Down The Rabbit Hole

by amykissthedark

Summary

This is Wonderland

This is not a fairy tale

Jungkook is falling down the rabbit hole, deeper and deeper
He’s reaching Wonderland, however this is not a fairytale

Notes

See the end of the work for notes
Hello darkness, my old friend

This is not a fairy tale, it’s not the type of a story your grandmother would read to you at night, to loll you to sleep.

It’s not a fairy tale, it’s not a love story….no…no……no NO!

This is not the image of a pretty girl, drowning in her tears, as she clutches sharp pencils in her hand, drawing her feelings into a beautiful painting. Canvas being her wrist. Then the one comes to change the sharpness of a pencil into the softness of a brush, soaking it in colours, pampering kisses over scars.

It’s not a trembling body, hugging their knees to their chest, as if scared their limps will fade or float away, then solid arms come to pull them into warmth full of fondness, a soft kiss against a cold forehead.

No, it’s not that, it’s not beautiful. It’s not a romantic story, it’s not a pretty lost princess waiting for prince charming to save her.

It’s ugly, in every sense possible. It’s chaos, a destructive mess and scary roars of rage, despair and fear.

It’s tears, blood, sweat and vomit, it’s all the darkness running through our veins, reflecting on our real life in uglier ways.

Ugly ugly ugly ugly ugly.

 Fucking ugly

Fucking imperfect.

That’s what he is.

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The sky is clearer than it ever was during the week. The stars lightening up its darkness. Such pure
He feels a connection to it.

It’s way too late for him to be awake, as he cuddles into, what he’s sure is Jin’s cardigan. He’s sitting outside in the balcony. The other members have been asleep for hours now. It’s one of the very few days where they can get actual sleep. However, he can’t get his eyes to close, nor his mind to stop running and even when he does close his eyes, gets lost in dream land for few minutes, just to end shooting right up, sweating cold.

It’s tiring to be honest, this constant fatigue. This is absolutely not a case of insomnia. He can control it if he wants, it’s his brain that doesn’t want to stop thinking over and over and over again.

The boys have been talking about his sleep habits lately. How they find him sleeping in the weirdest places, like the closet or under a table, or they find him sleeping next to their beds. It’s because he stays up all night, tries to distract himself, so he wouldn’t think about anyone and anything.

So he wouldn’t see the monster hiding in the corners.

He lost count of how many times he found himself sleeping in someone else’s bed, someone else’s room, most of the time sunshine line’s room. He either loses conscience from absolute fatigue because of his brain literally forcing itself to shut off or he ends up falling asleep on the ground or next to one of the members’ beds. He tries not to do it often, but he just can’t help himself. As creepy as it sounds, watching them sleep calms him down, the way their chests go up and down, the way they breathe in and out, life bumping into their veins.

He cuddles more into his cardigan. It’s chilly for a late summer night, but he still loves it, the way his skin prickles because of the cold, maybe fear too of something unknown, it makes him feel a little bit alive.

He looks up to the sky, staring at the stars again, so clear, so breathtakingly beautiful. He was always so interested in space as a kid, it made him feel special, as he tried to look for all the magic hiding in the world, that people tend to ignore, stuck in their sad, cruel reality. But even as he grows up more and more, he still refuses to let go of that imaginary world of his, he shall live in fantasies if he wants, nobody can stop him.

He envies Taehyung though, because, contrary to the older, his wonderland is not always full of adventures and colours, sometimes the cute white bunny turns into a red eyed monster who rips him apart with his sharp nails

Shaking his head, he turns his attention again to the stars, starts to form shapes out of them, and he sees it, the big bear, he’s not sure if it’s just his eyes playing games on him, but he can see it with clarity, Usra Major, the Great Bear.
It has many myths depending on the culture, the people, the beliefs and whatever they can relate to.

The first time he read about it, one myth caught his attention, which was the Arab myth.

