

## Before dawn

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# Before dawn

by [Blhuexx](#)

## Summary

Yoongi didn't fall for people easily, so when Jimin came into his life out of nowhere and turned it upside down the elder promised himself he'd rather die than let anything happen between the two boys. And oh did he take his promises seriously..

## Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

# The dawn before the sun

## Chapter Summary

Before you could even think about it, you were already over the railing. Hand clasping it while leaning forward a bit. All logical thinking out of the window, all what was left being the thoughts that told you, you had to do this. “Hey, how ya doing.” You heard a male voice say a couple of feet away from you.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

### Yoongi ‘s P.O.V

You didn’t actually know how you got there, your feet kind of leading the way. But before you knew it you were standing on the roof of the psychiatric house you were currently at. Your feet led you a couple of steps further, closer and closer to the edge of the roof. Before you could even think about it, you were already over the railing. Hand clasping it while leaning forward a bit. All logical thinking out of the window, all what was left being the thoughts that told you, you had to do this.

“Hey, how ya doing.” You heard a male voice say a couple of feet away from you. You could sense sarcasm and wittiness in his tone. And it was annoying you to no end. “How does it look like I am doing?” You said, tears falling freely over your cheeks. You were lucky you were turned away from him. It would’ve been so awkward if he’d seen you cry. “You don’t look all too well if I am being completely honest with you. I don’t know, maybe it’s just the fact that you’re standing over the railing of the roof. I’m not sure though.” I laughed dryly at that. No humor in it whatsoever. “I am kind of surprised actually.” You said calmly “Care to elaborate?” He said with intrigue in his voice. I would’ve told you his expression but I don’t really have eyes on the back of my head. “Well, people normally beg me to get over the railing and to get off the edge. I guess you are different.” You said with no emotion in your voice. “Look I am not going to tell you to get off that edge. It will only make you feel shittier than you already do right now. Look let’s just talk and whether you step away or not is your choice, okay?” He signed before saying: “Okay.”

“So what’s your name?” He asked with real intrigue in his voice. His voice had a sweet edge to it. Something you couldn’t really explain, the only thing you knew was that his voice was calming you down. “Min Yoongi. Yours?” “Park Jimin.” He said happily and that was the first time you dared to look back. He was beautiful to say the least. The smile on his face almost blinding, but all you could give him was a broken smile that looked more like a frown.

“Can I ask you something?” You said uncertainty clear in your voice, but you kept talking when you heard him hum in approval. “What do you have?” He sighed, his whole demeanor changing with one question. You felt terribly guilty for asking, knowing it had effected him so much. “I am sorry, that was way to straightforward. You don’t have to answer that question.” You felt pressure on your chest while you waited for him to answer. “It’s okay. It’s just difficult to tell people. They usually judge me for it.” “Well, I am the one standing over the railing right now. I don’t think I really have the right to judge anything or anyone at this moment.” You heard him chuckle at that. And to be honest, this may have been the best day you’ve had in months. It was so easy to talk to him. There was no tension and the fear you usually had was gone. “I have anorexia”, he said sighing, growing quite. “You?” I also sighed, mimicking his behavior from a couple of seconds ago. “They have diagnosed me with anxiety and depression, but I don’t really see it though. How could I ever have clinical depression?” “I don’t see it either, you seem so happy standing over there.” We were quite before bursting into laughter. No judgement, no pity and no one assuring you it would get better. You could learn to get used to this. And with that thought, you stepped back over the railing.

## Chapter End Notes

Yeet my first chapter hope you like it



# Crappy lives and happy smiles

## Chapter Summary

I was so close, so close to stop the constant suffering. To stop the constant need to cry and the dark thoughts that run through my head 24/7. I wish I could have just-

“Well hello there.” Came a voice from behind me and I all but threw my notebook in the air, the book falling open on the ground. Wait I recognize that voice, don’t tell me it’s-  
“Hi I am Jimin, remember me?”

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

### *23 august 2017*

My name is Min Yoongi and I am 18 years old. My therapist told me this might help to get my feelings out, so I guess I wanted to give it a try. Okay what can I write... well, I have been in this hospital for over two years now and it *hurts*, it hurts seeing people come and go while you have to stay right where you are. I was almost discharged last year, but I made the mistake of letting myself slip once and unfortunately that was the one time someone else was near. I made a great effort of hiding my panic attacks and self destructive behavior for almost one year and then it all came down with one panic attack. *That damn panic attack.*

It was on the 5th of July, I was having a really bad day and it didn’t help when a nurse got mad at me for leaving my room a mess. Bad thoughts started running through my head and before I knew it I was sitting on the floor hugging my knees tight to my chest while silent tears streamed down my face. My vision started going blurry and I could hear my own heartbeat in my ears. The air had escaped my lungs and I was left gasping for air. That’s when a patient saw me trying to catch my breath, but failing miserably. He ran to get a nurse and honestly I can’t be mad at him. I wouldn’t know what to do in a situation like that either.

So long story short, my therapist told me it might be better to stay for a couple more weeks because they were worried about my wellbeing. And as you may have figured, I never got discharged. It has been well over a year now and I am still in this shithole. They keep saying it would be better if I stay for a couple more weeks. And that is how weeks turned into months and months turned into years. I honestly can’t stand being here for much longer. I attempted again yesterday, but another patient called Park Jimin stopped me before I could fall off the building. And to be honest I hate him for it. I was so close, so close to stopping the constant suffering. To stopping the constant need to cry and the dark thoughts that run through my head 24/7. I wish I could have just-

“Well hello there.” Came a voice from behind me and I all but threw my notebook in the air, the book falling on the ground with the pages smashed on the ground. Wait I recognize that voice, don’t tell me it’s-

“Hi I am Jimin, remember me?” He said with a sweet undertone as he went to pick up my notebook. “How could I forget.” I glared at him as the words left my mouth, causing his smile to drop of his face for a second before it was back again. It seemed fake though and I wanted to punch myself for making him sad. “I wanted to check up on you after,” he paused for a second, hesitation clear in his voice, “after what happened yesterday.” He saw my silence as a queue to keep talking as he continued, “I am sorry if I am disturbing you, but I thought you could use some company.” I smiled at him, grateful for the gesture, I had butterflies in my stomach and how the fuck could a human being be so damn cute. Wait a second, cute? I shook the thought away as I noticed him staring at me while waiting for a reply. “Thank you I really appreciate it. And I am sorry you had to witness that yesterday.” I was avoiding eye contact by staring at my hands in my lap, who were nervously playing with the hem of my hoodie. “Hey look at me, it wasn’t your fault, okay? And I am just happy I could help so don’t worry too much.” I gave him a small nod as I felt tears well up in my eyes.

Why was he being so nice to me I did nothing to deserve it.

The thoughts were snapped away as he started speaking again, probably noticing the change of mood. “What were you writing huh. Don’t tell me you’re writing a romance novel.” He said as he poked my side, causing me to giggle at the feeling. “I was doing something my therapist told me to do, totes boringgg.” I dragged the last word out, trying to imitate one of those bitchy popular girls in the movies. He burst out laughing, clutching his stomach so he wouldn’t fall off the couch. “That impersonation was flawless Yoongi oh my god.” The words came out breathless after he finally stopped laughing. He stared at me for a couple of seconds, his expression unreadable. I started fidgeting with the skin on my wrist as he seemed to see right through me. That’s when I felt a hand around my wrist, pulling my hand away from my left wrist. My face turned red beyond return. Shit, what was I thinking. “Focus on me not your arm”, he whined after getting my attention and if I wasn’t red before, I definitely was now. “I-I am sorry I didn’t mean to- he cut me off before I could even finish the sentence by ruffling my hair, and this time it was my turn to whine. I slapped his hand away as I tried to fix the mess that was my hair. To be fair he wasn’t the one who had ruined it since I hadn’t even taken the effort to fix it in the the morning.

“How long have you been in this place?” His voice broke the comfortable silence they were in and Yoongi wanted nothing but to turn back to that silence, but it was too late now. “For over two years. My parents put me in here after they found out I had a self harm problem, it wasn’t pretty so I can’t blame them for putting me in here.” “How about you?” Jimin hesitated before speaking. “For a couple of weeks if I am being honest. My parents admitted me to this hospital after a doctor told them I was probably starving myself. And I was and still am so angry, because I truly don’t see it as a problem. I mean everyone wants to be skinny right, so what is the problem with me wanting it.” His voice was shaking by the end of the sentence and I could tell he was sensitive with this kind of stuff so I decided to not ask anymore questions about it. “You can always talk to me if you need to.” I said, still feeling a bit awkward from of the whole conversation. He smiled before repeating my words with the

same amount of awkwardness and honestly I had never seen an amount of awkwardness that was that perfect. We smiled at each other before changing the subject to something lighter. Maybe my plans could wait for another day...

## Chapter End Notes

So hehe I made the chapter really quickly so yall can't complain lol. Hope you like it tho

# I'll block it all off

## Chapter Summary

“H-hyung I don’t k-know what you are t-talking about,” Yoongi rolled his eyes at this. Jimin knew exactly what he was talking about and denying it was just plain dumb. “Like I said Park Jimin,” his voice was stern now, “you don’t have to tell me anything, I mean we barely know each other, but don’t come with that ‘I am not hungry’ bullshit.”

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It has been a couple of days since Yoongi last talked to Jimin. He didn’t know if he was ignoring him or if he just had something else on his mind, but to say he were worried was an understatement. And that didn’t go away when Yoongi saw him during dinner time. He was uncharacteristically quiet, a complete contrast to all the other people who were talking and laughing with each other. Jimin was not eating either, only touching his food to move it around the plate.

Had he gotten skinnier since he had last seen him? It seemed so.

His chubby cheeks were hollow and his skin that was once a tan color was now an ashy white color instead. He looked up, probably noticing the stare that was directed at him, making eye contact with a flustered Yoongi. Yoongi tried to make it look like he hadn’t been staring for the last 5 minutes, but that was proven useless when Jimin didn’t look away. That’s when Yoongi dared to look at him again, his cheeks were burning from embarrassment. Jimin grabbed his spoon and put some food in his mouth without breaking eye contact, but didn’t eat anything else for the rest of dinner

How did he know what he was thinking? Was he being that obvious?

