a touchy subject, you don't have to talk about it.." Yoongi smiles a little.

Jimin shakes his head, "It's c-completely fine." His posture loosens a little, "What else do you want to know about me hyung? A-Ask away!"

The awkwardness starts getting worse each second.

Yoongi thinks, maybe the internet was right about four seconds of silence cause awkwardness. "Uhm..What are your hobbies? Yoongi starts off with a comfortable question for Jimin to answer.

"Oh!" Jimin starts, feeling a bit more comfortable with his roommate, "U-Uh, I like dancing and singing! My dad learnt me how to do ballet. He was supportive about it, and he l-learnt me how to be graceful. He was the best dad ever!"

It was actually pretty adorable to watch Jimin ramble in his own world.

"A-Although, my mom scolded me, she told me ballet was for girls, not boys. I-I didn't really stop until she started yelling at me.." Jimin starts fidgeting with his small fingers once again, looking down.

Yoongi's eyebrows raise, "Your mom sounds like a bitch," He jokes, and Jimin blushes excessively, pushing him away with a giggle, "H-Hyung! T-That's rude!"

Enchanted by Jimin's beauty Yoongi freezes in his spot, trying to act cool, "Well, shes sounds like a bitch," Yoongi snickers, and Jimin slightly shuffles closer on the bed, going over Yoongi's lap-

Their <i>thighs</i> were touching.

Jimin was grabbing the book that was right next to Yoongi's satchel, he sat back down in his normal
spot, hand tracing the book cover, "You are interested in these types of books h-hyung?"

"The librarian at the school said it would be interesting to read," Yoongi reasons, watching Jimin look at it with the words surprise plastered on his face. "What's the matter?"

Jimin flinches when Yoongi broke the awkward silence, flipping over the front cover, "I've seen this book before, but they're extremely hard to get. These are banned after all." Jimin looks up to Yoongi, who had a confused expression, "What part are you on?"

What surprised Yoongi was that he stopped stuttering.

Maybe Jimin's already warming up and comfortable with him?

"I'm on the part where Hephaestus runs away with his secret lover, one of the Ten Commandments, Satan's son known as 'Grim Reaper'. It's actually addicting to read." Yoongi said.

Jimin sadly smiles.

"Then the two apparently get banished from Hell and Heaven, because-"

"Do you believe that Yoongi hyung?" Jimin whispers, pushing himself closer to his roommate, tension in the room starting to thicken. "Some people don't."

Yoongi breathes in deeply. "Not really."

Jimin's small hands slowly trace against Yoongi's thigh, pretty pink soft lips opening, eyes meeting his, "Oh, I thought you would." Jimin's voice slowly becomes a bit sad, "You seemed so interested hyungie."

"Ji-Jimin," Yoongi said, pushing him gently away.

"Yoonie hyung-"
Yoongi sighs standing up and "Let's go to lunch, shall we?" Yoongi nervously laughs, "Let's break off some sweat? You can meet the whole group then, you can get to know us more better."

"Jimin?,"

Everything's all awkward once again.

"I wanted to go to the practice rooms for a bit." Jimin's voice was now small, nervous, a tone of a pain painted through his voice, as his hand slowly wiggles away from Yoongi's hand, stepping back a little. "You know, to control my powers more and get ready for tomorrow."

"I'm sorry Jimin, did I make you uncomfortable?"

"No!" Jimin shouts, and covers his mouth in realisation. He was loud.

Yoongi noticed this aswell.

"It's my fault, for being touchy with you.." Jimin owns up, knowing his actions. "Sorry hyung.."

"Jimin, our conversation was just awkward.."

The strawberry boy just walks past Yoongi.

Yoongi didn't understand.
Jin finally comes to the roof top for once with a cheesy grin, seeing his team mates who were eating their food, or even scrolling through Instagram on their phones, doing something to relieve their boredom. "Hey guys, long time no see."

Hoseok sees his hyung, dropping his Nintendo Switch onto his lap, "So you finally come for some discussion?"

The illusionist laughs half-heartedly, "Of course, I wanted to hang out with my team mates!"

Namjoon blushes at the sight of Seokjin wearing the usual Seoul Hero Academics uniform. He wasn't wearing his black and white striped tie, and instead, his collar was unbuttoned showing his collar bones. "You do? I'm glad Jin hyung. Did you bring Jimin with you?"

Yoongi looks away.

"No, he's in the practice room. I was busy helping him on how to improve, and I wanted to ask if you would like to see him in some action." Seokjin says, asking them with the most polite tone.

Everyone knows Kim Seokjin, being the trouble maker he always was, even being worse that Hoseok.

The illusionist would skip classes, scare students, do delinquent like acts, but he never ended up suspended/expelled because his father is the one that owns the school.

Jin had to stay in this hell hole, and he didn't even want to join the team Tricpyth, his father forced him to have some challenges and obstacles in his life for once.

Namjoon immediately agrees, "Sure hyung, we were about to finish all our food anyways, and Hobi was just playing on his boring switch."

Hoseok chirps up, "It's not boring! It has Mario Kart! I seem to disagree on that statement!" The cheerful third year shakes his hair at Namjoon, stretching, and standing up finally.

The orange haired boy turned to Yoongi who was silent, reading his book, "Yoongles?"
"Yes?"

"Are you coming to see Jimin?" Hoseok questions, hands holding his Nintendo Switch as if it was the most precious thing in the world. "I thought you would."

Jin's elbow unconsciously rests against Namjoon's shoulder, looking at Yoongi with a pout, "Did you and Jimin have something go on between you two? You know that's going to be bad if he manages to pass the tryouts for the team."

Yoongi clicks his tongue, pulling his black satchel that rested on the floor of the roof top, and opening it, putting the book inside. "No, I just made him slightly sad. No worries."

Hoseok raises an eyebrow, "Whatever you say! Let's walk."

Jin smacks his lips, "Let's get going team!" He casually leans on Yoongi aswell, and Yoongi clicks his tongue.

"The last time I heard you say that was in the Seoul Tournaments last year." Yoongi says, sarcasm dripping in his voice, putting the satchel around his broad shoulders.

Jin smacks his dongsaeng on the head with his usual pout, "Respect your hyung!"

Yoongi mutters as the group open the white door that was the exit from the roof top, just walking behind them, "There's only a few months difference."

Namjoon sniggers.

"Aish, you!" The fourth year scowls, smacking Namjoon this time.

The four missed this feeling with Seokjin around.
if you dont mind please leave kudos and a comment!! I'm trying my best to improve my writing, constructive criticism!!!
Chapter Four: Movie Nights and Kim Taehyung

Chapter Summary

I forgot that ao3 doesn't save so my dumbass proof read everything and edited on here and I hate to rewrite some bits - I'm such a dumb b---- :<<

Chapter Notes

Wrote this while playing in the background

:: pink fantasy , fantasy
:: band aid, 99 cent store , melanie Martinez
:: already dead , lil boom
:: house of cards , bts
:: gommne gommne , kikuo

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hoseok stares.

Yoongi looks confused.

Jin's arm was still wrapped around Namjoon.

Namjoon was trying not to scream.

"What on Earth is going on here?!" Jin yells, pushing the doors and walking in the huge practice room.

Most of the equipment was thrown over the floor, and everyone that was 'practicing their skills' were crowding around something that's happening in the middle, chanting the name 'Kim Taehyung' again and again.

Jin mutters a god damn it under his breath.
Obviously it was him - hard ice shards and ice weapons were on random objects, some on the walls, and melting ice underneath the practice room lights.

'It's the student council!

'It's mother fucking Tricpyth...were going to get in trouble.'

'No, that transfer student is going to get in trouble not that Taehyung guy!'

'Its that top student..what's his name again? Yunki somethin'?

'Should we leave?'

Jin hisses, with the members of Tricpyth walking and pushing through the crowd of students that were slowly backing away like tiny mice, intimidated by group approaching the scene that's happening.

The eldest of the team causally pushes away the students, hands on hips, eyes widening on the situation right infront of him.

"Kim Taehyung...again?" Jin speaks, eyeing his cousin who was bruised up, pulling on someone.

And that someone had red hair.

Yoongi stops a moment, figuring it all out.

"And Jimin..?"

Jimin's mouth opens a little about to say something until Taehyung's grip on his school collar was
used to push him onto the floor.

The white haired male known as Kim Taehyung threw hands, pointing at the innocent looking Park Jimin who actually looked like he was going to fall asleep. "It was him! The freak Jin hyung!" He yells, pulling the 3rd year closer to him. "The freak it's him!"

"Taehyung!" Jin yells.

Taehyung flinches.

Jin sighs, "Why is it always you Tae? You always get into fights!" Jin didn't hesitate to pull his cousins ear, and looked at Jimin who wasn't thrown on the floor, but rather floating in the air, not even a single bruise on him.

Taehyung was a whole different story.

His white hair was messy, blue eyes bloodshot..

Jimin's eyes meet Yoongi's, and he immediately looks down.

"I can't believe it..I'm disappointed in you Tae." Jin mutters, and pulls Taehyung up from falling on the floor. All the ice manipulator does was pout to the side, not even owning up anything.

Hoseok starts clapping, fancy room lights on him getting the crowds attention, "Everyone leave!" He yells, "This practice room will be occupied for a bit due to what happened!"

Various moans and groans were heard in disappointment, and some where even cussing out the Student Council for ruining their so called 'fun.'

The doors open, and the flood of students leave.

The last one slams the door.
"How rude.." Yoongi mutters.

Namjoon turns towards Yoongi, "It's that 1st year from last year that was beating up the Jeon kid."
The telepath points at the now 2nd year, iridescent white hair probably due to his power, who resembled an asian Jack Frost. He had a blue hoodie underneath his blazer, breaking the academys dress code.

"I know Joon," Yoongi grimaces, only to stare at Park Jimin who was busy floating with his powers, turning away from Kim Taehyung.

Jimin's eyes were puffy as if he were crying earlier.

Jin on the other hand, took in a deep breath, emitting white smoke out of his mouth that looked similar to cigarette smoke that quickly formed a wipe to clean the small cuts that bled blood from his face and knuckles, "Don't move Tae."

Taehyung just whines in his cousins grip, feeling the wet wipe around his arms and face, then watching it fade into white smoke that faded away.

"Jin hyung, your power is so cool," He compliments. "You can do such cool stuff. Help people, attack people, you can specialize in all of that. All my power does is hurt people. I can't control it that much.."

"Don't sweet talk me Tae," Jin just scoffs, finally letting him stand by himself.

Tae just pouts.

Jin pulls his ear, "What were you even thinking?!"

"Ouch! That hurts!" Taehyung squeaks. The bruised boy shouts in his defense, "It was that psycho freak!" He points mockingly, "It was that Telekenis!" The boy yells.
"Jimin isn't like that to start fights." Jin says, and his tone switches into a soft one. "He's a sweet child. Aren't you Jimin?"

Jimin still avoids the ice manipulators pure blue eyes.

"What did you do trigger him?" Jin asks.

Taehyung rolls his eyes, "I called him a freak because everyone knows that Telekenis are in the edge of being extinct and they are mental." Taehyung points at Jimin once again, "And he is mental!"

Yoongi scrunched his face up, immediately getting the lighter out, opening the cap up.

"Yoongi hyung-" Namjoon quickly pushes the lighter out of his hand, holding his best friend before he can do anything.

"Namjoon, I could tell that kid is already a cunt," Yoongi cusses at the Kim, "You know Jimin gets triggered over that. He's a sweet kid, he's never done anything!"

"I know Yoongi. Everything has happened and done, there's no need." His voice steadies.

He picks back up Yoongi's lighter, passing it to him.

Hoseok claps his hands once again, "Guys calm your tiddies down. Everyone's fine now, and everything's over!"

Yoongi grits his teeth, and Jimin finally stops floating, red converse shoes gently touching the floor, walking to him with a blush, pulling the ends of Yoongi's blazer, "S-Sorry to make a ruckus Yoongi hyung and about earlier," He let go of Yoongi's blazer with a small smile, "Thank you for even worrying about me."

Surprisingly, Jimin engulfs Yoongi in a hug, and everyone in the room stares at them in the room perplexed, gobberflasted or even muddled.
Yoongi didn't like hugs but..

Widening his eyes, Yoongi felt an unfamiliar feeling of electricity in his body, limb by limb, being around Jimin's touch, Jimin's warmth.

Yoongi's nerves were pressing signals to his brain as air gushed in a rapid speed, making the two look weirded out.

Jimins face was blank. He had an indescribable expression plastered on his face.

His eyes look down to Jimin's who felt it too, guessing from his reaction, hands gripping on Yoongi's shoulders looking up to him.

His eyes were filled with hope.

The moment was extraordinary, Yoongi pulling him closer, "D-Did you feel that?-

Jimin nods.

"Guys, we gotta clean this up...you and Jimin are acting like you've known each other for ages." Namjoon points out, and Yoongi's hands moved away from Jimin, breaking out of of it, hitting harsh reality.

Jimin turns around, approaching Taehyung who was being lectured by Jin once again, "I-I'm sorry about w-what happened. I apologise for my actions Jin hyung and Taehyung." He stammers, looking at Taehyung who was attempting to death glare him, but ended up screwing up doing a little hmph.

"You lil' brat!"

Jin pulls his ear.

Hoseok yawns, grabbing the dumbbells and putting back other equipment, ignoring everything. "Y'all gotta help me, Jin hyungs cousin-"
"It's Kim Taehyung!" Taehyung yells. "I will defeat all of you!"

Hoseok rolls his eyes at the immaturity, "Whatever his name is, his ice is melting right now and everything is becoming wet and slippery. Ew."

Taehyung looks at him, "How rude talking to my babies like that."

"I'll help. Taehyung, you'll help aswell. Your just injured a bit, and a few harmless bruises.." Jin looks at the purple bruises on his arms.

Taehyung scoffs, "W-Whatever!"

Namjoon looks at Jimin suspiciously. He couldn't read the youngsters mind whatsoever, as if he had a force field surrounding him. His head was blank, and Jimin wouldn't be able to do that since his only power is telekenis. Namjoon thinks, who really is Park jimin?

He shrugs it off.

"Jack frost guy! You help too!" Hoseok barks.

"No I wont!"

"TO make a skills perfect, the physical dynamics need to be excellent, consisting of your movements in each second. When a villain finds you, you never know whether they can predict your moves. Think of something that villains think it is impossible to do, something unpredictable-"
Yoongi disliked this period. This teacher would ramble so much it hit a nerve.

Yoongi groaned loudly, slapping himself with a book that had all the fucking facts to defend yourself, how to attack smartly, how to make a move that inquires the villain to be confused - shit ton like that. Min Yoongi wanted to smash his fake rimmed round black glasses infront of his *How to be a strong hero* essay that he has been working on for ages.

Jimin was confused the whole time, staring out of space and while doing so, widening his eyes as if he's seen a dead body.

It was the second lesson of the day for him, and he felt like it was a huge effort holding a pencil in his small hands.

The telekenis gets bored, beady eyes curiously watching his Yoongi hyung busy writing notes down, also hearing the squeaky chalk press onto the chalkboard.

"Park Jimin, if a villain attacks you and you didn't have your hero license, what do you do?"

Jimin jumps up in his seat, and everyones eyes are staring at the transfer student awaiting for his answer.

Yoongi mouths something, and Jimin tilts his head bewildered.

'Call the police!'

Jimin looks innocently at his hyung, *mouthing* 'Why call the police? You can fight them?'

Yoongi never wanted to face palm harder in his life whatsoever.

Yoongi shakes his head with gestures, *'No! Not that!'*
Mr Hyuk shakes his head in disapproval, "Park Jimin, what is the answer? We are all waiting. And don't talk to Min Yoongi to find to the answer. I doubt it he knows."

Yoongi nods eyes hopeful.

"Y-You call t-the police."

Mr Hyuk raises an eyebrow, and does a little smile, writing Jimin's name on the chalk board, under praise points. "I guess you were listening after all...praise point for you.. and Min Yoongi."

Jimin has pink blotches of blush on his cheeks, muttering a small thank you to Yoongi.

Yoongi smiles in return.

"Okay class, please turn to page five hundred sixty nine about following the law." Mr Hyuk commands, tapping his chalk impatiently on the green chalk board that he stood infront of, "We will have a practical next lesson, but for now, let's discuss about how the law works for heroes and normal citizens."

Yoongi and Jimin felt as if this lesson was going to be a huge bore.

And it was.

_I wonder is Mr hyuk always like this? -chimchim_

_His are lessons are boring unless its practical which will be next lesson but promise has actually pretty cool -yoongi_

_Oooo :> -jimin_

_And I wonder why r u so short :') -yoongi_
Hey hyungie thats not nice! You shouldn't make fun of me like that!!! I have a reason why I'm short!! I'm only 2 or 3 cm shorter, but I can't grow any more taller!! (≧ wchar|≤) - jimin

Really theres a reason?? o.o - yoongi

(●`ー●) don't make fun of me butttt my growth spurt stopped bc my power?? I manifested it pretty early and the doctors told me I couldn't really do anything about it!!!! - jimin

Ur so talkative on sticky notes it's cute. - yoongi

I am strong not cute!!!!! (ﾉ`Д)ﾉ - jimin

Are you? - yoongi

shortie. - yoongi

hyungie I'm only 3 cm shorter!!! Remember that !(´∀`) - jimin

focus on your worksheet jimin :) - yoongi

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KIM SEOKJIN:

Power: Illusion. Can create illusions that feel real and touch by the white smoke that comes out of his mouth, however the only downside is that it used up his lipids and fats in his body, including his energy. If he wants to restore the fats and energy in his body, the object that is created turns back into mist and goes back into his mouth.

His power is mistaken for creation, but creation is creating objects out of your body that last forever permanently. Jin only lasts when his energy goes out.
JUNG HOSEOK:

Power: Dopplegang. Can dopplegang himself to do anything, and his doppelgangers are fragments of Hoseok that make Hoseok completely. One copy of Hoseok can be extremely happy whilst the other can be extremely negative, the downside is that it is a gamble which type of personality comes out on the battle field when power used.

—

"Finally, all my classes are done!" Hoseok enthusiastically cheers, pulling over his brown backpack to his back. He pulls a packet of opened gummies from his blazer pocket, walking through the hallway with his friends. "You want some Jimin?"

Jimin nods, "I-I'll take one if you don't mind." He receives a pink and white gummy ring, easily fitting it in his index finger.

Jin laughs, "Aish, Jiminie, always acting so polite!" He carelessly ruffles Jimin's soft red locks, making the younger giggle in his touch. "Our maknae of the group."

Yoongi laughs, eyeing Jimin who was enjoying getting all the attention, "I beg to differ in the battle field, don't you think?" Jimin just blushes, putting the gummy ring on his finger, and showed Yoongi, "What? Is that supposed to be a proposal?"

Namjoon stifles a laugh snatching Hoseok's gummies, "Let's be a good example to the little kid," he aims at Jimin who scrunches his nose in complete shock.

"Yo-Yoongi hyung, do I like a kid?" Jimin points at himself with his stubby little fingers, eyes shining with the answer no. "I'm even in the same year as you! That's not fair!"

Hoseok burps.

Jimin cringes, Yoongi furrows his eyebrows in disgust.
Namjoon was trying to perceive why he, Hoseok himself did that.

Jin smacks him with a scoff, "Excuse you!"

"We should crash at Yoongi hyungs dorm at see what it looks like now." Namjoon suggests, putting the gummy rings on his fingers, and breaking one of them in half as he tried to slide it down. He looks at the gummy dumbfounded, and he eats it anyways.

Hoseok chirps with his usual energetic motions, "That would be great! Wouldn't that be cool?! Movie night! Movie night! Raiding Yoongi's food stash!" He chants, hands clenched in fists, waving them as if he was holding a glow stick.

His head slowly turns, looking at Yoongi's face that clearly represented a death stare.

"R-Raiding h-hyungs food stash..?"

Yoongi groans only in response, resting his arm on Jimin's small shoulders, "No you're not. If you do, you'll be sleeping on the floor. Me and Jimin already arranged his stuff."

Jimin stutters, "I-I wouldn't mind th-them coming hyungie, I-I think it would be cool!"

Jin snickers, poking Yoongi as they walked into the hall way filled with dorm rooms with numbers all stuck on each door, "Look even the child says so."

Yoongi was grumpy once again.

"I'm not a child!" Jimin protests. "Look, I-I'm near Yoongi hyungs height!"

"You are mine and Namjoons child. I adopted you." Jin says so seriously, Jimin looked bewildered.

"Okay enough with the jokes, let's go to room 945, Yoongi and Jimin's dorm. I'm hungry." Namjoon says, eating his gummy rings.
What a great friendly night the boys were having.

"Yoongi! Hoseok hyung took my popcorn!" Jimin whines, doing grabby hands towards Hoseok who was throwing some popcorn into his face, some dropping onto Yoongi's leather couch, "He took my food!"

"You're supposed to focus on the movie!!" Hoseok swats his hands, with an evil smile.

Jimin scrunches up his nose, attempting to grab a handful of popcorn only for Hoseok to move away a bit, "$Yoongi!"

Yoongi scowls hearing his name being called twice, pushing Hoseok.

He was on the right side. Jimin first who was leaning on the sofa rest, getting comfortable with the rest of Yoongi's friends, then it was him, and then Hoseok who was hogging all the food, Namjoon and finally Seokjin who was about to fall asleep.

"Just give him the popcorn Hoseok."

"Yoongi tell him to respect his elders!" Hoseok shouts with a smirk.

Jimin rolls his eyes.

"Hoseok, I won't hesitate to burn the popcorn." Yoongi threatens.

Hoseok shrugs, "You know that powers are prohibited in here!" He sheepishly says, watching Yoongi attempt to grab the popcorn box out of his hands, "You can't use them!" Hoseok speaks in a bratty way, chanting the words in a little song.
"SHUT THE FUCK UP AND GIVE THE POPCORN!" Jin yells being interrupted from his beauty sleep, pushing everyone on the couch.

Namjoon suddenly wakes up with gummies up his nose, Hoseok shrieks being pressed against him, and Yoongi watches Jimin blushing as Yoongi's chest is pressed up his.

Hoseok fails to keep the pop corn box in his hands, toppling it all over Jimin and Yoongi who were in a uncomfortable position because Jin was now making room for his legs, everyone is squished in a small space.

Goddamnit, here we go again.

Hoseok looked like he was about to cry, eyes watering passionate mumbling about - well his (supposedly), popcorn being all over the floor and on Yoongi.

Although their was popcorn on Yoongi's hair and he didn't notice yet, his eyes stare into Jimin's honey doe eyes, watching him whisper something with his pink pouty lips.

His small hand started pointing at Yoongi, then pointed at his red hair.

"Huh?"

"Hyung, theres popcorn bits in your hair." He whispers, red dust on his cheeks, looking away from Yoongi's strong gaze.

"Is there?"

Jimin nods, chest shifting against Yoongi's shirt made out of thin material, ruffling his black hair, and manages to get popcorn on his own face.

Jimin eats the popcorn, without even a second thought.

"No homo.?"
Yoongi looks at him flustered.

"Can you ask Jin hyung to move his legs?" Jimin yells over the movie.

Namjoon's eyes fluttered open, realising something was in his nostrils. "Who put gummies in my nose?" Namjoon mutters, taking the green and yellow gummy worms out of his nose, cringing.

