Inveiglement and Recoil

by orphan_account

Summary

GANG AU. There's a set of rules that every gang goes by, sewn and imprinted in their veins. The rules are a base, a commandment to a religion, but unlike one where betrayal is forgiven, rule breakers here don’t get second chances, and there is no road to redemption.

"Rule number #1, never doubt or disobey the Leader".

Notes

This is a continuation to the Gang AU series but can also be read as a separate shot.

Though I do recommend you to read it part by part with the whole series so it doesn't get confusing.
Once again: Written on separate nights and on the phone. Do spare me for errors.

Enjoy B)

See the end of the work for more notes.
Reflux

"Its raining".

"I know"

"Won't you come back in?"

"I can't"

Because even if the rain drops are pouring down on him, sinking into his skin like prickly needles, it doesn’t sting as much as the throb of his heart that beats heavily. It hurts, it hurts.

"It hurts so much hyung" he whispers, breath coming out in a misty haze as he exhales, uneven. He feels like he might suffocate, like he might drown. His body is too heavy, so heavy, and he is so tired. Just like that, his body shuts down and his legs gives out, and he feels himself crumbling down.

Fall, fall, fall. And it becomes all black as he hits the ground.

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Its the opening day of Butterfly Factory, and to say that Yoongi is hyped would be a little farfetched. So okay, maybe he's a little excited, they've worked hard for this afterall, but it doesn't mean he's bouncing off the walls with joy.

He knows how much this means for them
How much planning and saving has been placed into the entire operation. It'll work, he's sure. How once the money started rolling in from Butterfly Factory, their divergence from the dirty works would come sooner.

He knows how badly Seokjin wants this. Knows exactly how much the elder wants to pull Cypher away from the drugs, arms and hits.

Its the basis of any gang really, its the only few ways streets gangs can survive without extortions, theft and human trafficking, but Seokjin is determined.

"We may be a gang yes," Seokjin had said one time, standing firm as he addressed each member of Cypher with a tone that no one dared defy "but if you're going to tell me that you truly enjoy doing such businesses then leave". No one had stepped out.

There's an endless stream of people queueing in, all party-goers that's dressed fancy and hyped up. Its well in the middle of the night and the club is at its utmost peak. The dancefloor is packed and the bars were lined up with willing customers.

Its all well, and everyone are in their celebratory mood.

Then shit went to hell.

Maybe it was expected really. They should've known well enough that the other gangs would attempt to fuck up their opening night. Seokjin had even brought up more arms around the perimeter just to be sure, but nothing could have prepared them for when two trucks pulled over their sideway and starting firing.

The glass walls shattered, pouring bits of sharp pieces over the entrance way. There was screaming,
so much screaming, as the people watched their companions collapse on the floor, wounded. It was utter chaos. The crowd was in a panic and everyone in a frenzy, crouched and afraid for their lives.

It was only a matter of seconds before the gunners pulled up and drove away, but the damage was already done.

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The hall was silent, and no one dared speak aloud. There's an utmost gloom that hangs heavily in the air, and Yoongi feels like its a setting akin to one of a funeral.

11 casualties and $12,000 worth of property damaged. Those were just figures though, because the real thing at stake was the damage in the reputation of both Butterfly factory and Cypher.

Seokjin is eerily silent, and Yoongi knows well enough that this is his purest form of anger.

Hoseok and Namjoon are crouched a distance away, flanked at each side of their leader whilst Jeongguk stood a little far off from where Yoongi was, eyes wide and blank as he fiddled with his pocket knife.

When sharp hazel eyes flicker, Yoongi knows that a decision has been set.

"Cypher, listen closely" there's a fierce glint in Seokjin's eyes that runs a shiver of delight up Yoongi's spine. His voice is cold and toneless, his intentions lethal.

"When B-Free pulled the little stunt of his, he knew very well what he was trying to gain." Seokjin rises slowly from his seat, like a snake slowly uncoiling as it approaches its prey.

"He barged into our turf, shot down our men and disrespected us so blatantly. Are we going to take this quietly?"

There's a loud roar of "no" that makes Yoongi's blood boil with excitement. His finger twitches right, itching to wrap around the gun that was tucked in his coat.

"So what are we going to do?" Seokjin chuckles, a chilling smile on his face.

"When one starts a battle with Cypher, we bring them a war".

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There's more ammunition in the house than Jeongguk's ever been exposed to in his two years with Cypher, and that's saying a lot since Cypher is a gang that's most notorious for smuggling of arms. Laid out like prizes on the table, the black and steel glosses in the white lighting of the room.

There's a matching grin on Yoongi and Hoseok's face, both downright murderous and frighteningly wide. Jeongguk isn't far off though, because just thinking about their little plan of revenge makes his own lips curl up cruelly and Jeongguk finds himself brimming with anticipation.

"Ready?" Seokjin had asked, hazel eyes sharp as it flicked through his men, his army.

They've brought at least a quarter of their men from the base and two of their finest section leaders were leading this run.

"Damn ready" Jeongguk replied, giving the elder a nod before he leapt onto the back of their truck. Yoongi and Hoseok waves from their place in the vans before slamming the door shut. Namjoon pushes off from where he was leaning, dimple denting as he chewed on a toothpick.
"Go" comes Seokjin's command, and the gears shift.

It's mid time when they arrive, and the streets are cleared of nearly every sign of life. Its what happens when the neighbourhood you live in is ruled by a vicious gang. One becomes too afraid to leave their houses, shaking in terror in every time they hear a rustle at the back of their yard. Crime is at all time high and the roads become dangerous during the night when darkness crawls in every corner.

Their vehicles move fast, splitting and covering the perimeters of B'free's territory. Its risky, seeing as they are visually vulnerable since they've crossed their borders, but Namjoon isn't their strategist for show, and all of Cypher now knows each lane like the back of their hands.

The painters move fast, spraying over each tag with their own and quickly moving on silently to the next. Its all a high speed mission and by the time the hour is up, every tag in the area has been covered with Cypher's.

When the clock hits one, Jeongguk moves.

B-free's men are easily identifiable; white patterned scarf tied around their necks or arms is a sure giveaway.

Jeongguk spots them easily. An idling group of twelve that lurked around the back alley near their hideout. They seemed off, some pacing in rounds while others were cackling at absolutely nothing. Drugged, Jeongguk realizes and grins because that means making pass them will be much easier. The minute hand moves and Jeongguk gives his signal.

He sees two of them fall motionless as his group unloads their rounds from the back of the lorry. Jeongguk and two others quickly drag the oil barrels from their hiding spot behind the alley and rolls them to the doorway of the base. They make a run back to the lorry quickly and easily after that, just in time to avoid the new batch of men that comes after them.

When the people in the hideout arrives with guns, Jeongguk doesn't waste time waiting. He quickly fires at the oil barrels, puncturing through thin metal and the result is instantaneous. There is a loud combustion as the barrels set aflame and Jeongguk can feel the heat from the flickering flames, even from this distance. Even though his ears are slightly ringing from the explosion, the exhilaration leaves him chilled and striving for more.

Their van moves off swiftly when more of B-free's men arrives. There's bullets denting the side of the lorry, and Jeongguk has never been more glad for bullet proofed creation. The last thing Jeongguk sees as their lorry drives off into the night, is the fiery burning red tainting the black sky as the fire spreads.

There's pure adrenaline rushing through his veins and Jeongguk can feel the high of it. The rest of his crew are hyped as well, and they celebrate their victory as their vehicle crossed back the borders and into their own turf.

"Well done" Seokjin praised, hazel eyes now glittering with satisfaction as all of their troops returned, some slightly charred but mostly unharmed.

A total of eight trucks and 2 vans had been sent out, each with a different target location.

Jeongguk had been excited from the moment Namjoon had carefully laid out his plans in front of them, going through the routes and instructions in clarity. Its amazing how well-sourced Namjoon
could be, having the capability to dig out information that were usually imoossible to retrieve. The aim was clear, go all out, cause havoc, and make a statement.

In less than two hours, Cypher had successfully defaced more than 40 percent of B-free's properties, damaged nearly half of their base and killed more than a fifth of their men. They had managed to exceed the expectations of Seokjin, and their leader's smile widens each time a troop reported back of their results.

"As per Namjoon's request, I made a little something special" Hoseok said, lips stretched thin into a curve as he showed their leader the picture he had so kindly taken as a token of commemoration.

There's loud wheezing laughter from their leader as he broadcasted the image, displaying it in full on their screen for all to see.

"Mess with Cypher and get burned" the bolded graffiti text in hues of striking blues and red was a masterpiece, and Jeongguk chuckled when he realized that the piece was sprayed directly at the side wall of B-free's main base.

There must be a record somewhere, Jeongguk thinks, for a list of badassery moments of Cypher and their achievements, and he's sure that if there is, this event will surely make it to the top ten.

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There's an extremely pleasing sensation that runs through his body when the steel of his switchblade cuts swifty through the plastic layering of the dummy. Jeongguk imagines spurting red, and the flick of his wrist turns into chopping motions.

Although Hoseok's lesson of "you can have a preference, but you can't always afford to have a favourite" was deeply embedded in his head, Jeongguk still favors a nifty pocket knife to anything else.

He knows Hoseok is the same as well, if the way his eyes shone when Yoongi had presented him with an engraved set of rare blade set were any hint.

Guns are mostly loud and brash. While each shot made can be fatal if in the hands of a skilled, Jeongguk widely prefers the blades that are quick, silent and deadly all the same.

"Like teacher, like student" Namjoon had said one time, and even though the elder probably meant it as a tease, Jeongguk refused to accept it as anything other than a compliment.

Hoseok was nothing less than top notch in every skill requirement. From shooting to knife handling and even heavy arms, adaptibility was Hoseok's forte.

When Jeongguk had easily surpassed the expectations of his peers and smoothly climbed his way through their ranks and gained respect, the others had then dubbed him "Golden Maknae", but not without a little resistance.

He learnt fast and picked up things at a tremendous speed.

"You're the best student I've had so far" Hoseok had admitted, just after Jeongguk finally managed to tear through all the targets with his bullets, filling their head with holes like cheese.

There was undeniable pride in Hoseok's voice when he said it and Jeongguk couldn't help the small tint of red that he knew had coated his cheeks and ears.
"It's only because I have a good teacher" he had returned, only for Hoseok to deny and refuse each praise Jeongguk had tried to give.