Dinner time was over in a blink of an eye and before he could even register what was going on he felt someone tapping his back. He turned around quickly and there he was, the beautiful boy who had saved his life, but it didn’t look like the same boy anymore. His eyes weren’t sparkling and his big grin wasn’t evident on his face. Instead a frown adorned it. “Why were you staring at me during dinner?” Jimin choked out after the long pause. To say Yoongi was flustered would be an understatement. His cheeks turned bright pink from getting caught and it took him some time before he could make a coherent sentence. “I-I am sorry I didn’t mean to stare, but you weren’t eating and I was curious. I am-“ the boy cut him off before he could finish his sentence. Honestly what did Jimin have with not letting Yoongi finish his sentences. “It’s okay, don’t worry about it. And to answer your question, I just wasn’t feeling hungry.” He trailed off but Yoongi knew he was lying, he hadn’t seen the boy eat since the last time he spoke to him and that was a couple of days ago for gods sake. “You

don't have to tell me what's wrong, but lying about not being hungry is not necessary.” Jimin's eyes were wide as he choked a bit after hearing the sentence, but tried to cover it up with a cough. “H-hyung I don't k-know what you are t-talking about,” Yoongi rolled his eyes at this. Jimin knew exactly what he was talking about and denying it was just plain dumb. “Like I said Park Jimin,” his voice was stern now, “you don't have to tell me anything, I mean we barely know each other, but don't come with that ‘I am not hungry’ bullshit.” Jimin's eyes were watery, but he wouldn't dare letting his tears fall, but it was proven difficult when Yoongi was staring at him like that. That's when the first tear slipped, followed by a couple of others as he couldn't stop crying. As he made a move to walk away Yoongi slipped a hand around his wrist, making it impossible for him to escape. He knew Yoongi wasn't a big fan of intimacy, he had made that clear the last time they talked. So to say Jimin was shocked when Yoongi slipped an arm around him pulling him closer would be the absolute truth. Jimin was stiff at first, shocked by the physical contact, but once he was used to the touch he leaned in closer into Yoongi's chest. Yoongi felt how the slightly shorter boy was shaking in his arms and he was worried sick.

Why did he care so much about the boy, he barely even knew him

That was the thought that was running through Yoongi's mind as he held the boy close to him. It was probably him trying to take care of other's problems instead of his own. Right? Then why did his heart beat so fast whenever he saw Jimin? Could it be? No that was impossible. Yoongi hasn't felt anything for anyone in years. He can't let this happen. He won't fall for Park Jimin even if it's the death of him. He won't let that happen.

## Chapter End Notes

Also posted this on quotev so if you want you can also check it out on there

# The opportunity he took

## Chapter Summary

‘Just do it Yoongi, you have the opportunity right here. Are you really going to let it slip away just like that?’

\*TRIGGER WARNING\* read at your own risk. Please don't read it if you get easily triggered

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Conversations between the two boys became more frequent, often meeting up after breakfast to spend as much time together as possible. The nagging thought never left Yoongi even if he was laughing with Jimin about a stupid joke he made. He promised himself he wouldn't fall for the boy so why does his heart skip a beat every time the boy as much as breaths around him. Yoongi tried to isolate himself, but it was proven difficult whenever Jimin tore the walls Yoongi had so carefully build around himself down.

Yoongi didn't exactly know how but he was once again sitting against the familiar cold wall of the bathroom. All around him were shards from the mirror he just broke in a burst of anger. Yoongi carefully reached for one of the shards that lied close to him on the ground, reflecting how tired and miserable he looked. He didn't want to do this. He had been able to stop for 2 months now, was he really going to let that all fall for one little problem?

‘Hah, you really thought you were able to do this huh’

‘Look how fucking miserable you look, no wonder Jimin hangs out with you out of pity’

‘He would have probably preferred you jumping off if he knew how much of an annoyance you are’

‘Just do it Yoongi, you have the opportunity right here. Are you really going to let it slip away just like that?’

And with that last thought he pressed the shard against his wrist. Not enough pressure to actually break the skin, but enough pressure for Yoongi to feel the cells under the shard breaking. He breathed in shakily before dragging the piece of the broken mirror over his wrist. Blood was already leaving the cut, little drops of blood forming on the surface. He did it again and again until he couldn't feel his arm anymore. He had become light headed because of the amount of blood he had already lost. The boy quickly counted the cuts

One....

Two....

Three....

Four....

Five....

Five deep cuts. He felt so numb at this point that he didn't even feel disappointed in himself. He tried getting up, but his attempt failed as he sat back down when he felt himself lose balance.

'I knew you were weak but this is another level of pathetic'

'Do you really think Jimin will ever like you when you can't even keep a razor away from your wrist?'

'Attention whore'

-

Yoongi woke up late the day after, or rather he woke up at 7 am but couldn't find it in himself to stand up and face everyone. He had to be dragged out of his room by his nurse Hoseok; who had been taking care of Yoongi for the past 2 years. Hoseok really cared, but the boy couldn't really care less when he was in a state like this. "Yoongi, you can't just lay there the whole day without eating anything. It is really unhealthy for you." And Yoongi laughed at that, but it was not the type of laugh you do when you find something funny, no, this one was bitter and sarcastic. Hoseok knew this, but didn't stop dragging the short boy with empty eyes to the dining room. When they arrived everyone was already eating, except for Jimin who wasn't eating like usually. The skinny boy gave Yoongi 'the look'. The look that screams 'what the hell happened to you'. Or at least that was what the older of the two thought. But if he knew what was going through Jimin's head he would think completely differently. Jimin head was being filled with unanswered questions

'What's wrong with hyung?'

'Why does he look so tired?'

'Where is that spark that is usually in his eyes?'

His worrying doesn't stop when Yoongi walks out of the room as soon as dinner is over, completely ignoring the routine the two boys had. Jimin felt lonely without Yoongi's gummy smile that adorned his face whenever Jimin made a particularly bad joke. So after talking some courage into himself he made his way through the hospital to Yoongi's room. What he didn't expect when he entered the room was to see Yoongi shirtless. Red cuts, which completely contrasted against the pale color of skin, adorned his wrists. Yoongi didn't notice the short boy in the doorway at first, too focused on the music playing loudly in his earphones. When he did finally look up he all but screamed. Yoongi hurried to cover himself up, more like he was trying to cover his arms up. But that was useless when Jimin finally

said:” I already saw them hyung, there is no need in trying to hide them.” That didn’t stop the older boy who still went through his closet to pick the first hoodie he found. His whole body was shaking as he put on the black hoodie that was a couple of sizes bigger than needed. Jimin didn’t say anything, too much in shock from the revelation. A sob that sounded like a whine escaped Yoongi’s throat and that was the first time Jimin dared to move, trying to get Yoongi to look at him. The older boy wasn’t having it though, facing away every time Jimin tried to catch his eyes.

Jimin gave up eventually and just wrapped his arms around the shaking boy. He knew Yoongi wasn’t keen on physical contact but he couldn’t find a fuck to give at that point. Yoongi tensed under Jimin’s touch, but relaxed quickly when he let another sob escape his throat. They were coming out uncontrollably now, shaking his body so much that Yoongi wondered how he was even still standing. Jimin noticed this and slowly moved them to the bed against the left wall of Yoongi’s small room. Yoongi collapsed on the bed as soon as he could, not caring about the impact. Jimin was quick to follow and put his arms around him once again. The sobbing didn’t stop for another 20 minutes, but they transformed into silent tears quickly after. Yoongi was all but slumped against the younger boy as he felt himself get tired. Jimin let him, knowing he had had a really bad day. Two or so hours passed and it was time for dinner. Hoseok noticed Yoongi’s and Jimin’s absence and went to check on Jimin first. He started getting worried when he couldn’t find him anywhere in or near his room and practically ran towards Yoongi’s room to see if the boys were in his room. And he was proven right when he found both of them on the bed; Jimin was in a sitting position combing through Yoongi’s hair as his head laid on Jimin’s lap. Hoseok looked at Jimin with a silent question. Jimin shook his head at this and pointed at the boy who was sleeping on his lap. “I-I,” tried to choke out but his words got caught in his throat. He cleared it and tried to speak again, this time succeeding. “W-when I opened the door he was shirtless a-and his wrist where full of f-fresh cuts.” Hoseok face softened as he looked at the sleeping boy. He knew this had been going on for a long time now. And that’s why he decided to let him sleep, knowing he barely ever did. He waved Jimin goodbye and silently left the room; softly clicking the door shut as to not wake up the sad boy. It was a couple of minutes before Jimin started to get sleepy as well. He closed his eyes and rested his head on the wall the bed was against. ‘I need to save Yoongi from himself’ was the thought in the boy’s head as he quickly fell asleep into a deep sleep.

## Chapter End Notes

Damn wrote this until 1 am so yeah if there are mistakes u know why



# The truth untold

## Chapter Summary

“At least I am not slowly killing myself by not eating like you are doing.”

\*TRIGGERWARING FOR THE REST OF THE STORY\*

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“At least I am not slowly killing myself by not eating like you are doing.”

~

Jimin was the first of the two boys to wake up, opening his eyes slowly but closing them again as the bright light hit his eyes. It took him some adjusting but soon enough his eyes were used to the blinding sunlight, he looked around with a confused look on his face. Wait this isn't his- All of the memories of the previous day rushed in and he found the courage to look down at the sleeping boy on his lap. His face was completely peaceful, like he didn't have a worry in the world, but Jimin knew this statement wasn't true. The sunlight illuminated his face beautifully and his face was now a gold color. He raised his hand and carefully combed through the elder's mint hair as to not wake up the sleeping man.