Jimin give Jin puppy eyes.

Jin doesn't even budge while Hoseok was pushing Namjoon, "Jimin and Hoseok."

"I would never Namjoon!" Hoseok looks down, gasping, hand draped against his forehead dramatically, "I would never, promise me," He repeats.

Jin disapprovingly folds his arms, "Lies."

"Jin hyunnggg!" Jimin whines in Yoongi's touch, almost in a lewd like way, the perspective Yoongi saw it, "Jin hyung, please, or I'll do it myself!"

Jin raises his eyebrows, with a smug smile, "Try me, Chim," Jin speaks. All Jin wanted was his beauty sleep. He couldn't be bothered to move. It was effort.

So why not make Jimin do it for him instead?

What a genius he is.
Hoseok shakes his head in immediate response at the situation, "If I were you, I wouldn't.." His eyes flicker to Jimin who started pouting, "You really are going to do it Jimin-ah?"

Jimin carefully whips his free hand out, (the other one crushed by Yoongi's broad chest), hand pointing at his hyung who was quickly levitating up.

The elder gasps a little being in air.

He can feel himself touching the ceiling.

Namjoon falls back like a domino, including Hoseok who had little popcorn crumbs all over him, and Yoongi finally removes himself off Jimin quickly, feeling embarrassed.

Everyone felt the immense power that Jimin had radiating from his aura - Yoongi, Hoseok and Namjoon zip their mouths up, following their hyung's body suddenly floating with an enormous grin.

Flicking his fingers, Jimin watches Jin uses his reflexes, taking in a deep breath and opening his mouth letting out a whirlwind of white smoke surround him before he can even fall.

Your not allowed to use your powers inside for safety reasons, but Jin's power was something to gawk at, as the four watch the smoke fade away.

Jin lies down onto his own pink love seat, comfortably, smirking at Jimin whose eyes were twinkling in delight as he sees his other hyungs power in action.

"Wow that's so cool hyung!" Jimin applauds.

Jin put a smug face, now sticking his tongue out at his friends on Yoongi's leather couch.

"Hey, that's not fair Jin! He has a love seat for himself!" Hoseok pouts, "My power just let's me dopple gang myself, and I feel like it's boring."

"It's just a realistic illusion, remember they aren't real and they can disappear until his energy goes
Namjoon groans getting intellectual, snatching the tv remote off Hoseok. "Let's continue watching Miss Peregrine's Home For Peculiar Children!"

Pressing the play button, everyone finally settled comfortably.

Although a few minutes after, Hoseok points out the girl on the digital screen who had fire powers that set fire to the building in awe, "That girl reminds me of Yoongi she can manipulate fire, it's so cool." He adored, watching the flames take over.

Jimin snuggles against Yoongi, surprisingly open with skin ship, looking up towards to Yoongi, "What characters your favourite?" His honey soft voice was a pleasant sound to Yoongi's ears.

The older looks at the screen, feeling Jimin's head fall onto his shoulder.

It perfectly fit.

"What's her name? The one that can control nature?"

Jin yells from his love seat, "It's Fiona FrauenField!"

Jimin nods, and Yoongi could feel his movements on his shoulders, "I like the twins. I think they're pretty cute, and also Olive, because she reminds of you. Your cool fire power."

"You think my powers cool?" Yoongi chuckles a little, shoulders moving as well, and Jimin giggles a bit, "You haven't seen them yet Jimin."

Jimin just smiles, "I-I feel like your power is going to be cool when I see them tomorrow at the tryouts." Jimin opens his closed hands, "You see, hyung, you could go boom boom if you brought dynamite in Seoul tournaments."

Yoongi realises, "That's a fucking smart idea," he smiles back, "I'm flattered you even like my power - Why do you like the twins in the movie?"
"They remind me of a friend that is at Busan. I was close to him," Jimin feels Yoongi's legs shivering a little. Their dorm windows were open, so Jimin gestures for the blanket on his bed that was on the other side of the room to cover his friend.

The blanket floats in the air while the rest were focused on the movie and drops on Yoongi's lap gently, "His name is Lee Taemin and he turns people into stone with his eyes."

"Lee Taemin the fourth year?"

Jimin nods, soft expression on his face as he talked about him, "He's competing in the Seoul tournaments this year for Busan. He's amazing. You know him hyung?"

"Yeah I do," Yoongi mutters. "He froze Jin into stone last year."

Jimin gasps a little, "Gosh. If you get to know him, he's a sweetheart. Other than battling, he did dance with me. I'm not very talented compared to him."

Yoongi flicks Jimin's head with a scoff, "Let's watch the movie."

"Abraham, is that you?' Emma's voice cracks, stepping towards the sixteen year old. Her hands shake, cupping the boys cheeks.

'N-No, I'm his grandchild.' Jacob blatantly says, and watches Emma's hands slowly break away from him, with an unbelievable face, mouth agape.

'That's not true...he told me,' She looks away to the floor, face crumbling up.

"Yoongi do you have anymore sweets or snacks?" Hoseok asks.

"Yeah I have, in the fridge," Yoongi replies, unconsciously stroking Jimin's hair, running his hands through his silky locks.
"Hoseok pass us some icecream aswell." Namjoon says, and Hoseok groans.

The orange haired male closes his eyes, focused clearing out everything in his head, and his original body started jittering, twisting in the most weirdest movements as if it came out of a horror movie, and a head pops out of Hoseoks stomach.

Jimin peers over to see his power, mouth in a 'o' shape as a leg came out.

It was as if Hoseok was a portal, ans another Hoseok comes in.

Hoseok number two waves excitedly, finally exiting out the original Hoseoks body, "Hi guys!"

Yoongi groans, pointing dramatically at Hoseoks doppleganger, "Oh God, it's him. Again, we need a fucking priest! Excorsise the Demon!"

The original Hoseok pushes Yoongi jokingly, "Oi don't be rude to my other me!"

Hoseok two, (let's call him that), cross his arms infront of Yoongi, "Yeah don't be so rude! I'm just a fragment of Hoseok. Be nice to him...Sheesh." Hoseok two chirps. "Let me get the snacks now, ice cream, ice cream, food..." He stands up, walking near the small chest freezer that Yoongi had next to the door of his dorm, "Yoongi are you serious?!

Everyone turned towards Hoseoks doppelganger.

Yoongi hisses at his copy cat, "Don't even mention it."

Namjoon chuckles, watching Hoseok two open the chest freezer, "I bet he has only vanilla and mint chocolate chip flavour."

Small gasps could be heard.
Yoongi simply put the middle finger up.

Jimin looks at Yoongi from his shoulder, "H-Hyung, you don't like rocky road flavour?"

Yoongi gulps.

"No rainbow sherbet?!", Hoseok two exclaims.

"No neapolitan icecream?!", Namjoon joins in.

The original Hoseok gasps, "No rainb-"

"You are giving me that!" Jin gets off his pink love seat, running to the carbon copy of Hoseok, "Pass me that!" He screams, staring at the tub of vanilla icecream, and clearly snatching it off Hoseok two, running to the counter where it had a cup full of spoons and forks.

Yoongi remembers.

Jin hyung goes crazy for vanilla icecream no matter how plain it is.

Namjoon stands up, walking towards Jin, "Let me eat some! I hate mint chocolate chip!"

"Stop dissing the mint chocolate chip like that! Yoongi shouts over the TV.

Jin cringed, looking up and down at Namjoon, hands securely on the ice cream tub, "You really think I'm going to share?"

"Guys I'm just going to take the sour patches!" Hoseok two yells.
"Pass the mint chocolate ice cream for Yoongi and Jimin please," Hoseok talks to his dopple ganger, "Pass them spoons!"

"Alrighty!" The dopple ganger obeys, skipping to Yoongi and Jimin, passing them the spoons and the mint chocolate icecream tub to Yoongi and Jimin, then passing the sour patches to himself.

Hoseoks doppleganger fades away, dispersing in thin air and no trace of him was found.

It was an interesting sight for Jimin to watch. It wasn't like Jin hyungs blending into the oxygen, he just turns slowly invisible.

There was more room on the couch now, since Namjoon was secretly sitting down sharing the vanilla tub with Jin, his long term crush on the love seat.

Jin probably didn't even realise Namjoons legs were intertwined with his but they were both comfortable.

The taste of ice cold vanilla on the telepaths tongue was soothing and made him continue eating without noticing Jin who looked at him in the most confusing face because he was taking huge scoops and casually stuffing it in his mouth for a various amount of seconds then scooped more icecream.

Meanwhile, Hoseok was taking most of the space, and Jimin was about to fall asleep, and Yoongi wasn't cold anymore with the help of his friends warmth around him.

It gave him a weird feeling that in stomach he enjoyed, but he never experienced such an emotion like this before.

Maybe how to describe it...butterflies flapping inside your stomach, your heart is racing against time?

Maybe that's how you describe it.

It was unfamiliar, but it was soothing.
"Jimin."

Jimin was trying his best to open his eyelids just for his hyung, "Yes?" He replies, watching Yoongi eating the mint icecream.

"Sleep."

That's all Yoongi says, and Jimin moves a bit, closer to Yoongi, grabbing the untouched spoon.

"W-Why?"

Yoongi looks at him, "You're sleepy."

"Mm..I know." Jimin giggles.

"Sleep."

What Jimin does instead was eating the icecream clearly half asleep in half way of the movie.

"Jimin?"

The fire manipulator eats his ice cream, staring at the younger, eyelids drooping.

"Feed..me?"

"Go to sleep."

Jimin whines, "I-I wanna watch the movie with you...hyu.."
Jimin falls asleep.

Chapter End Notes

omg i have ten kudos thank u so much!! It sounds a little but it's so much to me on here!!

edit: i have 13?? Thank u guys!!!
Chapter Five: Lucky Charms

Chapter Summary

i scream - melanie Martinez

Chapter Notes

excited to write the write next chapter even tho it's going to be kinda stressful hehe

Edit: I changed the mysterious girl power to desire.

What a lovely Tuesday.

Hoseok was on his Nintendo Switch on the leather black couch with Jin who was right next to him, sleeping because he used all his energy for a love seat and decided to crash onto it, squishing Jimin and Yoongi.

"Everyone fucking wake up!" Namjoon yells, clapping his hands, "Especially you two!" The telepath points at Yoongi who was clinging onto Jimin, and Jin with a wide open mouth, saliva coming out, snoring.

Hoseok smiles, "Good morning Namjoon!"

The telepath didn't even notice Hoseok who was busy playing games, his left eyebrows furrowed, "When did you wake up Hoseok?"

Hoseok thinks a little bit, and then finally thinks of an answer, "Oh! I woke up around three am. What about you?"

"Hoseok, it's seven...you've been up for four hours...you aren't going to try outs?" Namjoon sighs, and Hoseok points at someone who was lying in Jimin's newly made bed.
It was his doppleganger, snoring happily.

On Jimin's bed.

"Look I still have all my energy." Hoseok smiles, and he rubs his chin, "I've separated a part of me that wanted to be asleep, and then let myself be awake. I'm a genius!"

A few minutes after, Jimin was the third one to wake up, red hair messy with a little bit of crumbs in his hair, beginning to float in the air with his now red eyes, wrapping around a blanket over his body, "G'morning guys.."

Jimin looks at Yoongi hyung, sleeping gracefully on his black leather couch. His hard demeanor was removed, and he seemed happy sleeping.

Hoseok looks up, watching Jimin floating just like a little baby crawling, legs dangling down exposing his tanned legs with his shorts, and a white t-shirt. "Wow Jimin-ah, you look pretty." He notices, and Jimin rubs his eyes with a small yawn.

"T-Thank you," Jimin whispers, then stretching in thin air, "I think Yoongi hyung has some cereal in the cupboards.." He levitates towards the small cupboards next to the book shelves, and seeing the two boxes, "Lucky charms.? When I moved in here I brought extra toothbrushes hyungs. You can use them but not the black one and the red one, their mine and Yoongi's."

Hoseok turns off his Nintendo, jumps off the couch and Namjoon joins Jimin who was getting the bowls out from the small cupboard aswell, humming a sweet tune while shaking his hips at the melody.

Yoongi finally wakes up, feeling no ones warmth. It felt odd.

"Jiminnie?"

"Yes hyung?"
"You're awake?" Yoongi sits up, watching his roommate smile at him, blanket draped around his back, legs visible. Yoongi heard him humming a pretty tune, "You sound lovely." He simply compliments.

"T-Thank you h-hyung.." Jimin blushed, passing the milk to Namjoon and Hoseok who was pouring their cereal in, "Do you want me to make you some hyung?"

Yoongi yawns, finally standing up in the black baggy tracksuit bottoms, white t-shirt, "Do you mind Jimin?"

Jimin shakes his head, "Of course not, hyung! You need to preserve you energy for the try outs." He turns to Hoseok who wiggles his eyebrows, and all he does in response is look away in embarrassment.

"Jimin's right Yoongi, you're going against third years and you know how stubborn we can be." Namjoon’s groggy voice is heard, finally finishing making his cereal, and sitting down on the couch right next to Jin eating it.

Jimin's smile falters a little.

He was going to go against Yoongi.

Jimin passes the cereal to Hoseok, then floats to Yoongi who still looked tired, taking second place on how much room he snatched on the couch.

"Here's your breakfast hyung. It's sugar."

Yoongi chuckles at his joke, receiving the bowl and started eating without any hesitation, shuffling on the couch to give his roommate some space to sit in.

The floating boy gently fits in right in his hyungs space that he made.

"Can someone wake up Seokjin hyung?" Namjoon asks.
"Good morning everyone in Seoul Hero Academics!" Mr Kim's cheery voice boomed.

Jin quickly wakes up in his pink jumper. Hearing his dad's voice from the school intercom was an immediate response.

Jimin jumps a little in the air at the loud voice.

"Nevermind. He's awake."

"You probably heard the news right? You probably have! Well today is a special day always in SNU. Students are going to battle for the three spots available to join our team for the Seoul National Tournaments, Tricpyth!"

It was an announcement.

At seven twenty in the fucking morning.

Yoongi grumbles in his seat.

"2nd years, 3rd years and a small amount of 4th years will be able participate in the try-outs for Tricpyth. First years will be learning to perfect there powers and handle them more! You could always come and visit us at the Battledome at break at lunch.

If you are there for try outs, please enter the Battledome at eight. People who are watching the try outstake place, eight thirty. Thank you for listening!"

The announcement ends.

The youngest out of the five yawns, "I'm goin' to get changed hyungs."
It was just Yoongi and Jimin now.

"Hyung!" Jimin exits out of the shower, loud voice whiny, "Do you know where the towel is?" He peers over the bathroom door, body dripping only to see Yoongi standing up getting changed, in his black boxers.

Damn, Jimin could see his broad shoulders, muscles, ass popping out, Jimin covers his eyes, leaving a small gap just to take one more small glance...

Yoongi turns his neck, eyes widening at Jimin's head just peering rim the bathroom door, face slowly turning bright red.

"M-M'naked...I need the towel..?" Jimin shyly asks. "U-Uh..do you know where it is? C-Can I borrow it?"

Yoongi turned around fully, showing his six pack with a massive burn scar on his hip, approaching Jimin with a little mischievous smirk, "You like what you see?"

Jimin blushes even more harder.

"I'll get you the towel don't worry, just wait a sec," Yoongi walks into bathroom shamelessly, passing the towel to Jimin's hand.

The telekenis' body was pressed against the door, booty visible with water droplets slowly cascading down. His tanned skin glowed because of the bathroom lights, red hair pushed back.

He was a piece of artwork.

"Nice ass." All Yoongi says, and leaves to get changed properly.
Jimin squeals a little at his compliment, and dries his hair with the white towel that had fake encrusted gems decorated on, and finally wraps it around his waist, walking out of the steamy hot room.

Yoongi sees him chest dripping wet as Jimin stands near his own bed. He starts buttoning up his collar shirt, watching Jimin stand there awkwardly.

"What's up?"

Jimin looks down, "W-Well hyung, your infront of me, I need to get boxers but that means.."

Yoongi let out a sigh with a smile, "Jimin-ah, we're both male. It's fine if we see each others bits once in a while." In response, Jimin shrieks in embarrassment, "I'll pass you your boxers."

Yoongi crouched underneath his bed, pulling put a box of underwear, and passes it to him, "Here."

"T-Thanks.."

The elder chuckles, "When you get nervous, you stutter. Are looking forward to the tryouts?"

Jimin takes off his towel without thinking right infront of Yoongi who turned around to face his roommate.

"H-Hyung.?"

Yoongi looks down little tint of pink on cheeks, "O-Oh shit sorry, did I make you uncomfortable?" He turns away immediately, putting on his tying the red material around his neck, forming a tie.

"No, I-it's completely fine!" Jimin tries to giggle, putting the white boxers on, "I mean - you said were male, right? We have the same parts r-right?"

Yoongi nods slowly, "Yeah...just like I said." He speaks, putting his black trousers on that weren't tight around the legs.
Somehow, the elder had the urge to have a little glance at Jimin's thick thighs while he got changed, him struggling to put his trousers halfway up, trousers hugging his legs, Jimin buttoning his collar shirt with his small hands.

What Yoongi felt was weird to him.

The fire manipulator grabbed his belt, wrapping it around his waist, then socks, then shoes.

"Hyung, are you allowed to bring gear that gives an advantage to your power?" Jimin asks, sitting down on his bed, grabbing his socks with mini strawberries on and little ruffles and sliding them on his feet.

"Yes if it helps you control your power more. I've got a special lighter with me, see?" Yoongi shows him the object in his hand. The lighter was the colour black with engraved words 'MIN YOONGI' it was those types of lighters that flip the cap, a pocket sized one. "The academy workshop department made it for me. It's unlimited so I don't have a problem using my power."

Jimin's eyes twinkle in awe.

The younger slips back on his blazer and shoes, then sits down with his roommate, slipping his hand in his pocket, grabbing out a box, opening it, revealing eight rings, two with iron black skulls, another two with some gold pentagram, two with a black onyx, and two a plain red rings.

Yoongi leans in, looking at the rings.

"What are these for?"

"To restraint my power." Jimin simply says sliding the rings on him in a specific order. "My dad gave them to me so I don't go..." His voice fades away. "Well, berserk. Whatever or however you describe it. It's been passed down the family."
Yoongi touches the rings on his hands, "They're amazing."

Jimin giggles, "Thank you hyung!" He twirled his hair with his pinkie, realising his red hair was getting somehow boring. He thought, maybe he should dye his hair?

Maybe a nice blonde to contrast with his uniform?

"It's seven fifty hyung, are you going to go hyung?" Jimin asks, slipping the box back into his blazer, with a little pout.

Yoongi nods, grabbing his satchel that was at the end of the bed, "I'm not that touchy with people but..." Yoongi gives him a hug, and then tries to loosen away-

Jimin tugs him closer, feeling that feeling again.

Both of them were experiencing it, the feeling of butterflies flapping in their stomach, hearts pounding.

Yoongi felt this feeling before. It was ages ago, but he cannot remember - years.

"I-I hope you do well."

Jimin laughs, squeaking a little, "T-Thank you." He says, "Can I walk with you hyung?"

Nodding, Yoongi waits for Jimin to grab his small backpack, and then the two were ready to go.
Namjoon finally meets up with Yoongi outside the BattleDome, with a huge grin, "Aren't you excited?!" He slaps his hands on Yoongi's shoulders, looking down on his classmate because of his height.

Yoongi swats slenderman's hands off his shoulders with a scoff, crossing his arms, "Did Hoseok's personality rub onto you?" He seethed, and Namjoon chortles, "Oh god, it probably has." He says dissapointedly.

Jin approaches them with Hoseok who had his gleeful heart smile painted on his face, waving exaggeratedly, "Hi guys! Are you excited? Oh my God I'm exhilarated! I'm excited! Precious second years!" He squeals, dancing.

Hoseok was already hyper.

"I know right! Everyones so hyped about it! Yoongi's the one thats grumpy!" Namjoon points out, patting the shorter males back hard. "Where's Jimin? I thought you would bring him here?"

Yoongi shrugs it off, "Jimin-ah wanted to find the Kim Taehyung guy and wait with him because he's actually trying out for the spots."

"Hyungie I'm going this way! I'm going to find Taehyung and wait there for the try outs. I'll see you there!"

Hoseok snickers with his shit eating grin, "He's probably pissed because Jimin wanted to go to Jin's cousin instead."

Yoongi growls at his best friend, having the urge to punch him, but instead, hitting him lightly, "Hoseok. Don't be a dick." He grits out, and Hoseok smiles wickedly.

Namjoon sits down on the grass outside the hundred and fifty five metre building, feeling the grass move by the wind.

The sun was the loveliest scene that could be seen, highlighting his tanned skin, cool breeze moving
his blue hair off his face.

"I guess you're having a good time Jin," Mr Kim appears out of nowhere behind the four boys, three standing, one lying down.

Jin jumps at the voice turning around to see his father with a grin, formal clothing that matched the school uniform with a fancy looking staff or walking stick in his left hand. "F-Father, don't scare me like that!" The fourth years voice becomes falters, hand instinctively going through his pink hair, face going pink.

Yoongi snickers.

"Your uniform is incorrect." Mr Kim says.

Jin rolls his eyes, "Dad, I know."

All Mr Kim does while Jin goes momentarily pink was chuckle cheerfully, pulling up his sleeve of his overcoat and forming three pieces of paper, and giving them to the group. "This is the list for the people who wanted to do the tryouts kids, of course there's no fourth years due to their exams." He hands out, passing the first paper to Yoongi and his son, then the second paper to Namjoon Hoseok. "And, the schedule."

"This is the schedule?" Hoseok gasps merrily, and Namjoon stands up to take a glimpse of it.

- 18:30-8:50 Students and visitors settle down
- 9:00-13:00 Groups are mixed with 3rd and 2nd years, and they have to do a team battle. 4 teams.
- 13:10-14:30 Fights against the remaining students. Whether they lose or not, you have the decision to let them through.

Seokjin raises his eyebrows, "Dad that's actually cool, we can choose whether they can be on the team or not even if they lost?"
His dad nods, "Of course Jin. A helpful power and strong heroism is what your looking for. They have always room to grow."

The telekenis looks at the extremely huge building. Spotlights outside the battledome, doors giving off a welcoming welcoming vibe. The first 80 meters of the building was opaque, authentic white marble, glistening in the sunlight with windows around it, then a red brick strip that went around the dome, and then a gigantic enormous transparent sphere as the ceiling -

All that Jimin can say is - "Woah."

Jimin's hand touches the marble, seeing his own reflection.

How mesmerising -

"Hey!"

The strawberry boy jumps, seeing the one and only Kim Taehyung with red cheeks, white hair and blue hoodie, holding on to someone with brown hair and neon green at the ends, "Someone wanted to join the tryouts too, Chim."

"Oh..h-hey Taehyung." Jimin mumbles. Taehyung was icy, eyes bright blue, pink pale lips and right next to him was a Busan boy, same height as Taehyung but he seemed a bit nervous.

The ice manipulator's face twisted, "Why are you stuttering? Is it about yesterday?"

Wow, the boy seems icy.

"N-No?"

His forehead creases, "Then? You could've asked for an a-apology! Like this: I am very sorry about
what I did yesterday! Maybe or not or maybe yes I did get jealous of your power and got hot headed! I get out of hand like that, I hope you can forgive me!" Taehyung speaks harshly, but his expression says something else. His face looked slightly embarrassed, and he looked down.

