

If I don't make it

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If I don't make it

by [CourtKpop123](#)

Summary

Hoseok becomes sick but ignores it, it eventually turns more serious than he could have imagined.

-requested by Imogen

This is in no means medically accurate. I will not be including family as I want to focus mainly on the boys. I've tried my best so please enjoy :)

Notes

I will try and update every few days, so bare with me.

Chapter 1

Jung hoseok. More commonly known as J-Hope, the sunshine of BTS. He loved his job, for him it wasn't work. It was a way of life, a reason for living. If you told him he couldn't dance then he honestly would feel like that was the end for him.

BTS were rounding up their current tour having travelled for 2 months across Europe and South America, finally having their last concert in Seoul. The concert had been going on without any problems, the fans singing along to every word, the members dancing to every beat. Hoseok had been having the time of his life until it came to his solo song. He had finished to the sounds of roaring cheers when he felt a pain in his side. He thought nothing of it as he was lowered below the stage, putting it down to cramp.

"You ok hoseok?" Jin asked.

Hoseok slowly rubbed his side.

"Yeah, just a bit of cramp. Think I went a little too hard on that one" he laughed nervously.

"As long as you're ok, I think you did great." Jin beamed.

"Thanks hyung, I know you will too." He flashed a smile which slowly fell as Jin walked away.

It was a few hours later, the concert having finished allowing the members to retire back to their dorm. They were all exhausted, having showered and headed to bed straight away. Everyone had seemingly fallen asleep as soon as their heads hit the pillow, not Hoseok however. The pain in his side had returned.

"Stupid cramp" he murmured.

Hoseok just believed the tiredness and exhaustion had caught up with his body. He was glad that they had been given 3 weeks off in which he was going to head home to Gwangju for a week. Each member was going to do separate things for their vacation, hoseok being the only one to leave in the first week while the rest stayed in Seoul. He was excited, not having seen his family in a few months.

"Hopefully I can rest up back home" he whispered to himself.

"You have everything hoseok?" Jin quizzed.

The members had come to see Hoseok off out front of the dorm.

"Yes hyung" he chuckled "if not then too bad, I can't be bothered to go back up there now. I'll see you all in a few weeks, enjoy your vacation."

They all hugged him, waving his van off as it left.

Hoseok watched as the dorm disappeared from sight, easing back into his chair. Hopefully the painkillers for his supposed side and back cramps would kick in soon he thought to himself.

Hoseok had been home for 3 days now. He had enjoyed it for the most part except he had been feeling run down for the last 2. The pain in his back and side had subsided a little but he had begun to run a fever. His parents had to take an urgent business trip for the remainder of his visit which they were all disappointed about, so he was left at their home alone. He could easily find something to do though, working on some music for his mixtape.

He had been working at his laptop for 30 minutes, nursing a mint tea when he felt the sudden urge to go to the toilet. He sprinted, shutting the bathroom door quickly. Relief flooding him when he was able to relieve himself. He went to flush when something caught his attention. The water was red. Hoseok gasped before quickly flushing the toilet. He hesitated before choosing to ignore what he had seen in favour of washing his hands and returning to his work.

There was a nagging feeling in the back of his mind to look up his symptoms, but he knew that wasn't the best thing to do, the internet only makes you paranoid. Instead, he decided to just carry on with his music.

The following day, hoseok only felt worse. He was sure he was running a high fever now but made the decision to not bother anyone with it. He never got sick so decided he could handle it himself. It was only a little fever right?

Although he felt awful, he had to make a trip to the local supermarket as they had run out of milk. He didn't think it would take long, 20 minutes max.

He slowly rounded the corner of the fridge isle, searching the Shelf's for the right brand when he stopped in his tracks. Something felt wrong. There was a burning sensation making its way up his throat. He quickly put his hand to his mouth before spinning round in search of the nearest bathroom.

"Sir, are you ok?" An employee questioned.

"Y...yeah. Where's t...the bathroom?" He asked shakily.

"It's by the tills. Are you sure you are ok, you don't look well."

"I'm fi...." he was cut off from the dizziness he was experiencing. He took one step more before he fell to the floor unconscious.

The employee ran to Hoseok in horror, checking for a pulse. "SOMEONE CALL AN AMBULANCE!"

There was a pulse but it was weak.

“Why do we have to watch this, I swear we’ve seen it a hundred times!” Taehyung whined.

Jungkook only grinned while continuing to press the play button. “Because it’s amazing, that’s why”

The members were all settling down on the sofa when namjoons phone began to ring. Looking at the caller ID, he saw it was hoseok.

“It’s Hoseok”

“Tell him we miss him” jimin said.

Namjoon only smiled before pressing answer.

“Hobi hey. How is..... Yes this is Kim Namjoon. Who is this?”

The others looked at the leader in confusion.

“Well is he ok? What happened?” He paused.

“I see, w...we will make our way there right away.”

Namjoon hastily pressed end on the call.

“What’s wrong Joon?” Jin asked.

“That was the hospital in Gwangju. Hoseok collapsed. We need to go there now.”

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Decided to post the next chapter a day early, will probably Post next chapter over the weekend. Enjoy :)

The 3 hour car ride to the hospital felt like a lifetime, all the members on edge the entire time. They kept asking themselves the same questions over and over; how bad is he? Is he going to be ok? What's wrong with him?

The car had barely stopped before they opened the doors, running in the direction of the part of the hospital Hoseok had been taken to.

Namjoon was first to the desk, huffing while trying to catch his breath. "We.... are here.... for Jung Hoseok"

Before a nurse could answer, a doctor ushered them to a small private room.

"Please, take a seat."

They did as asked before looking to the doctor for answers.

"Your friend collapsed at a store. When he was brought in he had a fairly high fever..."

"So its just a fever, he's going to be okay right?" Jungkook quizzed.

The doctor looked down to his notes before back to the members with sympathetic eyes. "It's more complicated than that I'm afraid. The fever is a result of a serious kidney infection. It's clear he has had this infection for a while. If he was treated earlier then it would not be this serious..."

"What do you mean serious? It's treatable right, you can treat it with antibiotics or something?" Jimin asked with tears building.

"I'm afraid not. The infection has been left to fester and it has caused his kidneys to begin shutting down"

The boys looked at each other with a mixture of shock and confusion.

"What does this mean, what will you do?"

"Well, we are going to put him on dialysis for the time being to try and rid his kidneys of the infection and toxins."

“And then he will be ok?”

The doctor sighed before answering. “I can’t give any guarantees. If the infection does not clear then this can lead to kidney failure. If this happens then he will have to be kept on dialysis while we look at a potential kidney transplant. I’m sorry this isn’t better news.”

“C...can we see him?” Jin whispered.

“Off course, he has woken up now so I will take you all to see him. He must take it easy though, try not to overwhelm him.”

They nervously followed the doctor into a private and quiet hospital room. Laying on the bed was a sick looking Hoseok, mask covering his nose and mouth.

“I’ll leave you all to it.”

Hoseok weakly opened his eyes, pulling the oxygen mask from his mouth.

“Hey guys...” he rasped.

“....I...I’m sorry.”

Yoongi rushed to his side, gently grabbing hold of his hand.

“Hey it’s ok. You have nothing to be sorry for” he said, caressing the younger’s hair.

“No, I should h...have told someone when I first started to feel unwell. This is all my fault.” Tears began to muster in his eyes.

“Let’s not think about that now Hobi. We need to think about getting you better.”

Hoseok brushed the tears from his face, taking a minute before looking up to the members.

“I...I take it the doctor told you everything.”

Namjoon stepped forward and nodded.

“Oh god... I’m sorry. This is going to ruin us, I can’t perform. Everyone is going to hate me....” he started to cry again.

Namjoon rounded the bed, taking hold of the boys other hand.

“Stop that Hobi. That is not going to happen, no one hates you. They will want you to get better, they can wait. As long as it takes, we will all wait. The managers have put us on hiatus and put out a brief statement. No one blames you.”

Hoseok briefly looked into namjoon’s eyes, noting the sincerity present. He continued to sob.

The 6 remaining boys returned to their rented apartment a few hours later, not a dry eye had left that hospital room. Hoseok had fallen asleep shortly after his small breakdown with the doctor advising them to come back the next day. They all hated leaving him there alone, it felt like they were abandoning him.

All of them took a seat at the dining table, a bowl of ramen in-front of each of them. To be honest, none had the appetite but they had to keep their strength up for Hoseok.

“What are we going to do?” Taehyung asked timidly, playing with the noodles.

“Honestly Tae, I don’t think any of us really know. Just hope that this dialysis thing works.”

“But what if it doesn’t hyung?”

Yoongi impatiently slammed his chopsticks down on the table.

“You heard what the doctor said Tae, we all did! Or weren’t you listening!”

“Yoongi..” Namjoon interrupted causing the older boy to sigh.

“Sorry Tae, I’m just scared for him is all.”

The younger boy gave yoongi a reassuring smile.

Namjoon took the moment as a cue to speak.

“If it doesn’t work then we deal with it, as brothers, as a family. If he has to have the transplant then we are going to be there with him every step of the way. He’s not going to go through this alone. His health comes before anything else, I mean anything.”

They all nodded in agreement, choosing to finish the rest of the meal in deafening silence.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Chapter up sooner than expected :)

It had been a week since he was admitted to the hospital, hoseok was petrified. Although, he didn't like admitting this. He didn't want to appear weak.

"Hello Hoseok, how are you today?" The young doctor asked.

"Tired."

"That's to be expected. Well I'm here to discuss your treatment with you."

Hoseok's nerves only began to grow. He hoped that he would be told that everything was ok but he was not that lucky.

"Is...is everything ok?"

The doctor looked at him sympathetically before flipping through his notes.

"The infection has cleared, however, it has left damage to your kidneys that is irreversible..."

"W...what does that mean?"

"It means that you will have to carry on with dialysis for the foreseeable future until you are well enough for a kidney transplant. I'm sorry I cannot give you better news."

Hoseok felt sick and breathless. How could this be happening, all because he didn't go to the doctors earlier. He felt tears begin to fill his eyes.

"What happens now?" he whispered nervously.

"Well, you will be transferred to a hospital in Seoul where you will stay for a few days. From there you will carry on the dialysis in the comfort of your own home."

"How...how long before I can have the transplant?"

The doctor sighed, placing his notes on a nearby table and taking a seat in the empty chair next to Hoseok's bed.

"I'm going to be frank with you hoseok. It could be months, it could be years. It all depends on a number of factors. In some cases a transplant ends up not being possible."

"Y...years?"

“We are going to do our best to help you hosoek. I know this is difficult. Do you have any questions for me?”

“N...no. I don't think so.”

When the other members arrived, they found hosoek's back facing the door. He didn't greet them as they entered the quiet room.

“Hyung?”

“Hoseok?”

Yoongi walked round to face the dancer, clear tear track marks on his cheeks.

“Hosoek, what's the matter? Did the doctor talk to you?”

He nodded before a strained cry was heard. Yoongi gently hugged the boy while shushing him, allowing a few moments for him to calm down.

“Can you tell us what he said?”

“I... I need the transplant b...but h..he said it could be months or even y....years before I get it. If I can have it that is.” He began to sob into yoongi's shirt again.

“Hey, it's ok. We are going to get through this ok.”

“I'm s...sorry. I'm so sorry”

“Hey, what did we say before. Don't you dare say you're sorry, this is no ones fault.”