“WAKE UP YOU LAZY BASTARDS.” Hoseok all but yelled as he entered the room, scaring both boys as they jumped at the sudden noise. Jimin was now sitting on the bed with his feet up while Yoongi was lying on the ground with a loud groan as his back hit the floor. “Time for breakfast, no excuses” Hoseok gave both of them ‘the look’ and the two boys stood up to follow the young nurse into the dining room. There weren't many people when they arrived and Yoongi guessed Hoseok woke them up early because he had expected more resistance. But to be honest, neither of them had the energy to argue with Hoseok at this hour in the morning. They were both too exhausted from the events of yesterday. They sat next to each other this time, something that didn't happen quite often, since Yoongi always had to be dragged out of his room at the last minute. There was an awkward silence in the air, too many unanswered questions in their heads, but it didn't last long as Yoongi was the first to speak up, “Jimin you should eat something, passing out isn't gonna get you outta here any time soon.” Jimin gulped as he looked down at his plate. One toast with a fried egg on top of it and to drink they had gotten orange juice that day. The skinny boy grabbed his fork hesitantly as he picked up a bit of toast lifting the fork and putting it close to his lips before he dropped the fork again, glaring at it like it was the cause of all his problems. Perhaps it was. “Okay how about this,” Yoongi sighed as he looked into the boys eyes. “If I eat something you need to

eat it as well, this way you won't be eating alone and you'll feel less guilty." Jimin nodded at Yoongi's words and whispered a quiet 'okay' before picking his fork up once again. Yoongi started small, cutting off a bit of toast and put it to his mouth, waiting for the younger to do the same. He maintained eye contact as he slowly put it into his mouth, slowly chewing before he swallowed the small piece of toast, he waited for the younger to do the same before he repeated the process again and again until the toast was gone from both their plates. Yoongi was going to start with the egg, but Jimin stopped cooperating, instead looking at the egg like it would poison him. Yoongi didn't push further and only asked the younger to at least drink the orange juice. Jimin did, but not without struggle. Yoongi was happy the younger had eaten something, but that all went away as Jimin abruptly stood up from his chair and rushed out of the big room. Yoongi was hot on his heels in no time to see where the younger was going.

He is going to the bathroom

Yoongi grabbed Jimin's wrist as he tried to grab the handle of the bathroom door. "You are not doing this Jiminnie. Not while I am here to prevent it from happening." The younger boy quickly shook his head as he tried to get Yoongi's hand off of him, but Yoongi didn't budge, knowing what Jimin would do if he let him go. "I am not a fucking child hyung I don't need you to babysit me." Yoongi ignored Jimin's words as he dragged him towards his room. He spoke up again when he was seated on the bed he had slept on the night before. "I don't need people to try and shove food down my throat hyung, you also don't see me saying you should stop fucking hurting yourself-" Jimin froze as he realized what he had just said. Yoongi's hand dropped from Jimin's wrist as he stood up from the bed putting as much distance between them as possible. "At least I am not slowly killing myself by not eating like you are doing." His words were cold and Jimin's blood froze as he let out a small whimper that was barely audible, but Yoongi heard it anyway.

"You know, I was like you once." Jimin's eyes widened and Yoongi decided that was a queue to continue. "My depression and anxiety made me do many things. One of them used to be starving. I would go days without eating and if I did it would all come up the minute after. I passed out frequently, but I realized it was killing me slowly and tried my best to stop. It wasn't easy at all let me tell you that. I had to throw up after dinner without having to do anything, it would just come up like it was a reflex. It took me some time, but eventually I was eating small small again, I am not going to act like I am completely 'cured'. No, I still have days where I can't motivate myself to eat and where I go the whole day without eating. But I mean, not that cutting myself is any better than starving, for me it has actually been even worse since the scars will always be all over my body." Yoongi gulped as he slowly pushed his sleeves down to his elbow. He had never let anyone see his cuts, not even his two year nurse Hoseok. Old and new scars were littered over his whole arm. Older scars adorned yoongi's lower arm while new scars and cuts adorned his wrist, dangerously close to the main vein. Jimin eyes widened and his mouth was opened in a small 'o'. He scanned the elder's

arm quickly before he spoke up again. “Do you only cut on your left arm?” Yoongi shook his head. “I try to cut on my arms as least as possible since they are the first place people look. Most of my scars and cuts are on my thighs and hips but there are some on my stomach and chest as well from when I ran out of place,” Yoongi didn’t look up at the younger male who was staring daggers into his face. That is, until Jimin put his finger under Yoongi’s chin, forcing Yoongi to look the younger in the eye. “It’s okay,” he whispered softly at the trembling boy, “Your scars are beautiful, they show your bravery. You kicked some ass.” Jimin giggled the last sentence and it was the most beautiful noise Yoongi had ever heard. “I wouldn’t say bravery Jiminnie. More something along weakness.” The skinny boy shook his head at that, like Yoongi had said the wrongest thing ever. “Nonsense, I said bravery and I meant bravery Yoongi hyung.” Yoongi let out a small laugh. “Then I can say the same thing to you Jiminnie. I want you to show the little voices in your head that you are stronger than them and that you can kick their asses.” Jimin giggled once again and made grabby hands at Yoongi. Yoongi hesitantly grabbed one of Jimin’s hand and let himself be pulled onto the bed. Jimin murmured something inaudible and rested his head against Yoongi’s shoulder. He went to ask what the younger had said but was shushed by a finger against his lips. “Brat,” Yoongi whispered out shakily as he let them fall into a comfortable silence.

Hoseok came back around dinner time, prepared to drag their asses to the dining hall if he needed to. “Come on guys, I would appreciate it if I didn’t need to come pick you up every damn time.” His words sounded mean, but there was no real bite to it. Jimin stood up and stretched his body, accidentally raising his shirt up. And to say Yoongi didn’t stare at the spot where his skin was exposed would be a lie. He only stopped staring when Hoseok gave him a funny look. The thing was, everyone knew he didn’t show any interest in other people whatsoever. So to say Hoseok was confused when he kept finding the two boys together would be an understatement. He wasn’t complaining though since he saw the effect Jimin had on the normally grumpy man.

They reached the dining hall without much hassle, but Yoongi knew this would change as soon as Jimin had to eat something. The two boys sat down next to each other once again, finding comfort in each other’s presence. Hoseok came up to Jimin and started whispering something into Jimin’s ear. It was something along the lines of ‘We have something healthier if you feel like you can’t eat this.’ And Jimin nodded his head slowly like he had no energy left. I mean he probably didn’t from all the malnutrition. Hoseok moved away quickly and came back with the healthier option they had made for Jimin and put it in front of him. Jimin was still hesitating, but grabbed the fork and put a bit of food in his mouth, it took some time before he actually finished the first bite, but at least he was eating something. Hoseok whispered some words of encouragement and left them alone once again. “I am proud of you for doing this Jiminnie.” Jimin simply nodded at that as he tried to eat some more without having the urge to throw it up. He finished half of his food before he gave up and drank the water next to his food. It was not much, not at all, but at least it was something. The younger boy grabbed Yoongi’s hand from under the table and tried to steady his breathing. Yoongi looked away quickly, as to not let the boy see how much the small gesture had affected him. “Yah hyung you must really like me. Your face is as red as the tomato on my plate,” he grabbed the tomato and put it next to Yoongi’s face and nodded. “Yes, it seems like I was right about that one.” Yoongi flicked Jimin’s forehead while whispering a weak ‘brat’ before

Jimin broke down in giggles. Yoongi 's face was one of adoration as he stared at the younger boy who was trying to stop laughing at his hyung. "Whatever, you are the one who grabbed my hand so if any of us likes the other it's you." It sounded weak to his own ears, but that didn't stop the words from leaving his mouth. "You are right, I do like you hyung." He squeezed Yoongi's hand a little tighter and rested his head on his shoulder like he had done before dinner. Yoongi's face was burning now and he was probably even redder than the tomato the younger had compared him to earlier. But what he didn't know was that Jimin's face had the same color as his.

Dinner ended soon after that and everyone left to go to their own rooms. Everyone except the two young boys who went to the couch in the 'living room' if you could even call it that. Yoongi wanted to turn on Friends, but Jimin had other plans. He ran to the closet that rested against the wall of the room and opened it to grab the wii inside it with two controllers. He ran back to Yoongi and connected the wii with the tv. 'Mario kart' was written in big letters on the screen in front of them and Yoongi groaned. Yoongi was terrible at this game. He used to play it with his best friend Namjoon when he was still home. Home.. Don't get me wrong, Namjoon still visited at least five times a week, but somehow it felt different. At least the boy didn't need to deal with the constant worry anymore of finding Yoongi on the floor of his bathroom with bloody arms once again. He snapped out of it when Jimin grabbed his wrist carefully as to not hurt the older boy with the scars all over his arms. They started playing and like he had expected he lost every round. He blamed it on his slow car, but honestly it was just him who sucked at the game. "What were you thinking about earlier hyung?" Yoongi put his controller on his lap and looked into Jimin's eyes. "Nothing really, was just thinking about a friend I used to do this with a lot." There was a strange expression on Jimin's face. "Boyfriend?" There was movement in Jimin's hands and when Yoongi looked down to see what he was doing he caught Jimin putting his nails into the skin of his hand. He grabbed the hand before he spoke up again. "Nah, he and my other friend Soekjin have been dating for three years now. Why, are you jealous or sumn?" Jimin shook his head quickly but the darkness in the room couldn't conceal how red his face had gotten. "N-no I was j-just curious hyung, that's all." "Whatever you say big boy." He laughed at how Jimin was reacting but remembered he was still holding his hand. He tried to move away, but was stopped as the younger grabbed his hand tighter. Neither of them was speaking anymore, only drowning in each other's presence until they both fell asleep on the couch. Hoseok was going to kill them when he found them here

## Chapter End Notes

I wrote this at 1 am so if there are grammar mistakes I apologize

# Pinky promises

## Chapter Summary

“Pinky promise?” Hoseok chuckled lightly. “Promise.”

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Pinky promise?” Hoseok chuckled lightly. “Promise.”

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And just like Yoongi had expected him to, Hoseok almost strangled both boys when he found them. Muttering things like ‘I swear to god you guys will be the end of me’ and ‘I am not getting paid enough for this’. Yoongi knew everything that came out of the boys mouth was out of worry so he ignored the silent fuck you’s that came out of his mouth from time to time. Jimin on the other hand was looking down in shame as Hoseok kept scolding him. He didn’t know why, but Yoongi felt extremely angry at how Hoseok was speaking to the youngest while Jimin looked like a kicked puppy. “Cut it out Hoseok, can’t you see Jimin is pretty much fucking terrified.” The eldest of the three snapped and he was quite surprised at how cold his voice was towards his two year long nurse. Both of their heads turned towards him and he swore to god he heard bones crack at how fast they turned around. “Shit Jimin I am sorry. I am not mad I promise, just worried is all.” He said as he looked away from Yoongi to Jimin. He simply nodded his head before looking down once again.