"It's because he doesn't understand just how damn good he is" Yoongi had explained one time, face smudged with a hint of high regard as they watched Hoseok go through one gun to another like flipping a page in a book.

"But that's also why his opponents never ever see what's coming" Yoongi added, flashing him a smirk when Hoseok not surprisingly, pierced a hole through each target with ease.

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There's a rule somewhere in Cypher's official list of commandments, Jeongguk knows, about the loyalty of a subordinate to their superior, direct or not.

And somewhere below that rules, written in small bolded letters, are the consequences should one break this rule.

There's a very tense atmosphere as the words had been thrown out, careless and easily snapped, as the fool claimed his uncertainty in his section leader's ability.

"I don't see what's so great about him" were the exact words that were said, and Jeongguk finds himself pushed back by Namjoon when he had nearly rushed forward in his haste to wipe the sneer of the guy's face.

Because how dare he, how dare this incompetent trash question when he was in no position to.

Seokjin looks calm, completely unimpressed as the man continued to slur insults about Hoseok, his own trusted family member.

"I propose a challenge" came the stand, and Jeongguk has never wanted so much to feel blood on his hands.

It's a rare in Cypher, where loyalty, brotherhood and family is everything, to have someone, much less one of their own, questioning the rights of their leader.

"I challenge Jung Hoseok, to an unarmed match" Jeongguk hisses at the disrespect in the guy's tone.

But of course every so now and then, comes the bad apple in the mass, dented and rotten to the core. Bad apples that must be plucked and hence eradicated.

He sees Seokjin give a glance to his left, measuring the look on Hoseok, and gives his conclusion.

"Your challenge has been accepted" Seokjin nods, and waves a hand in a command for the crowd of them to part like the red ocean.

"Hyung?" Jeongguk asks, turning questioning eyes to Namjoon.

Namjoon grimaces at him, and the confusion swirls rapid waves in his head. Jeongguk nods, swallowing the bitterness in his tongue and takes a step back.

Jeongguk doesn't remember a time when he's really seen Hoseok fight with his bare hands. He knows the elder prefers working with bats, knives or guns, and always has something lethal in his possession.

When Jeongguk had asked to learn hand-to-hand combat and street fighting, Yoongi, Namjoon and
even Seokjin was always there to train and spar with him, never the other.

He knows there's been a rumor flying around recently, saying how Hoseok, an elite of the family has never been seen fighting bare-handed and might even be incapable to. Hoseok has never responded, and so till this day, Jeongguk isn't sure if the elder knows of such.

He sees Hoseok rise from his place, hands in his pockets as he casually makes his way towards the centre of their makeshift arena. There's a growing smirk on Yoongi's face each time his partner tosses an item to the floor; a small handgun, three switchblades, a spiked ring and even his tag necklace.

There's silence in the hall and everyone watched apprehensively as the two stood a bare metre away from each other.

With a nod of Seokjin's head, the guy begins to swing. Hoseok moves away easily and the knuckle that was aimed at his head sails past his face.

It gets aggressively one-sided, Jeongguk realizes, as the other continues his relentless assault while Hoseok dodges them with zero difficulty. The obvious difference in skills is too big to ignore, and the other finally seems to notice this, causing a falter in his step.

There's a twist in Hoseok's expression as he sees the opening, catching the flying fist instead of dodging, and the man gets spun into a chokehold as Hoseok forced him into a kneeling position.

"Kim Mingyo, you have broken the rules that you swore to live by. As your section leader, I will be responsible for your punishment" Hoseok's voice ring across the hallway, and Jeongguk has a flashback to when Namjoon had given him a one-to-one session of all the rules in Cypher before his initiation.

"Don't break them whatever you do" the strategist had warned, the most serious Jeongguk's ever seen him been "because if you do, not even Seokjin hyung can help you".

Hoseok lets go of the guy, sending him grasping on the floor for air. There's saliva pooling on the floor as he gasps, and Jeongguk wrinkles his nose in distaste.

"Stand up" Hoseok orders, and the guy quickly abides by crawling up on to his feet.

After seeing the guy stabilise himself, Hoseok moves. There's no chance, no opportunity wasted and Hoseok leaves no time for his opponent to defend against his attacks.

He starts with an uppercut and follows with a fist right into the abdomen that leaves the guy bent over in pain, blood trickling down his chin. The floor slowly gets stained with blood and spit after that, and the small dots of red peppering the ground becomes sprays and puddles with each of Hoseok's assault.

Jeongguk realizes now, how he had been worried for nought. He sees the startling similarity in their posture, the same practiced movements in each step, and Jeongguk realizes that there's no way Jung Hoseok, the person who had grown up side by side with Kim Seokjin, Kim Namjoon and Min Yoongi would be incapable of holding his own in a fist fight.

When Hoseok finally halts, his opponent is kneeling over on the floor coughing out spurts of blood and choking on air.

"Stop, please leader" the man rasps out, head bowed down in defeat as he begged for mercy. Its a sure white flag but there's no movement from the audience, even though the winner has been concluded.
Hoseok walks over to his abandoned possessions, slowly placing them one by one until he reaches the last of his knives.

"Rule #6, insubordination is the equivalent of betrayal" Hoseok's voice echoes out, his unsmiling face growing more chilling with each step.

"Rule #9, Any form of betrayal is unrepentable" the heel of Hoseok's boots clack as he comes to a stop. There's a pause before Hoseok throws his switchblade down to the ground, stepping away as the man accepted his fate.

"How will you show your loyalty?" Hoseok asks, ice cold obsidian that doesn't waver even when an answer is given. A loud scream tears through the mouth of Mingyo as he pulls the knife deep into skin, sawing at the bone and severing his finger.

There's a number of people wrenching at the sight, the obvious rookies who has yet to stay used to the sight of gore and blood. The seasoned members neither flinched nor faltered.

Hoseok remains unmoved, no hesitance as he stared at his subordinate "when you challenged me, your superior, you inadvertently questioned the choice of your leader".

Mingyo bows his head, hands trembling as his blood smeared across the floor. Atonement. Its cruel, all too cruel. Jeongguk knows that had this issue been a mere personal one, Hoseok would've been more forgiving. But this is the underground, this is triad life, and a person who has sworn himself to the life in a crime syndicate can never afford to be soft. When Mingyo made the fatal mistake of disrupting their order with his doubt, he had inevitably sealed his fate, because Hoseok will never allow anyone to shake even the slightest of their foundation, not when so much was at risk.

There's a set of rules that every syndicate goes by, sewn and imprinted in their veins. The rules are a base, a commandment to a religion, but unlike one where betrayal is forgiven, rule breakers here don't get second chances, and there is no road to redemption.

So for the stability of the gang, for the control and most importantly, for their leader, Hoseok will shoot down as many of his unlawful subordinates as he has to.

"Because you have shown your bravery, I will repay your efforts by showing mercy".

There's a click when Hoseok unlocks the safety of his gun and raises his hand in a trained motion.

This is not a challenge, Jeongguk realizes belatedly, it never was. This was a clear presentation, to not only Mingyo, but every one present in the hall, the red warning of what happens when someone crosses the line.

" Rule number #1, never doubt or disobey the Leader".

And bang, he fires.

Nothing's ever easy. Jeongguk has learnt this lesson a long time ago.
Maybe he's being a bit cynical, maybe the world isn't a dull and hopeless as he thinks it is. But Jeongguk only says and feels as how it is, and life has never given him a reason to change his ways. So Jeongguk never bothers, because if anything, he has learnt that living is just a pinwheel of grey, disappointment, and its better to just get used to it.

When he was three, he would cry whenever he heard raised voices from the other room. He had been terrified then, still an innocent that was unknowing of how cruel the world could be, unknowing of how the yelling was just the beginning.

When he was seven, he would tremble, crouched in the small corner of his room as he waited for the swearing to stop. He wasn't as innocent then, but he was naive, because he thought that everything would be better.

When he was twelve, he had mastered the skill of pretend. Pretend that he doesn't hear the smashing of objects, doesn't hear the loud thudding against the wall or his mother screaming. He was neither innocent nor naive, but he was far from being prepared for what was about to happen in the alley.

As much as Jeongguk can argue, to say that if what had almost happened hadn't, he would've never been able to meet them, Jeongguk also has to begrudgingly admit that its mostly where his fear stems from.

Jeongguk will always remember, the sinking feelinh at night when he's alone, the creeping hands he feels under his covers that seers on his skin.

More than often he finds salvation in another's company. More than often he finds himself in tears, clutching for dear life to Hoseok until the other wakes.

He knows that the others are aware, even if they neither speak nor ask about it. There's comfort in the way in they shield him when they walk in a crowded street. The subtle way when Yoongi would step in front of him whenever someone stared too long.

His nerves are soothed in day time ehen he knows he's never alone, and there's always someone looking out for him, but come night time, Jeongguk can't help the crippling sense of anxiety that haunts him.

"I'm here" the elder would whisper to him, wrapping firm arms around him and pressing warmth back into Jeongguk's fingers.

"You're safe" Jeongguk knows is what he means each time he presses a kiss to soothe the crawling sensation under his skin. The tear stains dry on his cheeks, and Jeongguk will fall asleep each time to the steady thump of his heart beat.

When Jeongguk turned fifteen, it all became silent. There's no shouting, no loud thumping against the walls and no smashing of wares when he steps through the doorway. Its quiet, eerily so. When he finds the two prone figures lying against the kitchen floor, he understands why. The tiles are red stained, as is the knife.

He felt nothing, like a bystander watching a slow-motion flick, emotionally disconnected.

The sirens flare, and the next thing Jeongguk remembers is being curled up on a bench in the police station.

"Are you okay?" Someone would ask.
"Yes I'm okay" he'd lie.

They'd speak meaningless things to him, whispering false comfort words that merely passes through his ears and doesn't reach his heart.

"You're going to be fine" someone reassures, "how do you know?" Jeongguk doesn't ask.

He doesn't know how long he spends there, wrapped up in a warm thermo blanket and trembling until a voice breaks through his haze.

"Where is he?" Hoseok demanded, and Jeongguk watched him tear through the crowd of faceless strangers mercilessly.

"Sir, you need to call down", someone says, and fruitlessly attempts to hold back the man.

"Where is Jeongguk" the other growled. And even though there's animalistic ferocity in the way Hoseok bares his teeth at them, Jeongguk can only feel comfort in it.