“I....I just don't know what I'm going to do. W...what about the fans, the concerts..... BTS?”

“The fans will always be there, they understand hosoek. As for BTS, we will always be BTS, we will always be brothers. Family stick by each other through the best and worst of times.” Yoongi pulled the boy tight into a hug while watching the teary faces of the 5 other boys.

“We've packed your favourite magazines for the trip back to Seoul hyung” jungkook beamed.

“Thank you kookie. This should make the 3 hours go by quick.” He smiled sadly.

It had arrived to the day that hosoek was to be transferred to the hospital in Seoul. In all honesty, he was glad. Seoul had always felt more of a home to him considering he had spent many years there. Also knowing he would be closer to his members and in the comfort of his own bed soon enough was a comfort in itself.

The journey took just over 3 hours in the ambulance, his new hospital room for the next 3 days pretty identical to the one back In Gwangju. Also identical was the number of needles

he was stuck with, he always hated needles but this was his reality for the time being.

“Jin, yoongi.”

“Yes hobi?”

“Can I talk to you both in private for a moment?”

The others looked questioningly between the three before stating they were going to head to the canteen for some questionable hospital food.

“Is everything ok Hoseok?”

The boy in question eyed the two nervously.

“Just.... watch out for them ok, and Namjoon. I know he has a lot on his plate, especially now. Just make sure he looks after himself properly. You two as well.”

“Hoseok...”

“I mean it. Just do it for me please.”

Yoongi grabbed Hoseok’s hand gently.

“Why are you making it sound like you are not going to be ok? We don’t know anything yet.”

“I’m just being realistic. The treatment might not work for me. I might not be able to have the transplant. So please just promise me that if something happens that you will look after each other, you’ll carry on with BTS.”

“Hobi....”

“Promise me....please.”

Jin and yoongi pulled him into a gentle hug.

“W...we promise hobi. We promise.”

Hoseok didn’t see the silent tears flowing down the older boy’s faces.

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

Next update should be in a couple of days :)

“Right, we are all ready. Let’s go. Bon voyage here we come.”

Yoongi stood confused. “Wait, what about Hobi? He’s not here yet.”

The others looked at each other then back at yoongi curiously.

“What are you talking about hyung?” Jimin asked.

“Hoseok’s not here.”

“Who’s Hoseok?” Jungkook said.

Yoongi looked even more confused now.

“This is some sort of joke right?” He chuckled.

No one else was laughing though.

Namjoon stepped towards the rapper. “No hyung. Who is Hoseok or Hobi, whatever you called him?”

Yoongi’s smile fell as he realised they were being serious. “J-hope! One of the 7 members of our group. Ringing any bells?”

“Hyung what are you talking about, we are only a 6 member group.”

“No, we are 7. This isn’t funny guys.”

“Hyung, are you ill or something? Are you running a fever?” Taehyung asked as he checked the older’s forehead.”

Yoongi pushed his hand away, becoming more agitated.

“Ok, this Isn’t funny...” he began running from room to room looking for the boy. “Hoseok. HOBI.”

“HOBI” yoongi yelled as he sat up quickly in his bed. His eyes darted around the room, eyeing his surroundings.

“Hey yoongi, are you ok?” Asked Jin.

“Hmmm. Yeah....yeah, just a bad dream that’s all” he answered while rubbing the sleep from his eyes.

Jin left his bed to sit on the end of the other member’s

“It was about hobi, wasn’t it?”

Yoongi nodded sadly. “It just felt so real hyung. I can’t stop thinking about what he said. Do you really think he believes he’s not going to make it?”

Jin hesitated for a second, brushing the hair from his eyes. “I think he doesn’t know what’s going to happen, none of us do. I can’t even begin to imagine how he is trying to process all this information being thrown at him.”

“But.... but what if he’s right and the treatment doesn’t work? What then?”

“Honestly, as much as I don’t want to believe that, it’s a possibility. We have to honour his wishes Yoon, no matter what happens. We promised.”

“I...I know. I just....”

Jin interrupted “..don’t want to lose him.”

“I’m so scared Jin” yoongi sobbed softly.

Jin’s own eyes began to water as he pulled the rapper into a tight hug. He didn’t want to let him go.

Hoseok watched as the lines on his monitor moved up and down, the constant noise of the beep etched into his mind. A few things ran through his mind as he lay there in the silent darkness; how had he got to this point, what were Jin and yoongi thinking about what he told them, will army still support them as a 6 member group?

“They are strong Hoseok...” he started whispering to himself “.....they will learn to live with it. It will be ok.”

He sat there trying to convince himself of this, partly to try and erase the guilt he was feeling at letting this situation get worse than it could have been. He quietly began to sob into the crook of his arm, not caring about the iv’s in the way.

“How is he today doctor?” Namjoon asked. Namjoon, Taehyung and jimin came to visit today.

The older man smiled. “He’s been asleep most of the day, a side effect of the illness and treatment. I have discussed his case with the other doctors and we are going to release him to go back home tomorrow. Treatment should be more comfortable there. I’ll let you give him the good news.”

“Wow, ok. That’s great news doctor. Tae, jimin why don’t you go and sit with him. I’ll be in in a moment.”

The two nodded before leaving the leader and the doctor alone to talk.

“I have all 6 consent forms for the donor test doc.”

The doctor gently took them from his hands, placing them on his clipboard. “This is a big thing you are doing for your friend. I must stress though the possibility that none of you might be a match.”

“We understand, but we would do anything for him. So if there is a chance then we have to find out. Just, please don’t tell him.”

The doctor smiled while placing a hand on Namjoon’s shoulder before leaving him to join the others.

Namjoon sat in the 3rd chair supplied by the nurses next to Hoseok’s hospital bed. His eyes slowly began to peel open.

“Hey hobi, how are you feeling?” Namjoon asked quietly.

“All the better for seeing you guys” he smiled weakly.

Tae ran his thumb over the sick boys knuckles. “You don’t have to put on a front for us hyung, we know you better than that.”

The dancers smile fell, as did his gaze. “Tired, I’m just really tired. I hate this feeling.”

“Hey, it’s ok. The doctor said it’s to be expected. I have some news for you though.”

His gaze made its way back to the other rapper’s eyes in curiosity.

“They are releasing you tomorrow to continue treatment back home. Isn’t that great Hobi?”

Hoseok slowly nodded as a small smile appeared on his face.

“That’s great, no more hospital smell when I.... slee.....sleep” he yawned as his eyes began to shut once again.

“It’s ok hobi, you can sleep now. It’s a big day tomorrow” Namjoon whispered.

Within seconds, Hoseok had fallen back into a deep sleep. The others didn't mind though. They purely just enjoyed sitting with the boy and spending as much time with him as they could.

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

I did plan to put this chapter out in a couple of days but looking at the weather, it looks like I'm gonna have a busy work week, especially as I do split shifts so don't finish till late. I have spent my day off writing more chapters and planning out what each chapter will include. I'm looking at about 20 or so chapters. So enjoy, not sure when I will next update, hopefully before the weekend :)

Hoseok had arrived home to the dorm along with the others an hour earlier. To say he was tired was an understatement. A dialysis machine had been set up in his room with the doctor explaining how the treatment would work. A nurse would visit every day to check on how he is and help with the treatment. In all honesty, he was just glad to be back home. As strange as it sounds, he missed the shiny floors and smell of the place that made it so homely.

He hadn't mustered up enough energy to go to his room so he was currently laid out on the soft couch wrapped in a blanket, head in jimin's lap while the younger caressed his hair. They all knew this helped to calm the dancer.

Jin crouched in-front of him.

"Hey Hoseok, do you think you would be up to eat something?"

Hoseok tiredly opened his eyes.

"I... I don't know."

"Please, just a little something for me. The doctor said you have to keep your strength up. What about a little bit of soup."

Hoseok hesitated for a few seconds while he debated it. Jin was right, he needed to keep his strength up. The treatment was going to take it out of him.

"Ok, yeah. Thank you hyung."

Jin smiled before moving to the kitchen to heat up a small bowl of chicken soup. Jimin helped Hoseok to sit up comfortably on the couch, blanket still wrapped around him.

"Are you comfortable, are you warm enough hyung?"

"Yes thank you Jiminie. You're too good to this hyung."

Jimin smiled. "Well don't tell the others, but you are my favourite."

This statement elicited a small chuckle from Hoseok.

“You always know how to make me feel better.”

Jin returned a few minutes later with the soup.

“Here you are Hobi. Just be careful, it’s hot” he said as he passed the lap tray to the boy before sitting down next to him.

“Thank you. I’ve missed your cooking.”

“I only heated it up Hoseok” the elder laughed.

“Anything is better than that hospital food, anything” he said as he blew on the steaming spoon.

Hoseok only managed a few mouthfuls before he paused. Jimin and Jin both looking at him with worry.

“Are you ok hyung?”

“Err.... yeah, I just don’t think I can manage anymore. I..I’m sorry hyung.”

Jin took the tray from the tired boy. “That’s ok Hoseok, you don’t need to be sorry” he smiled.

Jin disposed of the soup a few moments later, noting down in the journal the doctor had given them what Hoseok had managed to eat. Jin was pulled from his thoughts by the front door opening.

“Oh, hi Namjoon.”

Namjoon had just returned from a meeting at the company.

“Hi hyung, where is Hoseok? I have something to show him.”

“He is lying down on the sofa with Jimin. Is everything ok?”

“Yeah, just come on.”

Jin followed the leader into the living room before taking a seat on the couch opposite.

Namjoon walked over to Hoseok and crouched in-front of him.

“Hey Hoseok, how are you feeling?”

“I’m ok. How about you?”

“I’m good. I have something to show you”

Hoseok eyed Namjoon with curiosity while watching him take out his phone and scroll up quickly.

“I was looking at the comments from bighit’s statement about you as well as scrolling through Twitter. The top trending hashtag is for you Hobi.”

Hoseok gently took Namjoon’s phone as he looked at the trending hashtag that said ***#alwayswithJHope***.

He began scrolling through the posts and comments.

‘We are here with you J-Hope’

‘Get well soon Hoseok’

‘We will be waiting for you once you are better’

‘J-Hope fighting’

Tears began to slowly flow down Hoseok’s cheeks as he scrolled down, reading supportive comment after supportive comment. All the while, the 3 other members watched with emotional smiles.

Namjoon went to go to bed, thinking he was the last when he noticed Hoseok sat in-front of the tv, sound on mute.

Namjoon rubbed his eyes before taking a seat next to him. “What are you still doing up, I thought everyone was asleep.”

“I could ask you the same thing” he looked down to his hand as he fiddled with the ring on his pinky finger “I just couldn’t sleep.”

“Do you want to talk about it?”

“What’s there to talk about?” He replied sadly.

Namjoon hesitated for a moment before breaking the silence.

“You know, when I met you, do you know what my first thought was?”

“Wow, does that guy talk a lot or what?” he laughed lightly causing Namjoon to smile.

“No not exactly. I thought who is this guy, does he want be a singer, rapper, dancer or what? But as I got to know you, I realised the talent you had for all three. I admired your work ethic. But do you know what I admired most?”

Hoseok looked at him curiously.

“Your mental strength and selflessness. You would be having a bad day but you always made sure everyone else was ok, no matter how you were feeling. You’ve been there for us, for me. More times than I can count. It’s our turn to be there for you Hoseok, it’s our turn to take care of you. If you ever need to talk about anything, or cry or whatever. No ones going to stop you.”