“Okay it’s time for breakfast so get your asses up losers.” Yoongi groaned at the thought of moving, but got up nonetheless, cracking the bones in his stiff neck. Jimin however stayed put on his place on the couch. “Jimin.” Hoseok warned as he noticed that the boy wasn’t cooperating. “Jimin come on we are not doing this.” Jimin didn’t move. “Park Jimin I am not in the mood to do this with you today.” His voice going stern as the other boy crossed his arms, unwilling to move at Hoseok’s commands. Yoongi stayed silent through this, looking from Hoseok to Jimin in anticipation. Hoseok grabbed Jimin’s arms and tried to lift the skinny boy from the couch, but was met with resistance as he pushed back against the hold the elder had on him. “I swear to god Jimin stop acting like a fucking child and come have breakfast.” Jimin face quickly changed from stubborn to sarcastic. Giving the older boy a dark chuckle before speaking up, “You can shove food down my throat all you want, but we both know where it’s going hyung.” Bringing two fingers towards his closed mouth to show what he meant. His voice had dropped a couple of octaves lower and the look on his face was downright terrifying.

Hoseok must have thought the same thing because he dropped his hand from Jimin's arm and stepped away from Jimin like the younger's words had burned him. "Y-you don't mean that Jimin. I-I thought you w-were getting better." Tears had started forming in Hoseok's eyes. Yoongi knew Hoseok loved the both of them. He wasn't just a nurse to them, but a friend that was there when you were in a bad place. So to say Hoseok felt like crying when those terrible words left Jimin's mouth would be an understatement. Jimin scoffed at his friend's state, rolling his eyes. "Are you really that blind? God, I knew you were optimistic, but delusional? Come on hyung don't be so foolish. We both know I never stopped so stop pretending you don't know I shove my fingers down my throat every time I eat something." And that was the moment the tears that were in Hoseok's eyes slipped and fell like a waterfall down his face.

Yoongi was confused; this wasn't Jimin. This wasn't the sweet Jimin Yoongi knew and loved, the Jimin who would fall of his chair when he laughed too hard. Or the Jimin who comforted the two boys whenever needed. This was the other side of Jimin they didn't know. And honest to god, they really didn't want to. This Jimin was manipulative and rude when he wanted to get things his way. Yoongi knew this was probably a defense mechanism and that Jimin was trying to get away with not eating even if it was just for one day. Before he could say anything the youngest had already stormed out of the room, going god knows where.

Two hours had passed and still no traces of the blonde boy. Hoseok and Yoongi searched through the whole hospital but he was nowhere to be found. They eventually gave up and headed to the dining hall, but not before checking Jimin's room one more time. Nothing had really changed except the fact that the bathroom lights were now turned on. "I think it's better if I go alone Hoseok. You know with the fight and all." Said boy hesitated, but ended up whispering a broken 'okay' before leaving the small bedroom.

Yoongi didn't know how to handle this situation, normally he was the person on the other side of the door. Yoongi breathed in shakily before stepping towards the bathroom door in the corner of the room. "Jimin?" Silence. "I know you are in there, Jimin please open the door." He heard a soft sob on the other side of the room and he was getting desperate. He was going to say something but Jimin cut him off, "Hoseok hyung hates me right?" "What no- Jimin why the hell would you think that." Another sob. "Because I am pathetic and I shouldn't have treated Hobi like that and oh my god I am such a terrible person." The sentence was followed by more sobs and Yoongi was basically trying to break down the door by now. "Jimin please open the door and we can talk about it, okay? Please open the door.. For hyung." Jimin didn't seem to move from behind the door, but the sobs never seemed to stop spilling from the young boy's throat. "O-okay hyung." He heard a click and then the door opened, a broken Jimin appearing from behind the door. His eyes were bloodshot and puffy from the crying and his face was red and stained with tears. He didn't know why he was doing it, but before he could even realize what he was doing Jimin was in his arms. His head fell on Yoongi's shoulder and his arms slipped around his small waist. It didn't take long before the sobs

erupted from the boy's throat again and he was crying on Yoongi's shoulder, staining yoongi's black hoody with tears. The elder couldn't find it in himself to care about it though considering Jimin's mental state. Jimin felt pathetic, he really did, but as much as he tried the tears wouldn't stop flowing.

They stayed like that for ten more minutes before Jimin pulled back. Yoongi felt cold and to be honest he wanted to pull Jimin back and stay like that forever, but he lets Jimin go nonetheless. "I am sorry that you had to see that." He said after he was further away from Yoongi. "See what?" "Both I guess," he giggled awkwardly, "but I meant what happened in the morning. It doesn't happen often, but sometimes I have kind of this other 'persona' that comes out when my anorexia gets worse." Yoongi stayed silent, because he wanted to hear more. "This was the actual reason my parents admitted me to this hospital. My anorexia is bad now, but it used to be much worse back home, which meant this 'persona' would pop out way more often. I didn't know what it was until I went to a psychiatrist and she told me it was one of my defense mechanisms." Yoongi tried to take all the information in without missing anything. "One of?" Jimin looked at the floor embarrassedly. "Y-yeah." He said not looking up. Yoongi wanted to know more, but he knew he wasn't getting any information by prying so he decided to just whisper a small 'I am happy you told me this' and smiled at the younger who had looked up from the floor, returning the smile with a slight blush on his cheeks

Damn he looked cute

~

It was the day after the argument with Hoseok and Jimin had wanted to stay in bed as long as possible. He wasn't ready for the confrontation he sure as hell was going to get. So he did something he usually never does; he stayed in his bed until someone had to get him from his room. Said person knocked on the door. "Enter." Hoseok appeared from behind the door seeming unsure of himself as he entered the room. He was looking at anything but the younger and Jimin felt the guilt eating him up from inside and it was killing him. "Uhm you should come eat something." Hoseok said after he had been standing in the room for a while, awkwardly looking at the black colored walls with posters on them. "Don't wanna." Jimin wasn't acting like yesterday; he wasn't angry or anything, just tired. "Jimin.." Hoseok looked exhausted and Jimin couldn't help but think it was all his fault.

It was

“I know you are going through a hard time Chimmie, but you need to try, okay? I am so scared that one day I’ll enter your room and you’ll be dead from starvation. Please don’t let that happen.” Jimin stayed quiet, but he made up to the silence by making grabby hands at Hoseok who was walking towards his bed. “I am so sorry Hoseok I really didn’t mean to do that yesterday I don’t know what’s wrong with me. And I’ll try, I promise okay. I can’t say I’ll get better in one month or even one year, but please help me try to get better.” Hoseok was already sitting next to Jimin by the end of the sentence, trying to think about what he was going to do next. He moved closer to the boy next to him and embraced said boy so tightly he was scared he would choke to death, that would have been ironic to say the least. “I’ll try okay. And I promise I won’t let you push me away ever.” “Pinky promise?” Hoseok chuckled lightly. “Promise.”

## Chapter End Notes

I am so tired right now lovelies



# Red cheeks and sad eyes

## Chapter Summary

Why was it still not enough? Why did Yoongi want to keep going until his arm felt numb?

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The problem with Jimin is that his promises about eating should never be taken seriously. He had told hundreds of people empty promises like ‘yes I am eating, I promise’ and ‘I am getting better don’t worry. I promise I have it under control’.

☾

“Wakey wakey Yoongi hyung”, Hoseok beamed as he barged into Yoongi’s room without knocking. “Don’t you dare open-“ the elder was cut off by Hoseok opening the curtains, blinding him for a couple of seconds as his eyes had to adjust to the blinding sunlight from outside. “Brat.” Hoseok giggled as he tried to drag Yoongi out of his comfortable bed. “Time for breakfast loser.” Yoongi groaned, but got up before Hoseok had the chance to drag him over the floor. “Coming, coming.”

They arrived at the dining hall late as per usual, everyone already seated on the chairs around the table. Jimin looked beautiful today, wearing a pink hoodie with ripped jeans. Wait, beautiful? Jimin was staring at him intensely, cheeks pink and lips tugged upwards. The elder walked towards the empty seat next to Jimin with hoseok hot on his trail. “Hey, can I sit here?” Jimin got redder at that and the elder cocked his head to the side in a questioning manner. “Uh yeah, I actually left this seat empty for you.” Yoongi choked on air and sat down with his cheeks tainted red. “T-thank you, I didn’t know.” Jimin whispered out a small ‘don’t worry about it’ and went back to staring at his plate.

The food on Jimin’s plate was untouched and Hoseok was quick to butt in. “Come on Park you can do this, fighting.” He said as he raised his fist in the air. The younger grabbed his fork and put a little bit of egg on it before raising it to his mouth. The hesitation was clear on his face, his eyebrows scrunching up and his mouth turning down into a small pout. Yoongi knew that Jimin was probably overthinking at the moment so he put his toned hand on the younger’s knee in reassurance. Jimin turned his head towards the elder, giving him an insecure smile before putting the fork in his mouth. “Good job Jiminnie” Yoongi whispered sincerely as Jimin finally swallowed the food that had been in his mouth for at least a half a

minute. He nodded awkwardly before putting the fork down once again. "Please eat some more Jimin, I know it's hard but you can do this." Hoseok breathed as worry overtook his features. Jimin let out a shaky breath. "I-I can't hyung." He moved his chair back in an attempt of getting away, but Yoongi's grip on his knees tightened stopping him from going anywhere. "Yes you can Jimin-ah, I believe in you love." Yoongi's face reddened at the realization of what he had just said and he was quick to look down in an attempt of hiding his tomato red face. "I- okay I'll try hyung." Jimin repeated the process again, picking up his fork before putting food on it and raising it to his mouth. This time the chewing took less long and before he knew it he was already on the third bit of food. The younger finished about a half of his plate before he pushed it as far away from him as possible. His small hand was shaking as he put it on top of Yoongi's hand on his knee, acting like nothing was going on underneath the table. Fuck, it would be hard to not like Jimin if he kept doing shit like this

'You can't Yoongi, Jimin would be disgusted if he knew you were gay'

'You actually think he likes YOU, hah you are such a joke Yoongi'

'If he knew you like I know you he would be running away from you'

"Yoongi hyung?" Yoongi snapped out of his thoughts as Jimin whispered in his ear. "Yoongi?" "I am here, I am here," he trailed off after Jimin squeezed his hand. "What were you thinking of hyung?" What was Yoongi thinking of? The fact that Jimin would probably find him disgusting if he found out who he really was or the fact that he himself thinks he is disgusting? Yoongi's mind was all over the place and he just wanted it all to stop. "C-can I tell you something Jimin-ah." Jimin quickly nodded his head in response. "And you have to promise me this won't change your mind about me." "Of course hyung, I don't think anything can change the way I think about you, except murder I suppose." Yoongi gave him a shocked look as if Jimin had guessed his secret and the younger giggled lightly at the elder boy. "I," Yoongi stopped, breathing in shakily before speaking again. "I am gay Jimin-ah." Said boy burst out in laughter almost falling off his chair from how much he was shaking. He tried to speak but all of his sentences were incoherent as he wheezed for air every couple of seconds. "That's what you were scared to tell me?" Yoongi slightly nodded his head as embarrassment took over him, painting his cheeks in a dark red. "Yoongi you do realize I am the gayest person you'll ever meet right?" Yoongi's head snapped upwards as he stared at the boy in shock. "Y-you are?" Jimin laced his fingers through Yoongi's fingers. "I basically told you I liked you and you are asking me if I am actually gay. You are the epitome of gay blindness." Yoongi coughed harshly as he choked on air for the second time that day, but it didn't take long before his mind brought him back to that dark place Yoongi was oh so familiar with

‘He’s only saying saying it out of pity Yoongi, do you really think someone as perfect as Jimin would ever like someone as worthless and broken as you.’

