

## What Goes On...

---

A/n: sorry if you're not but you're also from America I rewrote this chapter from what it was originally because I didn't like how the other chapter went so if you read the chapter called agreement it's not accurate so discard what you had read. Also don't get triggered this chapter

Your POV

Today I got to meet with Namjoon. I follow use the address given to me when I received the letter to try and find the building he was at. A er thirty minutes I found it. I walk into the building and go to the lady at the desk. "Courtney? Holy crap, hi!" I said laughing. "No way? (Yn)? How are you?" She asks. "I'm doing fantastic! I'm actually here because your boyfriend o ered me a job so I'm here to discuss it with him. How are you?" I respond smiling. "That is fantastic! And I'm doing great as well. I'll let him know you're here. Just wait a moment or two okay?" She says smiling at me. I nod and wait patiently. A er a few minutes age walks out. "Ms. (Ln), it's a pleasure to meet you. I assume you know my girlfriend, she watched your performance with me and said you were friends with her sister." He said o ering his hand to shake. I smile at him and shake his hand (Namjoon finally doesn't get let down! 😊). "Mr. Kim, call me (Yn). No need for formalities and I should be the one honored to meet you." I respond. "Humble. I like it. And please call me Namjoon, if I don't need formalities with you, you don't need them with me." He responds with a laugh. I laugh with him. "Shall we continue in my o ice?" He asks, and I nod. He leans over and kisses Courtney's temple causing her to blush. "See you later, babe." He whispers. Before we head to his o ice. We get there and take our seats. "So what kind of music would you say you write?" He asked me. I think for a moment. "I honestly don't think I have a specific category, I usually write songs based on how I feel or a melody that pops into my head." I responded. He nods. "The one I saw seemed like a pop song. It was disguised as a love song, but it's really self love. Correct?" He asked. I nod my head. "I think people sometimes have a hard time loving who they are inside and out, and sometimes use relationships to make themselves feel better. I wrote that one to say that before you can love someone else, you have to love yourself." I explained. He smiles. "Love Yourself, that's a great concept. That would be an awesome debut sort of song or single. Maybe even make it part of an album. I think you have an amazing future in the singing industry. I think that's all we need to discuss for now... If I think of anything, I'll give you a call." He says standing up. "Alright, sounds great. I'll go back to my hotel. Do you know how long I'll be here?" I asked. "If your debut goes well, you'll probably have to move here, but even if not you'd still have to be close enough so we can work with you. A hotel is fine for now until we get everything settled, then you may want to start looking for a permanent or semi permanent place." He says. I nod and head out.

3

Jimin's POV

So far I haven't seen an fallen Angels but that doesn't mean there aren't any. I start seeing her walk out, so I quickly hide. As soon as she's in front of my I make sure I'm keeping an eye on my surroundings, and start following her. That's when I start seeing several fallen Angels. Me eyes widen and I'm on high alert. As if the odds are against me, I see many of them look in my direction and look at who I'm following. While on Earth there's an invisible string, or line that connects an Angel to the person they're supposed to protect. Only Angels, and even fallen ones can see it. As I'm watching my surroundings I see one moving closer to her. I start to glare. He better stay away from her. He starts talking to her. Suddenly he pushes her into the street. I feel a tingle feeling in my stomach. Too early. I rush forward and grab her just before a car hits her. Just before she looks to see who saved her I turn invisible. We can only don that a er we've done something to protect them. "I don't know where you went, but if you can hear me, thank you for saving me, Park Jimin." She says as she shakily stands up. She shakily starts walking forward again. I become visible again and follow behind her. A er you become invisible a fake image of what happens is showed to everyone individual who isn't an Angel. I continue to make sure she's safe, until she reaches her hotel room.

Marisol's POV

I'm sitting in my apartment studying for my bio-Med test when my phone rings. I pick it up. "Yes?" I say. "H-Hey, Marisol." The voice stuttered. "Jin? Are you okay? Is down thing wrong?" I ask putting down my pencil and began focusing on Jin. "M-My wife, S-Sang she started getting worse again..." I heard him say. "Have you been crying? Do you need me to come back?" I ask. For him, I'd go anywhere in a heartbeat. Stop it Marisol, you can't have him. "No! No no, it's fine. Really, you just said to keep you updated... I'm fine...." He trails. "Okay. If you need me to I will." I told. I hear a shout from the other side of the phone. "I-I should go." He says and hangs up the phone. I pull the phone from my ear and stare at it. Something here isn't right. I have a bad feeling in my stomach. I shake my head and grab my computer. I look for the earliest flight to America. Tomorrow, six pm. Alright. "Jin, I'm about to find out what goes on at home." I whisper and start packing my stu .

[Continue reading next part](#) □