The dancer stared at the leader for a few moments before pulling him into a tight hug.

“I...I don’t know if I can do this Namjoon” he sobbed.

“Shhh. It’s ok, I’m here. I will always be here.”

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

Next update will probably be Saturday or Sunday :) enjoy

The doctor had warned them all of the side effects of the illness and treatment. This week however, it had hit Hoseok the hardest. He was getting use to the fatigue but now he felt like he was going to throw up every hour or so, all while having the feeling of breathlessness every so often. The muscle cramps were just the cherry on top, they were becoming painful to the point that he had ice packs on him as well as being wrapped in blankets. If the other members would ask him though, he would say he was fine. His pride getting in the way of his real answer. He had always been selfless, never wanting to burden the boy's with his problems. Now however, he knew they didn't believe him in the slightest.

"Hoseok, I've got a small snack here for you to eat." Yoongi stated, handing the small sandwich to the dancer.

He had been struggling to keep food down for the past couple of days, relying mostly on thin soup and broth. He slowly took the plate and placed it in his lap.

"Come on Hobi, you need to try and eat it" he said as he watched Hoseok just stare at the food for the past minute.

"Don't you think I know that hyung!" He almost yelled. "I'm...I'm sorry, I'm just sick of this."

Yoongi looked at him sadly before placing an arm round the boys shoulder.

"I know Hobi."

Hoseok stared at the sandwich before picking it up to slowly take a bite. "Thank you hyung." Somehow, he managed to take 5 bites, more than he had managed in the past couple of days. He felt a sense of pride at this achievement, yoongi watching him with a smile. This smile soon faded however as he watched the boy quickly scramble to his feet and jog to the bathroom.

"Hoseok..." Yoongi called out after him.

Following the boy, he pushed the slightly open door too to be met with a familiar sight. Hoseok, bent over the toilet bowl, gagging. He crouched down beside him to begin rubbing circles on his back.

"It's ok Hobi, just breathe."

A few minutes passed before the dancer pushed himself away from the toilet filled with water containing bits of food floating on top.

“I’m s.....sorry hyung” he spoke as he wiped his mouth with his sleeve.

“It’s ok, you don’t need to apologise. We should get you cleaned up ready for the nurse. We should talk to her about how to help with the nausea.” Yoongi suggested as he helped the sickly boy to his feet.

The younger nodded in agreement.

“Do you have any concerns you would like to discuss?” the nurse asked Hoseok as she attached the tubes to the needles currently stuck in his arm.

“I...I just wanted to ask about the nausea.”

The nurse looked up to him after successfully completing her task. “Yes, unfortunately this is one of the side effects. It affects everyone differently, some worse than others. How has it been for you lately?”

“Pretty bad I would say. I’m struggling to keep any sort of food down” he replied sadly.

The nurse nodded before scribbling some notes down. “Unfortunately there is not a lot we can do except prescribe you with some anti-nausea medication. It has been successful in calming the nausea for many people. I will write up a prescription for you which someone will be able to collect tomorrow.”

“Thank you” he smiled.

“Now, I will be back in a couple of hours once the treatment has finished. Any problems then please contact me immediately.”

“Ok, I will. Thank you.”

“It’s no problem at all” she smiled back at him while collecting her things. She walked out of his bedroom a few moments later leaving him alone to watch the blood flow through the tubes.

He preferred to be alone during these sessions as he felt embarrassed. The members assured him that there was nothing to be embarrassed by but he would always state that he felt vulnerable. He hated people seeing him vulnerable.

The 6 boys were sat on the living room sofas watching some comedy film. To be honest, no one could focus on it. Their thoughts only on Hoseok as he sat in his room alone. They wanted more than anything to keep him company, cheer him up. However, they had to respect his wishes. If he wanted to be alone then they would leave him alone.

All were sat in their own little worlds when a ringtone startled them. Namjoon recognised his ringtone and was quick to look at the caller ID. It was the hospital.

“Excuse me for a second” he spoke to the others as he left for the privacy of the kitchen quickly before pressing answer.

“Hello.... yes doctor.

.....So the forms have been processed? Yes...ok. Ok, thank you.”

He hung up a few seconds after before returning to the living room.

“Who was that joon, is everything ok?” Jin asked.

Namjoon looked down the hallway to check if Hoseok’s door was still closed before returning his gaze to everyone else.

“That was the hospital. They have set up an appointment for our tests in two days time.”

They looked between each other with a sense of apprehension. Jimin being the first to speak up.

“How are we going to keep that from Hobi hyung. Won’t he get suspicious that we’ve all gone somewhere?”

“I’ve already told him that the company wants to meet with us at some point to discuss some future music. Manager Sejin is going to come and talk to Hoseok here to make it more believable.”

Jungkook fiddled with his watch before mustering up the courage to ask a lingering question.

“Why can’t we just tell him?”

Namjoon sighed before taking a seat. “Because if he finds out what we are doing he will try to stop us. We just have to keep it secret until we find out the results.”

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

Enjoy :)

2 days passed by in a flash. Everyone had been on edge keeping this secret from Hoseok but he already had so much to focus on, so this was for the best. It was now 11am, the 6 boys were due to leave once their car arrived in a few minutes time.

“Are you sure you’re going to be ok hyung?”

Hoseok slowly sat himself on the couch, engulfed in a warm hoodie. “Yes Jiminie, I will be fine. Besides, manager Sejin will be here any minute.”

“We will be as quick as we can Hoseok” Jin stated.

“It’s fine honestly. This meeting with the company is important. Now go” he smiled while waving his hands as if to usher them out the front door. Sure enough, they were met with Sejin on the other side.

“See, I’ll be fine.”

“Ok hyung, we will see you soon” jungkook said as he closed the front door behind him.

“Hello Hoseok, how are you today?”

“I’m good” he lied. He felt awful, the other man didn’t need to know that though.

The older man smiled before taking a seat opposite Hoseok and pulling out some notepads. “Let’s begin by discussing some ideas.”

It was nearing 12 in the afternoon. The hospital was relatively quiet, the boys having been ushered to a much more private area. They had been sitting on the soft chairs, waiting their turn for their tests and health checks. Yoongi was the current member to be escorted inside, Namjoon and Jin already having had theirs done.

Namjoon was sat, nervously bouncing his leg up and down.

“Hey, you ok?” Jin asked.

“Just thinking.”

“Care to share?” the elder smiled.

“What if none of us are a match, what then? I don’t think I would have the heart to tell him. We are supposed to be his brothers, his family but what if we can’t help him?”

Jin’s smile fell as he thought carefully how to reply. “I know how you feel. Watching him get sicker, I just feel so helpless. And well, if no ones a match then we are back to square one. We are going to have to tell him eventually though, I hate lying to him.”

Namjoon’s gaze fell to his hands. “I know.”

Jin turned his attention to the maknae line, he had never seen them so quiet and reserved. “Hey guys, are you ok?”

“Y...yeah hyung. Just a bit nervous” Tae said.

“What are you nervous about?”

“It’s stupid, don’t worry” he replied sadly.

Jin expression turned to one of worry and confusion. “It’s ok Tae, you can say it.”

“Will it hurt hyung? I know that sounds stupid and it sounds selfish because I know Hoseok is going through so much more pain. I...I’m just scared.”

Jin placed his arm over the shaking boys shoulder. “It’s ok to be scared Tae. Honestly, I was too but do you know what helped me through the nerves?”

The younger shook his head.

“The thought that if this could help Hoseok, then any pain is worth it.” He smiled at the boy.

Taehyung took in a few shaky breaths before returning a small smile.

“Thanks hyung.”

It had been just under 2 hours since the members had left for what Hoseok thought was a meeting at the company. Sejin had left half an hour ago due to a work emergency. He didn’t want to leave the dancer but the younger insisted that he would be fine, he would call someone if there was any problems.

During the whole meeting with the man, he had felt overwhelmed but refused to show it. It felt strange talking about music and albums again, choosing to not mention the obviously large elephant in the room. Once the man had left, Hoseok took it upon himself to retreat to his bedroom, settling on his bed with his iPad. Once on the YouTube homepage, he searched for videos of their performances and his solo dance videos. It was when he played his boy meets evil MV 15 minutes later that he allowed the tears to fall. The overwhelming thoughts and unanswered questions flooded his mind. Would he ever perform like this again? Would he ever stand on stage beside the other boys again? Would he be here this time next year?

He had felt this fear for a while but had chosen to push it to the back of his mind, the others helping him to focus on other things. But now he was alone, in quietness. The grief of everything that had happened hitting him like a ton of bricks. Once the video had finished, he allowed the device to fall to the floor. He cried and cried for the next hour, only stopping once he heard the sound of the front door. A fake smile once again making its way to his face. He wouldn't tell anyone how he truly felt. He couldn't be weak, not now.

"Hoseok..." Jin yelled "...we're back."

The 6 moved to the living room, watching as the boy in question slowly walked towards them.

"How did it go?" He asked, rubbing his red eyes.

"It went ok. We just discussed some ideas. Hey, are you ok?" Yoongi quizzed, noting how sad Hoseok's eyes looked.

"Y..yeah I'm fine..." he began nervously "...just woken up, that's all."

Yoongi eyed him suspiciously before seeming to accept his excuse. Hoseok was thankful for this.

"How did your meeting with Sejin go?"

"Oh, the same really. We mainly just discussed ideas. I think I'm going to make a start on writing some raps soon as well."

"That sounds like a good idea, it will give you something positive to focus on."

The younger softly smiled at him in agreement. He did need the distraction, mainly from what he would call his impending doom. He wouldn't tell them that though.

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

Enjoy :)

It had been a week and the members were still eagerly waiting for any news on their test results. For the past few days, they had all been filled with anxiety. Partly for the results, partly for the fear of Hoseok finding out about what they had been up too. He had been having a much better week with the anti-nausea tablets working a treat. He was still fatigued but was able to muster enough energy to go for a small walk in a private garden near their dorm every now and then. It brought him happiness as he watched the trees blow in the wind while listening to the tweeting of the birds. It felt like a sense of freedom after being cooped up in doors for so long. He still was obviously not a fan of being prodded with the needles for his dialysis every couple of days, but he made do. It was keeping him alive for the moment. It was still extremely difficult for the members who watched how he put on a brave front when in reality they knew he must be scared. Who wouldn't be?

Hoseok had decided to take a nap after his walk, they didn't go far but he got tired quickly. The juxtaposition of his fitness and stamina now to before he became ill was clear.

The other boys were around in various parts of the dorm. The maknae line watching tv while the elder boys sat at the dining room kitchen doing some work on their laptops. Namjoon was lost in deep thought when his phone began to vibrate.

"It's the hospital" he stated nervously before picking up to answer. The younger members having heard this, joined them at the table. All sat patiently waiting to hear any news.

They watched as the nervous smile on the leaders face fell.

"...I...I see. Thank you anyway doctor. Bye." He said as he hung up the phone, frustratedly tossing it on the table.

"Well?"

Namjoon sighed, placing his head in his hands.

"None of us are a match."

The others looked between each other in shock and sadness. Jimin was the first to break the silence.

"Not even one of us? But how can that be?"

"It's one of those things apparently, finding a perfect match can be difficult. I don't know how we are going to tell Hobi."

“Tell me what?” The boy in question asked while rubbing at his tired eyes.

