Summary

Yoongi always knew his mouth would get him in trouble eventually; the rapper insulted everyone. But when the crowd went wild at the interview, it really hit the fan. A rude comment about the popular actress he was rumored to be dating sparked a fire. He never realized what kind or repercussions it could have on his life, on the people in his life. He put everyone he loved in danger. And the crowd wanted blood.

Notes

I always told myself that the first BTS fic I posted would be a Yoonmin. So here it is. (Also let me know in the comments if the formatting is shit? I've literally never had to do this before.)

See the end of the work for more notes

“Hyung, have you seen Hoseok?” Jimin asked, right before they were pushed into the crowd.

It was chaos.

Jimin and Yoongi were surrounded instantly.

Jimin felt his muscles tense, felt training and instinct take over his movements. He grabbed for
Yoongi beside him, pulled his face against his neck, pulled his body flush against him.

'Protect!' His mind shouted at him as the crowd pushed in even closer. He couldn't hear the sound of the people around them, only a loud buzzing in his ears from anger-fueled adrenaline. Hands were poking and prodding at both of them.

Jimin knew they were in danger as he saw the anger on some of the faces in the crowd. He tried pulling Yoongi even closer to himself.

He wrapped his arms around the elder’s head as they were pushed to the ground.

Adrenaline spiked as he looked down at the terror-filled eyes of Yoongi. Pulling the elder under him, he pulled Yoongi's head into his chest, caged the lithe body with his own bulk. He felt the elder curl up into the fetal position under him, and he sighed in relief.

Planking his arms on each side of Yoongi's head, he protected the man as best he could as the crowd’s anger increased.

“It's okay, hyung. I've got you. I've got you.” He whispered over and over.

He could hear a slight whimper from the elder, muffled cries of “Too many people. They're too close.” as the older man's anxieties took over.

Hard blows from the feet around them hit against every inch of Jimin. A sudden blow, hard against his temple jarred him at the same time he felt a piercing sting against his side. The roaring in his ears vanished into silence as his side exploded with pain moments later.

Seconds felt like hours as the other guards pushed their way into the fray.

Suddenly, someone was kneeling beside Jimin, pulling his body away from his shaking charge.

“No!” Jimin yelled, head still down, pulling Yoongi closer.

“Jimin! It's me! It's Hoseok!” The body yelled, still pulling at Jimin. “I'm here. You did good.”

Jimin let himself be rolled away, laying on his back beside Yoongi.

He glanced around. Hoseok was right beside him, checking Yoongi for injuries before looking down at Jimin with wide eyes.

The crowd was being pushed back by the others. Namjoon, Seokjin, Taehyung and Jungkook looked ready to murder anyone who stepped out of line.

Finally, Jimin focused his eyes on Yoongi, and watched the fear continue to swirl in his eyes.


Jimin saw a slight nod from the elder before pain bloomed in his side again. Jimin groaned as he shut his eyes, pressing both hands against the pain. Pulling one hand away, he felt a sticky wetness as he drew it to eye level.

“Oh.” He said, registering the steaks of red along his fingers. “I got stabbed.”

The adrenaline that was coursing through him since they were pushed into the crowd left him all at once when he saw the blood. His hand returned to his side as he groaned in pain again.
He felt the pressure of Hoseok's hands over his own as the man yelled for Namjoon to call an ambulance.

He felt another set of hands take hold of the sides of his face, gently massaging circles in his hairline. A forehead pressed against his own and he cracked his eyes open slowly to stare into the nearly black orbs of Yoongi.

“Don't you dare fucking die, Park Jimin. Don't you fucking dare.” He whispered in anger, eyes swirling with unshed tears.

Jimin wanted to laugh at the elder's concern. He wanted to assure him that he was fine. But his eyelids were growing heavy.

“Hyung.” He whispered as he closed his eyes again.

He felt a feather-light brush of lips against his own lips, against his cheek, then a ghost of a breath against the shell of his ear as his consciousness left him.

“I love you too much, Jimin. I need you. Don't leave me.”

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Yoongi's eyes swam as he watched the younger. Watched as the bruises started to form across his face, across his arms. There were small cuts, lines of blood scattered across the honey gold skin of his best friend.

But the lines of blood were nothing like the seeping red blotch against the motionless man's side.

Hoseok's hands were shaking as he applied pressure to the wound, terror clear in the lines of his face.

Yoongi looked away from the wound, looked at how peaceful Jimin's face was, even as his chest rose and fell in heavy, labored breaths.

The rapper glanced a look around the crowd. He knew his eyes were shining, tears barely kept at bay. He knew the fear that reflected in his eyes was visible for everyone to see as they snapped picture after picture of the grisly scene.

His tough guy image would be ruined after this night, but he couldn't care less.

All he cared about was the man bleeding out beside him.

He focused back on Jimin's face, watched the man's eyes flutter beneath closed lids. Watched the bruises darken. He continued to rub circles in the young man's hair, unsure it was to ease the bodyguard of pain or to comfort himself, but he didn't know what else to do while they waited for help to arrive.

He stared down at the man he had known his whole life, deep in thought.

Jimin was the reason Yoongi had made it this far.