"Hyung" his voice is weak and soft, even to his own ears. Jeongguk abandons the bench, blanket falling down his shoulders as he ran towards the other.

"Jeongguk" Hoseok's expression breaks into relief, and catches him easily into his arms. There's rough fingers brushing through his hair and a hand gripping him in tightly. The comforting weight holds him in tightly, and Jeongguk no longer feels like he's about to drown.

"You're okay, you're okay" Hoseok repeats, hands moving up to cup his face, and Jeongguk stares into the familiar comfort of Hoseok's brown eyes.

There's a thumb rubbing away the tears that Jeongguk hadn't known had fallen, but there's an honest smile that sneaks its way onto his lips.

"I'm okay" he nods once, leaning back into Hoseok's arms and hiding his face into the boney shoulders. Jeongguk feels tired, worn eyes slowly closing as he slips into a daze. It's dark again this time, but he feels the light seeping in.

"I'm okay" he repeats, and this time he truly means it.

Jeongguk was fifteen when he became an orphan, having lost both his parents in a declared double homicide.

"Poor child" some would whisper, giving him pitying gazes whenever he passed the corridors. But they didn't know, would never understand.

Because Jeongguk was fifteen when he fully initiated into Cypher and finally found his freedom.

Nothing's ever easy, Jeongguk still believes. Life still is hard sometimes and things don't always go right. But maybe, Jeongguk thinks, maybe life is worth living if there are things, people, in yours to make it right.

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"It's raining"

"I know"

"Won't you come back in?"
"Maybe later" he'll reply.

Because the rain doesn't sting anymore, and the droplets that pelt down no longer pierces his skin. His heart is beating steadily, softly and Jeongguk feels at peace.

There's a shadow that casts over his, and Jeongguk raises his head to see Hoseok standing in front of him, clothes slowly getting soaked under the relentless rain.

"It doesn't hurt hyung", Jeongguk says, watching as his breaths comes out in little puffs as he exhales.

Even with the rain coming down, and his clothes sinking heavily on him, Jeongguk feels light. Jeongguk is firm, and he wouldn't fall, but he knows that if he does, there will always be there to catch him before he hits the ground.
Rational

Chapter Summary

Maybe in some other life and some other dimension, that line would have led to a happy ending.

But that is an if, and this is reality.

Chapter Notes

Prepare yourself. Maybe.

(I have no excuse this time, but still, please do ignore the errors if you see them. Thank you :')

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Dreams. Everyone has one. Whether fulfilled or unfulfilled, there's always something that the heart desires.

As a child grows, so does their urges for greater things. Bright eyes that observe the living and take in the little aspects in their surroundings. It was only natural, when curiosity and interest peaks, and one finds themselves dreaming.

Then comes the question that gets brought up so casually.

"What would you like to be when you grow up?" and even though they are too young to truly understand what it really means, unable to see the hidden seems between each end route, there's always an answer.

Sometimes it'll be random, a mere second of awe that inspires the idea. Most times there's a reason, whether it ludicrous or planted as a seed by an individual. There's usually an influence; the parent that the child idolized, a television figure dressed in the colourful garb, or a random depicted hero in the daily life.

The reason is mostly soft, well-natured and with good intentions. "I want to be strong like them" or "I want to help the people" , are the simple answers that shows the purity of a child's soul and heart.

Dreams change though, as does one's personality and perspective. And when one person grows up, they start realizing the multitude of thorns behind a simple bush of roses. Slowly morphed by the propagandist educational system, twisted by the rationale unbelievers, and dampened by reality, the childish dreams of one slowly gets blown away and dispersed into the wind.
"What did you want to be?" Seokjin asks, throwing out the question to everyone and no one in the area.

The seven of them were idling in the living room that day, lazing on the couches and staring deeply into space. It was an "off" time, as Yoongi had placed it, but Seokjin is a bit of a sentimental, so he prefers to call it "bonding".

There's a bout of silence in the room but Seokjin knows that they've heard him.

"An artist?" Taehyung asks more than answers, breaking the silence as he shifts noisily to face him.

Seokjin has seen the endless scraps of paper filled with comic characters and human sketches, all pinned on the small stack board in Taehyung's room. The boy (or man, Seokjin refutes), was talented, there's no doubt about it.

"I wanted to be a firemen or police officer, I think" Jimin replies, humming as he made a sound of consideration., then started giggling because he realizes the irony.

"I've never thought about it" Jeongguk ponders, sliding down from where he was, leant against the back of the couch, before he tumbled down into the empty spot. "a tattoo artist would be pretty neat though?".

Seokjin catches the glint in Hoseok's eyes, and there's a quirk in the corner of his lips when he faces him. "Yeah?" Comes the silent question, and Seokjin is only too eager to agree.

"Namjoon hyung?" Jimin asks, peering up from where he was perched and turning curious eyes at their silent strategist.

"Didn't have one" The now-violet-haired male shrugged, hoodie sliding down his shoulder from the movement "I was pretty much aimless".

"Believe it or not, this idiot was the top scorer in the country at one time" Yoongi piped, nudging his socked foot into the former's side.

There's a high level of respect in Jimin and Taehyung's voices when they started cooing and "wow-ing" at their silent strategist.

"Really hyung? Wow!" Seokjin is sure Jimin's eyes were practically sparkling then, judging by how much Namjoon was squinting.

"Yeap, so we managed to hog our very own genius" Hoseok chuckled, making Namjoon flush from the overwhelming amount of praise he was suddenly receiving.

"Now that I think about it, that's how I even met Jackson in the first place" Namjoon reveals, scratching at his nape while he glossed over the meeting in his head "I was assigned his tutor when he started failing maths. Like really badly".

"So that's how you guys met him as well?" Jimin asks, curiosity tinting his voice as he played with the stray locks that hanged above his forehead.

"Yeah," Hoseok confirms, mindlessly pulling a hand through Yoongi's blond locks as he recounted the story "Namjoon brought him to us one day and we just... clicked?".

It's strange now that Seokjn thinks about it, that by mere coincidence or "fate" that they've managed to unite with their old friend again, even if it was under..non-celebratory circumstances.
"He disappeared before graduation though?" Namjoon says, eyebrows scrunching down in thought "and we still haven't found out why"

They were called the G7s. A team well known in the underground as hitmen's for hire. The group consisted of only 7 members, possessed no lackies and accepted no rookies.

Always seen garbed in black ski masks and trench coats, the group moved swiftly during the night, avoiding conflict and contact with any other groups.

The group was a black card in the underground, and they neither had allies or direct enemies. No one dared trust in a gang with unknown intentions.

It was rumoured that G7 was a government task force, a group of spies that were specially trained to take down corrupt government leaders and political figures who went against the ruling. These were just mere rumours though, and with neither the evidence to deny nor confirm them, Seokjin had never taken them seriously.

Cypher was still a young growing group then. Steady on its feet and quickly taking reigns over the central of Seoul. Whilst Seokjin ensured that firm control was issued to their territory, he also understood the need for peace-maintaining.

Cypher was known throughout as a neutral party, never an instigator or initiator for violence and fights unless thoroughly provoked. With the constant arms and drugs dealings going on, Seokjin doesn't wish to add political clashes to his ever growing plate of worries.

G7 and Cypher had a gray and nearly nonexistence relationship. With no form of contact for business, and no harbouring of bad blood, it was a neutral ground that Seokjin never found a reason to break.

So when a small group of their patrollers had sighted the group of them entering their turf and requesting to see him, Seokjin isn't sure what to think.

"Assassination attempt?" Yoongi's silver eyes glinted, narrowing dangerously as he went through all of the possibilities.

"No that's not it I think," Namjoon said pensively, "unless they are trying to make a statement, it wouldn't make sense for them to throw themselves out like this to us".

"That's true" Hoseok nods in agreement, "they are practically tossing themselves in a pit if its so".

"If its a dealing, then one or two should be present, not the entire group" Yoongi adds, thus crossing out another possibility.

"Okay, so if they aren't here to kill someone, and they haven't been hired for a hit, what other reason would they have to be here?" Yoongi speculates, lips etching down as he threw question out.

Seokjin shifts, hands pinching into the sides of his nose bridge as he considered the situation.

The gears turn and shift, finally locking into place when the answer clicks.

"They need something from us, something big" Hoseok confirms, eyes flickering between the three of them as the revelation sets in "this is a negotiation".
There's a strange sense of lucid aura that follows when six hooded figures walk through their doorway. There's a light prickling feeling on Seokjin's skin, one that rushes through with caution and excitement.

The figures bow, respect. And all of them return the action, mutual.

Seokjin sits in the shadows, watching curiously as one slowly approached the front. Namjoon stepped forward as well, the stand-in representative on his behalf for this meeting.

"We greatly appreciate your acceptance for this meeting" the front figure speakers starts, voice muffled behind the black ski mask on their face "we understand that it is quite a last minute request".

"It's no issue, really" Namjoon replies, an unreadable expression on his face that's been perfected over the years "we are curious as well, to see what it is that this meeting calls for".

"As I'm sure you are aware by now, my group and I are usually not..of one that usually makes allies" the figure speaks, taking a seat when Namjoon waves for him to "however, under our special circumstances, we are hoping to break that factor with Cypher".

"Without further a due, I would like to present our matter to you" the figure leans down, and Namjoon reciprocates.

"Please, do proceed".

The alliance was made simple. Cypher assisted them with the manpower and arms required for their "operation" while G7 paid their debt to them with information and leads.

It sounded pretty straightforward really, but that's not the case, and Seokjin knows it.

"Its a suicide mission" Namjoon states, not one to hold back his tongue, especially not when this alliance could potentially wreck them.

There's hesitance on the other side, and Seokjin can make out the light shifting in one's stance.

"I understand that you have a reason to risk your lives for it, but we can't allow our men to die for one of yours" Namjoon stated firmly.

"We know how this sounds, RM-sshi, truly we do" there's a hint of desperation in the voice, and it gives off the urgency in this situation "we understand that a lot is at stake here but should you accept, G7 will forever be in your debt".

There's a cling to Seokjin's heart at that, and he remembers vividly how he had once been in a similar position. Asking, begging for help, when the world had turned away from him so mercilessly.

For a gang of G7's status to be at mercy of another's, Seokjin understands very well that it means to completely place their pride at stake.