They all looked up with anxiety.

“What’s going on?” He asked a bit more forcefully this time.

“I...I think you should sit down Hoseok.” Yoongi stated, rubbing his hands nervously together.

He did as suggested, taking a seat next to Taehyung, who was refusing to look at the dancer in his eyes.

“This sounds serious.”

“Errr... well look Hobi. Just know we did what we thought was the right thing to do?”

He looked at the leader in confusion.

“The day we said we had a meeting, we lied. We actually went to the hospital.”

“Why? Is everyone ok?”

“Yeah, we are fine. The reason we went was because of you.”

“What are you talking about?” The look on his face turned more serious.

“We went to get tested to see if we would be a match to donate. I’m sorry Hobi, the hospital just called and told us none of us are. I’m so sorry.” Namjoon stared down at his clasped hands.

“Why would you do that?” His tone sounded frustrated.

“What?”

“Why would you do that. I never said I wanted any of you to get tested!”

“Why wouldn’t we Hoseok if it meant that one of us could have helped you.”

“No, I never wanted that for any of you and I’m glad none of you are a match.” He said angrily.

“Hyung, why would you say that?” Jungkook questioned, eyes watery.

“Because it’s true. I don’t want you to help me, I don’t want to put any of you through that. It’s bad enough with one of us out for the count, there is no way that I would let any one of you put your career and life at risk for me.”

“But Hoseok....”

“No Jin. I don’t want to hear anymore on the matter. The fact that you went behind my back has pissed me off actually.” He almost yelled as he angrily stood from his chair and stormed off towards the confines of his room.

“That could have gone better” yoongi stated.

Jin looked towards the bedroom door that was now closed. “He just needs time to cool down, I mean can you blame him. We did go behind his back.”

It had been 2 hours since Hoseok’s outburst, he had yet to come out of his room. Yoongi and Jin could see he wasn’t going to make the first move, so they had to.

“Hoseok. Can we come in please?” Jin said as he gently knocked on the closed door. Yoongi decided in that moment he didn’t care if Hoseok didn’t want to talk to them, but they needed to talk to him. He pushed the handle and opened the door finding the dancer sat on the edge of his bed, back facing them.

The two entered before closing the door once again.

“Hoseok.... we’re sorry.”

There was silence for a few seconds before he spoke. “No. I’m sorry for yelling at you all like that, I know you were just trying to help.”

The two sat on the boy’s bed, ready to listen to what he had to say.

“I overreacted. It’s just hard. I just didn’t want any of you to give up a part of yourselves just to help me. I....I don’t deserve it.”

“What do you mean Hoseok, why don’t you deserve it?”

Hoseok turned to look at the two with swollen red eyes. “I’m the one who let it get as bad as this, I was so stubborn. I deserve this.”

“No Hoseok, no one deserves this. Least of all you. No one could have predicted how bad it would get, it could have happened to any one of us.”

“But it didn’t happen to anyone else, it happened to me. Now I have to be realistic. The chances of me finding a donor are not great and I certainly don’t want to be on dialysis for the rest of my life.”

“What are you saying Hobi?”

They only had to look in his eyes to understand exactly what he was saying.

“Please remember what you promised me.”

Jin placed his hands on his shoulders. “You are going to fight this Hoseok. You will.”

The dancer smiled sadly. “I’m slowly running out of fight” he whispered before pulling them both into a gentle hug.

“But it will all be ok.”

“He’s giving up isn’t he?” Yoongi knew the answer but that didn’t stop him asking the oldest member. He wanted to hear that he was wrong, that Hoseok wanted to fight but they could

see it in his eyes. They both did.

“He just looked so tired, mentally.”

“We have to tell the others Jin, maybe we can all help him see how much there is to loose if he stops fighting.”

“It’s not that simple Yoon, I think you know that. But I’ll be damned if I let him sit there and allow himself to die. We are not going to lose him, we can’t.”

Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

Decided to upload again today as I won't be able to for the next couple of days :)

Hoseok made the decision after his talk with Jin and Yoongi to stop moping around, he was going to spend his time wisely, with meaning...being happy. He walked into the living room, shoes in hand and the brightest smile on his face much to the surprise of everyone else.

"Morning hobi, going somewhere?" Namjoon asked inquisitively.

Hoseok finished tying his shoes before standing up and stretching his back. "Yeah. I've decided to go to the company for a bit and clear my head."

"Oh. Well do you want someone to come with you?"

"No that's ok.." he beamed "...I'm just going to spend the time in my studio so I probably won't be much company. Thank you though. I'll see you all in a few hours."

They watched as the front door closed behind him.

"He's in a much better mood this morning" Taehyung said.

Jin and yoongi just looked at each other knowingly.

"Hi Sejin hyung, have you got any empty boxes lying around that I can use?"

The man looked at the boy in curiosity.

"Um yes I think so." He moved to a small storage closet down the hall, pulling out some abandoned cardboard boxes.

"May I ask what for?"

"My studio is a bit of a mess, that's all. I just need somewhere to store away some things" he smiled as he took the boxes before bowing politely, disappeared down the long hallway.

Once inside his studio, he placed the boxes on the floor out of the way before taking a seat at his desk. He pulled his bottom drawer open, rummaging around for a few moments before he came across what he had been searching for. He pulled out a thick album, placing it on the desk in-front of him, running his fingers over the smooth binding.

He opened to the first page to a picture of the all the members on the day they debuted.

“Wow, that felt amazing.” Jungkook practically yelled from excitement.

“Nerve wracking is how I would explain it” Jin stated, wiping the sweat from his forehead.

“You all did fantastic...” a manager said “....let’s get a picture of all of you to remember this moment.”

They all moved together, smiles as big as ever.

“After 3. 1...2...3....bangtan”

“BANGTAN” they all yelled in unison as the flash hit their eyes.

He brushed his thumb over the picture before flicking through more memories, from after concerts to vacations and restaurant trips. Each photo meant something special to him, this was how he wanted to remember them all, happy and together as 7. His tears smudged the writing placed under each photo.

Hoseok had spent two hours in his studio sorting through everything and packing things away. He made a box for things he wanted his family to have, things he wanted the members to have as well as a few boxes that he would eventually put in storage. He had come to the conclusion that he wouldn’t be needing any of it anytime soon anyway but he wouldn’t tell the others about what he had decided. His studio was his private space and he wanted to keep it this way for now. If they walked in to all the boxes and empty shelves then they would start asking questions, questions that he didn’t want to answer. It was easier this way.

He packed his bag, looking at his studio one last time, one filled with many memories, good and bad. He smiled to himself before switching off the light and locking the door. Who knew when he would see this place again. He certainly didn’t think he would.

Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

Only a short one today

After having a good week of feeling slightly better, it all came crashing down. It had hit him like a ton of bricks the morning after another dialysis session. The sickness had returned and he was now even struggling to keep down the anti-nausea tablets. The worst thing though was the muscle cramps, they were becoming very painful to the point where he could barely stand. He had spent the day lying in bed unable to sleep. The pain was keeping him from sleeping so he gave up on that idea.

He scrunched his face in pain when he felt his bed dip from someone taking a seat beside him. He felt his legs become cold.

“Hey hobi, I brought you some more ice for your legs. I know it’s not much.”

“Make it stop Jin, it hurts” he whined desperately.

It hurt to see his dongsang in this state but there wasn’t a lot any of them could do. The doctor warned of the side effects of dialysis and that it was something he would just have to endure.

“I’m sorry hobi, I know it hurts but you have to be strong.”

“I....I can’t” he cried.

Jin brushed the hair from the dancers forehead to place a cool damp towel in its place. He could only shush the boy while wishing he could take all his suffering away, staring at the boys skin that had begun to have a yellow tint. A common symptom of kidney failure. This only worried him more.

Jin returned to the others nearly an hour later, rubbing the back of his neck as he took a seat beside Namjoon.

“How is he?”

“In pain. He’s managed to fall asleep but he looks absolutely exhausted. I think this is the worst it’s been since he started the treatment. I think we should maybe call the doctor, I think he has got the beginning of a fever.”

“But he was fine last week” jungkook stated, a worried expression evident on his face.

“I don’t think he was ever fine Kook, I just think his symptoms and the after effects of the dialysis didn’t affect him as much.”

“I’ll go call the hospital now to see what they say” Namjoon explained before dismissing himself to the privacy of his room.

“Why do we need to call the hospital though, I thought his treatment is supposed to be helping him? Not making him worse.”

“It’s just a precaution Tae, the hospital is just better equipped to deal with his health if he deteriorates. His immune system isn’t at its best so he is more susceptible to infection” he explained, trying to calm the younger mans anxieties.

“Just a precaution..” Taehyung whispered to himself.

Around 5 minutes had passed before the leader joined them once again.

“The hospital said to bring him in so they can do a check up and check his vitals. They want us to come in now.....” Namjoon’s sentence was cut short by the sound of a small voice from down the hallway.

“Joon....yoongi...?” Hoseok said through a groggy voice while walking towards them, the wall holding his weight up.

“Hobi, what are you doing up?” Jin asked.

“I....I’m s...sorry....” his sentence trailed off as he fell to the the floor with a thud.

Within seconds, the other members were at his side, yoongi the closest as he cupped the boys cheeks.

“Hobi...hobi wake up for me, open your eyes.”

Yoongi gasped as he felt Hoseok’s forehead.

“He’s burning up, we need to get him to the hospital now.”

Chapter 11

Jin was pacing from one side of the private waiting room to the other, the other boys sat in various parts of the room each processing what had occurred just over an hour before. They had watched as Hoseok fell unconscious in-front of them, devastation on their faces as they had watched him being carted off in the ambulance with blue flashing lights.

They had yet to receive any news, only being led to the private room as soon as they arrived and told to wait for a doctor to inform them of Hoseok's situation. No one dared to speak, only sitting in painful silence as they all wondered if he was even still alive.

There was a small knock at the door, a doctor entered after a few moments. They all stood, eager to hear what state the dancer was in.

"Hello, I'm doctor Han. Please take a seat."

"What's wrong with him? Is he ok?" Jimin burst out desperately."

The doctor placed his clipboard to one side before sighing. "Your friend has a serious infection, he has septicaemia. When he arrived to us he went into shock and had a seizure. We are trying to get him as stable as possible at the current time."

"W...when can we see him?"

The doctor looked at them solemnly.

"Not just yet. Due to how unstable he is, we had to put Mr Jung into an induced coma. We are going to attempt to treat the infection but his kidneys have already shown signs of being affected by the infection. At this time we cannot continue his dialysis as it would be too risky."

"But that's what is keeping him alive, what if you can't clear the infection?"

"If the infection does not clear then this will lead to his kidneys shutting down completely followed by his other organs."

"So...so you're saying he could die?" Taehyung questioned as his lip quivered.

"We are going to do our best to search for a kidney donor asap."

"What are the chances of you finding one in this short amount of time? What happens if you can't find one? Please doctor, be honest. What are his chances?" Asked Namjoon.

The doctor looked at them sadly. "Not great. My suggestion would be that you take this time to be with him."

Yoongi and Jin looked at each other with watery eyes. Only thinking of the promise they made to the dancer possibly becoming reality.

It was 3 hours before they were told he was stable enough for them to see him. He looked so frail and sick. It was a scary sight to see him so still, a tube down his throat helping him to breath. Jungkook sat close to him, holding his hand which felt like it was losing all it's warmth. He watched as the elders chest rose and fell ever so slowly in time with the machine.