The bear is formed by seven stars, this myth associates it with a funeral, the quadrangle represents a coffin and the three handle stars are people following the coffin and mourning.

At first, he couldn’t really understand it, as young as he was, he couldn’t see how can it be a funeral, so he never bothered to look into the details.

Yet, as he grew up, the image became clearer, the coven more prominent, as he read through the story, he found out that in the middle of it, which are two stars, called Mizar and Alcor, are the daughter and son of the man in the coffin, Al-Naash, who has been murdered by Al-Jadi, the pole star. It was a murder, a tragedy, a crime out envy, antagonism and lust. Al-Jadi killed him because he loved the other’s wife, because he envied him for his kids, and his wisdom, so to steal his throne.

Sometimes he imagines it being his own funeral, the only difference is that he doesn’t think people will be so sad about his death, also it wouldn’t be a story involving two people, it’s just him and himself, one side of him while the other tries to abolish him, at one point, he was fighting against that side, but now, he wouldn’t mind rotting in that coven.

Wouldn’t it be a win-win game? It would be a relief for his soul, a relief to everyone.

He’s pretty sure that his death will bring peace upon a lot of people, less trouble, less worry, less trouble, less worry, less…..

These thoughts, these feelings.

It’s suffocating, in every way possible, and he’s losing every ounce of hope he has been holding on these few months, it’s coming back, he can feel it, the tide, the storm, it’s all coming back.

The waves will hit home soon, and this time, it will only be more destructive than ever.

Shivers tingling his skin, and it’s not the cold anymore, it’s hot waves he feels coming from the bottom of his gut, more and more.

He shakes his head, he tries not to get lost in his thoughts or he will end up not getting a single wink of sleep, and he really needs it, as their busy journey never stops.

But panic doesn’t stop, only grows stronger and stronger, as his hands tremble a bit more, so he rushes inside of the dorms, closing the mirror door, throwing the cardigan somewhere across the living room and sits down on the floor.

It’s hot, it’s cold, oh my god everything is itching me

My skin is itching me

I can’t breathe, I can’t fucking breathe

He crawls until he’s next to the wall, straightens up, hands against it, as he tries to fix a spot, to
concentrate on something else until the panic leaves. He thankfully doesn’t have severe panic attacks; he hasn’t had one for years.

But this is only a warning, this is just the start.

Jungkook learned something, as he was reading through the books, mostly about psychology and the human brain, how one’s beliefs can affect one’s life in many many ways.

He has learned a method that has helped him more than he gives credits to.

Whenever he feels panic rising up his throat, asking to be thrown out, he takes the first thing he sees in front of him, the first thing his brain registers, because the majority of the time, he can’t even tell things apart when he gets in this state, he sees things in a hazy way, his eyes losing focus, or even worst when it’s his tears filling his eyes, his eyelashes wet and it ruins everything around him, so he holds it, tries to focus on it, feel it, so he wouldn’t feel high like he always does, so he wouldn’t float away. He focuses on whatever thing he has between his hands, for instance, now he has a mug in his hand, he’s not sure whose mug, but at this moment, he couldn’t care less, he can feel guilty later if he were to end up destroying it or destroying something else.

He stares at it, feeling it over and over again, to choose what to do with it.

Destruction.

And destruction it is, he flings it across the room, the loud sound of the shattering mug filling his ears, yet calming down the panic inside a notch down, and he breathes harshly, until there’s nothing inside, until there’s only an empty black void inside.

He doesn’t even register that someone turned on the light, or that someone is ruffling his hair up.

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Kookie

Kookie
Jungkook-ah!

Jungkook, hey what’s wrong talk to me!!

Way too many hands touching me

“Jungkook!!! What’s wrong?! Hyung he doesn’t answer what the fuck?!”

So loud, so so loud.