“Stop overthinking hyung, you are-“ Jimin couldn’t finish his sentence as Yoongi abruptly stood up from his chair, untangling his and Jimin’s hands. Jimin looked hurt and confused and Yoongi was quick to reassure the small boy by saying, “It has nothing to do with you,” before leaving the dining hall without another word

Yoongi quickly ran towards the bathroom as soon as he entered his bedroom, opening all the cabinets under the sink in search for that small object that would take away all of his worries, even if it was only for a small amount of time. He sat against the wall when he had finally found the silver object inside a little box in the back of the cabinet. Yoongi wasted no time in pulling his sleeves up to his elbows as he looked for any empty space on his arms, sighing frustratedly as he found none. His tears were now falling over his face freely, Yoongi not caring about holding them back anymore. He put the sharp object on his skin and he slowly dragged the blade over his skinny inner wrist. Blood started to pool on the small shallow cut, but that small amount of blood didn’t bring any satisfaction to the broken boy.

It wasn’t enough.

He sliced his skin again and again, reopening some of the cuts from a couple of days ago that had started to heal. Blood was dripping down Yoongi’s arm and it fell on the floor underneath him, staining the grey tiles maroon red. Why was it still not enough? Why did Yoongi want to keep going until his arm felt numb? He didn’t know the answer to that question, but it was exactly what he did. He made around thirteen new cuts on his inner wrist that morning, some deep and some shallow and on the surface. There was now a small pool of blood under Yoongi’s arm, slowly growing as it kept dripping from the cuts the boy had inflicted upon himself. The sobbing died down and the only thing that left Yoongi’s throat were small whimpers that escaped from time to time. He wanted the soft embrace Hoseok would most definitely shower him with if he called for him now, he wanted to hear those small ‘it is okay’s’ that would leave his lips from time to time as he rocked them from side to side. But the thing he wanted the most -what he would never admit- was Jimin’s company. He wanted to feel the warmth the young boy radiated under any circumstances. He wanted him and Yoongi hated every part of himself for doing so. So he did the thing he wanted to do the least; he stayed alone in the cold bathroom, watching as the blood slowly dripped down his now bloodstained arm. Because honestly, that was all Yoongi thought he deserved

Please stop reading this story if it triggers you in any way

# The best thing

## Chapter Summary

You help me eat on the days I feel like dying and you have been there for me so many fucking times and I swear to god if you tell me I am lying I'll personally beat you up."

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Yoongi didn't know how long he had been laying on the cold bathroom floor, but at some point he had passed out from blood loss or exhaustion, probably both.

☾

It didn't take long for Jimin to become worried of the missing presence of the older boy. "Don't worry Jimin, he probably went outside to clear his head or something." Said boy knew this statement was bullshit, knowing Yoongi only leaves his room for dinner and hasn't been outside since the day he met him on the roof. "If it reassures you in any way we could go take a look around." Jimin nodded quickly at the suggestion before sitting up and bringing his half empty plate to the kitchen. The two boys went outside first, checking if the elder was anywhere in sight. The worried feeling in Jimin's stomach started growing even more when Yoongi was nowhere in sight and they had to go back inside because of the cold weather.

They checked the living room, the library and recreation room, but he was nowhere to be found. Hoseok would be lying if he said he hadn't started worrying too, thinking of all the situations the broken boy could be in right now. They entered Yoongi's room and to his dismay the bathroom lights were turned on. The door was left ajar and the whole room had a metallic smell to it that Hoseok was oh too familiar with. Blood. Hoseok all but ran to the bathroom door before throwing the door open, making it crash against the wall next to the doorway.

There he was. There was the boy who had been through hell and back, the boy who didn't see the joy in his life, but most importantly, the boy who had tried to take his own life too many times to count. Yoongi was slumped against the cold bathroom wall, looking completely lifeless as blood surrounded him. Jimin stood frozen in the doorway in shock, while the other boy was now crouched at Yoongi's side. Jimin knew Yoongi self-harmed, but seeing this was something completely different. His eyes were shut and his face was extremely pale, something that had been magnified because of the mint hair that was now sticking to his

forehead. Blood was covering the biggest part of Yoongi's arm, but it had long stopped flowing. The expression on his face looked almost, peaceful?

"-some towels," Hoseok yelled at him and Jimin was finally snapped out of his trance-like state. He ran towards the elder's closet, cringing once he noticed how messy it was. He grabbed some towels and ran back towards Hoseok, handing him the towels before sitting down next to the passed out boy. The smell of blood in the room was getting overwhelming and Jimin had to use every cell in his body to not throw up right there and then. Once all the blood was gone Hoseok checked on the cuts on Yoongi's skinny wrist. Jimin felt like crying seeing the fresh cuts the older boy had inflicted upon himself. Everything was getting overwhelming, the smell of blood mixed with alcohol, the sight of Yoongi's arm, the nagging voice in his head and that's when he snapped. He had enough time to crawl to the toilet a meter or two away before he threw up his breakfast -which was not a lot- down the empty toilet. Tears were freely falling over his cheeks and he felt like he was dying. "Jimin please calm down okay, I can't have anything bad happen to you too." Jimin choked out a small 'I am okay hyung' before flushing the remains of his breakfast down. He quickly rinsed his mouth in the sink before sitting next to the sleeping boy once again.

"Help me get him into bed." Hoseok whispered once he had finished bandaging the fresh cuts. Jimin nodded quietly before grabbing one of Yoongi's arm and pulling him up. Hoseok was doing the same with the other arm, trying to be careful as to not touch anywhere near the bandages. Once Yoongi was successfully lying down on the small bed, Jimin made the effort of pulling the covers over the elder's sleeping body. Yoongi mumbled something in his sleep because of the change of temperature and Jimin quickly shushed him by saying, "shh it's okay hyung, please get some rest for me okay?" Yoongi softly hummed before going silent again.

Hoseok grabbed Jimin's arm and dragged him out of the small room, gaining a small sound of surprise from the blonde boy. "Come eat something Jimin, you just threw up," Said boy shook his head quickly, stating he didn't want to go anywhere near the kitchen. "Jimin-" He was quickly cut off by the sound of Jimin's voice, "I can't enter the kitchen hyung, remember what happened last time?" Hoseok knew exactly what Jimin was talking about. It had been a couple of weeks ago and Hoseok had brought Jimin to the kitchen after he caught him purging. Long story short, Jimin panicked from the food in the kitchen and got a really bad anxiety attack. "Fuck, sorry I forgot," he paused, weighing his options, "Stay here with Yoongi and I'll get you a granola bar, okay?" Jimin nodded stiffly before opening the door of Yoongi's bedroom, only stepping inside once Hoseok was gone, heading towards the kitchen.

He grabbed the chair from behind the desk and put it -as quietly as he could- next to Yoongi's bed before sitting down on it. The room was completely silent and something about it irked the younger boy. He took hold of Yoongi's hand with one hand and the other moved towards

the elder's messy hair, playing with the longish locks that were covering his sleeping face. Jimin felt like crying once again after seeing Yoongi so peaceful after he had just hurt himself so badly to the point of passing out. Tears started going down his face for the second time that day. The only difference was the fact that these tears weren't silent, the sobs that left the younger's throat were absolutely heartbreaking.

Jimin felt movement in the hand he was holding. He looked up slightly at Yoongi, only now realizing he had been awake the whole time. "Yoongi I-" Yoongi groaned. "You are speaking way too loudly Jimin-ah." Jimin quickly stopped talking, realizing the elder probably had a headache. "What happened? The last thing I remember was that I was in the bathroom." Another sob left Jimin's throat. "Wait you don't remember what you did?" He asked once he had somewhat calmed down and could finally talk. "Not really, the only thing I remember was going to the bathroom and-" he quickly looked at his wrist, panicking once he saw the bandages adorning his pale skin. "Jimin-ah oh my god I am so sorry please don't be mad at me, please." He begged, quickly sitting up in his bed. Tears were flowing down his face and small sobs escaped his sore throat, shaking his whole body.

"Yoongi hyung please calm down." This didn't do anything to calm the sobbing boy though. "I am not mad okay, I am just so sorry that you felt like you had to do that." The older boy quickly shook his head, but Jimin didn't give him a chance to say anything. "I don't care what that messed up voice is telling you hyung, I am not mad at you. We were so worried about you Yoongi and it broke my heart to see you like that. I am not going to lie, it really did." "Jimin-" Yoongi was interrupted once again. "No Yoongi you listen to me, okay? I know that your brain is convincing you that everyone around you hates you but that's so much fucking bullshit. You are the best thing that has happened to me in months. You help me eat on the days I feel like dying and you have been there for me so many fucking times and I swear to god if you tell me I am lying I'll personally beat you up." Silence. Yoongi pulled at Jimin's hand and pulled him into a tight hug filled with desperation and adoration. They stayed like that for a couple of minutes before the door opened and Hoseok appeared from behind it. "Jimin- Oh Yoongi you are awake." Yoongi nodded quietly while still holding Jimin's hand tightly. "Here is your granola bar Jimin, Yoongi please make sure he eats it, okay?" Yoongi nodded again and at that Hoseok walked out of the room, leaving the room in silence for the second time that hour. "Why is he making you eat this?" He asked, cocking his head to the side in a questioning manner. "A long story for another day." O

## Chapter End Notes

Here y'all go

# Like snow flakes falling down

## Chapter Notes

This has a huge trigger warning so please don't read if you get triggered easily

Time passed by without Yoongi even realizing it. Seasons had changed and his hair was slowly losing its mint color, turning back to his original raven hair. Yoongi sat on his bed, blanket around him like his life depended on it while staring out of the window where the snow was steadily falling. It was how most of his days were spent lately, his depression always spiking up in the winter. Jimin had given up on visiting the elder when in this state after being turned away multiple times.