"Y...you can't leave us hyung. I won't let you. N...not yet." Jungkook felt a comforting hand on his shoulder as he cried into the crook of his arm.

Jin, yoongi and Namjoon were off in the corner of the room, speaking quietly to each other.

"This is my fault."

"Joon, why would you say that?"

"He wasn't well, I should have forced him to go to the doctors the second he felt unwell. Maybe then he wouldn't be laying there."

"You can't blame yourself. You heard what the doctor said, these things can go unnoticed until it's too late."

The elder nodded, unsure what to think. "The company said they are going to put out a statement."

"This just doesn't feel real. We...we could lose him. We can't lose him."

They all looked towards the dancer, knowing that this was in fact a very real possibility and there was nothing they could do about it. They all felt so helpless.

"This is a statement regarding the health of BTS member Jung Hoseok. Yesterday, while at the dorm, he collapsed and was rushed to hospital due to complications with his recent diagnosis. Hoseok is in a stable but serious condition and the members are continuing to hold vigil by his bedside. The members would appreciate their privacy at this very difficult time and we will update you in the near future. Thank you."

Namjoon sat on the toilet as he read over and over again the statement that their company had put out. This only made the fact that they could lose the dancer feel more real. He sat there as tears dropped onto his screen, feeling like he had failed his brother, his family. He was the leader but he had no clue what to do in this situation, no clue at all.

Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

Only a short one :)

News of how desperate Hoseok's situation had become had reached many people including staff members and different idols from various other company's. Many had made the selfless decision to get tested to see if they were a match. His family had been tested but none of them were a match either. Every time a test came back negative, the more devastated the members became. Hoseok had been in the coma now for two days and each minute that passed, they feared it might be their last with him.

Namjoon, yoongi and Jin were today's visitors as the younger members were absolutely exhausted from crying all night. Namjoon had been left alone with the dancer while the other two grabbed some much needed food and coffee.

"I've not been a good leader Hoseok. If I was then you wouldn't be here now. I can't help but think how I wish it was me lying there instead of you. There is so much you have left to give to the world." The leader's tears began to fall as he held Hoseok's hand against his chest. "We need you to fight this Hobi, we need you to wake up. I.....I need you. P...please hobi, I need you....." his voice broke off, sobs now flooded the room.

He cried for a minute before he felt a pair of arms pull him into a tight hug. It was rare to see Namjoon cry, let alone full on sob but he had a good reason.

"Shhh, it's ok joon." Jin whispered into the distraught man's ear.

"It's...it's not though, he's going to die and it's all my f...fault."

Jin pulled away to look at the boy directly in the eyes. "Hey, it's no one's fault" he stated before pulling him back into the hug. What he wanted to add was that he wasn't going to die but he couldn't. He honestly couldn't be sure anymore.

It took a few minutes before Namjoon was able to calm down, his sobs now only faint hiccups as he wiped the tear track marks from his cheeks.

"Joon..." yoongi began "... remember a while back when Hoseok asked to talk to me and Jin?"

The rapper nodded.

"Well the truth is he made us promise him something. He made us promise that we would look out for you, make sure you look after yourself."

"But...but why would he make you promise that unless..." Namjoon's gaze fell at a sudden realisation.

“I think he understood how ill he was becoming and I think he was accepting of it. The only thing he thought about was us. As painful as it is, he wouldn’t want us blaming ourselves for something that is out of our control. As much as I want to refuse to accept the reality that we could lose him, I am going to honour his wishes and make sure that we support each other” yoongi exclaimed.

Namjoon was at a loss for words. He couldn’t believe how selfless Hoseok had been throughout the whole period of time of his sickness.

“I....I just don’t want him to go.”

“None of us do...” yoongi said, his voice beginning to break.

Jimin had been sat at the dining table for the past hour, scrolling through all the comments from the statement. Never in a million years did he think such a statement would be put out about one of the members, especially Hoseok. His messages also blew up from many idols asking if they would be able to get tested which off course he said yes to. He was so grateful for this. He never realised how difficult it would be to find a match.

“Jimin?” Tae croaked out as he sat half asleep beside Jimin.

“Hey Tae, I thought you were getting some rest.”

“I...I was but I had a nightmare. Except it wasn’t just a nightmare, it’s real. We could lose Hobi.”

“That’s not going to happen Tae” jimin said firmly while continuing to scroll through his phone.

“How do you know what will happen?”

Jimin grew frustrated as he tossed his phone on the table causing Tae to jump.

“He’s strong, this isn’t going to kill him. He will get better. You watch.”

Taehyung wasn’t sure who jimin was trying to convince. He wanted to believe that everything would be ok like in the fairytales but this was real life.

“I’m sorry Tae, I don’t mean to be angry. I’m just....”

“Scared?”

Jimin nodded as he wrapped an arm around Taehyung’s shoulder.

Chapter 13

To say the last couple of days had been difficult would be a complete and utter understatement. They were emotionally and physically exhausting. Hoseok still laid in a coma as there had been no change to his health. That was good and bad, good because he wasn't getting any worse but bad because he wasn't getting any better.

The members had taken it in turns sitting with him, even being allowed to stay overnight due to how serious his situation had become.

They all came today, wanting to be together as a 7. Currently though, they were taking a breather out in the hallway. It was painful to see the once bright and happy dancer a shell of himself. Namjoon had struggled the most, especially after finding out what Hoseok had made the two eldest members promise. He didn't want to believe that Hoseok was even thinking about dying all those weeks ago, but he was.

"Why don't you go home Joon, with Jungkook and Jimin. You look absolutely exhausted." Jin suggested. He knew what the answer would be but it didn't hurt to ask.

Namjoon rubbed the sleep from his eyes as he yawned. "I'm not going anywhere anytime soon. I'll be fine. If worse comes to worse I'll just take a nap in the chair back in the hospital room."

Jin only looked at him with worry. He didn't want the leader making himself sick but he knew taking him away from the dancer would only cause him more distress. Heck, it would for any of them.

They sat in silence when the whole atmosphere changed. Beeping was going off from the direction of Hoseok's room, doctors and nurses ran in the same direction.

The members sprinted towards the commotion only to be stopped at the closed door by a nurse.

"What's going on? What's happening?"

"You can't go in there right now."

"But why? What's happening?"

"I'm sorry, I can't tell you anything at this time. My colleague will take you to a private waiting room while we work on your friend."

This statement did not fill them with any confidence.

"Boys...." the doctor began as he took a seat across from them ".....there was a situation with your friend. His fever spiked due to the infection which we hoped would have cleared by

now. His kidneys are close to the point of full on shut down.”

“What can you do to help him?” Jimin questioned with Watery eyes.

The doctor gave each of them a sad look. “His other organs are now beginning to shut down. Do you understand what I’m saying?”

The elder members did but jungkook was choosing to be naive. “Well you can do something to help him then. This is a hospital, you have to help him.”

“Some things are too far gone to help. We were hoping a donor would have become available by now but unfortunately that is not the case.”

“What would your suggestion be to do next doctor?”

The man paused for a few moments, trying to collect himself for what he was about to say. “I would suggest that you start saying your goodbyes.”

The new development in Hoseok’s situation was unknown to everyone except for the members and managers who had been told a couple of hours ago. Jungkook had decided to sit alone with his thoughts, not wanting to see his hyung just yet as it felt too overwhelming. He was sat alone, scrolling through various posts of support from fans and other idols.

“I cannot believe this is happening to a more generous and kind person. We are all sending support your way. From Hyungwon and the rest of Monsta X”

“Sending prayers your way J-Hope. From Eric Nam.”

“Keep on fighting this thing Hoseok, you’re strong. From Woozi”

Jungkook only continued to stare at each post with sadness. The reality that these people were wishing Hoseok better when they should be posting goodbyes, except they didn’t know that. Tears fell onto the screen as he continued to read post after post after post.

Chapter 14

The repetitive beeping sound of Hoseok's heart monitor was the only thing keeping the members borderline sane. As long as they continued to hear it then they would be ok. The doctors had taken Hoseok off the ventilator as his breathing had evened out and his fever from the infection had come down. This in no way meant he was out of the woods, as far as they knew he still didn't have long left. The doctors told them that there was a small chance that he might wake up for a short period of time, they just didn't know due to how ill he was. Although they had been warned he didn't have much longer left, they wanted to believe they would see his eyes open one last time.

Big hit had released an updated statement which had led to a huge outpouring of support and grief for the dancer. The members greatly appreciated it, they just didn't know how to put that appreciation into words.

They were all sat within a small distance of the hospital bed. Most members had fallen victim to sleep except for Jimin and Yoongi whom were watching the boy like hawks, making sure they could still see his chest rise and fall.

"Hyung?" Jimin whispered.

"Mmm" yoongi grunted, not taking his eyes away from Hoseok.

"How are we going to go on without him?"

For the first time that day, Yoongi tore his eyes away from the still form to look at Jimin's watery eyes.

"That's a bit out of the blue Jimin..." he sighed "...I don't know, I honestly don't know."

"Do you think he is in any pain? I don't want him to be in any pain."

"I don't think so Jimin. He wouldn't look this peaceful otherwise" he smiled at the younger.

Jimin was about to ask another question when he noticed Hoseok's eyelids twitch slightly. The boy sat up quickly and gasped.

"Hyung, did you see that?"

"See what?"

"His eyelids move."

Yoongi shook his head. "That happens sometimes Jimin. It's normal."

Jimin sighed before resting his chin on his hand. A few seconds passed before he witnessed the same movement again except more prominent.

"Hyung, they definitely moved. Hobi, can you hear me?"

“It’s nothing jimin, it’s just the.....” Yoongi’s words cut off as he looked back in the direction of the dancer, his slightly open eyes staring back at him.

“Oh my god. Hobi, it’s jimin and Yoongi. You’re ok, I’m going to get the nurse.”

The remaining 4 members had woken to all the commotion, only to be met with a surprised jimin and Yoongi telling them Hoseok had woken up. The doctor had assessed him and let the members know that this can happen sometimes. Although, him waking up didn’t change the fact that he was dying.

“How long was I out?” Hoseok rasped.

“A few days, not too long Hobi” Jin replied.

Hoseok looked between the members, noting just how sad they looked.

“Why are you all crying?”

The boys were taken aback by this question, Hoseok knew he was dying and he is asking why they are crying. Did he not know how much he meant to them?

The dancer mustered up enough strength to wipe away Taehyung’s tears. “You need to stop crying now....” he spoke softly “....it’s all going to be ok now. I’m going to be ok. I’m not afraid anymore.”

This statement only caused more tears to fall from their faces as they watched him smile. They knew this was him saying goodbye. They were in no means ready for it.

“Please hyung....”

“It’s ok kookie.”

“B...but we need you. I....I need you.”

“You don’t need me. Not anymore. Look how much you’ve achieved already. All of you. You’re all so strong.”

“Not without you we are not.” Jimin sobbed.

“You always have been and you always will be” he stated while holding out his hand towards the others.

Each member gently put their hands on top of his, 7 hands together one last time. A bond that will last forever.

“I’ll always be here, always.”

Everyone was emotionally exhausted after last night's events. Hoseok's goodbye still fresh in their minds. They all knew it was only a matter of days or weeks before he fully slipped away from them. They were just grateful that he didn't have to spend it with tubes down his throat, not many people get that lucky.