He knows Namjoon sees it as well, and there's a momentum pause in his rejection when another of the figure moves forward.

Yoongi watches warily from the side, fingers latched tightly around his gun in case any sudden movements was made.
"Namjoon, please" the other kneels, and Seokjin would recognise that voice anywhere. The unmistakable rough accent that clings despite the years of practice. He sees the recognition flash in all their eyes even before the ski mask gets pulled off.

Namjoon doesn't flinch, can't, even when his friend peers up at him from his kneeling position.

"Please help us" Jackson pleads, and he knows Namjoon is hurting deeply at the sight of his own friend begging.

"Who is it?" Seokjin demands, stepping forward from the shadows, and Hoseok follows at his side "who is so important that you would go to such an extent for?".

Jackson slips a photo out of his front pocket, an image of a young boy that reminded Seokjin so much of their own.

"He's our baby brother" Jackson says, voice with so much fondness that it rips Seokjin in half.

There's too much at risk. The boy hadn't been sighted for over a week and the certainty of his survival during the period the capture is very near zero.

But when Seokjin looks at the picture and sees the desperation in Jackson's expression, he can't help but be reminded of Jeongguk. He knows that had this been a reverse, that it had been Jeongguk in the boy's place, none of them would hesitate to march forth, even if it was a suicide mission.

So he lets himself sigh, for the impending war that would soon to follow and the coming headache that was starting to throb on the left of his head.

"Alright" Seokjin nods, meeting Namjoon's eyes when the younger turns to him "we accept your alliance".


Seokjin remembers being a wide dreamer. It started from a doctor, a police officer, to then a normal paid office worker, and then finally he found his passion in the form of culinary arts.

"I want to be a chef" came the realisation one day, and afterwards shortly proceeded to dedicate his spare time familiarising with the cookbooks and kitchen knives.

It was a sweet dream, no matter how shortly lived.

There's always a hint of delight whenever a batch of muffins came out beautifully or the unexplainable satisfaction when his friends spilled praises for his new food creation. It's a thrill, a new rush of excitement everytime Seokjin feels that he's a step closer to his dream.

It was an all high, the zenith of his teenage life, and Seokjin finally had a direction, a future that he could foresee.

But like they say, all things will come to an end, and his end came like a flick of a switch. Seokjin remembers, questioning and wondering, how things could suddenly go so wrong, the day his family slowly tore down piece by piece.

"Brain tumor" his mother had simply said, before she broke down in tears as they watched his father get wheeled away.

Day by day, Seokjin could only stare helplessly as the colour on his father's skin slowly faded into
grey, listened as the rasp in his breathing turned in coughing fits. It wasnt normal, the doctors had said that, for someone who suffered from brain tumour to have a difficulty breathing.

"I'm sorry" Namjoon had whispered, and the four of them huddled together outside the hospital room, listening to the beep from the monitor.

His father had been the breadwinner of their family, and now with him in bed and their hospital bills slowly stacking, it was obvious that their funds were dangerously receding at an alarming rate.

"We can't afford the surgery" his mother said, eyes red from exhaustion and the crying.

"I'll work" he pleaded, cupping his mother's worn hands in his own "I'll work and we'll have enough". He doesn't know how long it'll take for him to reach the amount they need, but he'll work and he'll beg if he has to. There's sheer reluctance in his mother's eyes, but she nods, defeated.

He doesn't hesitate this time when he spots the placed up sign looking for a part time waiter. It was hard, balancing 8 hours of work shift and keeping up his grades, but he makes it through, even if just barely.

Therapy after therapy, and weeks slowly turned into months. Seokjin works and works and works, stretching himself thin like an elastic band until his body gives.

"You need to rest, hyung" Namjoon had said, worry filling each crevice of his face as he stared at Seokjin who was barely staying awake while standing.

"I'll rest soon," Seokjin sways on his feet "it'll get easier once my dad has his surgery".

Seokjin wants to believe that its getting better, desperately wishes to hold on to that slight hope that his father would recover, but Seokjin can see the weariness in his mother's eyes and the pain in his father's laboured breath, and Seokjin is at his wits' end.

"He can't wait any longer" the doctor says, pointing at the scan and indicating to a large blot in the left corner the brain, the tumor "the seizures are getting more frequent. If it gets any bigger, the risk for surgery will be too high".

Seokjin doesn't cry, but he comes very closely to breaking because he realise that they still don't enough money and his father wont live without the surgery.

His mother isn't responding, having locked herself in the room when he reaches home, but Seokjin doesn't have the energy to comfort her, not when he's barely holding himself up.

That night, he laid for hours in bed, muttering prayers under his breath until it lulled him to sleep.

He should have known that his salvation would come in the form of his friends, and Seokjin has never been so greatful. He's left stumped and wordless when they present the envelope to him.

"What?..where?" He remembers asking, staring unbelievingly at the package that was bulging with cash.

He sees the grease stains in Namjoon's shirt, the uniform that Hoseok adorned and remembers the days when Yoongi would disappear for a few hour, and finally realises.

"Guys.. Seriously I.." He finds himself for the first time, unable to come up with a coherent form of speech.
"Just take it" Yoongi says, nodding towards the envelope that was slowly crumpling in his hands.

There's a lump forming at the back of his throat and Seokjin wills himself not to cry.

"I. Thank you" Seokjin stammers out, feeling his hands tremble, unable to spill out the gratitude that fills him to the brim.

Namjoon and Hoseok answers him with a grin on their face, and Yoongi flashes him a smirk.

"Go," the three of them places hands on his chest, pushing him gently towards the door, and he runs.

Maybe in some other life and some other dimension, that line would have led to a happy ending.

His father would have his surgery, and the tumor will be gone. His mother wouldn't have to cry every night and finally be relieved from her worries. Seokjin would continue with his studies, helping his mom at the side and the family would be happy, happy, happy.

But that is an if, and this is reality.

Sometimes Seokjin liked to imagine, how life might be like if things hadn't go the way they had.

He imagines he hadn't made it an hour too late to the hospital. He imagines that his father hadn't left them a note, written with shaky unreadable letters, before he decided to fling himself out from the window. He imagines that his mother hadn't drank herself delusional and made the decision to walk straight into a moving traffic.

But again, that is an if and this is reality.

So Seokjin accepts that in this life, he wasn't meant to get that ending.

There's a turn somewhere, Seokjin thinks, a left turn instead of right that he took to land him here.

But Seokjin knows, that even if he had the chance to turn back and redo that path, he wouldn't take it.

"Why not?" Namjoon had asked him, wrapping warm hands around him and pulling him in.

"If I had, I wouldn't know where this one led" Seokjin easily replies, nuzzling into tan skin and familiar warmth.

This is reality, and even if he isn't living his dreams, he's happy, and that's enough.

Chapter End Notes

So B) I hope you enjoyed this rather short chapter. Also, I also hope it clears out some of your questions (or added even more to it idk).

The rest of the gaps will fill in the next chapter, so you can definitely expect more for the next one.
"Please stop!" He hears Hoseok beg, and Namjoon wants to stop the useless tears that were forming from his eyes because he realizes how helpless he was in this situation.

Chapter Notes

Are you surprised? I sure am.

This time I have an excuse. So please spare me and ignore any error or typos because its like 4.30 a.m in the morning and I'm typing away on my phone.

Without delay, let's begin.

There's always a first for everything.

Usually when you ask someone about their firsts, the things that comes to mind are date, kisses, love and sex.

It's the social norm really, whether you're a mid schooler gushing about a crush, a high schooler gossiping about others or a college student merely sharing some experiences with your friends, firsts are usually a go-to topic.

Namjoon though, along with more than half of his brothers, are hardly norms.

"What was your first kill like?" Isn't a question to usually ask someone, because it doesn't make sense, where murder and homicide are shunned away from and feared, its probably one of the last question that can appear in someone's mind.

But again, their group isn't exactly the norm of society, and thus question like these can often appear in the most random of times.

First are usually worn as badges or trophies for some, a memory that's usually to be cherished and even boasted about when done right.

There's a line sometimes that can't be crossed, curiosity isn't always welcomed in their society.

This line, Namjoon realizes, apparently doesn't exist for them.

When the crew starts playing spin-a-bottle, Namjoon isn't a hundred percent sure that its a good idea. It isn't to say that he's uncomfortable with spilling too much about himself, but Namjoon doesn't see the thrill when he already knows three-out-of-six of them like the back of his hand.

The kids seem content though, so Namjoon plays along, even if he feels that he already knows too
much, way too much information, than was usually required among best friends.

The bottle points towards Taehyung, and an easy question slips out from Seokjin "first kiss?".

There's childish giggling from Hoseok that doesn't even stop when Taehyung sends a pout his way.

"Jiminnie" Taehyung answers, and the other 95-liner turns red at his own name being declared so loudly.

There's a chorus of "ohoho" and "awwwh" at the answer, and Namjoon can't help but join in the fun.

When Jimin tries his best to stutter out an explanation, he gets hushed by their leader with a finger to his lips.

"We were only 6!" Jimin protested, speaking through the pressure against his lips but stopping when their cooing turns into sly grins.

"Already so horny at a young age, Jiminnie?" Yoongi teases, and if possible, Jiminnie flushes even redder.

Taehyung spins the bottle before more teasing can continue, and Namjoon laughs because whilst Jiminnie was embarrassed, it seems that his counterpart was completely unaffected.

The bottle points to Yoongi, and Namjoon wonders if it's karma that's taking reigns of their little game.

"When did you lose your virginity?" Taehyung chuckles darkly, and there's a blooming grin of mischief on his face.

Nonchalant as always, Yoongi sighs, grabbing the bottle and spinning it before he even answers the question. The head lands towards Jimin's direction, and Namjoon hears the swear that leaves the younger's lips.

"14 maybe, or 15" Yoongi shrugs, before shooting a devil-intent smirk his victim's way, "how often do you finger yourself?".

Jimin curls into a ball then, hiding his face into Hoseok's shoulder in an attempt to disappear completely.

"Hyung.." Comes the whines, and Namjoon doesn't know if Jimin was pleading for Yoongi to change the question or for Hoseok to save him.

"Nope, answer it" Yoongi chuckles, no sign of mercy from him.

There's absolute silence while the others waited, and Jimin squeaks his answer from behind Hoseok's jacket.

".. week?" Comes a muffled reply, and Namjoon has to strain his ears to hear him.