In a distance he can hear a familiar voice calling for him, and suddenly, as if a rush of air filled his lungs, he breathes in heavy and opens his eyes a little just to meet Hoseok’s own frantic ones

“Fucking finally, what the hell happened to you?! We’ve been calling you for forever, you’ve like, blacked out or something for five minutes or so, are you-”

He could only watch his Hyung talk, and talk, as he scans his face, he hears the words, but it’s as if his brain doesn’t want to understand them.

Why are his lips moving way faster than his voice?

Suddenly a cold hand rests on top of his forehead, and his hazy eyes flickers towards the side to meet Jin’s

“Shush Hobi, I think he’s in a shock, let him find? his consciousness first, he is still a bit out of it, guys let him breathe”

He can see his hyung frowning before sitting back down on the floor next to him, it wasn’t until few minutes did he register that in fact, this is reality, not just a fading dream, and finally he can find his voice, can focus his eyes to see Jimin and Taehyung standing a little further.

“W-what happened? The, the mug, there, shattered.” he stutters out as his eyes flicker between the members.

“Oh that was the noise”, Jimin answers as he steps to check the living room
“WAIT! Shattered, the mug is shattered there, don’t walk, you will get hurt, I’m sorry, I threw it” Jungkook warns Jimin before he looks up to Jin only to meet a smile.

“Hey, it’s fine, I guess maybe you had a nightmare? You used to have those a lot before debut, you know what? Why not sleep with me? Or do you prefer Hoseok like the old days?”

“Hyung, take him to your room, I will pick the glass up, Taehyung, Jimin go to sleep” Hoseok smiles as he runs his hand through Jungkook's hair

“But, we’re not even sure what happened!”

“We’ll talk about it tomorrow Taehyung okay?”

Taehyung huffs then ruffles his hair as he smiles a bit, “Fine, We are just worried, is all”, then Jimin pokes his nose as they wish him and Jin hyung goodnight.

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That night, he slept soundless in the arms of his hyung, not because he was in peace, but because he was falling down the dark Monster rabbit hole faster and deeper, voice gone.

There’s no need to scream for help or freak out, this is familiar, this has been happening for so long. The land in the end of the hole?

It’s Home.
The pile is rising...

Chapter Summary

The pile is rising, and I am stuck, still lost.
The pile is rising and the storm soon will hit home.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Months passed by, their hyyh part 1 era is over, and their hyyh part 2 era will be over soon itself.

It’s been months since his little freak out.

He wasn’t supposed to freak out like that, it just feels like the first time each time, and indeed it was like the first time, as he hadn’t felt such panic in months, since he last had a real panic attack, and luckily it was back home in his room rather than with the boys.

They should never see the real me.

That night? That little freak out? it wasn’t even the worst of them, it’s just…. it wasn’t welcomed, he wasn’t ready……he wasn’t ready for it, it was sudden, it hit him hard, hard.

It was sudden.

Fuck

Luckily, He was able to shrug it off as him being extremely homesick, and having a bad nightmare that just had him falling in panicky fits, it’s nothing extreme, nothing weird.

Nothing abnormal

Just like the old pre-debut days where he used to wet Hoseok’s shirts with his tears.

But back then he was a child, he was only 14, 15 years old.

Now though? It’s been three years, the tears are dry, the heart is black.

What changes is that the tears stay inside, and they melt away with all of his feelings.

What does that mean you say?
It means that it’s the period before the storm, the period where he feels nothing

Nothing

Empty, extremely empty, not even winning music awards had him feeling something.
He only pretends, pretends to be happy, a little too happy, too excited, too hyped.

Everyone is happy.
He has to be happy too.
He is happy.

“Yay, a new side of Jungkook is out, he is such a meme lord.”

Indeed, that’s him, silly cute perfect golden maknae.

Perfect
Golden
Happy

Feed them, feed them with your smiles, no frowns, no questions, no lies.

It’s both funny, almost ridiculous, and yet sad, how you can fool even people around you.