It was 2 in the afternoon and Taehyung and Yoongi were sat next to the dancer watching old performance videos. Hoseok's smile never faltering once as he watched in awe. Everyone else just sat watching the three, sad smiles gracing their faces. They were midway through their fake love BBMA's performance when the door burst open suddenly. A team of doctors and nurses quickly entered.

"I need everyone to vacate the room immediately. Team, we need to prep the patient for the OR!"

All the members stood up quickly, confusion evident on their faces.

"What on earth is going on? What's the meaning of this?" Namjoon asked worriedly.

The lead doctor stopped in his tracks to look at all the boys, mainly Hoseok.

"We have a donor. The kidney is on its way here ASAP. We need to prep your friend for surgery immediately."

Hoseok stared into the doctor's eyes looking for any sign that this was some cruel practical joke. "Y...you've found a donor? An actual d....donor."

"Yes Mr Jung. Now we really do need to prep you for surgery...."

Chapter 15

Chapter Notes

Disclaimer-

this is in no way medically accurate. Everything that is written is to fit the story better and to move it along.

Hoseok had been in surgery for 2 hours and counting. Everything happened in a whirlwind, the members being carted off to a private waiting room. A doctor had arrived to give them an update on the surgery and answer some questions for them.

“How is he doctor?”

“The surgery is going exactly as planned so far although we still have a way to go. Now I know this has all happened quickly so I assume you have some questions you would like answering.”

They all looked between each other, Namjoon deciding to take the lead in asking the questions.

“I thought you couldn’t find a donor, especially seeing as he hasn’t been on the list that long.”

“In certain circumstances things do change. Hoseok’s situation had become dire which pushed him up the list. A kidney became available suddenly.”

“Where did the kidney come from?”

“A young man was brought to this hospital after being in a serious accident, he was a match to Hoseok. The young man’s family had given permission for his organs to be donated as he was declared brain dead. The fact he was in this hospital meant the kidney did not have to travel far and the decision was made to donate it to your friend.”

“I just can’t believe this is happening. Things like this only happen in the movies” jimin exclaimed.

“Even if the surgery is successful, there is still a chance Hoseok’s body could reject the kidney during recovery. You need to be prepared for the possibility that this could happen.”

“We...we understand.”

“Is there anything else you would like to ask me?”

“I don’t think so doctor. Thank you for keeping us updated.”

The doctor smiled at them as if to try and reassure the nervous men. “That’s ok. I will inform you when the surgery has finished. If all goes to plan then he will be taken to the ICU to begin recovery.” They all nodded their heads in acknowledgment before he excused himself from the room.

The boys were still in some sort of shock. Just a short while ago, Hoseok was saying his goodbyes and now he had been given a possible second chance at life. It was bitter sweet though, the sad reality being that for one life to continue one had to end. They would be forever grateful though to this young man, wishing they could thank the family.

“How has this happened, how is that actually happening right now?”

“I wish I could answer that Tae. I’ll be honest, I was preparing for us to lose him very soon and now this. It’s like someone is keeping watch from above.” Jin said.

“We just can’t get our hopes up too much guys. You heard what the doctor said, there is still a chance it might not work. We just have to hope it does” Namjoon stated while nervously bouncing his leg up and down. He just hoped that they would see the boy alive once more.

All in all, the surgery took a little over 4 hours. The surgeons had explained that everything had gone to plan. However, the dancer was unlikely to wake up until the next day. The members were told to go home and rest for the night, the hospital would call them if there were any complications. Just hearing that the boy came out of the operating room with a beating heart meant the world to them.

The company and the managers had all been keeping up to date on any news and were in the midst of coming up with a statement for the public regarding the new development in Hoseok’s situation.

“I hate that he’s there all alone.”

“You heard the surgeons kookie. We wouldn’t have even been allowed to see him tonight, he won’t wake up till tomorrow anyway. I don’t like it either but we have to trust them.”

“I know, I just want to be with him, to hold his hand.”

“We will go first thing tomorrow. Sejin explained that they would put out the statement in a few days, just to give the chance to see how Hoseok’s recovery will go.”

“I wish we could thank that man’s family.”

“I know what you mean. That’s a lot for a family to go through. I’m just so grateful to them” yoongi said with a sad smile.

“Right, I think it’s time we all got some rest. If we can get to sleep that is. I’m not sure if I can considering everything that has happened today” Namjoon nervously chuckled. He felt a comforting hand on his shoulder, turning to see his eldest hyung smiling back at him.

Chapter 16

Chapter Notes

Only a short one :)

The night before felt like time was passing by so slow. All they wanted to do was hold the dancer in their arms, make sure his heart was still beating. Returning to the hospital the next morning was full of nerves and anxiety. They didn't know what they would be met with once they entered his hospital room, the good news being that the hospital hadn't called to inform them of any problems. He had been moved from the ICU to the recovery ward. When they stepped into the room, they saw Hoseok lying still on the bed, his chest moving up and down by itself. He had a few wires protruding from his arm and an oxygen mask over his face. He was still asleep, the doctor informing them that he would wake up any time now. They all took a seat each, watching him with hawk eyes. The infection had cleared up a day or so before the surgery, luckily. There was still a worry that all this could change in a flash, his body could still reject the kidney.

"He looks so peaceful" Taehyung observed as he held the dancers hand.

"I just can't believe he's here, laying here with a new kidney inside him. For a while there, watching him being wheeled off for surgery, I thought that would be the last time we would see him."

Jin wrapped his arm round Yoongi's shoulder, gently smiling at the rapper. "But he's here, he's alive and breathing. That's all we could have ever have asked for..." his smile dropped "...I just hope it doesn't reject. I don't know what we will do if it does. I..... I can'twe can't go through all that again."

Namjoon was sat the other side of Hoseok, close to him, holding his hand tight. He was watching as the dancers eyes suddenly and slowly began to flicker open. Namjoon brushed the hair from them. "Hey Hobi, it's Namjoon." He smiled.

Hoseok's eyes opened just wide enough to look at the face in his view. "Hi..." he croaked out. "...is this heaven? Am I dead?"

Namjoon nervously chuckled at this. "No Hobi, you're not dead. You're in the hospital. You received a new kidney, remember. I can't tell you how grateful we are that you are here."

"Don't....start g...getting soppy now." The dancer weakly spoke.

Just at that moment, the doctor walked in.

"Mr Jung, it's nice to see you are awake. Now that you are, I would just like to discuss with you the next steps. The tests so far have been positive. Now, there is still a chance that your

body could reject the new kidney but as time goes on, this chance lowers. You will be sore for a few weeks and we will keep you on the recovery ward for a couple of weeks to ensure everything is well. Do you have any questions for me?"

"When....can....I have something....to eat doc?" He smiled.

The doctor lightly laughed at this. "Soon Hoseok, soon."

The hospital allowed the members to stay the night in his hospital room due to special circumstances. They were all sat round on their phones when Hoseok made a suggestion.

"I want to put out a message to army."

They all looked at him in shock. "Do you think that's a good idea Hoseok? I mean, you only just had surgery. You should rest."

The dancer looked at the leader with determined eyes. "It's ok Joon. I'm ok. I want to do this, I need to."

"Well ok but we will have to get permission from the company first."

Hoseok nodded.

"I will go and call them now. I won't be long." Namjoon said.

Sure enough, he was back within 20 minutes, the company having agreed to Hoseok's request.

Jungkook helped to set up the phone to film him while the others gave him reassuring smiles and thumbs up.

"Whenever you are ready hyung."

Hoseok cleared his throat, nervously rubbing his hands together as he collected his thoughts on how to start.

"Erm.... hi army. So I know it's been a very long time and I just wanted to let you know that I'm here, I'm still breathing and I'm recovering. For a while as you know, we all thought that my time was coming to an end. However, at the last minute I was informed that I would be receiving a kidney. I had the surgery yesterday and am now in recovery. This doesn't mean I am out of the woods yet but I can promise you that I am going to take it day by day and get better. I will get better so that one day in the future I will be able to return back to the stage alongside my brothers. Anyway, I just want to say thank you to all of you for your support." He smiled warmly at the camera before Jungkook cut it off.

The six boys stared at him in admiration, eyes tearful.

"Why are you guys staring at me like that?" he chuckled.

"We are just so proud of you" Jin stated, causing the boy to blush.

Chapter 17

“Take your time hyung” jungkook encouraged as he and Taehyung helped Hoseok take a stroll around the hospital corridors.

It had been almost a week since his surgery, the doctors had suggested to him that he start taking short walks to get some exercise to aid a faster recovery. The tests he had had received positive results, his body was accepting the kidney. He would still have to be monitored just in case though. It was hard to believe that just a short while ago they were preparing to say goodbye to him and now he was walking around, on the road to recovery.

“I’ll be faster than both of you put together soon” he laughed.

“No chance hyung. I’ll hold you to that challenge for the future. Loser buys dinner” the maknae smiled at him.

“Deal” he accepted while shaking both boy’s hands.

Once they reached his hospital room, they helped him to carefully sit back down in the fabric chair. The other members were waiting for them. “I think that’s enough walking for one day, I’m beat.”

“You walked longer than yesterday. Another week or so and you’ll be back at home in your own bed in no time” yoongi stated as he handed Hoseok a glass of water.

“Thanks hyung” he said as he gulped the water down fast.

“Big hit are going to post a statement about your health tomorrow morning, everyone has been so worried about you.” Namjoon said.

The dancer blushed as he thought about the supportive comments he had read.

“Maybe you could post a picture of your scar hyung, it is one of the better ones I’ve seen” jungkook suggested sarcastically.

“I don’t think so kookie..” he laughed “....not everyone has as strong a stomach as you. I think we will just stick to the statement. Anyway, have you heard anymore about.....about the donor family?” Hoseok’s face turned serious.

“No Hobi, I’m sorry. The doctor said you could write a letter to them which they would pass on. You can give them the opportunity to contact you but don’t be disappointed if they don’t.”

“Yeah... I guess. As long as I get to thank them somehow. I mean, I can’t imagine how tough it must be for them right now. I just want to let them know how grateful I am.”

Hoseok laid on his hospital bed staring at the empty lined paper sat on the tray. He had given up on writing the letter as he didn't know what to write just yet. It would come to him eventually. The other members had gone home to rest, they would be back tomorrow.

He placed the pen back down and instead pulled out his laptop and headphones that he had asked Yoongi to bring him. It felt like forever since he had used it to make new music. He hadn't really had the energy or inspiration, especially after packing up his studio. He felt like an idiot for doing that, he just hoped the others hadn't seen it. He assumed they hadn't otherwise they would be asking him questions.

There were many unfinished beats on his laptop, and in the time between him waking up from surgery and now, he had decided he was going to use them to write a song about his experience.

"Maybe I could think of a title first" he whispered to himself, deep in thought. So that's what he did for the next 10 minutes. Deleting and changing it many times until he had a eureka moment.

"That's it! This is the one!" he exclaimed as he smiled at the screen. It felt so good to be back in his element once again.

It was the following day and Hoseok was exhausted, having been up most of the night making part of his new song. He decided he wanted to make it a more emotional one compared to his normal up beat anthems. After all, he had stared death in the face, that takes a profound affect on people. This morning though, he was writing the letter to the donor family.