### **\*flashback\***

"Yoongi hyung are you in there?" The only response the younger got was an annoyed groan and he took it as his queue to enter the dim room. Yoongi was - like always - wrapped in his black blanket, looking out of the window next to his bed. "Thought I would check up on you after you left breakfast as soon as it was over," Jimin spoke up once again, trying to gain the older boy's attention. No response. "Yoongi hyung? Why are you not responding?" All Yoongi did was turn into himself more, wrapping the blanket even tighter around his small form. "Yoongi, are you-" The elder didn't even let him finish his sentence. "It's Yoongi hyung you brat." Jimin flinched away at the harsh tone the elder had used on him. "Could you please do me a favor and leave me the fuck alone?" Jimin stayed put, giving the elder a daring look. "What if I don't hyung? What are you going to do?" Jimin regretted his words as soon as he said it, because in a matter of seconds the older boy was standing next to him literally looking like he would kill Jimin if he said one more damn thing. "Leave. Me. The. Fuck. Alone. Park. Jimin." The blonde was pissed at that point, prepared to raise his voice if it wasn't for the desperate look in the elder's eyes. "Fine," Jimin mumbled out before leaving the room with a hard slam of the door.

### **\*end of flashback\***

That had been one week ago and Yoongi didn't even take the effort of apologizing to him. Jimin stopped coming by all together after the incident and that left him completely alone in his room all day, except for the hours spend in therapy and dinner/breakfast. Hours felt like minutes and days started blurring together because of the constant sleeping and sulking. Panic attacks grew more often and Yoongi had - as crazy as it may sound - gotten used to it, not even surprised anymore when his heartbeat started going haywire before another attack



shook his entire body. His frame had become dangerously smaller and his ribs were now once again sticking out of his pale skin. It didn't matter how much progress he made, because it would all come crashing down again in the winter. If he looked back at all his previous suicide attempts they all had one resemblance, they were all in the winter, or at least close to it.

### **December 18th 2014:suicide attempt by overdosing**

It had been a cold day, school had gotten canceled because of the amount of snow that was covering the once clean pavement. They told them the doors were blocked or something along those lines. It seemed strange to him that they would cancel school, especially in Korea, for a couple of centimeters of snow, but hey Yoongi wasn't complaining. The day had started off badly, getting into a fight with his mom after she said he quote unquote wasn't doing his best for school. She couldn't have been more wrong back then. The young 15 year old had worked his ass off, some days sleeping for less than 5 hours because he spent his nights studying, studying and even more studying. The stress had started getting a toll on him and he started having intrusive thoughts like,

'If you were dead maybe you wouldn't be such a disappointment to your mom'

And

'It doesn't matter how hard you try Yoongi, you'll never be enough. It's kind of pathetic that you actually thought you would be if you worked hard enough.'

His parents had left a couple of hours ago and that left Yoongi completely alone with his dark thoughts. The young boy had at one point made his way to the bathroom and was now staring at his own reflection in the mirror. Tears were streaming down his face and his hands were tightly pulling at his own hair to just stop the voice in his head. He had had enough and hesitantly opened the cabinet that was hidden behind the mirror. His parents stored their pills there; sleeping pills, headache pills, fever pills etc. Yoongi didn't even look at any of the labels before he grabbed one of the bottles and poured as many pills as he could into his hands. He had been naive back then. The amount of pills he had swallowed would have never killed him. Make him unconscious for along time? Yes. Kill him? Never. It took around one horrible hour before he finally passed out, slumped against the cold bathroom wall next to the sink. His parents came home around two hours later, yelling at their son to not be 'such a annoying brat' and just come out of his room. His mother angrily entered the black colored bedroom but Yoongi was nowhere to be found. "Yoongi?" She spoke up again, starting to feel more worried with every passing second. She checked every room of the house before going

towards the bathroom. 'He must be showering, that's why he can't hear me.' Wrong once again. The first thing she saw when she entered the cold room was her son. Yoongi's almost lifeless looking body was now hunched forwards, his skin pale and black hair now covering his tear stained face. Pills were scattered over the tiled floor and even more pills were in the sink under the open cabinet. "Honey please hurry and call an ambulance, I think Yoongi overdosed."

~

Long story short, Yoongi failed. He had to stay in the hospital for a week. He was originally going to be released after two days, but he had apparently showed suicidal behavior and they decided to keep him in for a couple more days to be sure he wasn't going to kill himself the next chance he had. That was his first attempt and that was what had sent him into the downwards spiral that was what his life had become

### **January 22nd 2015: suicide attempt by hanging**

It had been a couple of months since his first attempt. His parents stopped worrying as much and went back to their work in begin January. 'It must have been a phase' and 'he must have gotten over it' were what they thought when they decided it would be save to let the young boy be by himself once again. What they didn't know was that it was actually the complete opposite, it certainly wasn't a phase and it was anything but save to leave Yoongi alone. He had already planned everything out in his head 'When my parents leave I'll quickly write a suicide note for them and then I'll just do it before I change my mind. I can't fail, not again.' And that's exactly how it went. One hour after his parents left Yoongi wrote a small suicide note. The note said something along the lines of 'I am sorry for being such a disappointment and I want you to get over my death, goodbye'. Yoongi was never a good writer and that certainly didn't change when writing a suicide note. He put it on the kitchen table and went back to his room where he had prepared everything. He had bought the rope a couple of weeks ago when he started planning his suicide. It hadn't been a rash decision and he had put a lot of thought into it. Statistically looking suicides by hanging were more likely to succeed and that was exactly what he wanted, to succeed. It had been in his bottom drawer ever since, hidden under a couple of his clothes. He examined it, was this really the way he wanted to die? It didn't matter to him anymore. He was so desperate he would take anything at that time. He set everything up before sending some goodbye texts to his friends Namjoon and Seokjin. They had been there for him after everything and they at least deserved a goodbye of some sort.

**Me:** Goodbye Namjoon I am sorry for disappointing you. Please don't blame yourself or Seokjin hyung. I love you so much and I want you to move on and forget about me. Please tell Jin hyung how much you like him, I want you two to be happy together, it would be my last dying wish

**Namjoon:** Hyung what do you mean?

**Namjoon:** Are you okay?? Please don't do anything stupid

**Namjoon:** Okay that's it I am going to your house and if you don't answer the door I'll just barge in I don't give a fuck and you know it

**Namjoon:** Yoongi please

Yoongi smiled, this was it then. He threw his phone on the messy bed and stood on the chair under the noose. His hands were shaking by now and silent tears fell over the young boy's face. He had to do it, he knew that all too well. But saying he was nervous would be an understatement. He put the noose around his neck and took one more shaky breath before he stepped off the chair.

~

Was this hell, heaven? Yoongi heard voices around him, but he couldn't move or do anything. "Yoongi hyung please don't leave me I can't live without you." Sob. He wanted to stop listening. He knew it was Namjoon and hearing him sob like that broke his heart. "Seokjin hyung, you are finally here," and that's when his breathing stopped. He didn't want Jin to see him right now, he was probably heavily bruised around the neck area and he probably looked straight up weak. He wanted to wake up, he had to, he had to- His eyes twitched and he tried to slowly open his heavy eyelids. White was all he could see for a good few seconds before his view was blocked by Namjoon's teary face. "Yoongi hyung?" The younger choked out. Said boy tried to speak, but was interrupted by his own coughs that were leaving his dry throat. Namjoon quickly grabbed some water and handed it to Yoongi. "Namjoon, Seokjin hyung," and he was crying again. Painful sobs left his sore throat and he tried to make himself as small as possible. Apologies were everything the boy could muster at that point and the two other boys in the room took the hint and stayed quiet. Some crying later Seokjin spoke up, "Yoongi what the hell were you thinking. We thought you were dead honey." Even at the age of 16 Jin had his motherly instinct. He had always been really protective of Yoongi and Namjoon, but since the incident he had focused on Yoongi more out of safety. "I am just so tired hyung," the short boy dared to say before closing his eyes. "It's okay sweetheart, rest a bit and we'll talk later, okay?" "Okay." It never came up again.

And that was the last straw for his parents. They decided to admit him to the hospital in august out of fear Yoongi would try again. They had recently found out about his self destructive tendencies and thought the safest option was locking him away. How wrong they were. They were always wrong about everything with Yoongi. Not studying enough? Wrong. Save to leave him alone? Wrong. Better to admit him to a psychiatric hospital? Wrong. They hadn't visited him in months and it was slowly killing Yoongi even if he didn't like to admit it. He would spend hours in his room just sulking about the broken connection with his parents. No one missed him, neither his parents nor Jimin cared about his missing presence. So Yoongi sat on his bed, once again looking out of his window in hope that one day he could be as free as one of those snow flakes

# What he truly needed

## Chapter Summary

“Jimin-ah is it okay if hyung touches you?” The younger shakily nodded his head and with that Yoongi was holding him in less than a second, rocking them back and forth, and that was the last thing he could remember before passing out.

Jimin sat alone in the recreation room once again just staring out of the window. Yoongi had been locked up in his room for weeks now and refused to leave even during breakfast and dinner, which meant the younger hadn't got to see him at all. Jimin wanted to speak to him so badly but then he remembered what Hoseok told him happened when he tried to speak to the elder.

\*flashback\*

“Yoongi it's time to wake up you lazy punk,” Hoseok chirped happily as he entered the dark bedroom. “Fuck off Hoseok I want to sleep,” Yoongi groaned out when the brown haired boy opened the curtains. “No can do sweetheart.” Hoseok shot back and Yoongi was growing frustrated. “Yoongi come on we don't have time for this.” No response. “Yoongi you are getting out of this room if you want it or not.” And that last sentence was the last straw for the black haired boy. “Hoseok leave me the fuck alone I am not going anywhere with you so please do both of us a favor and leave me to fucking rot here.” Hoseok flinched, an unreadable expression adorning his tanned face. “Yoongi I-,” the brown haired made out before the angry boy interrupted him. “No Hoseok stop talking, okay?,” tears brimmed his dark eyes, “Please Hobi I just need to be alone right now.” Said boy sighed in defeat. “Okay, you win today, but you are eating the food I am bringing you. Will you promise me?” Yoongi chuckled sadly. “Promise.”