"I-I forgive you, okay?!!" Jimin yells, grabbing attention of the other people who were waiting for tryouts but he ignores that and begins to focus on the boy right next to him. "However, who's that?"

Taehyung looks at the boy he brought, "Oh, he is just a friend! aren't you?"

The boy looked like a bunny.

"I'm Jungkook?" The boy awkwardly says, scanning Jimin cautiously, "I'm best friends with this idiot even though we fight alot.." He mutters, and Taehyung sticks his tongue out right into his face, and Jungkook groans in disgust, "Can you not?!"

"I'm trying to act cool infront my my friend, Kookie!" Taehyung hisses and pokes his best friends chest, "And you're ruining it!"

Jungkook pushes Taehyung off him with a pout, a d then the two squabble endlessly.

Jimin thought they were extremely clingy with each other.

Like extremely.

"So red guy-"

Jimin coughs, "It's Jimin, it's fine."

"What's your powe-"

Taehyung jumps on Jungkooks back with a grin, cutting him off, "You wanted to know Jungkookies power Jimi?"
"It's Jimin?"

"Whatever, Chim, but his is shapeshifting, cool right?!" Taehyung snickers, poking a suffering Jungkook, "But he rarely uses it." Taehyung hisses, getting off his allegedly best friend, "I've only seen it in action before when we do practical lessons..." Taehyung trails off, staring at Jimin. He was short, he had that usual baby face with pouty lips...

"Aren't you a 1st year?"

Jimin swore he felt a stab in his stomach.

Jungkook nods looking down on the shorter, "Well he does...he's not even in a our lessons."

Another stab!

Taehyung wrinkles his nose suspiciously, "You look like a kid."

"I'm a third year," Jimin says shyly, Taehyung and Jungkook widen their eyes and turned to face each other, looking bewildered. The both turn their heads to face Jimin.

"Well, that was unexpected," Jungkook huffs, scanning Jimin eyes going up and down. He ruffles his brown and neon green hair, "So."

"You're our.." Taehyung looks at Jimin.

"**Hyung**?" The two say in sync.

Jimin awkwardly nods.

The two youngsters laugh, holding each other, red. Jungkook was the one laughing the most and Taehyung seemed to sneak in little snickers, making Jimin blush.
"Well, Jimin hyung, I hope you pass the try outs."

Jimin smiles, "I don't even know what we're even doing."

Taehyung boops Jimin's nose randomly, "I'm sure you'll pass. I see already the team has a soft spot for you. Lucky!" He comments, clinging on to Jungkook, "You aren't sucking their dicks, are you?"

Jimin squeals in embarrassment, face turning red immediately, "I-I w-would never! Respect your hyung!"

Jungkook tilts his head, "You look like a dick sucker, don't you?"

Taehyung nods persistently, rubbing his chin, "He takes it up the ass! Are you fucking with the whole team?!"

This time, the telekenis covers his face. His face was the same colour as his own red hair.

"We're only joking Jimin, don't worry." Taehyung says softly with a 90 watts grin, hands on his hips, "Your a nice person. We just have some weird ass humor."

"O-Oh," Jimin says surprised.

Jungkook pats his shoulder, "Don't let our stupid jokes get to you - oh!" Jungkook realises a girl walking near the BattleDome, and immediately pokes Jimin and Taehyung, "It's her!"

Jimin raises an eyebrow. They was only around ten people here at the moment waiting, and another girl comes in, somehow grabbing his new friends' attention. "Who?"

Taehyung pushes his two friends away behind him, eyes searching for-

A third year she looked like, skirt length of half of her thigh, usual SNU uniform.
"What's up with her guys?" Jimin states confused, eyeing the pretty girl with green emerald eyes, brown hair.

"She's Im Nayeon, her powers desire. Annoying as it is." Jungkook mutters, glaring at her with a burning stare, "I can't believe she's doing it this year."

Taehyung hisses like a cat.

__________________________

**KIM TAEHYUNG**

Loves food and designer clothes. His power is ice manipulation or, ice mage, producing ice out of thin air. His ice melts depending on how he feels. Has ice boots so he can walk on ice and use his power easier and efficiently.

**JEON JUNGKOOK**

Power is shapeshifting. He rarely uses it for an unknown reason. Can be non living objects and living objects.

Chapter End Notes

Dont forget to leave kudos and a comment !!
Chapter Six: The Box Of Mystery

Chapter Summary

I tried hehe

Chapter Notes

gingerbread man- melanie Martinez

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jimin looks at Nayeon. Bright emerald eyes glistening in the beautiful daylight, matching porcelain skin, something was awfully familiar about her.

Nayeon immediately realises his gaze, and suddenly smiles innocently, tangerine lips smacking with lip balm. She really is a beautiful student. Jimin knew many people thought that. "You okay there?"

Obviously, the facade she has was completely fake of hers, and and Jimin could see it, the confidence dripping out of her actions. She was full of lies.

Jimin immediately nods, "U-Uh yeah."

The girl looked down on Jimin, specifically focusing on his small hands decorated rings led her to easily smirk.

Oh.

"Is it your first time here?" Her alluring emerald orbs look into Jimin's boring hazel brown ones, tone slow and somehow pulling, and Jimin nods. "Hm...that's cool." She speaks, her hands lacing together, batting her eyelashes. "You are really handsome and pretty. You know?"

Jimin shrugs off the weird feeling he was getting, he wondered if her eyes were even burning into his own.
"I-I guess.."

Nayeon giggles, "You remind me of someone."

"Do I?" Jimin looks confused, dumbfounded.

"Yes." She paused. "A little devil. He used to have blonde hair, but you have red. You look like a spitting image of him." She said.

Jimin feels a shudder slithering down his spine, trying to glue his own gaze to hers, trying not to look away, "Devil?"

"Oh, he was like that. It's a metaphor. He acted like one," She chuckled, with a sweet sly smile.

The telekenis chuckles, trying not to add the hint of nervousness he felt from the girl, laughing along with her until his new friend Taehyung alerted him.

"Oi Chim! We're entering the battlefield!" Taehyung exclaims with excitement, pulling Jimin by the neck of his black blazer, ignoring Nayeon and his conversation.

Jungkook wasn't ready, he wasn't used to this type of thing, complaining, muttering curse words under his breath simultaneously as if it was some special chant that can remove all his feelings away, being pulled by the blazer also by Taehyung who was cheerfully skipping towards the huge gates that secured the massive entrance of the BattleDome.

Dazzling huge ruby red gates with intricate gold details, swirls, Ancient Greek lettering caught the eyes of Jungkook and Taehyung. Non of them didn't know what it said, but were also occupied on the gates that were slowly opening resulting in Jimin's mouth opening in amazement and Jungkook on the other hand looked nervous.

Sounds of footsteps on the red brick around the building echoed, bouncing off the walls.
Everyone who were there for the tryouts were finally standing in the middle of two gates now, first ruby red gates closing from behind.

The other gate was opening, but instead of the distinctive red, it was the colour of deep sapphire blue, with also Ancient Greek lettering this time painted on with gold.

All that Jimin could hear was the whispering from the students surrounding him.

"This is amazing..." Jimin whispered, only for Taehyung and Jungkook to hear, watching the booming crowd cheer and cheer, red and white themed battle grounds giving off a delightful feeling.

When they entered, the wild crowd roared, all seats of the battle dome filled to the brim, yelling, shouting, hands waving in the air, chanting, everyone cheering names from the team Tricpyth, and little whispers, and mutters, murmurs.

'Kim Namjoon!
Kim Seokjin!
Min Yoongi!
Jung Hoseok!'

The chants became louder each second, louder and louder, bigger and better, colours of confetti in the air scattered in the air.

Four members Jimin knew, Namjoon, Jin, Yoongi and Hoseok walking in, with smug looks on their face with the amount of support their getting, and special gold and red badges pinned on their black and red blazers with the Tricpyth logo, standing proudly.

Jimin couldn't believe it either, yelling out, "Yoongi hyung!" waving towards them, hopefully getting their attention.

The fire manipulator who was many feet away widens his eyes, red tinting his facial cheeks, waving at Jimin with a gummy smile, mouthing the words, 'Good luck.'

Hoseok waves at Jimin aswell, nudging Yoongi in the stomach, including Jin and Namjoon, grins on their faces.
"He said good luck to you!" Taehyung whisper yells, and Jungkook is behind him, with a surprised face, "Oh my god, that is cute!" He speaks excitedly, shaking Jimin, then waved to his older cousin Seokjin who just replied with a disgusted face directed to him.

Jimin blushes, hand going through his hair.

For some reason he felt a pair of eyes burning into the back of his head. Jimin instinctively turned around, seeing Nayeon the emerald eyed girl raising her eyebrows, and smiling once again, hands intertwined from behind.

How weird.

Out of nowhere, many 'ooo's and 'ahh's were heard from the crowd who was watching the sphere of the grand Battledome opening up, revealing the rich blue skies with pure white clouds floating, and the fragrant smell of lush green grass with many marvelling at the function.

Sunlight hit the battle grounds.

"I'm the principal of SNU!" Mr Kim's cheery voice spoke in the wireless microphone, making everyone settle down to listen to the principal. "Today we have our students to battle for the only three places remaining for our team Tricpyth so they can partake in the Seoul National Tournaments, a huge event against schools all over Asia!"

More cheering and yelling in the background could be obviously heard, some students even waving around their banners that read 'WE LOVE YOU MIN YOONGI!' and other team members.

Jimin didn't expect them to be that famous.

It was the second time Jimin saw the principal, finally seeing his full facial features that matched up with his friend Kim Seokjin the illusionist, first time was when he was dealing with Jimin entering SNU in the first place.

"We also have visitors, Asia's greatest hero group, Big Bang!"
Many controversial yells were heard, a mix of roars of anger and a huge amount of fan girls screaming, and most of the students in the tryouts gasped or screamed, watching gold glitter and pink puffy smoke in the air transform into silhouettes of four heroes, right next to Mr Kim the principal.

Oh God, the fangirls and the yells gotten worse, one of the students screaming loudly saying forbidden lines like 'fuck me.'

Taehyung screams at this, poking Jimin and Jungkook, yelling in exhilaration, "JIMIN! You know BigBang right!? They're amazing! I look up to them!" The ice manipulator screeched in Jungkook's ear, jumping with a help of Jimin's shoulders.

"N-No..?" The oldest out of the three stutters, and Jungkook finally breaks out of character, gasping in shock, pushing Taehyung.

"Oi you bitch!-"

Jungkooks hands slap onto Jimin's shoulders, making the older jump a little under his dark gaze, "They're the best heroes ever! Literally! Everyone- well not really much now loves them because of one member...but over that fact, they're amazing!" Jungkook shouts over the fangirling and fanboying in the enormous overloaded crowds.

The telekenis' eyes scan the four members of Big Bang, all in black elegant suits but the only difference could be was the clothing accessories or extra piece of clothing you could say - one with a bright red jumper underneath his black suit with a bowtie, the shortest one with a black feather choker, tallest one with just black glasses and the last one with a smile and nothing else.

"Fuck, they look hot." Taehyung mutters under his breath, clutching on Jungkook who seemed to be hyperventilating aswell in Taehyungs arms at the four boys.

Mr Kim turns around without even jumping at the four boys' sudden appearance, "Big Bang will be watching how the tryouts turn out, and also be our referees. Today we will play fair and easy. Everyone has an equal chance.

Now this year, we have a twist! There will be one box filled with scrunched up paper, and that will tell you which team you are in, assorted in A, B, C and D. Each team of ten goes against each other in dodgeball!"
The huge crowd goes silent.

A person in the crowd yells, "Dodgeball?! Isn't that boring?"

Everyone turns towards the person who awkwardly sits down back in their seat.

Many confused faces were plastered on, even Big Bang looked at Mr Kim, bewildered.

"You're allowed to use your powers! There's two ways to get a fellow team out, hit the King or Queen or hit the whole team successfully. The last remaining team will go against Tricyph. You can only pick one Queen or King, and you have to protect her or him. If you don't, your team will be immediately disqualified." He chortles, with a happy laugh.

"Big Bang." He alerts the team, and the four boys nod, one disappearing in a flash of gold and pink fairy dust then poofing back, bringing a medium sized box and a hole in it that can only fit your arm in.

Jungkook's whole mood goes down, tongue evidently brushing against the insides of his cheeks, eyebrows curved in anger. He watched how the box was just there, and how that one and only box filled with little pieces of paper will determine the path he would go.

What if Taehyung and Jimin pass but not him?

What if he falls behind?

"Hey, hey hey, I could feel the negativity from the distance and thought it was you," Taehyung hugs him from behind with a giggling, "What are you worrying for?"

"I know you're right next to me, there was no distance." The brown and neon haired boy turned round to see Taehyung who had a warm smile, then sulked, "How could you be so happy?" Jungkook sighs, "Tae, what if we get separated?"
Taehyung hands grip around his waist with a grin, "Don't worry you'll get through Kookie." He spoke softly, reassuring him, "It will all work out, trust me."

Jungkook sighs, and Jimin looks at him as well, doing a nervous thumbs up.

"Look! Even Chim says so!"

Jungkook rolls his eyes, "How is a thumbs up going to help?"

Taehyung scoffs, "A boost of confidence!" The ice manipulator says to the shapeshifter, "Feel the boost of confidence." He emphasised with the facial expressions.

Jungkook just could feel his heartbeat going faster. That wasn't good at all.

"I have faith on you Jungkook. Ok?"

Jungkook sadly smiles.

It was Jimin's turn.

Stepping on the platform, he knew he was the second person to take out a piece of paper to find out which team he was in.

Staring at the plain white box with the fancy lettering, his face crumpled in anxiety. He was scared, trying to hide it all away by comforting Jungkook-

"Jiminie," The familiar voice was heard from Jimin's ears.
It was Yoongi with a crooked smile, walking up without hesitation to hold the box for him, looking all fancy with his badge and curled hair. "Mind if I?"

The Big Bang member nodded, reluctantly passing it onto the SNU student.

Yoongi was holding the box now, holding Jimin's wrist squeezing it. He watched the strawberry haired boys hand shaking a little as he slides it in the box, fumbling with the little paper pieces, and finally grabbing one out with his heart racing. He remembered Taehyungs word.

"Let's reveal them together when we all get ours!"

Jimin looks at it, not realising the whole BattleDome became silent, until-

"Jimin-ah, well done." Yoongi's voice whispered.

Jimin nods, blushing from the compliment, patting Jungkook who was a regret written on his face and Taehyung who was clinging on Jungkook as always.

He was eager to find out what letters were in the scrunched pieces of paper that was in his hand. Jimin couldn't obviously wait, hands fidgeting, feet tapping impatiently in this nerve wracking selection.

Hopefully all three of them get the same letter in their pieces of paper.

Jimin hoped so.
Each person was called up, one by one.

"Im Nayeon."

Of course, there were whispers about her calling her pretty, beautiful, and some calling her a bitch as she walked up gracefully, taking each step towards the platform, eyeing Yoongi with a dark gaze, a smirk that shouldn't be on her face.

The huge screens that gave closeups on the battlefield showed Im Nayeons perfect complexion and her devilish smirk that she gave Yoongi which irked Jimin.

What was she exactly planning?

She gave the exact smirk to Jimin aswell.

She pulls the paper out of the box, walking back to the huge group of students.

Each person went up, grabbing their pieces of paper, with stern looks on their faces, lip biting and jaw clenching in the few seconds they had. Most of them didn't know eachother, and some where best friends that didn't want to be separated. Just like Jungkook and Taehyung.

"Jeon Jungkook."

Jungkook could feel his anxiety, the shrieking in his head as he walked up a distance with many people staring at him since he never really showed his power at all they thought he was dumb to even apply to try out.

He looks up, staring at the one and only Min Yoongi looking at him down his soul.

"What?"
His voice sends Jungkooks nerves to freak the fuck out.

"I-I'm just nervous."

"I can tell." He says, looking up to the younger because of his height. "Jeon kid, pick one then."

Jungkook nods, hand thrusting in the box and picking one out. Taehyung snickers at that, seeing how the Tricpyth member Yoongi looks taken back at the force he put just plopping in his hand in it.

He awkwardly walks away from the member, holding the little piece in his two huge hands, approaching Jimin and Taehyung who were talking peacefully and had the white paper in their hands.

The trio were finally together once again.

"You looked to awkward up there!" Taehyung comments, poking Jungkook, "You know Kookie, that Yoongi guy scares me."

Jimin shakes his head, "He's a softie."

Taehyung and Jungkook just stare at Jimin with befuddled.

"Let's reveal them now then." Jimin sighs, putting his hand in the middle.

The other two decided to do the same, hands in the middle with one small mini piece of paper in their hand. This started to make tension grow thick in the air so quickly, Jungkook became more nervous evident with his shaking hand once again, and Taehyung was there to calm him down my wrapping his free arm around his waist to comfort him.

"Are you ready?!” Taehyung says. "Even if we're in different teams all together, we're enemies."
Jungkook nods, trying to forget his own feelings, "Noted."

"Here's the big reveal!" Jimin joins in.

The other two nod in sync agreeing.

"Gosh, I'm excited." Taehyung says with an evil smile, and Jungkook sighs.

"I'm fucking scared." Jungkook curses.

Jimin slaps his back.

"Hey!"

"M-My mom usually did that to calm my nerves down." Jimin sighs, feeling the distress coming off Jungkook, it affected the atmosphere near him as well. "You're freaking out, I-I know, but taking part in this is usually a once a year chance, why miss it?"

Taehyung nods, "Yes! Jimin is right!" His put a fist in the air, "We all have hope in each other ok?"

A few minutes after of reassuring, the three opened the scrunched pieces of paper and Taehyung immediately yells his answer, with happiness in his eyes, "I got Team B!" He squeals, shoving it in Jungkook's face.

Jimin opens his up as well, eyes twinkling in anticipation, finger fumbling, "I got Team B as well!" He jumps towards Taehyung, and the two both squeal, jumping in circles together, then stop to look Jungkook who was slowly opening up his in the smallest pace.

Taehyung tries to look over, but Jungkook didn't even want to show his answer. "What did you get?"

The youngest stays silent, finally opening it, eyes widening, a shocked face.
”What did you get?” Taehyung pestered, and Jungkook looks down.

What was happening?

Jungkook knew.

His own shivering hands show the piece of paper, face showing he was on the verge about to cry.

’TEAM C.’

Chapter End Notes

dont forget to leave kudos or even a comment if u enjoyed it !! uwu
"Fuck."

That's all Taehyung could say, staring at the piece of paper in his best friends hands, immediately hugging him, guilt in his eyes. The ice manipulator thought they even had a chance staying in the same team since only one team can go through to the finals.

"T-Tae," Jimin says, looking down at his own piece of paper, troubled. He goes to Jungkook, "L-Look! You can take my piece if y-you want to," He suggests, scrambling with his small fingers, placing his paper in the other boys hand, "Here!"

Jungkook shakes his head.

Jimin's face falls into sadness when Jungkook just gives the piece of paper back to him.

"W-Why?"

Jungkook shakes his head, eyes glossy. He was still in Taehyungs grip, pointing at something that Jimin and Taehyung had now on their wrists, including himself. He breathes in, looking embarrassed on the way he was feeling, "There's no point changing.!!"

Taehyung's eyebrows furrow, "We can get away with it. It's just a quick switch."
Jimin nods, "Y-Yeah."

"Look if J-Jimin wants to swap with you, then that's fine! No need to feel guilt because that's his choice that he agreed to!" Taehyung turns to Jimin, "R-Right Jimin?!"

The third year feels selfish, but nods. He should put himself before everything. Be a good hyung.

"You see?!" Taehyung points out.

Before Taehyung could even protest anything else, Jungkook sighs, "Just look at your own wrists."

"How is that going to work?" Taehyung murmurs, a little upset over the whole situation.

Jimin pulls his sleeve up, flicking his wrist, face showing a mild astonishment.

Taehyung takes notice at the telekenis' face, and stares at his own wrist covered with a black and red blazer. He pulls it up, startled at the fancy pitch black lettering imprinted on his body.

**KT TEAM B**

"It's okay if we get separated." Jungkook says, perceiving Taehyung's uneasy face, and Jimin's guilt. "We need to fight each other for the spot, and that's the point in here."

Taehyung tries to laugh. Key word, try. "But, haha, Kookie, you see, I hate fighting with you seriously!" He giggles it off, and turns around to find people already moving towards their groups.

"Now students, please sort yourselves in your teams. If your not in the correct team, we can check by your wrists."

Taehyung looks at Jungkook with only sadness and pity in his eyes until Jimin gets pushed to the side, and then just like a domino effect, he does too, being separated by other students.
Jimin manages to grab on to Taehyung's arm just in time, "Taehyung!"

"Yeah, I'm here," The pitch of his voice goes deep accidentally bumping into a another student clumsily, making them fall over dramatically, "Shit!..sorry?" Taehyung says worried, whipping a hand out for them who was getting up.

When the student takes his hand, her face was shown as she looks up, "Thank you...it's okay," She mutters, detangling her gorgeous locks away from her face.

The ice manipulator pitying face falters at the sight of her. He pulled his hand away quickly out of hers, "Nevermind." He watches the girls emerald eyes stare into Taehyung's soul, lips forming a smile.

It was the one and only Im Nayeon, the one that Taehyung didn't like, despised even for some reason, elegant hands holding a piece of paper. She ignored Taehyung's rude tone.

"What team are you in?" She asks, eyeing the ice manipulator weirdly, an ominous glint in the eyes.

Taehyung grips on Jimin's arm, gritting his teeth, "Team B."

Jimim just zipped his mouth in silence. He didn't have any place to get nosey at all.

She smiles, a fake smile, gasping, "We're on the same team!" Her hand goes over her mouth, looking at Jimin, the person she talked to a few minutes ago.

Jimin nods, trying to pull Taehyung away, "Y-Yeah..we are."

Her face shifts a little in anger, but switches it, "You too?"

Jimin tugs Taehyung, "Yeah."

Nayeon nods with pure looking excitement, hands clasping Jimin's, grinning, "We'll totally go through with your powers! My powers are not really good.."
"Liar." Taehyung grumbles.

The telekenis was nervous, feeling Nayeons hands with his, being all touchy like this. He wasn't touchy with girls, boy were fine, but he didn't feel at all comfortable.

A small ball of sweat goes down his forehead, being pulled along by Nayeon, and Taehyung following them with a serious face, to group B.

"S-So we are here?" Jimin says, not taking notice of students surrounding him, but instead focusing on Nayeons hand gripping on his tighter.

Taehyung stares at Jimin aswell, knowing he is feeling intolerable.

"Nayeon, would you let go of him?" Taehyung grimaces, big hand taking her thin wrist, trying to pull it away from Jimin.

Her face darkened, "What?"

Taehyung scoffs, "You heard me! He looks uncomfortable?" He points out.

Nayeon furrows her eyebrows, "He looks like he's enjoying it."

Jimin's adam's apple bobs.

"I'm sure he's not, Miss Im."

The strawberry boy turns, seeing the fire manipulator now with black rimmed glasses, fluffy hair. He resembled a handsome prince with a little smirk on his face, holding Jimin's wrist quicker than a blink, and pulling it away from Nayeons.