Dear sir/ Madame

I am writing this letter to you to inform you of how grateful I am that you allowed people, one of them being me, to receive your sons organs. I cannot begin to understand the heartbreak you are experiencing right now and I don't know if you will be happy receiving this letter. I don't think I will ever be able to put into words just how thankful I truly am. I have been given a second chance at life because of a selfless decision. Thank you from the bottom of my heart and I hope one day I will get to meet you.

Yours sincerely

Jung Hoseok.

He placed the pen down as he finished signing his name at the bottom. He placed it neatly in an envelope before leaving it to one side so the doctors could send it. He just hoped that the family would read it.

Chapter 18

Hoseok was getting slightly fed up of the same 4 white walls he had been stuck in. Nearly 3 weeks had passed, his recovery was going as smoothly as possible. He was able to eat and drink more which he appreciated. It felt amazing being able to eat without throwing it up soon after. He was definitely sore though, the doctors had reduced his pain killers at his request and he was definitely regretting it slightly. He would have to take it easy for a while while the wound on his stomach healed properly meaning no lifting heavy things and certainly no strenuous activities for a few weeks. The doctor wanted to talk to Hoseok early that morning, saying he had some news for the boy.

The tall, slender looking man sat in the seat beside the hospital bed. “Good morning Hoseok, how are you feeling?”

“A lot better doctor. Compared to a few weeks ago anyway.”

“That’s good to hear. We are extremely pleased with how well your body has accepted the donated kidney and it is healing as well as we could hope. I think it’s about time to send you home.”

“Wait, really?”

The man nodded. “I will write up your discharge papers for tomorrow morning. You will need to attend a few appointments a week though just so we can monitor you while you are healing. These appointments may continue for the foreseeable future. I will make an appointment for you to have the stitches removed as well. Do you have any questions?”

“Am I able to start dancing again soon?”

“I would hold off on dancing for a while longer, you can do light exercise now however. Taking walks and riding a bike for example.”

“Ok, thank you doctor.” He smiled, thinking about how grateful he was to be leaving this miserable place.

“Hi army, it’s your hope, your angel here. As you all know, I have been seriously ill for a while now and it was looking bleak for a moment there. However, I can now happily say that I am on the mend and have returned back to the comfort of the dorm to continue my recovery there with the other members. I would just like to thank you all for your continued support. Fighting!”

“Do you think my post was ok?” The dancer asked while scrolling through their twitter.

“It’s absolutely fine Hoseok, stop worrying. I’m sure army are just happy to know that you are on the mend.”

“I guess you’re right.”

Yoongi smiled. “Of course I’m right, hyung is always right.” He watched the dancers smile falter for a moment.

“Are you alright hobi?” He asked, concerned.

“Yeah I’m good, just tired. I think I’m going to take a nap before dinner.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yeah, I think all this excitement about being home has finally caught up with me.” He flashed the elder a smile before moving to his room.

It was nearing 7 o’clock. The remaining 5 members finally sat down after a long day at the company. Yoongi stayed behind this particular day to keep an eye on Hoseok.

“Where is hobi?” Namjoon questioned.

Yoongi stopped dicing the chicken for a moment to focus on the leader. “He said he was tired and wanted to take a nap. You couldn’t just go and wake him could you? He is due to take his medication soon.”

The leader nodded, making a start towards said bedroom. He reached the door which was slightly ajar. He was about to walk in when he stopped himself, watching as Hoseok stared in the mirror, hand hovering over the healing wound left on his stomach. It was only when he noticed the tears rolling down the dancer’s face that he entered the room, startling the boy. Namjoon closed the door behind him to give them some privacy.

“Oh, hey Joon.” Hoseok said, pulling his shirt back down.

“Why are you crying hobi? What’s wrong?”

“What? I’m not crying” he said defensively while rubbing his eyes.

“You’re a rubbish liar Jung Hoseok. Now are you going to tell me what’s wrong?”

Hoseok sighed before taking a seat on the end of the bed. “It’s stupid, really. I just got a bit overwhelmed with everything that’s all.”

Namjoon took a seat beside the dancer, placing a comforting arm around his shoulder. “It’s not stupid Hoseok. No one would blame you if you needed to take a moment to cry. Heck, after everything you have been through I would be worried if you didn’t.”

“It’s just. The reality is that I shouldn’t be sitting here Joon. I should have died but I’ve been given this second chance, what if I mess it up.”

“That’s not going to happen Hobi. You deserve to be here and you deserve to be happy. You have to take this chance and live your life.”

“I guess... I’m just scared. What if something goes wrong. What if the kidney decides to stop working.”

“Then we deal with it. But you heard what the doctor said, your body has accepted the kidney. I understand you are worried but you can’t live the rest of your life worrying about what could happen, focus on now.” He squeezed Hoseok’s shoulder.

Hoseok hesitated for a moment before pulling the leader into a hug. “Thank you Joon, for being there.”

Namjoon smiled while holding the boy tight. “I’ll always be here hobi, always.”

Chapter 19

Hosoek had been home for around a week now, healing well. The topic of a first concert back had been floating around. The idea came about when they were sat down for dinner one night, jungkook mentioning how much he missed performing. Hosoek had then said that he did too and that maybe they should look at doing a one off concert at some point as he was healing much quicker than anyone expected. This idea then reached big hit who wanted to sit down with all the members to talk about it properly.

“Please, take a seat boys” their manager said, gesturing to the empty chairs.

“Now, the idea of doing a concert. What are your thoughts?” The elder asked.

Namjoon looked between everyone before taking the lead in answering. “I mean, I think it would be great but I think it is really down to Hosoek.”

“Well if I’m being completely honest. I didn’t think I would ever get to do one so I would happily like to now.”

“Obviously we would like it if you were completely healed before this was to take place. It will take time to prepare anyway.” The man stated.

“I agree. I would like to be in my best form so I’ll be able to perform properly.”

“Well then. If all of you agree...”

The 7 boys all nodded.

“Then we will make plans for the preparations. It likely won’t be for a couple of months.”

Hosoek could only smile widely at the thought of being able to perform in front of army again. Performing and BTS was his life, something he came close to losing. He wasn’t going to take it for granted again.

The members decided to spend the rest of the day at the company doing their own things, Hosoek choosing to spend the time in his studio seeing as he wasn’t allowed to dance at all yet. The butterflies in his stomach intensified as he unlocked the door, pushing it too. He hadn’t set foot in this room since being taken to the hospital. He stared at the boxes full of his possessions, labelled for different people and places. It was like he was staring at his whole life, a life that he fit into a few boxes, a life he expected to have ended.

He wandered over to his chair, wheeling it closer to the boxes, hesitating before opening one. First was his awards and trophies, carefully placing them back in the exact spots he had memorised. Next box was all his lyric notebooks and song sheets. Each box he unpacked, he could feel emotion welling up inside of him. It was only when he pulled out the last item that

a single tear fell. It was the memory album, pages still wearing marks of his tears from weeks ago. He turned to a fresh blank page, pulling out a calligraphy pen. At the bottom of the page he wrote a short sentence. He placed the album in front of him as he grabbed the Polaroid camera jungkook had gifted him for his birthday.

He walked speedily in the direction of the practice room, politely asking staff members to gather the rest of the members in said room. A large smile graced his face as he watched them all sauntering in, confused as to why they had been pulled from whatever they had been doing.

“Is everything ok hobi, are you ok?” Jin asked worriedly.

“I’m fine hyung. I’m sorry for suddenly gathering you all like this but I just wanted to grab a quick photo.”

“What are you talking about?” Jimin quizzed.

”A photo of the seven of us together.” Hoseok replied.

The 6 others looked between each other before shrugging their shoulders. They moved to stand together as Hoseok handed the camera to a staff member.

“3....2...1.....smile” the flash went off.

The staff member waited a few moments before handing the nearly developed photo and camera back to the dancer.

“Thank you guys. Sorry for disturbing you, that’s all I wanted.” Hoseok said as he dismissed himself, walking back to his studio.

Once sat back down at his desk, he pulled the album forward, sticking the newly developed photo down with some tape above the writing. His eyes began to well up as he admired his new favourite photo of the 7 of them.

“A new beginning” written neatly below it.

Chapter 20

Hosoek had been minding his own business, watching a tv drama with the other members when his phone began to ring. He excused himself as the others watched him with curiosity, wondering who it could be.

“Hello.....yes, this is Jung Hosoek.” He paused for a moment, his facial expression turning to one of shock. “I see. Thank you for letting me know. I will be there.” Once he said his goodbyes, he hung up, joining the other members back on the couch. They had the drama paused, curiosity getting the better of them.

“Who was that hyung?” Jungkook asked.

“That.... that was the hospital. The donors parents want to meet me.”

“That’s great news Hoseok. When?”

“T...tomorrow. I don’t know if I can do this” he said nervously tapping his phone.

“Hey, off course you can. After everything you’ve been through lately, I would say you can face anything head on. It’s ok to be nervous hobi.” Jin said, his sincerity in the statement clear.

“Yeah....yeah you’re right. Can you come with me to the hospital. You know... for moral support.”

They all smiled at him. “Of course we will hyung.” Taehyung said.

To say he was nervous was an understatement. He had felt sick from nerves all morning, especially now he was stood just outside the door where the parents were.

“You’ll be ok Hoseok. If it get’s too much you can leave. They will understand.”

The dancer nodded, taking a few breaths before entering the room and closing the door behind him. In front of him stood a middle aged man and woman, small smiles gracing their faces. He bowed to them before introducing himself.

“Hello, I’m Jung Hoseok. It’s lovely to meet you.”

“Hello Hoseok, we are Mr and Mrs Han. Please, take a seat.”

Hosoek did as requested, gathering his thoughts.

“We were glad when the hospital told us you wanted to reach out to us.”

“You...you were?”

They smiled at him. “Yes, very much so. We think it is important that we know who’s lives our sons organs saved.”

Hosoek clasped his sweaty hands together, before looking back up to the couple. “What was your sons name? They didn’t tell me much about him or his family.”

Mrs Han rummaged round in her large handbag, pulling out a recent photo of her son. She handed it to the dancer who took it gently, admiring the figure in the photo.

“His name was Han Harin, he was 20 years old. He was training to become an idol like yourself. We were so proud of him, we still are. He just had a talent for it, he made people happy. He would always put other people first which is why we convinced him to put himself first and go for his dream.”

“Wow..... that’s, that’s amazing. He sounds like an amazing young man.”

“He was....” she trailed off.

“If you don’t mind me asking. How did you make the decision to donate his organs?”

Mr Han collected himself before answering, handing a tissue to his teary wife. “He was always such a selfless person. We had a discussion when he turned 19, he told us he wanted to become a donor to help people. We wanted to respect his wishes, and we are glad we did.”

“I....I can’t tell you how thankful I am. Your son saved my life and I will forever be grateful to him.”

“Thank you, that means a lot to us, both of us. We would also like to thank you.”

Hosoek looked at them with confusion. “what for?”

“For allowing his dream of being an idol to live on. Even if it’s not in the way we would have thought. We would just like to ask you for one thing. Live your life to the full, make mistakes and learn from them, take chances, be happy. Can you promise us this?”

“I promise” he replied sincerely.

They smiled at each other before standing and hugging one another. Not a dry eye left that room.

Chapter 21

Chapter Notes

Only two more chapters to go after this...