"What was that?" Yoongi asks, smirk widening when Jimin lifts his head to glare at him.

"I said," Jimin grips, cheeks puffing up in anger as he repeated his words "once a week".

Seokjin rewards Jimin's bravery with a pat on his shoulder, and Jiminnie practically leans in like an eager puppy.
Jimin spins a bottle with a look of utter vengeance, and it spins wildly before stopping in front of Namjoon.

Jimin is sheepish when he looks at him, and Namjoon thinks that isn't a good sign at all.

"How many times have you jacked off to the thought of Seokjin hyung?".

If anyone ever thought that Park Jimin was an angel, they were utterly wrong, a devil this one was, less obvious than one Min Yoongi, but a devil nonetheless.

"More times than I can count really," Namjoon figures there's no point hiding, scratching at his neck sheepishly when Seokjin sends him a weird stare.

Hoseok guffaws at that, asshole, as if he didn't already know, and his little minions follow after.

"Shut it" Namjoon snipes, pointing menacingly at his friend when the latter doesn't stop. Hoseok merely grins at him before wiping the imaginary tear from his eyes.

"Don't break the bottle, Joon-ah" Yoongi says, and Namjoon feels like he's being mocked somehow from how sincerely Yoongi had said it.

He does as requested, and watches intensely as it swerves out of the centre and hits Jeongguk's boots before stopping.

"God, I don't need this" Namjoon sighs, palming at his face and wondering why Karma was still doing her thing.

"Oh oh, can I ask then?" Taehyung quips, boxy grin flashing at Namjoon along with his infamous puppy-eyes and its shameful how easily Namjoon caves.

"Ask away" Namjoon waves, resting his head on his knee as Taehyung does a little cheer.

"Mmmm" there's a loud humming as Taehyung does his little brainstorm, and Namjoon can see a light bulb pop up when he gets his answer.

"When's the last time you gave someone a blowjob?" Taehyung blurts, and Hoseok raises a questioning eyebrow at that.

Namjoon groans because he definitely doesn't want to hear this, he already knows too much, and neither wants nor needs to add on to his growing list of unnecessary Hoseok-knowledge. Taehyung just basically dug his own grave, and the younger doesn't even know it yet.

The smirk on Hoseok's face is a given warning, but Taehyung realises his fault a moment too late to stop the terror.

Casually, too casually for Namjoon's liking, his satan-incarnate friend turns to his other satan-incarnate friend, and brushes a hand up leather-clad thigh.

"When was it Yoongi? I don't remember" Hoseok offhandedly comments, flashing totally inappropriate bedroom eyes at his partner.

"Hmm, a week ago maybe? Too long really" Yoongi pretends to consider, trailing a hand up Hoseok's shirt and revealing the skin there as he moved upwards "how about now?".

There's a squeak of protest that, Namjoon is sure, comes from Jimin , and the eldest takes pity.
"No, just no" Seokjin face-palms, stopping the two before things can escalate.

The youngest three have already turned cherry red from their display, while the two that were guilty of this crime indulged in their little victory. Horrible, absolutely the worst.

"Shameless" Namjoon narrowed his eyes at them, which only increased the tenacity of their joy.

"Why thank you" Hoseok grins, while Yoongi synchronised with a "we know".

"Okay just," Seokjin sighs, pretending to be exasperated but Namjoon can see the corner of his lips twitch with amusement "let's just continue shall we?".

"Truths? Or do we continue on to dares?" Jeongguk asks, recovering the fastest out of the three even though the tip of his ears are still pink.

"Can you guys handle the dares though?" Seokjin questions, and Namjoon is sure that the challenge that sneaks into his voice is a hundred-percent intentional. Namjoon wonders if he is the only one in their group that hasn't been raised from hell.

"Yes we can" its unsurprisingly Jimin that answers, the fire lighting in his eyes as he bravely accepts the challenge. The poor guy, Namjoon sighs.

Seokjin withholds the rising smirk , and nods the question to the other two.

"Yeah, let's go" Taehyung answers with a questionable amount of seriousness while Jeongguk silently nods.

"Alright then," Seokjin easily accepts, handing the cast-away bottle back to Hoseok "starting this turn round, the spinner gets to choose a truth or dare".

Jeongguk's eyebrow raises all the way to his hairline "isn't it usually the other way Hyung?". Innocent, too innocent.

"Change of game rules, Guk" Hoseok answers and spins for his next victim.

Jimin whines when Hoseok shoots him a heart-shaped grin.

"I'll go easy on you Jiminnie" Hoseok pats the younger on his shoulder in what seems like mock assurance "why don't you go replicate that scene with Taetae of when you guys were six".

There's an assured fire in his veins when Jimin crawls his way over to his best friend, but Namjoon can see him hesitate when he finally kneels in front of Taehyung.

"Have I ever told you guys how much I regret my life?" Jimin asks rhetorically, cheeks stained in eternal flush before he quickly leaned down to peck his friend on the lips.

"A round of applause for them, gentlemen and gentlemen" Hoseok snickers, and they follow through with his request by doing exactly that.

Taehyung's face seemed to have morphed into one of utter despair, and Namjoon can only shake his head in sympathy.

"Care to do the honours?" Hoseok grandly waves to the golden item in the centre when Jimin finally crawls back to his spot.

So the bottle spins, and the next victim is chosen.
"You have got to be-

"Its your first time getting caught tonight Kookie, consider yourself lucky" Jimin smirks, apparently having already forgotten his embarrassment, now that he was safe.

"Okay hyung, go for it" Jeongguk nods, ever-steadfast.

"Since its your first round, I'll be nice this time" Jimin grins, and Namjoon can almost see the halo emerging from his head.

"You can choose to give me a hug, or lick Namjoon hyung on his cheek" nope guess not, no halo there.

It really should be a no-figure between these choices, but with the way Jeongguk's eyes are flickering between him and Jimin, Namjoon can't help but wonder why the youngest likes making things so difficult.

"Fine" Jeongguk grunts, pulling himself away from Namjoon's side to give Jimin a hug.

Jimin looks absolutely delighted, and Namjoon wonders if he should be insulted.

"Yahhhhh, too easy" Seokjin complains, smacking Jimin's bum in retaliation.

Namjoon thinks that maybe Seokjin should really keep those comments to himself, because it really seems like Karma is fixed on getting her thrill from them tonight.

"Seokjin hyung, why don't you lick Namjoon hyung on his cheek?" Jeongguk says the moment the bottle of doom lands on their eldest.

"Jeon Jeongguk, sleep with your eyes open tonight" is all that Seokjin says before he rises from the floor to squat beside Namjoon.

"Please tell me you've already washed your face for the night" Seokjin mutters, and he doesn't wait for Namjoon's reply before sticking his tongue out and leaning forward.

Namjoon can feel wetness before the rough of the tongue and he tries very hard not to cringe away. Try is the keyword, because the moment the tip of Seokjin's tongue breaks contact, Namjoon all but repels himself away like they were alike poles of a magnet.

"Why me" Namjoon berates, wiping away the saliva on his cheek with the sleeve of his shirt, and shuddering from the after sensation.

Jimin and Hoseok are cackling at him right now, while Jeongguk looks seconds away from choking on his held-back laughter. Horrible, the whole bunch of them.

Seokjin only sighs again, truly exasperated this time as he turns the abandoned bottle.

"Its going to be a long night", Seokjin comments, and Namjoon afterwards learns, that this was really just the beginning.

-
It started as a route of escape, a simple but sinful getaway from their stress and troubles. It was supposed to be a one time thing, when none of them had any money to feed themselves with, and the backs of their pockets spared no change.

Then one time became twice and twice multiplied into an endless count as the offences under their names increased. The route became an addiction, and then a ritual.

It was a cheap thrill, Namjoon knows, one that might cost them someday should they turn careless. But that was a thing for another time to ponder, because all that mattered now was the sweet relief in his veins as they ran into the crowd and out of sight.

Hoseok and Yoongi dashed ahead while Seokjin followed closely behind. Together, the four of them ran off into the night, laughers trailing behind them that echoed through the alleys.

"Shit, oh shit" Yoongi laughed, tossing his head back as he leaned against the pillar for support.

"I know right?" Namjoon giggled maniacally, sucking in as much air as he could into his lungs while also choking out from laughter.

Seokjin heaved up from where he was bent over, and Namjoon can see the flush of exhilaration on his cheeks that always appeared during their runs.

"Think we broke our record?" Hoseok grins, throwing himself down onto the sidewalk as he rummaged through their bags.

"Maybe," Namjoon muses, pulling a can of soda from his stash and handing out the rest.

They were mid cooling off their high when a police patrol car pulled up their side, and Namjoon froze up for a moment before he realised that they weren’t here because of the heist.

"A little too late for you boys to be lurking on the streets don't you think?" one of the officers stepped out, and Namjoon tensed from the fishiness that was rolling of the man in waves.

Call it gut instinct, but when he sees Hoseok freeze in a sort of cautious manner, he knows his suspicions are proven right.

"We were just about to head back home, sir" Seokjin replies, eyes firm even as the two cops closes the distance between them.

There's obvious ill-intent from the way the officer smiles, all greasy in a way that Namjoon thinks is familiar to the ones that pimps try to pull when roping in clients.

"We could give you boys a ride back" The other says, and Namjoon feels the hostile shift in the atmosphere.

The four of them takes a noticeable step back when the two makes a forward, and just as Seokjin’s hand twitches back to form a signal, the eldest gets slammed into the car hood by the one nearest to them.

"Don't you know it's rude to refuse a kind offer kid?" the officer sneers, pining Seokjin's arm down easily when their eldest starts struggling.
"Fuck you!" Seokjin spits, twisting and snarling in a way Namjoon has never seen.

When Namjoon breaks from his shock, anger floods his system instead. He runs forward, swinging wildly at the man and landing a lunch that almost has the guy tripping. Namjoon startles and thrashes when a hand grips him from behind and chokes him.

"Let him go, you piece of shit!" Yoongi growls, charging forward in blind anger.

Fear seeps deeply into Namjoon's veins when he sees Yoongi get pushed back with a harsh kick, the elder landing harshly on his side.

Hoseok manages to land a punch in the officer's throat before he gets shoved away, allowing Seokjin to slip from the officer's grip. Seokjin doesn't waste time, swinging down his legs until the officer was bent over on the sidewalk.