Yoongi speaks out, death glaring her, holding a clip board adjusting his black rimmed glasses, black pen in his hands tapping the paper. "You look uncomfortable, don't you Jimin-ah?"
The telekenis sighs in relief when he sees his roommate, "Y-Yoonie," He says, watching Nayeon move away, pure anger on her face.

"Hey Jiminie." He says, then sees Taehyung, facial expression turning stale.

He was the one who had a fight with Jimin.

"Thank you for getting the bitch away!" Taehyung thanks, and Yoongi suddenly flicks him in the forehead, clicking his tongue.

"Tch, mind your language," The older mumbles, crossing his arms, "I wont let you off even if you're Jin hyungs cousin." Yoongi grumbles, "I'm here just to tick you all off on the clipboard and check your wrists to make sure you're actually in team B." He looks at Jimin, giving him a soft smile. "Jiminie, mind if you lift your sleeve up?"

Jimin nods shyly, showing his bare wrist.

Yoongi touches his wrist, fingertips tracing on each letter for a few moments and then ticking off the name PARK JIMIN on the check list with his black biro pen.

Taehyung snickers, "I don't know what's up with you, but Yoongi you didn't have to do that touching."

"Shush kid." Yoongi mutters. "Now show me your wrist."

Taehyung rolls his eyes, showing his wrist with the initials, and pulling it down when the Triptych member finally ticked him off. He looks on the other side, where his cousin is with Jungkook, telling him to lift his sleeve up. He guessed that the Tricpyth members will be managing the teams.

He felt some what jealous.

"Im Nayeon, do you mind?" Yoongi utters, watching the students line up for a check.
Nayeon smiles, "Oh I miss you, y'know. Your face is much more handsome than before, Hep-"

"You're fucked in the head. Next." Yoongi simply says, checking her off the list, and Nayeon huffs, shoulders sagging.

She started biting her nails, eyeing Jimin in the process.

Yoongi didn't known who she properly was, or what she was talking about, but he didn't want to be near her.

Jimin starts fidgeting with his small petite hands, a habit he had for a while. He always felt nervous, and he needed something to relieve it. So why not mess with your fingernails?

"Jimin, you okay?" Taehyung asks trying to use his sweetest voice. Genuinely, he wondered why Jimin was so uncomfortable around her. "Sorry about earlier-"

"M'fine," Jimin says and stopped his fidgeting. He looks down, eyes strained on the floor, "Why do you even hate her that much.?" He looks up, and waves his hands around with a blush, "I-I mean, like I'm not sayin' I wanna be friends with her she acts like a s-snake."

Taehyung chuckles, "I'll go off since we have a few minutes left before the thing starts. Well...she was actually close friends with me." He speaks, "Have you heard of the huge fight from last year?"

Jimin shakes his head.

"I got in a argument with her. She started being possessive, acting like she knew Yoongi hyung. She even said that she got married with him." Taehyung sighs at his, crossing his arms feeling. The idiocy. "I didn't really care, but when she started rubbing it in my face, she started saying how gays aren't supposed to be here and supposed to die, I..." He pauses, "I kinda backlashed on her."
Jimin looks at Taehyung in awe.

He's gay?

"Hey! Don't look at me like that! I mean...I am gay....but you won't see me differently right?" The ice manipulator panicks. "She found out I had some sort of attraction to a guy." He rambles, "Then-"

"Team B, matches are starting now!"

Taehyung shrugs, "I'll save that story for later then."

Jimin nods.

Chapter End Notes

Please leave kudos and a comment !!
Chapter 8: Teamwork Makes Dreamwork

Chapter Summary

Dijdbsjznnsjsn I hated this chapter that mich I had to rewrite it...?

Sorry if the action is weird, I tried my best and I havent written fighting scenes for a long time now ;-;

This isn't really that edited uwu

Chapter Notes

I have no idea what I wrote but I promise I'll be better next time ;-;

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Im Nayeon is Queen.

Protect the queen.

Jimin's heart was racing, huddled in a circle trying to think however his emotions were saying something else, thumping out of his chest as he waited.

Seconds felt like minutes, and probably he was the only person to feel like that.

Ten balls were placed in the middle, in a variation of different colours, everyone it their starting places. Ten students in each team.
Before the match could even start, everyone in Team B huddled in a circle, arms resting on each others shoulders with serious faces.

"You, Park Jimin the transfer student?"

"Let's put him in the back Yeon, we don't know what he's capable of."

"Putting the newbie front can be risky, wouldn't it?"

Taehyung stares at Jimin, nodding, speaking up grabbing everyones attention, "Don't you think Jimin should be with me in the middle?"

The rest of the group stares at him, bewildered, a mix of various emotions that were aimed at him.

"But...this Park Jimin guy, we don't know about him." Jung Yeon sighs, absolutely saying his own opinion, "I don't know him however I'm a third year-"

Miyo, Lee Miyo stares at Jimin, "You're that student that was in Hoseok hyungs class." Her voice laced with fear, reminiscing the red haired boy destroying each science equipment, shattering each glass beaker in sight. "You could kill someone!"

Miyo was a member of the Science Club, no wonder she looked at Jimin with some what anger.
"I-I didn't m-mean too, I-I didn't have my rings.." Jimin says, feeling suddenly little with the amount of glares he's been getting. "I have them now." He shows eight rings. "They cut off the full extent of my powers."

Miyo still glared at him.

Yeon looks down at him. He's short.

"Let him be Miyo."

Jemin gasps exhilarated, "T-Thank you!"

Taehyung squeals, high fiving Yeon only for to sigh.

"Okay, since everyones here, let's introduce ourselves. We don't really know eachother, and plus...we need to know eachothes powers so we can use it sufficiently." Yeon speaks, sounding like the leader. He seemed a natural leader, with piercing grey eyes and his blond hair shaved on the sides. "Let's start."

"Kim Taehyung, 2nd year, power ice creation or manipulation." Taehyung says immediately. He started showing and pointing at his new ice blue boots to Jemin.

Yeon nods, "Baek Yeon. 3rd year. Power is electric waves. Whatever I touch is fueled with
electricity."

"My names Lee Miyo! I'm a third year, and I can refract any type of light. I can bend it to blind other people. If I use it too much, I can fall unconscious." Miyo says a bit nervously.

"Kim Chung-ho. I am a healer. I'm a 2nd year. I need to touch the person inorder to heal them."

"Kam Hyun Ki, 2nd year, I have the power of Liquification. I can turn to any type of liquid!"

"Kim Kang-Yun, 2nd year. I have the power of Concussive Blast. I can shoot a ball of energy and blast it at people."

"Min Jee! I have the power of Persuasion. I can persuade people to do things...it only lasts for thirty seconds."

"Im Nayeon, I have Desire. I can make people my love slaves if I gain contact with them." Nayeon speaks nonchalantly, crossing her arms.

"I'm Choi Jin-Sang, and I have the power Flight."

Silence.
Jimin looks up, feeling the awkward silence now, waiting for everyone to hear his own introduction.

"Park Jimin, third year, my powers Telekenisis." He finally says, sighing.

The leader, Baek Yeon's jaw drops immediately hearing that, leaning forward, "Dude, we got two lucky people! A telekenis and an ice manipulator!" He squeals in the huddle. "We can beat everyone.!" He encourages, putting his hand in the middle.

Everyone even Taehyung puts their hand in the middle.

Jimin looks at their hands, and Taehyung stares at Jimin with a questionable look, nodding his head.

All of his team members were waiting for Jimin to put his hand in the middle.

"O-Oh!" Jimin looks surprised, putting his hand into the middle.

Baek Yeon speaks this time, with a reassuring nod, "One...two, three-"

"TEAM B!"

Everyone in the team shouts with gleeful giggles after.
Taehyung smiles at Jimin, then grins that looked like a 90 watts box, putting a huge hand on top of Jimin's small petite shoulders.

Compared to his small child like frame to Taehyung's, he looked like a giant.

"We're going to blast it!"

"We are!" Jimin speaks enthusiastically, right hand doing a fist bump in the air. "Literally...?"

"That's the spirit!" Taehyung cheers, slapping his back. "We're going to win...no matter what." He thinks about the dream he always dreamed of, fighting in the Seoul National Tournaments like his father did.

He wasn't going to loose this chance.

At all.

He had to be selfish one day.

Everyone turns, hearing the referee speak.
"Hello?" Taeyang who had the black feather choker hugging tightly around his neck, black gel styled hair had a microphone attached to his ear, "Hello?" He repeats, completely confused, tapping it gently, checking if it was working.

Oh it was working.

"Hello everyone!" He says overjoyed.

Everyone started screaming in the crowd of people, many yelling I love you's, and I'm your fan's, people standing up and jumping to get a clear view of the one and only Taeyang.

Taehyung squeals, gripping onto Jimin.

Sounds of the normal camera was heard, flickering of flashlights, people having their phones out-

"Ah, yes! My name?..Well you should know is it is Taeyang, and I'm from Big Bang." He speaks with a smile, "How is everyone? Everyone is great?"

'YES DADDY!'

'Taeyang!'
Taeyang looks a bit out of the place, a bit embarrassed at the comments, "Please refrain from taking pictures.." He pauses, "Today, we have Team A versus Team B, isn't that exciting! I also have the one and only Min Yoongi from Tricpyth here to guide me."

Yoongi had a microphone attached to his ear aswell, standing next to Taeyang, "We are going to start the match now."

Taeyang claps his hands, "Students, please start in your starting positions! Remember the rules! Don't go past the white line, or your disqualified. Get hit by a dodge ball, your disqualified. Go out of the white borders, disqualified."

Yoongi nods, "There is always a Queen or King. Manage to find the Queen or King and hit them, the whole team is out." He has the clipboard in his arm, looking at each person in the tryouts information, "Feel free to use your powers in any way, and go loose. You want a spot in my team right?"

The teams shouts a loud yes.

Amusingly, Yoongi breaks out a smile.

"Then, fight for it. And don't hold back your power." Yoongi mutters.

Yoongi having the red starter pistol in his hands, his whole arm raises up, his finger touches the
trigger, then finally pressing it with his signature smirk.

Jimin was going to show how badass he was.

_BANG_!

Seokjin who had a microphone in his hand, was doing the commentary with a grin, "And they're off!

Jungkook sits down in another room that was in the Battle Dome with his team that wasn't fond of him. He looked uncomfortable, hands intertwined together.

"Hey, calm down, you look extremely agitated, don't you?"

The younger takes a glimpse up, then looks down.

"I'm talking to you dude...?"
Jungkook blushes down in embarrassment, sighing, "I'm trying to mentally prepare myself for the match!" He squeaks, finally looking up. His hand covers his mouth, finally realising he was.

It was a familiar nostalgic tuft of orange fluffy hair in his sight.

A special badge.

Oh.

"Oh," Jungkook says the exact words, seeing the one and only Jung Hoseok, with a jolly grin on his face, "What are you doing here? Aren't you supposed to be with your team?"

Hoseok simply shrugs with a simple smile, "That's what you meant! Yoongi wanted to referee since Jimin was there. Namjoon and Seokjin seemed to want to do commentary..." he does a little pout, putting his hands on his hips, "I'm here because why not? Why can't I see my little friend?"

"I haven't even talked to you before properly, and you're already talking to me as if I'm your friend? Elite students shouldn't be talking to people like me."

Hoseok snickers to the side and then puts his serious face on, "What's up your ass? Cheer up? Maybe you need some sunshine? A walk around the field?"

"What are you exactly thinking, sunbae?" Jungkook mutters.
"Stress relief." Hoseok says, speaking as if it was a light bulb moment, the best idea. "Or talk to your teammates? You need to know each others powers?"

"No."

Hoseok tilts his head to see Jungkook who was sitting on the bench, avoiding his gaze.

"You're such a stubborn second year!" He scoffs, crossing his arms. "I'm trying to help you!"

Jungkook rolls his eyes at this, "Leave me alone."

Hoseok looks worridely, happiness faltering, "You can tell me you know."

"Just go."

"Why can't you talk to me?" He whispers, trying to not grab the attention of other students otherwise they'll think that Tricypth has favourites. "I'm trying to help you. Your the only team that aren't really getting along...I came here honestly to check you guys up."

"See you in the battlefield." Jungkook stands up, walking away to go near the screen to see the dodgeball match.
Hoseok sighs, about to walk off.

The Jeon kid was really stubborn.

He stops walking off unexpectedly, turning to Hoseok, "You can watch it with me...if you want." He mutters. "I want to see my Taehyung in action."

Hoseok's spirits lift up, a tight smile on his face, "Let's go then."

Team A hastily runs as fast as they can, hands snatching the balls and running back, staring at Team B with the deadly glares, finally switching their powers on.

Jimin stared at the ten in the other side, each one having a ball in their hands, angry facial expressions slapped in their face.

He noted each one down in his brain.
One with hair manipulation.

Second one, tape.

Third student had horns...

Team B nod at each other, standing still completely without any hesitation, knowing their exact plan, totally confident.

They weren't doing anything.

They weren't even snatching the dodgeballs.

Team A started snickering - they looked like a bunch of 2nd years, grins plastered on their faces, spitting out rude remarks and laughs.

"What are they even doing?"

"This is stupid, they know that we are going to defeat them."

"Team B will be easily disqualified."
"Obviously..."

Jin's eyebrows raise, sitting next to Namjoon who had a microphone in his hands aswell, "Seems like Team B aren't doing anything!" He speaks astonished, "I wonder what they're doing! Don't we want action?"

The crowd roars in response.

Namjoon fingernails dance across the table, "Maybe they're plotting something?" He smirks, "You never know."

Team A strike, one with super human strength, putting all his power in throwing it, aiming each ball at Team B.

They striked at the same time-

"TAEHYUNG!" Yeon yells, hands out that started sparking yellow lines, "DO IT!"

"Right!"

Taehyungs hair blows in the gush of wind, leg stomping on the floor as fast as he can, forming beautiful blue icicles around him, and reaching towards the other side, eyes suddenly turning to a vibrant pure blue.
Plain white hair sparkled with iridescent streaks, his soft skin growing mysterious ice veins on his face.

Taehyung looked like a completely different person once his powers were turned on.

Baek Yeon touched the ice, dangerous sparks of electricity sparking through the ice, making it glow yellow and blue.

The ice had a mind of its own covering the feet of the other Team.

"Yes!" Yeon cheers, highfiving Taehyung.

"A twist combo from 2nd year Kim Taehyung and Baek Yeon! Incredible! An electric deadly wave of ice!" Namjoons speaks, enthusiasm in his commentary. "What will Team A do now, since they are stuck in the debris of ice?"

Team A didn't give up there.

"K-Kim Hwa!" The leader yells, ball in his hand, legs pulling out of the ice, and runs to his team members to punch the ice, successfully.

He felt the stinging pain of the electric bolts, and the chilling of the ice.
His power was superhuman strength, luckily getting out.

"Right sir!" Hwa obeys, her hair growing bigger, locks of brown hair whipping maliciously, passing the dodge ball to him.

"Everyone, stay in your places. They're going to attack."

"Nayeon!" Yeon alerts, "How many people can you put desire on?"

"Three at least..." She replies quickly.

"Use it."

She nods, quickly turning it on. A wave of a pink wobbled the atmosphere. Eyes glowing a neon pink, she stared at the other team members for a few seconds.

"You are my slaves. Submit to me." Her harsh dark voice was heard. She sounded evil, a different person. The voice didn't seem like hers, sickening repulsive words alarming others.

The three students on the other side bow, all submissive, eyes filled with crazed love, a similar colour just like Nayeons, irises resembling adorable hearts.
"I am now your leader."

Three students that she took eye contact with, stand up just like wind up toys or robots, standing straight as a ruler.

Yeon pokes Nayeon, "Do it faster!" He points at the hair power girl on the other side, creating a wall put of hair.

Nayeon hisses at this, "Alright, alright!" She grimaces, "Walk out of the white borders."

The three students start walking in a slow pace.

"Now!" She shouts, and they walk faster, with crazed satisfied faces on their faces, knowing they have obeyed their master. Nayeon smirks, flicking her fingers, watching the Team A members freak out off the battlefield borders, staring at eachother bewildered.

They looked so confused, slapping themselves, look at themselves then the battle field that's happening, eyes back to normal.

Nayeons pink orbs are back to normal emerald ones.
"THREE STUDENTS OF TEAM A ARE DISQUALIFIED!" Seokjin announces.

Faced with frowns and groans, they get teleported off, bodies vanishing in thin air with Taeyang’s power, Angel Glitter Dust.

"And, Team A are building some sort of protection wall?" Namjoon questions, holding the microphone, watching the wall of brown hair transforming.

Locks of hair whipping, sowing together, filling half of the battle ground, building a shield.

"We're going to take away three of your teammates, just like you did to ours!" The leader of Team A shouts angrily.

"Yeeet!" Kim Kang-Hyun yells, hands forming a shiny crystal black ball of energy, and letting it go with a growl. The black ball of energy zooming through the thick bushy hair, making a burnt hole.

Unsurprisingly, the girl shrieks, "My hair! My h-hair, It has a hole!" She cries miserably, eyes getting glossy.

"Guys attack!" The leader of Team A commands, and five other students on Team A jump over the wall of hair, dodge balls in their hands-

WOOSH!
Jimin runs-

"Don't worry I got it Jimin!"

Before they can throw anything, Kim Taehyung strikes again running in the middle infront of Jimin, leg doing a side whip kick, right leg going up and going in a round semi circle aiming at each of the five bodies throwing a dodgeball in milliseconds.

Ice daggers and particles blow across the distance in seconds, half of the battlefield covered with thick cold ice once again, 5 members of Team A completely frozen to the spot except their hands.

"Yes!" Taehyung cheers, then his mood immediately stops as he feels a pain in his chest.

Oh no.

He cups his own cheek, feeling the icy veins growing, snowflakes getting bigger.

He was freezing himself slowly, and he couldn't control it.

"What's the matter Tae? Can I call you that?" Jimin asks, and Taehyung brushes it off. "Thank you for protecting me even though you needed need to."
"Y-Yeah that's fine! I mean, that will hold them for a bit," Taehyung sighs, patting Jimin to do his thing.

Taehyung, stop trying to act cool.

Team A leader, Xiao, the one who had super strength, his legs shudder in the cold, one leg breaking out of the ice, hands still holding the dodgeball.

"You froze five sevenths of the team! They're still not out!" The leader speaks ever so highly.

Although, the problem is that the girl who had the power to control her hair was no use.

Her hair was frozen in ice.

"What could Team A do now?! They're stuck in an icy situation! Get it?" Jin snorts, laughing.

"Jimin!"

Jimin nods, hand raising quickly, boring brown honey eyes close for a second once Team A attacks, now opening with red cold blood eyes.
"Holy fuck!" Namjoon squeaks, feeling the ground shaking ferociously, hands gripping on the table in front of him. "Please excuse me for my language!"

Im Nayeon

Power is Desire. She can control three people at a time, and make them her love slaves that are crazy for her, and obey every single order she speaks of. She needs to have a five second contact to turn it on someone.

Baek Yeon

Power is Electricity bolts. He can touch things and make them have electricity in them that can cause stinging pain or shock the body.

Jungkook was busy eating popcorn, scoffing it down eyes glued to the screen.

"Why do you keep staring at me?" Jungkook mutters, eyes watching the digital TV screen of
Taehyung attacking the other team with his life threatening icicles.

Hoseok laughs a little, "You're going to get a stitch if you eat that." He says, taking the popcorn snack, and eating some greedily.

"Stop!"

The Tricpyth team member now has popcorn stuffed cheeks and resembled a chipmunk.

"Pfft, What..?" Hoseok sniggers, "You're looking at your pretty little boyfriend attacking?" He says.

Jungkook ignores his comment, eating more of the popcorn, "Whatever." His eyes widen as he sees Jimin running, to attack, but Taehyung stops him with his charming smile and does it himself-

What was he feeling?

What is that feeling?

A piercing in his heart he would say. It was as if his heart was pulled down somewhat, or even dragged down to the ground, but he still found his heartbeat thumping loudly in his chest.
He sees Jimin on the digital screen, all cute, red hair swept back, with a smile, and some sort of a blush.

What was up with them?

Did something happen between them?

"You okay?" Hoseok asks, confused at Jungkook's sudden face that was filled with a mix of emotions. His eyes showed many emotions of confusion, jealousy. However, Hoseok didn't want to question that whatsoever.

"Is Jimin strong?" Jungkook speaks, monotone.

"..Why?"

Jimin was an enemy.

Also Taehyung.

"He's not really doing anything." Jungkook says.
Hoseok laughs a little, "If you saw what happened to me yesterday with him, you will see the little guy different Jeon." He looks forward pointing on the television screen. "He has the devils eyes. Satans eyes-

"Don't joke about that!" Jungkook stifles a laugh nervously, "You know that's bad. Talking about the Ten Commandments are bad. They're demons that wanna terrorized the world with this."

Hoseok's brown eyes shine a little orange in the dark in a split second,

"What do you mean by that?"

"We shouldn't have powers in the first place!" Jungkook sighs, eating more popcorn. "If we didn't, there will be less criminal rates. Ever since we had this special gifted shit, the criminal rates have raised around seventeen percent."

The Jeon kid had a point.

Hoseok raises an eye brow, and speaks-

The popcorn gets spilled all over their thighs, and the whole room shakes, and Hoseok and Jungkook stand up in response, feeling the violent waves of collision-

"Oh God, he turned on his powers." Hoseok chuckles, "Had to make an extra entrance." He stares at the live digital screen, focusing on the telekenis, "didn't you Jimin?"
The whole BattleDome shakes violently, the crowd screaming and squealing as the dome moves as if an earthquake is happening.

Taehyung's ice shattered immediately, each fragment dropping on the floor.

So much ice was covering the battlefield, piles of ice shards were scattered all over the battlefield.

The other five team members that were frozen were now snapped out of the cold abyss, shivering.

"Kam Hyun Ki, I'm going to do something please use your liquification!" Baek Yeon tells Hyunki, and he replies.

Hyunki knows what exactly Yeon's doing so his body melts into clear water, an echoing voice alerting his other team members, "Guys, get behind me if you don't wanna get stung."

His watery based body now turned into a huge shield, covering each and every member in a small dome.
"What about Jimin?!" Taehyung speaks, being covered in a water force field with his other team mates.

Miyo shrugs, "I know he can withstand it."

Taehyung mutters, "If you say so."

"If anyone gets stung, please tell me. I'll heal you if you need." Chung-ho speaks put reminding the rest of his team.

Meanwhile, Yeon's legs bend infront of them, hands touching the battleground, aiming at the seven members of Team A staring and distracted by Jimin. Jimin's right hand raises up, pointing at the dodgeballs in the hands of the other team.

The crowd didn't expect a telekenis to be around these days as ten dodgeballs levitate over them, higher and higher.

Gasps were heard.

"Oi! Give my dodgeball back!" Xiao yells desperately, legs jumping with superhuman strength, but he didn't jump that high. "Dojan!"

Dojan nods, hands producing thick double sided tape. The tape got longer and longer, nearly
reaching the levitating balls-

"ELETRIC VOLTS!" Yeon yells, hands producing a racing wave of electric waves, attacking the seven members with stings of shockwaves.