The visit with Han Harin's parents had been on Hoseok's mind ever since it happened a week ago. They and the visit as a whole had had such a profound effect on him especially after finding out more information about the young man. He couldn't believe how the man who had saved his life had been in the exact same position he had been in just a few years ago; a young man looking to achieve his dream of becoming an idol. The sadness he felt for him was immense, the fact that he wouldn't be able to achieve that dream physically for himself. This made the dancer even more determined to work hard at getting to the best form he could be for the upcoming concert.

He was sat staring at the lyrics for the song he had been writing, the song that he wanted to make much more emotional. Except now, it had much more meaning to it. In that moment he decided he wanted to dedicate it to Han Harin, he wanted people to know about the young man. Of course he would ask for his parents permission, but he had a gut feeling that they would approve.

"Hey Hoseok, is everything ok?" Namjoon asked as he eyed the slightly elder boy staring at a photo. Hoseok hadn't discussed much about his visit with the parents, he needed time to process everything.

"Hmm. Oh... yeah I'm good joon" he replied as he was pulled from his thoughts.

"Is that him?" he asked, pointing to the picture of his kidney donor.

"Yeah" he said sadly, handing it to Namjoon who took a seat next to the him.

Namjoon admired the photo for a second before a sad look appeared on his face. "I knew he was young but god.... life is just so unfair sometimes."

"He was training to become an idol Joon...." Hoseok trailer off.

"His parents were so nice and understanding, I....I can't imagine the pain they must be feeling."

"He must have been a very special person."

"I reckon so. I've decided I want to dedicate this song to him, with his parents permission of course. But if they agree then I.... I want to perform it at the concert." He looked up to Namjoon with watery eyes.

Namjoon looked back at him with a soft smile, a smile filled with pride. “I think that’s a wonderful idea Hoseok.”

The 7 members were currently sat round the dining room table discussing ideas for their concert. The company had decided to give them more free reign with it. Of course the younger members were bursting with different things they wanted to do, they were just so excited to get back on the stage.

“Maybe we should do freestyle for Dionysus, the choreography is really intense and I still think you should take it easy Hoseok” jimin suggested.

Hoseok sighed, knowing the younger was right. “As much as I hate to admit it Jiminie, I think that is a good idea. I’ll be ok to do most of the other song’s though” he smiled.

“That settles it then...” Namjoon began “.....just remember though Hoseok, if you need to take a break then you let us know, we will carry on for you.”

“I will, I promise.”

“Why don’t you tell the others about what you want to do?”

Hoseok looked at the leader knowingly. “Well... I Erm... you know I’ve been writing a song. I want to perform it at the concert.”

“What sort of song is it hyung?” Jungkook quizzed.

“Well... it’s on the more emotional side. It’s a song I’m dedicating to Han Harin, I messaged his parents and they think it is a wonderful idea.”

“I think that would be great Hoseok.”

The dancers smile grew at their approval.

“Are you sure you want to do this Hoseok?” Yoongi asked, watching jungkook set up the camera to face the dancer.

“I’ve been away from army for far too long, I miss them so much. I want to let them know how I am doing face to face.”

“Only if you are sure?”

The dancer nodded with confidence. After having the group meeting about the upcoming concert, Hoseok had decided that he wanted to make a post for army.

“I am. I need to do this.”

“Ok then, whenever you are ready.” Jungkook said as he pressed record on the camera. The other members each gave Hoseok a thumbs up and reassuring smile while he cleared his throat.

“Hi....hi army. It’s your Hope here, alive and well. It’s hard to believe that I am sat here talking to you all. I wanted to let you all know that I am doing well and I am on the mend. It was definitely touch a go for a moment but for some reason I have been given another chance at life. A chance that I will cherish. I am making it my mission to recover fully so that I am able to perform for you all at this upcoming concert. I have missed performing for all of you, it’s an extremely important part of my life and I’m excited to get this part of my life back on track. I would just like to finish by saying thank you once again. Thank you for staying by our side and not giving up on us. Fighting.”

Chapter 22

Chapter Notes

One more chapter to go....

The past month and a half had passed by in a flash. Hoseok had received so much support since posting the video. The concert had sold out quickly, as expected and the company and members were in the midst of preparations for it. Everyone was excited, especially Hoseok.

Today though, it was a special day. It was Hoseok's birthday and the members wanted to make it special for him. The dancer had told them that they didn't have to do anything but of course they wouldn't accept that. The 6 were currently stood waiting in the living room, the whole place had been decorated with balloons and banners, a huge cake sat in the middle of the coffee table. They all watched the dancer sleepily walk in to the room, rubbing the sleep out of his eyes.

"HAPPY BIRTHDAY HOBI!" they all yelled in unison. This startled the dancer who stopped before his face flushed red with slight embarrassment.

"You didn't have to do all of this." he said sheepishly.

"Of course we did. Today is a special day. We have made reservations for your favourite restaurant tonight as well." Jin smiled as he led the boy to the couch.

"Wow, thank you so much."

"Here you go Hobi." Jimin beamed as he handed Hoseok a gift with a red ribbon.

Hoseok slowly began to slowly tug at the ribbon and carefully unwrap the paper. Once fully open, he gasped, looking at the gift with emotional eyes. It was a photo frame printed with different lyrics from their songs. In the middle of the frame was Hoseok's favourite photo of the members; the back profiles of them as they stood on stage, facing army.

"Aww Hobi, we didn't mean to make you cry." Yoongi stated as he gently wiped the dancers tears with a tissue.

"No....no it's ok. It's perfect. Thank you so much. I will cherish this always." Hoseok stated as he admired the photo. He was filled with so much emotion especially with the reality that he is able to celebrate another birthday after believing he wouldn't be alive. The member's smiles grew as they watched him.

Hoseok and the others had enjoyed celebrating his birthday the previous day. From the gift to the perfect meal at his favourite restaurant. He couldn't have been any happier. Today though, it was back to business with rehearsals for the concert. The managers had given him permission to join in with more of the choreographies as he had shown he was more capable than he had been a month before. It felt amazing to be dancing again, he still had to be careful but at least he would be able to perform again.

They were currently on a break but he had been unable to sit still while the others enjoyed their lunch in the corner of the room. The nagging feeling in the back of his mind grew until he finally stood up and walked towards the laptop and speaker. The others were pulled from their thoughts when the familiar sounds of boy meets evil filled the room. They all looked up to witness the dancer stand in the middle of the practice room.

Namjoon stood for a moment, debating whether to stop the boy, worrying that he would overexert himself. "Hobi..."

He was stopped by a hand pulling on his arm. He turned to face yoongi who was still holding his arm. "Leave him joon..."

Namjoon turned back to the dancer, joining the others in watching the boy as he moved gracefully through the different movements. They watched in awe as his dance caused them to feel emotional, tears filling their eyes. It was like the events of the past year just hit them, the realisation that they still got to have the privilege of watching the dancer who they were all sure they were going to lose.

The song came to an end as Hoseok finished in his kneeling position, catching his breathe. His pulled his head up to eye the other members, their eyes filled with tears and pride.

"I want to perform this at the concert."

Chapter 23

Chapter Notes

And that's it guys ☹️, I hope you have enjoyed reading. Feel free to explore my other work 😊

The lights and stage were set, the costumes hung up ready, the venue was filling with thousands of fans, nerves were at an all time high. Everything that had happened now led up to this point. He was sat backstage with the other members, drinking glasses of iced cold water to cool himself down and calm himself. Hoseok was nervous, petrified in fact.

“Are you ok Hoseok?” A hand gently squeezed his knee, allowing him to acknowledge the leader's presence. The dancer nodded, shakily drinking another mouthful of water.

“It's ok to be nervous Hoseok. Just remember if you need to stop or take a break then that's ok. We are all here beside you.”

“I know. I'm good, just got to get in the zone. I'll be ok.” He smiled at the younger.

“10 minutes” a stage hand yelled before rushing off to do something before the concert began.

“I'm ready to do this. I need to do this.”

Ten minutes passed by rather quickly with the members now stood on the platform that would raise them up. The intro instrumental music was playing and the yells and cheers from army could be heard.

Namjoon looked to all the members, giving them all a nod of reassurance. Hoseok took 3 deep breaths before he felt the stage rise. The cheers of the crowd grew louder as they stood in their starting positions. For Hoseok, time seemed to stand still as he finally looked out to the crowd, looking at the happy faces watching them and seeing the signs of support for all the members. He took one last calming breathe before the music for Not Today echoed around the stadium.

The concert had been going as planned. Cheers erupting after they had finished each song. So far they had performed a mix of their older and more recent songs as well as their individual performances. Hoseok's performance of Boy Meets Evil was up next, Singularities music coming to an end.

Taehyung swapped places with Hoseok, the dancer now standing on the lift. Taehyung gently placed an arm on his shoulder. “Remember hyung, have fun. Enjoy the moment, you deserve

it. Fighting!” He smiled at the elder boy who returned the smile.

The lift rose and the cheers grew louder, this did cause slight nerves in Hoseok but as soon as the music started he felt in his element, picturing himself alone in the studio, feeling every beat and sound. His movements were sharp but elegant. What he didn't see was all the members and some staff watching him in awe from a screen backstage. All of them silent as they watched his performance unfold. It felt like they were watching a scene from a movie, something that didn't feel real. Heck, it didn't feel real because they all were told months back that this boy wouldn't be here any longer.

The concert was nearing the end. Hoseok would be lying if he said he wasn't exhausted. He had taken a break for a couple of the dance performances, sitting on a chair so he was still able to rap and sing his parts. They had just finished Mikrokosmos, all having finished their ending ment besides Hoseok. He stood for a few moments to recollect himself, trying to gather his thoughts before taking a step forward. The spotlight shined down on him, enhancing the sweat slowly dripping down his forehead.

The cheers subsided, allowing for the dancers voice to be heard. A voice that army had so desperately waited to hear from.

“wow.... how incredible has this concert been? How incredible every single one of you has been. I'm going to be honest and admit that tonight I have been a nervous wreck. I was petrified at the thought of standing back on this stage again. In all honesty, the year that has passed has been filled with nothing but fear and hurt and sadness. I didn't believe I would be standing here in front of all of you, beside my members, my brothers. To be standing here now is a dream come true. This has been the most difficult time of my life but I got through it with help and support from some truly incredible people. There is one person in particular that is a reason for me being here. A young man who was destined to be on the stage, a young man who had his life cut short. This final song is dedicated to you Harin.”

The stadium went silent as the music for Hoseok's song filled the place. His eyes closed as his smooth voice began to sing the lyrics. He probably made it to the chorus when he began to get choked up. That's when 6 other voices echoed around the stadium. Hoseok looked up to the faces of the others who all gave him reassuring smiles. Like they said, they would always be there for him. He smiled back as his voice picked back up and harmonised with the others. You could feel the emotion radiating from army, tears evident in each and every single persons eyes.

It was only when the song ended and a few seconds of silence turned into the loudest cheers and applause. It was at that moment that Hoseok allowed the dam to break, his own tears flowing quickly as he cried into the crook of his arm. Within moments, he was engulfed in a group hug, small sobs left all the members as they hugged the boy that they came so close to losing.

After a few moments, they all stood in a line on the platform that was due to be lowered. They all held hands, taking one last bow as they began to be slowly lowered below the stage. Hoseok took one last look at the galaxy of purple lights, eyes teary.

“You ok Hoseok?” Yoongi asked quietly, waving to army.

Hoseok sighed before smiling. “Yeah... I’m ok now” he whispered.

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