Yoongi lands a hit that successfully loosens the arm around Namjoon's neck and Namjoon heaves when the pressure is released. He sprawls on the ground gasping for air to go into his lungs when a sharp kick to his side sends him rolling on his back, and Namjoon nearly blacks out from the pain that erupts as his head collides with a fire hydrant. The officer rounds in on Yoongi, who was still laying in pain on the floor from where the officer had struck him.

"Get the fuck away from him!" He hears Hoseok growls, and Namjoon can vividly see the two barely holding the other officer down from his blurring sight.

There's a loud mocking laughter that's accompanied by the struggles as Yoongi thrashed under the man who had straddled his much smaller form.

'Move!' Namjoon pleaded for his limbs to cooperate, but the blurring in his sight was worsening and the corner of his vision was slowly tinting with black. Not now, not when his friend was in trouble.

"Please stop!" He hears Hoseok beg, and Namjoon wants to stop the useless tears that were forming from his eyes because he realizes how helpless he was in this situation.

"Somebody help us, please!" Seokjin yells out in desperation, hoping that someone, anyone would give them a hand.

"Someone please!" Seokjin's voice shakes, hands trembling as he held the other officer down.

Their cries echoes through the empty streets, ignored by the many who shut their windows and doors as their reply.

"Stop!... Please!.."

Comes the distinct sound of fabric ripping.

"Stop.."

Yoongi's yell tears through silence of the night.

"..stop".

Something snaps.

There's sharp glint of metal and the world goes black.

When Namjoon regains consciousness, its to a loud maniacal laughter that runs shivers down his
spine.

"I told you to stop didn't I?" He hears the chanting, and there's a loud sloshing sound accompanied with each jab.

Yoongi had laid stunned, in awe as he stared up at the bloody mess his friend had made, his top half bare from where his shirt was hanging down in strips.

"I told you, I told you but you didn't listen", comes the chiding and Namjoon sees the red spilling with each twist of the blade in Hoseok's hand.

"..Hoseok?"

His friend shows no sign of acknowledgement, a blank look in his eyes as he continuously assaulted the corpse.

"Won't you beg?" Hoseok chirps, lips spread out in an unnaturally wide grin as he pulled up the blood coated blade from within the insides of the man's head "won't you beg me to stop?".

"..Seok?" Yoongi mumbles out, hands reaching forward to stop his friend from mentally breaking down.

Hoseok halts, blinking hard before he turns to Yoongi. He sees the gears turning in his head before the elder shakes himself awake.

Hoseok wipes his hands clean, smearing red over the blue uniform as he erased the grime from his skin.

"You're okay?" Hoseok asks, cupping gentle hands over Yoongi's cheek as the elder leans in.

"Yeah", Yoongi nods, letting out a shaky breath before returning a smile "I'm okay".

"You sick fucks!" Comes a terrified hiss, and Namjoon realizes belatedly that the other officer struggling under Seokjin's weight was injured, but still very much alive.

"Oh?" Namjoon watches the pure terror in the officer's eyes when Hoseok's attention snaps back to him.

Satisfied after his examination of Yoongi, Hoseok stands from his position, and slowly staggers over to where Seokjin was. A sense of sick pleasure shoots through Namjoon's when the officer trembles from his position and makes a desperate attempt to crawl away.

Seokjin's eyes are half-lidded as he watched the scene play out, the cop's vest and gun hanging from his hands as he took a step back.

"Thanks hyung" Hoseok grins, and Seokjin smiled serenely in reply.

There's whimpering and soft pleading when Hoseok bends down to the guy's level, teeth flashing in wide display as he wiped his knife clean on the officer's uniform.

"What did you say?" Hoseok asks, tapping the sharp edge towards the man's mouth when he doesn't reply.

"Please, I'm sorry" the man tears up, and Namjoon snorts loudly at that.

"Beg us," Hoseok tilts his head up, nodding towards them as he said this, "beg us to let you go".
"Please," the man stutters, shaking violently as he lowered his head "please let me go. I'm sorry, I won't do this again. I'm so sorry please. Pl-".

Hoseok doesn't bat an eye at that, expression falling into one that's merely unimpressed as he turned to them.

"What do you think, Seokjin hyung?"

"Kill him"

"Please no-!"

Hoseok shuts the man up by shoving the knife back down his throat.

"Namjoonie?"

Namjoon can't help the twitch on his lips as he shrugs, "slowly".

Hoseok nods, extremely pleased, before turning soft dark eyes at their last friend.

"Yoongi?"

There's a lingering look in Yoongi's face as he faces Hoseok, one that's almost dreamy, then steely eyes glance down emotionlessly at their captive and he blinks.

"Painfully".

Hoseok mock bows, pushing the officer's head down as he goes "your wish is my command".

The screams tear off into the night, and the shut windows and doors are their replies.

The sirens wail, and red, blue lights flicker, but by the time the cops arrive, the scene has already been cleaned down. Three momentos awaits the authorities; one with a bashed-in skull, the other with a long slit mouth and the third that was red and drying on the pale walls.

"Cypher", the bolded letters formed and their new ritual begins.

-

Donghyuk doesn't believe in love at first sight, not really. He barely believes in true love even, snorting whenever his friend Hunchul, brings up the topic with a sickeningly dreamy expression on his face.

What Donghyuk does believe in though, is attraction. So no one can blame him, no one can point accusing and nasty fingers, when he gets struck intensely by that mentioned attraction the first time an adonis-incarnate walks into his shop.

"How may I help you?" Hunchul had practically swooned, almost visually drooling at the taller male that was, Donghyuk has to admit, really damn attractive as well.

"Just trying to catch an idea of a design, really" the taller one had answered, smooth velvety voice that, Donghyuk knew, was Hunchul's weakness.
His eyes don't shift from the shorter of the two though, eyes roaming down and up appreciatively until he realises that the guy was staring back at him.

Donghyuk, hardly one with shame, stares back daringly until questioning eyebrows raise in curiosity.

"The name's Seokjin, by the way" the taller one introduces, briefly shaking hands with his enamoured friend and moving to introduce the other as well.

"This is Hoseok", said guy, Hoseok, breaks the eye contact with Donghyuk to nod in greeting.

"That's our tattooist," Hunchul waves him over, and Donghyuk drags his feet over from his resting place to where they were.

"Shin Donghyuk," he throws out, flashing a smile that he hopes is friendly.

"Pleasure to meet you" Hoseok easily smiles, and damn if that isn't one of the prettiest things Donghyuk has seen.

"Pleasure is mine, really" Donghyuk returns, truthfully.

The second time Hoseok appears, it's with another male, this time with violet hair. Donghyuk wonders if all of Hoseok's friends are as attractive as the male himself was. (Maybe not, Donghyuk thinks, since in Donghyuk's very humble opinion, Hoseok himself was the best looking amongst them)

"Nice hair", Hunchul had commented and Donghyuk pauses in the middle of a sketch when he spots something(or someone) of his interest.

Apparently Hoseok was keeping his prettier smiles a secret. This time, with his lips quirked up into a full curve, the dimples are exposed and Donghyuk discovers that he has a new favourite.

The slight shake of shoulders and crinkle in his eyes shows the amusement that Hoseok tries to hide behind a hand when his friend sputters.

"Thanks!" Violet-hair guy replies with a impish grin, and Donghyuk wonders if the guy can teach him how to make Hoseok smile like that.

Donghyuk doesn't realize he was staring off into blank space until a shadow blocks off his source of light. He was about to complain ("fuck off Hunchul") but luckily managed to promptly zip his mouth when he realise that the person standing in front of him was not his annoying friend.

"What's up?" Hoseok asks, lips quirking the slightest when Donghyuk shakes out from his daze.

"Nothing much " Donghyuk shrugs, turning the sketch to Hoseok so the other could see what he was working on without having to squint "just working on a sketch for a client".

"Real cool," Hoseok chirps in interest, eyes trailing the pattern in the design before he lifts to meet Donghyuk's eyes "have many years have you been in this line?".

"3 years , or maybe my whole life" Donghyuk easily replies, curiosity inclining from Hoseok's expression "fun fact from Shin Donghyuk: this shop was passed down from his father".

Hoseok hums in thought, and Donghyuk wonders if the other male was a singer, because damn, those were beautiful vocals.

"Very interesting fact, that one" Hoseok finally replies, eyes twinkling and Donghyuk wondered
who the hell thought it was fair to place stars in someone's eyes.

Shit, Donghyuk caught himself before anymore embarrassing thoughts could flow through his
traitorous mind. (Too late).

Hoseok looks away before Donghyuk could reply, turning to the sudden emergence of the violet-
haired guy when he tripped over... Nothing?

"Seriously Namjoon?"

"Hey, don't judge", Namjoon protests, scratching awkwardly at his nape when Hoseok continues to
do exactly the opposite.

"Come here," Hoseok demanded, and Donghyuk couldn't help but let slip the chuckle from their
antics.

Namjoon glances at him before Hoseok pats at his face for his attention. "Does it hurt?" Hoseok
asks, fingers playing gently with the reddened ear lobe.

"No, but yes if you keep poking at it like that" Namjoon grabs Hoseok's hand to still it, and
Donghyuk briefly wonders if this was a "moment", if he should look away to give them space, or
complain for them to go get a room.

He's an asshole so he does the latter, which earns him matching inquisitive stares.

"..what?"

Hoseok snorts at that, which really should be unattractive and rude but somehow still looks
absolutely appealing.

"A room with this guy? The worst I tell you. He snores like he's shooting thunderbolts out from his -"

Namjoon sighs really loudly to cover the rest of the words that were coming out from Hoseok's
mouth, and cups his hand over them for extra measures.

"Sorry and thank you, we will just... Go" and Namjoon drags his friend out from their little parlour,
leaving Donghyuk to question what had just happened.

The third time Hoseok appears, he's brought along two other people, Seokjin and one of whom he's
never met. The boy (man? Bunny teeth, check. Wide cutesy eyes, check. Okay, Boy it is) who
followed in last had looked so amazed by everything that Donghyuk was wondering if his humble
little shop had suddenly been warped into a theme park without him knowing.

"Hey," Hoseok greeted easily, and Donghyuk is secretly happy that the other has become relaxed
enough to flop back onto his couch like he owned the place.

"Hey yourself," Donghyuk returns, taking the other end of the couch where Hoseok wasn't sprawled
over, "busy day?".