The girl with hair manipulation yells, "Watch out guys!" She shrieks, trying to alert them to stop aiming for the dodgeballs-

Their bodies jitter and spasm around bending in various creepy ways reacting to the large amount electricity coursing through their veins.

"Jimin!"

"Yes Yeon!" Jimin replies, hands fiddled with the other team just like puppets, watching Team A struggle and jittering in stinging pain coughing for air.

Many dodgeballs in the air start dashing and rushing down so fast towards Team A who were falling unconscious with yellow veins covering their visible skin.

Each dodgeball hits each member of Team A in rapid speed-

Yoongi blows the whistle, with the most satisfied warm smile on his face, hearing the microphones being turned on after the ground rumbling.
"Woah! Team A are out with Baek Yeon and Park Jimin's combo!" Seokjin exclaims, and the ground stops shaking finally.

Namjoon does a grin, "Team B are in for the second round!

Chapter End Notes

please leave a kudos and feel free to comment, and thank you so much for 32 kudos!!! Ily you all!!!
Chapter Nine: Electricity Hurts

Chapter Summary

Sorry if this is hella rushed!!

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Chapter Notes

oH gOd oK I changed the title bc dumb ol me made a mistake of making the title have a mAssiVe huge spOILER including the fucking plot and djkjsjdks-

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Team B are in for the second round!"

Colours of confetti flutter in the air, twirling and dancing around Team B. Jimin sighs in happiness.

Yeon pat's Jimin's back, grabbing his attention, "Thank you! That was epic! We couldn't have done it without you!" He shouts over the cheering in the back, pure sunlight reflecting on his golden locks. "Glad to have you on the team."

Jemin shyly smiles, "T-Thank you!" Jimin grins, feeling ecstatic.

The rest of Team B were covered in a liquid force field watching the blue like aquarium evaporating in air, liquid dropping down onto the battlefield.

The healthy blue turned into silver repersenting liquid silvery gallium, then melted gold, switching to a mercury, finally turning back into his original form.

Kam Hyunki coughs in pain uncontrollably, curling up in a ball, face streaked with neon yellow veins.

"Yeon!" Miyo yells, motioning Baek Yeon and Jimin to come over, looking horrified at the yellow veins covering Hyunki's face.

They were similar to the ones that Team A had all over their bodies, falling unconscious.

Yeon crouches down, staring at his team mates face, guilt spreading on his own. "S-Sorry, God - c-can you..-"

"Chung-ho, can you..?" Jimin whispers.

Kim Chung-ho nods, touching his team mates face subtly, cupping his cheeks, warmth radiating out
of his palms, eyes glowing a white.

Team B stare at his power, staring at the how concentrated he was, yellow veins disappearing getting smaller all across his face.

Hyun-Ki's eyes were opening much more, face returning back to normal, full peach coloured face back instead of the pale ness a few seconds ago.

Everyone on Team B gasps in relief, asking if Hyun-Ki was even okay.

"T-Thank you guys." He utters out, watching fountains of confetti fall in his face, and then some falling into his mouth. He cringed whilst lying down on the ground, taking the small pieces out. "That's alot of confetti.."

The crowd yells and cheers, chanting Team B over and over again.

"We did it!" The team scream, jumping, patting each others backs.

Hyun-Ki finally sits up, shaking his head trying to figure out what was happening and Miyo scolds him, "Let's get you resting for ten minutes! Yeon, your coming with me." She sighs, pulling Hyun-Ki up and pulling Yeon's wrist.

"Miyo, I want to talk to Jim-

"We'll discuss it within the ten minutes.." Miyo says with a crooked smile, pulling them off the battlefield, and they waved away.

All the Team B members finally wave, walking off the battlefield, leaving Taehyung and Jimin.

Jimin's eyes twinkles with a grin on his face. The camera focuses on his face on the television, eye smile radiating happy vibes, still in disbelief.

"JIMIN!" Taehyung yells, engulfing the older in a bear hug also making him jump, "We did it! We did it!" He shouts, jumping up and down exhilarated, "We're going through the next round!"

Taehyung's arms pull away from his slim waist then turns to the other side of the battlefield seeing his idol Taeyang walking in and tapping the seven left members of Team A who were unconscious making their bodies vanish into pink glittery dust.

"Woah..." Jimin says,

"What? The confetti?" Taehyung asks, not paying attention. He was staring at the sight of confetti being sprinkled in his silvery white hair.

"No...it's not that..it's his power." Jimin says, pointing at Taeyang who vanished into glittery dust, going away somewhere. "It's cool..."

"His power is Angel Dust. He can turn into glittery dust and vanish in thin air. He can do it to other people aswell." Taehyung says, smiling with his nose in the air knowing most things about him. "He's amazing!" He squeals, fanboying to Jimin excitedly, fist bumping in the air.

"Thanks." Taeyang says, puffing out of no where, a grin on his face. He watched the youngster's reaction, and stifles a sweet laugh.

Taehyung jumps, clutching on Jimin suddenly frightened until he sees the familiar face, gasping. "Oh my God..!" He pokes himself, then stupidly poking Taeyang, "Oh God, you are real!" He exclaims.
Taeyang chuckles, "I get that alot." He speaks, "I wanted to let you know you have a ten minute break now. Feel free to eat or do anything. Congratulations!" He smiles, hands to the side.

"Thank you!" Jimin and Taehyung immediately say, now colours of confetti in their hair, and Taeyang smiles at their happy faces.

Taehyung was secretly fanboying in the inside still, heart dancing around.

"No problem. You two rocked it. Especially you." Taeyang points at Jimin surprisingly, "I'm glad the team didn't make you do everything. I bet you can defeat that team just by yourself, but everyone had a chance to shine in the spot light." He trails off, then grins again, "I like that teamwork."

Taehyung pouts, jealous of the attention Jimin was getting.

Taeyang laughs, "You too, icy guy. You did well-

The crowd starts screaming Taeyang, and he sighs just in response.

Taeyang finally realises the attention he's grabbing. He was just like a celebrity, a movie actor. "Well I got to disappear for now." He finally says, waving quickly, "Goodluck on the next round!" His body disintegrates, disappearing in a cloud of gold and pink smoke, little bursts of glitter and pink sequins falling floating in the air.

A silence was created when the guy left.

Jemin turns to Taehyung, looking up.

Taehyung looks at Jimin with a smile.

"Should we get some food?" Jimin suggests, looking at the huge enormous screens in the battle field with a timer ticking down each second.

"Yeah." Taehyung nods. "Let's!"

Namjoon and Seokjins voices chirp in the crowd, "We will be back in ten minutes!"

Hoseok had his hands full of popcorn, chicken, cakes and delicious treats, scoffing them down in the cafeteria, with a big smile on his face.

Jungkook was staring at his phone, rewatching the match analysing Jimin's movements, but what was racing on his mind was that he spent all his lunch money on someone else.

He did that.

He only does that for Taehyung, but he did it for Hoseok.
"Delicious!" Hoseok joyful jeers. "Do ya' want some?" He offers the second year a nut bar, and he just shakes his head. "I'll pay you back, don'worry." He says, eating whilst speaking, covering his mouth. At least Hoseok tried to be respectful.

"Eating alot again?" Yoongi mutters, sitting down with him and the Jungkook boy that he didn't really know. "Who bought it for your broke ass?" He says, eyeing the food. He was hungry as well since it was break. He places his brown satchel he always brought along with him on the floor, kicking it under the lunch table.

The waft of food and treats floated around the cafeteria and Yoongi takes it all in, smelling the delicious scent.

School food in SNU was top tier delicious.

"Him." Hoseok simply replies, breaking Yoongi out of his spacing out.

"Who's him?" Yoongi says slyly, peering around Hoseoks huge head, only to see Jungkook who was waving a little intimidated by him. "Jeon kid?"

"It's Jungkook."

Yoongi shrugs it off, "Whatever. Have you seen Jimin?" Yoongi asks, checking his black watch to see what time it is.

Nine minutes left.

Mumbling with crumbs and food in his mouth, "You saw what he did in the battlefield?!" Hoseok speaks. "He was amazing!

Jungkook furrows his eyebrows at this, rewinding the bit were Jimin makes the ground cause a small temporary earthquake shattering Taehyung's ice and camera shattering aswell. He skips a few seconds, and the camera is replaced at the scene where Jimin raises the dodgeballs up high as the height of the Battle Dome.

He stares intensely at Jimin's rings, and widens his eyes.

They were awfully familiar, but he couldn't get where it was from.

Where was it from?

He stares at the glowing screen once again, seeing the dodgeballs out of nowhere land on Team A.

How?

Jungkook rewinds the scene, seeing that in milliseconds that the balls dashed towards them as if they were fast as bullets, making them fall over just like dominos.

Fuck, he's screwed.

Yoongi rolls his eyes, knowing Hoseok absentmindedly changed the topic. Way to go.

"Of course he was, he's an angel. I'm glad he got through," Yoongi says, describing him as if he was a Goddess to him. It was weird to him. He had some sort of attachment to Jimin even though he has just met him since yesterday, it feels like he's known him for years. "I'm sure he'll beat the other teams..."
Hoseok stomach grumbles, interrupting his best friends heroic and poetic speech about the guy that strangled him with his own tie the other day.

"Oops sorry?"

Jungkook sighs at this looking up, "You're still hungry?" He looks confused, staring at Hoseok who was still stuffing his mouth with food like some wolf. "You eat alot, and you're telling me I'm going to get a stitch if I eat popcorn?"

Hoseok pouts, "That applies to you, not me." He says, voice muffled, eating food.

"It's because of his power." Yoongi looks at Hoseok who was innocently eating alot, but to other people it looked like he was eating a three course meal in a few minutes. "When he duplicates himself, energy gets separated to his copy until he chooses to go back to normal."

Jungkook didn't expect Yoongi to speak up that openly, since he always glared at others and stayed introverted, not even wanting to speak with the people next to him.

He was about to open his mouth until-

"Yoongi hyung!" A loud high pitched voice is heard in the cafeteria. The one and only Jimin with a bright eye smile came walking and skipping along into Yoongi's arms, giving him a huge hug, and pulling away, "Did you see me! Did you?" He asks crazily, small petite hands gripping on his broad shoulders.

He bats his long thick eyelashes with puppy eyes infront of Yoongi, awaiting for his answer.

"W-Woah there Jimin-ah," Yoongi says, completely awake from his presence with a warm smile, "I did, you did so well."

Jimin's eyes twinkle stars, a blush spreading on his cheeks, loving the feeling of being complimented, "Thank you! I was so confused, you were not there half of the match...I thought you left somewhere..." He saddens a little not really knowing that he slipped into Yoongi's lap. "Y-Yoonie hyung, where did you go?"

"To the toilets," Yoongi huffs, feeling Jimin's plush ass settling comfortably on his lap, trying not to say anything about it. It fit perfectly, and the feeling already felt good of the softness on his thighs. "Shall we get something? I'm hungry." He suggests, trying to ignore Jimin's constant moving and squirming near his crotch area.

"Yes hyung!" Jimin says enthusiastically, plopping off his hyungs lap casually, watching him stand up and grab his satchel and a book accidentally falls out, making a small thud on the floor.

Jimin eyes dart down, ready to alert Yoongi that a book dropped but-

His adorable irresistible smile falters, seeing the book drop out, the exact same book that he saw on his hyung's bed this morning. He ignores the horrible nerve wracking emotion seeing the book, and cautiously crouches to grab it, small hands clutching on it.

Leather brown with engravings of the words, 'The Start Of Earth : The Forbidden Love Story Of Hephaestus And The Demon.'

The book Yoongi had gave Jimin a terrifying feeling, a feeling that made him felt he was on edge. Jimin felt it.
He didn't like it.

On the other side, a whine came from Taehyung. "Hey Jungkookie, why can't I get a hug like that?" He says, jealous of the amount of skinship.

"Y-You could've asked..." Jungkook stutters at that, crossing his arms.

Taehyung hmphs, his usual tsundere personality back again until he sees Hoseok wolking delicious food down. Taehyung widens his eyes, pointing at him. "You're that guy that kept calling me Jack Frost!"

"Hey Jack Frost! Help me with the equipment too!"

"It's Taehyung!"

Hoseok raises his eyebrow in the middle of eating a blueberry muffin, head looking up at Taehyung white curly silvery hair with blue eyes, pink lips stuck in a tight line.

"Oh hi Jack Frost."

Taehyung crosses his arms at this, embarrassed, "Shut up!"

Jungkook was now the one that raises an eyebrow, crossing his arms, "How did you two know eachother?" He jokingly flicks Taehyung's head, then crosses his arms, "You have more friends other than me Taehyung?"

"He had a fight with Jimin yesterday over somethin' that I dunno." Hoseok looks at Taehyung, pointing at him, "And, you didn't help me with the practice equipment, did you? Jin hyung should've pulled your ear once again."

Taehyung stares at Hoseok's strawberry icing cupcake, and grabs it off him.

"Oi! I ate some of that already!"

Taehyung takes a bite of it.

Jungkook glares at Hoseok, envy written all over his face.

Hoseok looked at Jungkook, raising his eyebrows, "Why are you looking at me like that?!!"

"Taehyung is mine. This is bro code! Your breaking the bro code!" Jungkook hisses, pulling the horses arm.

Hoseok shrugs. "Why can't we have him both?" He mumbles back, eating the Eggs Benedict.

"I told you!" Jungkook grumbles, pulling away from Hoseok's arm.

Taehyung sits there all smiles, eating some of the cupcake, "So, you've been chatting...what about?"

The third year snorts and cackles in stupidity, "H-Haha, pfft, how Jungkook wants to-

"Hoseok hyung!" Jungkook growls, slapping his back harshly.
"Ow!" Hoseok yells, then started choking meanwhile.

"Hyung, you dropped something!" Jimin finally catches up with Yoongi, showing the book to him with a weak grin. Yoongi replies with a warm smile, retrieving his book, saying a small thank you. They reach the food catering, elegant white plates tiered like cakes, it made Jimin's mouth water at the irresistible smell.

"You hungry? I can buy something for you with my school card?" Yoongi casually holds his card with the same theme red and black colours, the other hand slowly putting the book back in his satchel.

Jimin shakes his head with a blush, "Hyung, you shouldn't. I feel like I'm burdening you!" He responds, eyes still glued on the card. "Look, I also have a card!"

"But it doesn't have any money, doesn't it?" Yoongi smirks watching Jimin look down, slowly pouting. "I'll pay Jiminnie."

"You don't have to."

Yoongi shushes him with his finger, "Shush.." his smirk falters, flinching at a familiar feeling of stinging electricity vibrating in his body, making his heart drop, a loud thud in his chest.

The younger immediately jumps with a small yelp.

Jimin looks at him, feeling the exact same feeling that Yoongi felt, an irritating feeling. The younger didn't have a choice of words to say. "I-..." He looks down, eyes strained on the glossy floor, the pain worsening each second.

Yoongi's finger was still on his lip.

"Huh-Hyung, let go..!" Jimin's eyes waters, pulling his finger off, only to receive more of the stinging sensation. "P-Puh-please get off.."

Jimin looks astonished, bewildered.

Yoongi snaps out of it, moving a few centimetres away from Jimin, apologising quickly, "I'm sorry Jimin- I didn't know what happened!" He says so fast, troubled. "That feeling happened yesterday, right?! B-but that was more like pain... I don't understand... It didn't happen this morning!" He whispers, glимsping at Jimin who looked astonished, stricken, frozen on the spot, small hand reaching towards his lip.

"I-I know hyung." Jimin sighs, "S-Sorry.." He says so slowly, walking more up to Yoongi who was grabbing a cake.

Yoongi smiles, "It isn't your fault."

"Look hyung! It isn't hurting!" Jimin grins, poking Yoongi.
Yoongi looked lost, "Jimin, maybe-"

"L-Lets just grab some cake, s-shall we?" Jimin interrupted, with a forced smile.

Yoongi looked at Jimin.

Jimin was hiding something.

"Yeah.." Yoongi sighs, staring at Jimin who giggles with a smile. He felt somehow happier with Jimin's smile. "Let's do that."

Or was Yoongi paranoid?

Maybe.

---

Five minutes left.

Jimin was sitting in his seat with Yoongi, Jungkook, Hoseok eating food and Taehyung bickering more than usual with a smirk plastered on his lips, uttering the most weirdest conspiracy theories.

"Hyung, do you want some?" Jimin lifts up a piece of puffy sponge cake with pink and white strips of icing, red fondant flowers decorating all over it, "Hyungie?"

Yoongi nods hesitantly this time, letting Jimin giggle happily at his response, a bright twinkle in his eyes as he put the cake right to Yoongi's small lips.

"O-Open!~"

He follows what Jimin says, opening his mouth, munching the sweet delicacy, chewing of the burst of strawberries and raspberries all together. Yoongi let's out a satisfied groan and Jimin bats his long eyelashes, sitting innocently watching him eat.

"Is it good?" Jimin asks, not even realising his eyes repeatedly flickering for an answer, glowing a tint of red, now not holding the cake.

"It is Jiminie." Yoongi says, but then looks at the youngsters eyes and sighed. "Why are you using your powers to much? Your going to loose all your energy." Yoongi huffs, cautiously booping his nose.

Jimin pouts, "I'm used to it. Our powers are for ever day use anyways." He crosses his arms, seeing Yoongi raising an eyebrow. "I'm strong hyung!"

"Oh yeah, telekenis' are overpowered, yeah I know." Yoongi chuckles, and Jimin blushes harder.

"You know you can beat me anyways!"
Yoongi shakes his head, "I probably can't stand a chance."

*Four minutes.*

"So that's why I think that all of us are in a coma, that's why we hear voices in our head!" Taehyung bangs the table, eating a stolen piece of toast. "Bitch sign me up in philosophy!"

Jungkook bangs the table back, "If we are, what are you?!"

"We are trying to find our friends in reality whilst we are stuck in a coma!" Taehyung responds, aggravated.

*Three minutes.*

"H-Huh-Hyung..can you feed me a bit?" Jimin stutters, turning beetroot.

Yoongi's stomach flourishes with huge amounts of butterflies flapping inside.

"Sure.."

*Two minutes.*

Taehyung and Jungkook had a full debate on the afterlife, constantly banging on the table grabbing peoples attention, and it would be bad because of Hoseok and Yoongi sitting there in the corner.

"Overwatch is overrated!" Taehyung yells, "Fortnite, Fornite, Fortnite!"

Jungkook hisses, "Fortnite is for nine year olds, the odd ones that don't support Pewdiepie!" He claps his hands, making a point.

The two turn in sync towards Hoseok who watching the two best friends squabble.

"Which one is better?!" They both mutter in unison.

Hoseok's hand reaches inside the crisp packet of prawn crackers, plopping one in his mouth.

"Cooking mama, duh."

*One minute left.*

"We should get going Jiminie." Yoongi looks now at the time.
"Yeah hyu-

The intercom turns on with little clicks, a familiar voice that was the principal's, Mr Kim. "How's break everyone? Having fun?"

All the students in the cafeteria had mixed reactions - most yelled a yes, some didn't say anything with grins and nods.

Jimin and Yoongi smile at each other.

"Students who are attending the matches, please come urgently, as well as Tricpyth members. The match is about to start! Get ready your popcorn ready, and get your snacks on the go because there's-

All the students start running as fast as they can with loud thuds and clicks of shoes echoing in the dinner hall floors, crowds and crowds of students over taking the principal's message.

Everyone was leaving their seats, busting and pushing their way through, and Taehyung looks at his friends worried.

"We can go through quickly!" Jimin exclaims, and Yoongi looks at him bewildered. "Guys?"

"There's another exit but you need to go through that demons crowd right there!" Hoseok points, still seeing the students barging each other to the Battle Dome.

Without a warning, a crimson red lights up the whole room, all the rustling stops. Each person in the crowd standing still, frozen in the spots.

"Jimin?" Yoongi questions, eyes looking at each student who had red eyes, lips in a tight line.

"Yoongi hyungie, you can push some away, I can help." Jimin says, standing up and pushing each frozen student, face in fear, only eyes moving crazily in confusion. "I just restrained them a little."

Jungkook's let a smile creep on his face, "Let's go then!" He cheers, pushing the students effortlessly put the way, and Hoseok and Taehyung following, and then Jimin.

"What are you doing hyungie?" Jimin shouts, pouting whilst speaking. "Look here," The telekenis offered a hand through the sea of people toppling over. "Come on, we're going to be late!"

Yoongi stared into Jimin's bright red orbs, completely lost in them for a few seconds, mouth slowly opening.

The bright fresh sunlight reflected on Yoongi's porcelain skin, and Jimin's doll sun kissed skin.

Those moments felt suddenly ethereal, each single bit feeling light.

Everything was going in slow motion, Yoongi's leg going one step forward, then another...

Jimin's hand fully out, small hands awaiting for Yoongi's-

"Let's go!"

His hand finally grips onto his roommates, with a tight squeeze, and Jimin grins, pulling him through the corridor.

Yoongi smiles.
"Yeah."

Chapter End Notes

Feel free to leave a comment and please leave kudos!! Love you guys, and thank u for 40 kudos omg
Chapter Ten: Shapeshifting Mess

Chapter Summary

repost!! sorry about that lovelies

Chapter Notes

pls read in a slow pace and enjoy!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Everyone placed their hands in the middle, the bright sun gloriously looking down.

"TEAM B!"

Yeon does a victory dance, and looks at all his team mates who seemed confident, smiles wiped on their faces. "We're going to beat them. Anyways, does anyone want to say something before we start?"

Everyone shakes their head except Taehyung who had a stern face, hands in fists. He bit his lip, looking down. "I got something to say."

Jimin perks up at this, looking right in Taehyung's eyes.

"My best friend is on the other side, and his power is shapeshifting. He can shapeshift into anything, literally." He says with a sigh, crossing his arms. "T-That's all I wanted to say."
"Welcome back everyone! The match will start in a few seconds!" Seokjin comments, holding the microphone waving at everyone in the Battle Dome. He's with Kim Namjoon, also waving at the screaming students. "This time, Daesung and Hoseok will be referees."

The crowd roars in response, waving their posters.

"Everyone, please stay seated and enjoy!" Namjoon says, hand running through his cool blue hair, "And..please refrain from taking pictures or videos to distract the students in the match."

Hoseok walks up with a grin with a lil'twirl, orange hair glowing prettily in the sun, having an ear piece attached to his ear. He resembled the sun. He joyfully waving, making himself move to wave around the battlefield to give a wink to his fans.

"Hello guys! Right now, we have glorious Team B versus Team C, the fight you've all been awaiting for!" Hoseok says. Being extra, he dances a little, rolling his shoulders next to an uncomfortable Daesung. "Now let us revise the rules!" Hoseok announces, clapping his hands, "Please start in your starting positions! Remember the rules. Don't go past the white line, or your disqualified! Get hit by a dodge ball, your disqualified! Go out of the white borders, disqualified!"

Hoseok speaks, reading the written scribbly lines that Yoongi wrote so he didn't mess up.

Daesung nods slowly, watching Hoseok's arm wrap around his neck, "Remember, there is always a Queen or King. Find the Queen or King and hit them, the whole team is out." Daesung has a clipboard in his hand this time, "Is everyone clear on that? No breaking the rules."

Hoseok chortles, "We're watching you!" He chuckles happily, clasping his hands together. "I'm guessing everyone knows that right?" Hoseok says.

"Yes!" Everyone yells in response.

