

Wrong

Namjoon's POV

(Yn) had sent me a text two hours ago saying she has to clear her head and she a song come on mind. Again, that was two hours ago. She's not here. She doesn't love that far. Something is wrong. "Babe, (Yn) still isn't here I'm gonna go check on her okay " I said kissing her forehead. "Okay, be safe." She responds. I nod my head and walk out. I slip into an alley, and go to heaven. I go to Jimon's room. Crap. "Hyung? Have you seen (Yn)? Is she okay?" He asked. "No... This isn't good. She said she needed to clear her head two hours ago and she still hasn't showed up at my o ice." I respond, as I look at round the room. There are piles of glass scattered throughout the room, and holes in the walls. His room was a mess. As soon as I looked at him, I saw it. He lets out a shout. His hands shoot up to his hair and he grips at his scalp. "I can't... I can't so anything... I can't protect her... She's in danger and I can't Protect her!" He whispers, federally getting lifer. "Hyung, G-Dragon didn't.... He didn't..." He continued. G-Dragon? He barely protects his human. "Hyung." He says as he looks at me. He stands swi ly and grabs my shoulders. "Hyung, I can't just sit here anymore." He said and runs out of the room before I can even argue.

Your POV

I let out a scream as the man from the store puts a cloth over my mouth, and everything slowly starts to go black.

~Timeskippy~

I wake up tied to a chair. "Well, well, well... Look what we have here." A sadistic voice called from the dark. "Wh-why am I here? Wh-what do you want with me?" I stuttered, terrified. I suddenly hear metal scrape against metal. D-does he have a knife?! Oh no.... Jimin where are you when I need you. I freeze when I feel the cold metal against my neck. "You're here, so we can bring your Guardian Angel down." He says. I still have yet to see his face. What..... He doesn't--- "What are you talking about?" I asked. He chuckles. "We want him to fall.... Just like the rest of us." He responds. My eyes widen. "He doesn't love me! Not like that!" I shout, tears welling up in my eyes. Finally his face comes into view. He puts the tip of the knife under my chin and looks me in the eyes, and he smirks. "Doesn't he?" He says.

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