\*end of flashback\*

Jimin wanted to say fuck it and just barge into Yoongi's room, but he knew he would get yelled at by the older boy immediately. So he didn't. He would have to stay alone for days on end until the elder decided to finally show himself after the depressive episode. What Jimin didn't expect was for it to last this long. It was already the third week and still no sign of the now black-haired boy. He was on his way to therapy when he caught a glimpse of Yoongi leaving his room, probably heading to Hoseok's office.

He didn't notice Jimin at first, but when he did they were left in an uncomfortable silence. They were having intense eye contact and the tension was growing around them. Both boys stood still and only as much as stared at the other in shock. ‘This is the moment Yoongi, apologize to him. It's not his fault you get like this’ the voice in his head lectured. “Jimin-“ The door next to Jimin opened. “Ah Jimin you are here, please enter.” His therapist said,

interrupting Yoongi completely. Jimin looked from his therapist to Yoongi, but the older boy was already looking at the floor in defeat. He look almost like, like a kicked puppy? “I’ll speak to you later Yoongs, okay?” Yoongi nodded softly and whispered a small ‘it’s hyung for you punk’ before leaving the narrow hallway.

“So Jimin, how have you been doing this week?” Said boy tensed as he searched for a reasonable answer. “I-I have been doing fine,” he lied through his teeth, causing the room to fall in an uncomfortable silence and his anxiety to slowly take over his body. The therapist looked straight through him and gave the young boy a look of disappointment. “This won’t work if you aren’t honest with me Jimin. Mr. Jung told us you have been skipping most of your meals lately. Is this true?” Jimin gulped and he swore he could feel his sweat dripping down his forehead. “Yes, yes that’s true.” He choked out when he felt tears burning in his eyes, begging to be spilled.

He couldn’t cry, not here, not in front of this complete stranger. He needed to talk to Yoongi, he wanted him to comfort him and tell him it’s alright. But the truth was that he wasn’t here and he wouldn’t be for a couple more weeks at least and that knowledge made him panic even more. His breathing was getting irregular and he was probably hyperventilating at that point. He had to get out of there, he couldn’t stay there any longer. He tried to stand up, but his legs were too weak to hold his limp body. They gave out and caused him to come crashing down on the hard floor beneath him. He was freely crying and his face was hidden in his knees in embarrassment. Small sobs and choked out “Yoongi’s” were the only thing that left his sore throat. The doctor was at his side in a matter of seconds and dialed some numbers into his phone. “I am calling Mr. Jung, okay Jimin?” He couldn’t respond verbally which meant he could only give his doctor a small nod before he retracted back to himself again.

Soon enough a worried looking Hoseok barged into the room with Yoongi right behind, who wore a look that screamed ‘terrified’. Hoseok knelt next to Jimin carefully and put his hands up so the younger boy could see exactly what he was doing. “Can I touch you Jimin?” He shook his head quickly, sobbing even harder as he tried to back up against the desk in the middle of the room. “Jiminnie it’s me, Yoongi hyung. I know you feel terrified right now, but can hyung touch you sweetheart?” Yoongi whispered softly once he was carefully sat next to the crying boy. “Y-Yoongi,” the younger whispered out once he had somewhat calmed down. The elder came closer to him and put his hands in front of the boy’s face. “Jimin-ah is it okay if hyung touches you?” The younger shakily nodded his head and with that Yoongi was holding him in less than a second, rocking them back and forth, and that was the last thing he could remember before passing out.

~

He was back home again. His dog laid on the bed next to him and he was wearing his old clothes from before the psychiatric hospital ; an oversized Troye Sivan hoodie with black ripped jeans. He looked around his room, checking for anything out of the usual, but everything was the still same. His desk was a mess and his clothes were lazily thrown around the dirty room. The walls still had their pastel blue color and the accidental coffee stain was still evident on the floor of his bedroom. “Honey, are you ready to go?” Jimin jumped at the sudden voice, managing to roll of his bed with a loud thump. “Oh dear I am so sorry, I didn’t

mean to scare you,” his mom said lovingly, “but we really do need to hurry up for your appointment.” Oh no, this couldn’t be... Jimin stood up hesitantly. This was the day they were going to find out.

The car ride there was completely silent. His mother made a couple attempts to spark up a conversation but gave up when all Jimin would answer back was ‘yes’ and ‘no’. It didn’t take long to arrive at the hospital and Jimin was finding it hard to get out of the car. “Come on sweetie, we are already late,” his mother told Jimin when she noticed he wasn’t making any attempts to move. “Y-yeah okay,” he choked out before making his way towards the entrance.

The conversation went exactly how he remembered it. It started off with questions about school and then slowly rotated to questions about his eating patterns and how much he would eat a day. Jimin tried to change his answers this time, but his mouth was saying something completely different from what his brain was telling him.

“Do you skip meals?” Yes.

“Have you ever fainted while working out, because you hadn’t eaten all day?” Yes.

“Do you think you are skinny enough?” No.

Everything went the exactly same and just like last time he was diagnosed with anorexia. His mother cried once again and he honestly wanted it all to stop. This was the worst day of his life and he was reliving it all again. His dad came in a couple of minutes later, hugging his mom tightly to his chest. The expression his face held was a mix of disappointment, guilt and fear. Jimin couldn’t take it anymore and ran to the bathroom to throw up the contents of his barely filled stomach. Tears were cascading down his face and desperate sobs left his throat. He was completely alone as always and he could feel himself fade away from consciousness. The last thing he saw was his father before he came crashing to the cold bathroom floor.

~

His eyes opened again slowly, taking some time to adjust to the light in the bright room. His hand was warm and when he looked down at it he saw a paler hand on top of it, Yoongi’s. The older boy was sitting on a plastic chair near the bed, his head resting on the bed next to Jimin’s thigh. He looked more peaceful than he had done in months and Jimin had to fight the urge to run his fingers through Yoongi’s black hair; they really needed to wash it again some time soon. Some nurses entered when they realized he was awake, but Yoongi stayed unconscious through all the noise the staff was making. And that’s how he stayed for a couple more hours, in silence with Yoongi close to him and honestly, that’s all he truly needed

# Today was the day

## Chapter Summary

Trigger warning!!!

This was it then. He had done everything he needed to do. He stared at himself for a couple more seconds before he entered the now lukewarm water in the bathtub. He grabbed a shard of the mirror he had broken the last freak out and pointed it towards his wrist.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It had been weeks. Weeks of being bunched up in his room with intrusive thought coming left and right. Something had snapped within Yoongi's head and he somehow found himself hidden under his blankets with silent tears running down his cheeks. He couldn't do this anymore, he was so tired, oh so tired. He was done with reliving the same routine again and again. Waking up at 12 am because his body wouldn't let him sleep until 4 am. Looking out of the window around 2 pm, thinking of what would happen if he jumped out and if he would actually be able to die from it. Then he'd proceed to stare at himself in the mirror until he couldn't look at himself anymore. He was sick of it all. Today was going to be the day. The day he would finally pull through with it. There was no turning back now. No time for regrets. It was already too late for that now

He hadn't stepped out of his room for what felt like ages, but he had to today. He had to at least say goodbye to his friends before doing the inevitable. He felt small, so small in between the white suffocating walls that were the corridors to the dining hall. When he arrived everyone was already seated like usually. The only thing out of place was the empty chair besides Jimin. Fuck, Jimin. The boy was staring at his plate like always. His hands in his lap and his hair covering the majority of his angel like face. He couldn't do this, he couldn't do this, he-

The younger boy was staring right at him. Features soft, but his eyes were oh so intense. Yoongi knew he couldn't back down now and walked towards the empty chair next to Jimin with his head held down.

"Didn't think I would see you again hyung," Jimin whispered softly once Yoongi was seated next to him. "Yeah I decided today would be the day." Jimin didn't seem to notice the intentions behind those words and Yoongi sighed in relief. "I missed you, you know. It has

been really lonely without you.” That was the first time the elder dared to look up at the younger boy. He was impossibly skinnier and the bags under his eyes had only seemed to have darkened. His hair was barely even blond anymore and he had permanent frown lines adorning his pale face. “I am sorry,” Yoongi said to no one in particular as he focused his attention back on his plate. “It’s okay Yoongi hyung, no need to apologize,” Jimin said as he too focused his attention back on the untouched plate in front of him. He picked at the food, but that was pretty much it for the first ten minutes of breakfast

“How have you been doing Jimin-ah?” Yoongi said after the silence had become too unbearable. The blond boy scoffed. “How does it look like I am doing? I am fucking miserable here.” Yoongi didn’t really know how to respond to that so he did the famous ‘I don’t know how to react to this’ move; he nodded and hummed at the younger boy who was now aggressively moving the food around his plate. Dinner was over in no time and before he knew it he and Jimin were the only ones left at the table. “Jimin-ah you have to at least try to eat something,” Hoseok reasoned from behind him. Jimin shook his head and stood up, completely ignoring Yoongi’s presence and stormed off. “Don’t take it personal. He hasn’t been doing that well lately, you know?” The only thing Yoongi could do was nod. “I am going back to my room now hobi,” he informed the nurse. He was about to leave, but decided to turn back and say his ‘hopefully’ last goodbye to his friend. “Thank you for always taking care of me Hoseok. I love you so much and I may not show it, but I really do. Okay sorry that was so cheesy, goodbye.” The nurse was left in shock but before he could even respond Yoongi had already left the room.

This was it then. He had done everything he needed to do. He stared at himself for a couple more seconds before he entered the now lukewarm water in the bathtub. He grabbed a shard of the mirror he had broken the last freak out and pointed it towards his wrist.

‘Come on Yoongi, you are so close.’

You can do it, there’s nothing holding you back now, is there? Jimin hates you and Hoseok could totally live without your presence weighting him down.’

Yoongi wasn’t scared anymore. His body and mind felt numb and all he could focus on was the sharp shard that was being held tightly in his shaking hand. He kept bringing it closer to his arm until it was lightly touching the skin of his scarred wrist. Images of his friends flashed through his mind and he was once again breaking down. Without any hesitation he dragged the sharp tool across the thin skin. Blood started immediately falling into the water surrounding him and it was turning a light pink shade. He turned to his other wrist and did the same before he not-so-carefully dropped the shard next to the overflowing tub. His vision



started going blurry and he was slowly losing control over his own body. The water splashed by the impact of his arms falling into it and got on the floor of the bathroom, painting the tiles a dark color. The water was dark red in no time and he was starting to lose consciousness. A small 'Jimin' left his sore throat before he fell into the black abyss that was his unconsciousness.