"Great!" Hoseok giggles, jumping up in exhilaration. He totally had a sugar rush at this moment. "Everyone ready?" Hoseok asks.

His hand slowly slips into his formal school trousers, exposing the red and black starter pistol and whipping it out with a creepy grin. "I guess that's a yes." He smiles, raising his hand up. His hand fingers the trigger, but only silence is created. The gun didn't blast.

"Oh?" Hoseok's grin drops, only confusion plastered on his face, staring at the gun in complete disbelief.

Fumbling with the weapon, his hand presses the trigger once again, not receiving any noise.

The gun didn't do anything, making Hoseok raise his eyebrows with a sigh. "What's up with this?" Hoseok grimaces, staring at the thing. The gun annoyed him now, feeling embarrassed. "U-Um...what a second." He speaks, light pink spreading on his face.
Daesung pokes him gently, motioning the safety lock on the starter pistol.

"Ah!" Hoseok yells.

Yoongi who was with Namjoon and Seokjin wanted to facepalm immediately, watching his friend do such things like this.

"I didn't turn on the thingy switchy!" Hoseok laughs, flicking the switch. "Thanks Daesung!" He elbows him with a laugh, acting all casual.

"N-No problem..?" Daesung says.

Team B looked ready, staring at eachother in reassurance - Taehyung's eyes flickering towards Jimin who nodded with certainty.

Jimin was right infront of all his team members with Taehyung on the left and Yeon on the right completely the opposite were Jungkook was, facing him with a scary aura. He was glaring at Jimin the most.

Hoseok raises his eyebrows at the commotion, thinking own word.

*Inch-resting.*

Jungkook grits his teeth, completely ready.

He was ready to defeat Team B.

Hoseok raises his hand once again, pressing the trigger following the same motions he did just a few seconds before.

*BANG!*

"And, they're off..?" Yoongi was the one that doing the commentary.

Some student on Team C yells, "GRAB THE BALLS!"

Taehyung and Yeon strike right off the bat, with Taehyung putting his hands on the ground as fast as he can, producing thick freezing cold ice around their feet.

Yeon follows Taehyung's old move, stomping his foot on the ice, creating electrical waves slithering through, "Jimin!"

Taehyung was still producing massive random amounts of ice, immobilising and stopping the other team from grabbing the balls, loud sounds of ice multiplying, covering half of the battle field and cocooning Team C.

"Right!" Jimin responds by running to the other side, managing to snatching two balls in his small hands, ready to aim at the nine members frozen ice.

Jimin widens his eyes.

Nine members?

A fly buzzed towards Jimin, wings flapping towards his small button nose. Jimin flicks the fly off, not realising-
"JIMIN!" Taehyung yells, alerting the strawberry boy to move immediately as fast as he can.

Jimin looks up, in a split second, Jungkook appears in thin air with a flash blinding his eyes.

Where did he come from?! Jimin thinks, startled at the smirk right on Jungkook's face, his black trainer was the only thing that Jimin could see.

Unexpectedly, Jungkook vanishes in thin air, and Jimin's heart thumps at the wind blowing on his face from the impact of Jungkook's close kick.

"Jimin! Don't lose focus!" Miyo alerts, breaking Jimin out of his trance, patting him harshly in the back. "Get it together!-

Taehyung's massive debris of ice started cracking bit by bit making Team B's necks turn slowly at the sound.

"W-What's going on?..?" Taehyung says, hands producing more ice to stick on the ground, but each fragment cracks and falters into thin air. "W-What..?-

All of his ice shatters.

Taehyung's confidence rockets down, face dropping.

He realised what was happening.

"F-FUCK!" Taehyung curses, covering his ears as the sound punched his ear drums. "G-Guys, C-Cover you ears!" He yells, telling his team.

Ice that cocooned Team C shatters, revealing a huge blast of wind pushing Team B, coming with a high frequency attack that pierced their ears.

"Someone do something!" Yeon screams, covering his ears.

Taehyung's huge ice walls shatter in seconds, making him grit his teeth, one hand covering his ear and creating more ice walls, but every single one shattered, dispersing in the sun.

"It fucking hurts!" Kang-Yun shudders at the intense vibrations, legs giving out, knees hitting the floor.

The high frequencies didn't stop, breaking each ice creation made by Taehyung.

Team C had a boy who had elasticity, arm stretching out wide, scooping six balls.

"G-Guys the girl that's doing the high frequencies must be behind!" Yeon says, "J-Jimin?"

Taehyung wasn't the only one in pain, the rest of his team mates were.

"Hyun-Ki!" Yeon says, and Hyun-Ki struggles, attempting to run in the middle.

"G-Get behind me everyone!" Hyun-Ki yells alerting all the struggling team members behind him.

Everyone does so, Jimin skidding with his leg quickly into the bubble, dragging Taehyung's hand being pulled in the centre, Taehyung's over hand holding Miyo's wrist, pulling her in so the vibrations wouldn't get worse.

Team C were immediately recognised as a tough nut.
Hyun-Ki's body transformed into a liquid bubble, covering them all in a force field just like the last match.

His wavery voice echoed through the bubble, "Jin-Sang, please use your powers to fly us up really high to safety, there could be a range where that girl's power can't be reached.." He mutters. The bubble vibrates with the intense sound, "You can stick your body out of the bubble, and attack, it'll still keep in shape."

"Okay, whatever you say." Jin-Sang blandly says, eyes turning a black, hands gently touching the bubble making it to float.

"W-Woah!" The whole team squeaks out, feet feeling light as their team mate controlled the bubble. The intense vibrations weren't felt anymore, being far from the girl's radius making Min Jee sigh in grief. No more pain.

Jimin observes Jungkook's moves.

He wasn't doing anything for now, but instead he was grabbing the balls, passing it on to his team mates, not showing his power.

The bubble floats, and Miyo looks down with Team C all wearing headphones.

"Miyo, you okay?" Yeon crosses his arms, staring at the girl who looked terrified.

"I-I'm fine.." She mumbles. The whole team in Hyun-Ki's bubble knew how petrified she was. A frail third year with low self-esteem, eyes having dark eyebags. She practiced so much on her moves, she can't put them into use.

What will people judge her?

She was scared.

Nayeon looks at her, the most concerning look in her life.

"Weak."

Miyo widens her eyes, glossy.

"Use your powers to distract them for a while. Miyo, reflect the sunlight on them. The sun right now is the brightest right now, so it's perfect timing. Whilst they're distracted, Nayeon, use your powers on them..." Yeon rambles quickly in the bubble. They didn't have time after all. Anytime, Hyun-Ki's bubble can pop. "You two girls listening?"

The two girls nod.

"If that plan fails, then you and Taehyung will attack amazingly! Including me and you all. In the back, Kang-Yun, you will be secretly be our attacker. And-"

"Watch out!" Chung-Ho points at the guy shooting lasers out of his eyes, aiming for the huge bubble Team B were in.

Jin-Sang sees the dangerous red lazers aiming his way, quickly moving the bubble away.

"Oh shit!" Yeon screams, "There's a boomerang aiming for us!" He yells, and Jin-Sang nods, turning the bubble left.
Taehyung looks at Jimin, and Jimin looks at Taehyung.

They both nod at each other.

"Well there's only one thing we can do, right?" Taehyung says, grabbing the colourful dodgeballs that haven't been snatched from the elasticity guy.

Jimin smiles, "You know what I'm thinking."

"ATTACK!" Everyone on Team B yells, defense grabbing the dodgeballs, and Taehyung, Jimin, Yeon, Nayeon and Miyo were on attack, heads popping out on the blue bubble.

Nayeon blinks, neon pink heart crescent orbs scanning for the blondie who was producing the vibrations, locking eyes with her for a five seconds.

*Bingo.* Nayeon switches her full power on, "**You will be my slave, my love slave. Submit to me.**" She says the exact words to fully possess the power. Those words can only be heard by who she's possessing, "**Stop your ridiculous power right now. Switch it fully off. You can't do anything about it. Go out of the borders.**"

"The vibrations have stopped!" Min Jee yells from the other side or the bubble, seeing one Team C member trying to pull the blonde back from the borders.

"Right!" Taehyung cheers, slapping his hand with Min Jee's in a bro like handshake. It was his time to shine, eyes glowing a bright vibrant icy blue, royal pastel blue snowflakes spreading all over his left cheek, producing a huge ice boulder, forming a monster like form.

He did more, producing more huge boulders creating enormous ice monsters that were fifteen foot, towering Team C.

"MMF! MMFUGH!" The monsters scream in sync, opening their mouths spraying ice all over the battlefield to create a massive ice rink. "GTUUAARGHH!" They howled, asserting their dominance by stomping.

"**BAEK XIA IS OUT FROM TEAM C!**"

The battlefield was now a beautiful icy wonderland, snowflakes falling from air, and the crowd 'oooh'd and 'ahhhh'd at the pretty sight. Little kids that were watching as well, giggled happily in the crowds, most of them clapping their hands.

Snowflakes danced around the air, twirling and swaying, iridescent blues and pastel aqua floating in the sky.

Jimin's head pops out the bubble, lips forming a pout, "Sorry sunlight." He gestures the Battle Dome's roof to come back and it successfully did with Jimin's power forcefully moving it, blocking all the sunlight.

All it was a winter wonderland, temperature dropping in the most fastest rate Jimin ever experienced.

Taehyung can work with this.

"Are you ready attack team?" Taehyung says, looking at his teammates.
"Hey, that's my line!" Yeon scoffs.

"Let's go then!" Jimin giggles.

Taehyung gets out of the bubble first, gripping on Jimin's wrist, Jimin holding on Yeon's hand, Nayeon lightly holding Yeon's arm with uncertainty, and Miyo terrified at the height, but was dragged down by Miyo, gravity pulling them down quickly.

"L-Lasers!" Miyo squeaks, falling with the other four, seeing the red lasers slowly moving towards them.

Closer.

And..

Closer.

The ice manipulator creates the most thickest ice shield he could make in mere seconds, "Jimin!" The shield gets hit by the laser, breaking the layers of ice bit by bit in mid-air, then pulling the three that were above him to the other side.

"Ouch!" Nayeon yelps, glismping down at own her arm, seeing the wound turning an irritating swollen red.

"We're here!" Yeon alerts Jimin, and Jimin hesitatingly let's go Taehyung who nodded right back at him with reassurance clicking his fingers as fast as he can.

All of them could feel the adrenaline of cold air breeze brushing against their faces. An evident red glow surrounded the five.

She was floating.

She didn't hit on the floor.

Everyone was floating.

The ice manipulator stopped floating, ice boots gently pressed on the floor, and everyone did the same, grabbing something out of his blazer pocket.

"Is everyone okay?" Jimin asks, checking on the other four.

"M-My arm hurts!" Nayeon hisses, then looks forward at Team C fighting off Taehyung's ice monsters growling and roaring ice and creating ice boulders. "W-Wait watch out!" Nayeon yells, slipping on the ice, pushing the four.

A long black like substance, a black whip slithered, wrapping around Nayeon's thin frame, petrified written all on her face.

Nayeon's hand was reaching out for Yeon's, finger tips subtly touching-

"Nayeon!" Yeon yells, hand gripping onto hers, "Jimin help!"

"Hit her, I got the bitch intact!" The boy on the other side tells him team mate.

Jimin look down on his rings uneasy - if his rings weren't on, Team C would he defeated by now -
"Jimin! Stop staring out of space!" Taehyung yells, smacking Jimin's back. "I'm going to attack, focus, please Chim.."

Miyo grabs Yeon, pulling Nayeon, trying all her might.

"J-Jimin! I can't do anything since there's not much l-light, but...please."

Jimin turns to see the the guys team mate jumping in, hands transforming a ginormous size, catapulting the pink dodgeball. He laughs evilly, "We might just get you four!"

The ball ricocheted in the air, aiming at Nayeon-

"NO!" Jimin yells, stopping the ball in mid air, reversing it towards the guy who had big hands, hitting him with such an impact it knocked him out unconscious.

The boy thuds on the floor, face plummeting on the cold freezing ice, vanishing in thin air.

"TEAM C, KIM JONG UN OUT!"

It wasn't over yet, the red familiar laser aims at Im Nayeon - the exact same one that scorched her arm.

Her heart was thumping against her chest as laser was slowly near her neck, strips of black gooey whip tightening around her waist.

Knowing that her power tires her out, she turned it on, glaring at the guy who was keeping her isolated in black goo. "You're my slave, now-"

A huge black ball of light blasted out of the blue bubble above the two, hitting the guy that kept her hostage, then another blast at the laser guy.

Yeon looks up at the bubble above them, seeing Kang-Yun with a grin, hand popping out of the bubble that waved below, then saluting away.

Defense team!

Two multicolored dodgeballs darted out of the blue bubble, aiming at the two Team C members-

"TWO TEAM C MEMBERS ARE OUT!"

Six left.

Jimim quickly thinks, where is Jungkook?

The black whip pulls back, twitching at the pain, and Nayeon dropping on the floor, nimble fingers clutching on her stomach that the whip tightened around.

"A-Are you okay?!" Miyo immediately says, worried.

Taehyung pulls her up, getting the thing out of his blazer, "Guys, since it's slippery, I brought something." He showed the four a really small bag that could fit anything. "I got this from the development department - they're replicas of my ice boots." He takes out ice boots of the small bag, "And the bag - put them on quickly. You guys know how to ice skate?"

All of the four nod.
"Theres a button on the side to unleash the blades on the thing, look." Taehyung says quickly. There's no time to spare. He presses the button on the side of his white and blue ice boots and a ice skating blade comes out, "Put them on quickly!" He passes the four ice boots to his team mates.

Min Jee pops her head out of the bubble, "There's six members of Team C left." She says, hands holding one dodgeball. The rest of Team B had the dodgeballs in their hands, ready to shoot.

Jin-Sang stands there, controlling the battle ship, "They're still distracted with Taehyung's ice yeti's, and the attack team are down putting their ice boots on." He looks at the dodgeballs they have.

They had three left.

A blue one, a pink and yellow one.

Hyun-Ki's speaks up with his wavery voice, "Hey team, I've been observing. There's six team members left, right?"

Everyone nods in the bubble, small yes' and yeah's.

"But there's only five members on the battlefield." Hyun-Ki says.

He was right.

"Your right." Kang-Yun says, rubbing his chin, "What was that guys ability?"

Chung-Ho furrows his eyebrows, "The one that attacked Jimin-ssi at the start?"

Kang-Yun nods, crossing his arms, "Yeah, that one."

"Maybe his power is teleportation?" Min Jee suggests, shrugging her shoulders.

"He wouldn't be able to disappear just like that..?" Chung-Ho mutters. "He would have to be still in the white borders. Right?"

"Invisibility?" Jin-Sang guesses, "No.." Jin-Sang sighs, putting his free hand on his forehead.

Min let's out a little ah, "I remember something now!" She says, clasping her hands together, "I remember when Taehyung-ssi was talking about a friend that had shapeshifting."

Everyone stayed silent that time.

They turn to Min Jee slowly.

Tension grows thick in the air as Min Jee looks confused, as the boys looked at her with blank faces.

"W-Why are you guys looking at me like that?" Min Jee stutters, frightened. "D-Did I do something wrong?"
No one moves at that point, and Min Jee is confused.

"Is there something behind me?"

No answer.

She turns her head slowly, only to see one of the dodgeballs forming a human body that towered over her, with two dodgeballs in their hands.

Min Jee looks at him, lips parting in fear.

He looked down at Min Jee with an innocent smile, but the defense team knew that his actions in a few seconds were the complete opposite.

Min Jee deeply swallows.

"Dead end." Jungkook murmurs, aiming the dodgeball at them.

"GUWARHHHF!" The four ice yeti’s yell in sync, throwing ice boulders at the five members of Team C on the battlefield. Their square jaws smack together, large beady eyes looking for targets to aim at, stomping their feet angrily on the ice to mark their territory.

Finally getting the ice boots on, Jimin stands up, pressing the button on the side, seeing the skating gold blade popping out, he opens his mouth in awe.

Everyone finally got their boots on, pressing the button the the side, adjusting to the feeling being on thick ice.

"W-Woah!" Miyo says, wobbling a bit, but regaining her balance.

"These are cool." Nayeon comments, twirling on the ice, spinning effortlessly, with a grin.

"TEAM B KIM JIN-SANG, KIM CHUNG-HO, KAM HYUN-KI, KIM KANG-YUN AND MIN-JEE ARE OUT!"

What?

Yeon looks up, everyone in the bubble vanishing, Hyun-Ki first then another then another - each one disappeared one by one, nothing left but dodgeballs falling down, the only remains of their teammates.

Jimin's heart fell.

Who was getting their team mates out without a trace?

Jimin knew.
"Dodge! If we get hit we're out!" Nayeon yells, clutching on her pained arm, and everyone did so, skating away from the dodgeballs, "There's obviously someone shapeshifting a dodgeball!"

Nayeon was right.

Jimin stops the three balls from landing, stopping it temporarily, moving his legs on the ice, skating with his team members right next to him.

He watches one dodgeball vanishing, Jimin's mind clicks, controlling the actual two dodgeballs, pulling them towards him, passing them to Miyo and Yeon.

"Let's hit those two whilst they're distracted," Taehyung says, hand creating an ice spear with rims and beautiful engravings, passing it to Yeon, who fueled his electricity in it, aiming at the two members fighting off Taehyung's ice monsters.

Yeon put all his strength in it, spear turning a yellowish green, throwing it like a javelin. "Miyo!"

The five split up, breaking their formation, Taehyung, Jimin and Nayeon skating together, and Miyo and Yeon skating on the other side.

"Right!"

The two boys on the other side flinched at the yellow ice spear nearly hitting them, dodging quickly away with a huge jump, but they didn't expect that the electricity spread towards them, vibrating their senses, making their bodies uncontrollably jitter, falling unconscious.

Miyo throws the two dodgeballs, remembering her basketball lessons when she was younger, hitting them perfectly.

"TWO TEAM C MEMBERS ARE OUT!"

"Yes!" Jimin and Taehyung grin, seeing Miyo and Yeon high five each other. The three group back, and-

Taehyung's grin falters.

His whole arm raises up, trying to grab his friends-

"YEON! MIYO! BEHIND YOU!" Taehyung screeched, hand producing a small ice boulder in the shortest amount of time, but it didn't stop the silhouette.

It didn't stop the shadow right behind them, a wicked smirk plastered on their faces.

"J-Jungkook?!" Jimin looked stunned, managing to control his team mates bodies, moving them to the side with his royal red eyes-

Jungkook predicted Jimin's moves, turning to the other side were they've been moved, hand with the ball, literally slamming the ball in Yeon's face without no shame at all.

Miyo screams, "L-Light refraction!-

The ball that Jungkook thrown was filled with so much pressure and power, it knocked into Miyo's stomach, winding her, making her tumble and fall over, curling up in a ball.
"Shit." Yeon curses under his breath. He was so close to dodging it, but no.

He saw the dodgeball roll down Miyo's stomach - she looked like she was about to be sick, clutching tightly on her stomach.

"BAEK YEON AND MIN JEE IN TEAM B ARE OUT!"

Yeon laughs broken, guilt spreading on his face.

Was this really happening?

"I'm sorry for not noticing."

Both of their bodies vanish into pink and gold dust.

Chapter End Notes

feel free to leave kudos and a comment!!
Chapter 11: Let's dance

Chapter Summary

IM SOREY FOR NOT UPDATING THIS SINCE I WAS ON WRITERS BLOCK AND SCHOOL HIDISBSK

Chapter Notes

THIS IS UNEDITED SO IF IT SOUNDS WEIRD OR SHIT PLS TELL ME

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Jungkook smirks at the sound of Taehyung's team mates out. "So, Taehyung, are you going to give up yet?"

"You think?" Taehyung laughs, eyes glowing a vibrant blue, madness taking over his face. "You know I'm not a loser. I don't play to loose."

The two copy each others footsteps jokingly, both pondering who will make the first move.

Taehyung wanted to mentally snort in his head, and he did, knowing Jungkook will make the first move.

He knows him well.

Jungkook chortles at this, "Let's see if you can do that then." His laugh turns into a wicked smile, watching Taehyung creating something out of thin air. "I bet your going to use one of your old ice spears, right?"

"Maybe I am." Taehyung smirks, hand finally grasping onto the cold weapon.

Jungkook looks at the weapon. Its little icy intricate details, swirls and curves, as if a sculptor made it. The large spear was taller than Taehyung, rings around it and the blade sparkling in the icy wonderland of snowflakes.

"Impressive." Jungkook comments. "What about your little team mates?" He snarls, "Are they just going to leave you here? Or your leaving them to fight with me?"

Taehyung smiles, "I can deal with it."

Jungkook laughs -

"Taehyung!"

Without knowing, Jimin steps in, chubby cheeks cupcake pink from the weather inside the Battledome.

One step, and the tension in the air thickens with Jimin interfering in their little moment, a gush of wind blasting in the air, red eyes controlling Jungkook who turned his head at his presence.
"Hey! Don’t interfere!" Jungkook childishly says, "Taehyung!" but his smile falters when he feels a wave of strong air aiming for his stomach. As if someone was invisible, punching his stomach.

Jungkook’s eyes widen in a split second. "Ah shit-!" Jungkook shrieks, clutching his stomach as it was being plummeted. "You idiot!" Jungkook cusses under his breath, toppling onto the icy rink. "I'm going to get you! Kyle!-"

"Jimin! I thought you were fighting off the others!" Taehyung says, with a smile.

Meanwhile, Jungkook was holding his sides, being ignored. It didn't stop him though, grabbing a dodgeball right next to him. A smirk reaches his face, watching Taehyung and Jimin talk to each other.

*Taehyung can finally get out then.*

Jimin smiles happily, "It's team work! We do this together!"

The shapeshifter slowly let's his arm extend out, closer and closer to Taehyung's leg.

*Do it.*

He knew Taehyung, always getting distracted by something. And that was good. That meant he could get him out easily in a matter of seconds.

*Faster.*

"Jimin!"

Taehyung's smile falters although making Jimin wince his eyebrows. The red head looked confused. He was oblivious.

"What?"

Jungkook flinches beneath them. *Did they realise?*

"Behind you!" Taehyung yells, moving out of Jungkook's range, having a dodgeball in his hand, and passing it to Jimin and quick as he can.

Jimin retrieves Taehyung’s dodgeball, slowly turns behind.

Around twenty dodgeballs being rapidly aimed at him.

"C-Crap!" Jimin shouts, having the dodgeball in his hand. It was the only defense he could use. Grasping on the dodgeball as hard as he can, he managed to hold off five dodgeballs with his reflexes.

What could he do?

If he dodges, Taehyung gets out too. That wasn't good at all.

"RUN JIMIN!"

Jimin runs of course, a little panicked, pulling Taehyung along with him. He looks up, seeing the fountain of various colours of dodgeballs being targeted at them.
"H-Hey!" Jimin says, "Move your hip!"

Taehyung was confused, but decided to do so, moving his hips, seeing a purple dodgeball that zoomed in the middle of them. He gasped in relief. "T-Thanks!"

"Nayeon is somewhere," Jimin mutters to himself, dodging the balls that were being shoted at them in inhumane speed, "If I throw you to the other side to get Jungkook out-"

"I trust you Jimin - I completely trust you because you're my team mate, do what you can-"

Jimin eye smiles at this, but tugs his wrist much more harder, pulling him along, "I-I need to find a spot where they haven't c-chose yet..can you use your ice to make a safe landing?"