"Yeah, too busy", Hoseok replies, lifting an arm to cover his eyes from the bright hanging lights
"errands, lots of errands".

Which brings Donghyuk back to the question of "what is it that Hoseok is working as, or better
suited, involved in". There's a hint of dangerous element in the mix, Donghyuk had guessed earlier
on, and he knows he isn't wrong.

A black lump lands heavily on Hoseok, momentarily switching Donghyuk out of his gaze. His focus realigns and he sees that the black lump was really just the wonderland boy, who had successfully laid himself out across Hoseok and was now staring at Donghyuk accusingly.

"Hmm?" Hoseok, apparently already used to the weight and behaviour, merely brings up his free hand to card through the boy's hair.

Donghyuk can only watch with envy.

"You're done looking around Kookie?"

"Kookie" nods his head, leaning his head onto the curve of Hoseok's shoulder for a more comfortable fit, all the while still glaring at Donghyuk.

"Are you going to pierce your ear again?" Hoseok asks, lifting the other hand off his face to stabilise the body stacked precariously on top of him and very near the edge of the sofa.

"Mmn, maybe one like Yoongi hyung's?" Jeongguk turns away, apparently content with, for now, the imaginary holes he's burned through Donghyuk's head with his eyes.

Hoseok sends a silent look to Donghyuk in apology, one that he easily waves off.

"Hyung, are you going to pierce your ear?" the younger one snickers, and Donghyuk wonders if there's some inside joke running around that's hidden behind that question.

The look that Hoseok shoots to the younger is scolding, like a giant flat "NOPE".

"Are you teasing your hyung, Jeongguk?" Hoseok asks unbelievingly, receiving an answer through smothered giggles. The cute little shit.

Hoseok retaliates by wrapping his legs around Jeongguk and aggressively compressing the younger by his sides.

Staring is bad, Donghyuk repeats silently in his head. Staring is really rude. But to stop staring at the thighs that flexed against dark leather pants would be a sin, and sometime maybe, Donghyuk would like to have a chance at accessing white pearly gates.

"Hyunggg," Jeongguk wriggles like a worm, failing to escape the "cocoon" that he himself had caused.

"What do you say?" Hoseok demands, locking his calves tighter together when the younger refuses to give in.

"I'm sorry?" Comes a whine, but the answer seemed not satisfying enough for Hoseok.

"Who's your favourite hyung?"

"Namjoon hyung?"

"What was that?" Hoseok squeezes even tighter at the mischievous answer, and the younger finally pants out, laughing even when he's out of breath.

"Hoseok hyung", another tap out.
"Hoseok hyung what?"

"Hoseok hyung is my favourite hyung" Jeongguk confesses, this time truthful, judging by the light flush that reaches the tip of his ears.

Satisfied, Donghyuk watched as Hoseok unraveled himself from the boy, practically glowing from the way he was smiling. Donghyuk's heart definitely did not just leap, did not.

"Yah Jeon Jeongguk, I thought I was your favourite hyung", came a third voice, and Donghyuk tossed his head back to see Seokjin standing by the backroom entrance. The eldest looked all parts amused, rather than miffed.

"Sorry hyung, you're second in place?" the youngest tried to amend, which only earned him an eye roll.

"What are you two doing anyway, Donghyuk here doesn't even have enough space", Seokjin waves towards him, almost curled to the end of the couch,

"It's okay, hyung" Donghyuk laughs, and really, he doesn't mind having to balance on the edge if it meant he could get an up-close visual to those amazing smiles.

"Cut the cheese," Donghyuk silently remind himself, grimacing internally at his own thoughts.

"Well?", Seokjin raises a questioning brow when neither of the two on the couch made an effort to move "didn't you say you were going to get a piercing?".

Jeongguk flops around like a fish out of water for a moment before slumping back down onto Hoseok. Donghyuk withholds the laughter that threatened to spill.

"Come on, Guk" Hoseok nearly coos, pinching the boy's ear and successfully making Jeongguk move "you can show off your new piercing to Yoongi hyung later". Then with a final pat of his butt (Donghyuk's mind runs a hundred mile by the minute for that), Jeongguk finally makes his way to the backroom.

"You spoiled him rotten", Seokjin accuses, "tsk"-ing at Hoseok like he was utterly the one at fault here.

"Says you", Hoseok snides back like a sassmaster, which contrast his earlier actions of snuggling the boy "mister oh-let-jeonggukkie-sleep-in-for-the-day-or-my-poor-baby-will-be-so-tired".

Seokjin rustles up like an angry bird at that, and Donghyuk snorts in laughter from the image. He immediately clams up when Seokjin turns accusing eyes at him "and what are you laughing at?".

"You obviously," Hoseok smirks, gleaming with self-proclaimed victory as he gives Donghyuk a peace sign.

"Don't sass me Jung Hoseok," Seokjin shoots him a look, which has little to no effect on Hoseok.

"You love me, hyung" Hoseok puckers his lips at Seokjin, blinking innocently when the elder reels back in mock disgust. Donghyuk thinks he'll like to take Seokjin's position any day really, if it meant Hoseok would make kissy faces at him.

"Unfortunately."

Donghyuk hears, which stirs even more confusion in his extremely tangled thoughts. And even two
hours after the trio has left (with even more burning holes and blinding smiles), Donghyuk still doesn't know what to conclude.

- 

With the past few visits that were spread between months, its amazing how warm it still feels whenever a certain customer (who has yet to receive any service himself) walks into his shop, bringing sunshine with him when he comes.

The seventh time he sees Hoseok. Donghyuk can clearly identify why it is that his heart beat accelerated to unhealthy velocity whenever the other was in the vicinity.

Donghyuk hears the sound of motorcycles coming to a halt outside his shop before anything else. When the door bell chimes at their arrival, Donghyuk catches the full grin at his doorway.

"Knock knock" comes the random greeting before the customary chuckle that follows pleasantly.

"Just a minute", Donghyuk mumbles from his bent over the position, mask covering a third of his voice.

It takes a little over ten minutes before the tattoo is completed.

"Come back in a month's time and we'll start the shading" he instructs, slapping harshly (a mandatory) on the freshly inked back before waving his client away.

When he finished cleaning up the workplace, he makes his way towards his favourite customer, wondering who it was that he'd brought along today.

When Donghyuk slides through to the entrance room, he nearly stumbles back from the shock of the familiar figure.

There, sitting quietly with pale skin that contrasted against his red velvet couch was none other than the infamous "Suga" of the street gang, Cypher.

It's not hard to recognise the man really, not with the paper pale skin and unmistakable sharp steely eyes. Also, it seemed that the reputable gang member had a liking for the most striking hair colours. He knows if Hunchul were present at this moment, the guy might get a heart attack on the spot.

He quickly hides his shock behind an easy smile when Hoseok notices his entrance.

"So what's it this time?" Donghyuk jokes, watching Hoseok's eyes flicker with amusement that he's learnt so well to read "are you finally going to be the one under the needle?".

Hoseok flashes him a grin, and Donghyuk catches a glance of sharp canines that reveal from pulled up lips.

"Yeah, I'm going to get my nipples pierced" Hoseok casually states, shrugging for an added effect.

There's a loud snort from Hoseok's companion at that.

"Sure," Donghyuk plays along, "I think it'll suit you, maybe". Donghyuk stops before his imagination could run wild, pinching himself discreetly on the thigh to shake off the rising heat.

"Maybe," Hoseok nods in agreement, not knowing that the day he bares his skin to Donghyuk is the day Donghyuk dies. Damned if Hunchul was their main piercer, damned if Donghyuk would let slip the chance to see what was under that shirt.
"Okay, no nipple piercing for now", Donghyuk shifts back to the bar stool, leaning against the counter as he anticipated his next task, "so what's its going to be?"

Hoseok's eyes smoulders at that question, and Donghyuk wonders what he said to cause such an abrupt shift in the mood.

"Do you think Yoongi here," Hoseok waves a hand in Suga's direction, a smirk appearing on sinful lips as he asked "would look good with a dick piercing?"

Donghyuk, luckily with years of practice, manages to conceal his choking behind a series of coughs.

"ERM.. I" Donghyuk's eyes shifts uneasily between the two "I wouldn't know, I mean, I've never seen his dick before. He-".

"Do you want to?" Comes the question fired at rapid rate, before Donghyuk can even hold his breath.

"What?"

"Do you want to?" Hoseok eyes goes into a half-lid he gestures again to Suga "see his dick?".

There's a bout of silence as Donghyuk stares incredulously before Hoseok's smirk breaks and the two watched as Hoseok started laughing crazily.

Obviously used to, and completely unaffected by Hoseok's sudden madness, Suga sighs out as he received Hoseok's slaps on his back. Donghyuk, even through his confusion, manages to catch the small smirk that Suga had on himself.

"Don't mind him," Suga finally says, speaking to Donghyuk directly for the first time since he's been here, "he's just like that sometimes".

Donghyuk smiles unsurely at that, eyes still wondering back to Hoseok who had contained his laughter but was now sprawled over Suga like a mat.

"Sorry," Hoseok sniffs, rubbing his happy tears onto Suga's shirt like it was his personal towel, "I'm just kidding there's no dick piercings either for today".

"Shame," Donghyuk chuckles at the flat tone in Suga's voice, obviously not remorsing that loss.

"Okay," Donghyuk clears his throat, "that's good I guess?".

Hoseok, a now-revealed sadist, seems to grin even wider at Donghyuk's uncertainty.

"Yeah, just a boring old tragus piercing today" Suga nods, standing up from his place on the couch and leaving Hoseok to topple onto the emptied the spot.

The process is simple. Its years and years of practice, so Donghyuk doesn't have to think even when the needle slides through the clear of the skin.

"Okay, done" Donghyuk stands back to admire his work, before he notices unwavering grey eyes were staring at him.

"I'm going to take it that you know who I am already", Suga starts, grabbing the mirror that Donghyuk reflexively passes to him.

Donghyuk nods, watching tensely as Suga peers up at him from behind the mirror.
"So?" Suga asks, "what's your move?" and Donghyuk knows to proceed cautiously.

The feeling that Donghyuk gets from Suga is a strange one. There's something terrifyingly depthless behind the way he stares. It's different from the many fights that Donghyuk himself has gotten into before, an unreachable tier that his past opponents could only hope to reach, someone that Donghyuk isn't used to dealing with.