~

Images were played in front of him. One was of his life before the hospital, before everything had turned to shit. He was running around the backyard as his dad chased after him. He caught him and spun him around in the air and his giggles could be heard loudly in his ears. Another one was of Hoseok, a memory from one year ago. They were both hunched forward, trying to beat the other in mario kart. Yoongi wasn't actually allowed to play games in the living room back then, because he had lost those privileges, but Hoseok had managed to sneak him in. He could hear both of their screams as they got closer and closer to the finish line and then Hoseok won and more cheering could be heard from the image playing. The last memory was of Jimin. It was of the day they first met on that damned roof top. "Look I am not going to tell you to get off that edge. It will only make you feel shittier than you already do right now. Look let's just talk and whether you step away or not is your choice, okay?" Jimin said clearly and Yoongi could feel his walls tumbling down. The image continued playing and all Yoongi could focus on was Jimin's soft voice as the younger boy tried to comfort his past self. "I don't see it either, you seem so happy standing over there." Yoongi stepped over the railing and the memory ended like all of them. And then it was black...

---

Dear Hoseok,

Please don't be mad at me okay. I know what I did was extremely selfish but I couldn't take it anymore. Every day is the same and I feel so hopeless. I tried to hold on, for you, for Jimin, but I can't. And I can't apologize enough for that. Please don't blame yourself, because this has nothing to do with you. You have been so good to me for the past years and I couldn't have had a better friend. Even though you didn't really have a choice, did you. This is just a job. I hope our friendship wasn't one-sided though, because I really enjoyed all the time we spent together. Thank you for dragging me out of bed on days I wished I could just disappear and thank you for understanding me and not judging me. Like I said before, I love you so much, I really do. I hope you can move on and forget about me. Please don't be sad, because I'd hate myself for making you sad. Please look out for Jimin and make sure he is eating. He's lost so much weight and it isn't healthy. Please tell him I am sorry and that I hate myself for not being a better friend. I really liked him, even though I could never admit it. He was more than just a friend to me. I was so scared to admit it to anyone so I kept it all in, but I can't do that anymore, can I?

once again I am sorry for everything

love,

Min Yoongi

---

## Chapter End Notes

I am sorry for not posting in like 2 weeks but your bi bitch is dead inside

# Right before dawn

## Chapter Summary

You were supposed to be' the voice in Yoongi's head spat. 'You were supposed to stop being a burden. Look at you now, you are an even bigger burden.'

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"Jimin-ah it was quite rude to storm out like that. Yoongi hasn't been outside of his room in weeks, you could at least try to be polite." Jimin hung his head down in shame, trying to avoid the older boy's gaze as much as possible. "I know what I did was bad hyung and I had no right to lash out like that. I want to apologize to him." Hoseok nodded his head in approval and pulled Jimin up from his messy bed, leading him to Yoongi's room a couple of meters away. Jimin had this funny feeling in his stomach. Hunger? No, it felt like something more along the lines of anxiety and he couldn't shake that feeling. It was getting stronger and stronger the closer they got to the elder's room and Jimin sped up, trying to get to the room as soon as possible. Hoseok knocked twice without getting an answer before entering the small dark room.

'Shit, the bathroom lights are on'

The younger felt like he was going to throw up any time soon. This couldn't be, hyung couldn't be- Hoseok opened the door quickly. Slamming it against the wall, probably leaving a dent in it's wake. Jimin walked through the door-opening and his world stopped completely when he saw the state the older boy was in. Yoongi was lying in the bathtub next to the tiled wall, the water surrounding him mixed with his own blood, tinting it a dark red color. His eyes were closed tightly and his lips had this blueish color to them, something you would only see on a corpse. His arms had gigantic cuts on each of them and blood was still steadily oozing out of the wounds. Jimin fell to his knees harshly, probably leaving a couple of dark bruises there. He choked on a sob that wanted to escape his throat. Hoseok was yelling at him to stand up and help, but he wasn't hearing any of it, too deep into an anxiety attack to understand a word the older boy was saying. The nurse pulled Yoongi's body out of the tub and he fell to the floor with a loud thump. A bunch of people who Jimin assumed were nurses started entering the small room and Jimin quickly latched onto Yoongi's body to keep their hands off Yoongi's unconscious form. The nurses around him were trying to pull him off, but Jimin wouldn't budge, too scared that letting go meant Yoongi would stop breathing. Something was injected into his neck and then his world turned black.

Jimin woke up a couple of hours later, a dulling pain clouding his mind. The room was silent besides the steady beep that came from the heart monitor. The young boy was confused. What had happened? Why was he even here?.. Then it dawned on him. Yoongi. Jimin stood

up quickly, making him even dizzy than he was before. What if the elder was dead? What if Jimin would never be able to hear his voice again? Tears were streaming down his pale face as he ran through the small nursery, trying to find the black haired boy. "Jimin-ah, what are you doing," Hoseok said when he bumped into the frantic boy. "Hoseok hyung," the younger all but yelled, "where's Yoongi hyung? Is he alright?" He dropped to his knees. "Please tell me he is alright." Hoseok grabbed the younger's hand and pulled him in for a tight hug. "He is alright Jimin ah, don't worry." That only made the blond boy cry harder, his body shaking in the nurse's arms. Hoseok grabbed Jimin's hand once again and lead him through the busy corridor to room 93.

Yoongi looked up from his hands as soon as he heard to door opening, facing a sobbing Jimin. The elder let out a choked 'Jimin' and tried to sit up quickly to be able to face him better, but Hoseok had other plans. "Nuh uh, you are not moving. Wouldn't want to rip your stitches now would we?" Hoseok said sternly to the boy who was moving too much for his own good. He pressed a hand on his chest and forced him down once again. The raven haired male was about to protest, but seeing the nurses terrified expression caused his words to die in his throat. "Yoongi, you are so selfish," the once quiet male yelled out. "How could you do this to us? To me." Yoongi was about to interrupt him, but the younger spoke up again before he was able to. "Was I not good enough? Is that it hyung?" The elder shook his head quickly, but it was like Jimin wasn't listening to him. "I-I thought you were dead."

'You were supposed to be' the voice in Yoongi's head spat. 'You were supposed to stop being a burden. Look at you now, you are an even bigger burden.'

He was so deep in thought he hadn't even realized that Jimin had gotten up and was now stroking his cheek. "Please stop overthinking hyung. It hurts me when you do that."

He wished he could. He wished those voices in his head would stop spitting hurtful thing at him. That his own mind would stop treating him like trash.

"You are going to therapy three times a week from now on," the nurse suddenly spoke up. "You are also on suicide watch for the next two days. If they determine that you are still a threat to yourself, they'll keep you here for a couple days longer to make sure you don't try to hurt yourself." Yoongi simply nodded. He had heard this story before. 'Show any suicidal behavior blah blah blah' they all said the same thing. Both boys grabbed a plastic chair and sat on opposite sides of the injured boy. Jimin took Yoongi's hand in his own and held it tightly, putting his other hand over it.

"We called your parents, but they said they were too busy to come." "Hah, of course they are," Yoongi replied bitterly. "They were already too busy for me when I still lived in that damn house." Jimin's grip on his hand tightened even more. "I know it hurts you Yoongi-ah. You don't need to act like this isn't affecting you." His mask was starting to break. "What they are doing is unforgivable and they should feel ashamed for abandoning their child like this." Tears were threatening to spill. "How could you even continue working when you know your son has just attempted suicide." Yoongi broke. "You want to know why hobi? Because I am not the son they wanted," the sad boy said, choking on his words. "They didn't want a fucking depressed fag who can't stop hurting himself for even a month. Or a son who can't be with the rest of society because he can't function properly." Jimin was crying

alongside him now, probably terrified of the self-deprecating words that were leaving Yoongi's mouth non-stop. "I'm pretty sure they are even considering disowning me. Why would they want me anyway. I am a worthless piece of shit who'll never go places." Hoseok looked furious. "You know what, Yoongi? Fuck you and everything you just said," the nurse yelled at Yoongi. "If they can't see how much you're worth or how precious you are then they don't deserve you. It's not your fault you have a mental illness. You didn't choose it and I am pretty sure you wished you didn't have one. Getting professional help is not something bad. It shows me that you are trying your best to overcome it and I am so proud of you for that. Being gay isn't a bad thing either and you should never be ashamed of it. I am gay, do you think I am disgusting?" Yoongi didn't even hesitate before replying. "Of course not hyung." Hoseok's face turned softer at those words. "If you don't think I am disgusting, then why do you think that way of yourself? Jimin over here is also gay but you don't think he is disgusting either do you?" Yoongi's head snapped to the right where Jimin was sitting with tears stained cheeks. "Of course not hyung." Hoseok smiled softly at him, stroking the hair out of the younger's eyes. "Why can't you accept it then, Yoongs?"

'Because you are disgusting'

"Because my parents told me I am disgusting." The words left a tense mood in the air. "T-they told you that?" Jimin spoke out shakily. "They told me it is a sin and that I am going to hell." Hoseok looked pained. "Fuck, Yoongi, that's terrible. Just know you aren't, okay. You were born like this and you have no choice over it. Love whoever the fuck you want and fuck the rest if they want to judge you for it." Hoseok reached down to engulf the broken boy in a hug. It was going to be okay. Yoongi was going to heal with time. Hoseok knew that, even if he knew it was going to take a while. Yoongi's mind thought different though and the hateful words his parents had said to him were clouding his thoughts.

'Disgusting faggot'

'You are going to hell'

'You might as well be dead. It's not like it would make that much of a difference'

'You'll never amount to anything'

'Kill yourself already'

It was going to get better, even if Yoongi didn't know that himself

## Chapter End Notes

Hello guys, gals and non-binary pals,

I am so sorry for taking this long to update. I used to complain about other writers, but now that I am a writer myself I realize how hard it is to find time to write. I was about to fail this year, which meant I didn't have time for anything besides studying. It's summer

break now so I hope I'll have more time to write. I am not promising anything, but I'll try to find time for it at 2 am. I am so thankful for all the nice comments and the attention this story is getting. Again, I am sorry for the wait and I hope you can find it in your hearts to forgive me. Btw I am sorry if the word 'faggot' triggers you. It triggers me too since I am gay, but I thought it was a way to make the story more,,,, painful?

Kisses, ana

## End Notes

Tired of not finding any depression yoonmin fanfiction so I made one myself

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