"Yes."

"O-Oh okay!" Jimin shivers. Legs pacing, Jimin finally finds the spot. The empty space with ice. He stops. This place was clear, he reassured himself as he puts his arms around Taehyung.

"I may be heavy, is that okay Chim?"

Jimin shrugs, "Of course.." His mouth zips shut, realising there's a dodgeball coming towards him. Jimin instinctively emits a red ring quickly forming a crimson forcefield, protecting himself.

"J-Jimin? W-What...?"

"Don't question it!" Jimin yells, quickly thrusting a extra dodgeball into Taehyung's large hands, watching the colourful dodgeballs bounce off, "Now hit Jungkook! Me and Nayeon will take care of the others!"

The forcefield flickers away, and Taehyung simply nods, being thrown in the air harshly towards the other side.

But out of all honesty, what was that forcefield?

Body flung onto the other side, Taehyung could see Jungkook's body finally standing up holding his stomach still. Taehyung pressed the sides of his snow boots in mid air, making a clicling sound - snow was spewing out of the sides, making him sigh in relief that it worked.

The ice manipulators fingertips touched the spewing snow on the sides, making the ice move and shape into a slide.

"Your smart." Jungkook smirks, watching Taehyung jumping down onto the icy ring, with a dodgeball in his hand.

Taehyung presses the sides of his shoes once again making the snow stop, putting all the strength into the ball he had in his left hand in the middle of the jump, "I know!"

Jungkook dodges the zooming dodgeball, and sees Taehyung finally on the battleground, facing him properly. He had a dodgeball in his hand, aiming it at Taehyung. "But are you smart enough to dodge this?"

"I-Ice shield!" Taehyung couldn't dodge that dodgeball of Jungkook's, it was fueled with so much core strength. Luckily, the dodgeball bounces off, but his shield shatters, and Jungkook starts throwing more dodgeballs with all his might and Taehyung knew he had a limit to his ice powers.

Jungkook was talented and fit, not even using his power.
Taehyung clenches his teeth.

He dodges quickly, seeing Jungkook morph with a neon green and white glow surrounding him quickly.

He shape shifted into carbon copy standing there perfectly fine, staring into his eyes like a doll.

*Oh shit.* Taehyung immediately thinks. Jungkook had to do it, didn't he?

**Two** Taehyungs.

Each opposing **each other**.

Unbelievable to someone's eyes, the same exact voice came out the copy. Silver wavy hair, distinctive azure blue eyes, pink lips stood right infront of Taehyung. "You didn't think I would use this to get you out Taehyung?"

There were two Taehyung's on the battlefield, moving in sync, but one with a mischievous smile, and two dodgeballs in his hand and the other only one.

It was as if a mirror was placed infront of him.

Taehyung smiles crookedly, "You're so competitive."

Jungkook - or Taehyung two grins, "You know me well." He creates an ice spear, the same exact one like Taehyung's, "Can you deal with this though?"

Taehyung looks at him. The copy does his signature boxy grin, pointing the spear towards him, "Let's play fair hm?"

"You may know me well, but I know myself better." Taehyung just says, "Yeah, I'm really in deep shit. Taehyung eyebrows furrow, muttering to himself. There was silence, and all Taehyung could do was curse. "Fuck."

---

Yoongi sat there in silence. His eyes raked over the digital screen infront of him, sitting next to Namjoon and Seokjin who were silent, not even bothering to do commentary on the battlefield.

Maybe, it was because it was one of the most mysterious battles in the Tricpyth tryouts.

"Did you see that?" Jin says slowly.

"Of course I did." Yoongi says, rewinding the part again where Jimin unleashes a blast which causes him to produce a forcefield.

Namjoon stares intensely. "I've never seen that before. Telekenis' are supposed to control things in their mind. Usually, some have aura when controlling things, and some don't. Although, Jimin..." Namjoon trails off. "There's a student that has the power using forcefields, and it looks exactly like that."
Jin looks at Namjoon, opening his mouth to let out a wisp of white smoke that smelled like cherries, creating a dusty book that was clutched into his hands, "Maybe your overthinking it." He passes the book to Namjoon with a smile. "I brought this with me."

"The book of Telekenisis?" Namjoon snorts at this, but the book seemed authentic. "I wonder how much information you had to consume before creating this book." He mutters flipping the hard book cover that was ripping from the sides.

The pink haired pouts, "I am very smart, thank you very much."

"Says the one that skips their lessons." Yoongi comments blandly. "Did your dad call the hotdog stand again? I wanna get a hotdog. And you shouldn't be looking into it."

Namjoon chuckles, "Well, curiosity gets the best of people."

"Obviously." Yoongi murmurs.

Jin wraps his arms around Namjoons neck boredly, "We don't even know Jimin that well. You never know who he is! He's adorable but there's somethin' about him don't you think? The way he uses his powers feels forced."

"What are you implying?" Namjoon says.

"Haven't you felt something odd about him? Everyone has an aura according to their powers when they're switched on. Right?"

Namjoon and Yoongi nod.

"When he switches his, it is the most terrifying aura I've ever experienced, worse than those Big Bang members. Maybe he's stronger than them. When he uses his powers, he only shows like five percent of it's abilities on the battlefield!" Jin rambles.

"You're overthinking about my Jiminie." Yoongi mutters.

Jin snorts, "Look Yoongi, I'm serious. I've looked through that book. I've found an old copy in my dad's library, and I've read it and made a temporary copy of it." He says, "Pass me the book, Joon."

Namjoon passes it to him, slightly confused, then watches Jin's eyes glow a pink that matches his hair, finding the designated page he needed.

"Ah! Found it." Jin says happily, planting the book onto the table with a nonchalant grin.

**CHAPTER 285, THE POWER WITHIN TELEKENISIS**

**Telekenisis is a gifted and cursed power to only five percent of the population. Within their growth, they can easily pick up their power and learn their power quickly exceeding an average teenager who has a well mastered power.**

**Usually growing up, many Telekenisis' are too over powered since fifty percent of their power is added each five months, according to research, in resulting many deaths who hold this power go crazy and out of control.**
Blue haired Namjoon shrugs, flipping through the pages, "That does make sense." He eyes Yoongi who stands up from his seat groggily, "Have you realised that Jimin has rings on each finger except his thumb?"

Yoongi scoffs, "Why would I know?" He just says, carrying his satchel, holding his beloved book that the librarian gave him.

"Because you're close with Jimin-ah, and you're also his roommate. Even though you met him a few days ago..." Namjoon says with no warning.

Jin immediately pulls Namjoon's ear, making him yelp irritated.

The both knew Yoongi, and he was a hot head. A literal one.

"It's not my fault I feel this way, Namjoon. I can't help it! There's something that makes me attached to him.." Yoongi stombs his foot angrily. The whole room violently shakes, his black hair turning orange and red and blue with the same colours in his eyes resembling a fire, feet causing a blue and orange flames to roar and crackle around him.

"Joon you idiot!" Jin squeaks, staring at the ring of flames crackling around them. He quickly opens his mouth, making a white wisp of smoke, creating a fire extinguisher and immediately spraying the little fire of flames before it could spread.

Yoongi's eyes water, eyes widening back to a russet brown, hair transforming back to midnight black hair, "Fuck!- shit - sorry Jin - Namjoon, it's all my fault! I can't control it!" Namjoon pats Yoongi's back, but Yoongi quietens down, now eyes strained onto the floor.

"Hey dude it's okay. It's my fault, okay?" Namjoon says, "I should've known better."

"I did it again." Yoongi mumbles, staring down at the floor that was slowly making burn marks. He felt as if he was a freak.

"It's okay Yoongi - just calm down." Jin sighs, making the fire extinguisher disappear, approaching Yoongi and Namjoon. Yoongi looked mad, stressed, somewhat upset from himself.
He looked unsure on what to say. "I don't understand myself. I fucking don't." He hisses, pulling his hair.

Jin clicks his tongue, pulling Yoongi's fingers away from his hair, "Hey! Don't do that!"

"I-I'm s-sorry- I'm supposed to manipulate fire, not get angry and create fire out of no where." Yoongi seethes, hands clenching into fists.

Namjoon sighs, "You should get your power checked out. That's the third time it's happened and fire manipulators aren't supposed to do that. Your supposed to manipulate fire, not make fire.. "

"Joon," Jin says, "We'll check Yoongi out after the try outs finishes."

Yoongi's nails dig into his skin, "I'm going to leave." He says, pwalking out of the room.

The door slams, and Namjoon and Jin look at eachother.

Exiting out of the room underneath the BattleDome, Yoongi sighs, ruffling his black hair then slipping his hands into his trouser pockets. He was always afraid of himself. About his true powers.

It scared him.

"Oh my God! Yoongiiii!"

How can his day get any better?
Hoseok was cheerfully there, running up to him with a hotdog in his hand, a lovely grin plastering on his face. "How are you dude? My homie? My homeslice bread slice hm?"

"Not good. I'm going to buy hotdogs." Yoongi just mutters, trying to get away from the ball of sunshine that was blinding his path.

"Can I go with you?!!"

No.

"I thought you were refereeing the battle?" Yoongi just says, raising an eyebrow, and Hoseok just stifles his quirky laugh, clutching his sides. Damn, this dude laughs too much.

Then his team mate snorts louder getting attention from the crowd, the fan girls screaming Tricypth.

"HOSEOK-SSI! YOONGI! NOTICE ME!" The fangirls scream, waving the banners around with Yoongi's and Hoseok's faces on.

Oh god.

Yoongi groans.

He does laugh way too much.

It's impeccable.

"Oh! I left Daesung to do it!" Hoseok speaks, eyes twinkling. "I'll buy you the hotdogs! My dad topped up my account with six million won my dude, let's buy shit!"

Yoongi rolls his eyes. "Go away."
Hoseok side pouts, hands on his hips with slight disappointment  "I get that your on your man period my dude...or...someone wound you up, causing you to-

"No I'm not."

Hoseok's smile drops.

"Don't mention that."

"But Yoongi my fam, my bro, my hotdog. It's on me." Hoseok winks, trying to lighten up the mood, and Yoongi sighs. "Think more positively! Ooo, look, you could find so much boobies in a porno mag and you don't need to fuck an onahole or a pussy once again!"

Yoongi just stops walking with him with the most confused expression. "Did you forget that I like boys? I like dick?"

"I'll buy you a hotdog. If it makes ya feel better." Hoseok says.

"Fine."

Hoseok fist bumps the air, "Fuck yeah! That's the spirit!"

"Nayeon!" Jimin says with a smile, finally finding her on the huge battlefield of dodgeballs. "I found you!"

Daesungs loud voice interrupted the start the conversation, making Jimin flinch, but Nayeon frozen, not being alerted or jumpy at his loud voice over the speaker phone.

"KYLE LEE TEAM C IS OUT!"
Nayeon nods, "I got a member out earlier." She says, pointing at the boy on the other side brutally beat up exiting the white borders in Nayeon's manipulation, eyes a familiar colour of bright neon pink. His entire body vanishes into gold dust, and Jimin jumps in happiness. "God I feel tired."

Her eyes were about to close.

"Side effects?" Jimin tilted his head, "From your power..? B-But we need to take action and stay put!" Jimin panicks.

Nayeon giggles, pink eyes turning back to an emerald green that was slightly dazed. "Obviously. Hey don't panick."

"B-But - You look like your going to pass out!" Jimin protests.

"I'll deal with it, don't worry~"

Jimin pouts, patting her back gently, causing Nayeon to feel an shot of a huge electrical volt of adrenaline. What? All of a sudden, she was somewhat refreshed.

Goosebumps spread all over her body as she shivered making Jimin look at her.

Nayeon raises an eyebrow, staring right at Jimin who was walking off, suddenly suspicious, just standing on the battlefield completely lost. She felt alive, and somehow Jimin turned the tables? Her haze was removed just by a tap?

"Nayeon! What are you doing? Don't just stand there! We need to get the others out too! They're near Taehyung's ice golems!" Jimin yells, gesturing Nayeon to follow him. "Come on! You're going to get hit!"

She runs towards Jimin following him with uncertainty. Finally catching up with him with her snow boots that were covered in snow and ice flecks on the icy rink, "So what's the plan?"
"The plan?" Jimin pouts to the other side with his pretty pink lips and gasped, remembering, "Taehyung told me that there was three - well two n-now because of you getting one of them out. Duplication..Object Morphing..." Jimin tries to use his adorable lil'fingers, while running. "I think so..

"Guun, we can make these ice golems to weapons, it will scare off the enemies, don't you think?"

"Of course Goh."

"F-Found them!" Jimin says, spotting the two makes with his peripheral vision, attacking the ice golems. He turns to Nayeon who was right by his side, "Nayeon? Are you alright to do what you can with your power...?"

Jimin turns to Nayeon who had a horrified face.

Nayeon could see one of the boys turning the destroyed ice golem into a huge scythe, and she froze, silent in despair at the sight.

"Are you listen-"

"Jimin! M-Move!" Nayeon speaks.

A scythe was under them about to slice off their fucking feet, so close -

"Fudge, fudge fudge!-" Jimin quickly speaks, arms wrapping around Nayeons waist, tightly. "Float!" He yells, making them float within air as quickly as they can. His eyes stare at the boy who was holding the scythe changing his position in a hammer like stance.

He looks at Nayeon who looks terrified, breathing heavily.

"Are they trying to fucking kill us?!" Nayeon screeches, legs shaking and dangling in the air.
"You're fine now your in the air at least!" Jimin says, breathing in and out, seeing his own hot air become a faint white wisp in the cold breeze-

The purple scythes blade smashes into the icy rink, making the whole BattleDome rumble.

"H-Holy shit!" Nayeon schreeches, clutching onto Jimin for her own life.

Jimin furrows his eyebrows. They must want our attention in the scythe then. I'm sure the other one will also attack from behind...

"Woahhh!"

The whole audience says, holding onto whatever they can. The purple scythe was pierced into the ground, stabbing a huge hole in the middle the the battle grounds.

The ice started to crack, shards shattering in the air, huge chunks of the icy battle field bouncing up in mid air then being pulled down by the gravitational force.

Taehyung and Jungkook look up from fighting, and stare at the enormous scythe bigger than them smashed into the battlegrounds, trying to aim at Jimin and Nayeon.

"You focus on me!" Taehyung yells, aiming the dodgeball at his copy, or more named Jungkook, who morphs into a penny coin that drops onto the floor.

The ball completely misses Jungkook, bouncing onto the other side, making Taehyungs face drop in irritation.

Meanwhile in Jimin and Nayeon's perspective, Jimin shakes Nayeon's shoulders, "H-Hey, I'm here okay?! I have a power too I can use! Calm down!"

"I'm going to get killed! I came here to sign up for a fucking team place - but no! A fucking scythe aimed at my beautiful complexion!" Nayeon freaks out in the middle of being in thin air controlled
my Jimin.

Jimin rolls his eyes. *Narcissist.*

"H-Hey don't roll your eyes! You're an overpowered freak! You should kn-"

The gush of wind alerts them, seeing two scythes, one blue and purple swinging in opposite directions.

"Get on my back!"

Nayeon furrows her eyebrows, "What?! I don't trust you!"

"Do you wanna be sliced?!” Jimin shrieks, and controlling Nayeon to go in his back. "Thank S-Satan!” Jimin sees the scythes dancing swirling around them.

One single move, they can become into a meaty pulp.

*Okay you can do this Jimin.*

In a swift move, Jimin jumps onto the purple scythe, running on the large handle, watching the blue scythe suddenly rapidly aiming for him right infront of him.

"Oh my God you're going to die with me!” Nayeon screams, watch the blue scythes blade coming towards them, clutching onto Jimin as hard as she can.

"S-Shush!” Jimin squeaks, "Duck!"

The blue scythe was centimetres away from their heads, as Jimin crouched, and leaped onto the blue scythe, running on its handle now.
With Nayeon still terrified, and Jimin knew what she was thinking probably by the look on her face. Her face was stricken with fear, scared if that huge scythe blade with tear her small petite body in reckless seams and ribbons of blood.

Jimin disliked her, but she's a team mate, and not in Jimin's watch. He sighed. Whilst running, the purple scythe quickly slides beneath them-

"Look down you idiot!" Nayeon yells. "If you die, I die too!"

Jimin jumps onto the purple scythe, "The school wouldn't let us die!" Instead Jimin thought that whoever's holding the scythes and attacking them like this are close to each other. He keeps running with an annoying Nayeon on his back pestering him greatly.

"Oi! That way!" Nayeon orders, seeing the blue scythe going straight down towards them that could cut them in half.

Jimin doesn't listen, but instead, his eyes turn to the familiar colour of royal red, the colour of blood that glowed ever so brightly-

"You're going to get us killed!"

The blue scythe was about to cut them in half until a red aura surrounded it and it started to lift up, making Nayeon shriek.

Below them, the opposing team mate yells angrily, "Hey that's mine you Telekenisis freak!"

"So they're twins!" Jimin says, finally catching somewhat a glimpse below them, at the two black haired twins. Jimin grasps onto the scythe so easily as if he was so used to it, as if he mastered using the scythe. "Nayeon."

"What..?"

"Can you control them so they can produce a weapon within this radius.?"
Nayeon nods, "I think so-

It was too late. The purple scythe comes their way, and then in replacement from the blue scythe Jimin took was a huge war hammer swinging towards them.

"We'll get you!" The twins yell in unison, and Jimin and Nayeon begin to float. Jimin walks on an invisible floor above them, left hand adjusting his posture for Nayeon and right hand holding the blue scythe safely.

"Nayeon, do it!"

The girls peridot eyes turns rose quartz pink, managing to get five seconds of the twin that had blue eyes holding the same hammer, "Submit to me and walk out the borders!"

A ring of pink surrounds the blue eyed twin. His eyes were now eyes of pink roses and cotton candy, "I shall do what I can for Master.." His voice trails off, quickly walking out of the borders.

"Drop your hammer!" Nayeon yells as loud as she can from above, and a huge thud echoes the BattleDome.

Mission success, one twin out and-

"GUUN! NO!" The loud voice of the other screams. The other twin however, finds another snow golem near Taehyung, then touching it for ten seconds, and morphing it into a huge cage. "I WONT LET YOU GET AWAY WITH THIS!" He yells, grabbing his now pink eyed twin, pulling his blazer shoving him into the metal silver cage.

"I don't think so!" Nayeon says, feet dropping to the icy floor including with the help of Jimin. "Slave, break out of the cage!"

While Nayeon was doing that, Jimin expertly twirling the scythe, "You're very good at this.,and swinging it towards the purple eyed twin who jumped over, dodging it easily with a angered face.
The twin laughs, "I'm from Busan after all!" He grips onto his purple scythe, swinging it in Jimin's face. "But, I ain't a freak like you." His cold voice made Jimin have goosebumps.

Jimin sucked his teeth at that.

But, that didn't stop Jimin from easily dodging, running the same pace as the other twin. He had more body strength than him, watching the enemy taking another swing with his scythe.

"I want this place just like you do!" The twin yells, watching Jimin run onto his scythe.

The twin realises his mistake, knowing he made an open space for his enemy to attack. In other words, he was screwed.

Jimin unexpectedly jumps up and twists his body in the air, swinging the scythe into his enemy as fast as he can into his stomach. He used the other side without the blade that plunged his stomach.

Jimin's eyes turn to a brown, feet dropping onto the floor. "So do I..that's why I'm here in the first place."

Jimin looks down mercilessly at the coughing winded boy.

"I-I will- get revenge!" The boy says, trying to speak, but he felt like he couldn't breathe.

Instead of guilt that he usually felt, he seemed to have a lack of remorse.

His eyes shined his scary vampire like royal red eyes for second, making the twin shiver at the sight.

"*I also came for someone else too.*"

Jimin turns and yells alerting Nayeon, "I got him!"
Nayeon gave him a thumbs up, "I can't get the other twin out of the cage but -" She grabs a forgotten dodgeball near her, "I can do this!" She puts all her strength into it, dashing it at the purple eyed twin on the icy floor.

"PARK GOHYUN, TEAM C IS OUT!"

His body vanished, dispersing into thin air in little particles one by one, pastel pinks and standing out gold, just like Jimin's previous teammates did.

"W-Wait a sec." Jimin says, hands out controlling the heavy cage, lifting it up so the other twin can walk out of the borders. The two watched the boy walk tremendously fast out of the borders. A few seconds after, Jimin and Nayeon smile at the sound they always wanted to hear.

"PARK GUUNHYUN, TEAM C IS OUT!"

Jimin and Nayeon look at each other. "Yes! High five!"

The two high five each other, feeling the success and the satisfaction.

But they didn't expect the words to be announced.

"KIM TAEHYUNG, TEAM B AND JEON JUNGKOOK TEAM C IS OUT!"

Chapter End Notes

Dont forget to comment and leave a kudos!!!
"Well done Team B, always impressing us today!" Mr Kim says joyfully, patting to Jimin and Nayeon who were grinning in slight embarrassment, "However, in Team B, someone has broke the rules and will be disqualified from the team."

Mr Kim, the principal comes to with his huge smile that looked awfully familiar to his sons. Although, that smile was slightly forced as he held the microphone very harshly.

He coughs, and the confetti that was sprayed all over the battle field and on Jimin's curly red hair and Nayeon's midnight black hair stops.

Everyone in the Battle Dome settle down from cheering and become completely silent as they watch the huge screens that pan near Mr Kim's face.

The Telekenisis immediately looks confused, instinctively turning to Nayeon who merely shrugs.

His smile fades, eyes darkening. "They used an illegal substance or drug called kryptonite dust that boosts their power, and since the drug is illegal, we have no choice but to arrest them for using it, and even owning the drug."
The crowd start booing at Team B, and Mr Kim coughs into the microphone purposely.

"We won't share any more information, but however, one student in the beaten teams, Team A and Team C, will be chosen to replace the drug user." The principal regains his smile, squeezing Jimin's shoulder reassuringly.

The tension was thick, and Jimin didn't want to say anything - he could feel the strong aura from Mr Kim right next to him.

How did he even get there in the first place?

"To make it fun, during the twenty minutes, Team B and Team D will do whatever they want and all of us...? Well there's going to be a raffle on who you choose to be on Team B's team whilst we wait!"

Everyone starts whispering, many with smug grins, others with surprised faces.

"We will have four people holding a raffle box. They will go around the four sides of the Battle Dome. You can write down who you want to be on Team B's team and we will count it equally."

Jimin widens his eyes, immediately thinking of one person who he wanted in the team.

*Jeon Jungkook.*

His eyes twinkle.

"On the other hand, people who are participating in the teams are not allowed to vote...sorry!" Mr Kim chuckles, staring right at Jimin as if he could read his mind. "It's up to the audience."

Jimin clenches his small hands in anger, but his face was saying a different story.

"Now, we shall start our twenty minute break! Bye folks!"
Jungkook freaks out in his team room silently hearing the news from the television infront of him with Mr Kim announcing the event.

"To make it fun, during the twenty minutes, Team B and Team D will do whatever they want and all of us..? Well there's going to be a raffle on who you choose to be on Team B's team whilst we wait!"

Their team room was dimly lit with a orange and yellow tint of light. It gave off a cosy friendly atmosphere. Jungkook could feel the warmth of the radiators.