"If you want me to be frank," Donghyuk swallows, daring himself to meet the stare as he spoke "the only reason why I didn't pull out a gun or ran is because of Hoseok".

He thinks maybe he had said something wrong, because the moment those words slip his lips, Suga becomes amazingly still.

The aircondition blows coolly against the back of his neck, and a trickle of sweat drips down the line of his spine. Donghyuk becomes momentarily aware of everything for that few seconds, tensed and wary. There's a flicker in Suga's eyes before the corner of his lips pulls up dangerously, and Donghyuk knows he's safe.

"Interesting," Suga nods, pulling out a small thick envelope from behind his jacket and hands it to him "though I'm surprised you recognised me, but not him".

There's confusion swirling in his head as processed the words, but Suga doesn't give him time to think, instead choosing to continue on and piling him with more questions.

"It's a request," Suga says as Donghyuk pulls out the whole stack of pristine notes from the envelope "think about it".

Donghyuk stared blankly at Suga's back as he walked away, and the deep chuckle resonates like a dark melody in his head.

"Call me Yoongi, by the way".

Yoongi leaves him standing stunned in the backroom, holding the bundle of notes comprehensively.

Donghyuk doesn't believe in love at first sight, but he thinks Hoseok might come pretty close. He doesn't get to tease Hunchul about it now whenever Seokjin drops by, doesn't get to call him a sap because it would surely backfire. ("Sap", "yeah says the one who joined a gang for his crush").

His life hardly ever changes, other than the increasing sales from a certain syndicate, and perhaps the lessened worries about monthly bills.

He still hasn't come to a conclusion from the visits he gets from Hoseok, but he likes to think he's a step closer to finding out his chances.

On the tenth visit from Hoseok, Donghyuk decides to take his first try.

"Hey, you want to go grab some grub with me later?".

---

Seokjin remembers their first loss, still remembers clear as day the bitter taste of defeat as he watched his plans and men slowly crumble and fall, overpowered and helpless as their lives met an end.
The plan was supposed to be flawless; every detail, every stroke, every route and possibility had been accounted for as far as Seokjin could tell. There was always precision and careful planning in each of their movements, a fool-proof and solid mapping that was supposed to be clear win for them.

But Seokjin now knows, fist clenched tightly at his side, now knows that the one thing that they hadn't accounted for, was the one thing that also led to their downfall.

"You fucker!" Seokjin could feel the vibration in his lungs as he roared, hands being pulled back by Namjoon and Hoseok as he tried to charge forward.

The person, the traitor, kneeled chained to the floor, lips pulled into a glassy sneer as he watched Seokjin fall apart before him.

"How does it feel?" Seokjin had growled, hands flying forward with intentions to tear "how does it feel to watch your own brothers die because of you".

There's a soft chuckle, one that sends hatred deep into the very fibre of Seokjin's body, before the sneer morphs into something downright ugly.

"Wonderful, Seokjin-hyung, absolutely wonderful".

Even as he relearns every bone, muscle and tendon in the body, relearns to dissect and bring the human brain to its maximum pain capacity without the life burning out, Seokjin still can't feel the satisfaction, can't wash away the bitterness that he tastes in his mouth.

The screams are loud and echoing in the empty room, but Seokjin still hears the ringing pleas of help before another gets cut down.

"You look more beautiful, insides out" Seokjin confesses, eyes trailing the veins that he'd manage to separate from the skin.

His teeth presses down, piercing into the rough skin and the warm liquid gushes out. Blood, Seokjin realises, the bitterness tasted like blood.

Yoongi was the first of their group to stray. If Namjoon was going to be more frank about it, he'd say that Yoongi was the true definition of a street child.

The elder had survived in the corners of the streets, growing up with abandoned buildings as his playground and broken pipes as his toys.

Having been found abandoned since young and brought into an orphanage, Yoongi has no recollection at all of the life he led before he was harshly casted away as a child.

"It doesn't matter" Yoongi had said, and Namjoon can see that there wasn't an ounce of pretense in his speech. Namjoon wonders if maybe he'd had preferred if his friend wasn't so uncaring of his past.

Through the meager government funding, the orphanage had managed to get Yoongi into the education system once he was of age to. The orphanage was a run-down place, its caretaker a small elderly lady with a heart bigger than the world.
Yoongi wasn't always known as a troublemaker, Namjoon had learned. If anything he was decent from head to toe and a true sweetheart at that.

Then comes the day when the orphanage had its last day of glory, and Yoongi was thrown into another orphanage like a mere object to be disposed of.

"Burdens of society is what they call us" Yoongi had said, and Namjoon never wanted to hug his friend more than at that moment.

The looks of disgust were a thing that Namjoon could never understand, always accompanied by scathing remarks that Yoongi has never done anything to deserve.

Namjoon never understood how even from young, kids had been taught the vilest of words.

"Things that no one wants, Trash" came the remark, and Namjoon had spilled his first blood while Yoongi stood motionless behind him.

Namjoon finally pulls away when Seokjin arrived to stop him.

"You know that's not true though, right?" Namjoon had insisted afterwards, placing a hand on the elder's shoulder in an act of assurance.

If anything, Yoongi was pure gold in this modern heap of garbage, Namjoon is sure.

Yoongi shrugs again at that, like he didn't believe that it could possibly be true. Namjoon's heart ached for his friend.

"Namjoon's right though?" Seokjin nods in agreement, and although their eldest hardly ever sweared, Namjoon is secretly gleeful that he had chosen this time to ,"fuck them and what they say about you".

Namjoon counts it as their win when a chuckle slips through Yoongi's parted lips, the sound like a beautiful melody to Namjoon's ear.

Then Hoseok leaps down from his seat on the fences, a serious expression on his face when he approaches Yoongi, and Namjoon holds his breath.

"Yoongi?" Hoseok nearly whispers, pressing soft fingers and trailing each curve of Yoongi's face with obvious affection. There's a orange tint in his squinted eyes, a reflection of the setting sun that faded easily into the background.

"Hoseok," Yoongi answers back, always, kissing the fingers tips that brushed passed his chapped lips. The expression is delicate, so delicate, and Namjoon can't look away.

"We want you" Hoseok leans in, lining their foreheads together,eyes never leaving the other's. The fingers slowly draws further back, pushing soft locks behind the curve of Yoongi's ear and thumbing his cheekbones.

"Okay" Yoongi nods, silver eyes that were normally so sharp, melted into glinting mercury.

Hoseok smiles, sending Namjoon's heart fluttering from the sheer softness and longing from it.

When Hoseok leans down to press his lips against Yoongi's, Namjoon finally looks away. The moment was intimate, not his to share, but Namjoon's heart beats with a new kind of feeling, pleasant.
The wind roars loudly against his ear, tossing his hair back fiercely against the sky, but even if it was a mere whisper, Namjoon could still hear the loud declaration, one that was to the world.

"I want you".

- 

If there's a first for everything, Hoseok concludes, then surely there's a last as well.

Be it the last embrace you share with someone before the other drifts away, the last summer that you've spent with your parents on a holiday or the last person you see before you close your eyes each day, there's always a last.

Maybe it's a bit of a cold world, where lasts aren't as spoken as much as the firsts, and one doesn't consider them memorable until the final second.

How many times has Hoseok heard of those phrases that were uttered in real life, on television shows during a dramatic point or turn of events?

"Give me one last chance", says the one who begs for forgiveness.

"Please make this the last time" is a forgiver who desperately clings for a change.

"I wish to be your last" is a promise and exchange for life and eternity.

Hoseok thinks that if he could choose, he would much prefer to remember each of his lasts rather than the firsts.

There's something beautiful in the way a last works. It leaves an open area, a choice, one that's to your decision whether to change or not. It's controllable to an extent, in more ways than a first could possibly ever be able to give.

"Yoongi?"

"Yeah?"

"Do you think Cypher will still be here, even after we.. You know"

"Die?"

"..yeah"

"Well I don't know, but it doesn't actually matter right?"

"Don't you think that's kind of sad? I mean..we did work pretty hard to get to where we are"

There's a soft exhalation, a laughter that bubbles out from the elder.

"Well, think about it like this. Once we die, we won't know what'll happen afterwards right?"

"Right"

"So why does it matter? Since you don't know anyways?"

"Well, that's true".
There's absolute silence as Hoseok lets the words float in his head. Then Yoongi laughs again, this time more a light exhalation than anything.

"Seok-ah?"

"Mmn?"

"Even if it gets torn down one day, even if it's just one out of the seven of us left. Cypher will still be alive until the very end, don't you think?"

Yoongi's hand is warm against his. There's a steady pulse at the wrist that hums against his fingers and Hoseok can finally breathe again.

It's okay, Hoseok realizes. Even if everything else falls around them, even if the world slowly turns and everything that they have ever fought for turns into ashes, it's still here now, and that's the thing that matters.

"Yoongi?"

It's okay, Hoseok smiles. Even if the world burns and Hoseok has to take a final breath. Because Yoongi is here, and the last thing Hoseok will see is Yoongi smiling back, and that's more than anything that Hoseok could ask for.

"Hmm?"

So maybe the world isn't ending now, and the fire hasn't started yet, but Hoseok understands that every first will naturally lead to a last and vice versa.

For a last to exist, it needs a first to begin with.

So he starts.

"Yoongi?"

"Hoseok?"

"I love you".

Chapter End Notes

(Don't kill me)

I feel bitter suddenly. I don't know *cries*.

As you can see, there's a theme to each chapter that leads to certain parts of the story.

I know that there are still missing parts of the story, some situations that I didn't elaborate on. For one, the G7 situation and what exactly went down during the mission. There's also an intentional gap from when G7 first meets them, to when G7 "joins" them, yes
yes I know.

But I'd like to leave this here for now, because although I didn't explicitly explain what happened, I feel like I left a number of Clues in the story, so I'd like to see if its enough to figure it B).

I will though, be dropping hints here and there in the next few one-shots, so do keep a lookout :)

Also, in case the time skips are a bit confusing for some, I'll be adding a new chapter shortly for the time line.

Do yell at me, it gives me great pleasure. Cya ;D

---

**End Notes**

I hope that was a good read for you B)

If you do have any questions to ask or is curious about something, do feel free to leave a comment. Or if you just want to yell at me, I'm cool with that too.

There will be other one shots coming along soon (hopefully), so I hope you keep an eye out for those.

See you in the next update o/ toodleloo ~

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!