I fooled my parents at a young age, why wouldn’t I succeed now?

How it’s easy to make up excuses, new diets, new choreographies to learn, new songs to write, need sometime for myself…It’s just the winter, it’s the cold, I hate winter, I hate winter…

He knows it’s coming closer and closer, it always gets worst in this period, he always feels that monster creeping up his flesh.
Winter is the worst, hectic schedule, dull grey weather and long sized warm clothes.

Easier to hide everything.

Easier to hide the blue, purple and green adoring his skin.

Easier to hide the little faint white, that he fills with red now and then.

“Why aren’t you wearing shorts like us?”

“I’m not just not feeling like it, plus I love reading those “the members wore it and forgot to tell Jungkook” comments”

……………………

“What’s with the sudden obsession with bracelets Kookie? You’ve been wearing them a lot”

“Dunno, call it a fashion statement” he grins big and wide as Namjoon makes a face at him then shrugs and calls him fondly an idiot.

There have been many comments here and there, and he’s trying not to make it way too obvious, so he prohibits himself from colouring the obvious places, only sticks now to his upper thighs, and sometimes arms, he might have slipped once or twice and drew on his wrist, but it’s nothing deep to leave an obvious scar, so he just hides them with multiple bracelets and long sleeved shirts, holding the ends with his hands as if his life depends on it, turning them the paws into second skin.

Sadly, the canvas are not big, but it’s good for now0

For now…

He’s banned from going to the gym and the practice room without someone because he can stay there for hours long after their practice is over, for the whole night even just to feel his skin itching a little less but aching more, he loves the painful ache of working out and practicing beyond his capacity, until he collapses, just to stop his brain from running all over the place, stop the voices, just to feel a little more.

They made a joke out of it, saying he is becoming a muscles pig, and that they are forbidding him from the gym because they are scared he will get even stronger and dominate them all even more.

He’s not hurting himself, no he is not, he is well, he just works harder and harder until he collapses, until he can feel his body burning and every bone aching.
It works well for him, he both becomes a better performer and a better destructor.

However, no matter what, even if he lies to himself, even if he believes the lies, he knows, deep down, this time, it wouldn’t be as easy, he knows it’s getting worst, he knows this time, this year, he won’t survive it and it won’t be easy to hide.

Normally the bad dark period stops as spring comes, however this time it sticks around even in spring, even as the sun shines and the birds sing, as the new promotions are knocking at his door again, and Jungkook knows he is fucked, he is royally fucked, it pulls him back to middle school, to when he was 14, where it all started, that spring, that bloody fucking spring.

Or maybe it was way before it?

The voice of insecurity killing him slowly, as it screams again and again in his ears, they’ve been getting a lot of hate lately, just for the sakes of it, and he knows that it’s not directed to him, nor that it is real, but he still looks for it on purpose as he reads comments here and there and he wants to rip his skin off.

Don’t look for it, don’t trigger yourself, calm the fuck down.

Golden maknae

The golden golden Jungkook of BTS

Precious treasure, they say.

You may ask him why he chose this life style if he’s this…..

Fucked up.

He didn’t want to let his flaws ruin his dreams, no he will not call it an illness, he is not ill.
He is not mentally ill, mentally ill people need love, care and need to be healed.
He does not deserve love and care.
And he is not broken to be healed.

It’s just him, he is flawed, very flawed, not broken, just extremely flawed and wrongly made, and he didn’t want that to stop him, because he always wanted to be singer and this is where he belongs.
He feels the ground crumbling beneath his feet and he shakes his head.
Never enough.

Never good enough.

So, he chooses to avoid the boys as much as he can.

It will make it easier for both of us.

Plus, insecurity, he calls him Mark, has been screaming at him, comparing him to each member.

Look at Namjoon, he is the leader, he is young yet very smart, smarter than you will ever be, great rapper, great song writer.