In his head, he thought, what if he could be the one chosen?

Then him and Taehyung can do all the things they want.
"Hey Jungkook!"

Jungkook’s racing thoughts were interrupted by the twins peer over him, black hair and blue and purple eyes looking up and down.

The two mirrored eachother actions.

"What's up with you?" The two said in synchronisation. "You look puzzled."

"Leave me alone," Jungkook mumbles.
"How mean, don't you think Guun?" Goh huffs.

"We're only trying to...hm, socialise with you!" Guun exclaims.

The two were annoying, but they kept talking to him for no apparent reason.

"We will have four people holding a raffle box. They will go around the four sides of the Battle Dome. You can write down who you want to be on Team B's team and we will count it equally."

Jungkook watched the digital screen infront of him in the cameras view that was panning on their principals face, Mr Kim.
Ignoring the twins, the two ticketed intensely, gossiping endlessly.

The purple eyed looked at his twin, "Is it because of that Taehyung kid?"

The blue eyed pouted and nodded, "Obviously."

"Is he gay?" The purple eyed mumbles.

"H-Hey I can hear you!" Jungkook yells, crossing his arms at the twins. They were the only people who actually interacted with him in the group without the battlefield forcing them to communicate.

"On the other hand, people who are participating in the teams are not allowed to vote...sorry!"

"We know." The twins say at the same time. "We want to talk to you, surprised you're not even that confident in the battlefield." The twins say in unison.
The twins sit down next to Jungkook boredly, one in the left, one on the right sandwiching him.

"You know Guun, what if one of is gets picked, and we have to leave each other?" The purple twin yawns, and the blue twins sighs, grabbing a cup of coffee on the table right infront of them.

"You never know. It's the audiences choice, Goh." The blue twin says worried slightly.

The two twins clasp each other hands together, infront of Jungkook.

"If anyone tries to kill you Guun, I'll kill them." The purple twin says darkly.

Jungkook furrows his eyebrows. He's got some crazy ass members.

"Anyways, Kookie, who do you think will get picked in the raffle?" The twins stare at him, and Jungkook rolls his eyes.
"Didn't I tell you guys not to call me that?"

The two boys stand right infront of him. At the same time, they crossed their arms. "Why not call you that?"

Guun smirked, "That ice kid always calls you that." He turns to his twin, "Don't you think, Goh?"

"You think he has feelings for him?" Goh raises an eyebrow, speaking out loud.

"I CAN HEAR YOU!" Jungkook shrieks, covering the shorter blue eyed twins mouth. Jungkook hisses, "Shut. Up..! Why are you even talking to me?"

The twins cackle.

"We're not dumb, we heard you're from Busan, so we wanted to be friendly with you, obviously. It's rare to find people from Busan here." The one twin with purple eyes grin, stars in his eyes, "Both of us want to be friends with you, we can talk in our dialect."
Jungkook takes interest, "Wait you're from Busan?"

Jungkook still had his hand over the blue eyed twins mouth.

The purple twin pulls off his hand easily, staring at Jungkook curiously.

"We're not good for nothing, fighting your new little friend named Jimin whatever that freak is." The blue eyed one gestures, then sweeps his uniform. "Both of us are trained."

"Freak?"

Jungkook was annoyed as it is. He's known Jimin for a day, but honestly he seemed a kind soul, and his stupid teammates have a grudge on the poor boy.

Just because of his power.
Oh, Telekenisis has a very very dark history on why the power died out, and people saw it over powered.

Everyone knew about it. History classes, text books...exams about it.

He felt bad for Jimin.

"What do you mean a freak?" Jungkook says slowly, watching the twins raise an eyebrow.

"Well, his power is unnatural. Gives a boost every month, multiples, it's unfair on people who work hard mastering what power they have. Plus, by now, he would've committed suicide on how much power it destroys the holder of the Telekenisis power, but surprisingly he hasn't." Goh looks straight at Jungkook.

Guun did the same.

"They also murdered people with their power! They're mental! Crazy!" Guun clicks his fingers, snickering.
What did Jimin even do to them?

Jungkook's expression falls.

Just because people put dirt on the power that Jimin has, it's not fair. He's strong, but he gets so much hate for it.

"W-What did he even do to you?" Jungkook manages to get out.

The twins roll their eyes. "He's just a freak."

"Is that all you can say?!-"

"Whatever, we're bored." Guun pulling his twin closer to him by the arm. "Let's annoy someone else."
Goh nods in agreement, "Let's."

"Fuckin' shits.." Jungkook mumbles, slumping in his seat, continuing to watch the screen. The two twins from Busan always annoyed him but they keep intimidating him. Short, but tough.

"K-KANG YUN'S GETTING ARRESTED?!" Miyo screams, in a verge of a mental breakdown. "B-But that's not fair! We have nine members! Oh my God! Oh God- what did Kang-Yun do now?!

The four Tricpyth members and Jimin was casually floating in the air boredly, witnessing Team B fall apart, puzzled, all over the place in their Team room.

Yeon was basically sitting down on their table, face stern and hard, hands intertwined together, looking down on the table blank.
Miyo was breaking down. She was always anxious, whole body shaking at the news about her friend, Kang-Yun using an illegal drug Kryptonite that is not allowed at all.

The rest of Team B seemed to be panicking, puzzled looks slapped on their faces.

"Jimin stop floating!??"

Taehyung on the other hand, was clutching onto Jimin, bewildered about all his team mates freaking out.

"M'tired." Jimin just replies with, cross legged in the air.

Taehyung is in panic mode once again, feeling his cousins eyes that stared at deep down his soul.

He could feel his hyung's eyes bore into the back of his head.

Jin hyung was scary.

"Miss- I mean, Miyo, would you calm down?" Namjoon asks, proudly standing with his Tricpyth badge, blue hair sticking out in places. "It's alright, it's just a shock, it's not your fault, any of your teammates fault right at this moment."

"It's understandable that all of you are freaking out!" Hoseok emphasises mouth going wide with each word he spouted out. "Totally normal! Totally normal! Things happen - well uh not really in try outs but in tournaments for sure but yeah uh..?-"

Jin coughs, grabbing all Team B’s attention.
Team B stop freaking out, and turn their heads towards the principals son.

"May all of you sit down at the table? We will discuss further matters."

Everyone proceeded to do so, quickly sitting down not disobeying the one and only Kim Seokjin's orders.

Jin sighs lovingly, "Especially you Jimin." He sees Jimin who just pouted, and looked at Yoongi, levitating to the last seat that was available.

The one right next to Taehyung.

"Now you may have heard of the incident, announced by Mr Kim! Right?" Hoseok chirps, and Jin looks at him knowing Hoseok wasn't acting professional at all.

The oldest out of everyone sighs. Hoseok was always like this, wasn't he?

"I didn't get a right? But since everyone is panicking, I'll take that as a yes!" Hoseok says. "So, so, one of your team mates has ownership on one of the most illegal drugs that you're not supposed to have. Obviously with the name illegal!"

The four members stand, acting as if they're security guards at the huge table with nine students.
All the students in Team B even seemed to calm down.

"Kryptonite? Has anyone heard of it before?"

Half of Team B puts their hands up except Jimin, Nayeon, Min Jee and Jin-sang.

Yoongi begins to speak up, "Well, since you four don't know, we will explain this drug to you. The drug contains acid tabs and many different chemicals that is not supposed to be consumed. Another reason why Kypronite is illegal. It's a mix of drugs that boosts your original power. You see, Kang-Yun...he wasn't the brightest in his class." Yoongi adjusts his black rimmed glasses. "Kang-Yun was honestly one of the weakest in his year. Somehow in the start of second year, there was a report of someone taking Kryptonite in break in the boys toilets. We checked the footage, and it was Kang-Yun, surprisingly. Which links up to this incident."

Choi Jin-sang looked disappointed, ,"Probably to use it for a match. I can't believe our teammate has done something like this..."

"Well, let's brighten the mood, shall we? We are doing further research about it right this minute, he's been taken in for questioning and also it's proven that he's been taking Kryptonite last match." Seokjin smiles. "Tea or coffee anyone?"

Taehyung perks up, "Tea!"

"C-Coffee." Miyo mumbles.
"Same with Miyo." Yeon says.

Jin nods, opening his mouth. A white wisp of smoke comes out of his mouth. It gradually became bigger, travelling infront of him and forming a adorable china tea cup set already steamy and hot. His eyes turned a brighter pink.

There were two mini kettles that looked expensive, and he poured with one kettle two cups, and the other one, one tea cup.

"Sugar Miyo and Yeon?"

"Two please.." Miyo says.

"One."

Jin whistles calmly, opening the little porcelain box that held sugar cubes, and plopped them in. He turns to his cousin how impatiently crossed his arms. "I'm guessing three?"
"You know me hyung." Taehyung says softly, watching his cousin plop the three sugar cubes in.

"Pass those to Miyo and Yeon, Jimin dear," Jin alerts Jimin who says a cute little okay and passes the two small cups to his team mates.

Chung-Ho puts his hand up, and Hoseok nods with his lovely grin, "Yes?"

"B-But... if Kryptonite affects the users power that much, wouldn't we easily beat Team C...and isn't that not fair? We can make it fair with a rematch-"

Jin's eyes darken, sitting at the end of the table, eyes glowing a pastel pink that matched the colour of his hair.

Namjoon was on the left with Yoongi, and Hoseok was on the right, busy eating a hotdog.

"All of us, Tricypht, and including Big Bang...we know that even with Kang-Yun, you would win." A creepy smile reaches Jin's lips.

The atmosphere suddenly gets tense and dark, making Jimin flinch at the thickness of it.

The room darkens with Seokjin's mood, playing a perfect pathetic fallacy.

"You have a perfect mix of defense, and attack. Use it." Jin chuckles.

Yoongi flicks his fingers, and the candles that lit the room were back in flames, crackling.

"Now, all of us are finally settled, we will talk more about this, shall we?" Namjoon coughs
purposely at Jin who chuckled. Namjoon rolls his eyes. "Kryptonite is red. They smell like cherries and chemicals, and look like dried up neon vibrant cherries. It can be smoked and injected. Kang-Yun left his bag in his dormitory which had...a bag full of Kryptonite."

"His best friend who he was roommates with, a second year, Kang-Yun borrowed a book of his called The Ten Sacred Artifacts of History. His bestfriend looked through his bag, but he couldn't help to report it to the school council, since this is a very very serious matter."

Yeon murmurs under his breath, "Well, his best friend did he right thing. We could be in trouble!"

"He did the right thing!" Hoseok grins widely, "Ohhh, and you heard the other news, I'm also guessing."

Everyone in Team B nods.

"Well-" Hoseok gets interrupted with Yoongi.

"The audience is doing a huge raffle on who will join your team-" This time Yoongi gets interrupted by a jumping Hoseok.
"WELL, isn't that exciting! Meeting new people!" Hoseok squeals.

"So... someones going to join our team from the teams that we went against...in a raffle?" Min Jee questions. "But we don't know who's going to join us? Kang-Yun was a good teammate...ugh."

"Precisely," Jin smiles. "That's the point."

"We will count all votes after break is done. And Team B, you've done well, especially you, Taehyung and Jimin and..." Namjoon eyes scanned Nayeon's face. She emitted a weird aura.

"Nayeon, Mr Kim." Nayeon says curtly.

"Oh, you don't need to use any honorifics or manners, bab. Call me Jin, Yoongi, Namjoon, Hoseok, I'm sure we don't mind," Jin forces a grin. She's the one that caused my cousins fight with his bestfriend. That manipulative bitch. "Everyone on Team B has shown their amazing skills. I'm glad to declare that."

Jimin giggles, "H-Hyung, you sound l-like your father yuh-using fancy words~" Jimin's eyes meet with Yoongi's russet brown ones.

"Don't compare me to that weirdo!" Jin scoffs, with does a hearty grin.

"You did so well." Yoongi's eyes glued to Jimin's.

Yoongi winked.
Jimin heated up immediately.

"Chim? What's the matter?" Taehyung turned his seat slightly, staring at his teammate who was red as a tomato.

"N-Nothing!" Jimin squeaks, making all the attention turn to him.

Hoseok nudges Yoongi with a triumphant face.

"Shut up dude."

"Uno reverse."

Characters Updated (changed) Heights:

Park Jimin: 4'9 due to his growth stunt with his power.

Min Yoongi: 5'7

Kim Taehyung: 5'8

Jeon Jungkook: 5'8

Kim Seokjin: 5'9

Kim Namjoon: 6'0
Chapter End Notes

Don't forget to leave a comment and kudos please!! Cery appreciated
Chapter 13: Hope For The Best

Chapter Summary

More chapters coming, but shorter!!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Hyung, can I read with you?" Jimin's voice became smaller, and Yoongi nodded shuffling. "W-What y-you reading?"

Yoongi let a smile crack upon his lips, "The Love of Hephaestus And The Demon, still haven't finished it."

Jimin's smile faltered though, eyeing the book.

His plump lips were bitten in distaste at the book he despised in his room mates hands.

Although, Yoongi didn't know, kept reading the book not taking any notice of Jimin's uneasy face.

Flipping a page, he suddenly felt a soft tuft of red hair lie against his broad shoulders, making him gasp a small amount, eyes flickering towards Jimin's face.

Jimins eyes twinkled underneath the twinkling candle lights, sneakily wrapping his arm around Yoongi's boredly.

What was weird was Yoongi hated affection, but it somehow felt de ja vu, feeling Jimin's head rest on his shoulder, and grasping onto him.

The tinge of nostalgia bewildered him. It was a feeling he hasn't felt, but he swore he felt it before somewhere.
"What's w-wrong hyung?"

Yoongi couldn't put a finger onto it.

Nonetheless, he shook his head calmly, "Nothing."

"Am I weirding you o-out?" Jimin mumbles, "D-Do you want m-me to stop?"

Poor Jimin's voice cracked, couldn't even stay in tone correctly, wobbly.

"No, no no- it's not that Jimin-ah, I just felt...weird. It's nothing to mind about although, I can ignore it."

Jimin nods, hugging his arm further, small hands clutching on his black and red blazer uniform protectively.

Diving himself in his hyung's warmth, he asked another question, "What is good about the book, hyung?"

"The book? It's magnificent." Yoongi replies with, "How the demon falls in love with a God which is forbidden, cliché but well written, being banished from Olympus and Hell his home...I'm near the ending."

"Do you think it's going to end well hyung?" Jimin says, a whisper enough for his hyung to only hear.

Yoongi was surprised at the curiosity of Jimin. It made him smile, "Of course. Clichés are supposed to have happy endings, right?"

Jimin looks away from Yoongi's gaze, "Yeah."

"I think that Min Jee is the murderer!" Hoseok shouts enthusiastically, slamming the table. He felt an electric volt coursing through his body, eyes glowing a salamander orange that matched his orange
Min Jee schreeches a little eek, jumping in her seat, "No I'm not!"

Everyone grew quiet, heads turning to Hoseok.

"Why are you looking at me like that?" Hoseok tilts his head, staring at Namjoon who was about to laugh, but kept it in, puffy cheeks.

Hoseok turns, not noticing his dopple ganger grinning right at him. He immediately shrieks at himself, "Oh no! It's happened again!" Hoseok says, running towards the mirror in the center of the Team Room.

He saw his orange orbs glowing bright as can be, meaning his powers were turned on, then hastily tapped his copy causing it to fade in the air.

Namjoon laughs out loud, watching Hoseok's orange eyes fade back to his brown and green ones, anger painted on his face.

"It's not funny Namjoon!"

Jin, Namjoon, Hoseok and Yoongi began to settle and become comfy at Team B's room. Jin talking to Yeon and Miyo and Taehyung who seemed persistent of re matching Team C, Namjoon and Hoseok playing Cluedo with the second years.

"Hyung," Taehyung calls his cousin how raised an eyebrow at him.

Jin crossed his arms, "Yes?"

Taehyung felt his glare bore into his eyes, and Taehyung didn't want his cousin to scold him.

He always did.
"Are you going to say anything?" Jin says softly, pulling Taehyung's ear.

The soft tone was surprising, but the pulling ear thing? - no.

"I just wanted to say hi!-"

Jin let go, with a smile on his face. "You did well, well done lil'cous. We haven't talked properly, having a conversation like this huh?"

Taehyung looks away with a huff. "You're just being kind to me, loser."

"And I'm trying to, instead of lecturing you and pulling your ear, hah?" The older cousin tugs his ear ever so gently, and pulling away.

Jin was taller than his cousin, 5'9, and his cousin was 5'8.

"Youngsters grow to fast don't they..?" Jin mumbles.

Taehyung giggles, "Say that to Jimin, he is four foot nine because of his power. He's a little kid, he is-"

"Aish!" Jin says, pulling the youngest nose.

Jimin's whine could be heard from the other side of the room, "I heard that, meanie!"

"Ouchie you butthead!" Taehyung shrieks, "Ears now noses?!"

Finally, Jin let go of his nose triumphantly, hands on his hips. Following with Jimin floating beside Yoongi who was holding the book.

Ouch.
Taehyung felt the worst glare, Min Yoongi's death glare piercing his sight immediately. He was shorter than Taehyung, but if looks could kill, Taehyung would be dead by now.

Although there was a pouty Jimin, floating around Yoongi's height toes not even touching the floor at this point.

"Y-Yuh-You deserve that nose pulling," Jimin stutters out, vampire red eyes looking into Taehyung's blue ones.

Taehyung chuckles, "Stop floating."

"Stop bullying the kid!" Hoseok yells, but laughs after, seeing Jimin's feet not even touching the floor. He was that short.

Namjoon and Hoseok after continued to play cluedo and other board games with the other Team B members.

"M-Make me!" Jimin speaks, tiny small hands clenching into fists, "Y-Yuh-You told Jin hyung about my secret."

"Oh God- no no no, we don't want a psychical fight just like last time." Jin quickly worries.

Taehyung pouts, "We're only joking, mom...where's Jimin?"

But the three, Taehyung Yoongi and Jin didn't even notice Jimin in his original height, standing short and proud, looking very up to see his friends.

Jin looks down, gasping, "Holy - you look even cuter!" He grabs Jimin's cheeks and pulls them gently, laughing at Jimin lovingly.

Yoongi snickered, "You really are short." He looks down at Jimin who did the biggest pout and sadness taking over his face, "O-Okay, it was only a joke, no need."
"I-I'm insecure about my height sometimes...although some people are around my height, still." Jimin mumbles, clinging onto Yoongi.

Yoongi didn't really notice how short Jimin was, his body looked like it belonged to a 5'8 person, but closer up he was short. Literally.

He let his hand rake through Jimin's beautiful red soft air instinctively, and Jin had no comment on the situation, since the two were awfully close within the second day they met.

Jin or Taehyung or anyone didn't know there was a pull or a want for them to be near each other.

Maybe Yoongi or Jimin didn't know themselves.

"I'm sorry Jimin," Taehyung mutters shyly.

"It's alright!" Jimin quickly engulfed him in a hug, making Taehyung surprised about the sudden action-

The television interrupts the moment, making Jimin flinch, tripping on his own shoe laces, toppling over.

"K-KYA!-" Jimin squealed, weirdly feeling two arms wrap around his waist securely before hitting the floor.

Jimin thought he was about to hit the cold hard floor.

But, someone grabbed him.

The strawberry boy turns his head, mouth open agape seeing Yoongi with a stern face, "You alright?"
"Y-Yeah I'm alright..." Jimin says, slightly feeling blood rush to his face. He knew if he kept blushing without a reason, he will look like the colour of his hair at this rate. Finally getting on his feet, Taehyung nods with a smile.

Jin worries about him, asking if he was okay.

"Guys! The raffle results!" Namjoon says, gesturing the four that was standing from the other side of the room.

The four approach the others, looking at the screen attached to the wall, showing Mr Kim.

"Wow everyone is so riled up today!"

Mr Kim loud voice booms around the crowd who screamed and cheered. The fanchants kept going on and on.

"Now, we have counted all the votes in with the help of Big Bang, let's see who manages to grab the place of Team B! Drum roll!"

The audience slapped their thighs imitating a drum roll, watching the huge gigantic screen.

"In fifth place..."

The screen showed a familiar picture of the girl with very long hair.

"Kim Hwa, Team A with two hundred votes! Power, hair manipulation! Although, she was in a tangled situation with her hair," Mr Kim chortles, and the whole crowd laughs along with him.

The screen shows a snippet Kim Hwa in action, normal brown hair transforming into moving locks, growing bigger and bigger, wriggling around like snakes, scooping the dodgeballs and throwing
them at Team B who easily dodged.

"Good at defense and attacking, although her hair gets damaged with it aswell!" Mr Kim exclaims, "Now for fourth place...!"

The screen pops up with the person who nearly destroyed Team B at once with their sound waves.

"Lee Ji-ho!" Mr Kim says, "Surprisingly, she got in fourth place! She took Team B with surprise with her stealthy attacks of high frequencies!"

The video of Lee Ji-Ho on the screen shown a shy timid girl hesitantly putting her hands onto the ground cautiously looking slightly frightened. She calmed down, eyes glowing a bright maroon.

It also showed Team B being influenced by her major attack, shrieking in pain and being pulled down by gravity aswell.

"A very smart team mate, perfect for attack! She had 320 votes! Although, someone two third and second place, the Park twins!"

The screen shows a snippet of Park Guun and Goh masterly swinging their scythes and Jimin easily holding Nayeon on his back, dodging each attack.

"These fiesty two had gained many of the audiences hearts, with Guun with 405 and Goh 415. Amazing scythe skills! Although someone took the first place, fair and square."

The crowd start whispering, seeing the gigantic screen turn black.

"Who did you vote for?"

"Obviously one of the Park twins."

"I chose Ji-Ho."
"Then who did you pick, Kayla?"

Mr Kim purposely stays silent with a smirk on his face.

"In first place..."

Jimin and Taehyung stared intensely at the television screen.

Jungkook knew it wasn't going to be him. He didn't do much anyways.

"Is........"

Jimin was clasping his hands with Taehyungs.
"The one and only...."

-----

"Please - please - please-" Taehyung mumbled under his breath too desperately.

-----

"The extraordinary...."

-----

"Please be Jeon Jun-"
Jimin and Taehyung let out a large squeal, holding onto each other (since Jimin was short there was a little difficulty), jumping in circles.

Jin looked at them, cringing slightly and rolling his eyes with a smile.

He didn't realise that Yoongi was looking at Jimin with the warmest smile.

"Yoongi?" Namjoon wavers his hand around the daydreaming face of his best friends. "It's rare to see you smile so lovingly, huh?"

Yoongi snaps out of immediately after hearing Namjoon's teasing words, pushing Namjoon lightly with a click on the tongue, "Oh shush."

"I bet your happy that Jimin is happy, right?" Namjoon wriggles his eyebrows.

"Oh God. But do you really believe love in first sight?" Yoongi says admiringly, staring at Jimin once again.

"It's a world full of power, what do you think?" Namjoon snickers. "Can't believe you're turning sappy after new kid."
Yoongi nudges him, "Call him new kid, I dare you."

"Mmhmm. Yeah." Namjoon giggles, "I'll leave you to it. I'm talking to my dear Seokjin."

"Yeah, he only talks to us when it's near the Seoul tournaments." Yoongi sighs.

Namjoon was really hopeless.

Chapter End Notes

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