Jimin was the one who encouraged him to finish his songs in high school, to send his mixtape off to different companies in college, to read over the contracts when he graduated, to sign with BigHit.

Jimin was the one who trained to be a bodyguard while taking dance classes, promised to watch
over the elder like Yoongi had done for the boy when they were younger.

Jimin was the reason Yoongi was here, an international sensation, a successful musician and producer.

Jimin's voice was even featured on a few of his songs, dancing in his official music videos.

Jimin was the reason he had friends among the other guards.

He was Yoongi's entire world. Jimin couldn't die. If Jimin died, Yoongi would too.

The wail of sirens from the ambulance brought Yoongi out of his daze.

Looking around again, he saw police had pushed the crowd completely back, and were making an entrance for the ambulance. The other guards were moving towards them.

Seokjin pulled Yoongi up from the ground, as the paramedics worked with Hoseok to get Jimin's unconscious body onto the stretcher and into the vehicle. Hoseok climbed into the back and Yoongi moved forward to go too, but Seokjin's hand pulled him back.

“Tae and Kookie went to get the car. We'll follow them there.” Seokjin said, as he pulled the shaking man into his chest.

“Hyung.” Yoongi whispered, unable to hold back his emotions anymore. “Hyung, what do I do if…” Yoongi’s voice broke as he clung to the eldest, sobbing into his shirt.

“Shh, it'll be okay. Jimin's strong. He won't leave you. Not like this. Come on.” Seokjin and Namjoon guided the rapper into the waiting car. As soon as the doors were closed, Jungkook sped off down the road, following the flashing lights.

Yoongi curled himself into Seokjin's side, silent tears wetting the eldest's shirt. Seokjin held the man closely as he whispered soothing words into his hair. Namjoon's hand roamed in circles across the rappers back, and Taehyung's hand gripped Yoongi's knee tightly.

All of them were there, reminding him that he wasn't alone in this.

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In every Hollywood drama, the lead bursts into the emergency room, demands to know where their loved one is, and is lead to the room where said loved one is waiting for them, usually already awake.

When Yoongi arrived at the hospital, he entered quietly, watching his feet, careful of each step he took.

Seokjin lead the group, Taehyung and Jungkook on either side of Yoongi, and Namjoon at the rear. They were led to a private waiting room, told Jimin was in surgery, and that a room would be ready for him soon.

Hoseok entered the room shortly after they had, wearing blue scrubs. A plastic bag with his soiled clothing was hanging from his arm. He was ringing his hands, looking them over and over, as if trying to look for any bits of blood he missed.

“Hoseok.” Yoongi called, and the man looked up.

Relief shone through the tears as he ran into Yoongi's open arms. He sobbed into the smaller man's
shoulder, and soon the whole group was touching and comforting Hoseok in some way.

“He'll be alright, Hobi. He'll be okay.” Yoongi whispered into the man's hair. To convince himself and the man in his arms.

What felt like hours, but was really only a few minutes, passed and a nurse came into the room. He led the group to a room where he informed them that once Jimin was out of surgery he would be brought.

Yoongi sat in a chair by the window. Hoseok stood beside him, a hand on the rapper's shoulder as comfort for them both. Seokjin left to find food for the shaken group. Namjoon paced back and forth in the room, texting quickly with someone, probably from the company. Taehyung and Jungkook stood outside the door, guarding the room with a glare, as if daring someone to try something again.

Time passed by slowly and all at once for Yoongi.

The door opened once as Seokjin returned with sweets for everyone. And then it opened again, a bed wheeled into the room with an unconscious Jimin laying on it, paler than Yoongi had ever seen him before.

“He's still sedated. It'll be a while before he wakes. He'll no doubt be disoriented and in pain. But he's all stitched up and will be fine. No long term damage.” The doctor said to the room.

Yoongi nodded absently as he walked towards the bed.

He was safe.

He was alive.

He was breathing.

Yoongi let out the breath he didn't realizing he was holding as his hand closed around Jimin's. His other hand brushed a stray hair out of the younger's face. His skin was cold to the touch, unlike the furnace he typically was.

“He's cold.” Yoongi whispered.

“Yes, that's because of the blood loss. But no need to worry. We've given him a transfusion and his circulation will start running normally again soon.” The doctor responded. “When he wakes, press the call bell to alert the nurse so she can check his vitals.” The doctor said, then left the room.

Yoongi looked down at the man in the bed.

Suddenly, Jimin looked so fragile, so frail, so innocent.

Yoongi didn't see his 23 year old bodyguard.

He saw his 6 year old neighbor and best friend. He needed to protect him.

Moving the unconscious man over slightly, Yoongi crawled into the bed and held the man close.

“I need a pen and paper.” He said to the room.

He heard the door open and close a few times, and moments later Hoseok was handing him a notebook and a pen.
Yoongi looked up at the man with a grin that would freeze hell.

“Thanks.” He said as he wrote a title across the top of the page.

'Cypher.'

End Notes

Oh man.
Thanks for reading!
God, was it bad? Was it good? Should I write more about them? LEAVE ME COMMENTS!
<3
I have a ton of other things in the works, so please look forward to them (I am working on two different bingo challenges right now OML, one of them I'm co-running too!).

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