

## Realization

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# Realization

by [celialoveslwj](#)

## Summary

They spend a quiet night in the forestry.

Or, the one where Yoongi is slipping away, and Hoseok doesn't know how to help him.

## Notes

Oh my God, it's another sing me your heart challenge! Hello there! Surprised? Hehehe. This one's the shortest entry I've ever had, if not the shortest fic I've published here on Ao3, so a lot of firsts. As always, I'm 50/50 with the final product but, well,,, you guys can be the judge of that heh <3

Have fun!

Oh yes! Before I forget! I did do the trope basket, and I ended up with the "Badboy" trope. I'm not sure how well or how much I've forecasted it, only that it's subtler than a lot of the other themes present in the fic and I'm.... I'm really sorry dhshsjsj

*Baby when it comes to love, it should be mutual*  
*I know you think that you're on fire but you're kinda cool*  
*Oh, I need a little more than just the usual*  
*You should know, you should know*  
*-Harder, Bebe Rexha & Jax Jones*

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Fire and smoke, a warmth that followed him. Within the heart of the meadow, words trickle between them like a cool stream, all whispers and shadows of whispers. Almost like a dream.

"It's been so long," The quiet between them sings when Yoongi turns to face him. There's a smile there, somewhere, imbedded into the crest of his lips. A blade of grass brushes over Yoongi's nose, and his eyes crinkle as his head dips further into the soil. "Why bring me here?"

Fire – there's a fire here, caught between the bend of Yoongi's fingers. Hidden from the night and breeze like a secret. Hoseok doesn't look toward it, keeps his gaze steadily on Yoongi and the words that walk between the blades of grass to meet him.

"I thought you'd like it here," Hoseok says, reaching out with a lone finger. "You seemed stressed lately, Hyung."

Yoongi's cheek feels like ice, salt-stuck and dry. Worse than he looks under the fire; the slight trail of moonlight breaking through the thin foliage.

"I'm fine, Hoseokie." His hand slips as Yoongi turns, eyes reaching for the leaves. Yoongi smiles properly then, a shadow clawing over his chin with every flicker of the firelight.

A silence descends upon them, one that eats up the grass and dirt and air surrounding them. It feels almost like they're in a room, one that shrinks with every quiet breath shared between them. Hoseok's breaths quicken, though he doesn't know why. His heart races through every beat, almost like a stone skipping over water, just waiting to sink.

"...Yoongi." The fire dances through the night air, almost like a heartbeat itself. Flashing and slinking, casting long shadows onto the barks of the trees beyond them, the rest of the ground they couldn't see.

Yoongi's eyes look especially sunken in, his leather jacket the only bulk he seems to have. He doesn't turn when Hoseok calls him, simply stares on as if there's something out there, something calling from behind the veil of leaves and branches. He's frowning, deeply and resolutely.

Hoseok calls again.

Yoongi does not turn.

The fire stutters, dipping and pulsing with every draw of Yoongi's hand.

"Yoongi." Hoseok calls again, quiet as the wind and the leaves falling around them. "I'm your friend, aren't I?"

Yoongi turns then, lips pursed and eyes searching.

"Yes," He says.

"Of course." He says again, trying for conviction.

Hoseok takes a breath, and turns away because he doesn't know what it is, that look on Yoongi's face. Not quite a lie, yet not the full truth. Something on the spectrum between them, not fully one nor the other. Lonely, almost, a quiet pain like a curse Hoseok didn't know how to *even begin* to unravel.

"Then," A lone star peeks through a slit in the foliage, bright and small, a singular dot between spirals of nothingness. "Why don't you let me help you?"

The fire flickers, bladed shadows fanning over his cheeks and chin. Moves.

"You're kind, Hoseokie."

The fire's gone, and the hands that reach him feel like winter come early.

Yoongi's eyes are distant, even as they look down on him.

"We should go." He says, words fluttering with the wind, here and whispered and gone.

"It's late."



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