Oh your songs suck, compare them to Yoongi’s, so perfect are his words as if he is writing them on a sheet made of heaven.

And the voice goes on and on and on.

Yet for Today, the voices are choosing to stick to Yoongi.

“wow, did you see how skinny Yoongi has gotten, those pretty pale legs?”.

And then the voice changes into a feminine one.

You are fat, my god.

And He calls her Ana.

There was a period where he used to starve, not because he hates food, he just feels like he’s not good enough, never good enough.

He used to starve for the pain of an empty stomach.

Or starve just to feel like he’s in control, that he’s not fading or floating, that he can control, stop or start something.

The feeling of an empty stomach distracts him and grounds him.

That’s why he loves cutting, he can control it and he does it for pleasure, for the sakes of it.

You would never know the addictive taste until you’ve been kissed by a razor.

Baby steps, he’s taking baby steps, that’s what he told himself, because if he were to swerve out of control, he would unleash the dark monster in him.

His real self will be bare and naked, and no, it is not beautiful at all.

He’s not sure what he’s doing now, he just needed a breather, that’s why he’s on the Bighit building’s rooftop, the promotions are soon to start for their Young Forever album, and each of them
are going home to see their families for few days.

My family.

It’s the perfect time to go back home isn’t it?.

He’s walking slowly, the city’s lights blooming brighter, he can hear the crickets’ sounds even clearer, and he focuses on top, only that, he blocks out everything else, even the loud horns of the cars. He focuses on lights behind his eyes as he closes them.

Step by step

Baby steps

Step by step by step, he’s nearing the edge, sadly there’s a short wall made of metal bars, and another step before the edge, and he climbs over it, his heart is beating miles away in few seconds, feeling as if it’s going to break out of his ribcage, he feels dizzy, but also oh so so good, so light.

Breathe in, breathe out.

He gets ready to spread his wings wide, ready to soar, feet touching the edge.

However, Is he really ready? Wasn’t he just a coward after all?.

He looks down at the lights of the city flickering around in the night.

He backs away a little, closes his eyes again, lost in his thoughts.

“’It’s so alive, contrary to me.

How lovely, how fragile.

Everything is so fragile, oh so fragile, easy to break, easy to destroy, and I am one of those fragile things.

I could be gone in seconds; I could become a faded memory in seconds.

I just want to breathe; I just want to feel free.

I just want to feel.

I want to soar”.
However, he couldn’t have such luxury now can he?, he didn’t even hear the steps until he feels a hand clutching his shirt for dear life.

“The fuck are you doing Jeon Jungkook?!?” He hears his hyung screaming over the metal bars.

The youngest flinches, as he opens his eyes, the moon shining as if mocking him, as if making fun of how dark and sombre he is.

Only one step, not even one step, just a little move, one little mov-

“You’ve been cursing a lot more than normally around me hyung” Jungkook says as he lifts a foot up, feeling a little lighter

“well if you wouldn’t stop being such a reckless brat and stepping on my heart I wouldn’t curse, seriously what are you doing?! get back down or you will fall, my god!” Hoseok nags as he holds his shirt tighter, pulling him back.

Jungkook sighs as he turns back to his hyung, putting a fake mischievous smile on his face, as he climbs over the wall, back to safety.

“I was just playing my teenage rebel hyung, don’t worry” Hoseok frowns, then flicks him on the forehead

“Please play your rebel in other less dangerous ways, I know you love high sensations but this, this was too much Kookie, you scared the shit out of me, please! Never do something as stupid as this” Jungkook looks down, he almost, almost, felt a little pang of guilt

Key word

Almost

“I just wanted to soar Hyung” Jungkook admits softly, then walks back inside the warmth of the building, the warmth of his hyungs and staff members.

But it was still freezing.
He’s wandering around, wandering, lost, without a destination.

Dots.

Dots, dots everywhere, everything is in dots, faces, places, buildings, just everything is in a dots, black dots, and it’s making him go crazy.

Suddenly someone stands in front of him, holds his arm, and he can feel the harsh grip, even though the person, judging from the shape, is in dots.

It’s all in dots.

He couldn’t tell who it was, it was almost freaking him out.

He looks down on the dotted hand, trying to pry it away, but to no avail.

Suddenly the dots grow bigger, into clearer more permanent black circles, mingling together until they trace a thick line, and he follows it with his eyes until he meets clearer features, until he meets those dark eyes, the very familiar dark eyes, as if he’s staring at a mirror.

Suddenly the side of his arm become wet and warm, hot, even hotter, burning and itching his skin, he looks down just to find black liquid eating away at his clothes, ravishing his skin, and an evil, hysterical laugh hits his ears.

Looking up, he meets a mirror image of himself, face skinnier, skin grey and eyes black.

“Wanna play Jungkookie?”

He calls him Jongkook, you may ask who he is.

It’s the black cloud that sets on top of his head every morning, it’s the monster in his head.

He’s the king of his world, down the rabbit hole, that Mark and Ana and others worship.

He is the king of Jungkook’s Wonderland.
He wakes up in cold sweat, and looks around until his eyes focus.

It’s just a dream, it’s just a silly dream.

His head feels both light and heavy, and he feels like throwing up.

So he heads towards the kitchen for a cold glass of water.

He sits on the dining table for few minutes, thinking about everything, he’s already at home, have travelled with Jimin to Busan, and his dad was nice enough to drive Jungkook home, not before stopping at a nice coffee shop to talk and catch up.

Talking about home, he sees the hall’s light turning up then his mom’s warm but tired eyes meet his.

“Another nightmare?” She smiles as she sits across from him, laying her hand on top of his.

Warm, so warm, soft and fond, it’s almost disgusting.

No, not at all, not his mom.

It’s him who’s disgusting, and he feels her love, but with it, he feels how disappointing he is, was and will always be as a son and he feels even sicker.

You didn’t deserve a fucked up kid like me.

“You used to have them a lot when you just entered middle school, and it got even worst when you went for Seoul to pursue your dreams, staying away from home was hard right?” His mother smiles softly as she tangles their fingers together.

“Yes it was, especially during the training days, and I was a child still, a crybaby by the way” He laughs as he savours in his mother’s beauty.

“You know? Hoseok and Jin used to call me all the time, to tell me about you, how Hoseok sometimes stays the night up with you to comfort you when you feel homesick, or how Jin cooks you meals, especially when you started going to school, and he would drive you around, and I knew then that you were in good hands, they are good kids aren’t they my kookie? And you, you’re my good son” She laughs as she stands a bit to poke his nose “you may have gotten taller and boarder, but that doesn’t change that you shall always be my baby bunny, your hyungs may try to take you away from me but no, you are still my baby right?”

The pile is getting bigger, going up, and up, and he never felt so sick, his throat closing up.
He stands to go next to his mom, embracing her in a tight tight hug, kissing her face all over.

“You’ve always been a special kid in this family, both the big and our small one, and sometimes, it worried me, because special also has a dark meaning” his mom brushed his cheek.

“Aigo! You really are still a baby, look at you crying, but you’re my baby” Jungkook just buries his head into his neck and breathes

“I love you mom”

“I do too baby”

'Mom, I’m sorry, I am so so sorry, I am so sorry for the sins I committed.

Forgive me for what I have done.

Forgive me for what I’m planning to do.’

Chapter End Notes

Yes yes I might of been inspired by Tae's stigma at the end haha

By the way, the roof scene is something like this

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I wish you liked this, I took quite the time to update, I is very sorry.

Feedbacks and comments are always always welcomed.

Please don't forget to support and vote for BTS!!!!!

End Notes

First chapter, I wish you will enjoy this fanfic, it won't be over 5 chapters, that's for sure, feedback is welcomed and loved, thank you.

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